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T H E J O U R N A L O F
T H E F E L L & R O C K
C L I M B I N G C L U B
O F T H E E N G L I S H L A K E D I S T R I C T

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THE FELL & ROCK CLIMBING CLUB
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PIKE'S CRAG

Katherine C. Charley

When I was in my twenties, I had two special ambitions. The one was to learn to write English prose, the other was to become a good mountaineer. The two, you will observe, fit quite neatly together. I need only remind you of Leslie Stephen, Geoffrey Winthrop Young, or Sir Claud Schuster, men whose pens are indubitably as mighty as their ice-axes. The first ambition still appears as desirable as ever **but**, since middle-age is less sanguine than youth, even more unlikely of fulfilment. As for the second, it was soon borne in upon me that nature had stingily endowed me with most of the gifts which go to make a serious **and** successful mountaineer. But I comforted myself in thinking that practice and enthusiasm might make up for natural deficiencies, at any rate to some extent. Perhaps they would have done, **but** as the years went on and regular Alpine holidays were crowded out by the exigencies of a fuller and more complicated **life**, my mountaineering ambition has gone down that drain which carries away so many of the bright expectations of youth. I became even lazy about climbing Lakeland crags, arguing that I was out of training and would spoil sport for the others, or that really it was more agreeable on a holiday to take things slackly and wander over the fells rather than expend precious energy on the rocks. And that is a sinister portent of the pressing years. Youth scatters energy with a lavish and regardless hand, maturity, alas, seeks to conserve its store. But I was forgetting one thing—that rock-climbing can make you certain supreme gifts which sometimes it is worth almost anything to win.

Perhaps it was the coincidence of a modest come-back to the rocks with this black and fearful summer with its ever-present load of anxiety that made me realise with a sharper gratitude and delight than I had ever done in the past, the

value of these fairy-godmother presents. I do not want to discuss them in an abstract way. A plainsman once asked me why I climbed rocks, and he seemed to think that my reply : ' Because I like it ' was adequate and conclusive. Attempts to explain and philosophize upon one's rock-climbing emotions are apt to lead into thin sentimentalism, far removed from the vivid real life of the crags. All I want is to try and pass on the pleasures of a day, and if I can do this at all I shall not need to dress up those gifts of the crags in a complicated argument in order to show their magic. Indeed, if I tried to dress them up, I should certainly fail altogether.

One day, early in September, I was led gently to the Napes by the persuasions of the right companion. I enjoyed this preliminary canter immensely and came down to Wasdale determined for more, but rather surprised to have found that the distances between holds were still quite measurable and that one's body would still shift and balance with reasonable accuracy. So, the next day we went to Pike's Crag. It was one of those candid blue and white days ; above the fells a fresco of azure sky patterned with shining clouds which drifted before a fresh wind. But France had been broken for two months and some Frenchmen were crawling at Nazi knees, invasion of our own country, perhaps even of these Lakeland valleys was still at heavy odds, and Hitler's bombs had been smashing on London for a week. A goodly company of thoughts ! Yet, as we walked up Brown Tongue, these grim companions ceased to stride beside us. Anxiety, horror, disillusionment secretly took themselves off in that tonic peace of the hills. By the time we had reached the foot of the crag, we were attuned for enjoyment, all the more pointedly perhaps just because we were curiously aware of an un wonted ease of mind. We began with the Grooved Arete. The rough rock felt good to grasp. It was exhilarating to step across a traverse. It was exhilarating to pull up on finger-holds. Moving upwards, body and mind fused to

become a precise instrument for expressing stresses and balances. Nothing in the whole world mattered but the great sweeps of sky and the clean breeze and the exciting satisfying rhythm of one's limbs.

At the top, we rested for a time in the sunshine and listened to the friendly sound of the voices of other parties still climbing in the shadow on Scafell, and traced the run of the courses on the great crag, Botterill's Slab, the Flake Crack, Moss Ghyll, and looked for the changing play of light over the hills like swiftly succeeding chords of music. Then we scrambled down skirting the crag, dived into our rucksacks for lunch, digested a while, and after that climbed the Wall and Crack, finishing with the descent of our morning's climb in a now bracing and buffeting wind.

Nothing very much in all that from a rock-climbing point of view. To the experts, no. They, perhaps, must translate Pike's Crag into terms of greater technical difficulty to win its meaning. But for me, everything in those two climbs. I had known the craftsman's pleasure when inert material comes alive under his hands, responding to the dictation of his imagining will. I, who had never carved a block of wood or thrown a lump of clay could share that supreme zest of power and delight. And share too the craftsman's supreme oblivion. For there is no release from the problems of life so complete as the discharge given to the artist during his process of creation. And to the rock-climber is given a like discharge through the total absorption of his body and mind in the exclusive questions, on which his being depends, of holds and balances on some elevation of grey crag.

This is not intended as propaganda for the ivory tower merchants. Creative oblivion does not mean that. I do not believe that anyone can successfully buy immunity from the problems and struggles of the civilisation in which he lives. Certainly, we westerners cannot do so. For surely, the principle of western civilisation is its dynamic force—for good or evil. And to withdraw into some private world is

not to purchase peace of mind, but rather to forfeit that vitality and integrity which can only be sustained through exposure to all the ugliness and all the beauty, all the storms and all the strains of the community in which common men and women have to maintain their lives. We are born into a great arena, and to slink off or to perch ourselves on a spectator's seat is an abdication which can only serve to shrink and wither the spirit.

I am not suggesting therefore that we can buy any immunity by climbing crags. The gift of oblivion is for our refreshment and strengthening. It is for a sword and buckler not a sanctuary. I have tried to express how a rock-climb gave it, but indeed it is proffered by the hills quietly and secretly on all sorts of occasions. And it is valid in memory long after the experience which gave it is over. The mountain memories we carry with us are a protecting garment of the spirit which **will** never shred to pieces. To the plainsman it may seem far-fetched and unreal to cherish with particular care the remembrance of a handful of good days and to oppose those memories against the overwhelming uncertainties of our world. But we know that their protection is real and not a flimsy fantasy. Because we have slid into beck pools where the water is lucent and the drowned rocks peer upwards to pattern with mirrored clouds ; because we have lounged through summer rests, bedded on fell turf, and at evening come down to the valley farm to talk and eat with friends ; because we have rammed our way at twilight through January-driven hail and rain on the long path home from Pillar ; because we have climbed into the summit sunshine from the shadowed cliffs of Scafell—we know that because we have done these things, with a fierce zest or a quiet pleasure, we are a little stronger, a little better armed, a little more able to pick up with unfaltering hands the harsh challenge of our future however it may be flung to us.

No person and no circumstances can ever take from us the memory of these days of shining happiness on the Lakeland hills.

STORIES OF AULD WILL RITSON

W. T. Palmer

The shrewd, imperturbable features of Will Ritson—rugged as the fells around—catch the eye of the visitor, stepping into the smoke-room at Wastwater Hotel ; from his place on the wall he seems to fix a steady, quizzing gaze upon the new arrival, ready maybe to startle him with a shaft of rough humour as he bids him enter.

Founder of the humble Huntsman Inn at Rowfoot at the head of Wastwater—now grown into the roomy Hotel and farm buildings, Will Ritson was the type of countryman to whom stories, more or less apocryphal, seem to become attached. He is said to have explained the fame of his fell head because it had the highest peak, the deepest lake, the smallest church, and the biggest liar in all England. Scafell Pike, Wastwater, the little church among the yew trees opposite his inn, and Will Ritson were indicated. He had boisterous moods, but his stories never deceived even a small child. He characterized them in this way : ' The lees Ah tell isn't malicious ; they're nobbut gert big exaggerations.'

Ritson used to say he could remember being christened, and this might be quite true ; for in those days of periodical christening services, it was not uncommon for children several years old to be presented. It is his legend that when the time came for taking him to church he had bolted, had to be hunted for and run down ; also that when the parson did the sprinkling, the boy responded with remarks which were more personal than courteous or respectful. (' If thou does that again, I'll punce the ' is said to have been the main threat of the ' infant.')

Will received his first lesson in practical humour when he was a lad. He and a comrade were going to take a wasps' nest in a hollow tree, and a gentleman staying in Wasdale accompanied them. The entrance at the bottom of the tree

was filled with dry grass and sticks for a fire, and the other boy climbed the tree to stop the top of the hole with sods. He said to Ritson :

' Mind thoo doesn't set fire tull 't befoor Ah come doon.'

The gentleman gave young Will a wink, and the fire was kindled. The wasps flew out in a fury, and the lad in the tree was terribly stung. He jumped down and ran up to the neck in an adjoining tarn. The gentleman gave the lads half-a-sovereign for his amusement.

Very little is known or, at least, recorded of Will's father, John, except that he was provided with an annuity out of the estate when the property was left to Will by his grandfather. Judging by the following incident, however, the son must have been somewhat of a ' chip of the old block.' In Will's young days, father and son had occasion to visit Loweswater. On arriving at the Kirk Stile Inn, refreshment was found desirable. The younger man helped himself, and proceeded to charge his father's glass, saying, ' Thou mun say when, fadder.'

Old John was silent, and Will filled the glass until it began to overflow, whereupon he remarked :

' Thoo niwer said *when*, fadder.'

' Nea, Will,' said John, ' a lucky man may mak his fortun be hoddin' his tongue,'

Will Ritson was born in 1808 at Row Foot, Wasdale Head, then a small farmstead, which he afterwards inherited from his grandfather—a Bill Ritson—the property having originally come into the family by purchase from the Tysons.

Of Ritson's early youthful days not very much is to be gleaned, but he grew into a fine type of dalesman, tall, muscular, heavy-boned and athletic. In the wrestling rings of West Cumberland he was known as a powerful local champion and exponent of the ever-popular Cumberland and Westmorland sport. His prowess had to be reckoned with in many a doughty tussle. His favourite pastime was undoubtedly hunting, of which he was passionately fond. At

a comparatively early age he was appointed huntsman to Mr Rawson, of Wasdale Hall, and subsequently to Mr Huddleston, of Gosforth, both gentlemen renowned for their love and enthusiasm for the local chase. Later in life, when Ritson entered on the duties of landlord of the Huntsman Inn, he was keen enough to form and maintain an effective pack of his own, and never were mountain hounds more deftly handled than were his. Even on his deathbed he expressed a wish to get up and see a run of the Black Combe Beagles, then meeting in the locality.

Prior to Row Foot becoming a licensed house (about 1856), the building was small and very primitive. When Ritson, who had by this time married his wife Dinah—one of the Fletchers of Nether Wasdale—conceived the idea of supplying tourists with ham and eggs, he built at the south end of the farm a small wing, which he believed would provide ample accommodation for all the tourists and travellers ever likely to come his way. However, thanks to his hard-working helpmate, the inn rapidly grew in custom and popularity. Several of the Lake Poets, other eminent men of letters, and students found Wasdale to be an unspoiled place in a situation of uncommon grandeur. They took delight in the old-time primitive methods of the people. They revisited the valley many times, and in Ritson always found a willing aider and abettor of their sport and frolics.

Amongst the dalesfolk he held the sway almost of a local potentate. He was looked up to as their philosopher. Never was he at a loss when appealed to on any conceivable subject. Be the topic under discussion agricultural, sporting, or political, the landlord was ever ready with the last word, which was given at times with perhaps more emphasis than his knowledge of the subject warranted.

As landlord he would sometimes play off his humour on his guests. One morning he had been out fishing, and caught some fine trout. In the afternoon some tourists came in, and said they would like some trout at tea-time. The landlord

said it was a bad time of day for catching fish, but if they would wait half an hour he would see what could be done. He called his man in and told him to take his fishing rod to the beck, and come back in twenty minutes. At the end of the time Ritson of course exhibited to his guests a dish of fine trout, caught to order !

Another fishing yarn is this : three young men complained that they could not catch the trout which were plentiful enough in a tarn they had tried. They asked the landlord's advice :

' How is it,' they said, ' when we are fishing on yon side of the water all the fish are rising on this side, and when we come to this side they are all rising on yon side ? '

' Well,' said Ritson, ' two of you stay on this side and the other go yonder and stone them across to this side.'

They did so, with no better result to the basket.

The owner of a telescope turned it on an adjacent peak, and declared that so excellent was the glass that not only could he see the cairn at the top, but also the stick inside the stone pile ; yes, and a fly had settled on the pole. ' Gi'e the glass to me,' asked Will ; turning the instrument the wrong way round, he feigned astonishment. ' Aye, by gum, it's a fly ; and a pi' e'ed one ' (one-eyed fly).

He was caustic with a Bishop who had him as guide to Scafell Pike, and who complained sorely at Will's speed. ' Well, here ye are, Mister Bishop,' as he handed him up the pile of rock, ' as near Heaven as ye ever will be.' Another prelate was told to look round on a crystal-clear day, and note that seven kingdoms were in sight. ' Scarcely so many, Will,' was the reply. ' Why then, count 'em as I tell 'em off, and yeU see that I am right.' ' All right.' ' Yonder's the Mull of Galloway, the Kingdom of Scotland—one ; then, west are the Mourne Mountains, Kingdom of Ireland—two ; then south is Snowdon, the Kingdom of Wales—three ; off St. Bees Head is the Isle of Man, a kingdom of its own—four. This top you are standing on is in the Kingdom of England

—that's five.' ' But you said seven, Will, you know.' ' Of course I did, and I'm not wrong. Don't ye, a priest, preach that the Kingdom of Heaven is above, and that of Hell deep below us ? There's six and seven for ye.'

Many of the stories I have repeated here have come from the collections of George Seatree (in his young years, of Penrith), and John Wilson Robinson, of Lorton, both of them pioneers in the sport of rock climbing. In 1874 these two walked over from Keswick to get some information from Will Ritson about the proper and safe route up Pillar Rock.

' We found the cautious old guide very reticent and chary about imparting information. Perhaps he was right. That autumn, with the same friend, we solved the mysteries of the Pillar Stone, reaching the top by the Slab and Notch and the Curtain routes.

