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THE FELL & ROCK CLIMBING CLUB
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KESWICK NEIGHBOURS

Graham Sutton

> ' By many waters and on many ways
> I have known golden instants and bright days— '

Masefield was thinking of the sea. But good verse strikes on everybody's own box ; and from the time I found those lines—more years ago than I'll admit, not wishing to play the patriarch—it is of days on fell and lake and mountain-pass that they have spoken, to me at least : and do still. Bright days round Christmas, when the gaunt saw-toothed edges of Blencathra were laced fantastically with fresh snow : March days by Silverstrand (we used to call it Silverstrand, though I can find that name on no map) where the descendants of old Wordsworth's daffodils survive the trowels of the impious : June days on Ennerdale, which school-exeats used to make feasible : green-tawny August days at Grasmere Sports, or bathing off Brandlehow : October splendour in Borrowdale, with oaks and birches a long flame from Rosthwaite to Grange Bridge : November football on the Derwent flats, Skiddaw for onlooker, and the sweet heavy fragrance of the pencil-mill to greet one's twilit return . . . . Keswick days, in brief : Keswick being normally their focal point, the source of sandwiches, the guarantee of a dry change and a square meal at evening, headquarters of all delight.

Keswick means Skiddaw and the lake, to most folks. To some—the hurrying kind, content with a Week-end in Lakeland—I suspect it means little else. Yet Skiddaw is a dull mountain. It was my first—I did it the wrong way, from Bassenthwaite, a route involving toilsome scree and the August sun on one's neck : and although one's first peak remains unforgettable, I allowed five and twenty years to pass before I went there again.

It has dignity, to be sure ; and it asserts itself to Keswick visitors like a bishop at a bazaar, standing alone, and being so much bulkier than anything else within view. It is bland rather than impressive.* Its position does it no good : full in the sun's face, all day long, so that it lacks the definition and majesty that transverse shadows would give. It lacks colour too, at all events in the midsummer months when most pilgrims see it ; late autumn tells another tale, but then the pilgrims have gone. And the highroad which pilgrims take up it—by Latrigg, Jenkin and Low Man—is tame, and populous, and too well blazed with the orange-peel that dieth not, and a monotony to the eye.

For these reasons and some others (accessibility, for example) 'Skidder' is done on lazy afternoons or at the tail-end of some day which has cleared. A better plan is to start early ; make Skiddaw prelude to more varied interests than the Latrigg ramble can yield. Look back often ; there is much beauty spread behind you, every foot of the way, and the increasing height will not add to it . . . your guide-book gives me the lie ? The view from Skiddaw, you have read (or from Helvellyn or Gable or the Pikes) is unbeatable ? In mileage, yes ; but it is flattened and dun, like the relief-map which costs no more mountaineering than the ascent of Mr Abraham's stairs. We summit-reachers are inclined to humbug ourselves in this matter ; it seems unfair that after toiling up three thousand feet under our own steam (and in it) we should win no more guerdon for the eye than a Friar's Cragsman. Yet I think Ruskin was right : 'The view from Friar's Crag is the fifth-finest in Europe.' You can make out an even stronger argument for Castle Head, just above. Exceed that height, and you will sacrifice for mere extensiveness the colour-harmony, the mass-composition, and the perspective subtlety of those entrancing Borrowdale hills.

* Since writing this, I rediscover what the artist Pennant said of Skiddaw in 1772 : 'smiling over the country like a gentle generous lord, while the fells of Borrowdale frown on it like a hardened tyrant.'

The poet Gray, at whose *Journal* it is now fashionable to laugh, preceded Ruskin in his taste for the low-level viewpoint, writing of Crow-park (he seems to have missed Friar's Crag): 'I prefer it even to Cockshut-hill which lies behind it, and to which . . . there is an easy ascent to the top, and the view far preferable to that on Castle-hill because this is lower and nearer to the lake: for I find all points, that are much elevated, spoil the beauty of the valley, and make its parts, which are not large, look poor and diminutive.' To which Gray's friend Mason, lumbering behind in a footnote, replies: 'The Picturesque Point is always thus low in all prospects: a truth, which though the Landscape Painter knows, he cannot always observe; since the Patron who employs him to take a view of his place, usually carries him to some elevation for that purpose, in order, I suppose, that he may have more of him for his money.' This dots Gray's i's, without adding anything but an example of Masonic facetiousness; but Mason was like that.

So now from Skiddaw, having paid homage to the guidebook-view of Scafell, Pillar, Coniston Old Man, the sea, and Criffel beyond Solway, we will turn east where the brown Forest hoists its billowing loneliness towards the 'wrong' side of Blencathra ridge. The ridge is our next goal; on our way there we can

> 'find out the forester;
> For now our observation is performed;
> And since we have the vaward of the day—'

we can afford to strike down directly to Skiddaw House, where the forester has his headquarters. From that aloof and bleak abode a track at first seems to favour us. But we shall leave it after half a mile, above Glenderaterra; cross Sinen Gill and Roughton Gill high up, on the 2,000-foot contour: and thence make straight for our peak.

I assume we have brought a map: a compass too, if there is any likelihood of mist. The Forest—undulating moorland grass, with a few becks and many sheep tracks lacing it—is

a bad place to be lost in : more troublesome, though perhaps less dangerous, than the most precipitous ridge. The sheep tracks avail us nothing : sheep being no sightseers, but stern materialists whose sole affair is to wander where grass grows sweetest. The undulations might be almost anywhere on our map, once we have lost direction. And the becks here are capable of playing us the shabbiest trick, if we rely on book-learnt mountaincraft and ' follow the stream downhill ' ; for their two systems, Caldew and Glenderaterra, lie side by side with no perceptible watershed ; and by the time we find we are not making for Brundholme, we may be well along our tramp into Mosedale, nine good road-miles elsewhere. ' But we can feel the wind and lay a course by it ? ' you assure me. Yes : if there *is* a wind, and if it does not veer, and if you've marked what quarter it was in before the mist closes down. Less trouble to bring that compass.

Though indeed much grave nonsense has been penned about mist. Just now I hinted that a misty crag was no worse than moor like the Forest. I will go further, and admit a preference for being mistbound on ' crag and torrent,' rather than in the ' moor and fen ' vicinity to which the same hymn alludes. Moor-and-fen without compass is the deuce, as Skiddaw Forest can teach you (had the hymn-writer one?). Crag-and-torrent, child's play by comparison. Crags run in straight lines, and are marked on the map : two helpful facts, if you are trying to locate yourself. And of course torrents are a gift—provided you skirt the flanks of them, and don't let mountaincraft inveigle you into ' following the stream.'

And yet—accidents do happen ? From time to time people fall off such ridge-walks as Narrow Moor, into Goldscope or Borrowdale (they have done both) or from Great Gable down the Westmorland or Ennerdale face, or from High Raise down Pavey Ark, or off Great End. Why ? Not, I am doggedly convinced, because mist shrouded the danger. Mist or no mist, while daylight holds among these Cumbrian

fells you can always see just ahead. I believe rather, people see too much. You are on Gable, say ; and you know your direct route back to Wasdale is rough, for you came up by it—by Hellgate Scree, and then by one of those rock-step-ladders that diversify Westmorland Crag. But in mist now, your ladder-head looks worse than it ought to be ; and you climb gingerly down twenty feet of it, and find it can't be the right ladder at all, and toil back. You do this at several points—with caution, since you're not a fool, and with visibility enough to see your way down each step. And by and by, you recall reading in some climbing-book that a rock-pitch looks easier from below, harder from above. And you think : 'That accounts for it ! This route will serve me all right'— So you keep on more recklessly, and the route does serve you right—you come unstuck from that first easy scree which tempted you : and fall down Central Gully, or the Oblique, or whichever else you have chosen . . . For the mist has turned you about. You are not facing Wasdale after all, but on the Ennerdale precipice. And there or thereabouts—thereunder, possibly—you will remain until the stretcher-party collects you, and the coroner tells the world what he thinks.

How, then ? My argument has crashed likewise ? Not at all. The mistake need never have happened. Our crags are hogbacked, nearly always. Great Gable, Great End, Bowfell, Pavey Ark, Eel Crag—study these by map or photo on the spot, and you will see what I mean : a line or double-line of precipice, with a run-down at each end. No danger : leave the crags alone, follow the crest of them ; ten minutes' walk to right or left—most likely either will serve—reveals an easy way off the mountain. Whereas on flat moor such as Skiddaw Forest, the misted compass-lacker may go round in circles till dusk ; and a night out is no joke.

But today we are clear of mist, and Blencathra summit is obvious. By keeping well up over Roughton Gill, we avoid marshy ground and some loss of altitude. What we shall

not avoid, by any route, is a long treadmill-grind up desolate steep grass to the cairn marked as Hallsfell—'Hals-fell,' perhaps it ought to be: the fell with the lean neck: Blencathra's other name being Saddleback, which suggests the same thing. (Blencathra, say the etymologists, is old British; it means King Arthur's peak or the peak of demons; so that the mountain yields us three successive strata of names—British, Norse and new.) A thousand feet of that interminable grass we climb, out of the long gill; but it is worth it, every inch of it, for the breath-catching view on top. One moment we are plodding upward still, our vision confined as ever; the next, a great sweep of flattened country lies under us—Penrith to Matterdale, end-views of Thirlmere and of Derwentwater, with the peaks strung along the edge beyond from the Pennines to Scafell. The earth has been sliced away; below, long slender ridges drop towards Glenderamackin like a spread hand. . . .

Do I contradict myself, having proclaimed that the prestige of summit-views is a myth? Very well then, I contradict myself: maintaining equally that valley-views are preferable, and that this summit-view is supreme. Perhaps the long grind out of Skiddaw Forest enhances it: or perhaps, sentiment. You know the stab of agonized delight with which great music surprises? Blencathra gave me that in boyhood: roused memories, too. 'An high mountain: all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, in a moment of time—' I have stood there often since then: in snow, in drifting cloud that vouchsafed the vision fitfully, in blazing noons, in the mellow dusks that tempt one to risk benightment. That first sensation of the splendid 'moment of time' still endures.

So I will swear by the Blencathra view—yet without prejudice to my alternative belief that a valley-vantage is better: and that King David knew what he was talking about when he said, 'I will lift *up* mine eyes unto the hills—.'

LOGOS

Blencathra, Glaramara, Borrowdale,
    Fairfield and Silver How, and Rydal Mere,
    Helvellyn, Brother's Water, silver-clear
Helm Crag, Dove Cottage, Grasmere lake and vale—
These notes as of a mystical new scale
    Sounding through silence on my inner ear
    Transport me from identity, to sheer
Luminous ether, where superbly sail
The gods of song : their language that seemed lost
    Sings new-discovered, bright as solar springs,
And there in flaming fusion with the host,
    Which burn as one, I hear the speech that sings—
Verbs vital as the soul of fire or frost,
    And pure essential nouns more bright than things.

Geoffrey Johnson

PATRIARCH OF THE PILLAR

W. T. Palmer

At Sandwith, near Whitehaven, sixty odd years ago, lived that remarkable character, the Rev. James Jackson, who, after climbing the Pillar Rock in his 80th year, dubbed himself ' Patriarch ' of that cliff. He was a remarkably fit, old man and he had travelled in many climes and seen much service. He was whimsical, erudite, extremely clever, and his letters to young mountaineers between 1874 and 1878 have still general as well as historical interest. The pamphlet before me is signed by George Seatree and dated October 1910. About that period Seatree was president of our Club, with the foundation of which he was closely associated. He lived to see the jubilee of his own first ascents in the Scafell group.

The Patriarch could make a pun or a verse for every occasion in life. When incumbent of Rivington, Lancashire, he himself replaced a heavy copper weathercock, which was too stubborn a weight for the professional worker :—

Who has not heard of Steeple Jack,
That lion-hearted Saxon ?
Tho' I'm not he, he was my sire,
For I am Steeple Jackson.

In one of his letters he refers to the earlier part of his life : ' . . . during my lengthened and varied and still robust existence I have been beneath the Falls of Niagara. I have sung " God Save The King " in the hall of St. Peter's. I have ascended Vesuvius in the eruption of 1828. I have capped Snowdon in Wales, and Slieve Donard in Ireland, and nearly all the high hills in this district, many of which I can see from my residence. It only remains for me to mount the Pillar Rock, and then I may sigh for something else to conquer.'

To the active veteran, Broad Stand did not count for much : ' It commences with a cleft, which just admits you

sideways—then you gain some height above a flat portion of rock and observe that someone has cut for you a toe step, and Nature provided you with a cleft for the insertion of the fingers of your right hand. This is the critical point: your fingers might slip, and the fall might be fatal. Will Ritson's remedy is " a narrow tooth in the crack." I did without one, and fortunately succeeded.'

This note was written in 1874. Jackson would be 80 in April 1875, and had a keen desire to capture the Rock on that anniversary. The weather however of the date was bad, and he employed some hours in finding the right track from the Ennerdale side. He says: ' If I should succeed in reaching the top of the Rock you will have an opportunity of crowning me with parsley fern or heather as " The Pedestrian Patriarch of the Pillarites ".'

The Patriarch however had not long to wait. On the last day of May he reached the top, returned unscathed to his Sandwith home, and wrote about it in a very comfortable condition of mind and body. While on the top he wrote, without spectacles, a card in Greek, and sent a copy to Seatree, saying: 'As you may think the card worth preserving as a souvenir of a very verdant old gentleman, I have given it a covering of liquid glue, i.e., shellac in solution.' (I was shown the very card with shellac finish by George Seatree years afterwards.) The following is the translation of the parchment to be found in the bottle: ' Jacobus Stylites with John Hodgson ascended the Pillar of Rock on the last day of the fifth month in the year of our Lord 1875. Written on the summit without spectacles, and the card rolled up and put in the bottle.'

He went on to say: ' Our route was without doubt the very route by which you and your friend ascended. We noticed the letters " G.S." and the initials of what we supposed were those of your companion, cut on the summit of the Rock. I am sorry to say that the bottle is in very bad condition, and should be replaced by a new one on the first

opportunity and an oaken receptacle provided for it. The things left by me on the Rock will be minutely described in the newspaper.'

The following is his own record of the expedition as printed in the 'Whitehaven News' of June 10, 1875:—

'To The Editor of the "Whitehaven News."
Sir,

After many solitary visits to the Pillar Mountain, and after many wistful glances at the Pillar Rock, I resolved, in April last, to achieve the feat which two ladies had performed, although I was in my eightieth year. My first move was a letter to G.S., of Penrith, to ascertain if I was right in my assumption that he and his friend had ascended the Rock from the eastern side. I received from him a prompt and very courteous reply from which I give the following extract: "Your assumption is quite correct. When you have descended from the summit of the mountain to the base of the Rock, descend still further until you are fairly under the left or Black Sail pass side of it, then approach a cleft or gully in the rock, and whilst nearing that you will discover a long sliding 'face' of rock with a niche across it. This is the commencement of the beaten or marked track, the route of which show itself at every turn until you reach the summit. You will cross the long sliding face of rock by the niche aforesaid."

Thus instructed, and failing in my attempt to induce two gentlemen of my acquaintance to join in the venture, I engaged the services of a young man in the village (Sandwith) named John Hodgson, to drive me in his conveyance to the boat-house, and thence to accompany me to the Rock. On the 20th of April last, we started at a quarter past six in the morning, and in two hours and a quarter arrived at the boat-house. Thence we were rowed by Mr. Weeks, junior, to the top of the lake, crossed the long wood bridge, and began the ascent. When we reached the shoulder of the mountain,

somewhat lower than the contour of the Wind Gap, we made a flank movement toward the Rock, but we had so many difficulties to encounter on the way that we were both completely exhausted when we reached what G.S. calls the base of the Rock, which is the point where you can descend east or west of the Pillar. As we sat at this point, we easily recognised the long sliding face with the niche across, and after a short pause made our way to it, passed over it, and after a short climb reached a sloping rock. In the face of this we drove four spike nails, which enabled my companion, by means of a rope, to reach a point where he was hid from my sight whilst he was reconnoitring the upward route. When he again appeared, as his report was not very encouraging, and my own opinion inclined to a cleft on the left of the place where we stood—in our state of exhaustion I decided to abandon the attempt for that day ; and then, avoiding the route which had rendered us incapable of the necessary effort, to come again some other day, and complete the work, which we were confident was not beyond our skill and daring. We returned by the summit of the mountain, descended to the Wind Gap—thence by Gillerthwaite bridge to the boat-house, where, if we had not had a conveyance, we must have rested for the night. We both certainly were " used up."

In the month of May I again engaged the young man Hodgson with two other of his family connections, to drive me up to Gillerthwaite. But no promise of a fine day occurred before the 30th of the month, and the 31st redeemed the promise of its predecessor. I left Sandwith shortly after five, but with only two companions ; the third being like Peter Simple, " a slow sleeper," had to be left behind. Gillerthwaite was reached a quarter before nine, but over such a road that a Sedan chair without a bottom would have been a better form of transport than the one we adopted. In due time we were in the presence of the English Matterhorn, when it happened that one of the party was so much affected by the majestic appearance of the rock, that he would not

presume to put his foot upon it. But the intrepid Hodgson had no qualms of any sort, and was equal to the occasion ; and the wiry old man followed in his track. The spikes, driven previously into the face of the sloping rock, were fortunately in the right place, and when by the aid of a rope we had mounted about the space of six yards, the chief obstacle was overcome, and the victory all but gained. Nothing was now wanted but a good head and a good heart, and I and my avant courier were possessed of both. After proceeding a few yards on a narrow, heath-covered ledge, Hodgson disappeared from my sight, and I awaited, in hopeful mood, the result. At last a cry significant of success struck mine ear (tho', by-the-bye, my lugs are not so good as my legs), and without hesitation or fear I began to climb, and successfully joined my leader on the summit of the Pillar Rock. At that moment we were " quite uplifted," and the Queen had no two prouder or more joyous subjects in her Realm. I will now state the proofs left of our presence. A card secured with liquid glue between two lamina of talc, with the words, " The Patriarch of the Pillarites, born A.D. 1796. Ascended the Pillar Rock A.D. 1875 " was put into the bottle. Also a card protected with liquid glue with the words on the obverse, " The First Student of St. Bees College, born April 12, 1796, ascended the Pillar Rock, May, 1875, leaving some titbits of travel from Rome, Vesuvius, Loretto and Niagara in a sealed bottle." On the reverse, " With the First Student, ascended John Hodgson, John Ferguson, and Andrew Leason, all of Sandwith, 1875." This being prepared beforehand, the two last names must be excluded. The crowning proof of the Patriarch's verdancy is a card rolled and put in a bottle with a Greek inscription, the translation of which will suffice your readers. Here it is, " Jacobus Stylitus, with John Hodgson, ascended the Pillar Rock on the last day of the fifth month, A.D. 1875. Written on the summit without spectacles." The Greek, with a clerical and grammatical error corrected, is enclosed for your

satisfaction. The following—Latin on the obverse and Greek on the reverse—is secured by liquid glue between two pieces of glass, and left among the stones. "Primus Alumnus Sanctae Begae Collegii, Natus A.D. 1796, Hanc Columnam Rupis superavit A.D. 1875." I will now speak of the sealed bottle and its contents. There is a label on the bottle with the words, "Vesuvius, The Tarpeian Rock, The Beads of Loretto, and Niagara salute the Pillar Rock. J.J." And round the neck of the bottle two Latin hexameter lines—

> Roma, Vesuvias ardens, Niagara atque Loretto,
> Nunc veniunt per Alumnum munera ferre Columnae.

Rome sends a fragment of tufa, Vesuvius the pieces of pumice stone, Niagara specimens of the shale which underlies the crystalline limestone bed of the river, and Loretto some beads blessed in the porringer of the Virgin Mary. I will now say that we descended in safety, and in a very jubilant spirit. Our last act in the descent was a legacy to the Pillarites of the future. Unslinging my hammer from my neck, I directed my companion to drive a long iron holdfast into the rock for present and future use. On this we hanked the bight of a rope, Hodgson first descended, then I followed. The rope is now at Sandwith, but it will be long before the holdfast disappears. We returned by the mountain top to Gillerthwaite ; thence, after ample refreshment, I walked with buoyant steps nearly all the way to Ennerdale bridge, and felt as if I could walk all the way home. A word or two of advice in conclusion. If you have a conveyance, leave it at the boathouse. Approach the Rock from the summit of the mountain, you then may descend to the Pillar easily and safely ; and avoid the deep ravine which lies to the west of the rock. We descended into that ravine, and by the accidental displacement of a large stone, we escaped fracture and death only by the skin of our teeth. Beginning at the point where the ascent is begun when made from the west, the distance was measured up to the point where the Rock crops out from the mountain side, and found it to be 140 yards. Then from the

point last mentioned to the long sliding face of rock with the niche across it is only 40 yards. The western route is long and risky, the eastern one is short and safe ; and to those who think that probably safety is better than possible disaster, I may not speak in vain. " Felix, quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum."

> Blest is the man who can from others' dangers
> Learn caution, though the sufferers be but strangers.

If there is any person who has a balance at his bankers, and wishes to join the Order of Pillarites, my intrepid companion will be ready, for a proper consideration, to give to such the benefit of his experience.

Your obedient Servant,

JAMES JACKSON.

Summer Hill, Sandwith, June 4, 1875.'

On June 23rd of the same year, hearing that a lady and six men had reached the summit at the same time, he wrote the following :—

> The Pillar smiled—a sober smile,
> When on his dizzy height,
> Last day of May there proudly stood
> An aged errant Knight !
>
> But on the twentieth day of June,
> His laugh was loud and long ;
> For never since his birth had been
> On his top, so large a throng !
>
> Two Johns, two Joes, Tom, Will, and Ann,
> Were there—a wondrous sight !
> And the feat is now recorded by
> The aged errant Knight !
>
> To each the Pillar Patriarch gives
> His hand—and greets with joy ;
> In proof, to each he sends the lines
> Of that wonderful Old Boy.

In youth he went to fight the French,
For King George upon his Throne ;
And now he lives in health and peace
In his own cottage home.

When man, he wrote in small p.p.*
Expression of his charge ;
But now he writes in age P.P.†
But they're in letters large.

* Parish Priest, with a small living.
† Patriarch of the Pillarites, with more than competence.

The Patriarch took a great interest in finding out all about his predecessors, and it is owing to his knowledge of local men and records that the annals of the early Pillar parties are so complete. He preserved a letter written by C. W. Dymond in 1866 :

> The Pillar Rock is severed into two distinct portions by a chasm 6 feet wide with inaccessible walls. The smaller (in bulk) and less lofty of these two portions stands between the main rock and upward slope of the mountain. The larger portion is partially severed by a cleft floored with a steep slope of grass. To ascend you pass the chasm just mentioned, and cross a small sloping slab by means of a shallow horizontal crack in its surface. This is the most dangerous feat in the ascent, as the slab terminates at its foot in a precipice. You then immediately begin to escalade the rock, making use of some of the horizontal shelves to get round its right-hand face, which you must do without ascending too high. Arrived in view of the cleft, wriggle round (a business which seemed to me the worst feature in the whole climb) as well as you may, of the rock on to the green floor on the cleft, which, like the slab before mentioned also runs down to a precipice. You climb this slope up into the narrow throat of the cleft, where your way is barred by a fallen rock jammed in. A bit of tugging will, however, raise you over this, and then you easily run up to the top. This rock has one peculiarity. Its descent is at least as easy as its ascent.
>
> N.B.—A guide desirable. Will Ritson never did it. Two Alpines spent two hours in vain attempts to find the way up. One in four pedestrians might do it, but no object is gained in doing it, except the reputation of having accomplished it. Twenty people have done it. Fine views ascending the Screes through Hawl Ghyll. The Lord's Rakes, on Scafell, width 5 feet to 20 feet, floored with screes swarming

with garnets. The ascent cannot be steeper than the ' angle of repose ' of such loose materials, namely, about 45 degrees.