' On that second visit we inquired of Auld Will if he knew of a climb we had done to the right of Mickledore which led to the top of Scafell (the course has since been known as the North, or Penrith, climb).

' " No," was the reply, " an' if it's t' seeam pleace as Ah mean Ah doan't think ye've been up. Nowt but a fleein' thing cud git up theer." Then he blurted out, " What's makkin' ye fellas fash yer'sels seea mich aboot climmin' t' crags ? Isn't t' fells big enough for ye ? " '

When Seatree's party scaled the Pillar Rock, Ritson criticized their description : ' Ye heddn't gitten up t' reet way. Mr Baumgarten an' t' shepherds a' went up t' tudder side, but Ah hev heard that sum reading chaps had gitten up t' saem way as ye did.'

A discussion on the subject of marriage arose in the inn kitchen one night, when a youth who aspired to the joys of the connubial state delivered himself in favour of the advantages accruing where there was a monetary consideration accompanying the object of a man's choice. Whereupon Ritson observed :

' That's the varra warst thing thoo cud think o' deein'.

Our auld Dinah theer hed a five pund nwoate, an' Ah nivver 'eard t' last on 't.'

A brewer's traveller called upon Ritson, who said, 'Ah didn't think much o' t' last twea casks o' yal thou's sent us.'

'How is that?' replied the traveller; 'it should have been something extra. We had the malt all the way from Scotland.'

'Fra Scotland, hed ye? Than t' next time ye brew, Ah think ye'd better git t' moat at heeam, an' fetch t' watter fra Scotland.'

Will used to tell of a farmer in Nether Wasdale who had finished the building of a high haystack, and his servant lad shouted down from the top: 'Ah say, meeaster; hoo is Ah to git doon?' The farmer looked up at him, and shouted in reply, 'Shut thee 'ees and walk about a bit.'

A Cockney once received an answer from Ritson which was not remarkable for its elegance. He was watching the old man trying to wile a few trout in the beck which runs behind the hotel. Said the Cockney tourist, 'Mr Ritson, what do these little fishes live on in the winter?'

'Well, thoo knaas,' was the cutting reply, 'we git a lot o' visitors here i' t' summer time, maistly fra t' sooth. We git a terble lot o' Lunderons, an' they gah to dook an' wesh theirsels up i' t' ghyll. Well, they're aboot as loosey as whelps, an' t' laal fishes catches t' flees an' leeves on them i' winter.'

Another Londoner fared little better. He spoke disparagingly of Wasdale Head. 'Fancy livin' 'ere all yer life; why down't ye come up to town an' see the sights?'

'There's nea 'cashion, my lad, for us to cum up to Lunderon,' replied Ritson, 'cos sum o' t' seehts cums doon here to see us.'

The old, quaint, wooden-benched kitchen of the inn was a popular meeting-place of farmers, shepherds, guides, stray wayfarers, and not infrequently in Will Ritson's time of the local parson. Ritson reigned supreme. He was landlord,

waiter, and customer by turns. He was still hale and active when George Seatree visited the place, ' full of fun, and the faculty of creating it when in the humour, but brusque, blunt, and even uncouth when out of it. During the last six or eight years of his occupancy it was my good fortune to visit the inn frequently. On those occasions we had many interesting cracks together. More than once out of the season, we appeared to have the house to ourselves, save for old Dinah, who went quietly about her work and said nothing.'

Many of Ritson's best stories were not original, and therefore cannot be ascribed to him, or quoted as such ; but the inimitable way in which he related them in the pure local vernacular, his smart repartee, and his sly sallies were entirely Ritsonian, and never failed to bring down the house. The late Dr A. Craig Gibson told a story which Ritson heard, appropriated and gave with stolid gravity.

After a dalesman in the kitchen had reeled off a ' thumper ' about an enormous vegetable he had read of in East Cumberland, the host gravely chimed in :

' O, that was nowte tull a crop o' turmets at was grown about twenty year sen be Clem Mossop o' Prior Skeal, nar Co'der Brig. It's guddish grund theer, and what wid that, and heavy muckin' an' wide thinnin' oot, he rais't sec turmets as nivver was heerd tell on ayder afooar or sen—they wer' sa big.

' Fowk com fray o' parts to leuk at them ; an' about Martinmas a young bull fairly eat his way untul yan o' them, as a moose mud intul a cheese—an' bead theer. They thowt t' beast was lost till a while efter Kersmas, when he woak't oot on t' a gay bit fatter ner he went in. Clem was sa plees't t' he lied t' skell o' t' turmet carriet yam, an' mead a famish hen hull—t' hens o' sat in't at neet—while next winter, an' than it soffen't an' fell togidder efter a hard frost.'

An amusing sidelight is thrown on Auld Will's character in the following incident. During a visit to Keswick in his later days he called up an eminent Lake district photographer,

and whilst sitting for his portrait looked very serious and glum.

' Now then, Will,' said the artist, ' let me see you smile ; it's not a funeral, you know.'

' Smile,' replied the sitter, ' hoo can a fellow smile when he's nobbut gitten a beak to leuk at ? Now, if thoo'll fetch me a mug o' yal Ah'll smile for tha reet eneuf.'

The photographer departed for the desired stimulant, and on his return Auld Will's countenance brightened up wonderfully, and the smile was duly ' taken ' before being buried in the mug. In the evening, when the plate was developed, it was found to be all fogged. During the artist's absence, Auld Will had opened the dark slide and laughingly boasted afterwards that ' it was a gey good jwoken for t' likeness takker hed lost beath his beer and my smile.'

Auld Will and Dinah retired from active business in 1879, and after their retirement took up residence at Nicol Ground, Nether Wasdale. The old warrior died in 1890, and was interred in Nether Wasdale churchyard, the faithful companion of his life having been taken about twelve months earlier. They had two sons, but both predeceased them, leaving four grandchildren.

THE GUIDE

I try to remember that country, and nothing remains
Of its clear cold peaks, cloud-changes and rainbowed rains
In my mind ; but carved like everlasting rock
Stands a mountain-guide, frank-featured, taking stock
Of humanity's toil from the top of a market-place.

No longer young, his conquest-charactered face
Held mesmerized so deep my critical will
In a dumb admiring, that admiration still
Must believe him there, still glancing from shop to stall
And seeking the soul-mate ready to risk with him all,
As ever before. The stamp of his hatless brows
And his kestrel-sweep of vision proclaim his house,
His lordly lineage : the mansion whence he came
And where he will end is the mountain's earthless flame.
In his eyes are its width and height, the serene regard
Which sees as one far towns, the folds unbarred,
The distant cataract, faint as the trail of a snail—
And nothing escapes him, from dews on the crates of kail
To the pair of lovers breasting the morning sun. . .

I try to remember that country, and nothing remains
Of its clear cold peaks, cloud-changes and rainbowed rains,
No one at all of its folk, but that lonely one
In the light, his touchstone look of the truly great,
Who, though they are proud of their more than human fate,
Have neither contempt nor condescension for things
Ephemeral bustling about their mountain-foot springs.

Geoffrey Johnson

JUVENILIA

L. S. Amery

A fine mountaineer, of a younger generation, as well as an inspiring teacher, omniscient but unpedantic, and a wonderful companion, was R. C. Gilson, who, knowing my aspirations, invited me to join him and a small climbing party at Wastdale Head for part of the Christmas holidays of 1891-2. My first introduction to the rock climbing was Deep Ghyll on the Scafell Pikes. I felt at home at once, though it took a certain amount of coaching from Gilson's wider experience to restrain my purely gymnast's tendency to overcome difficulties by sheer strength of arm instead of bringing into play more of the subtler arts of friction and balance. Deep Ghyll was followed by several other climbs of which Ennerdale Pillar and Scafell remain clearest in my recollection.

The great event of that first fortnight, however, was an invitation from Owen Glynne Jones, famous for achievements and for his daring, to our party to join him in an attempt to make the first ascent of the Oblique Gully on Great Gable. The expedition is fully described in his own book *ROCK CLIMBING IN THE LAKE DISTRICT*. What I recall is that when we were a good way up the mountain and not far from where we believed the gully to be, one member of the party was sent ahead by an easy route to the summit with all our lunches and with instructions to await our arrival. Then followed a long series of traverses along the steep mountain face in the course of one of which I slipped and fell perhaps ten feet before I was yanked up on the rope. This is, so far as I can remember, the only time when I have actually fallen unintentionally while climbing, though I must confess that in later years I have increasingly valued the moral, and, on occasions, the actual support of the rope. Some time after I drew the attention of the others to the fact that there must have been an accident, as I saw a lot

of blood on the snow and rocks, and only then discovered that I had, in fact, cut my hand quite badly without noticing it.

At last we found our 'Gully,' a slanting cleft twenty feet deep, perhaps, in a great bulging overhang of cliff. We clambered up into the heart of this and then Glynne Jones, placing feet on one side and back on the other, began with amazing skill to wriggle himself ever upwards and outwards for the best part of, I suppose, a hundred feet, at the end of which a powerful kick and straddle enabled him to transfer himself face to rock on one side of the chimney and climb out of it. Presently my turn came and I found the difficulty of the performance not a little enhanced by the fact that the chimney was so wide that I, unlike the others, could not reach one side with my back, but had to do it by pressure between feet and shoulder blades. Nearer the top it narrowed again and I remember being able to look down between my legs into what seemed a bottomless abyss of whirling snow. It had been snowing all day, and by the time we had overcome the chimney and were nearing the top of the mountain it was not only blowing a blizzard, but it was night into the bargain. We shouted and groped about the summit for our comrade with the luncheon basket, and only hoped—as was the fact—that he had been wise enough to clear off the mountain in daylight.

Then came the problem of our own route down, and it was discovered that so many pipes had been lit during the long hours of climbing that we had one match between us with which to look at the compass. A spurt, a glimpse of the needle, and then darkness and a violent conflict of opinion as to which end of the needle was the north. The point was settled when, some hours later, we found ourselves walking on an unexpected and incomprehensibly level surface, and realized that we had gone in the wrong direction and were on the frozen surface of Sty Head Tarn. A long, and, in places, desperately slippery trudge round the whole northern

face of the mountain brought us home by ten o'clock to the great relief of other climbers, who were just meditating whether their sense of duty ought to send them out on a quite hopeless search party. I had a delightful letter from Glynne Jones afterwards, both about my youthful effort and to thank me for a loan of a pair of Harrow football gloves, which had enabled him to complete a solitary ascent of Moss Ghyll after he had fallen twenty feet and been stopped by a chockstone in the gully which had saved his life at the expense of breaking a couple of ribs. He was a fine, if overbold climber, who met his end on Dent Blanche some dozen years later.

AIR-RAID SYMPHONY. WITH VARIATIONS

C. F. Holland

It is indeed difficult in these days of stress and strain to tune one's mind in to the task of composing a climbing article. Especially for one situated as I am, sitting in a humble chair in an orderly room, with one ear listening for the familiar notes of the sirens announcing yet another visit from our friends over the water, and the other equally attentive for the approach of my commanding officer, who is a great deal more alarming than any air-raid. This is developing a sort of auricular boss-eyedness, or perhaps squint would be a better and more seemly word.

Memories of happier days grow dim, the old familiar faces are less clearly limned than they used to be, and the well of inspiration seems dry.

'What you need,' says a squeaky voice, apparently from somewhere inside the typewriter at which I am performing, and which can come surely from no-one else than Rupert, 'is a theme as a peg on which to hang your thoughts which otherwise will, as usual, ramble.'

So let me set the old grey matter to work, now nearly as grey as my rapidly dwindling hair, and see what can be done about it.

I was recently reading a book of poems by a modern poet, whose name I unfortunately entirely forget, and was so struck by some of the passages in it, that I took the trouble to copy some of them down. Today, I was re-reading them and came across the following :

' There swims within my life a fish
Which is the deep and glittering wish
Evoking all the hills and waters
Of sensual memories ;
Your image and those days of glass
Being lost become no loss,
But change into that image

At the centre of my thought,
Itself no less precious
Than the original happiness.'

Brief and staccato lines, and the idea of a fish swimming about inside one is not altogether pleasant if one takes it literally, but how they do hit the nail on the head in these trying times, and how much more inspiring and cheering than Lamb's famous poem about the loss of the old familiar faces and the universal sadness of everything. For me at any rate they dispel the gloomy mood and give me a vision of distant fells sunlit after a day of storm and rain, a vision indeed 'no less precious than the original happiness.' It is no doubt one of the few compensations of trouble that it adds a zest, if perhaps a poignant one, to recollections of past happiness and brings back much that had been lost in the mists of time.

I have of late been pondering over past events and trying to recall what there has been in my life that has been beautiful and worth while, all the passages in the long sequence of life's experiences of which I can say 'the memory of these makes me feel proud and grateful for the privilege of having been allowed to take a share in them.'

My prevailing feeling is indeed one of gratitude, as my fish swims around in the pools of memory, gratitude for having lived and seen so much that is fine among my fellow-men and being able to recall with affectionate pride the rough but genuine good-fellowship of the trenches with its occasional glimpses of utter self-sacrifice and stark courage.

I have seen a man hit in no-mans-land in daylight when a fog lifted with unexpected abruptness, and four men rush a hundred yards to his help, making a bridge for his body, he lying across them as they crawled in under continuous fire. I tried hard to get recognition for their gallantry, but no-one ever even thanked them.

The memory of their deed still lives however and I am glad of this opportunity of putting it on record so that it

may not be forgotten, even if they themselves are unconscious of these lines and the honour in which I hold them.

Then there was the cheerful and almost humorous non-chalance when men went up and over the top into the hell of machine-gun fire and the German barrage and the possibility of death by torture.

I knew then that man was indeed immortal and that the spirit was stronger than the flesh.