This is probably the oldest description of the easiest route up the Pillar Rock extant. There is considerable difference between its details and the cursory manner in which it is dismissed in modern rock-climbing guides.

In 1876, the Patriarch went out on his birthday, but was baffled by the mist. On May 4th he tried again ; he reached the top, alone, writing the following description, two days later, from his house at Summer Hill, Sandwith. Apparently he walked from Seascale to Ritson's, arriving at 5 p.m.

' Early to bed, early I rose ; and after a cold breakfast I unlocked the door, and was on my way to the Pillar mountain at 4-20 a.m. The summit was reached at 7-30 a.m. The descent of 400 feet to the Rock was effected before 8, when I stood in the presence of this awe-striking and picturesque freak of Nature.

'After duly surveying the route I had to pursue, I was soon at the rock with the transverse nick which has to be traversed ; then I scrambled to the sloping rock, which is about six yards in extent, and may be called the pons asinorum of the climb. Into this rock I drove a spike, on which, by the means of my staff, I raised the loop of a rope ladder with four rungs, hanging it on the spike ; as an additional security a hand-rope was also attached to the same point ; and with these appliances I gained, without slip or injury, the narrow heath-covered ledge. About six yards is the horizontal extent of this ledge, when you have again to mount upwards for 20 yards.

' Here I left my staff with its point in the ledge below, and its top just visible to indicate the precise place to which I should go in my downward course. With ungloved hands I grasped the rugged rock, and in five or six minutes I stood proudly on the summit, and a second time asserted my claim to be the Patriarch of the Pillarites.

' Whilst on the rock I ascertained, by means of a string to which a small plummet was attached, that the depth of the

chasm which separates the rock from the mountain was 16½ yards.

'My next task was to leave some proof that the old juvenile had been there. I saw no bottle, and had prepared no card had there been one. So I took a small pocket knife, and with it made four successive scores on the western side of the higher staff; and then, descending to the lower one, performed the same operation on its eastern side.'

The Patriarch humourously suggests that while such whittlings would mean nothing to the untutored dalesman or shepherd, others would read the rune that the four scores were meant to show that the marker was a climber eighty years of age.

'I will now briefly state that the descent was made in safety, and that, too, without the aid of the rope ladder, and only a yard or two from it. I observed this in my ascent, and even hesitated whether I should avail myself of the appliance I had with me. I was again on the top of the mountain at 10-15 a.m., and at Ritson's by 12-10.'

In some soliloqual verses, the Patriarch apparently aimed at a repetition of the ascent. After describing his ascent:

> Then, at the base, in thankful mood,
> I muse upon a climb next year.
>
> Let all who pleasure find in toil,
> To find it long, this maxim borrow;
> Four-score, with Nature's laws observed,
> May neither labour be nor sorrow.

Two years later, the Patriarch set out to climb the Rock on his birthday. He did not return, and Ritson sent out searchers, one of whom found the body at the Great Doup, about 400 yards from the Pillar Rock. He had evidently fallen down a very steep place. The Patriarch had been carrying a bottle to deposit as a record on the Rock with a characteristic writing:

Two elephantine properties are mine,
For I can bend to pick up pin or plack,
And when this the Pillar Rock I climb,
Four-score and two's the howdah on my back.
P.P.
Date of the third ascent, May, 1878.

As a memorial of the Patriarch, two of his contemporary brethren built a cairn and placed an iron cross on the spot where the body was found, but it perished in the storms. In 1906 a more lasting memorial was prepared, when a Cockermouth mason chiselled, in the living rock, the initials J.J., and the date 1878. The above records will show that even so long ago the Pillar Rock roused men to enthusiasm, albeit quaintly expressed. The enthusiasts today are more numerous. Many thousands in all have ascended the Rock, and the name and fame of the place has gone to the ends of the mountaineering world. Few recall the first ' Patriarch of the Pillar,' except when they hand the nickname to some climber who was on the same rock fifty years or more ago.

I would add a Cumberland postscript to the above. In the spring of 1939, I had occasion to walk over St Bees Head and to call at Sandwith. A hospitable family invited me to share their Sunday tea. I had been warned, or better say, informed that most Sandwith houses had been held by a few families for centuries back, and that they were usually related to each other. So I was scarcely surprised that my mention of ' Priest Jackson ' brought some response. Mother stepped aside to show me through the window the house which ' The Priest ' had built at Newtown of Sandwith, called Summer Hill. She regretted that village legend did not dwell on the happier phases of the Priest's career, and she wished that her mother (who was in the eighties) was not too hard of hearing to answer non-essential questions. It seems that the Patriarch had the house built to his own designs, also that he took to law and ruined a poor man who had enclosed some trifle of garden land. That the Priest was a mighty walker was

recalled, especially the hard marches to take services at Ennerdale and other outlying churches in the scattered parish of St Bees.

Something of the hardness of his mountain nerves apparently entered his home life. His one daughter, who married a village tradesman, was reckoned to have had a hard time with her father. Her husband sustained blood-poisoning at work, and was ' never much good afterwards.' They had no family. From the reports, records and letters of the old man it is quite easy to understand that asperities in daily concerns might be expected, and almost condoned.

I walked up the lane toward the ' Priest's House ' ; it is steep, winding, dirty, wet, and cut deep into the bank. At two places the buttress next a garden path has slipped, and the fairway is narrowed until repairs are made. One cottage on the slope is derelict, probably condemned. ' They often shut an old cottage, but never build a new one hereabouts. The fresh houses are all miles away in the other direction—further from the school for the most part.'

The Priest's House, at the top of the rise, is so contrived that no neighbour can overlook, no trespasser photograph the walled-in garden. 'An unsociable household ' was probably the verdict of the Sandwith families seventy years ago, so far as the Priest's life there was concerned. Not having been inside the house, I wonder whether the interior has any fixtures marking the first owner's character. He had money enough and to spare, I was assured, so that the rooms may have some special design or provision. So far I have not seen any letter or letters in which the Priest gave information or indication of his home life. The ' Diary ' which is preserved somewhere in Cumbria, seems full of records of services and wanderings, without detail. I saw it many years ago through the kindness of Wilson Butler, of Broughton-in-Furness.

The younger rock climbers of the eighteen-seventies apparently were all dwellers in distant places, and Sandwith, scattered today, was then remote.

VISION OF THE HILLS

Where the great hills dim to the northward lie
in horizons austere and bare ;
where the whirling snow from an empty sky
lends wings to the frozen air ;
where the peat stream flashes beneath the sun
and the moors loom dour and gray ;
where the curlews cry when the day is done
and the small winds whisp and stray ;
there would I halt my laggard pace
my vision awandering far
in all eternity of space
from plain to hill and hill to star.

Frank Smythe

POSTSCRIPT

Claud Schuster

The great heat on the walk up to the hut was a warning of what was to come. The hut itself was even hotter and stuffier than huts usually are. There was a lifelessness in the air outside and the stars seemed dim. A lassitude verging on peevishness, hung on the party. The hay seemed lumpier, the boards harder, and the snores of others less tolerable. Thus, as might have been expected, the early morning was very dark and uninspiring. The snow in the great couloir was hardly frozen ; above it, on the face which leads to the ridge, the going was worse. The snow patches were unstable ; little stones slipped, and feet stumbled ; the other fellows seemed to let the rope catch and drag ; the pace was always too fast or too slow. It was difficult to refrain from hard words. But the moment's pause at the bergschrund, as the first man cut a step or two and cleared it, and each man had to reach well out to follow, pulled the party together, and, once on the ridge itself, they began to move like a team. The rocks were dry and firm and good. The holds were small and far apart, far enough to stretch the muscles and every now and then to call for that little extra exertion which gives the delightful sense of accomplishment as each obstacle is surmounted. Every now and then the ridge suddenly steepened and presented itself as a sheer face, and, when this happened, sometimes the leader attacked it frontally, taking perhaps a shoulder or a knee from his immediate follower ; or sometimes, with a long reach into apparent vacancy, he disappeared round the corner and his rope was seen wriggling away out of sight to the sound of grunts and scratches until, freed from the belay, it pointed upwards, and his brown beard and his merry eyes looked over the wall at his companions. Whichever course was taken the

rest of the party was glad of the respite, for the pace was too hot to last for ever.

Halfway up the ridge there was a halt for food, and someone said something about the weather, but none paid much attention. Then the march was resumed. It was one of those climbs which are said to present no technical difficulty. Everyone felt he was climbing as he had never climbed before in his life, and that everyone else was doing the same. One rhythmic soul animated the party. They climbed as one man, perfectly confident, perfectly fit, thrilled with physical delight and expectation. As they neared the summit there was a pause. The leader pulled from his pocket a handkerchief which had once been white, and bound it over his hat and under his chin. The followers took each his own precaution. The leader grasped the great rock which barred their progress and with a heave, his legs dangling behind him, flung himself upwards. Each followed, grasped from above and pulled onwards, and met the gale and rolled over to what shelter could be gained from the summit cairn, and lay there panting. The wineskin passed round without a word ; indeed the roaring of the wind forbade intelligible speech. The greater ritualists of the party filled and sucked vainly at their pipes to give the mountain the due incense of tobacco. The leader yelled unintelligibly at his companions what were probably meant to be words of caution, and the descent began.

This was a very different affair from the ascent. The tilt of the strata running through the mountains set every hold the wrong way. The little stones, loosely balanced on the sloping surfaces, slipped under the feet, or of their own volition. Everything was rotten, and the towers which crowned the ridge were undercut and trembled at a touch. The passage, which would have been merely unpleasant in calm weather, was horrible in the storm. Underfoot the stones were coated with a light film of frozen damp. Below the wind came howling upwards, dislodging pebbles and

snow, throwing them upwards and curling back from the ridge like a retreating wave. The rope, soon frozen stiff, swung out before the tempest, catching on every projection, trammelling, dragging. Very little snow was falling; but what there was lashed the face, clogged the glasses, and filled what holds there were. The cold was bitter. Yet speed was impossible. Every step must be made good. Every man must secure himself at every instant, and be ready to secure his friends. The sun was blotted out. Every familiar landmark had disappeared. Only now and then the gale tore the mist asunder and showed some fantastic form upon the ridge, or disclosed some apparently bottomless precipice below. All sense of time was lost. It seemed as though the party had already entered into hell and must toil for ever downwards in an eternity of peril and of fear.

Suddenly the leader stopped. He seemed to yell something. His followers joined him and he pointed his finger below. By his gestures it was possible to discern with aching eyes that here the ridge stopped sharp, as if cut off with a knife, and descended in an unbroken and impassable face whose base was shrouded in the fog. Intelligible speech was inaudible, but the course to be followed was clear. The side of the face must be descended into the funnel between the converging ridges, and the glacier gained. It seemed pleasant to feel that so much had been accomplished, and any change from the ridge was a welcome as a relief. But those who harboured such thoughts soon had occasion for repentance. The slope was extremely steep, devoid of handholds, and garnished with stones, stuck loosely in thin ice or unstable snow. Furthermore, though on the ridge nothing could hit you except what the wind slung through the air or your companions or you yourself dislodged from the towers, here everything at once seemed to fall; the mountain seemed in dissolution; your feet slipped and sent down pebbles on those below, and, the further you descended, by so much more terrible was the rattle of the stones projected by those

above, and the scream of the heavier, invisible missiles whizzing through the air from the rampart of the mountain. In this infernal cannonade some degree of speed was essential. Everyone, as soon as he had attained some precarious security, must wave his companion on, and, as he best might without belay, pay out the rope to him inch by inch, taking his weight and trusting vaguely that, if the strain suddenly became a jerk, he could avert catastrophe. Then, casting off false pride, he must himself bear on the rope and yet keep his body erect and his feet firm to the treacherous surface. With a frozen rope, kinking and intractable, these manœuvres were peculiarly difficult to perform.

The distance to the glacier was not great and the time occupied not so long as it appeared to all. The moment came when the second man found the leader standing motionless. He came close up to him. The leader jumped apparently into space. The third man came close to the second. The second, as an act of faith, imitated his leader and instantly found himself on his face in deep snow, with his feet sliding away into nothing. Number three and number four followed, and, wasting no time in the recovery of breath or in shovelling snow out of neck or pockets, for stones of every size, some embedded in the soft snow, some lying on the surface, proclaimed what kind of place this was, all rushed down. Again, however, the slope broke off abruptly. They were come to the overhanging lip of the berg-schrund. Anchored as best he could and leaning on the rope, the leader extended his rigid body and peered over. The prospect was not alluring. Turning to one side he cut steps on a level along the upper edge—such steps as no one would have dared to use save in extremity. Then suddenly he turned downwards again. Balanced on nothing he struck with his whole force on the rotten ice. Once he struck, and twice, and thrice, and then sprang back as a huge piece, compacted of ice and snow and little stones, broke off with a crack. Down it went with a boom and dissolving into fragments, tinkled into

the gulf. ' Come, quick, quick,' he cried and jumped again, this time a little outwards as well as downwards, pulling the next man out of his steps, so that his jump was more than half a tumble, and he would have rolled down on to the flat glacier but for the arms that received and held him fast. Then breathless, he could at least look round and observe the lack of elegance of those who came after.

Now for the first time all could realise that the snow, which had seemed to fall but thinly on the ridge was coming down in thick heavy flakes. The wind, though it could be heard roaring beyond and over the great wall from which they had descended, could not reach them. Whatever might yet lie before the party, some rest and some restoration of their strained energies seemed imperative. Walking along the lower lip of the great crevasse until they reached a place which afforded some refuge from the mountain's artillery, they halted and took shelter in the rift itself. They scraped off the snow, rubbed, banged and kicked half-frozen noses and fingers and toes, contemplated cuts and bruises and inspected the damage. One stone had cut through a knapsack and penetrated a wine-skin from which the precious fluid was slowly oozing. The rope was all but severed in two places. The bread was frozen and the butter stiff. Everyone was strained and tired, but all were happy. They ate sardines whole with their fingers and didn't care that the oil ran down their chins. They congratulated one another exuberantly and extravagantly, and made feeble jokes, which seemed to them the height of wit, and laughed excessively. There was toil before them, but the danger was over. Perhaps it had never been so great as it had seemed, but it had hung round them and penetrated their subconscious minds, each perilous step the prelude to destruction. Now it was gone and forever. Its departure released the thousand trivialities which make up the life of man. It was not a moment for solemn thoughts. They had come to safety out of death, and life, rough jokes, rough wine, coarse food made up their being.

The march over the glacier must be begun. It was interminable. Excitement and fear were past. Nothing remained but labour and discomfort, snow sometimes to the knees, the shinbone striking against the edge of the small concealed crevasse, the sudden deviation from the direct line as the axe of the leader revealed a crevasse too wide to pass ; the eyes aching from the effort ; the muscles released from the exertion of the ridge ; the clinging damp of the snow as it melted through their coverings, the lurking fear that in the fog they might not have hit the right direction, and the effort not to say so lest the leader should be disheartened and the party discouraged ; the general feeling of anti-climax ; all these made it difficult to keep going, vexed, depressed. To these succeeded a period of sheer boredom. Nothing seemed worth while except to stop, to have done with all this nonsense, to do something violent so as to break the monotony of ceaselessly dragging one foot after another, of bending under the weight of the sack, of treading an eternal path which led nowhere. Again suddenly it had led somewhere. They were at the foot of a rock. The wind had dropped enough to allow one to hear oneself speak. Someone said that the hut was up there. Then why the devil didn't one climb up ? No !—the leader must needs circle round. He came to a cleft running transversely upwards. Had one to begin climbing again ! ! The rocks were all icy, but he began quickly and lightly. Why the devil did he want to go so fast ? It wasn't fair. There's lots of time. There's a knee banged against the side of the cleft. They are up. Where's the beastly hut ? We've come wrong after all. No ! there it looms. This path is very rough. Why couldn't we stick to the snow ? Heavens ! is the hut locked ? No ! He's pushed the door open. We have had a day.

To dwell on what one eats and drinks, though often pleasant to oneself, is always tedious, and may be nauseating to others. So the details of the next period can be passed over. But its emotions remain in the memory, perhaps for

that short span of human life which we call ' forever.' Night has come ; and, according to all the canons, the climbers should have been addressing it in apostrophe :

> Oh Night
> And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
> Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light of a dark
> eye in woman.

But to the mountaineer, unless he has been extraordinarily fortunate at cards, nothing could possibly be less like an eye of any kind in woman than a storm among the hills. To our party it had meant not only an emotional disturbance, but a practical fear. To them admiration of the power of nature had been subdued by a lively anticipation of rheumatism. Their wet knickerbockers, clinging round their legs, their boots, squelching with water, forbade them to ask the night to be to any of them

> A sharer in the fierce and far delight
> A portion of the tempest and of thee.

Sensible men, in these circumstances, however fully charged with sensibility, ask to share nothing with anyone but a roof, a wisp of hay, some hot soup, and, if no beer is available, the last dregs of wine, still redolent of the goatskin from which they came. The party, having tasted these delights, delivered from the instant peril and the chilling fatigue, can open the hut door and contemplate the night. The storm has died, though the winds are still fierce round the ridges on which the climbers lately gasped and clung. They still drive small white clouds across the summit, and, from time to time, obscure a moon that looks on Italy. From afar below comes the roar of the cataract, swollen by the rains of the afternoon. Nearer, but still in the deep shadow of the peak, and the more deeply hid because of the sharp brilliance of the foreground, lie the highest pastures ; and you can guess that the cows are mooing uneasily and can catch at intervals a round note from a bell. Otherwise it is very still and very cold. The mystery of the struggle through which

they had passed, and of the ease and peace now so hardly gained, were upon them. They crept back into the hay and fell asleep in the full companionship of the hills.

Or shall we tell the story like this ?

August 4th, 1890. *Verfluchtighorn* (4,159 meters, 13,626 feet). *First ascent of the north-east ridge, descent by the south-west ridge.* Same party, with Abraham Beidenblatten and Jakob Schnorr as porter. Left Amicitia hut at 1-30 a.m. and immediately took to the great couloir which gives access to the upper Wasserlein glacier (3 a.m.), crossed the glacier and ascended the rocky face above it to the foot of the great north-east ridge (reached at 7 a.m.). After half-an-hour's halt for the breakfast, began to climb the ridge. Though steep it presents no technical difficulties and can be followed, almost in its entirety, to the summit. The most interesting portions of the ascent consist in the passage of the three great gendarmes which are conspicuous from the valley or in the panorama from the Aussichtshorn. These occasioned some loss of time and were, in each case, circumvented by traverses on one side of the ridge or another. The summit was reached at 11 a.m., and the well-known south-west ridge was then followed until it breaks off. A traverse was then made on to the Upper Zwischengrat glacier (reached at 2 p.m.), and that glacier was descended to the bergschrund. Some difficulty was experienced in hitting off the best place to cross the Schrund, but the lower glacier was reached at three, and, after a short halt, was crossed in deep snow and the Friedens-hütte attained at 5-30. Throughout the descent the party were greatly hampered and delayed by storm and fog.

You will have perceived that, whichever method of description be preferred, the whole of this story is ficticious, a kind of pot-pourri of many Alpine memories, drawn some from the experience of the writer, and some from those of others. Perhaps even it might be taken to be in some sense an allegory, illustrating human life, and, in particular, the Alpine career—the high hopes, a little dashed with apprehen-

sion, of the early morning, the glorious achievement of full day, the fierce struggle of the early afternoon, the dull relentless endeavour as the day wears to evening, the calm acceptance of the night in peace and hope. Only, unhappily neither life nor mountains are in the least like that. We are not, nor ought we to be, satisfied. 'I've had my day, I've had my day ; and nothing on earth can take away the taste of that,' said Learoyd (or was it Ortheris ?). But, in uttering the sentiment (recorded by one who was then a very young man), he, like Oliver Twist, betrayed his appetite for more. It is a mistake to suppose that old age brings its consolations, or that passage of years brings peace. There comes a partial and resentful resignation. Hear also what Voltaire says :

> L'amitié vint à mon secours
> Elle n'était peutêtre aussi tendre
> Mais moins vive que les amours.
> Touché de sa beauté nouvelle,
> Et de sa lumière éclairé,
> Je la suivis ; mais je pleurai,
> De ne pouvoir plus suivre qu'elle.

There is a further matter to be borne in mind when planning for senectitude and listening to those who recommend water-gruel and a crutch. A friend writes to me, commenting on the fact that, my legs failing, I have taken to a horse, 'as to this Jorrock's business, I get your point, and there is a good deal in it. If you persistently fall down, into, over, or under everything that appears in your path, it is at any rate probable that you will avoid a painful and peevish old age ; which is probably the most unpleasant thing in nature. My only resource will be to get under a No. 11 bus.'

Everything, however, comes to an end, and the time arrives when

> You grow so very fat
> That you climb the Gorner Grat
> Or perhaps the Little Scheideck
> And are rather proud of that.

when you take more pleasure in other people's prowess than your own, and nestle more comfortably as you turn in bed before you put out the light, at the thought that someone else is sleeping in a stuffy hut, and will, before you wake next morning, have already endured unspeakable discomforts and unnecessary privations. There are few more delightful exercises than to sit below the top of the Riffelhorn on warm rocks and to lower your grand-daughter down the first hundred feet of the glacier couloir, and then hold the rope for her to ascend, pointing out her faults in style and remembering how rigorous teachers seized ' your ' youth,

> And purged its faith, and trimmed its fire
> Showed you the high, white star of truth,
> There bade ' you ' gaze and there aspire,
> Even now their whispers pierce the gloom.

And you can hear their adjurations to stand up and lean out from the rock across some fifty years. When all this comes upon you, and you feel a fatal tendency to reminiscence and anecdotage, and you are commanded to sing, or at least to read, for your supper, what is left to you ? Long ago you have written all that was in you and spilt your experience in a hotch-potch of adventure and emotion. The letter to a friend is finished. It has set out fully all that was done and thought and felt. You read it through again and find something missing, something which you have tried to say over and over again, now in simple words, now in elaborate phrases. It is not likely that you will succeed where you have failed so often. But you must make the attempt and say, once more, how well worth while it was. Much of your time was wasted through sloth, or failing courage, or lack of imagination. But, where you seized on life with both hands, whether you succeeded or failed, there you triumphed.

I do not mean by this that it is a rational pastime, or even good mountaineering, to come down the Couloir du Lion in the middle of a hot August afternoon. I have myself chosen a night in the Bergli hut in preference to the great wall below

it when the avalanches were thundering down to the Lower Grindelwald Glacier. The dangers in these two places can neither be averted nor subdued and I cannot see that any advantage is gained by incurring them. 'Who,' says the wise man, 'will pity a charmer that is bitten by the serpent, or any such as come nigh wild beasts?' The last thing to be inculcated is a challenge to danger for its own sake or for the sensation to be plucked from it. There must be dangers in this as in all forms of bodily activity. It is good mountaineering to acquire the knowledge to recognise, and the skill and endurance to overcome them. And the infinite delight of the pursuit is not lessened but enhanced because forethought and care are necessary elements in an Alpine equipment.

I have wandered from my text and from the material of my postscript. Let me repeat it. All was very good. All the labour as well as the joy, knit into the very frame of the mountaineer, gives him not only a more vigorous body, but a richer mind, a fuller life; and however feeble his limbs may grow, however faint his courage, still, as he looks backwards and forwards, he would ask nothing more for those whom he wishes well than that they, like he, should be carried away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and should find the things which were revealed to him.

TWO SALEINAZ CLIMBS

Brenda Ritchie

Let the reader be warned at the beginning. These two climbs, the Petit Clocher de Portalet and the Petit Clocher de Planereuse, are small beer for the Alps for they are short and low and well on the beaten track. Nevertheless it seems sufficient excuse for relating them to recall, and possibly to suggest to others, the pleasure of some good climbing days.

We were a female party of two, and it was our first encounter with the Saleinaz district. The other member of the party, Iris Lemare, had only just arrived from England when we met at Champex in the first week of August this year, and perhaps the greatest mountaineering achievement of our expeditions was her walk to the Saleinaz hut (for the Planereuse) on her second day out. We walked from Champex, an excursion which involves a thousand-foot descent into the Val Ferret and a flat walk of some miles before beginning the stiff grind up to the hut. (This effort had to be accomplished of course in reverse after our climb the following day.) The weather was uncertain ; we arrived at the hut in heavy rain, but it had cleared next morning, and on our low peak there was no fresh snow. We entered in the hut book, scrupulously, ' parties pour le Petit Clocher ' (since we were not coming back there after the climb), telling the guardian we would shout to him from the summit, if and when we achieved it. Actually the route was not hard to find according to the book of words, though the Petit Clocher is a big little mountain, far more complicated in structure than it seems from the familiar hut viewpoint. We were uncertain at one point, where it is necessary according to the directions to ' descend 50 metres in a couloir of sand and scree, then leave the couloir by a *vire* on the left wall.' Down this noisome gully we crept gingerly, displacing small avalanches of earth at every step ; as we were gloomily measuring by

G. R. Speaker

PETIT CLOCHER
DE
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eye 150 feet of this unpleasant and, as we thought, perilous progress, we saw suddenly level with us on the left an obviously possible crack rising out of the gully. Being almost vertical, it hardly answered to the name of 'vire'; moreover we had descended barely 15 metres from the head of the couloir, certainly not 50. But the crack seemed to lead to the right place higher up, so we decided to try it, thankful to escape from the quicksands of the gully; and in fact it was the correct route, but the guide-book's '50 metres' remains to this day a mystery or a mistake.

There is little actual difficulty on this climb except the well-known crack, which is distinctly awkward for just a few feet, but not at all exposed. What chiefly alarmed us was the rottenness of the rocks in the lowest couloir, where the climbing though easy is very steep, and the whole mountain seems composed of completely detached and enormous blocks. One such block came away in the hand of the unfortunate second, and slipped with its whole weight resting on her leg; she was luckily able to shift free of it, and let it go crashing to the bottom before any damage was done to the leg. We thought this couloir would be a most unhealthy spot for two or more parties.

From the summit we duly shouted to the hut guardian and in answer to our feeble pipings received a friendly bellow back.

The Petit Clocher de Portalet was our next objective. It is a splendid piece of rock, with its vertical knife-edge lifting sheer from the valley, like the sharp prow of some monstrous ship. The view from the top, which is immediately over this edge, has this disadvantage, that the cliff is so steep nothing of it can be seen; the eye drops directly to the green pasture slopes below the rocks.

The official opinion at the D'Orny hut was that the Petit Clocher was 'pas pour les dames toutes seules,' even in parties of two; so we hid the guilty secret that on our first day from the hut, the leader made a solitary reconnoitring

expedition which did in fact reach the summit. This was not good mountaineering, even though the single climber was festooned with safeguarding loops tied on below. The second day we were able to make our joint attack and climb it ' properly.' The weather was evidently worsening, but we had a fine morning, just long enough for our purposes.

The route to the peak from the D'Orny hut lies across steep loose moraine slopes below the D'Orny glacier, seamed with deeply cut channels—excellent practice for the inexpert guideless, being toilsome and perplexing but not dangerous. The ridge itself is approached by a narrow snow and rock couloir. Here the exploring leader had chosen a route and cut steps the day before, so we were soon up. Arrived on the ridge, we changed into Kletterschuhe, though the first section of the climb involves a grassy and earthy traverse on the south flank of the mountain, and would be almost better in boots. Beyond this traverse we climbed back to the ridge. For several yards there is a horizontal knife-edge, very sharp, some of which has to be done à cheval ; then the ridge rears up abruptly. It was the airiest rock ridge we ourselves had ever seen. On both sides the rock drops sheer, on the north in great sweeps of slab, on the south in one smooth-chiselled wall. Up the steep section of ridge the rock of the crest is for several metres smooth and quite holdless. For the first few feet one can climb on the south wall, up a thin crack formed by a detached flake (very like the narrow part of the Flake on Central Buttress on Scafell) ; the flake rises in vertical steps, and balancing up them, with nothing satisfactory on the left and a void on the right, is awkward. When the flake comes to an end, it is necessary to step again onto the backbone of the ridge, at this point a leaning, narrow and holdless slab, and climb up three pairs of pitons. We both considered these pitons niggardly. From the top pair it is impossible for anyone of medium reach to get a good hold ; one has to make an upward move on finger-holds with nothing for the feet, before the good hand-hold comes

into reach. On the first exploration I had tried this move with feet against the rock, but feet slipped and the low-class knee was obviously advisable. So on this occasion we went up on shameless and most emphatic knees. It is not the kind of place where niceties of style can be greatly considered, and, from the point of view of technique, an interesting exception to the usually golden rule of using feet in preference to knees. Above this very hard pitch there is more airy climbing along the summit ridge, but no difficulties.

On the way down the problem was where to put the rope for roping down the difficult part. At the most suitable place there was no rock belay, but a plain bar piton, without hook or ring, set in the rock at an angle not much above the horizontal ; there seemed every reason why a rope or rope sling should slip off this piton and very few reasons why it should stay on. We looked at the object with growing distaste and finally rejected it altogether. The only other alternative, I had already discovered, was to loop the line round a projecting shoulder of the ridge itself, some 15 feet higher up. This meant that our 120-foot line barely reached to the bottom of the difficulties. However with some care and stretching, we eked it out, and to our relief, pulled it safely down—this latter process always a moment of crisis and anxiety.

We had been lucky with the weather that day, for the brief fine spell was rapidly breaking : we trudged up to the Trient hut that afternoon in a dull murk of cloud, and at night the snow came down, so that our hopes of one or some of the Aiguilles Dorées had to be given up. We came away confirmed in our ideas of the Saleinaz district as excellent for guideless climbing. It is well supplied with high huts, there are easy glaciers and short climbs, and our Petits Clochers in particular are highly to be recommended for guideless parties in search of rock-climbing.

HAMMER AND STONES

J. R. Cottrill

I

Talleyrand's dictum about language—' language was invented to conceal one's real thoughts '—was not true last time the writer made a geological hand-specimen from a detached fragment of the Styhead Garnetiferous Group of the Borrowdale volcanic series of which the Napes Ridges are composed, for another party, hearing the echoing clang of steel on stone, perceived what was being done and from a distance regarded it with patent disfavour and disparaging comment. They did not know, however, that the fragment in question was not only menacingly loose but yards away from all routes, with none of which it had any physical or moral connection, and so was fair game for the geologist, who afterwards wedged it in a place whence it was subsequently less likely to proceed down the ridge by the force of gravity. Gravity seems to lay siege with infinite patience to all such movable objects until they at last achieve that hair-trigger poise we have all met on many climbs : that other diplomatic maxim to the effect that nothing is more permanent than the provisional cannot be made to apply to loose rock.

But all this is really an aberration to give some explanation of the title (which fifty years ago would surely have been ' With Hammer and Rope in the Hebrides '), and to foreshadow the theme of a narrative which begins one pre-war summer day on the quiet branch line from Leicester to Rugby on which one half of the party was travelling southwards *en route* for the North, reminding himself of ' the night we went to Birmingham by way of Beachy Head.' This member enjoys the pursuit of serpentine and quasi-boomerang routes between various points on the elaborate net of roads and railways in Great Britain, and now he went from Rugby to

Crewe by the Royal Scot, thence to Manchester by the Comet, and from there by the Club train to St Annes-on-Sea where he joined his companion.

The little car was tested, polished, and loaded, and early in the morning rolled smoothly along Blackpool promenade long before the spade and bucket brigade should choke every pedestrian crossing, and when the stranger turns his head at the sound of the hooters and Westinghouse brakes which the modern tramcars here dispose of. At Garstang A6 was reached and followed to Carlisle, a stretch of road which must be familiar in all its main landmarks to readers of this journal ; but the thing on it which always amused the travellers in the little car was an unpunctuated notice somewhere beyond Kendal which exhorted them to ' Drive In Pots of Tea.' After crossing the border technical reasons caused a detour to Dumfries whence it was decided to go via Thornhill to Elvanfoot through the Pass of Dalveen, a place which has plenty of evidence of glaciation in the form of truncated spurs, hanging valleys and thick masses of boulder-drift. So far, the solemn ticking off of county-boundaries (a form of amusement of this party) had proceeded without difficulty, but there was trouble again in approaching Stirling, as there had been in earlier years, in trying to demarcate the margins of the enclave of Dumbartonshire jammed between the counties of Stirling and Lanark ; it was never considered proper to stop the car to look, so it was agreed that a somewhat subtle change of road-surface should be taken as the line. In rather a similar way, perhaps, other travellers will have their own feelings concerning the point at which they would take the Central Highlands to begin, some Crieff, others Dunkeld, and others again all sorts of places ; but the decision is arbitrary and personal and for the writer it seems to depend on a kind of vague promise visible in the hill contours and configurations in the neighbourhood of Ballinluig Junction, especially about sunset. Soon afterwards, therefore, a halt was made near Killiecrankie for the night.

II

Morning gave us a fine prospect of Ben Vrackie (I should like to write ' Bhreacaidh,' but the best known hills seem unfortunately not be known by their Gaelic names), this hill we knew well from having gone over every acre of the entire *massif* and having hit every outcrop on it; this was in several successive years previously when we had been making a 6-inch to the mile geological map of the place. One of the odd features of this undertaking was that we had to put up our own landmarks in order to mark in with precision the rapid alternation of metamorphic rocks of which the mountain is made ; this was done by erecting many tiny sighting cairns on all prominent locations. Apart from special cairns which had names, we went right through the alphabet for series one and got from *a*' to *b*' in series two. There wasn't much climbing, only a few problems mainly on the south face and on Creag Oisinnidh, most of which we did : the epidiorites yield fairly good pitches but the mica-schists are rather unpleasant, and neither is anything like so good as the volcanic ashes and lavas of the English and Welsh climbs. I should say that the best climbing was to be had where acid volcanic rocks occur in force either alone as at Pillar (andesites) or alternating with other types of igneous rock as on Tryfan, or in the Cuillins where the climbs are not by any means all on gabbro—andesites, dolerites and basalts occur everywhere in repeated alternations. The metamorphic rocks of Perthshire and of the Outer Hebrides, together with granite and gritstone have types of weathering which don't lead to the production of the kind of holds I like, and I place them all in the second class.

We did not visit Ben Vrackie this time but continued north over treeless Druimuachdar through to a point beyond Kingussie which is one of our stock luncheon-places. I have often wondered if other people tend to use certain regular stopping-places, as we do. They are to be found on many routes in many parts of the country, the product of years of

experiment, so here once more we stopped at a familiar stance with its view towards the Cairngorms and looked forward to the time when we should visit them. Later we were driving up from Carrbridge to Slochd Summit in company with the train which brings the London papers. This we managed to meet at Inverness so as to fortify ourselves with *The Times*. We always found this well-stuffed newspaper an important desideratum in remote places because in addition to the vast quantity of nourishing reading therein it used afterwards to be consumed in wrapping up the rock-specimens the collection of which was the primary reason for the journey.

Inverness I have always seen under agreeable conditions and I have the pleasantest memories of it ; for some reason not clearly definable it seems to me to extrude a kind of encouraging atmosphere, a thing I have found elsewhere too, at Ruthin and Hawkshead for example. But it may well be that others, from having experienced some ill-luck there on a wet day, may consider these places to be the abode of demons. We conversed on these matters as we trundled along the edge of the sparkling Firth of Beauly, passed through Muir of Ord (less attractive than its name) and approached our next head-quarters in the depths of Strath Conon.

III

The next few days were spent in investigating the rocks in and around Strath Conon and in the process climbing many of the surrounding hills. The weather was continuously fine hereabouts and the finest day found the party on the group of five tops usually known altogether as Sgurr a' Mhuillin (or an anglicised version of this). On the way up more flies were encountered than anyone would believe and for a time both members wore their emptied rucksacks over their heads, leaving the rest of their gear to be squeezed half-way into pockets or to hang from the rope. One felt a little like the White Knight, whose propensity for falling into ditches was paralleled by the exasperating up-down in-out motion

resulting from a battlemented series of peat hags quite equal to the worst of those in the High Peak of Derbyshire ; only mathematicians will find interest in traversing this kind of ground, the motion consisting of a sort of Greek key pattern in a vertical plane and a series of superimposed sine waves in the horizontal plane.

Near the western end of the group (Sgùrr a' Ghlas Leathaid) a fine slab was met with, but there was little else and the rest of the day was very largely a matter of sightseeing ; on the summit levels the visibility was found to be 9+ on the international scale, which is over 31 miles, and it was strikingly over in fact, because The Clisham was to be seen over 77 miles away in Harris. It was agreed to stay up aloft for an hour or two on the conscience-salving theory that specimen-collecting and note-taking would be a job tormenting to the point of impossibility in the humming ocean of flies at lower levels ; some of them, indeed, had continued the chase above 2,500 feet but in general they give up before this. Accurate compass-bearings were taken on all visible peaks together with notes of their outline and apparent distance ; the 4 miles to the inch survey maps were used for provisional identification on the spot. In fairly fine weather it is true that high visibility is the rule rather than the exception in north-western Scotland, but in Abercrombie and Goldie's 'Weather' it is said that the Paps of Jura have been seen from Hecla of South Uist, 104 miles or more ; the present writer would like to hear more of this and any other cases of visual contacts over 100 miles in the British Isles.

Collecting in Easter Ross concluded with a visit to the long-abandoned tremolite-limestone quarries of Shin Ness on Loch Shin—limestones are rare in the Highlands—after which a move was made through the ineluctable ferry-racket at Strome to Kyle of Lochalsh where the car was slung aboard the Stornoway packet *Loch Ness*. From the Inner Sound Raasay is instructive because it displays in neat succession the three characteristic rock formations of the region:

at the northern end the light grey hummocky Lewisian gneiss, at the southern end the maroon and green Torridonian sandstone with verdant rakes and terraces, and centrally the black and level-topped Tertiary lava-flows. Raasay on the port quarter, the two travellers surveyed the approaching outline of the Long Island with interest: what theoretically-impossible rock-types, what hidden and unknown climbing-grounds might yet be discovered in this 'British possession in the North Atlantic'?

IV

The apogee, so to speak, of our journey was the Butt of Lewis, reached over a road rough even by west Highland standards—the roads out of Stornoway had a good surface for some miles, then came some real old original macadam—and on the way every dog flew out at the double to bark and every inhabitant stopped to watch. An eighteen-inch geological hammer in hand, climbing-boots afoot and intermediate gear of an unclassifiable type cause many a stare even in parts of England repeatedly visited by geologists (or try wearing a Balaclava when driving up the Great North Road in an open car) but in the Outer Isles there were occasions when dozens of people came to watch the proceedings. We found it by no means easy to explain what we were doing, and I think was generally supposed that we were prospecting for minerals; it may be added that our approach was usually not unexpected—one became a firm believer in the bush-telegraph! We did a few climbs on the cliffs and stacks near the Butt of Lewis lighthouse in order to get some specimens and for general entertainment; later we studied the magnificent megalithic monument at Callernish, thoroughly described by MacCulloch in his *Western Isles*. There are many crags but few opportunities to climb in Lewis.

A few days later, however, we were staying at the hotel at Tarbert in Harris intending to examine the high hills nearby; unfortunately the good weather fled and the only consolation lay in the opportunity for map and compass navigation in

terra incognita. We made a sousing ascent of The Clisham, and thought there might be some climbs near the top but the Scotch ' mist ' (euphemism common in the north) permitted us only to look down bottomless chimneys and plunging bastions ; I expect they were about fifty feet in height. On a rather finer day we strolled up the gravelly valley of the River Meavaig to examine the steep face of Sron Scourst, which is really quite impressive. There are numerous nearly vertical walls broken by ledges and gullies of steep grass, and although the rock is inclined to be rounded it is pretty sound, and some routes might be made unless the gardening problem proved too much. We ascended the face by a convenient line to a point which we judged to be about 50 feet below the abrupt summit, but were barred by a formidable chimney full of vegetation and approached by some particularly steep and wet grass. As there was no sign of a belay we retired and traversed across at a lower level and abandoned the ascent on the arrival of a shower of the fire-engine hosepipe variety.

References to this and other places in Harris are to be found in the S.M.C. Guide Book, but from all that I could learn it would seem that the island is seldom visited by mountaineering parties ; indeed during the ten days we were there we saw no sign of any tourists of any kind. This may be due in part to lack of accommodation which outside the hotel was almost non-existent.

South of the Stornoway to Tarbert road some climbs can be made on Skeau Ard, Skeau Tosal, and Gillaval Glas but a very thick mist made it difficult to pick out the lie of the land accurately. The rock is not always sound and nowhere ideal I should say, but the place deserved the further attention we had no time to give. In one of the rare breaks in that tantalising mist we saw some jagged pinnacles towering over a mighty gully which called instantly to mind the wildest part of the Cuillins. Mists play tricks, I know, and make a twenty-foot outcrop look like a half-mile distant precipice, but I should like to have another look at this place one day.

On the morning we went up the southernmost hill in Harris, Roneval near Rodil, a wandering zephyr came up in a hurry at about six on the Beaufort scale—' large branches in motion, whistling heard in telegraph wires '—but alas, there cannot be many trees with large branches in all the Hebrides, and not so many telegraph wires, either. Higher up it was a fresh gale, so we were almost glad to find no climbing ; instead we found a very interesting anorthosite rock containing necklace-strings of cherry-red garnets. Our collecting was now done, so a packing-case labelled ' stones ' was sent off on a coasting vessel from East Loch Tarbert on the first part of its journey to Cambridge, a journey which took some weeks but cost only a few shillings.

V

Soon after this a return was made to Stornoway and thence back to the mainland on a night so black that the sailors had ample occasion to practise their cherished ability to see in the dark. At Kyle the car was recalcitrant and a rosy-fingered dawn found two grimy-handed travellers wrestling with a seized brake under a lamp-post with the assistance of some peculiar oil kindly provided by an engine-driver. Nor was this the only trouble that day, for 17 miles from Fort William the car Broke Down : all the rivets drew out of the clutch and one member of the party had to go to arrange a tow (for which the old climbing rope came in handy) while the other smoked a happy pipe over the blue waters of Loch Lochy and tried to cope with the logodaedaly of a Torquemada crossword. Still, with less than a day's delay Keswick was reached and here the party divided and the narrative ends.

But there is a coda. In a recent novel by Eric Linklater, I came across the word ' euphrasy,' properly the eyebright, in the sense of ' something that cheers up the atmosphere.' *Euphrasia officinalis* is one of the commonest flowers of the high hills of Britain, so it seems well and truly appropriate in these troubled times to consider mountaineering and the remembrance of days in the hills as our euphrasy.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAIN

Chiang Yee

Our great philosopher, Confucius, said: 'The wise take pleasure in lakes and rivers, the virtuous in mountains.'* We may be considered a mysterious and imaginative people, because we think the unending quietly flowing surface of the water can make us wise. From it we gain a sense of continuity and learn that new things keep deriving from the old, so we have to be wise. When we look at a huge mountain, we picture it giving life to everything growing on it and being generous and kind to all the creatures which inhabit it. On the other hand we feel how infinitesimal we are, just like any small insect or a piece of leaf, in comparison with the mountain. And so all egoistic ideas are removed from our mind and we must become virtuous. We all want to be wise and virtuous, so we all love mountains and rivers.

I myself would prefer to be virtuous rather than to be wise if I were asked to choose between the two. This does not mean that I do not want to be wise, but I think wisdom without virtue may easily lead to self-interestedness, if one uses one's wisdom only to take advantage of each opportunity that arises. Quarrels are then soon bound to follow. The reason why the history of mankind records so many wars and is still having to record them is because mankind has become wiser and wiser day after day, but not actually wise enough to be virtuous though many of us try to be. How sad it will be if the aspiration to be wise continues to prevail without mankind realising that if one is

* Given marginally in Chinese.

not virtuous it is better to be unwise. I cannot say whether I was born destined for wisdom or virtue, but it is my aim to learn virtue from the mountains. In fact I have always wished I might not be wise to know many of the things of my time. That is why I am always longing to go back to my mountains and it is the spirit of the mountain which has modelled my idea of life.

Another of our great philosophers, Lao Tzu, says: 'Heaven is lasting and earth enduring. The reason why they are lasting and enduring is that they do not live for themselves ; therefore they live long.

'In the same way the Sage keeps himself behind and he is in the front ; he forgets himself and he is preserved.

'Is it not because he is not self-interested that his self-interest is established ?'

Mountains play a great part in the earth. The Chinese character for mountain is a simplified image of the mountain  , but its actual meaning is to expose, that is, to expose growing powers for all creatures including man. The Chinese character for immortal  is a combination of an image for man and that for mountain, indicating the person in the mountain. We believe that immortals, free from sufferings and worries, will never die and are always willing to help others as we have a great many legendary stories about them.

China is full of mountains. Nearly every mountain has some sort of legendary story of immortals who have lived in it or passed by it. The immortal or the soul of the mountain seems to have had a regular control of everything growing on it and all creatures inhabiting it, yet he is not to be seen by our human eyes.

However, whenever I walk or climb up a mountain I always feel that it half-opens its misty eyes to smile at me and welcome me. The higher I go, the nearer I am to the embrace of the warmly opened arms of a most kind and generous mother. She has placed big or small stones on the

way as steps for me to climb higher and higher. She sends trees of all shapes and flowers of all colours to greet me on my way. She tries to please me by showing me all her different aspects in the play of light and shadow. She seems in constant thought to find out ways of receiving me with all possible different features in the morning, at noon, in the afternoon, evening and at night. Not to mention in wind, in rain, in snow and on fine days. Oh, how generous and kind the mountain is to me! And not only to me. If I am not there, others are being treated in the same generous and kind way. The mountain has never tired of greeting its visitors with the most generous hospitality.

Again Confucius says: 'Does Heaven speak? The four seasons pursue their courses, and all things are continually being produced, but does Heaven say anything?' The mountain does not speak either for words are not necessary. It is the spirit of the mountain that I love.