I stood once with a great friend on a summer evening of great and luminous beauty, watching our guns keep up an incessant barrage on the German lines a few days before the battle of the Somme. As we stood listening to the sullen roar and watching the distant upheavals of debris he suddenly turned to me and calmly announced that he was certain that death awaited him in the approaching battle. I tried to reason with him, but he was quite convinced and spoke of his death as a matter of no great importance ; he said he would like to live but was quite content to die. A brave man and a good soldier ; his prophecy was fulfilled a few days later.

Then again there was Edmund Hartly and his unshakeable determination to go back to the front again, although he had been wounded three times, had only just got married, and had been begged to take the Adjutancy of his reserve battalion.

I recollect with affectionate amusement the case of a man who showed heroism of a different sort, the heroism of restraint. One moonlight night we were considerably harried by a vigilant enemy while relieving posts in the front line, and after a trying variation from the normal during our customary procedure of doing so over the top I decided to take the men going out by an old and dilapidated communication trench full of mud and never used under ordinary conditions. The trench was only some two hundred yards in length but it had quite a lot of mud in it, about three feet deep and rather exceptionally glutinous, so that the little party took over three hours to traverse it.

One little man was having very great difficulty ; he was about five feet in height, and was the proud possessor of a magnificent moustache ; we called him old Bill, of course. He brought up the rear and I was giving him what help I could as we progressed along that trench, inch by blue-pencil inch, as the saying goes, when he looked up in my face and said, ' please sir, might I swear ? I think that if I was to swear a bit I'd get along a bit better.' We had shortly before had an order that men were not to be allowed to swear in the presence of officers.

His diffidence in the matter was apparently due to a wish to avoid causing me embarrassment, and he had held out for a very long time, but human nature has its limits of endurance and he had reached them. I told him that in the circumstances I thought I was justified in giving him permission to use strong language, and he at once started to tell the universe and its maker what he really thought about it and him and things in general. For point, fluency, variety of language, grasp of details, and comprehensive apprehension of the mysteries of nature, I have never heard its equal, he was a stylist of the highest class, and in the army that is rare, except among sergeant-majors and they are in a class by themselves, a race apart.

I listened with reverent amazement to the maestro and wished I were a shorthand expert so that I might take it down learn it by heart and keep it for use in emergencies, but alas that was not to be, and the masterpiece has been lost for ever.

The strange thing was that this cataclysm had the desired effect, for refreshed and uplifted in spirit he immediately forged ahead under his own steam, shortly after disappeared round a corner and, like Enoch, ' he was not' ; but I did not observe any fiery chariot to carry him away, though this would hardly have surprised me.

This little article is certainly unique in one way, my chief periods of leisure occur, strangely enough, during air-raids,

and while writing these last few sentences I have observed four of our balloons shot down. The thunder of our guns brings back to mind thunder of a different kind, that of the distant storm that threatened Speaker and myself on that long night we spent high up on the Langkofel in the year of grace 1923, a far more menacing sound to us then than that of bombs dropping in this present year of disgrace.

The memory of my companion's calmness and fortitude during those very trying hours is another of those that I am proud and happy to possess and fitly leads on to that of his supreme effort on the following day, when I was almost all-in, but he found the necessary strength and will-power to pull both of us out of what must have been the most dangerous position in which either of us had ever been.

I am writing this on a peaceful August evening and my mind goes back to the memory of other similar evenings of the past, it forgets the gas-detectors, barbed wire and pill-boxes that deface the countryside, and regards the delights of happier days ; the stroll down from Scafell after a day of utter bliss on the crags, with the long rays throwing their veil of magic over the fells, down to the pellucid depths of the Wasdale bathing-pool, for me always one of the sacred places, haunted by friendly ghosts.

In a flash the scene has changed and I am wandering home through the Buttermere woods, filled with ' the hoarded quietness of summer at evening that surrounds a wood loaded with thunder.'

Home to the pints of beer, real nectar after the strenuous day, and the food of the gods, followed by the chatter of the smoking-room and more contemplative beer, and finally the benison of untroubled sleep.

And then again there is the run-down from the tarn below Pavey Ark ; here memory changes its tone for I am generally alone, having rushed off from Windermere on my cycle for some solitary excursion on the Ark or Gimmer. In recollection I am always running, and running hard, for I have

stayed late on the crags and it is absolutely essential to reach the hotel before closing time.

After this there was the lonely ride back to the school with its occasional excitements, for my lamp had a disconcerting habit of leaping off into the road and the rest of the journey was full of peril. Once the glass sides fell out and gave rise to the legend of a devil with fiery horns that haunted the lanes.

Another time I had put my red lamp in front and was riding without any rear lamp. Passing through Ambleside a stern voice ordered me to dismount and I expected the worst, but a vast sergeant with a nation-wide reputation for ferocity towards motorists contented himself with giving me a little friendly advice and lent me his own lamp. For me he was no 'ugly duckling,' as the motoring papers had dubbed him, but a swan of rare beauty. Strangely enough his name was Swann.

Another day has now come and brought with it the customary breakfast air-raid, so I can settle down to carry on with this article.

This morning my thoughts turn to Wales, and I have a vision of Lliwedd, a mysterious blue mass in the morning haze. With this vision my fish evolves the memory of one Walker with whom I climbed about this time of the year in 1918 ; he was suffering from diabetes but could manage a climb or two a day so long as he did not get tired. Poor fellow, the exigencies of business forced him to return to Birmingham, and he died a few months later. Unfit as he was I had nevertheless to acknowledge that he was the better climber, and undoubtedly if he had been a fit man he would have been in the very highest class. I admired then, and I still do, the courage with which he faced what he must have known to be a hopeless situation, yet he never complained nor showed any sign of depression or perturbation, but just carried on and got all the climbing he could manage.

At this point the morning peace has been rudely shattered by a dive-bombing attack that came out of the blue and in

imagination I am once again in spirit at a time of storm and stress, late one wild night at Pen y Gwryd. Three members of our party have not returned and word has just come in that lights have been seen high up on Lliwedd. We all spring to action, first-aid appliances are hastily assembled, and we go out into the wild night in great strength ready for all emergencies. An hour later contact has been established with the marooned party and after consultation we have decided that nothing can be done until daylight comes, and we settle ourselves down, as well as we can, for the rest of the night.

Cold and wet though the night was the hours passed quickly in song and dance, the song to cheer up the marooned climbers, the dance to keep us warm. After the coming of dawn and the rescue one of us was so bemused that he wandered down into Nant Gwynant and arrived at P.Y.G. two hours after the rest of us, to the great mirth and contentment of all.

An air-raid of considerable magnitude is now going on, and in the variety of strange noises that is assailing my ear-drums my mind has become a jumble of conflicting memories ; at one moment I am hurtling through the air into the welcoming arms of Richards, only to find myself up in Skye and hanging at the end of a rope on the Bhasteir Tooth, held up by the strong arms of Pilley ; in the same moment I am reclining among boulders below the top pitch of the Cioch with the rest of the party a good deal higher ; their laughter still rings in my ears ; they say now that it was due to relief at my escape, but I am sure there was a good deal of genuine amusement in it, and I hope there was. Once again I stand beneath the cliffs of the Langkofel ; there is a party somewhere in the gloomy depths of the Schmitt Kamin, and I am part of a rescue party accompanied by a Dutchman who is carrying an enormous bottle filled with Maraschino. The party is duly rescued and restoratives are administered ; they reach us ; the Dutchman supplies them with Maras-

chino in tumblers, which he fills to the brim ; the rescued party have to be carried back intoxicated, and I myself have some difficulty on the return journey, for I also have had my tumbler.

At this juncture Rupert has intervened : ' " Undoubtedly *dulce et decorum est desipere in loco,*" which I myself personally translate " it is a delightful and fitting thing to get drunk at **the right time,**" but you must realise that it is equally delightful and fitting to know when to stop. That point you have very nearly attained.'

It is fitting that the last of my memories, the last of these ' sheaves filled with the sun of summers that spoke and then passed on,' should be of one whom I shall always regard as the finest climber I have known, S. W. Herford, and that a happy one.

One wet day we were returning from Pillar and I was speculating on the possibility of crossing the beck which was then in flood. He suggested that I should make the attempt but insisted that I must put the rope on before doing so. After prolonged effort the attempt failed, though the rope did not have to be brought into action.

I discovered later that Herford had been disappointed that I had not had so complete a ducking as he had anticipated and indeed hoped. On mature reflection I came to the conclusion that he deserved his bit of fun and decided that he should have it.

Two days later we were again returning from Pillar and I asked him if he would like me to go and lie down in the stream to make up for his earlier disappointment ; he assented with alacrity and I accordingly immersed myself, like Naaman, seven times in the waters.

And so I will end with the delighted laughter of a friend ringing from the past down the grooves of time, a memory ' itself no less precious than the original happiness.'

P.S.—My fish and Rupert unite with me in wishing good-luck to all members of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club.

A SUMMER SIEGE AT BUTTERMERE

S. B. Beck

Birkness Combe had always seemed an attractive climbing ground, and after the institution of petrol rationing, those attractions grew the greater for being near Workington, our place of domicile. And no one can visit Birkness Combe without being impressed by the magnificent 400-foot face of Eagle Crag, of which the western and larger half was, at the beginning of this summer, virgin ground. Occasionally, as I lay in the sun below Grey Crag, my wandering eye would trace imaginary routes across it. Occasionally too, it seems, my newly-made friend, William Peascod, had traced imaginary routes up it. We both concurred that so fine and sheer a face had urgent need of one or the other.

Strangely enough, the first new route we did together was not in Birkness Combe, though Buttermere was our centre. We had driven up to the top of Honister Pass, and from there walked over to Gillercombe. We had both climbed the Buttress route before, and Bill had studied the impressive-looking wall of rock to its left. This appeared smooth and formidable, but we managed to force a way up the lower half, only to find the upper half a rather disappointing mixture of rock and heather. We named it GILLERCOMBE BASTION, and returned with whetted appetites to Eagle Crag. On that, we felt assured, there would be no easing-off in the upper regions.

On June 1 therefore our siege began in earnest. A week-end camp was pitched by the edge of the lake, a large quantity of supplies installed, and, on an exceedingly hot day, the attacking party (not without some regrets) tore themselves away from the pleasant purlieu of Buttermere and sweated their way up to the Combe.

A Girdle would be very interesting, we thought, and would give us a general working knowledge of the crag. So we

made first for the right-hand wall of Western Buttress, which lies back at right-angles to its front, and where there were two new routes, recorded in the 1939 Journal and named the Double-Cross and Half-Nelson. (No prizes awarded for guessing the names of their pioneers !) Our plan was to start up the former, traverse on to the latter, and follow it till it joined the Western Buttress Ordinary Route, which (together with another new route, BIRKNESS FRONT), lay roughly up the corner formed by the two faces. From that junction we should then launch on to the terra incognita of the front of the Buttress.

The second pitch of the Double Cross includes a hand traverse, and the crossing on to the Half Nelson proved very delicate, but the leader was not at all sated, and, instead of following the latter route, loudly demanded 'something really tough.' Philosophically reflecting that my stance was a commodious grass ledge and my belay a sizable block, I made myself comfortable, bestowed on him my blessing, and dispatched him on his wanderings. They were varied and prolonged, but after an interval he returned unsuccessful, longer in face but shorter in temper, as was quickly evidenced by his vituperative condemnation of the vocal powers of third man, who had been beguiling the time with song. 'Let him make the crossing, and sing at that !' bade the leader viciously, and sure enough there was a sudden cessation in the flow of harmony. In relative silence we ascended one after the other, the fourth pitch of the Half Nelson to its junction with the Ordinary Route at the Grass Terrace.

This Terrace we traversed easily for 75 feet to its farther end, where the leader's face brightened visibly as he found an exposed position and a smooth wall. But I insisted, as a fitting ceremony before the assault on the wall, on the installation of a belay, and we 'gardened' diligently. All the keener for the delay, the leader then moved up the wall above, was stopped by an overhang, circumvented it on the left, and reached a stance above it. A little later and I had

joined him, agreeing that it was a fine pitch—except for a trifling matter of an absence of any reasonable holds on the circumvention ! Perhaps, however, my feelings were influenced by the sloping nature of the stance, the exiguousness of the belay, the ' impossible ' appearance of the wall above, and the uninterrupted view of the bottom of the Combe several hundred feet below. Pensively I regarded the last-named while Bill attacked again and again the impossible wall, but cheered a little as he changed his tactics and traversed delicately to the right and reached a flat grass ledge and a good thread belay. The improvement was only temporary however, for I found the traverse wet in parts, and we were in rubbers.

There was moisture on the water-worn slab above and to the left, but another grass ledge was reached, and from that we were able to traverse leftwards round a series of ribs, gloriously exposed and with just the one line of holds, into Central Chimney at the foot of its impressive final pitch. Here a rather awed spirit descended on the company, borne of the reputation as well as the appearance of this tremendous cleft. True, climbing legends tell of two ascents, one made in former and one in recent days, but they and it are still wrapt in mystery. (Periodically since then we have assured each other that we must make a third ascent and disperse the mystery, but the earthy, turfy nature of the middle section has always caused a decided lack of enthusiasm for the project.) At the time we discussed in hushed voices various alternatives for completing the Girdle, but postponed such completion for another day.

Now for the next day. Sweating up to the Combe again, we were tempted into an attack on the virgin crag which lies on the left of Easter Buttress, between Birkness Chimney and Birkness Gully, and which we named Far East Buttress. Just as an hors-d'oeuvres, we imagined, but the imposing ' initial wall ' proved so ferocious and exhausting, that by the time we had surmounted the imposing ' final wall '

serious work for the day was obviously over, and we proceeded to relax on Grey Crags.

Grimly, Bill and I returned to the task a week later. Reaching the same place in Central Chimney, he proceeded to make abortive assaults on its slightly overhanging Easter Buttress Wall, until the cold light of reason prevailed, and he accepted the easier route which slanted downwards to a grass platform. From there a short but very awkward groove, for the finish of which even a doubtful flake proved essential, led to the 'rock platform in an overhanging recess' on the Easter Buttress Ordinary Route, and with the last two pitches of that route the Eagle Girdle was complete. We classified it as 'very severe,' for it proved distinctly harder in rubbers and dry conditions than the Scafell Girdle in boots and wet conditions.

But the day was not complete, for we were still fairly fresh. So an ascent, which did not go beyond the severe standard, of the buttress to the left of Birkness Gully, and named by us BORDER BUTTRESS, made a pleasant route and suitable conclusion. As the crags are lower at this end, the buttress is only 200 feet in height, and consists of two walls separated by a grass terrace. We began at an incipient pinnacle, and after an ascending traverse to the left, followed a groove to the terrace. A groove in the upper wall offered an obvious route, but an overhang in it proved impassable, so Bill climbed the wall on its right, passing some doubtful blocks, and traversed into it above the overhang. Good holds were found throughout, to our mild surprise and great delectation.

Yet there are fine climbing grounds besides Birkness Combe. It's a hot grind, anyway, and we are tired of faces where the strata slope the wrong way and fail to provide sharp or incut holds. So we swear a mighty oath to leave Eagle Crag alone for a goodly period. . . .

Somehow our thoughts are all of that magnificent face of

Western Buttress, crossed but not ascended, and crying loud within our minds for an ascent. Thus a fortnight later, Bill and I find ourselves trudging up to Birkness Combe once again.

An acquaintance with the upper part of the face did not make the lower part look any less formidable, however, nor did a threat of rain help our spirits. Moreover, had we known then of the first-rate parties who had previously made unsuccessful attempts on this face we should have perhaps crept ignominiously away. But ignorance was bliss, and, selecting the middle of the face as the appropriate spot, we made our way without great difficulty to a nook and belay sixty feet up. But not for another hour did we foregather at the next belay.

A crowded hour of glorious strife it had been, too. The leader made several attempts at places which proved impossible, and only gradually was able to work out a tortuous line of least resistance. Though one of great resistance it seemed to me as I began the task of following. In 20 feet I reached a short gangway that sloped up to the left and, unfortunately, outwards also. At its upper left end a ten-foot slab had only tiny ledges which sloped outwards and tilted the body in that direction, and I found that the rope, which Bill had threaded through a snap-ring loop halfway up this 90-foot pitch and was now running horizontally to me, was threatening to pluck me backwards. So I had to stand poised with my rubber-shod feet on the sloping gangway, retaining my balance by means of two finger-tips inserted under one tiny undercut hold, while Bill descended a little to flick the loop off the small point, a slight shower of rain began and I meditated on infinity and the mutability of human affairs. But the shower stopped, Bill regained his stance, and I surmounted the slab ! An awkward bulge followed, and a huge black overhang loomed nearer, but I found Bill enconced to the right on a comfortable stance beside a flake belay, and so far so good.

The most difficult part of all came next. Even the optimistic Bill, as he just succeeded in establishing himself on the rock bulge above and desperately strove to move up it, was suddenly constrained to exclaim 'Look out, I'm off any moment!' But it was short and immediately above the belay, and so not unjustifiable. Still, even allowing for the well-known tendency to over-rate the difficulty of first ascents, I think it as hard as, or even harder than, the top pitch of Long John, to which indeed it bears a remarkable resemblance.

When, a little higher, we reached the Grass Terrace, we were on familiar ground, and, aiming to follow our Girdle route for three pitches, felt rather more confident. But, probably owing to the strain of the preceding pitches, we found the 'holdless' circumvention of the overhang still more holdless, and the sloping stance and exiguous belay no more comforting. The delicate traverse and the water-worn slab were quite dry, however, and, by slanting right instead of left at the top of the latter, we were able to attain the foot of a crack in a corner, resembling in appearance the upper portion of Gimmer Crack, and very well seen from the bottom of the Combe and on the photo of Eagle Crag in the old Buttermere 'guide.' The crack was steep, but there were good sharp handholes in it and good flat footholds beside it—the only pitch on the whole face where we found either—and so we had soon reached its top and, by easy rocks, the top of the crag.

That route, which we named EAGLE FRONT, we felt we would not be likely to surpass, and so we were able this time to keep away from the Combe for a time, and indulge ourselves on climbs, as we put it, 'with holds on them.' Not till the end of July did we return, hoping for a route alongside and just to the right of Central Chimney. It went as far as the Grass Terrace, and proved perhaps the most desperate of these new routes. Ninety feet of steep, smooth wall formed the fourth pitch, where we found at its worst the

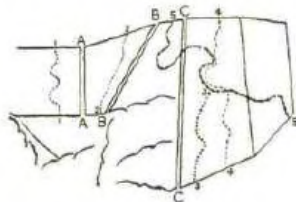
tendency of the rock on this face to form only small knobs, wrinkles, and side-pulls, so that one was typically forcing one's way up on to poor, indefinite holds only to find it necessary to make exceedingly trying movements up on to more poor and indefinite holds. Two small ledges gave opportunities for rests, but damp soil thrown down by the leader and a slight shower of rain proved handicaps, and there was no satisfactory belay on the grass ledge finally attained. The situation, when I joined the leader, looked anything but cheerful, and I found myself estimating the possibility of one person being able to swing on the rope into Central Chimney, climb up it, and swing the others across into it. But the rain stopped, the leader managed to attain the Grass Terrace, and the route was ended. It still lacks its own individual completion, and perhaps one may yet be found for it, but our summer siege, like the summer, was practically over.

Whether we shall be able to resume that siege next year depends, like many more important but less innocent activities, on circumstances over which we shall have positively no control.

EAGLE CRAG, BIRKNES COMBE.

EASTERN BUTTRESS.

WESTERN BUTTRESS.



A—BIRKNES GULLY.

B—BIRKNES CHIMNEY.

C—CENTRAL CHIMNEY.

1—BORDER BUTTRESS.

2—FAR EAST BUTTRESS.

3—FIFTH AVENUE.

4—EAGLE FRONT.

5—THE EAGLE GIRDLER.

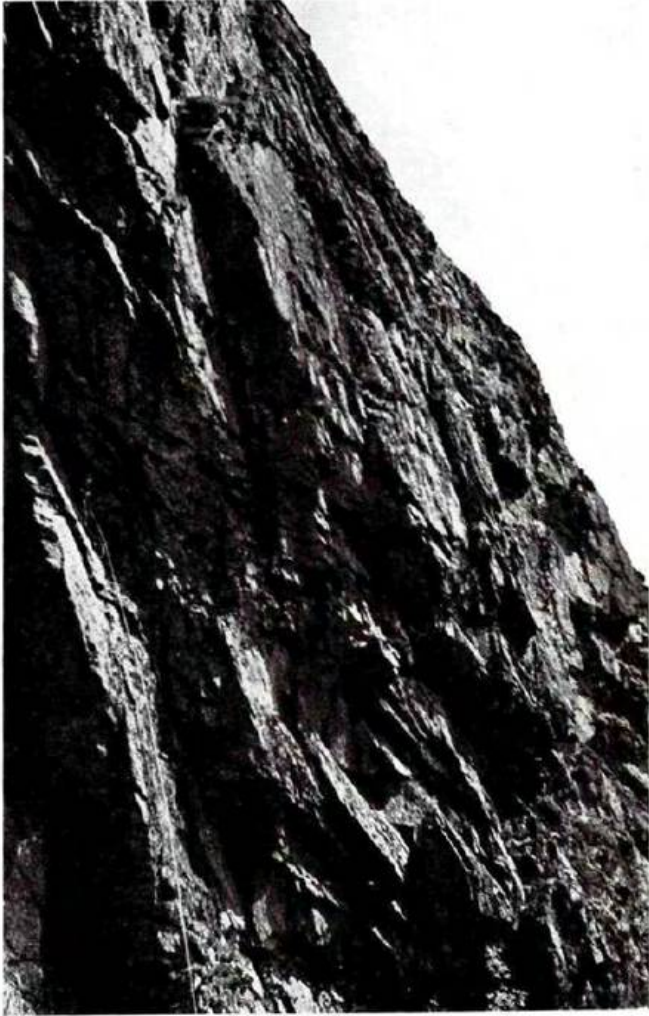
THE GORDIAN KNOT

J. W. Haggas

The remarkably fine summer had left us with two dominant impressions : the absence of old climbing companions and the feeling of neglect that comes with fine weather unexploited. Accordingly, when three of us managed to arrive in Langdale at the same hour of the same day, the occasion was principally one of re-union with climbing taking a secondary part ; we had, in fact, become resigned to the passing of a less eventful year.

The unfamiliar name of White Gill Crag was suggested, and the following morning we ascended Route I of the slabs and White Gill Chimney. We all thought the latter a very good climb and, since it was our first visit, we were rather surprised by the imposing appearance of the cliff itself. While contemplating its features afterwards the possibility of a route on the unclimbed stretch of rock to the right of the Chimney was discussed.

Commencing from about halfway up the crag, a formidable barrier of overhanging rock extends across the crag to a point where a deep nose of rock starts from the face ; in the angle formed between the face and the nose lies a knee-width crack, ill-defined in its lower part as the corner becomes rounded and finally running to earth on a small ledge, below which is a moss-covered bulge. This crack appears to be the only break in the defences, for beyond the nose the lower portion of the face is undercut, although the upper rocks are less steep. As to the commencement, some distance to the right of White Gill Chimney a clean-cut slab sweeps up 70 feet to be crowned by an overhang and from the cave so formed a possible traverse to the right over apparently broken rocks would lead to a position directly beneath the bulge previously mentioned. Above the nose there seems no doubt that the grass ledges and slabs leading to the crest of the buttress are feasible.



THE GORDIAN KNOT :
WHITE GILL CRAG

J. W. Haggas

A week later a party of two stands at the foot of the clean-cut slab ; climbing is slow as holds are unearthed and leads up the left edge of the slab to a broad ledge and thence diagonally to the bounding corner on the right, till another ledge is reached. Here follows a delightful two-step traverse back to the left edge ; moving towards the centre a large spike on the ledge above proves unsound for a belay and, treading gently on the point of this, a start is gained for the walk up a small gangway leading left. The crest of the slab is now close at hand, together with several welcome bollards, and a sharp pull-up is necessary to climb the last few feet ; the discovery that these bollards are quite unstable is not encouraging and necessitates an awkward descent till a toe traverse can be made to the right across the slab to a grassy cave beneath the overhang ; here a spike inclined a few degrees above the horizontal provides a hook for a running belay. The traverse right from the cave is extremely exposed and looks likely to crumble at the touch, being composed for the most part of thin projecting shelves of rock covered with loose blocks, spillikins and the like. Using the utmost caution, the debris is heaved outwards and the path tested ; the shelves are sufficiently strong and of ample dimensions while side holds assist the balance ; stripped of its rags, this airy passage becomes quite pleasant and of little difficulty. At length the traverse terminates at a widening of the ledge where it is possible and advisable to sit with chin in hand surveying the problems to come.

Directly above looms the bulge, all holds if any, effectively concealed by moss, and the difficulties appear so formidable that an inspection from above is deemed necessary. After cleaning the holds within immediate reach, the traverse is reversed and the slab descended by roping down from the belay in the cave (time : 2j hours for 90 feet of climbing).

In the middle of the afternoon we commence a descent from the top and the pleasant upper slabs of the crag lead to a grass ledge which slants down to the left, to overflow

into the top of the knee-width crack ; this grassy ledge is some 30 feet in length and extends across the width of the nose at the point where it merges into the main face ; 10 feet down the crack are a ledge and belay and then follows an interesting section in which handholds are poor and the right leg is jammed into the crack with pressure maintained by the left foot pushing against a diminutive side-hold on the smooth left wall. 10 feet farther down the base of the crack and its supporting ledge coincide with the full extension of the 120-foot rope ; the bulge slopes outwards directly below and seems devoid of adequate handhold ; to the right a heather-choked groove slants downwards across the vertical side of the nose out to the tip. The situation makes gardening difficult and half an hour elapses before the re-ascend commences. The possibility of the climb at this stage seems a fifty-fifty chance, with no definite method of attacking the bulge yet found.

A fortnight later the same party arrives to continue the attempt. Quick progress is made up the slab and across the traverse to the resting place beneath the bulge ; when standing on this shelf the underside of the nose is a few feet above head level and perhaps 5 feet away to the right. Small steps enable upward progress to be made for a few feet, the process being hampered by the outward push of the bulge ; a good spiky handhold on the bulge itself and a side-hold higher to the right are unearthed ; this takes three ascents and sequent descents for rests as there is a tough clump of heather to cut away. It is now possible to rise till this spike is at waist level, both feet being on very small holds to the right of the line of ascent, resulting in a body-lean to the left which is controlled by the right hand on the higher side-hold. The steepness of the rock causes strain to be put on the right hand to maintain this position while the left hand clears moss off a higher hold ; the latter is a horizontal fissure whose lower lip is formed by a group of blocks which are found to be supported principally by soil and rubble ; the failure of this important hold bars direct attack on the

bulge ; however, 9 inches lower, a side-hold is discovered which is suitable for opposing body-lean to the right. To provide a leaning moment to the right, the left foot makes a high step on to the spiky hold and, thus supported, it is possible to reach the side of the nose far to the right ; the base of the nose juts out from the face forming an overhang and at a height of 2 feet above the base there is a square-cut ledge, slanting slightly downwards to the tip of the nose ; the right hand grasps this ledge and the left soon afterwards : a pendular movement follows as the legs and body swing over to the right to hang in the void beneath the nose : the arms struggle to change a cling hold into a press, but the ledge is narrow and legs can give no assistance ; the pendulum is revived and the footholds far to the left regained with difficulty. The descent is continued to the resting place and the problem reconsidered ; a shoulder could be given by the second on the broad ledge and he could be tied to the spike above, but the leader would be raised no higher than he had already climbed unassisted and the point of support would be too far to the left of the nose. An attempt is now made to gain a little more height before traversing to the nose, but after six such attempts the ascent is temporarily abandoned, and the climb descended as before.