SYMPOSIUM

C. W. F. Noyce

The five of us who had foregathered for climbing and friendly purposes were assembled in the parlour. But the quiet and warmth outside soon lured us to the lake-side, and we idled luxuriously through the glory of a summer sunset. Perhaps it was the magic of the sunset, perhaps some co-incident train of thought started in our own minds, that made us approach with such seriousness a discussion often begun before, but commonly side-tracked in gossip. Nor do I know who suggested that each of us should give, in a set speech, an account of the reasons why he climbed. The idea emerged from haphazard talk ; but it was fixed finally that Ray Stanson, Harold Burn, Sidney Covell and Marcus Hirst should in turn make some sort of definition on the subject. I myself, owing to a convenient soreness of throat caused by too much talking some days previously, was prevented from speaking much consecutively, and was allowed to lie listening to them, watching the lights slowly fade from the sky.

It was Ray's turn to start ; and after some preliminary choking he began : ' Well, it's a low trick of yours to make me speak first. And you know I can't talk ; it's just like him to fake a sore throat, when he'd find it easier even now than I do. But I've heard people blathering so much about climbing, and the aesthetics of it and all the rest, that I don't mind whacking at the plain man's side just for a bit. Well, I'd hardly really thought about why I climb, and I don't know that most people do. You know, you're staying in Langdale say, and there are some chaps round with ropes who ask whether you'd like to go up the easy little thing behind there, and you go and have a grand day—it's obviously grand, with the sun and exercise—and you come down thinking " Here's a sport. I must do this." Of course

the next day it's wet, and the rope cuts and you fall off and water comes down your back and you wonder why you ever began this beastly thing ; only you get back into the hut and warm clothes, and of course you can't rest till you've gone up again. And now that seems important, in passing. It's the contrast that counts for much, and if you're a chap sweating up Everest with night after night of pemmican and wet sleeping bag to return to, it seems to me you lose half the fun ; though you may say that the contrast lies in the getting back to civilization afterwards. I don't believe it. Anyway, you others can argue that.

' To return ; I climb because I like it, but I suppose you want something more than talk about a beginner's climbing. Well, I'm not sure that I can give it. Hang it, it's inevitable that people climb, as they do everything else it's possible for men to do, fly, sail, swim, run, dig mines and the rest. In the course of time they do everything that's possible ; and usually get pleasure out of it. But you want the reasons why *we* climb, and get pleasure out of it. That's different, I'll admit. Silly asses enough go down gold mines and do other of the silly things it's possible to do, but why should this be done by sensible chaps like us ?

' Well, I can only go back to myself, and fling out a few thoughts in the hope that you may take them up. There's something in what I said of contrast, but that's often like beating your head against a stone because it's so nice when you leave off. I like the semblance of toughness, and growing a beard to impress my friends ; mountain scenery gives me a thrill down the spine, and makes me feel small, which is a grand feeling, especially if at the same time you feel you're being tough among it ; I like being in moderately tight corners, whose tightness I can regulate myself, and with friends whose friendliness comes out in them best ; I want a sport, and this sport harms nobody and nothing, but still gives, often, the feeling of pitting oneself against an opponent ; also it dismisses the frivolities of life, and forces one

to simplicity. I like to get to the top of anything. These things are just part of me, and I think they're part of everyone a little.

'And now I've let myself be sentimental enough, in all faith. I don't agree that mountains *are* anything more than rock and snow and grass, but you can find enough in them if you want to, all the things that make holiday and rest from ordinary work. But now that I've made this, for me, atrociously long speech, I know that tomorrow when I'm lying on Mickledore, watching the clouds over the Pikes, with the pipe going, any discussion like this will seem futile—and what I'm doing then just right.'

I was interested to hear what Harold would say. He had been an impetuous, almost 'successful' climber earlier, and he chafed now at being forced to inactivity. Yet the impetuosity remained, in the explosive way his speech came from him, and his tendency to become absorbed in one idea to the exclusion of any other. 'I suppose,' he said, 'That I shall be attacked from all sides; because I disagree with Ray over Everest climbing—for one very important reason—I shall disagree with the Doctor in that I consider any scientific attitude to climbing bunk, and with Marcus because, though hills make a mighty difference to my enjoyment, I should still go on climbing if it were on a slag heap among London Suburbs. But I will state my case, and you can see if it means anything.

'Now I don't think Ray went deep enough into the divisions of climbing, and his attitude, spite of all, is still the sentimental attitude. Climbing divides itself roughly into the departments of sweat, danger and discomfort; the snow slope, and rock face, and the rubble. Now the last I think we can pass over, as in any sport men will be prepared to accept discomfort in return for the benefits derived; the golfer will stand in the rain or the cricketer for hours upon a hard field. But why do we sweat up a really foul snow-slope, when we might be doing something more pleasant?

And why do we accept the sweat plus discomfort of Everest? Ray suggested the contrast, in sitting at the top and admiring the view as well as the return to civilization. But surely also we think what heroes we were to have climbed that slope. We are harder, finer, better, more admirable to our world. I want to be absolutely honest with myself,' and he sucked hard at his pipe. 'It's so often a matter of pride to get to the top, to exert ourselves. If some "deus ex machina" were to descend with the offer of a lift, though by no possible canon could I be said to be enjoying the slog, yet I should consider the offer an insult, and when I sat happily panting at the top, then, my Marcus, how I should enjoy the view! Something attempted, something done! And then the mountains, from being vulgar, unfriendly things, would become intimate and open—to us at any rate who had braved them.

'Now then for the danger, some element of which is surely inherent, however slight the degree, in all climbing. When you begin, you haul yourself out of the New West chimney with the same sensation with which, later, you top the Aiguille Blanche de Péteret. And here again pride, not to say vanity, is a large factor. How many people would get exactly the same pleasure out of a climb of which they left no record, not even of conversation with friends, as of one they could write up or describe? And my own reasons for climbing enthusiasm I know lay to a large extent in feelings of triumph at something I could at last turn my hand to with success. I was bad at games, and started climbing in the holidays from school, finding to my joy that I could do it. Then after school I spent my holidays climbing. And this was fine. I became a leader of repute. Now I don't want to suggest that this was my only reason for doing it, but it formed a good background: pride of achievement and the admiration of the world. Of course there is also the purely animal joy of some climbing, the pleasure of moving up slabs like those of Moss Ledge Direct on Scafell, for

instance. But when it comes to a crux, it is again often largely pride, the desire to prove oneself and fear of retreat, that drives one on. Often the summit is of pride.

'Such is the trio; and even the discomfort of rubble or of a camp brings a rather fierce satisfaction. "O the wild joy of living.....," and I yield to Marcus that it becomes a fuller delight

> "In the higher, purer air
> As you find it only there."

But I would go on climbing anywhere. The spirit of climbing will continue, whether it be on roofs or in chalk pits, if we must be content with them. The mountains are things of wonder and beauty. I only submit that they are not everything; there are times when they are forgotten, times, even, when they become hateful."

These remarks came from him in jerky, seemingly disconnected sentences, and when he had finished there was a silence for some minutes. Covell was to speak next; he had made a sidestudy of psychology while still a student at a Glasgow hospital, and now he began slowly, both with that air of modesty common to scientists when among the illiterate, and, as it seemed to me, with an unusual diffidence: 'I don't know,' he said, 'why I sense that it is expected that I should object to the views expressed; or why I should have a very concrete opinion of my own. I don't hold the theories you people suspect, and I don't maintain that climbing is in origin anything to do with any particular complex—for that surely implies some idea of softness in the mountain surface which the climber does not in fact feel. Again, I don't disagree with your views, because as the views of sensible people on why they climb they obviously are valid. I can only suggest, tentatively, that they seem to touch rather superficially on what are to me the fundamental reasons why climbers climb.

'Pride, for instance, has its roots in the self-instinct which is the foundation of life. Of this pride is the flower.

Now this self-instinct is almost inseparable from the instinct of self-preservation, an urge not peculiar to man. In the early days when we were nearer to animals and more affected by the conditions around us, this instinct found its full and natural outlet in the dangers by which we, like other living things, were surrounded. But with increasing convenience and security the physical need for this instinct becomes less obviously insistent, and to combat any falling off in the good things it provides, there has grown up a complementary annihilistic urge, which forces us into positions of danger, however slight, from which we may have the satisfaction of extracting ourselves.

> " Between my finger tips and this smooth edge
> I hold the life of man."

Of course there is a multitude of other emotions to be understood in this poem too, but such is the broad fundamental basis which I want to emphasize. Men climb largely in order that they may go to the edge of things, and look over. When they have of their own volition so looked over, it is a pleasure as real as that of beating the enemy in battle to preserve one's life from the risks encountered. And this may explain, too, partly why mountaineering has developed so recently. The conditions of our life have become sufficiently artificial to necessitate an outlet of primary forces elsewhere, in the wildernesses of the hills. Climbing is, in fact, a necessary return to nature.

' Such a return involves many things I haven't time to go into. It involves a return to primitive living, to the agility of our ancestors, to a closer communion with natural conditions. But, as a scientist, I want to continue in modern vein. The spirit of scientific enquiry, too, may lead us to hills. This may seem contradictory to what I said about primary instincts, but is not curiosity almost as old as desire for security ? If there is a place for Ray's " toughness " in the mountains, surely there is one for science too. My cup seems to me full if I can add to the things that I gain from

hills the joy of knowledge, in the discovery of plants or of little known rock-formations. But I realize that this is a personal view, and that many, like Harold, could climb whatever the surroundings. Yet I do maintain that my first point is fundamental, or at least indispensable, to any view of mountaineering as we know it.'

As he spoke his voice became clearer and more confident, to achieve the effect of a peroration in his last words. But Marcus had been waiting impatiently, and almost before the end he broke in: 'How long, O Lord, how long? It seems to me, in the first place, that your views are altogether subjective, not to say introspective, and in any case I could refute your arguments individually, if required. The annihilist theory surely is the worst, for what of the man who has never climbed but with a guide, and a strong rope above, or who walks among the hills? And none of you seem to allow anything to the poor mountain—except odd mentions of scenery. But look here: before the last century, with exceptions, hills were regarded as excrescences, useful for nothing and beautifying nothing. Why do men now enjoy climbing them? Isn't it because they have come to realize, as the Greeks knew all along, not that we must go and imperil our persons for the doubtful satisfaction of dragging them back to safety, but that mountains, besides being things often of quite staggering beauty, have a meaning for us as men, in that, if we look at them objectively, they are a sublimer form of our world. As such they lie somewhere between us and the eternal, and have power to lift us thither.

> "Yet, for we're caged, sphere-bound,
> In ourself, all hymns of the mightier movement are lost
> Save such as creep, dimly squeezed once through a chink,
> Into that cage; there like mists they wander,
> Showing promise of higher things, nobler;
> Thence a peep's given at love, mastery, unity.
> Such are the hills."

'The change came with the Industrial Revolution, if you like, and the need for other than man-made beauty. But the

point is : mountains *have* a value and a being—I had almost said a life—of their own. I can't tell why I know this, but aren't all the greatest experiences inexplicable? And I don't want to suggest that mountains are the only possessors of this quality. The sea has it, and rivers and woods. But these phenomena, whatever they be, are surely the chief feature in the pleasure our activities upon them give us. Don't you see that mountaineering, otherwise, would be somewhere on the level of cricket? The most frightful blasphemies have been uttered this evening ; to take an instance, if you regard mountains as a means of communication, a half-way house as it were to the higher forces of this universe, it is absurd to suggest that the recording of climbs can make any difference whatever to our enjoyment of mountaineering. It is not a question of a competitive sport carried on in the " higher, purer air." It is a question of a feeling, for an object outside oneself, to be studied objectively in all its moods, that we may come back somehow with that sense of " higher things, nobler."

' You may now argue that if this is the case it is possible to study mountains in this sense without reference to their steeper sides ; in other words, that a high degree of skill should not be necessary to the mountaineer of my description. This is to some large extent true ; but not fully. I have three answers to it. In the first place, though we can acquire a fair knowledge of British hills without climbing their precipices, that is impossible in the Alps, still more in the Andes and Himalaya. There it is necessary, simply in order to climb your peak, to have a knowledge of ice and snow and ropes. This leads to the second reason. If you are going to love a thing, and know it properly, it is obvious that you want to know every part of it, and in every condition. A summer's day walk up the Styhead side of Gable, or the Chamonix side of Mont Blanc, for instance, would not give me a perfect knowledge of those mountains. I desire, feverishly almost, to pry into every nook and cranny

of them that I can attain, not *only* to reach the summit, and consequently to climb them by every path within my powers. So that, to make a third answer, the more intricate the path, the higher my nervous tension, the more capable I become of harmony with the mountains. Danger does not produce harmony, only discord. But by difficulty, whether of route-finding or technique, I become attuned to all that is in them mightier than our human world ; their glory and beauty, their " passivity," to give it that name, their hard brilliance too, and the moments of their relaxation ; all the lessons that they teach us in reverence and in friendship for those that climb with us. Harold spoke of forgetting the mountains, even while climbing them. That is impossible, as it is impossible to hate them. They become part of us simply, a fulfilment of our natural function, a pointer in our lives to higher things.'

There was a darkness over the lake, with the faintest of glimmers still towards the west. None of us felt now inclined to speak, and we sat for several minutes in silence. At last someone said ' Bed,' and we rose, rather stiffly. At the doorway Ray turned. ' For goodness sake don't wake anybody ; high-brow discussions won't save us from the curses of the sensible chaps who want to wake up bright tomorrow.' Silently, we took off our shoes and passed in.

CUMMERLAN' YARNS : 'HARE RAISING'

George Basterfield

It was sabbath evening and after Mrs Grant had removed the debris of a hare feast, being the remains of a late dinner at Rosemary Cottage, Curly assisted her to put back the heavy solid mahogany dining-table to the rear of the room. They put it right hard up against the ancient spinet which also was solid and heavy not to say stolid mahogany, it having, long long ago, become absolutely inarticulate. This re-arrangement of the front room, the which being our dining room, 'seeing' as it wer Sunda,' allowed for the placing of the six chairs of various antique designs, comprising in seat accommodation rushes, cane and horsehair, round and about an old-fashioned generous grate that glowed brightly with red coals. More coals and a fresh log to crown them and the good lady of Low Yewdale retired, closing the inner door behind her, leaving half a dozen pairs of healthily tired legs stretched lazily out in comfortable convergence towards the welcome warmth radiating from the miners' and woodcutters' beneficence.

Pipes, pouches and matches were soon in evidence and the indolent smoke of perfect peace issued from six temporary craters, each puff gradually losing itself in the general fog that crept pervadingly about the available space within those thick rubble walls that separated us from that cold hard wintry world outside, a world now enveloped in dark night.

'One of us did *not* in the churchyard lie,' thus our full complement was six, namely, Curly, Gil, Garth, Bert, Jim (the latter as distinguishable fra 'Owd Jim') and myself known as Jud to the rest of the lads.

We had had an undoubtedly cold time of it that day on Doe Crag. In two strings, each of three, we had ascended three 'Severes' and alternately descended three 'Difficults.'

There had been a sprinkling of snow and ice about the pitches, also a thin ' north easter ' blowing all day.

Thus the setting in Mrs Grant's front parlour, I have attempted to describe, illuminated by two oil lamps, one set on the solid mahogany table and one on the stolid, solid spinet, left nothing to be desired in the way of a snug lair for six tired climbers who were once again respectably clothed and in their right minds, being cleansed and ' reet ' choc-a-bloc with hare, taties, custard pie and apple pasty. There was joy in the close friendship of the low whitewashed ceiling and its lower supporting oak beam which caused six-foot-three Jack fra Halifax to ' douk ' when he entered ; its welcome intimacy was fully appreciated when contrasted with the cold illimitable far away wintry sky above the fells that had gaped down upon Doe all that day, numbing us with its icy cold breath as we waited, each in turn, for the call to climb.

Snug, warm, restful and feasted we sat, as we had so often sat before, and would again if fate would continue to be kind. Monosyllabic tabloids fell from the lips of one and sundry for a time, incidents of the day re-lived. Ever and anon there came lazily through the slow curling smoke the crisp spoken thought. ' Central ' in snow. ' By Gad ! ' ' The cave pitch.' ' Hell.' ' Intermediate ' in ice. ' The devil.' ' That chockstone ! ' ' Ah ! ' ' D . . . near thing.' ' Hopkinsons.' ' Full blast.' ' Red limit.' ' Up to the Bandstand.' ' And after.' ' The finish.' ' Fingers gone ! ' ' Hung on.' ' The get out.' ' Only just ! ! ' ' The thaw out.' ' Triple Hell ! '

These and other desultory syllabics continued for an indefinite period. Possibly their cryptic brevity may confound and convey little meaning to the mind of the uninitiated craftsman but to those assembled at the time they brought the joy of conquest and a soothing content.

Gil, who was usually silent, articulated at last. Mumblingly he put in : ' What say if we change the subject ? What about that hare ? ' ' Which hare ? ' ' The one that will never leap

again.' 'Some hare that.' 'Great!' 'Got to thank "Owd Jim" for that.' 'Aye, na G'ost Hare aboot yon.' 'Should say not.' 'What a lining!' 'Lining?' 'Aye, hare, taties, baked custard, apple pasty.' 'Aye, hare comes first, gosh!'

'Pity we couldn't be satisfied with the last three,' I interjected, 'save shooting the harmless creatures. By the way, that reminds me,' I continued, rousing slightly, 'I once caught a hare alive with my hand.'

This amazing assertion immediately aroused the other five to an inquisitive wakefulness. Jud of all men to catch a live hare with his caggie hand! Obviously here was a tale on the face of it, sheer fable.

I was accepted by all as a notorious romancer but this spontaneous assertion of mine sounded like something that deserved and called for strict investigation. Curly in particular who, while he gave me full credit for a fair handling of the living rock, harboured no illusions as to my innocence of animate nature in its wild state.

'Na, Jud, let's be 'aving it,' he challenged. 'It may turn out ta be a "Ghost Hare" like Owd Jim's an' sic a thing ma nivver 'app'n agin for a lang time, owivver, wativver 'app'n'd tha can tak it as Owd Jim'll cap it afower we git ta bed ta neet.'

'Well,' I commenced, aping Owd Jim, 'may a' nivver stir fra t'spot if a lee. It's nit sa lang sin it 'app'n'd an a mind it well. Geo. Lee and I were up in Skye on a short climbing holiday at the time and we were out on the Black Coolin Ridge scrambling about on the peaks above Corrie Lagan. It was a perfect day, sunny, warm and windless. Earlier in the morning we had attained "The Inaccessible" and there, prone to the wide, we had lunched, smoked, talked and gazed down upon the shining plain of the Atlantic stretching out to, and beyond that Hebridean "string of pearls" which seemed to be floating on a vast desert of shining metal, molten and motionless. Now and again, deeply below us, a herring boat wearing the miniature aspect of a child's toy, its hull surely built of asbestos, would appear at a point south, glide silently

and swiftly across the glittering surface of the mighty cauldron and vanish from view at a projecting point north. There was a sustained thrill in the rapid revolution of steep mountain to ocean level as the eye traversed the distance one to the other some three thousand odd feet immediately below. It was good to be there, awake and asleep we dreamed and we built, each, a visionary temple. " Aye, yan apiece fer 'im an I, jist li'le portables tha nars soert as cums in 'andy fra ya day ta ya day wen yan as nowt else ta think on as matters." How different it all was to the previous day when we were driven helter-skelter off the same mountain by a fierce blizzard of frozen rain that cut and bled our faces in its ferocity ; so frenzied was the onslaught we perforce had to bolt for shelter neath a rock that kind fate had cleft for us. But about this hare. Well, Geordie and I were traversing just beneath the summit ridge about ten yards down on the western side ; I was in front and as I rounded a nose of outcrop I thought I espied something dart beneath a loose boulder in front about fifteen feet distant. Pointing to the place of disappearance I said to Geordie who was immediately behind me, " I'm almost certain I saw an animal of some kind move in under there ; it seemed sort of black and white in colour. Do you think it would be a hare ? "

' Now Geordie, like unto you, Curly, only more so, held my appreciation of the lower creation in great contempt and at once ridiculed the bare idea of a hare sitting on or near the summit ridge of the Black Coolin. " Dreaming again, my lad, seeing things, now how the devil could a hare get under there ? Why, the boulder meets the ground the whole length of the base, you're seeing things, my lad," he repeated.

' " Well, no harm done in looking further into it," I countered. " I'd swear something moved in under that rock." Stealthily we approached. The boulder stood upright about five feet in height and was split down the centre from top to bottom. The cleft was about four inches wide at the top widening towards the base inside. Geordie peeped

down the gap and immediately he discerned down in the semi-gloom below a couple of ears describing an upright V.

'" By gad, you're right!" he whispered excitedly, " it's a hare!" at the same time forming a V with the two first fingers of his right hand to indicate to me his optical proof of such vision. Immediately, I stooped and found there was a gap between boulder and mountain which was not obvious viewed at any distance as the ground and the rock below facing it sloped upward from the front in parallel lines. Quickly I stuffed my coiled climbing rope beneath, so closing the gap to prevent escape. Geordie now tried to reach down from the top for capture but his reach was well short of that unwavering yet intensely apprehensive V. Thus failing he now whispered, " Pass me a small stone," which I did. " Thanks, old man. Now listen, when I say ' right ' snatch your rope away and grab, the thing's sure to bolt when I drop the stone on its nut." Na suner sed than dun. " Right!" Down went the stone, out came the rope, out clipt the hare, and grab went my caggie hand. Trembling excitedly, with keen and proud possession, I rose and held out at arms' length by the scruff of the neck a fine big black and white hare. "Aye, sic a clouter it wer an aw." But not for long did I hold that hare, the screaming of the ghost hare, as Owd Jim tells on, mun a bin near nowt as agin the weird human-like shrieks that issued from that wriggling supercontortionist. They froze my blood stark, my fingers sprang open stiff and straight, and that fine black and white hare dropped to earth and immediately bounded over the Coolin ridge to further life and liberty and woe was I for I never saw it more.

" Well, I'm d——d! Why the Hades did you let it go?" This from Geordie who stood eyeing me with a look of utterly utter contempt.

'" Why?" said I, " you don't think I was standing to be knawed to death or to have my eyes scratched out," the while I stood cowering before " his contemptuousness."

'" Bite be d——d, by gad if you're not the limit, the unholy

limit. Listen, my lad, this is the first time in the world's history a live hare has been caught by human hand, a caggie hand at that, and you, you overgrown forked radish, you—just fancy, *you* funking at a hare full of fear and it funking at you ; bah ! " Then turning impatiently away with a gesture of worn out toleration he chuntered, " Come on, ' Useless,' let's get down to Glen Brittle Post Office and tell Mrs Chisholm that we haven't brought home a hare that we caught alive and would she please mind not hanging it and not jugging it later for a feast that would not take place. My gad," he murmured, after a brief pause, " one wonders what purpose there is in life for such folk."

' Of course, I naturally felt a bit sore about it all, for as Owd Jim would have it, sic a thing might nivver 'app'n fer a lang time agen, and I think you chaps will agree that it may be quite a time before a big hare sneaks under a boulder in that fashion thinking itself unobserved as undoubtedly was the case on that glorious day up in the Isle of Skye. Geordie and I both dreamed about that hare that night. His dream was that he shot it and had it jugged and waking up he licked his lips in disappointment. I dreamed that I *was* that hare and when I dropped to earth from the hands of that " human " I bounded over the ridge and made for the red coolin, where climbers are not, and where one is not so liable to be grabbed alive by the scruff of the neck, such a thing seemed uncanny and hitherto unheard of in the hare history of Skye.