A rain shower intervenes and delays for half an hour the second descent from the top ; following the now familiar route, this is pushed farther than previously and the second succeeds in traversing out to the tip of the nose to find that this is sharp and forms a ridge at this point ; descending the latter for a few feet a standing position is attained on the ledge grasped by the hands in the ascent. It seems probable that the edge of the ridge can be used as a side pull, but no further discovery is made. Hastening back to the summit of the crag and descending the scree to the North, the third ascent of the initial slab commences in the evening sun. Soon the pedestal beneath the bulge is reached and a running belay is placed over the spike hold thereon. In the knowledge that this may be the last chance of assault for some

time and that tired muscles will not stand a prolonged strain, a long rest is taken. Moving quickly upwards the ledge on the nose is reached and this time an effort is made to reach the ridge with the right hand, but it is too far away and the tiring descent has to be made again. A long last inspection reveals a small side-hold, a flute high up on the bulge and this inspires a final attempt ; the new side-grip enables the left foot to take a hold nearer the nose and, thus helped, the right hand operates a press-up on the ledge, the body facing left ; an awkward movement is now necessary to enable the body to face about to the right, but the attack is now fairly begun and must be persisted in ; the left hand lets go of the flute and hastily takes a press with fingers pointing right, while the legs swing to the pendant position : the right hand grasps the edge of the ridge and the right foot is raised until the toes can touch the extremity of the ledge at the tip of the nose. This movement is rendered very difficult by the ledge sloping downwards to the nose and this, combined with the side-pull on the ridge, tend to swing the body to the right and off the crag ; the legs hang free and so cannot resist this tendency much, but as the right leg is raised the knee may be kept in contact with a shallow vertical groove in the face of the rock and this just gives the friction required.

The ridge is climbed for 3 feet, and an awkward traverse left to the bottom of the knee-width crack follows ; the handhold here is the slanting groove mentioned in the first descent. The blank section of the crack comes next and soon afterwards the broad ledge and belay ; (it is possible to take a belay beneath the blank section, but the stance is poor) ; the remaining 10 feet are simpler, but the landing on to the grassy ledge needs care ; a short walk up this leads to a prominent spike belay and comfortable stance. The clean, steep final wall is warm from the sun and gives enjoyable climbing to the top.

As the evening clouds roll up behind the Langdale Pikes, we stumble down the scree into the gathering gloom of the valley.

THE DISTANT VIEW

A. R. Thomson

Speaker was here at the New Year and as usual we debated. We talked of the past and looked into the future and I confess I shuddered. I saw a vista of small square houses where the inhabitants eked out their life in penury. 'No Speaker,' said I, 'we have crossed the watershed, beauty is behind us, behind us all the good things of life, and I am an old man of seventy with heart trouble who will find it very hard indeed to make ends meet if his existence be prolonged'—and so on.

Well, two days ago I pulled myself together and went for a fell walk—against doctor's advice. I walked slowly over the Thirlmere Dam.—Is the Thirlmere Dam beautiful—I feel inclined to ask Prof. Chorley? It is massive and useful unquestionably, and didn't someone say that the criterion of a thing's beauty was its usefulness? I looked up at Raven Crag. Is Raven Crag beautiful? It is massive and so far as I am aware serves no useful purpose save to furnish nesting places for the peregrines. Then I looked across to the Benn, where so many happy hours have been spent scrambling on to its propitious rocks and basking in its sunshine. Is the Benn beautiful?—anyhow its memories are. And so I plodded across the dam and slowly up the path and then to the left and finally after a little scramble over grass and rocks I reached the top of Raven Crag. Thirlmere was fine as ever—• a thin but bitter wind blowing down it. Is Dean Inge right in saying that a world without inhabitants might conceivably be more pleasing to God? Well we cannot tell the answer, but when we think of the heroism that is being displayed hourly and by all classes—we, especially we who have risked our lives for sport, question.

And so I went on up the Benn—again the same struggle up steep slippery heather at the top and then I looked round

and caught sight of Iron Crag Chimney and someone above. S. W. Herford took me up there, while barrow loads of stones rained down on me. Herford, best of men, most daring and unselfish of climbers, was to *his* deep regret half a German, and it somehow makes me wonder whether this is a happy augury and one day something fine will come out of even the German—we live in hope.

Well I was so pleased with my little trip that two days after I made the very minor ascent of Castle Rock of Triermain. We all know of Macphee's wonderful climb there. But Castle Rock is a fellow of many parts and he presents countless little problems on his south side. I tackled one of these, not quite to my liking, then another and finally scrambled up bands of rock to the top. Then I came back again and repeated my first problem with complete success and went gallumphing back.—War! We'll whack the Germans—Peace we'll manage! We've got a country worth any sacrifice—we're making it and will make it, and some day, long after I'm gone, there'll be a fair new world.

ERSATZ

J. R. Cottrill

Although it is probably not within the purview of this Journal to describe in any detail crags and climbs outside Cumberland, Westmorland and North Lancashire, it is well that notice should appear in it from time to time of all places where climbing is pursued, from Cratcliff and Pontesford to the Caucasus and the Pamirs. For some years now we have kept our hands in at climbing by visiting all the rocks attainable in a short day from Leicester, and as I have only once met any members of the Club at any of these places it may be worth while to record a few notes on them, especially now that it is difficult to reach the real hills so easily.

There is not much scope in Leicestershire, but in Charnwood Forest are numerous outcrops of pre-Cambrian volcanic material which would be excellent if it were not for their diminutive size. The rock is hard and sound and resembles that found on parts of Glyder Fawr, but it is said that none of these little crags exceeds a few fathoms in height or a dozen or two yards in linear extent. On one occasion we visited Pontesford Hill by Pontesbury village in Shropshire, eight miles S.W. by W. of Shrewsbury ; this is indeed a fine place for a view of the border country over into Montgomeryshire, but even for practice the rocks are disappointing. There is hardly enough variety, and the vegetable kingdom is luxuriantly represented all the way from mosses and fungi to large trees : a resulting disintegration of the Uriconian doleritic and basaltic rocks makes the climbs too earthy for my taste.

Our main objectives have been the medium crags in Central Derbyshire which must have been described from time to time in various journals, so here I shall advance only a few personal notes and reactions. Guidebooks tend to give the shortest routes of approach to the zones of disport-

ment but much pleasure has been extracted by our parties from the devising and following of all possible routes that could be fitted into the permissible time : more experienced travellers and explorers have discovered, I don't doubt, what a revealing process this is in a country like ours, with its abundance of topographical detail. The region under discussion is amply furnished with good secondary roads, satisfactory tertiary ones, and many of the quaternaries (white on the Ordnance Survey maps) are passable and should always be tried in Derbyshire. Apart from the artificial limitations that may be made in this game (one of which is to keep to Roman roads or trackways) natural obstacles of the liquid variety are firmly entrenched in place, like the River Trent ; this can be crossed in only four places between Burton on the Brewery Route and Long Eaton on Black Diamond Chimney (one is here constantly between dark walls in the towns and villages of the Notts, and Derby coalfield).

The southernmost of the three crags now referred to is of Millstone Grit, the well-known Black Rocks between Cromford and Wirksworth. Its height is continuously of the order of fifty feet, it is very steep, has a linear extent of about two hundred yards and possesses a fine collection of pitches involving all sorts of technique ; one can get warm admirably on a hyperborean day in winter by flailing a way up a narrow cleft with rounded holds, or one can be grateful for the breathless calm of some summer afternoon as one poises momentarily like thistledown on some A.P. wall. The rock is rough, cleaner than most, sound, and free from vegetation ; the moderate cave need not be used against the rain as there are some derelict buildings for you and your car (if you come in it) within hailing distance. The crag faces north for the most part and is exposed to the usual weather consequences ; it doesn't command a very pleasing view and tends at week-ends to be too well provided with noisy spectators. When I first came to this place on the day of

the funeral of the late King George V it was not much scratched, but since then it has been extensively booted.

Farther west are Brassington rocks (Rainster Rocks according to the Ordnance Survey). These are of dolomitised limestone and rise in several tiers to form a castellated rock-garden nourishing a remarkable collection of vegetation which some years ago included nettles five feet high ; leading Two-Minute Crack was then 'Luck or Nettles' ! The problems are steep and short (average height fifteen feet), but once the green stuff is away (and most of it is) you get very clean sound rock with an astonishing fretted and pocketed surface yielding a large number of one- two- and three-finger holds mostly like shallow egg-cups or slender jug-handles. This *embarras de richesse* is not unattended by snags, as one can spend much time in constantly changing one's mind about what to use. The place faces south, is warm and shady, looks over some good country with only a distant chimney or two, is little visited by curious spectators, and should be done in rubbers to save it from destruction. Approach it from Brassington village to get the sudden surprise view on the way ; cars can be left in an excellent backwater about a cable's length from the rocks.

Cratcliff and Robin Hood's Stride are to the west of the Bakewell-Ashbourne road at milestone 5 from the former. Gritstone again, they are fairly clean, steep and very sound, but the number of climbs is not great: none the less the place appears to be popular with climbing folk of whom we have many times met large parties. Its southern aspect is pleasant, but we have a low opinion of the noisy tourists who also frequent it since the day when some of them tossed an empty apricot tin down the amphitheatre whilst we were ascending. 'Robin Hood's Stride'—two tors twenty yards apart—is not the only hyperbole hereabouts, for one of them is called 'Inaccessible Pinnacle' and like its distant namesake on Sgurr Dearg has three routes to the top.

There are some funny places on these crags, as entertaining

as they are instructive. They resemble chess problems, you to move and win in three, with several near tries each of which just fails ; no climber within reach of these places should deny himself the pleasure of leaving Lawyer's Chimney wriggling flat on his back or of mounting the semi-cylindrical ridge of Stonnis Buttress by an oscillatory motion on the palms of the hands and sides of the knees. We have taken many beginners of both sexes to these various rocks and have shown them something of the theory and practice of rock-climbing including a diligent rehearsal of rope-management, combined tactics and roping-down. These climbs have given us many a pleasant day and will give more : succedaneous they may be, but to be sneezed at, no.

(For those who have not visited these rocks, information of value can be found in some early numbers of the *Mountaineering Journal* (no longer published). Pontesford, Vol. 2, No. 1 ; Brassington, Vol. 2, No. 4 ; Black Rocks, Vol. 3, No. 2 ; Cratcliff, Vol. 3, No. 4.)

THE SKIER'S LAKE DISTRICT

E. W. Hodge

Of the two aspects of ski-ing :—touring and racing, the former aspect, in its sober measuring of one's powers against natural difficulties, seems more akin to mountaineering, whilst the latter, carried on intensively and in rather artificial conditions, is much less so. This article will be concerned with the opportunities in Lakeland for ski-ing, and especially ski-mountaineering, and ski-touring.

But how far, indeed, can we be said to possess in the Lake District a country suitable for ski-ing ? Only a careful analysis of the possibilities will show. The variability of the weather makes it a borderline case, though there is every likelihood of a half-a-score of week-ends' ski-ing somewhere or other, sometime in the winter. In my opinion it would be impossible to prepare anything like a practical ski-map. Our landscape is so broken that the obstacles which would affect a skier cannot be shown on such a small scale as the usual one-inch. Indeed, even for summer use I find the six-inch to the mile map is far better adapted to the natural scale of our district—that is, supposing one has passed the stage of elementary ignorance and yet wishes for a map capable of showing the features important enough to strike one's interest. If one knows in what part of the district one means to spend one's time, a few quarter sections of the 6 inch map, each 12 inches by 18 inches exclusive of margin, are cheaply bought and can be easily carried in a 15-inch cardboard roll in a rucksack. But the ski-er, who has to go to whatever part of Northern England where there may happen to be snow, can hardly be expected to possess a set of special ski-maps on this scale. Moreover, the snow itself when it exists at a given point is too variable in quality to permit of useful record. A heavy snowfall may have for its effect almost to bring mountain conditions to one's own doorstep, and one may find oneself mountaineering in one's own garden.

In our mild climate it is necessary to take advantage of all the opportunities for ski-ing, high or low, near or far. This makes a general consideration of snow-behaviour indispensable before it can be worth while to deal with local features. Some of the remarks which follow may perhaps seem truisms, but they should be constantly borne in mind as qualifying any remarks about particular places in the Lake District.

As a distributor of snow, the wind is far more potent than any difference of elevation our country can show. In the Lakes, it is only towards the end of a wintry spell that the effect of the constantly operating factor of elevation is evident in the beginnings of a serviceable snowcap ; more often the wintry weather is not long enough for this to happen at all. The quantity of snow deposited on a hill-top by a single fall may originally be no greater than that on the adjacent valleys ; or quite likely the valley close on the lee side may get more. Subsequently the wind drifts the snow from the exposed hillside, although more snow is needed to cover it than to cover the smoother ground below. Frequently also the wind thaws the hills much faster than the valleys, which are less exposed to wind and continue overlain by cold fogs. The country will wear a different aspect for the ski-er according as circumstances favour the survival of snow either on the hills or in the dales.

Let us describe an imaginary winter, as typical as possible. About mid-October, the mountains may receive a light dusting of snow, but there is not usually enough to provide ski-ing. Still more important, the snow does not at this time of year usually remain unmelted for long enough to consolidate : for to the skier two inches of old snow is worth a foot of new. There need therefore be no great rejoicing at such early falls.

Perhaps after mid-November a heavy fall may occur, the main roads be blocked, and access to the foot of the bigger hills be found extremely laborious because of the softness

of the snow. Yet the hills themselves may retain very little snow. Nearer objectives will then be of interest and a knowledge of the type of ground (bracken, boulders, or sharp-edged outcrops) underlying the uncompacted snow will be very desirable for safety. A rough idea of the number of gates and walls may make all the difference to the enjoyment of a day. However easy these details may be to ascertain in summer, it is likely they will fail to be fresh in memory when the time comes to plan a ski-run. Directions for the rather intricate low country are, under conditions permitting ski-ing there, more needful than for the summits.

In a day or so, with the continuance of a freezing wind, the snow may be drifted considerably. The real ski-terrain begins to take shape. Areas not exposed to too strong a wind and moderately obstructed, will be much improved by drift. Walls may now be crossed on ski. But on the tops the cold wind will erode and channel the partly consolidated snow while it sweeps away the fresh snow. But roadways which lie between walls are likely, where situate in an exposed situation to be transversely drifted in such a manner as to make ski-ing along them very difficult. Other roads will be spoiled for ski-ing by snowploughs or traffic. Some recollection of the possibilities of diverging from the summer track will now be useful. The higher slopes or those which look patchy from a distance because of tightly packed drift alternating every few yards with damper snow, or even bare ice, will for the time being give slow and difficult ski-ing. Nevertheless one cannot be other than grateful to any agency which helps to pack our snow hard. A surface of slippery ice, it should be said, cannot form except in the presence of some amount of free moisture ; but in our climate it is not often cold enough for this to be lacking for long. Under extreme winter conditions the skier who is not a mountaineer will need the warning that ways over moderately steep ground which would be easy in summer, may become really dangerous. Slopes of ice, or of snow so hard that a single kick does not produce a

sizable foothold, must be treated with the greatest care, especially by skiers whose boots are not nailed, and *well* nailed. The advance of evening may in a few minutes transform an easy slope into an impossible one. If forced to remove your skis, walk as you would ski, and do not lean inwards to the slope, but walk upright in balance.

With the change of wind, especially to south or west, will probably come a thaw. The prevalence of south-westerly gales is a reason for the short duration of the snow of October. Very often too the bright weather of Christmas is terminated just after the holiday season by strong gales early in January, warmer indeed but much more unpleasant. Hardly any snow covering our climate produces will stand up more than a couple of days, except in a mere remnant, to a thawing gale. The power of the sun counts for little in comparison ; its main effect when unaided being to produce enough moisture to ice the surface. Snow which has been compacted by its own weight in deep hollows or by drifting will be much more resistant to thaw than the rest. Though temporarily water-logged it may still form at a later date the indispensable and solid foundation of good ski-ing. Indeed, where snow is originally very deep and soft, a moderate thaw followed by another slight dusting of snow is a great blessing, and snow-patches which are known to have survived one thaw, can be assumed to be deep, solid, and lasting. Then is the time to reconnoitre. It is also possible to be grateful in moderation for the pleasures of ski-ing on slush. At the end of a day, how much more comfortable for the knees to glide slowly among the tussocks, than to jog over dry ground.

Fortunately, the danger of avalanches from above may be ignored by the Lake District skier, except close to the foot of the most precipitous gullies. By the expression " avalanche " is here meant a slip of a quantity of snow threatening to bury the skier, and not merely a collapse of a foothold. It would no doubt be just possible for a Lakeland skier himself to start a small avalanche under exceptional conditions, but even

with these he would require a good deal of clumsiness. An unusually steep slope of grass where the waterlogged snow is not keyed in position by outcrops of rock or scree, is the most nearly possible place for such a thing to happen. But normally he need give no thought to the angle of the slope he traverses, or of the slope above it.

In some such way the season will take its course. Most often at the very end of February there will be heavy snow-falls. The March skier may have to face a long ascent on foot of snow-free hillsides. But the snow that remains will be old and hard, smoothing out the most uneven ground. The function of a Ski Guide will then be to say in what hidden basins and gullies the lingering snow extends farthest downhill. The task of navigating among obstacles in a restricted area itself adds to the interest, and is perfectly safe on firm snow, by contrast with the dangers of submerged rocks, roots and bracken, in the new soft snow of the autumn. A few steps on ski over the smooth grass to connect one snowfield with another are no hardship. But the case is very different where the isolated snowfields are divided by slopes of scree and boulders. The pattern of the diminishing snowdrifts will be much affected by the slighter but characteristic features of the hillside. Traversing will be difficult where, as perhaps most often happens, the pattern is one of ribs (however gently rounded and scarcely noticeable in summer) running straight up and down the hillside. But perhaps if it were not for the shade and windbreak afforded by these ribs the intervening snow patches would not maintain themselves at all.

The object of the foregoing remarks is to show how the map of our district for ski-ing will depend entirely on the preceding weather. The notes which follow might in every case be supported by records of actual runs. But there would be no advantage in doing so. The rudimentary Guide which follows must be read with discrimination, bearing in mind the probable effect of the general conditions at the moment

and earlier, as already outlined, upon the type of ground stated to be traversed. Such expressions as ' may give a good run ' are to be taken as meaning that a good run has been enjoyed there and can be so again when the same general conditions, which were not specially unusual ones, happen to repeat themselves. One of the principal functions of the Guide is to suggest different types of route suitable for different snow conditions, for it is probable that never will all the routes described be skiable at one time.

I can now proceed to the Guide : or rather, to some local contributions towards a future Lakes Ski Guide. Many have deplored the existence of Guides, but this applies principally to Guides which are too complete. No one will make this criticism of the present one. It is intended rather as a provocation to further discovery, as a good Guide should be. Guides of the primitive sort of the present one are a necessary stage in the exploitation of the district. Difficult as it is to imagine a Lakeland Ski Guide which shall be fully satisfactory, the immense waste of effort which results from bad choice of route in ski-ing, makes one hope that even the present Guide may be of real help.

AROUND WANSFELL

KIRKSTONE. From Kirkstone Inn to Ambleside has provided ski-ing, though the road may be cross-drifted.

The local authority makes considerable efforts to keep open right to Kirkstone Inn the road through Troutbeck, thus spoiling it for ski-ing. Wansfell no doubt provides an alternative route from Kirkstone Inn to Troutbeck village, a peat or drove way running down to the village from south of the 1,597 and east of the 1,587 top. From Troutbeck (600) take the Lowood road, soon fork right uphill on a field road, and contour about 750 to High Skelghyll Farm whence a road is followed through woods leading eventually to the Norwegian house at Ambleside.

WANSFELL. May also be descended direct towards Ambleside or by vestiges of tracks from 1,587 direct to High Skelghyll. In the latter case do not try to cut the corner towards Ambleside (walls, ghyll, thickets), but follow the lane all the way from High Skelghyll.

ROTHAY, EAST

RYDALE. This and its neighbour valleys, being in the lee of the north-east winds, should be snow-traps. As usual with British ridges, the east faces are rougher than the west faces. Rydale is not a good way on to Fairfield, as its west side is steep, and craggy. Descent to east from Heron Pike. Valley floor rather flat.

The Rydale and Scandale ridges are rough between 1,500 and 2,000 feet, but skiable. There is no descent between Greenhead Ghyll and Rydale except perhaps the track from Alcock Tarn to White Moss. Lower part of Scandale ridge very good.

GREENHEAD GHYLL. This valley is rather sheltered from thaw winds, and holds snow after the outward-facing slopes are bare. It also leads easily and rapidly to splendid open slopes on Fairfield, or one may cross the ridge and descend Tongue Ghyll (q.v.). Approach by road at back of Swan Hotel, Grasmere, fork left and then right on to footpath. The valley is very narrow and steep-sided up to the point where it turns sharply left at 800. This lower part may be difficult if the slopes are iced, but may be avoided by following a droveway leading sharply left after the gate, along wall and then traversing to rejoin about 1,000. Fields above and to south of foot of ghyll good alternative to descent of the narrow part. They are easily reached by diverging left above the 800 corner, in descending.

TONGUE GHYLL. A fine valley for ski-ing. Good gradients and plenty of room. It is rather hard to spy from the main road just how much snow there is, but at the worst the valley affords an easy and rapid ascent to whatever snow may be lying in the Grasmere region. Under icy conditions the summer track where it crosses the steep, rough ground above the Tongue, north-west of the beck, may be difficult. The south-east side of the valley is good open ground right up to the skyline. Good access by Tongue Ghyll to Helvellyn or to Patterdale through Grizedale.

SEAT SANDAL. S.S.W. ridge very good. The outcrop above the wall (1,000) and below the slight neck (1,475) is hardly a difficulty, and best taken direct, or else descend on Tongue Ghyll side from slightly higher. W. and S.E. flanks of hill rough.

HELVELLYN

As mentioned, Tongue Ghyll provides a good approach to Helvellyn from Grasmere by Dollywaggon. Best ascent or descent of upper part of Dollywaggon is shallow scoop to S.W.

Strenuous efforts are made to keep open the main road by Dunmail Raise, but when after a heavy snowfall it does become blocked, there is a possibility that it may remain so for several days, owing to the long stretch involved between towns or crossroads. When the main road by Shap is

blocked, and heavy traffic consequently diverted by Grasmere, the road north of Grasmere should be avoided by motorists, as traffic blocks may prove very severe, and return may be impossible. As far north as Grasmere, the road is practically never blocked.

The lower slopes of Helvellyn, from the road north of Dunmail Raise, i.e., about Whelpside and Birkside Ghylls, are steep enough to be disagreeable, if icy. Such icing may easily occur because of the strong wind blowing through a pass. It may often be observed that the Raise is an important boundary of weather.

Very favourite slopes are those above Thirlspot Inn, round Sticks Pass. Just at first the lower slopes have some bracken and boulders and are rather steeper, but as a whole the north end of the Helvellyn range is very smooth and suitable. It may also be reached from Douthwaitehead, to which cars may be taken via Dockwray. The big snow-bearing scoops of Helvellyn are scarcely visible from the main road. They only involve about 1,000 feet climb at first, and are some of the most reliable ski-ing in the district.

ROTHAY, WEST

GREENUP (2,000) AND FAR EASDALE. From Greenup, keep straight down at first until the top of Far Easdale (1,600) is entered, and do not attempt to traverse on the south side. They are much intersected by gullies and ledges, and the difficulties get worse the farther one goes. In the upper part of Far Easdale also the north side is the easier. A very gentle but continuous down gradient may be enjoyed the whole way until the road is reached. About the 1,000-foot level a traverse may be made to Easdale Tarn (915) if desired.

GREENBURN is attractive when ascending by reason of rising more rapidly at first than Far Easdale. It has a field track (approach through farm just north of Helmside). At about 950 feet is an extensive flat. If one tries to continue an ascending traverse, some bad ski-ing ground, steep and stony, will be encountered on the south-west side of Steel Fell.

STEEL FELL (1811) S.E. ridge. Descending, avoid the west side of the ridge for the first two or three hundred feet, then take to the west side if necessary to avoid the small difficulties on the ridge. Wythburn ridge skiable. Flanks of hill too rough.

WYTHBURN may be combined in a convenient round with Far Easdale or Greenburn. Wythburn is pretty rough, but there is a track. Get bus to Wythburn first, having the advantage of a clear view up Greenburn and of the nose of Steel Fell on the outward journey. Moreover, there is no tourist accommodation on the Wythburn side at which to await the bus, as farms on the Thirlmere estate do not serve teas. Under war conditions, however, visitors loitering near Thirlmere are not welcomed.

LANGDALE and ROTHAY BASIN

From Grasmere to Chapel Stile the best way is Red Bank. For the reverse direction there are several suggestions :

FIRST ROUTE. Ascend from above Elterwater to one of the cols (800) a few hundred yards west of the Hunting Stile track, which latter is marked by telegraph poles, and then down by a grassy right of way above the intake plantations to Kelbarrow.

SECOND ROUTE. TO top of Red Bank (523), thence permissive footpath to left through plantations may give a pleasant slightly downhill route, joining the Hunting Stile track. On this path skis must unfortunately be removed twice, at wicket gates.

THIRD ROUTE. From top of Red Bank to right, along Loughrigg Terrace. To right at end, then left into wood. Footbridge nearly opposite the end of the short cut road which goes over White Moss Hill.

LANGDALE and ROTHAY BASIN

SILVERHOW, BLEA RIGGS, ETC. This is a rather intricate area, not too easy of access on ski, but worth some study for occasions when deep snow blocks the way to remoter objectives. The track east of Stickle Ghyll is much better up or down than the more familiar western one. None of the descents on the Langdale side are very good (sharp outcrops, crag, boulders, bracken) requiring abundant snow, whilst on the Grasmere side, private grounds, plantations, walls, and small escarpments form a barrier both upward and downward. No access between Allan Bank drive (leading to Scorecrag Farm) and the Easdale Tarn track. (Direct descent from Blindtarn not good.) Nevertheless there is much excellent ski-ing on the broad hilly back of the ridge between Stickle Tarn, Silverhow, and Easdale. Keep away from all the edge overlooking Langdale, which is very rough, especially about Chapel Stile, descent to which is impossible. Descent to Raw Head or Robinson Place or Elterwater possible, but not choice. Access or descent Silverhow to Huntingstile bad. Good open descent at north end of Silverhow escarpment, to Scorecrag, at first among junipers by ghyll, then more open, or else bear right to Kelbarrow. Alternatively from Silverhow one may cross the Blindtarn flat (better than traversing the Castlehow slope) to the top of the Easdale Tarn track.

Above Stickle Tarn, one may ascend east of Pavey Ark to the rounded slopes of High White Stones and Greenup. Descending best keep in the valley west of the Sergeant Man ridge, as the latter is awkwardly broken into ledges especially on its east side. From Blea Riggs good slope down to Easdale Tarn, keeping well to right of Blea Crag.

BOWFELL BAND (1,860). A favourite run is down this smooth ridge, along its crest, and (towards the bottom) on its southern side, to stool End Farm.

It is reported that the hollows on top of this ridge will be found to retain snow when conditions look discouraging from below. The run may be further extended upwards along the hollow hillside south-west of the top of the Band, to the Three Tarns col (2,400). Bowfeli itself is unsuitable for ski-ing.