' That, my bonnie lads, is my story, an' may a nivver stir fra t'spot as a live, it's true as am tellen on as a telt yer at first ga off.'

' Time tha finished,' ventured Curly. ' Na doot tha's fit ta let ga, yan can easily believe sic like on thee, an' ta let ga tha mun 'av' 'ad 'odd on't, sa we mun tak it aw as gospel I reckon.'

Shortly after I had finished my story Owd Jim was heard moving round in the kitchen. Opening the door Curly invited him into our room announcing that Jud had a yarn

about a disappearing hare that clean stumped his Ghost Hare yarn.

'What's that tha sez, summat aboot a disappearin' hare. By gock, tha mun be reet, Curly. That wer yan i't' pantry wen a set out tha morn an' its gitt'n awa areet, aye, melted like sna' off a dyke on a sunny day.'

'Tha's nit garn ta blame us chaps fer sic gaens on, why smell on'ts nuff, stinken aboot spot. Git thi ways forrad 'ere an sit thi down wile Jud paralizes tha wi a yarn as is awe God's trewth, aboot a real hare, a real un mind tha, an none o thi Ghost Hares an sic mak, an if tha's nit inclined ta bleeve 'im tha mun ex Geordie Lee as lives i' London.'

Owd Jim's response to all this was to come 'forrad,' sit down as bidden and bid me to 'git gaen.'

Puffing away leisurely at his pipe Owd Jim sat silent while I repeated my story. On my ending he admitted 'it wer raythер queer gaens on ta be doin wid, but thin it wer nowt fresh an seeing as 'ow a couple o' town chaps wer 'andlin' t' sitiwayshun things wer soer to ga rang.

'Yer see, chaps,' he explained further, settling down after recharging and lighting his old "clay," 'it's like this 'ere wi hares, ther terble queer critturs ta be doin wid i mony ways. In t'fust place tak a luke at ther 'eads, thars na spot i sic lile skulls fer ony figgerin. Yer ma nit tak it ta be true but am tell'n yer, tha can't count twa, nit even twice yan, an wen ya git ta na 'ow ta fascinate 'em ther easy ta cop; twa on yer goes oop t'll Form, ya na, t'spot wer tha lig, well t'hare's wotchin on yer fra sum distance, an seein yan on yer cum awa it gaes back t'll Form an aw yerve got ta do is ta fascinate it an t'hare's yours. Aye, daft crittur it sees yan ga awa an thinks baith on 'ems gone. Wots more tha git awe moowed oop wi which way ta be lukin on, wi ther eyes in t'side o' ther 'eads, aye, tha mun be gawpin three ways at yance, baith sides and forrad, nivver soor which way ta tak wen yer chassin on 'em. Aye, queer mak o' stuff is hares areet. Yer talk o' gitten yan alive wi yan 'and, why sic likes as near nowt as yer can mek

it. Aye, I mind yance, time back, gitten twa gert hares, alive an kicken, wi yan 'and an awe, an wi'oot ony fuss er bodder.

'Aye it wer awa back a mony year sin na. I mind well it wer a 'ard winter an a wer thronged at time gitten a lock o larch down oop by Bethicar Moors just aboon Nibthwaite. Ther wer a keen frost on at time a speak on an t'marks on t'palms o mi 'ands wer aw oppn'd oop, skin ad gitten dry an crakit warkin wi axe an it freezen on, by gock talk aboot smartin it set oop. Well wot I mun do wer ta fill cracks oop wi cobbler's wax ta git relief fra pain. Sa I laited in t'cabin but na wax wer ther, sa off a set down ta Browten down t'woodland ta git a ball fra t'cobbler's. Well I gits wax areet an wer mekkin fer yam agen jist oop by Folly Gates wen aw of a suddin a spots a gert hare comin on reet down t'middle o t'roed, aye, chassen reet for ma it wer wi gert speed. Well on it cum an wen it git reet oop about five yards on ma it spotted ma fer t'first time an it wer that staggered it 'clapt' awe t'brakes on at yance an sit bolt oopreet wi t'shock. Na time ta think, sa reet awa a fascinated it. Aye a git im fixed areet, ther wer me stannin an it sitt'n, wi a good five yards atween us, baith glued t'll spot. Tak ma eyes awa fer yan second an awa it gaes. Hare wer too far awa ta git 'o'd on't, darnt stoop fer a staen fer fear o brakin mi fascination. By gock if ony a 'ad a staen ta lamn it wi, an awe t'wile a wer thinken 'ard. For sum wile mower hare an me wer sitt'n an stannin gurnin at yan anudder wen leek a shut o leetnin a bethowte ma o mi cobbler's wax. Na suner thowt wen slarly an soorly a git ta ma pocket an slawly but soorly oot cus mi cobbler's wax an wi yan quick jerk a razes ma 'and an lets fly. By gock a gits yam areet gud an square, nivver narn ta miss yer na. Aye, wax git hare reet atween t'eyes. But wer that hare mine ? Nit on yer life, al spit ma death if wax did na stick t'll hare's forrad, an turnin roon, awa it bolted 'ellferledder oop t'roed an me chassen 'ard behint ; thinks a ta missel a mun ha t'wax if a loss t'hare, by gock aye, smarts mun be healt fer choppen. Well oop we ga mekkin

gud ground hare keepen yan eye on eeder side o t'roed, opin awe time fer a gate or summet ta check ma gallop on em. We'd git gaen aboot afe a mile wen t'hare spotted a hog-ole* in t'wall an turnin sharp i its tracks meks fer it. Well lucky fer me chaps, ma God Amighty strike ma dead if a lee, jist on't second as t'hare wer chassin through t'hole anudder hare wer mekken through t'sam hole fer t'roed in t'opposite drecksion. Oot it comes an bumps reet in t'll cobbler's wax wi a ellova wollop. Well, baith being i t'sam mind aboot gett'n through t'hole tha begin ta see-saw backard an forrad, sa a 'ad nowt ta do but dib down an sling baith on em ower mi shoder, sa nit ony gett'n ma wax back but a couple o gert hares live an kicken int'll bargin. Aye, ave ofen sed sin then it mite a bin a lang time agen afoer anudder hare wud be mekken through that ere hog-hole fer t'roed fra t'field jist as a hare wid a ball o cobbler's wax stuck t'll its forrad wer mekken fer t'field fra t'roed, but ther it wer areet an wi gud manishment most wer med o t'situation yer mun awe agree.

'Yit a mun confess, thars na manner o sport in sic gaens on. Gittin hares i sic a fashion leaves killen still ta do an aw t'screamin an fuss as gaes on baith i catchen and killen puts yan i mind o squakin kids in pain. Nay, shutten's best, job's ower an dun wid wi yan bang. Nay a recken yon twa hares mite a git thar ways but a mun ha ma cobbler's wax fer ma 'ands fer choppen. Aye but it wer a fair cop areet, a mind squire's son exin 'ow a cum by 'em baith at yance an after a telt 'im e wud be lukin 'em ower wi doot in 'is eye.

'Aye sum fwoak bide sum tellen afoer tha ken tak owt on.

'By gock! twa bi t'clock! an talken o hares I mun be aboot early t'morn ta luke ta t'snares, sa if ye'll excuse ma gentlemen al git missel ta bed; so saying Owd Jim led the way and we filed in behind, more than ready, to find that restful slumber that the end of a full and perfect day brings to those who live to enjoy one'

* Hole used to pass sheep through.

AN ESCAPE TO SNOWDON

Eleanor Winthrop Young

We arrived—shivering—at Bettws-y-Coed—only some three hours late—with memories of Euston Station at dawn and some thousands of people—mostly troops going on leave—stamping their feet to keep some warmth in them—waiting ever patiently for a relief train—over an hour late.

A car drove us surprisingly swiftly up into the mountains. The new-widened road narrowed to its more familiar form—perhaps a mile and a half out of Capel—and we bumped along towards Pen y Gwryd. . . .

Leaving the carefully dimmed lights of P. y G. we started the ascent—up into the heart of Snowdon herself, it always seems—to P. y P. The hotel was empty of guests besides our four selves. Mr Owen came to greet us out from the porch into the starlight. Jocelin's naval uniform was soon cast off for other clothes.

The large bear in the corner had a mask of Father Christmas thrown over his face—which gleamed and smiled at night and looked just the least bit shadowy and unreal next day. . . .

I went up to my room—mine for so many years now—with its windows free of all blackout contrivances—still looking down the pass. How we slept! In the last war I thought 'Shall I ever get there again?' I had been only twice to visit Snowdon and the Welsh mountains as a child—the possibility of return seemed very far off—but on a certain day on the Italian riviera early in 1919 we made out a list of those whom the war had spared and who might come again, and so we met once more at Easter 1919 . . . and ever since. . . .

Next day we all started out into the hills, two climbing on Lliwedd and the others making a much-loved and familiar round to Llyn Llydaw—and around the lake and over the tops on the skyline home. The lakes all lay stiller than I

had ever seen them and the reflections gave the appearance of the whole landscape having fallen into the water. A friendly raven wheeled above us, calling us—surely on. Geoffrey's well-worn brown cap and coat and breeches became more than ever a part of the rocks and hills themselves—a very perfect mountaineer's camouflage. There was hardly a human being to see though later a cheerful and strong party of young climbers who had been disporting themselves on Lliwedd unknown to us, joined us at tea. The rain fell softly in the night and the cliffs looked blacker than ever next day. Menlove Edwards appeared and took Jocelin off to the Columnar Cliffs and the rest of us walked where we wanted most. The reflections in the lakes had gone but the clouds steamed off the hills and the solitary raven called out his Christmas Greeting flying from Lliwedd over Crib Goch.

Here at last is peace! I kept on saying to myself—it's so hard to believe in war up here—some draggled remains of barbed wire occasionally reminded one of the years of '14–'18—a humorous relic though. No air-raid wardens put their notices on the garage doors. Even the 'Radio' crooning in Owen's room behind the bar had a far-off sound. No one can ever really interfere with this country. Wars may arise and boundaries in Europe be changed but the hills round Snowdon stay the same.

In the friendly trickle of many streams I caught my courage once again. In the laughing talk of Helyg climbers I forgot the rumours of wars, and upon the ridges themselves I vowed I would try and believe in immortality. . . .

And once more to bed with the windows looking down the pass and a murmur of west wind and a memory of a song that is always sung at Easter here

> 'Come back mountain friends to your rest on the Pass
> Come back mountain climbers to me.'

And in a day or so we shall go off to Southern England again, and one of us shortly will be on the high seas—but we cannot forget the comfort of those high hills—and our great easing of the heart. (*Boxing Day*, 1939)

CLIMBS, OLD AND NEW

A. T. Hargreaves

Thanks to that remarkable phenomenon in Lakeland, a fine summer, the tale of new climbs this year is unusually long. It numbers projects which for years have been included in the list of 'last great problems' in the district. It is indeed fortunate that this list seems capable of extension into infinity.

WASDALE

SCAFELL
CENTRAL BUTTRESS
VARIATION START

140 feet. Steep and severe. 1st ascent, 26 July, 1939. A. Mullan, H. Thompson.

(1) 60–65 feet. From the point where Rake's Progress meets Moss Ghyll, climb the corner to a large stance with a roof. Belay on a ring-spike to the left. Chief difficulty is about half-way up where a bulge interferes with progress. The stance is very big but absolutely devoid of a natural belay.

(2) 75 feet. From the ring-spike, traverse left for about 12 feet to a corner. This is climbed with some difficulty (particularly so for a short man) and bearing left all the time. The wall above is climbed direct to the Oval. Belay at the foot of the Flake Crack.

Variation (2). Note: It is possible to climb direct from Jeffcoat's Ledge to the belay at the end of the first traverse. A. Mullan, J. Haines, E. Collinson, 20th August, 1939.

EAST BUTTRESS
MAYDAY CLIMB

First pitch climbed direct without combined tactics. Whole climb led throughout by leader in boots and second in rubbers. A. Mullan, H. Thompson, 26th July.

MAYDAY CLIMB — 2nd ascent, 4th June, 1939. S. Thompson, J. W. Haines, H. Thompson, G.K.B., J.H.

GREY BASTION — 2nd ascent, June 1939. S.H.C. A.M.N.

TRICOUNI SLAB — Climbed in rubbers. 2nd June, 1939. W. K. J. Pearson, G. A. Sutherland, J. G. Pearson, D. Boyle (R.C.).

CENTRAL BUTTRESS — 4th June, 1939. A.M.N., S.H.C. This is the first time this great climb has been led up by a woman.

BLACK CRAG
PLUMB LINE — 280 feet. Very severe. Leader needs 120 feet of line. Rubbers. The climb starts at a cairn below a black groove in a patch of light coloured rock to the left of the Diagonal Route. The approach to the groove is a few feet of very steep grass. Good belay. The route follows a series of grooves in an almost direct line to the summit, crossing the Diagonal Route at the grassy groove of Pitch 3. 1st ascent, August 1939. S.H.C., A.M.N.

(1) 60 feet. The groove is entered from the left and climbed to where it forks. (Good spike.) The left-hand crack is then followed to a nook in the grassy groove. Belay. (Touches Diagonal Route here.)

(2) 60 feet. Climb the grassy groove ahead to a niche. Thread belay high in the crack.

(3) 100 feet. The crack is climbed until it is possible to step to the left to a small rock ledge at the foot of a short, steep, mossy wall. This finishes with an awkward movement to a grassy corner. Now follow a fault with a thin crack in it to another grassy corner. There is a flake belay but no stance and a

loop of line may be fitted before climbing a delicate slab to a ledge on the left with a fine belay.

(4) 60 feet. The wall on the right of the belay is climbed to the foot of a steep crack which is then followed to the finish. Cairn.

GABLE CRAG
BARNEY BUTTRESS

510 feet. Very difficult. Leader needs 60 feet of rope. The climb lies at the eastern end of the crag and follows the true crest of the Bowl-shaped Pinnacle Ridge throughout. Start at a cairn about 30 feet above the track. 1st ascent, Bentley Beetham.

(1) 40 feet. An easy rock buttress to a broad grass ledge.

(2) 45 feet. Climb to steep wall in front by an obvious curving crack. At its top move back right and follow an arête to a rock crevasse.

(3) 75 feet. Step over the crevasse and scramble easily up the ridge.

(4) 60 feet. Start down on the left of a sharp rock rib and continue straight up.

(5) 60 feet. A comfortably inclined slab with excellent holds bearing to the right at the top.

(6) 60 feet. Move 3 or 4 yards to the right making for a wedge-shaped block (which looks insecure, but tests suggest may be safe), thence to top of a flake and good anchorage under a huge impending block.

(7) 25 feet. Climb straight up over the block to the foot of a wall.

(8) 40 feet. A vertical crack followed by a steep slab lead to the top of the Bottle-shaped Pinnacle.

(9) 10 feet. Descend into the gap.

(10) 60 feet. Follow the bold rock ridge on the right.

(11) 30 feet. Continue up the ridge to cairn near summit ridge.

There are easy alternatives on the right to pitches 2, 4 and 7.

PIKE'S CRAG — About 500 feet of climbing. Severe.
PULPIT ROCK — Leader needs 75 feet of rope. A
SECTOR — semi-circular excursion starting with the first three pitches of Southern Corner and then traversing the face of the rock finishing below the top pitch of Wall and Crack by a descent of which the circle is almost completed. 1st ascent, 2nd October, 1937. A.T.H., C.C.S., R.E.H.

(1, 2 & 3) 70, 25, and 45 feet respectively. The first 3 pitches of Southern Corner.

(4) 20 feet. Climb the slab on the left to a good belay and small stand in a crack behind a large detached flake.

(5) 20 feet. Descend a step or two and continue horizontally to a grassy stance. Belay.

(7) 60 feet. Climb on to a large jammed boulder and slip over the slightly impending left wall of the corner. The traverse is continued to a crack or groove slanting diagonally up to the left to the crest of the main rib. Belay on Grooved Arête.

(8) 50 feet. Walk up into the recess and then follow a grass ledge to the left, climbing over a projecting boulder and so reach a good stance and belay by a rather smooth short wall.

(9) 12 feet. The wall is crossed with some difficulty to another good ledge and belay.

(10) 35 feet. Descend into a dirty corner to a point where a convenient line of holds allows the rather smooth slabs to be crossed, after which grass leads into a corner with moderate belay.

(11) 25 feet. Step down a little and then climb over the low wall on the left to a large sloping grass ledge which is followed to a collection of blocks below a steep crack.

(12) 25 feet. The crack is climbed to a recess below the final pitch of Jumper Buttress. A few feet left is an

upstanding bollard of rock which gives excellent security for the next pitch.

(13) 15 feet. A delicate crossing of the steep wall on the left. The Wall and Crack climb then leads down to the foot of the crag, or of course the last pitches of Juniper Buttress or Wall and Crack lead to the top.

URCHIN'S GROOVE 285 feet. Severe. Follows a series of grooves taking the natural line of ascent in the dirty mossy hollow which splits the crag between Juniper Buttress and the Grooved Arête. It is very dirty and usually wet. A cairn marks the start. 1st ascent, 13th May, 1939. S.H.C., A.M.N.

(1) 45 feet. The corner is climbed with ease for about 20 feet when an awkward step is made up and to to the right on to a grass ledge. Belay in the groove to the left of the ledge.

(2) 30 feet. Climb the groove on small holds. An awkward finish is made over grass to a good ledge. Belay round a chockstone in the crack on the left.

(3) 50 feet. Traverse right into the groove and climb to an overhang which is avoided by a delicate step left. Then move back to the right, the finish over grass is awkward. Good flake belay.

(4) 40 feet. The groove behind the belay is followed to an overhang where a step is made to the right on to a rib which is followed to a corner with a good flake belay.

(5) 55 feet. An easy groove straight ahead is followed to a ledge on the left. Belay.

(6) 60 feet. Easy ledges on the left lead to a corner at the foot of a steep crack. Belay.

(7) 50 feet. Climb the crack on good holds. Easier climbing then leads out to ledges, finishing below a prominent poised block.

THE CITADEL 360 feet. Very severe. Starts at a shallow crack in the very steep and continuous rib which bounds on the left the green mossy gully (Urchins' Groove) in the centre of Pulpit Rock. Cairn. 1st ascent, 29th May, 1939. S.H.C., A.T.H., R.E.H., A.M.N.

(1) 50 feet. The crack is climbed direct to a good grass ledge. Belay.

(2) 15 feet. An easy crack on the right is followed to another ledge and belay.

(3) 35 feet. The steep slab on the right edge of the wall is climbed to a point where a short traverse leads to the right and round the corner to a roomy recess below a steep crack. Thread belay.

(4) 15 feet. The crack is climbed to a good rock ledge with a thread belay in the crack.

(5) 25 feet. The next section of the crack was climbed by combined tactics, a rope being threaded round a higher chockstone which enabled the leader to reach the more reasonable section of the crack above. Good ledge and thread belay.

(6) 60 feet. The delightful slabs above are climbed following the easiest line. A recess with large blocks is reached. Belay.

(7) 45 feet. A short traverse to the right over rock and grass is made, and broken, but not easy slabs are climbed to a recess with thread belay.

(8) 15 feet. Follow an easy gully to a ledge on the right. Large flake belay.

(9) 45 feet. From the flake step into the gully and then out on to the slab on the right. Grass stance and belay 12 feet to the right of the main corner.

(10) 60 feet. A chimney on the right which narrows is climbed but it is possible to step out to the right and follow a rib to easy ground. Belay. Cairn.

THE GROOVED ARÊTE DIRECT — Probably a hard severe buttress. This variation consists in taking the line of ' magnificent slabs up which the imagination roams ' (Scafell Guide, No. 11, C. F. Holland). 1st ascent, 1st March, 1934. G.B., T.A.H.M. 2nd ascent, 10th April, 1939. G.B., A. M. Lidbetur, C.B.

With the second at the belay at the top of the 2nd pitch of the ordinary route get out on to the nose of the slabs above the top of the crack in the 2nd pitch and go up to a platform on the edge of the slabs : then follow the edge to a platform (about 30 feet), above which there is a steep step in the slabs. The step is surmounted by a difficult movement and the mossy slab ahead is followed to a small ledge. Move right on to the edge and follow the clean slab to a grass ledge (about 80 feet). Good belay a few feet up on the left on the ordinary route.

The slab above is climbed on good holds : a few feet up it is seamed by a vertical crack, and above this there is a small bulge above a horizontal fault. Above the bulge bear right, then left and finally back right, about 55 feet.

Passing to the left of a small buttress of rock the prominent block at the top of the 4th pitch ordinary route is reached in 15 feet.

PILLAR ROCK GREEN PASTURES — 525 feet. Severe with one probably very severe pitch. Good ledges and belays. Done in rubbers. Lies on the tower on the immediate left of Walker's Gully and starts about 50 feet to the left of that climb below a V-shaped slope of grass, cairn. First ascent, 7th April, 1939. S.H.C., A.T.H., R.E.H., A.M.N., C.J.A-C.

50 feet. Walk upwards towards the left easily to an overhanging corner bounded by a rib on its right.

(1) 55 feet. To attain a small heather ledge round to the right of the rib, a delicate traverse is made. Awkward grass ledges follow and lead to a V-shaped chimney.

A small pillar is seen on its right and a fine flake belay is just above forming the left wall of the chimney.

(2) 15 feet. The exit from chimney is on its right and another belay is found on a good grass ledge.

(3) 50 feet. A pleasant chimney just to the right is climbed to a grass ledge with a good spike belay in a crack on the wall above. This chimney is used on the alternative start to Walker's Gully.

(4) 25 feet. The vertical wall, passing the belay, is climbed on good small holds. Awkward grass ledges finish the pitch at a nook with an excellent belay.

(5) 80 feet. The fluted rib behind the belay is climbed for about 15 feet and leads to extensive grass shelves. Above rises a steep wall with some broken rocks towards its right. These are taken to another grass ledge and thread block belay near the Great Heather Shelf, about 60 feet above the first grass ledges.

(6) 50 feet. A scramble over grass straight ahead to a large detached flake. Belay.

(7) 30 feet. Working slightly left, awkward grass ledges are followed to a belay below a very steep chimney.

(8) 40 feet. From the grass ledge below the chimney descend a few feet by a small crack under the left wall (Right looking out). Follow some small ledges to a curious flake at the foot of a groove. Delicate climbing of increasing difficulty brings one to a sloping ledge at the top of the groove leading to a grass corner on the left and a good thread belay.

(9) 70 feet. Walk up the glacis to the right then follow some grass and a slightly awkward corner. Easy grass ledges follow and an open easy chimney on the left brings another large ledge within reach. (A steep and deeply cut chimney which continues straight on from the foot of the last easy chimney

may be taken, it leads direct to the top of pitch 10. It is difficult.)

(10) 40 feet. Traverse right over an awkward corner and walk up grass to a good belay in some broken rocks on the right.

(11) 35 feet. Cross the grassy corner on the left and climb the steep slab which forms its left wall. At the level of a grass ledge a crack is entered and climbed to a shelf and belay.

(12) 35 feet. A steep slab with good holds is climbed to a cairn. Scrambling leads to the top of Shamrock.

SIRLOIN CLIMB 400 feet (this includes 100 feet of walking near the top). Severe. The climb runs up a fairly prominent series of ribs bounding the left edge of the sweep of slabs which form the left wall of Shamrock Gully. Starts at the exact corner of the Gully which is also the lowest point of the rock. First ascent, 28th May, 1939. A.T.H., S.H.C., R.E.H., A.M.N., C.J.A-C.

(1) 70 feet. The arête is climbed on sloping holds for about 30 feet to a slanting slab. Here a move is made round the corner on the right into a groove, after which easier climbing leads to grass ledges. Belay.

(2) 30 feet. Cross a grass shelf to the left and climb the slab above to a long grass shelf below a steep wall. Small flake belay in a furrow about the middle of the wall.

(3) 60 feet. Starting from the left-hand end of the grass shelf, climb the rib on sloping holds. Soon easier ground is reached and a series of shelves. The only belay appears to be a large block on a subsidiary slab about 15 feet to the left.

(4) 60 feet. A short vertical and obvious crack over on the right is climbed to a small ledge below a slab which leads to a large ledge with a good pointed belay.

(5) 100 feet. Scrambling over broken ribs and grass ledges to a thread belay below a prominent sharp rib.

(6) 40 feet. The rib itself is climbed to an excellent hold below a mass of shattered rock where a short traverse is taken into the grassy gully on the left. Thread belay.

(7) 25 feet. The gully is climbed to grass ledges and a huge block belay.

(8) 30 feet. Easy scrambling to the top of the buttress. Cairn.

NOR' NOR' WEST ALTERNATIVE START — Severe. The route goes up the lower North-West Buttress to the point where the N.W. and N.N.W. routes meet. First ascent, 3rd August, 1936. W.G.S., W.C.L.

(1) 20 feet. Climb the wall at the left-hand corner of the slab. Ascend the slab using a thin crack, step right to the top of the ordinary crack. Belay.

(2) 20 feet. Climb up on the right wall, then up a slab to a belay on the left of the buttress.

(3) 15 feet. Proceed up to a large block with loose blocks on top, lying against the buttress (passing a crack). Just beyond, a large pinnacle provides a belay.

(4) 20 feet. Climb the left-hand crack using the pinnacle to a cave. Thread belay on the left. Very hard.

(5) 25 feet. Climb the cave facing left until the right arm can be placed well over the chockstone. With the left foot high on the edge on the left wall it is possible to raise the body on to the chockstone and then obtain a left-hand hold. Hard. Step on to a platform on the right and ascend on the left to a large belay and a stance directly above the chockstone.

(6) 50 feet. After 20 feet straight up the N.W. is joined on the easy top of the lower buttress 30 feet from a belay.

LANGDALE

PAVEY ARK DECEPTION — 180 feet. Severe. Climbed in stockings. The climb follows an obvious easy looking fault (almost a gully) in the rocks bounding the vertical wall of the central mass on its immediate right. An undercut stratum of rock at the foot characterises this section of the crag. The climb starts at a cairn below this Barrier. 1st ascent, 6th May, 1939. S.H.C., A.M.N.

(1) 20 feet. Climb the Barrier to a ledge with belay. Walk along this ledge to the left to the foot of a groove with another belay and also a holly tree.

(2) 80 feet. Good holds in the groove lead to the holly tree (thread belay can be arranged here). An awkward step is now made, followed by a delicate traverse right to an obvious line up the grassy rocks to a ledge with a poor belay high in the corner.

(3) 40 feet. Traverse to a ledge on the right then climb awkward ledges to a good stance with belay on the slab.

(4) 40 feet. Using a crack in the left-hand corner lay-back fashion, a foothold is reached below a withered holly tree. From here a delicate traverse is made across and up the slab on the right to a ledge. A few feet higher is another ledge and belay. Cairn. Jacks' Rake is just above on the right.

WAILING WALL — 220 feet. Very severe, rubbers. Leader needs 90 feet of line. The climb starts a few feet to the right of Crescent Slabs and roughly follows the line of an obvious corner running through the vertical rocks of the great central mass. Cairn. 1st ascent, 26th August, 1939. S.H.C., A.T.H., R.E.H., A.M.N.

(1) 10 feet. The Barrier (very low here) is climbed to a stance and belay below an undercut groove.

(2) 15 feet. The groove, a shoulder was used for the start, poor holds then lead to a moderate stance but excellent belay.

(3) 40 feet. Traverse to the right into a depression in the rocks and continue for a few feet to a gangway running up to the left. This is followed (delicate) for about 20 feet to its left end where a stride is made to a grass shelf with a large flake belay.

(4) 80 feet. Climb a difficult shallow corner on the right to a little ledge, continue over a dirty and harder section for a few feet till an exposed traverse can be made to the right for about 20 feet. The last mossy slab is very awkward and a safeguarding loop can be arranged round a holly tree above. A grassy ledge is reached, and by an awkward movement another higher one on its right can be gained where a delightful traverse leads back to the left into a corner with a good thread belay. There is also a flake low down near the floor.

(5) 60 feet. Starting just to the right of the corner two very awkward steps bring better holds within reach. Short steep walls follow and at 40 feet a ledge is reached. From here traverse left and with an awkward movement gain a grassy corner. Belay.

(6) 15 feet. A crack in the corner is climbed to a ledge. 100 feet of steep grass then leads to Jacks' Rake at the foot of Gwynnes' Chimney.

SCOUT CRAG ZERO ROUTE — 110 feet. Very difficult. Starts just to the right of Route I. Cairn. 1st ascent, 16th April, 1939.

S. Thompson, J.D.

(1) 40 feet. A 20 foot wall bisected by a 6-inch ledge, followed by 20 feet of easier rock to an embedded flake belay.

(2) 70 feet. Cross over slightly to the left to follow a shallow groove slanting to the right. Just below a

small overhang about half-way up the rock requires care. After 50 feet easier angled rocks lead to a block belay.

THIRLMERE

THE CASTLE ROCK OF TRIERMAIN — From the farmyard follow the path to the water conduit, cross and ascend towards the left to the base of the central face. The climb commences at a cairn which is 60 feet to the right of the wall at the north end of the crag. 1st ascent, 1st April, 1939. R. J. Birkett, C.R.W., L.M.

OVERHANGING BASTION — 340 feet. Very severe. Rubbers. Leader needs 100 feet of line, or if rope is used, lengths of line for belays.

(1) 100 feet. From the cairn traverse right for 6 feet, then ascend flake. Make an ascending traverse left to a ledge which is followed to its end. Small cairn. Belays.

(2) 60 feet. The Scoop. Climb the wall for 15 feet and take two running belays behind inserted chocks before ascending the overhanging scoop. Immediately above a small ash tree, another thread can be made to protect the leader up the final section of the scoop. This finishes at a large ash tree. Rock and tree belays.

(3) 60 feet. From the belay climb to the grass ledge 6 feet above on the right. From here climb the slab on the left by its left edge. Ascend pinnacle where one can either take an awkward and exposed stance, or step down into a recess on the left. Belays in both cases are round pinnacle.

(4) 60 feet. The Gangway. The crux of the climb. From the top of the pinnacle step on to the gangway which is climbed until it merges with the overhang. The gangway is both overhung and undercut. About 4 feet away, round the corner on the left is

a ledge about a foot wide. This is reached by a difficult and sensational traverse on very indifferent holds. Ascend the overhang into a large recess complete with trees and belays.

(5) 60 feet. Climb the corner on the right, then ascend the slab above, crossing from right to left. The wall above is climbed to the top of the crag and a good belay.

The continuation of the gangway from the recess has been climbed, but isn't to be recommended owing to the resistance offered to upwards movement by the many trees which adorn it.

ZIGZAG 400 feet. Very severe. Leader needs 120 feet of line, or if rope is used, a length of line for a belay. Rubbers. Commences at a pedestal 30 feet to the right of the wall at the North end of the main crag. Cairn. 1st ascent, 22nd April, 1939. R. J. Birkett, C.R.W., L.M.

(1) 35 feet. From the top of the pedestal climb directly up to an ash tree. Belay.

(2) 35 feet. Climb to the gap in gangway. Stance and hook belay on the wall above.

(3) 60 feet. Cross the gap, and climb up the overhang on to the continuation of the gangway. Climb to its termination, then go up to a broad grass ledge. Belays.

(4) 45 feet. From the right-hand edge descend slightly until a horizontal semi-hand traverse is reached. Cross to an ash tree. (Junction with Overhanging Bastion.)

(5) 30 feet. Mount the ledge on the right, continue to a grass ledge above on the right. Chock belay in a crack at the extreme right.

(6) 35 feet. Ascend the crack. Beware of a loose spike which can be avoided. Tree belay.

(7) 40 feet. Ascend the crack above to a big ledge. Belays.

(8) 120 feet. Climb the large slab on the left, commencing at its right edge. Very awkward start. Delightful climbing. Finish at the same belay as Overhanging Bastion. Cairn.

BUTTERMERE

HIGH CRAG
VARIETY CORNER

180 feet. Severe. The climb goes up the rocks on the left of a grassy gully splitting High Crag not far to the left from where an old wall runs up against it. 1st ascent, 9th April, 1939. A. Mullan, H. Henniker, Miss 'David' Hume.

(1) 25 feet. A start is made on the right-hand corner of a steep slab. Climb up for about 25 feet to a belay on the right.

(2) 25 feet. Traverse left for 10 feet then climb upwards across the slab on the right to a belay.

(3) 40 feet. Easy rocks lead to the foot of a crack on the left. This is climbed for about 8 feet and a traverse is then made round the corner on the right to a good belay overlooking a steep, wet, grassy gully.

(4) 40 feet. From the belay return to the crack and climb it to a good ledge and block belay.

(5) 45 feet. Stepping off from the belay block, the bulging face above is climbed with difficulty on small holds. The climb finishes at a good belay.

BIRKNESS COMBE
MITRE DIRECT

Variation of the last two pitches. 70 feet. Severe. A steep wall, well to the right of the usual route, is climbed by a traverse to the right followed by a direct ascent. 1st ascent, 9th April, 1939. A. Mullan, H. Henniker.

DOVEDALE

DOVE CRAG
EAST FACE
HANGOVER

220 feet. Very severe. Rubbers. The east face of this crag comprises two lower overhangs, the Northern and the Southern. Between the two

is a triangular recess of slabs. The two overhangs encroach on the slabs until they meet at the apex of the triangle. The upper section of the crag overhangs in the centre and is slightly less steep at the sides. The climb starts at the bottom right-hand corner of the slabs, four paces to the left of the large boulder. Cairn. 1st ascent, 20th May, 1939. J.W.H., G.K.B., R. Clough.

(1) 30 feet. Easy climbing up a crack slanting to the left. Belay round tree.

(2) 15 feet. An awkward traverse to the right is made to a grass ledge. Doubtful flake belay.

(3) 40 feet. Climb the slabs above keeping close to the corner formed by the overhang on the right. Friction stance below a crack into which a piton has been driven and which is used for a belay.

(4) 55 feet. Climb straight up until the feet are on the lip of the piton crack. On grasping a handhold on top of a block lying on the slab, the legs must be swung to a foothold far to the left. Climb up for a few feet, a very delicate traverse back to the right is taken and a short lay-back leads back to the corner. Climbing continues to be strenuous to the top of the slab. A chimney on the right is backed up for 10 feet and a rib on the right is crossed (loose blocks) to a bollard.

(5) 15 feet. An exposed traverse along a ledge to the right leads to a short overhanging crack, this is climbed on good holds to a belay.

(6) 30 feet. Climb straight up on grassy holds to a V chimney. An apparent jug-handle in this chimney gives some assistance but is loose and should be treated respectfully. A delicate traverse across a rib on the right is taken into a corner with an insecure grass stance. Belay 9 feet up on a flake.

(7) 35 feet. Climb the chimney which slants to the left up the overhang. Strenuous.

INACCESSIBLE GULLY — 2nd ascent, 21st May, 1939. J.W.H., G.K.B., R. Clough.

CONISTON

DOW CRAG
HYACINTH ROUTE — 130 feet. Severe. The route lies on the steep wall between the introductory portion of Easy Terrace and Grants' Crawl. The climb starts from the upper end of an upper terrace, Hyacinth Terrace, and goes up a steep crack. 1st ascent. S. Thompson, J. Ashton, J.D.

(1) 20 feet. Steep and awkward crack to a ledge and block belay.

(2) 30 feet. Step down and round the corner to the right and go up a 10 foot crack. (Junction with Easy Terrace.) Move left and rise to a stance and block belay.

(3) 20 feet. Climb the steep mossy slab on the left on good handholds to a block belay.

(4) Rise easily to Giants' Crawl where it rounds the Hairpin.

(5) 60 feet. The steep wall above, overhanging in places, is climbed from a corner. Swing left round a projecting mass of rock, up, and swing right round a bulge to gain a direct route upwards to a belay.

KEY TO INITIALS

C. J. Astley Cooper	A. T. Hargreaves
Christina Barratt	W. C. Light
Geoffrey Barratt	T. A. H. Medlycott
G. K. Booth	L. Muscroft
S. H. Cross	Alice M. Nelson
J. Diamond	W. G. Standring
J. W. Haggas	C. C. Spence
Ruth E. Hargreaves	C. R. Wilson

(Non-members' names are given in full in the text.)

THE YEAR WITH THE CLUB

F. H. F. Simpson

The advance guard of the New Year's Meet beheld a gleaming line of snow across the sands of the Kent estuary as they approached from the south, and snow showers fell as they arrived in Buttermere at dusk. Saturday, a wonderful day of sun and dazzling snow, saw a big party on Red Pike. A bitter wind kept them moving until the 'glissade' down High Crag was accomplished. The hotel filled to capacity, and after dinner the President showed his Swiss slides, and many of the Club's Lakeland collection were seen for the first time. At midnight we welcomed 1939.

Snow lay in the valley on Sunday morning; during breakfast rain turned it to slush. The Pillar party left bravely at the appointed hour, and the rest ploughed around Fleetwith and snowballed one another. The day ended with a second lantern show, by Burnett, who took us to Norway with him.

Monday was a day of high wind, broken cloud, and still more snow, over which the sun spread enchanting colours. Ski enthusiasts took their apparatus to Newlands House, followed by a number of ordinary mortals in search of entertainment: came their turn for initiation and the expert's turn to laugh. A dozen shared four pairs of ski, and one popular member almost broke his ribs in a spectacular 'tandem' run.

Capel Curig, February 11th and 12th

Some twelve members and two guests attended the Welsh meet, most of them arriving on the Saturday afternoon. On Sunday, the weather cleared as the party approached the Idwal Slabs and four members climbed on these. The rest of the party, after lunching appropriately at the Devil's

Kitchen, went on to spend an enjoyable day on the Glyders snatched from a wet and stormy week-end.

Langdale, March 11th and 12th

All Saturday it rained, and few were tempted far. The day was remarkable for the reappearance of Solly, whom we were glad to see among us again. Sunday proved a day of days. New snow lay on the Crinkles and Bowfell, and some hastened to tread it. One party went to Great End with spare sweaters and axes, but the majority preferred a congested Gimmer in the kindly sunshine. Here they climbed and loitered until late, the last to descend pausing to do Raven Crag Buttress in the failing light.

Wasdale Head, Easter, 1939

On Friday and Monday the weather was, on the whole, kind, though cold and hazy. Only the Custodian of Slides, in pursuit of particular pictures, found fault with it. Friday saw the major crags festooned, and the fell hounds coursed the ridges. The smoke room fire was well stoked, and Europe's frontiers readjusted in the light of the Italian excursion to Albania.

The next day the rain fell from dawn to dusk. Diehards returning from Gable spoke of snow. The Committee pondered, and Basterfield conducted 'Band Waggon.'

Sunday relented, with low cloud and fine drizzle. The President piloted a large party across the Screes and round the lake. When the mist broke in the afternoon, brilliant sunshine filled the dale-head. The evening brought a diverting discussion when the President and Basterfield disagreed on a point of rope management.

Quite late a member brought the news of a double fatality to two youths on Gable Crag.

On Monday the weather smiled again, and Hollowstones was early whispering with voices aloft in Moss Ghyll and upon Pike's Crag.

Buttermere, May 6th and 7th, 1939

Cloudy and cool weather saw only half a dozen members at the headquarters. Elsewhere Lapage and Simpson celebrated the former's birthday by visiting the tops of Helvellyn, Scafell Pike and Skiddaw between spells of motoring.

Thorneythwaite, Whitsuntide, 1939

A minor heat wave produced the warmest Borrowdale Meet since 1933, tempered by a cool wind on the ridges. A noticeable feature was the thinning of the usual holiday crowd, and members reaped the benefit of sunny solitude on Kern Knotts and the Napes on Saturday. Tents sprang up in the well-tried spots. Sunday was fine and hot. Some went over Honister to Pillar ; others escorted Jack Wray up Glaramara, where the delicate halted, while the hardy swam in Lincombe Tarns. Mrs Wakefield came to see us after the stars had come out, and engineered the best sing-song for years. Roaring climbing choruses gave place to swing music, and the moon rose to listen to 'John Peel.' More walking, climbing and idling on Monday, and so regretfully home again, leaving the dale to the heat wave and the cuckoos.

Windermere, October 1st and 2nd

Evacuated from the Hydro to the Belsfield, we gathered a dozen strong on Saturday evening, with no Annual Dinner before us. In spite of petrol rationing, some had penetrated Kentmere, crossed Nan Bield and climbed to Thornthwaite Crag.

The early Annual General Meeting and still earlier Committee Meeting, did not prevent a flying squad rushing up and down Red Screes so as to make sure of being in time for both.

The Annual General Meeting (T.R.B.)

The Annual General Meeting which was held on October 1st, 1939, was unique in several respects. The rendezvous (the Belsfield Hotel, Bowness) was new—and very nice too ; the day was Sunday ; the time was 2 p.m. ; and the President was absent. All these unusual features were the result of the war, and the fact that so many members (only nine less than last year) managed to overcome the difficulties and to attend is surely a striking testimony to their keenness and to the virility of the Club.

It was a source of regret to all that G. R. Speaker, the retiring President, was not present, but all who know him know also that nothing short of an absolute impossibility would have kept him away. In a characteristic letter addressed to B. Beetham—who as Vice-President was expected to preside and whose absence was jokingly attributed by some to that fact—Speaker explained his detention in the South and said the nice things which he has accustomed us to expect.

T. R. Burnett was called to the Chair, and after referring to the present conditions and the doings of the past club year and disposing of formal business, he proposed the election of F. L. Cook as President. The motion was carried with acclamation, and the fitness of the choice was promptly demonstrated by the exemplary manner in which the remaining business of the meeting was conducted. And this is no empty compliment, for there was business of real importance to be transacted. After the election of officials and committee, the new rules were submitted by Cook, who himself had done the major part of the very considerable work involved in redrafting them. The President's presentation was masterly, and resulted in the new code being passed without amendment or criticism.

The other important subject was the proposal to empower the Committee to pay off from Club funds the loans on Brackenclose. The case was put by Burnett and ably amplified by Chorley, and as it was supported by the Club's

financial watch-dog, A. B. Hargreaves, it received assent after a very interesting discussion. Absent members can rest assured that this weighty matter would have been deferred had there not been a well-reasoned and overwhelming opinion in its favour. The financial stability of the Club was revealed by the balance sheet and by the discussion, and this seemed to suggest that the date of application of the newly-passed rule regarding the possible winding up of the Club was happily infinitely remote.

It was unanimously decided to issue a list of meets as usual, and while it was realized that the attendance at most of these would be small, the hope was expressed that members would make a special effort to turn out at New Year, Easter, Whitsun and at the Annual General Meeting, and that a number of additional and informal meets would be held.

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the officials for their work during the past year, and especially to Speaker who, by adding the duties of president to those of editor has laid both the Club and a host of individual members under a debt of gratitude which they can never repay.

Following the meeting, the new Committee sat *in camera* while the others sat in the lounge sipping much tea, and all departed early in the hope of getting home without the horror of having to drive too far in the dark.

Buttermere, December 30th and 31st

The attendance at the Buttermere Meet confounded the false prophets who forecast an early wartime demise of an enfeebled Club. Transport details had been rehearsed to a pitch of efficiency worthy of the attention of the public services. Headquarters were full and the Fish and Woodhouse carried the overflow. The snow made up in crispness and evenness what it lacked in depth, and its lustre under a

waning moon gladdened the hearts of even those whose cars had crept cautiously from afar on icy roads.

On Saturday authorities on ski conducted a disappointing test of the nearby fields and thereafter ski joined abandoned skates for the sugary ice of the high tarns was snow covered. A party crossed Robinson into Newlands in mist and light snow, and another traversed from Causey to Whiteless, keeping a fine sunset to themselves. By night the Club lantern displayed the Club's newest slides while the audience provided its own running commentary. The committee excelled itself by adjourning shortly after 10 p.m.

Sunday dawned fine and clear, and so remained. Early starters walked the watershed from Red Pike to Robinson, later failing to explain the alleged absence of footprints on the former summit. Pilgrims to the Napes climbed the Needle Ridge with elaborate caution ; others sunned themselves in Fleetwith Gully. Photographers were in evidence upon Haystacks. At sunset those still abroad were rewarded by magic colours in sky, snow and crag. Having honoured tradition with goose we sang the well-loved songs, and the President, removing his coat, conducted us in ' Ilkla Moor ' ; in default of rafters to ring the plaster quaked. A lantern display was repeated for the benefit of the committee, and Burnett showed slides of early Swiss adventures. At length Big Ben heralded 1940, and we sang 'Auld Lang Syne ' with rather more fervour than usual.

Brackenclose

The experience of the last year has shown that Brackenclose is well on the way to fulfilling the hopes of its early advocates and pioneers, and of the general body of the Club who gave such valuable support in its early state. Facts and figures will be already familiar from the Annual Report. In a Club with a membership so far scattered over the country as ours, a nightly average of three occupants throughout the year shows, not only that the Hut met a real want, but that

its facilities are being increasingly appreciated, and enjoyed. An inspection of the Climbing Book reveals not only a long record of Fell Walks and Climbs, but an appreciable proportion of the New Climbs in ' Climbs Old and New ' have been, if not rendered possible, at least facilitated, by Brackenclose.

Further experience has shown that the general layout and equipment could hardly be bettered. The writer has spent more time than most members at Brackenclose, and, though notoriously among the clumsiest of the human race, finds no difficulty in coping with any of the appliances with which, at first, it was doubted that the less mechanically-minded members would be able to grapple. After the war, it is hoped that there will be a hot water supply in the kitchen—that would indeed put the finishing touch !

One last word as to the site. These lines are written in the living room, very slowly—as the eyes are continuously distracted by a perfect sunset seen from the western window, and by the play of evening light on Yewbarrow from the northern window. It is a calm, clear, frosty evening, and the best possible comment on the view from the hut is to cease to attempt to describe it, but to enjoy it, and hope that all the members will have the chance, in these troublous times, to enjoy it also.

IN MEMORIAM

BRIG.-GEN. THE HON. C. G. BRUCE, C.B., M.V.O.
1866 — 1939

It was a large and representative gathering that filled the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields on July 17th to honour the memory of Brig.-General the Hon. C. G. Bruce. There were military representatives, the leaders of numerous mountaineering clubs at home and abroad, people of all ranks of society, and not a few from the India where so much of his active life had been spent. After the impressive service was over, as I stood on the steps of the Church and watched all that remained of our old friend start on his last journey I was glad that, in the absence abroad of several of the officers, I had taken it upon myself to represent our Club and that among the masses of flowers there was one small token of love and respect from the Fell and Rock Club which I knew he had held in such great esteem.