BLEA TARN HAUSE. The fields sloping down towards Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, just east of the road, were found very good for practice and racing. But on account of their low altitude this clearly requires enough snow to block the last three miles of the Great Langdale road, followed by the clearance of the road, and other circumstances.

LINGMOOR (1,500). Has the merit of lying close to the road which is almost always kept passable to Elterwater village. But, except as next mentioned, the hill itself is awkward to ascend by reason of thick plantations, juniper scrub, walls, crag, big scree, etc. A fine viewpoint.

The two best ways up are firstly (steep) from near Bield Farm in Little Langdale, or secondly, by the disused quarry road slanting up the north-eastern end from Crossgates Cottage, which is an excellent way up or down. Approach Crossgates either by footpath from the Langdale Hotel (Chapel Stile) leading through the quarries, or starting from Elterwater Bridge take the Coniston road and bear twice right. Immediately east of the cottage take the upper fork of the road ' Baisbrown Estate ' not to Baisbrown Farm. When directly above Baisbrown Farm, strike up the open hillside instead of continuing to Lingmoor Quarry. Parallel with and just below the crest of Lingmoor, and on its southern side, is a line of smooth ground, from which descent may be made toward Blea Moss. The north-west end of the hill is rough on top and on most faces, with heather, juniper, and crag, but a clear descent toward Dungeon Ghyll may be made from the pass between Side Pike and Lingmoor.

SCAFELL GROUP and ESKDALE

ESK HAUSE, ETC. The finest ski-run accessible from Langdale, and perhaps the finest in the District. From the summit of Great End (2,984), at first in a southerly direction to avoid the precipice of Great End's north-easterly face, and the boulders which lie on its adjoining easterly slope. From Esk Hause (2,470) especially, the terrain is a splendid snow-trap and refrigerator cupboard, with good open slopes, easily covered by snow and holding it as long as any part of the District. Even when the crown of Esk Hause was mainly bare, the rather lower and north-facing ground nearby held snow very abundantly. Continue past Angle Tarn on its outlet side, and re-ascend slightly to the top of Rossctt (2,000) ; or conditions may render possible an extension over peaty ground on the crest behind the steep craggy slopes which bound Langdale, to the top of the Stake Pass (1,570). The first part

of the descent of the Stake toward Langdale descends gently through snowy hollows, but below 1,250 feet the slope is rough, and the track has steep unskiable zig-zags. The Rossett Ghyll track itself is not recommended for downhill ski-ing, but forms the most direct route of ascent to the runs described.

ESK HAUSE (2,490), BOWFELL, to THREE TARNS (2,400). Not recommended, either by crest of ridge or by contouring either side. All ground is very steep and rough, and interrupted by masses of crag. The least evil way is perhaps to remove skis for the climb from Three Tarns to Bowfell, traverse a little below the summit of the latter on the Eskdale side, and make a descending traverse from Ore or Ewer Gap on its north side toward Esk Hause (some re-ascent necessary). One cannot descend directly from Ore Gap towards Angle Tarn, nor, except by a very restricted track among the crags, to top of Rossett Ghyll.

UPPER ESKDALE. Snow may lie in the extensive level bottom which lies at about 1,200 feet, and is fairly sheltered, with fair slopes on the east side in some places and easy access to Esk Hause. It is, however, a very long way down this uninhabited valley to the road, much of the latter part being at a low level and probably snowless. If one *must* descend into Eskdale from Three Tarns or thereabouts, a useful way out is by Mosedale to the Duddon. Try not to have an accident in Upper Eskdale.

SCAFELL PIKE. The main ridge along Broad Crag probably always too rough to ski. From the Pike, descend easily to Mickledore, but the further descent thence might prove very difficult for a short distance. Continue round below Pike's Crag and re-ascend slightly to the Pikes—Lingmell col, 2,350 or direct through rather rough descent from Pike to this col. Thence Corridor Route to Styhead may be possible if the snow is abundant, but the heads of the ghylls may be awkward and the range is not recommended.

STYHEAD. From Esk Hause descent to Styhead is easy, either side of the ghyll or in its bed.

BORROWDALE

GRAINS GHYLL. A good descent from Esk Hause, once the rather narrow entrance at the top is passed. After this, the best and most open route is to bear right, across the plateau tongue which occupies the upper part of the Ghyll, and descend the east branches of the stream.

GLARAMARA. The ends of most of the northern shoulders of Glaramara are impossible of descent. A way may perhaps be to keep to the spine of Thornythwaite Fell, or find means of descending into Comb Ghyll.

STAKE PASS. If one descends the track, the initial steep descent is followed by a long trek down Langstrath on the flat. One may however keep up on the east side of Langstrath for a mile or so, descending as soon as the craggy

ground begins. Or one may traverse straight across the ridge from the top of the Stake and descend Greenup Valley.

GRFF.NUP GHYLX. may give an excellent descent to Borrowdale, fairly steep in places.

BUTTERMERE

Data for this area are less complete than for elsewhere, but remembering the often-remarked contrast between the smoothness of the Skiddaw slate and the roughness of the ' Borrowdale ' volcanic rocks, one should expect good ski-ing from the Grasmoor range, though many of their slopes are rather steep. But these western valleys get less snow than eastern parts of the District.

HONISTER. A rapid way up is by the dismantled cable railway from the top of Honister on to Brandreth. Here are extensive slopes of very good angle above Warnscale, though of course the lower slopes have plenty of crag. One could go right along over Green Gable and down by Moses Sledgate to Wasdale, or probably find a ribbon of snow in the recesses of Wind Gap to descend to Styhead. Descending from Brandreth to Seatoller, do not cut the corner, or try to traverse as the hillside south of the Honister road is rough and broken. Gillercombe should be a good snow-trap, but the descent from its mouth is not for skis.

SKIDDAW and BLENCATHRA

SKIDDAW can give splendid ski-ing, as it is smooth and mainly grassy. A minor snag is that its prominent southern shoulders, otherwise so well adapted for fast descent, may catch the wind, and become iced. The more heathery portions of the forest, which mainly lie in the Caldew basin, will need considerably more snow to cover them than the grassy. A good descent from Low Man is to traverse on the north side, re-ascending a little to the Skiddaw—Lonscale neck. A little-known access to the mountain is the motorable track from Dash Farm on the west, past Dash Falls, right to Skiddaw House. But if there has been much snow this road will probably be impassable, and will remain uncleared for a long while.

BLENCATHRA is also splendid on its west slope and its extensive top. Turn off the main road in Threlkeld village, and leave cars at the big sanatorium. Good access and descent also at eastern end.

CONISTON

The main ridge between Old Man and Carrs is excellent. Descend by Wet Side Edge to Greenburn or Fell Foot, as the east side of the range is too rough to traverse at high level. Lower down, there is an interesting route from Coniston by Church Beck, Hole Slack track (1,400), above top of Tilberthwaite Ghyll (1,000), between Wetherlam and Low Fell (pass 1,300) and descend to Little Langdale, or reverse direction.

CLIMBS, OLD AND NEW

A. T. Hargreaves

In spite of the war, the excellent weather in May and June produced a heavy crop of new climbs, most of them in the 'very severe' class. With the breaking of the weather in July exploration seemed to stop and only two or three first ascents are recorded since then.

WASDALE

SCAFELL 15th June, 1940. Complete traverse. S.H.C.
EAST BUTTRESS Retired from the foot of the Yellow Slab and
GIRDLE retreated by Great Eastern Route. A.T.H.,
R.E.H., A.M.C.

Entirely through ignorance (not having a description of the original route with us) a different line was followed from the belay below the last pitch of Mickledore Grooves. There is a large grass ledge just round to the left and slightly below the turf ledge on the face of the slab. Excellent belays.

About 10 feet up the corner above is another good flake belay. From here the leader continued up the corner for about 12 feet and then made a very severe horizontal traverse to the left (15 feet), and round a corner to a poor stance and moderate belay. The second man traversed directly to the left from the flake belay, round an edge and then continued a delicate descending traverse to the left across a V groove and then climbed from the end of a sloping ledge into a corner which was awkward to start but became easy once an entry had been gained. 20 feet above is a good seat with a chockstone belay. The whole pitch was about 70 feet. There was room for the whole party here.

Just over on the left, immediately below the belay a tremendous right-angled corner falls for about 50 feet and finishes in mid-air. A spectacular rope-down was made down this corner, 120 feet of line doubled round a rope ring left only about 2 feet in hand when it became possible to establish oneself on the rock. A short descent then effected a junction with May Day Climb near the end of the severe slab of its 2nd pitch. The latter route was followed round to the left and the Pinnacle belay was used to safeguard the last man.

By descending about 10 feet to the left to a grassy bay and crossing a couple of corners, the belay at the top of the 3rd pitch of Overhanging Wall was reached and the White Slab Route was followed from here.

We suggest that 150 feet of line for the rope-down would be both more convenient and safer.

CENTRAL BUTTRESS 2nd ascent, 9th June, 1940. R. J. Birkett, E.A.,
DIRECT START V. Veever.

GREAT GABLE 195 feet. Probably very severe. Leader needs
THE NAPES 110 feet of rope. Starts from the Dress Circle

EAGLE'S CRACK 8 feet to the right of the start of the Eagle's Nest
Direct. 1st ascent, 16th June, 1940. R. J. Birkett,

R. Holmes, G. Rawlings.

- (1) 50 feet. Climb the slab which forms the right wall of the crack until it merges into an overhang. (Running belay.) Slip on to the rib and continue up a crack for 20 feet to a flake belay on the left wall.
- (2) 105 feet. Continue up the crack over doubtful split blocks on to a small grass ledge, 8 feet. Move right for 6 feet, mount a mantel-shelf on a rib above, then climb straight up for 3 feet, traverse left into a crack above the overhang and continue up the crack to a thread belay.
- (3) 40 feet. Climb the crack on to a platform then go up a mossy slab on to a grass ledge, finishing up a 20-foot crack to the left of the last pitch of Eagle's Corner.

TOPHET GROOVES 250 feet. Very severe. Leader needs 110 feet of
rope. Starts up the nose 30 feet to the left of
Tophet Wall. (Direct start.) 1st ascent, 13th October, 1940. R. J. Birkett,
V. Veevers.

- (1) 25 feet. Climb the nose and then go up a groove to a belay on the left wall. (A shoulder is useful here.)
- (2) 15 feet. Continue up the crack above the belay on to the top of a pedestal.
- (3) 40 feet. Traverse left along a broad ledge to the foot of a water-worn scoop. Juniper bushes grow here.
- (4) 20 feet. Climb the groove until stopped by an overhang. Small belays.
- (5) 50 feet. Traverse right into a mossy scoop then climb the scoop to a grass ledge in a corner. Climb the wall on its right a large stance and belay.
- (6) 100 feet. Climb the grass-filled crack above to the top of the crag, using holds on either side.

ENNERDALE

PILLAR ROCK 500 feet. Very severe. Climbed in rubbers. Leader
SHAMROCK TOWER needs 80 feet of rope. A climb of character and
interest. Starts at a cairn about 100 feet to the left



SEPTEMBER
DAY ON
GAIKINS

F. H. F. Simpson

of Walker's Gully and below a steep grass gully on the immediate left of a nose of rock, which, higher up becomes a definite steep buttress with a groove running up its salient left-hand arete. In its upper reaches the route follows a steep crack in the high tower of rock on the immediate left of Walker's Gully. 1st ascent, 12th May, 1940. S.H.C., A.T.H., A.B.H., R.E.H., A.M.C.

- (1) 50 feet. Scramble up grass into a corner, a few feet of rock lead to a good belay above a small rowan tree.
- (2) 30 feet. From the stance a short traverse is made to the left on to a very steep slab which is then climbed to a bilberry shelf. A little higher against a vertical wall on the right is a good flat grass ledge with a small belay on the wall. (About 20 feet farther up the gully in a corner is an excellent belay.)
- (3) 35 feet. Starting from the flat ledge an awkward step is made to the right to the corner, a step up is then followed by a delicate traverse to the foot of a slightly impending crack. This is climbed with great difficulty to a narrow shelf. Belay round the large bulging rock in front which is cracked behind.
- (4) 35 feet. Climb on to the belay block and make a delicate traverse left to a small ledge on the arSte. An exposed step is then made to enter the upper section of a vertical corner which has fairly good holds. (A running thread may be arranged in the corner just at the level of the long step.) There is a good stance at the top of the corner, but the only belay is round the rock forming the left wall of the corner, so an uncomfortable but safer position in the crack is therefore necessary.
- (5) 70 feet. Pleasant rounded slabs are climbed working to the right to the foot of an awkward corner. This gives on to a grass rake from which the exit is again right and is rather delicate with a grassy finish. Excellent block belay.
- (6) 75 feet. A few feet to the right of the belay some grooves slanting to the right are climbed on sloping holds to grassy ledges with a good thread block belay below a mass of steep rock. The wall just above the belay at the start of this pitch may also be climbed, in which case a short walk is taken to the right to the belay.
The extensive series of ledges hereabouts has been called the Great Heather Shelf.
- (7) 60 feet. An easy scramble over grass just on the left leads to a firm upstanding flake below the forbidding final tower. The steep crack up which the climb finishes is well seen from **here**.
- (8) 30 feet. A short scramble on the left and then a traverse along a large leaf of rock to a good seat and thread belay at its right-hand end.

- (9) 70 feet. Slip down into the grassy corner on the right and then climb it for about 20 feet (a thread may be arranged here). Now make a horizontal traverse of about 15 feet to the right and with a delicate step enter a sloping groove. After a few feet in the groove climb on to the rib on its right and follow it to a good small stance. The only belay is round a chockstone about 12 feet higher.
- (10) 50 feet. Continue up the vertical crack which is strenuous, but has good holds rather widely spaced. A nook is reached with belays.

This is actually the top of the 1st pitch of the 'additional finish to Walker's Gully,' see Pillar Guide.

A way off may be made here, but the natural line is to continue up the ridge ahead for about another 100 feet of good climbing and scrambling.