General Bruce was a distinguished soldier, especially noted for the wonderful leadership of his beloved Gurkhas (he was Colonel of the 6th Gurkha Rifles, 1914-1918, and wounded at Gallipoli in 1915). As a Himalayan explorer and traveller his reputation was worldwide. As a mountaineer he was the leader or the inspiration of all the Everest Expeditions. He had occupied the presidential chair at the Alpine Club of which he had been a member since 1892 and the Association of British Members of the Swiss Alpine Club, and he was an Honorary Member of I do not know how many British climbing clubs including our own. Much has already been written on his activities in these and other spheres and a still fuller notice is promised in the next issue of the Alpine Journal.

In these notes it is not my intention to attempt to give any such formal account of his achievements. Rather is it my desire to try and record a few personal reminiscences of a

greatly loved figure as I knew him and to speak of him as I saw him in relation to our own Club.

He was ever the cheeriest of souls and I am sure that it is on that side of his character that he would wish one to dwell. The last walk that I had with him was on the fine Saturday of the Windermere meet in October 1938. He did not want to do anything very active as he was down to speak at the dinner that evening, and, though one would have hardly thought it, those speeches which appeared almost impromptu called for much preparation and caused him no little nervousness. Hodge had kindly driven us into Little Langdale, where we left the car and strolled leisurely through the woods, to end up at lunch time by the bench at the top of Tilberthwaite Gill. It was a warm day and here, as was his custom, the General divested himself of his upper clothing. I seized the opportunity of getting a snap of him suggesting that the picture should be entitled Pithecanthropus. He himself proposed Caliban as an even more appropriate title!

I only once met him in the Alps. It was at Kandersteg. The bad weather rendered all major expeditions impossible and a small party of us walked up to some minor view (!) point in very hot and steamy mist. The General was delighted with the walk as it was assisting one of the chief objects of his life—the reduction of weight, the *reductio ad absurdum* as he liked to call it. It must certainly have helped because he said that never before had he so nearly approached the ideal state in which the drops of perspiration that fell from the tip of his nose would unite into a continuous stream.

Although devoted to the big ranges, the Himalayas and the Alps, he seemed to be just as happy tramping or climbing in the Lake District or in his native Wales. Scotland, too, was possibly another native land because he always used to claim, whether seriously or not I am not quite sure, that Robert the Bruce belonged to a cadet branch of his family. Of his mountaineering activities in Scotland I know little but it may be remembered that when once at Sligachan with

one of his favourite Gurkhas he wished to demonstrate the man's extraordinary speed and activity. Accordingly he was told to run to the top of Glamaig or Marsco (I forget which) and return to the Hotel. This was done in an almost incredibly short time.

We used often to meet him at Easter at Beddgelert where he liked to stay at the Saracen's Head. There he entertained himself by roaming the hills all day and us by telling stories all the evening. It was here too occurred an incident showing again his wonderful transpiratory powers. On his return from his outings he was accustomed to throw out his clothes to be dried. After a week the chambermaid asked the landlord how it happened that General Bruce seemed to fall into a river every day without getting his stockings wet.

Bruce was elected an Honorary Member of our Club in 1924 and though I do not think he was often, if ever, present at ordinary meets, he was a frequent visitor at the annual gatherings at Windermere. How he loved the 'sing-songs' on the Sunday evenings at the Hydro, and how he enjoyed sitting on a stool and entertaining us with songs and stories in English, Welsh, and various dialects of Northern India. When President he made a valiant attempt to introduce a similar informal aftermath to the Alpine Club Winter Dinner. But this was not one of his life successes.

It was perhaps with the London Section of the Club that he naturally formed the closer associations and he was seldom absent from our annual dinners. In fact much of the success of these cheery functions was due to his magnetic presence and inspiration. Both at the table and afterwards he would tell us stories. Sometimes difficulties arose. I remember on one occasion the head waiter came to me about midnight and asked what he could do. 'My men' he said 'have to clear up and get to their homes in the suburbs and that gentleman with a group of friends in the corner of the room looks like telling his stories until morning.' I told him that

the only effective method was to turn out the lights and that was the course that had actually to be adopted.

As a raconteur he certainly was inimitable. His stories were told with such dramatic effect and in such vivid dialect that one began to laugh as soon as he opened his lips. It may be admitted that his repertoire was not a large one but such was the charm of the telling that one welcomed an old favourite as a real old friend. They were simple stories too. It was just the telling. How often have I laughed at the story of the Welsh farmer who on meeting a friend after a long absence said ' Do you remember the fright you got on your wedding day ? ' ' Do I remember ' was the reply ' I have got her yet.'

Yes, cheerfulness and the desire to make the world happier were perhaps the keynotes of General Bruce's character. Nor was this a pose adopted in company or on special occasions only. I remember that charming lady, the late Mrs Bruce, telling me how wonderful it was that he was always the same, in good times and in bad times, on public occasions and in the privacy of the home, the same cheering and cheerful personality that we all learned to love so well.

Dr C .F. HADFIELD

J. W. BROWN 1866 — 1938

It was in 1924 that Joseph Wontner Brown first joined our regular Easter party in the mountains, which met that year at Pen y Pass. From that date, until failing health towards the end made it impossible, I do not think he ever missed being with us at that time of year either in North Wales or the Lake District. Thus it happened that I had the advantage of his intimate friendship for some fourteen years.

A mining engineer by profession his calling took him to many parts of the world and he was quite an authority on travel, whether it were a question of transport in Caucasia,

or the most economical method of reaching some Alpine centre from London. During the war he was a Captain in the A.S.C.—he was in fact a war casualty though I understand that his injuries were due less to enemy action than to a difference of opinion with his motor bicycle.

Not long after the war he retired and so was able to resume his interest in the Alps where he had made numerous expeditions in earlier years. Every summer saw him somewhere in Switzerland, Austria, or Italy. He also took up ski-ing with great enthusiasm and became I believe a strong, competent, though possibly not a polished, runner. His interest naturally lay in the longer ski-mountaineering expeditions and he cared little for racing or acrobatics. This new interest took him to the Alps each winter and it became a standard joke among his friends that one was fortunate if one caught him in England in the brief intervals between his summer and winter holidays. During these intervals, not really quite so brief, he was always ready to join any party to the mountains. While in London he played a good deal of golf chiefly at Highgate, and he was a keen Bridge player.

He joined the Fell and Rock Club in 1923 and was usually present at the Dinner meets at Coniston and later at Windermere. He was also an indefatigable member of the London Section, on the Committee of which he served for several years. When in England he seldom missed one of our Sunday walks, at which his famous umbrella was a well-known feature.

This is no place to give a list of his mountaineering achievements but it may be noted that his first Alpine ascent was up Mont Blanc at the age of 16. He was not one to neglect any opportunity of climbing afforded by his professional travels and it was thus that he was able to make the ascent of Mount Ararat in 1892. When in New Zealand, later, he climbed Mt Cook. His interest in the British hills also began very early and it was his boast that he climbed

the Pillar before the Senior Trustee of our Club. Most of his climbing in the Alps was guideless. While thoroughly appreciative of the excellent qualities of good guides he disliked their naturally somewhat stereotyped methods, their regular times, their fixed stopping places. He always said he would rather enjoy himself guideless on a mountain even though he failed to get to the top than be conducted there like a Cook's tourist.

He was a member of the Alpine Club, to which he was elected in 1910, and almost always attended the meetings when not abroad. Also at one time at the instance of several friends he was persuaded to join the Scottish Mountaineering Club. This was the cause of much amusement to many of us, himself included, who well knew that in all his travels he had never been further North than Edinburgh and that the only Scottish mountain he had conquered was Arthur's Seat!

Well up to the age of 70 his keenness and vigour seemed to be little abated and he was still able to undertake relatively long and strenuous expeditions. Nothing was more unexpected than the rapid failing of his powers that began during his last ski-ing visit to the Alps. From that time on his strength rapidly diminished so that when he was attacked by pneumonia in May 1938 he fell an easy victim.

Brown was educated in Germany and Switzerland, as the result of which he was a fluent conversationalist in German and French. He was essentially a 'good mixer' and had a wonderful knack of picking up friends—the right friends—wherever he went. Owing to his greater leisure, companions could not always join him at the commencement of his holiday or had to return home before he did. But he was never at a loss, and seemed able to pick up some fresh friend who was fitted to accompany him on just the sort of expedition that he liked.

He was a good talker and one could not be dull in his company. He had a fine sense of humour—and could enjoy

a joke at his own expense perhaps even more than any other. In the realms of politics and economics he held strong views with which his friends might not always be in agreement. But he was exceptionally well informed, and if one queried any statement he made, one would be inundated with facts and figures which were difficult to disprove.

As one grows older one has more and more often to deplore the loss of old and valued friends. A trite statement certainly, but with the passing of so good a friend as ' Joe ' Brown one feels its truth very forcibly. My first visit to the Alps was in his company, with him I have tramped over most of the hills of Cumberland and North Wales, with him I have explored much of the more open country round London, and with him I have attended many a dinner or other mountaineering function. The very deep sense of loss which is mine is I know fully shared by the very large circle of close friends which he had gathered round him.

Dr C. F. HADFIELD

MRS W. G. MILLIGAN

Hilda Milligan's death, which occurred in tragic circumstances on January 28th, 1939, left all who knew her with a sense of great personal loss. It was particularly her spontaneous kindness and consideration on all occasions which endeared her to all with whom she came in contact, whether at meets or at her home.

She joined the Club in 1927, not long after her marriage, but she did not become well known to the majority of members until her husband became President ; then she took her due place in the life of the Club and also performed the duties of hostess with great charm and ability.

She loved the Lake country and was an excellent walker, but she never aspired to be a climber—nevertheless she was happy to join a rope on occasion. She was a good companion

in all weathers, and as such she will always be remembered in the Club.

MRS GEORGE D. ABRAHAM

We record, with regret, and deep sympathy for our fellow member and his family, the death, at Keswick, on May 24th, 1939, of Mrs George D. Abraham.

Of charming personality this gifted lady (née Winifred E. Davies) was a distinguished student at Girton, specialising in botanical research ; and for some years prior to her marriage in 1900, was science mistress at the Mary Datchelor School for Girls in London.

An expert rock-climber, she was a lifelong mountain lover and familiar with the peaks of Scotland, Lakeland and her native Wales. She had visited the Alps many times, making a notable ascent of the Wetterhorn in exceptionally severe conditions. Mrs Abraham was the first woman to climb the Crowberry Ridge of Buchaille Etive and had also done practically all the stiffest rock climbs in North Wales and Lakeland. She was a cousin of Owen Glynne Jones, author of that famous classic ' Rock Climbing in the English Lake District,' and took her B.Sc. at the same examination as he.

She was a member of our Club for many years, and she will be greatly missed and long remembered by many friends.

' So joy goes over, but Love remains
And the Hills—unto the end.'

DARWIN LEIGHTON

SIR ALFRED HOPKINSON, K.C.

The death of Sir Alfred Hopkinson at the age of eighty-eight removes one of the few remaining links with the early

days of Lake District climbing. Although he did not perhaps achieve the same mountaineering eminence as some of his brothers—all five of them were members of the Alpine Club—he had a real flair for the fells, and only his positive dislike of recorded ascents and climbing guides prevented him from being associated with several classical climbs. As it was he came only to be identified with the Professor's Chimney, being professor of law at Owen's College, Manchester, at the time when he made the first ascent, though he was also in the first ascent of the final pitch of Great Gully on Dow Crag. This antipathy to note-making could be exasperating to historically minded people like myself. For example, he used to tell of a very severe pitch somewhere off the North Climb on Pillar which his brother Charles had once led him up, and which he said taxed them to the full. He said that it was an open smooth place with very small holds, and I have sometimes wondered whether it could have been Savage Gully.

After the death of his brother John on the Petit Dent de Veisivi, Alfred gave up serious mountaineering, but he continued to spend his holidays among the hills, and was never happier than when on one of his frequent visits to the Lake District. He took great pleasure in planning an expedition to Pillar Rock with a great niece when at the age of eighty, though it was never in fact accomplished. Indeed his capacity for companionship with the young, and his thoughtfulness for their interests, was one of the most endearing traits of an attractive personality.

He was not a member of our Club, though he had a high regard for it, and I remember on the first occasion I ever met him how warmly he spoke of the pleasure he had derived from our Journal.

R. S. T. CHORLEY

THE FIFTH APLINE MEET

The meet was held at Zermatt from July 29th to August 13th, and was attended by only ten members and friends ; seven more, who had arranged to join us, were victims of the ' crisis,' which forced them to withdraw at the last moment. The few favoured ones who were able to come, were Miss A. M. Adam (Acting Leader and Meet Treasurer), Dr Dorothy Arning, Miss Phyllis Matheson, Miss Geraldine Sladen, Miss Cicely Wood, Norman Daley, Robin Micklethwaite, Guy Micklethwaite, B. J. Newton and David Shuter, for whom two guides, Sigismund Burgener and Ulrich Inderbinen had been retained. Three other guides were taken on at different times by members. They were Gottfried Perren, Otto Taugwalder and J. Zumtaugwald.

Nearly all members met in Zermatt on Sunday morning, July 29th, at the Hotel des Alpes, a dependance of the Hotel Monte Rosa, where rooms had been reserved for us. The President, who was staying at the Monte Rosa, where incidentally we were to have our meals, thought we were lucky to arrive when we did : he had just ' enjoyed ' three weeks' bad weather, and felt sure it was going to be mainly fine for the duration of the meet. We all hoped he was right.

On Monday six of us rose early and with Burgener walked up to the Trift hut to climb the Unter Gabelhorn, a very pleasing minor expedition—excellent for getting ourselves into condition. The weather was favourable and a good beginning had been made of a holiday in one of the finest mountaineering centres imaginable. Late that evening we were joined by Guy Micklethwaite who had been missing when we arrived at Zermatt ; he burst into the hut profuse with apologies for being late ' but he had just been up the Matterhorn.'

Tuesday. Two ropes led by guides and one led by David Shuter greatly enjoyed a perfect day on the Wellenkuppe and dallied in the warm sun just below the summit, when the president's ' framboises frappées ' (tinned raspberry compote with snow stirred into it, were tried and voted a dessert much to be recommended.

Three of the party returned that evening to Zermatt, while the others stayed on at the Trift, to make the most of the brilliant weather by climbing again next morning.

Wednesday. Dr Arning, Daley and Robin and Guy Micklethwaite with the two guides climbed the Zinal Rothorn by the ordinary route. They had a glorious day, with both snow and rocks in perfect condition although one member, I believe, made a rather rapid, if unorthodox descent.

Thursday. Miss Sladen and Miss Wood, who had now joined the meet, made the traverse of the Rimpfischhorn with Perren and Miss Matheson and D. Shuter with Zumtaugwald went to the Fluh hut, now a large

Wintersport Hotel with many bedrooms and a general sleeping-place on the top floor. This privately owned hotel encourages guides to order their meals there and expects climbers to consume hotel tea, coffee and soups, while they refuse to allow them to cook their own food as is customarily done at club huts ; this adds very considerably to one's expenses.

Friday. Daley, Robin and Guy Micklethwaite and the writer accompanied by the two guides, went to the Bétemps hut, intending to climb Monte Rosa the next day. There the party were agreeably surprised to find four members of the Fell and Rock, among them Mr and Mrs A. T. Hargreaves, already established there. The weather however, which so far had valiantly upheld the President's prophecy, unfortunately chose that night to change. It poured down steadily throughout the night, but we had little or no occasion to be thankful to be under the sheltering roof of the hut : it was then being considerably enlarged by the addition of a third floor, upon which the carpenters were still hard at work ; unhappily for us they had not thought to make the ceiling watertight before removing the old roof, with the result that most of us were glad to roll out of the damp blankets by the morning. The outlook appeared hopeless and Burgener was certain it would rain all day, so we very reluctantly took his advice, and went down to Zermatt.

Sunday. This was one of those perfectly glorious mornings which follow in the wake of heavy rain in the mountains. A great deal of snow had fallen and all round the mountains were deeply coated in glistening white right down to the tree line. It presented an unforgettably beautiful sight although it threatened to rob us of our chances of climbing on the following day at least ; we therefore decided to spend the day going to huts and to try our luck again. Six of the party walked to the Fluh hut, two to the Trift and two to the Schwarzsee Hotel.

Monday. The weather kept fine and Miss Sladen and Miss Wood with Perren climbed the Zinal Rothorn, while Miss Matheson and Shuter with their guide traversed the Furgg Grat to the Gandegg hut ; the remaining six members climbed the Rimpfischhorn, but had to abandon their idea of making the traverse because of the deep new snow, and returned by the ordinary route, going straight back to Zermatt that evening.

Tuesday the weather broke once more and the Micklethwaites left us to return to England, while the rest of the party proceeded to make fresh plans for the following day, now that the heavy new snow had really put 'finis' to the Matterhorn which would have been their next objective. Burgener thought he had hardly ever seen it covered with so much snow during the summer months, and for a day or two it would be useless to attempt the highest peaks.

Wednesday. Several members with their guides walked up to the Schönbühl hut and on Thursday climbed the Pointe de Zinal returning

by the same route, while Dr Arning and Daley with Burgener traversed the ridge back to the hut. Miss Matheson and Shuter with their guide had gone to the Trift and succeeded in climbing the Zinal Rothorn by that splendid ridge from the Triftjoch.

Friday. A party consisting of Dr Arning, Miss Sladen, Miss Wood, Daley and myself with three guides set out shortly after midnight from the Schönbühl to climb the Dent Blanche. We reached the glacier in darkness when in the faint flickering light of our lanterns we happened upon a perfectly made igloo: in our half-awake state we felt vaguely as though we had suddenly been transported to the Arctic regions! As we started up the Wandfluh a faint suggestion of light appeared on the eastern horizon which spread gradually as we toiled up the long steep slope; it was a pleasant relief when higher up we got on to excellent rock which forms the long ridge leading up to the summit—easily the most exhilarating and enjoyable part of the climb. How real the effect of that must have been may be gathered from the fact that we had reached the summit in two hours less than the scheduled time! Returning later by the same route we have rather less pleasant memories of the descent down the steep Wandfluh slope with the hot afternoon sun melting the deep snow; but we felt we had had a splendid day and returned to the hut and Zermatt somewhat tired but happy.

Saturday. Miss Matheson and Shuter with their guide climbed the Dent Blanche, while Miss Sladen, Daley and Burgener did some climbs on the Riffelhorn.

This was the last day and that evening most of the party with empty pockets but hearts full of happy memories caught the night train back to England.

A. M. Adam

ACCIDENTS

A number of mishaps causing injuries and in three instances the death of the persons involved, were reported during the year. Though none of them befell members of the Club, the fatal cases are briefly recorded here so that the circumstances in which they happened should be known as widely as possible.

On January 7th, 1939, three experienced members of the Manchester University Mountaineering Club, D. S. Boyle, M. Boyle (25 and 20) and G. F. Hallworth (21) started out from Rosthwaite at 12 o'clock to walk over Glaramara and Esk Hause and by about 5-30 had struck the junction of Greenup Ghyll and Langstrath Beck ; in the gloom and drizzle they unfortunately missed the bridge a short way up Langstrath Ghyll—now always used because the old one near where Greenup Beck joins it was washed away 30 or 40 years ago, though it is still shown on the latest 1 in. Ordnance Map. Seeing the ruins of the old bridge at the corner they thought there was no other bridge, so they decided to cross the very steep Ghyll, down which the now swollen beck rushed with torrential force. Hallworth was by then showing signs of distress, but the brothers by heroic efforts, in utter darkness, succeeded after something like 5 or 6 hours in bringing him across the stream. D. S. Boyle then went down to Rosthwaite and on returning at 2 p.m. with help found Hallworth had died from exposure and exhaustion. The two companions had almost lost their own lives in their unflagging endeavour to save their friend from the fate which finally overtook him. We offer our sincere sympathy to Hallworth's relatives.

This fatal mishap may once again direct attention to the urgent need of keeping bridges at the more important crossings in repair. Where a bridge was deemed necessary 40 years ago, the need for it today is many times greater with the astonishing number of large caravans of people crossing the fells in all directions in holiday time.

Two brothers, E. B. Stevens (19) and F. B. Stevens (21), were seen to descend from the top of Gable down Smuggler's Chimney on April 9th, 1939; they appeared to be roped together, but they both continued to climb down at the same time, without one waiting belayed while the other was moving. When about 50 feet from the foot of the chimney, the man in front fell clear of the chimney dragging his brother with him down the steep scree slope, where the two bodies were discovered, about 250 feet below the climb. Had the usual practice of belaying been followed two valuable young lives would probably never have been in serious danger.

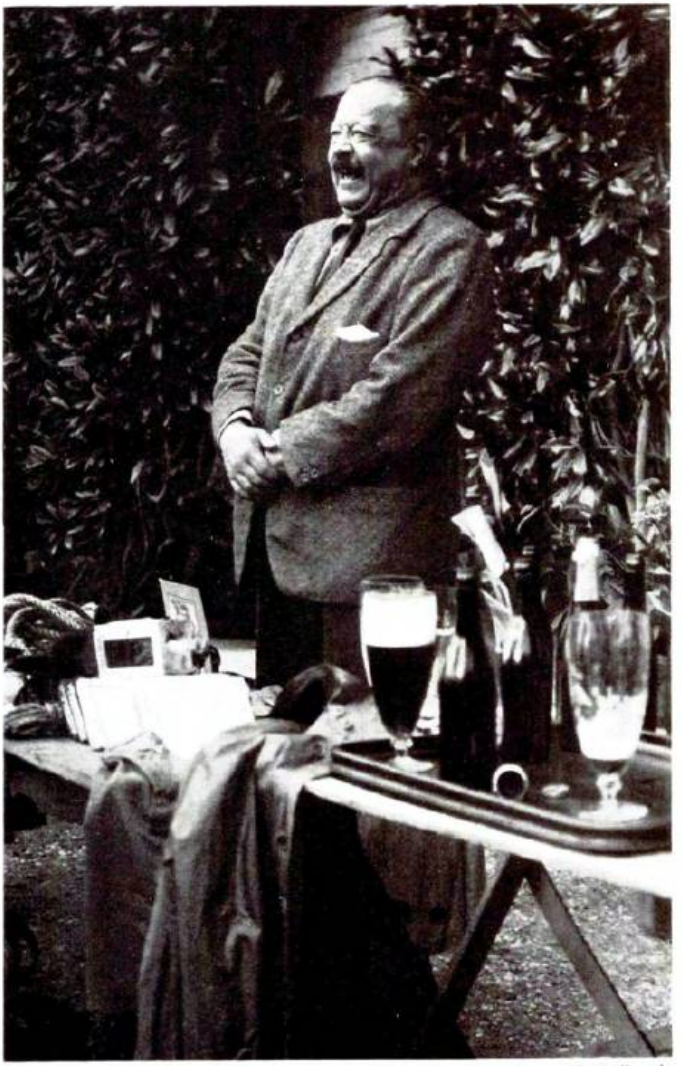
On Saturday, August 19th, 1939, H. B. Law Webb (53), a London schoolmaster and author, made his first ascent of Scafell in misty weather. He confessed to another more experienced walker whom he met on the summit that he had had a very hard struggle getting up. The other walker thereupon

offered to take the novice down the West Wall traverse of Deep Ghyll, but Webb declined because he thought it too dangerous. However, his body was later found in Deep Ghyll and it was assumed at the inquest held at Wasdale Head that he had lost his way in the mist.

Presumably a fautly waist knot caused the loss of the life of a rock climber of great promise, R. F. Alexander of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, on the Aiguille de la Za on July 21st, 1939. He was about 40 feet above his unbelayed second when an overhanging step of rock which he touched collapsed and he fell. His second stood the strain, which suddenly ceased, and when he pulled in the rope—a new Alpine rope—he found there was an ordinary overhand knot only 6 inches from the end. The unusual threading of a rope-end through an open overhand knot can be made fairly secure with a half-hitch on the threaded running end ; but with a new and highly resilient rope the lock needs constant tightening up to prevent its coming completely undone, and that inadequate locking of the running end may reasonably be assumed to have come undone in this case.

Experience has proved that a Bowline is the safest knot, if it is firmly tied round the waist and locked with a half-hitch firmly pulled against the knot ; without a doubt it would still have held the falling leader, even had the locking half-hitch worked loose. Any precaution taken in locking a knot is useless, unless sufficient running or loose end (9 in. to 12 in.) is left free for tightening up from time to time and tucked in (by twisting round) under the waist rope.

Finally, of all knots the Bowline can be more readily untied, even when wet or frozen.



F. S. Smythe

HAPPY
GENERAL BRUCE

THE LONDON SECTION

The weather in 1939 almost without exception favoured the Section's outdoor meets, all of which were well attended, especially during the first half of the year.

Thanks to the kindness of the committee of the Alpine Club we were able to resume our indoor meetings at their hall on January 18th, when Prof T. Graham Brown came from Cardiff to show and describe slides of the Masherbrum expedition of 1938. The hall was filled to capacity—there were over 120 members and friends—and all followed the lecturer's clear-cut description with great interest. At the end Capt. J. B. Harrison, still suffering much from the effects of severe frostbite, told the story of his and R. A. Hodgkin's great climb to within about 600 feet of the summit, when a blizzard buried them for nearly two days before they were able to reach Camp 6. His poignant story will long be remembered by everyone who was privileged to hear it.

There were two walks in January, both in Surrey, the first from Holmwood to Shere and the other from Shoreham to Otford, followed by one in the Amersham country in February and one in the neighbourhood of Ascot on March 12th.

On March 26th we joined Alan Stewart's walk at the Rucksack Club's (London Section) invitation. His route led from Henley to Stonor where we halted for sandwiches and famous beer at the very pleasant inn and returned through fine wooded country to Henley and tea at the ' Catherine Wheel.'

A visit to Welwyn in April under H. J. W. France's guidance gave us a charming glimpse of beech and oak in all the glory of early spring foliage. In May, Roger Stenning and his wife invited the Section to tea at the Three Oaks, Oxshott, which was preceded by a leisurely ramble from Leatherhead.

Next came a walk from Borough Green to Wrotham on June 4th and a fortnight later a small party paid the annual Section visit to Dunmow via Hatfield Broad Oak. Dr and Mrs C. F. Hadfield had as usual set out a sumptuous tea and we regretted that there was not a larger party to do justice to such fine hospitality. Dorothy and Ivor Richards came to bid farewell to friends, as they were leaving almost immediately for a visit to the Alps, prior to sailing for America in September.

No London Section itinerary would be complete without an annual peep into the charming Cotswold country. Tom Hardwick, who knows it almost as intimately as he does the London counties, usually contrives to show it to us from a new and delightful angle ; unfortunately he was on the sick list, but his son took over. The outward route was from Chipping Campden to Bourton-on-the-Hill, where we stopped for tea and later

continued our walk to Stow-on-the-Wold, to take train for home at 8 p.m. It would be difficult to devise a better circuit and we were grateful to Hardwick junior for a very happy day.

Miss G. M. Kitchener's walk in the pleasing country around Bishop's Stortford on July 16th turned out to be the last for some time, for with the outbreak of the war many members were scattered all over the country or else locally engaged upon National Service of one form or another. As soon however as it became apparent that it would be possible to resume club walks, the committee arranged for one a month to be held. This arrangement met with a ready response and there was a good muster when we started again on November 12th. On that occasion Mr and Mrs France showed us the more secluded parts of the country surrounding their home in Tewin Wood.

Evening functions, and Club Dinners especially, being impracticable it was decided to hold a London Section Luncheon on December 9th if sufficient support were forthcoming. There was an immediate acceptance from 48 members and the function was duly held and proved a great success. Only one guest of honour had been invited, W. P. Haskett-Smith. A member brought Mrs Nea Morin, back from Paris for a time, as a guest. There were no set speeches and Dr Hadfield, who was in the Chair, restricted his own remarks to the business of the day which embraced the election of the officers and committee of the Section as well as the election as Assistant Secretary of Miss Joyce Chapman, who is responsible for a great deal of the success of the London Section's outdoor arrangements. Regrets were expressed on all sides at the absence through illness of those loyal friends of the Section, T. M. Hardwick and George Anderson, but we all hope it will not be long before they are back with us once more.

There was only one representative from the North, and he was doubly welcome, in the person of Darwin Leighton, who has never failed the London Section yet!

On Sunday, December 10th, Stella Joy's walk from Virginia Water through the Windsor Great Park traversed some splendid tracts of that great woodland, in the course of which we came across several herds of deer, among them a snow-white hind. On passing the Copper Horse several experts took the opportunity to scale the granite plinth, after which we hastened back to Windsor and home in the black-out, with a store of happy memories of days spent with good friends to draw upon.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of the 'Fell and Rock Journal'

THE COLOUR OF WASTWATER—AND OTHER LAKES

SIR,

The question of the change of colour of Wastwater, raised by Dr T. R. Burnett, and whether it can be attributed to the flood of August Bank Holiday 1938, is of very great interest. Although I have been twice in the Lake District since that date, circumstances unfortunately have prevented my reaching Wastwater to witness this unusual phenomenon. It is much to be hoped that other information will have reached Dr Burnett which may lead to a satisfactory explanation of the occurrence. Moreover, the question of its permanence or semi-permanence will be of significance.

The colour of lake water is, of course, due to chemical or physical causes, and it varies with the material in solution or suspension in it. The natural colour of all pure water being blue, it is these materials and their reactions which tend to modify that tint. The lakes most richly blue or blue-green, like those in many parts of the Alps and particularly those of the Canadian Rockies, derive their beautiful shades from the action of their dissolved lime, which tends to precipitate any iron compounds especially, that otherwise will tint them yellow. Brown shades are mainly due to organic or humic compounds derived largely from peat, like so many lakes and tarns in our own hill country, but if for some reason or other iron compounds are carried into such waters reaction takes place, and the brown changes to yellowish tints ; and then the chemical action of sunlight will eventually tend to turn these latter tints through greenish-blue to blue. That very briefly is part of the complicated story of lake coloration, and those who wish to know further details should consult such a work as that of 'Les Lacs' by Prof. L. W. Collet, of Geneva.

The light green of Wastwater reported by Dr Burnett would seem under the circumstances to be not so much a chemical as a physical effect, fine suspended silt which was carried in by flood-water acting by diffraction on the light to reflect back the blue-green rays and absorb the yellow-red of the spectrum. There is no limestone in the Wastwater basin to provide the necessary lime compounds to clear the water of iron or other yellowish or brownish coloration products in the manner instanced above. Moreover, the sample examined by Dr Burnett showed the brownish tint of such products, which must still have been present in it, although no doubt in greatly reduced proportion.

Many climbers in North Wales must have noted the change in colour of Llyn Llydaw a few years ago. Its waters used to be a bright, slightly bluish, green in contrast to the deep indigo of Glaslyn beneath the peak of

Snowdon. Llydaw's colour was often then attributed to the presence of copper salts from the old copper mines nearby, but analyses never showed a trace of copper. The recent building of a dam has raised the water-level of Llydaw, and, as Mr A. Lockwood has informed me, this allowed of the old tip-heap below the mine buildings being washed by the lake-waters. The effect of this rise would seem to have introduced mineral compounds, especially iron from the old vein-materials, into the water in sufficient quantities to have diminished the former greenish shades and given a predominance of yellowish-brownish colour. With its liability to fluctuate in level Llydaw may well change its tints from time to time, and these may vary with the incidence and intensity of light.

October 24th, 1939 Yours, etc.
Cambridge N. E. ODELL

To the Editor of the 'Fell and Rock Journal'

SIR,

THE COLOUR OF WASTWATER

The results of my letter published in the last issue of the Journal have been both disappointing and gratifying. This statement appears contradictory so I hasten to explain that my disappointment is due to the fact that, whether from lack of observation, lack of interest or mere apathy no one has furnished the information for which I asked. But it is at least gratifying that no less an authority than N. E. Odell has taken up the challenge, and has made a notable contribution to the current volume which you have kindly allowed me to see.

Unfortunately I made no visit to Wastwater between September 1938 when the green colour was strongly marked, and Easter 1939 when, as far as I could judge, things were again normal, thus supporting my opinion that the flood had in some way been responsible. But surely some one must have noted the transition between the dates mentioned and might still provide information of interest.

While I was careful not to commit myself in point to any scientific explanation of the phenomenon, I may perhaps now be allowed to say that from the first I had tentatively held the view which Mr Odell supports, namely, that the colouration was not due to a chemical but to a physical cause—the diffraction effect of fine silt in suspension.

To some readers this correspondence may appear dull or trivial, but is it not the fact that in the observation and contemplation of nature and her ways, amongst the flowers, the birds, the rocks, the atmosphere or the waters we may add in no small measure to the lasting enjoyment and interest of our days amongst the hills ?

Dumfries Yours, etc.
December 1, 1939 T. R. BURNETT

To the Editor of the ' Fell and Rock Journal '

DEAR EDITOR,

During the last war I wrote to a friend suggesting a climb at the week-end. I got a cold reply and was afterwards informed that he definitely considered it wrong to climb till the war was over. Perhaps he was right. We took things in a rather light-hearted manner during the last war. We are in no danger of doing so now—and we may easily go to the other extreme. It is a war of nerves, and is there anything more soothing to the nerves than a walk on the fells—lit up as they were last September by most glorious sunshine? It is strange to reflect that not so very many years ago they were regarded with distaste and even their gentle grassy slopes were considered as very perilous. The time may come again when they are only frequented by sheep and the shepherds and their dogs and people refer to a distant past when foolish lads risked their lives to attain points which could easily be reached without danger. We hear of adventure daily but it is in the air and on the seas. Will another adventurous sport take the place of rock-climbing? Personally I don't think so, because the beauty of the surroundings has much to do with its charm. Our climbs here, like many of our fells, have a personality. Also owing to their shortness we are able to absorb and recollect their charms, which, by-the-by vary from day to day owing to changes of light and weather generally. We value our country for very many reasons, but I know that after having lived here for very many years though I regret the social life of the towns, the scenery here has never failed me, and I look back on the rock-climbs of years ago with a delight which none of the Swiss peaks gave me or the Dolomites either. So I would say, if you can spare the time and are young and strong, climb whenever you can get the chance. If you are too old for that kind of climbing stroll gently up a fell. Scafell Pike and Gable are not outside the powers of a healthy septuagenarian and even shorter peaks are available for those who have grown fat or have weak hearts. Don't lose the fell habit I beseech you. Nothing can replace quite it!

December 1st, 1939. Yours, etc.,

Portinscale. A. R. THOMSON

To the Editor of the ' Fell and Rock Journal '

DEAR EDITOR,

DOVE CRAG

The letter from Lieut.-Col. Westmorland calls for some reply from the leader of the ' Wing Ridge ' climb on Dove Crags described in the 1939 Journal, but C. R. Wilson having been called up and being away on war service—he and Miss N. Hamilton were married recently—would not be able to devote much time to letter-writing.

As I led what now appears to be the third ascent of Col. Westmorland's original climb, my own experience enables me to give full credit to him for his first ascent—in boots—of a very attractive climb.

So far as I can tell from the route marked on the photograph it is indeed to all intents and purposes the same route as the one we made up ' Wing Ridge ' : and as a matter of fact I think very little variation from the route we made is possible, beyond the fact that the first pitch can be turned on to the right-hand (very nasty) slabs, or climbed direct by a very tall climber. I have repeated the climb twice this year.

We saw no sign whatever of any cairns or scratches on any part of the climb when we did it on May 30th, 1937, though we looked for them carefully, and had no evidence (other than E.W.-J.'s note) that anyone had ever been there before, so our mistake may perhaps be forgiven. But in future editions of the ' Outlying Climbs ' guide this mistake should surely be rectified. I also think you will wish to invite Col. Westmorland to rename the climb, as is his right.

I cannot imagine, where the big slab that slipped, is—perhaps it has come right off now ! We have used several routes on the final pitch from the ledge with the heavenly belay.

December 30th, 1939. Yours, etc.,

Caldbeck. M. M. BARKER.

EDITOR'S NOTES

For the second time within the lifetime of the Club, war has been inflicted upon us.

Club members belonging to the early age groups have already joined their units, while others in great numbers are serving in the many branches of Home Defence.

No complete list of members with the fighting forces is available as yet, but it is known that the following are now on active service at home or overseas :—

Wing-Comdr. E. B. Beauman, R.A.F.
Lieut. T. H. P. Cain, Lancs. Fusiliers.
Capt. W. S. Cain, Lancs. Fusiliers.
Lieut. A. Craig, R.N.
Lieut. D. A. Collis, R.A.O.C.
Lieut.-Col. G. R. Dixon, Green Howards.
A. R. Edge, A.A.F.
M. M. Gaze, S.A.A.F.
Capt. Fergus Graham, Irish Guards.
Lieut. J. C. W. Hawkins, R.A.
Capt. John Hunt, Indian Army Command.
A. N. S. Johnston, R.M.C.
Capt. R. F. Kirby, Durham L.I.
Lieut. E. D. L. Lee.
Lieut. A. J. Moor.
Major-Gen. E. F. Norton, C.B., D.S.O., M.C.
Capt. G. H. Osmaston, R.E.
Flight-Lieut. R. S. Peill.
Lieut. H. S. Rayner, Canadian Command.
Lieut. J. O. M. Roberts, Gurkha Rifles.
Capt. W. M. Roberts, O.B.E., R.E.
Lieut.-Col. Harold Westmorland, R.C.A.S.C.

To all of them the Club extends its sincere good wishes.

The Committee authorised the Treasurer to waive the subscription of any member serving in His Majesty's Forces

who wished to take advantage of this ruling for the duration of the war.

The election of F. Lawson Cook as President has been hailed with pleasure throughout the Club. As one of the Trustees of Club property, he has been in close touch with Club matters for many years and recently he gave valuable help—with Dr T. R. Burnett—in framing new Club rules. He carries with him the good wishes of all.

Additional Club rules, as well as the recasting of several old rules, became necessary with the widening of the Club's activities such as the opening of Brackenclose and the introduction of graduating membership. The details of this important work were prepared by Dr T. R. Burnett and F. Lawson Cook in their accustomed painstaking way, and the whole revised by the latter in the form in which it has now been passed by the Annual General Meeting. The Club thanks them both.

The issue of Volume 4, the last of the new and revised ' Climbing Guides to the English Lake District,' brings to a close a Club venture which is proving a very successful one, as there is now a steady demand for the four volumes from climbers all over the country.

There are those who share G. Winthrop Young's regret at ' the disappearance of the fun of finding, and of the mountaineering value of working out, one's own route '—wherein lies one of the drawbacks of detailed guide books, as he pointed out ; but the great majority of the rapidly growing band of new climbers will be saved by these aids from the worst consequences of sometimes uninstructed and often misdirected exploration.

The secret of the success of the Club guide books lies in the simple standardised pitch-by-pitch description, which is the characteristic method thought out by H. M. Kelly, the

editor of the series. He completed his own revised Pillar guide, Volume 1, in 1932, and so great was its popularity among climbers that it led to the principle of his guide being chosen for the new edition of the 'Climbing Guides to the Snowdon District' by the Climbers' Club—with equal success.

Claude E. Benson, the well-known author and member of that club wrote this in their Club Bulletin in defence of guide books and of Kelly's in particular:

> 'It must be recognised that a Club Guide is an official document and should be no less severe, lucid and comprehensive than a Government official publication. In my mind the very best guide yet published is the F. & R.C.C. Guide to the Pillar, in which the style is properly restrained and both the graduated and headline methods are adopted.'

Kelly was fortunate in getting the help of the Club's foremost leaders for the other three volumes, and also in bringing in W. Heaton Cooper whose fine diagrams and artistic drawings greatly add to the usefulness of the guides and maintain the note of distinction which marks the series. To all concerned the Club owes a debt of gratitude, a feeling which other lovers of the crags throughout the country will no doubt share.

The Hut Committee have reason to be satisfied with the result of their labours during 1939, for not only has Brackenclose paid its way, but the income from nearly 1,200 'person-nights' has enabled them to bring down its capital liabilities by a good deal, though much more money will have to be found within the next two years for paying back the short-term loans. The Committee took the view that a part of the Club funds, which will be added to from a greatly increased membership, should be made available for such loan repayment.

The policy of building quarters of its own and bringing out well-produced guides has already proved itself to be

sound and the benefits of it are by no means confined to the Club.

From the List of Members sent out in November it will be seen that the membership is now 750, the names of 29 newly elected full members and 14 graduating members having been added in 1939.

Since the publication of the Year Book the following new members have been elected: Miss O. Britten, W. L. H, Franceys, J. J. Heap, D. W. Jackson, A. Robinson.

Favoured by dry weather, exploration has gone forward again in 1939 and climbs on several of the big rock faces show that new routes on good rock and of reasonable severity can still be made under perfect weather conditions; but for safe climbing these hard routes should, and indeed must, remain fine-weather climbs like the Mickledore climbs on Scafell.

Of particular interest, especially to those who first adventured upon that friendly crag in 1924, is the addition of two new courses on the central sector of Pike's Crag: they will be yet another attraction to a rock face which perhaps more than any other in Cumberland gives a fine sense of detachment and perfect freedom for the eye to roam to the farthest limits of the horizon.

The Friends of the Lake District intervened when a discharge of silt and milky white water from a lead mine threatened to spoil Ullswater. Last May the Rev. H. H. Symonds and Mr F. C. Scott secured an undertaking from the mine syndicate that the trouble would be cured by the end of 1939. Two concrete filter tanks have now been built to intercept the silt discharge from the crushing mill which was the source of the discoloration; it is hoped that this plant, now frozen up for many weeks and ineffective, may

provide the remedy when fully tested. Prof. W. C. M. Lewis of Liverpool University, carried out an extensive investigation in 1939 for the Friends of the Lake District and it is now stated by the mine syndicate that there will be ' absolutely clear water '—apparently when there is no frost in the winter.

The Friends of the Lake District were successful in their opposition to the Cumberland County Council scheme for a by-pass road between Keswick and the Lake, and much is being done by them to check the needless road building and widening of which Loweswater is a case in point. They deserve the practical support of every member of the Club.

Equally disturbing as the threat to Ullswater were the speedboat trials at Coniston, where Sir Malcolm Campbell chose to try out his ' Bluebird ' last August, with nerve-shattering noise. Countless visitors came in their cars and left their unlovely mark wherever they had tarried. It is to be hoped that with the return to the arts of peace, a more suitable place may be discovered for speedboat trials.

Despite the fact that the National Emergency measures of last July prevented half its members from attending, the Fifth Alpine Meet triumphed over all its difficulties, unsettled weather included. Miss A. M. Adam pluckily undertook at the last moment to act as leader and treasurer to the meet and her account makes it clear that the most was made of every possible opportunity, however unpromising, of gaining the various objectives. The weather broke when the attempt on the Monte Rosa was made, but two parties (Dr T. Foulds with Otto Taugwalder and B. Ritchie with the editor and Gottfried Perren) were able to cross the Dufour and Lyskamm in perfect weather.

Of the few fortunate ones who were able to go to the Alps last August, Miss M. R. FitzGibbon and Miss D. L. Pilkington crossed Piz Palu, Mr and Mrs I. A. Richards

climbed the Bernina and Piz Roseg, and Dr T. R. Burnett, Leslie Somervell and Bentley Beetham did numerous climbs in the Engelberg region including Titlis and Reissend Nollen. In addition to her climbs in the Champex neighbourhood, Miss B. Ritchie led a friend over the Dibona-Meyer route on the Requin, which the editor also climbed with Joseph Georges on the same day, after having traversed the Grand Charmoz a few days earlier. Mr and Mrs A. D. Side also traversed the Gd Charmoz from left to right, and then traversed the Moine up the fine S.W. ridge and the Nonne. An abundance of snow during two weeks of bad weather had made the major routes all but impossible ; there was an improvement towards the middle of August but by that time clouds threatening the peace of Europe had driven both visitors and guides back to their homes and the mountains were deserted.

During the previous winter the Zermatt Municipality had lent its support to a proposal to build a ski cable-lift across the Gornerglacier to the Theodul Pass, where it was intended to link up with a similar device from Breuil. The scheme was opposed by the Swiss Alpine Club and letters protesting on behalf of British mountaineers were sent to the Zermatt Council by the presidents of the Alpine Club, the Ladies' Alpine Club and the Fell and Rock Club. No further information as to whether the scheme will be dropped has been received so far.

The death of Gen. C. G. Bruce removes one of the most popular figures in the mountaineering world. There is scarcely a club in the country, whose annual dinners or meets he did not brighten by his dynamic personality, his good fellowship and his irrepressible sense of fun. He gladly went out of his way to help beginners eager for their first climbing expedition at home or abroad and was ever ready to give them the benefit of his wide experience.

That wide and varied experience and his wholehearted enjoyment of everything he did and those he did it with, whether young people or his Sherpas, who all idolized him, comes out in all his writings—particularly in his many reviews of mountaineering books and perhaps above all in those racy annual reviews of the Himalayan Journal which will now be greatly missed.

The Editor gratefully acknowledges the contribution to this Journal from Mr Chiang Yee. No doubt many will follow him with great interest along his line of mystical approach to mountains because, as is well known, a mountain in his country is regarded as having a benign influence on the contemplative mind and is indeed throughout China an object for profound veneration.

His very artistic MS, on handpainted Chinese paper, beautifully written with a brush, will be preserved in the Club Library.

The fine wintry weather has given a fillip to ski-ing and the prospects of members of the Lake District Ski Club being able to enjoy a good long season are better than ever. Snow conditions are liable to change and those wishing to obtain information as to where the best ski runs are likely to be found, should write to the honorary secretary of the L.D.S.C., Miss M. R. FitzGibbon, Rydale Chase, Ambleside.

The Editor is indebted to the President of the Association of British Members of the Swiss Alpine Club for permission to publish Sir Claud Schuster's ' Postscript ' in this Journal, and to the Editor of ' The Observer ' for permission to print ' Logos ' by Mr Geoffrey Johnson.

Through an unfortunate oversight a note in the review section of the last Journal stated inaccurately the age of the

Ladies' Scottish Mountaineering Club. It was founded in 1908 and therefore ranks with ours in seniority.

The Editor tenders his sincere regrets and apologises to the Ladies' Scottish Mountaineering Club for the misstatement.

The Assistant Editor has for disposal on a member's behalf the scarce Nos 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 of the Journal. Offers are invited.

CORRECTIONS to No 33

P.210 in the last line but one omit apostrophe before 'ere'.

P.213, line 19. Read ' Launchy ' for ' Lamely.'

P.214, line 15. Read ' walls ' for ' walks.'