BLACK CRAG 145 feet. Very difficult. Leader needs 60 feet of
EVENING CHIMNEY rope. The Pillar Guide refers to the short crag on the left of the Gully on the left of the main crags and says 'it should provide a couple of 100 footers.' Continuing up the gully from the toe of the buttress a conspicuous chimney is seen. Cairn. 1st ascent, 18th May, 1940. J.B.C., H.R.C.

- (1) 45 feet. The undercut chimney is climbed to grass ledges.
 (2) 30 feet. Tread right over easy rocks to a grassy corner.
 (3) 20 feet. A broken slab is climbed to a corner and block belay.
 (4) 50 feet. Climb the strenuous mossy corner on the left and continue up the V chimney above.

BOAT HOWE 220 feet. Very severe. Climbed in rubbers.
THE PROW OF THE Leader needs 70 feet of rope. The route goes
BOAT directly up the outer face of the Boat. Starts up a rib of easy rock on the left of a noticeable grass gully about the middle of the face and immediately below a vertical V groove. No cairns were made. 1st ascent, 2nd June, 1940. S.H.C., A.T.H., R.E.H., A.M.C.

- (1) 45 feet. The rib of easy rocks is climbed to a moderate stance with an excellent belay a few feet above on the left. The groove is now directly overhead.
 (2) 25 feet. The groove is climbed with great difficulty as positive holds are almost entirely absent. At its top there are some excellent holds and a resting place on the left. (A running ring may be arranged here.) A short traverse is now taken to the right, the rock above overhangs rather badly, but finish of the traverse which ends at a grassy nook, is not as bad as it looks. A further short

ascent is now made to a good stance. Belay projecting from the floor, or preferably a good thread can be arranged about 6 feet higher, where a block is jammed in a crack.

- (3) 60 feet. From the thread belay a delicate horizontal traverse is made to the right to a vertical corner which is then climbed for about 20 feet. The route now breaks out on the left to go to a good stance and excellent belay at a recess below an obvious overhang.

The delicate traverse may be avoided by making a descent of about 8 feet to establish oneself on the rock. A short descent about 8 feet from the thread belay and then traversing along a horizontal ledge to a point directly below the corner. An arduous ascent then leads to the same crack as is reached by the delicate traverse.

- (4) 60 feet. Descend slightly and traverse about 15 feet horizontally to the right along an interrupted ledge to an excellent hold below a rib which is the backbone of the crag. Take a slip round to the right and then go straight up the very rough rocks of the rib to easy ground at the top of the crag.

STARBOARD ARETE Very difficult. 1st ascent, 21st June, 1940.
DIRECT D.M.K.H.

- (1) From the top of the first pitch of Starboard Chimney, traverse left, along the left wall ; then go diagonally upwards and to the left to the top of a groove, and so on to a ledge on the Starboard Arete by the Clinker.
- (2) Traverse along ledges to the right, to the ledge and belay above the Clinker.
- (3) From there work diagonally upwards and to the right for some way. Then go under a small overhang to a point near and on a level with the top of Starboard Chimney ; then go straight up for about 20 feet to the top of the crag.

The route might be improved by climbing the wall from the foot of Starboard Chimney.

GILLERCOMBE

GILLERCOMBE 400 feet. Lower part very severe, but the upper
BASTION half is broken and easier. The buttress on the left
 of Gillercombe Gully. Starts at a cairn about
60 feet above and 15 paces from the gully on the left edge of the Bastion.
1st ascent, 19th May, 1940. W.P., D. G. Connor, S.B.B., J. A. Connor.

- (1) 50 feet. A V opening 10 feet above is reached and quitted with some

difficulty on the left. Stance on the highest of three ledges, small flake belay some feet higher.

- (2) 50 feet. A horizontal traverse to the right for 10 feet, then a slab inclining to the left. Sloping stance by a large block belay.
- (3) 70 feet. The slab on the left has only small holds at first, but better ones are reached. After attaining a niche high up on the left, climb the short rib on the right, on large but awkwardly placed holds, to grass with a belay a few feet higher on the right.

A walk of 100 feet up grass brings one to the foot of a short, slightly overhanging wall. Start about 15 feet to the left of the chimney (which branches left out of the gully), and to the right of a small detached but firmly placed block.

- (4) 60 feet. Short walls alternate with bilberry and heather ledges. Small belay.
- (5) 80 feet. Similar climbing trending slightly left and then right leads to a block belay at the head of the chimney. Easy scrambling on the right leads in 150 feet to the top of the crag.

BUTTERMERE

BIRKNESS COMBE 200 feet. Severe. Leader needs 80 feet of rope.

EAGLE CRAG This is the buttress to the left of Birkness Gully.

BORDER BUTTRESS It consists of two pleasant looking walls separated by a grass traverse. 1st ascent, 9th June, 1040.

W.P., S.B.B.

- (1) 25 feet. Start at the foot of an incipient pinnacle cairn, on the right of a smooth wall in the middle of the buttress, and climb to a grass ledge. Belays.
- (2) 60 feet. An ascending traverse to the left leads to a small grass ledge. Climb the middle of three grooves above it to the grass terrace. 20 feet of grass now lead to the foot of an obvious wide groove with an overhang about halfway.
- (3) 70 feet. Climb the wall, slightly overhanging at the start, on the right of the groove and above a detached block, up to and over some doubtful blocks until a horizontal crack is reached and followed to the left into the groove above the overhang. A rock platform is reached with a grass ledge and belay 20 feet away to the right.
- (4) 30 feet. Easy rocks to the top.

FAR EAST BUTTRESS 230 feet. Very severe. Leader needs 80 feet of rope. The buttress to the left of Easter Buttress, i.e., between Birkness Gully and Birkness Chimney.

Starts below the lowest wall, at a rib on the right of a wide shallow groove and 12 feet to the left of and rather below the foot of the Chimney. Cairn. 1st ascent, 2nd June, 1940. W.P., D. G. Connor, S.B.B.

- (1) 20 feet. The easy rib leads to a triangular grass niche, belay on the right.
- (2) 60 feet. The initial wall. Ascend a few feet above the belay, then move right into a groove, and up to below the overhang. Cross the very small slab on the left on small holds and finish up an incipient groove on poor holds. Several good ledges, belay. Possibly one of the hardest pitches in the Coombe.
- (3) 35 feet. The easy rib above the belay leads in 15 feet to another rib. 20 feet up this leads to a belay.
- (4) 25 feet. Follow the open groove straight ahead to a stance and belay below two projecting flakes.
- (5) 20 feet. Climb on sloping holds between the two flakes trending left, to a V niche with belay 8 feet above.
- (6) 70 feet. The final wall. A short crack above the belay finishes at a slab sloping up to the left. Work up this slab to a niche at its upper end. The short wall on the right is then climbed on small holds to two big blocks.

THE EAGLE 620 feet. Very severe. Leader needs 80 feet of
GIRDLE rope. A climb of sustained interest, exposed and
with fine situations. It starts at the right-hand end
of the wall of Western Buttress (Double-Cross Climb), traverses the wall
and the front of the buttress to Central Chimney, finishing up Easter
Buttress. 1st ascent, 1st and 9th June, 1940. W.P., S.B.B., D. G. Connor.

- (1) 30 feet. 'Moderate ridge climbing.'
- (2) 40 feet. 'Descend slightly to the left on to the main face. A short hand traverse follows at once. Better holds are soon available and small ledges lead to a more comfortable one and a belay at a level slightly higher than the start of the pitch.' (1st and 2nd pitches of the DOUBLE-CROSS.)
- (3) 25 feet. From the stance, step down and to the left and traverse round an awkward corner to the nook and belay at the top of the third pitch of Half-Nelson.
- (4) 40 feet. (4th pitch of HALF-NELSON CLIMB.) 'Traverse left across a large niche. The pitch finishes with an awkward sloping rock platform. In a few more feet is a large grassy terrace.'
- (5) 75 feet. Walk across grass to the left, reaching in 50 feet a doubtful flake, then cross a mossy slab to a grass ledge, on the other side of which a doubtful thread belay, has been unearthed.

- (6) 65 feet. Climb the steep slab above to just below an overhang. Then move left to the corner, where is a small ledge awkward to attain. A short groove then leads to a good belay but uncomfortable stance.
- (7) 35 feet. A delicate traverse to the right then leads to a grass ledge with a small flake belay at its right-hand edge.
- (8) 65 feet. From the left end of the ledge climb a slab inclining to the left to a grass ledge. A few feet higher is another ledge with a perched block. Go behind the block and cross a short mossy slab on the left to a small juniper ledge with a belay above it.
- (9) 65 feet. A very exposed and interesting traverse to the left round a series of ribs. When the right-hand wall of Central Chimney is reached, descend a few feet to a grass ledge and move into the Chimney. Climb 15 feet of the chimney to a belay marked with a cross.

SECTION 2.—EASTER BUTTRESS.

- (1) 25 feet. Descend 20 feet of the Chimney then move on to the rib on the left (facing-in). 5 feet below is a stance.
- (2) 50 feet. Descend 10 feet to a small grass ledge, then traverse left to a grass terrace which leads in 20 feet to a belay at the corner.
- (3) 25 feet. The short groove above has an awkward finish and the doubtful flake on the right wall should be handled with the greatest care. One is now in the overhanging recess at the top of pitch 3 of Easter Buttress.
- (4) 40 feet. Fourth pitch of Easter Buttress.
- (5) 40 feet. Fifth and last pitch of Easter Buttress.

EAGLE FRONT 460 feet. Very severe. Leader needs 100 feet of rope. Climbed in rubbers. The route runs up the middle of the front of Eagle Crag. Starts at a protruding rib about 20 paces to the left of the exact corner of the Western Buttress, and rather more than that distance to the right of the rib which bounds Central Chimney. Cairn. 1st ascent, 23rd June, 1940. W.P., S.B.B.

- (1) 60 feet. Climb the rib above the cairn to a V groove between two ribs and trend right to a triangular grass nook with a fine belay.
- (2) 90 feet. Ascend for 20 feet, leaving the incipient groove on the right, and move left up a gangway to the short but awkward slab at its left end. Above that is a short but awkward bulge. (One is now nearing the big dark overhang.) Some feet higher are ledges and good flakes, the highest which is on the right, has a grass ledge and a belay beyond it.
- (3) 50 feet. The movements from the belay are very trying, but soon the Western Buttress is reached at the Grass Terrace.

- (4) 75 feet. Scramble across grass to the left, reaching in 50 feet a doubtful flake, and cross a mossy slab beyond it to a grass ledge, where a slightly doubtful thread belay has been gardened.
- (5) 65 feet. Climb the steep slab above to just below a slight overhang. Then move left to the corner, where is a small ledge awkward to attain. A short groove then leads to a belay and rather uncomfortable and very exposed stance.
- (6) 35 feet. A delicate traverse right leads to a grass ledge with a small flake belay at its right hand end. (N.B.—The last three pitches are identical with the Eagle Girdle.)
- (7) 50 feet. From the left-hand end of the ledge climb a slab, first inclining left and then right to the foot of a conspicuous crack. (This crack, which somewhat resembles the upper part of the Gimmer Crack, can be well seen from the floor of the Coombe.) Belay.
- (8) 55 feet. The Crack. Good holds, now very welcome, lead to its top, and then a movement across the right wall leads to a short chimney and then a grass ledge with a fine belay. Easy rocks follow to the top of the Crag.

FIFTH AVENUE 320 feet. Very severe. Climbed in rubbers. Leader needs 100 feet of rope. This route runs up the ribs and wall immediately on the right of Central Chimney, ending at the Grass Terrace. Starts at the foot of the rib which comes down lowest immediately on the right of the Chimney. Cairn. 1st ascent, 27th July, 1940. W.P., S.B.B., F.J.M.

- (1) 80 feet. Climb the ribs, keeping to its edge, for 50 feet. Belay. 30 feet higher, up steep grass, round a block on the right.
- (2) 50 feet. Grass and heather to a fine belay on the right of a short vertical wall.
- (3) 50 feet. Steep rocks straight ahead to a grassy alcove on the right. Belay below a vertical crack.
- (4) 90 feet. Start at the left of the alcove (easy rocks for a few feet), step left, and ascend the ribbed wall. Holds are poor for some distance. A small pinnacle is passed and a small grass ledge attained on the right, where a rest may be taken. Move upwards from this with difficulty, and gain a larger and comfortable grass ledge. Side belay on the right, and a large loose pinnacle 10 feet to the left. A pitch of sustained severity.
- (5) 50 feet. Ascend a few feet from the left edge of the grass, then work diagonally upwards to the right to a corner which is climbed on the

right. Then traverse horizontally to the right to the gardened thread belay on Grass Terrace.

The Western Buttress may then be joined by traversing 75 feet to the right.

CONISTON

DOW CRAG 200 feet. Severe. Leader needs 70 feet of rope.

A BUTTRESS Starts from the top of the 2nd pitch of Great

NORTH WALL Gully. 1st ascent, 25th July, 1940. R. J. Birkett, V. Veevers.

- (1) 65 feet. Traverse upwards to the left to an open corner, then climb straight up to an overhung grass ledge. Belay at the left end.
- (2) 10 feet. From the tip of the belay, climb into a shallow cave. Sitting stance with a flake belay on the left.
- (3) 45 feet. Climb directly up from the top of the belay into a corner rilled with huge loose blocks. Belays.
The climb was planned to finish up the 70-foot scoop directly above, however, two-thirds of the way up, two huge blocks closed the passage and a retreat had to be made back to the corner.
- (4) 30 feet. Traverse left round a corner on to the stance and belay below the last pitch of Gordon and Craigs' Route.
- (5) 40 feet. The final pitch of Gordon and Craig's Route.

GREAT LANGDALE

GIMMER CRAG 100 feet. Very difficult. A short, pleasant climb

INTERLUDE which starts about 50 feet below the huge detached mass of rock just round the north-west side of the Crag. Cairn. Ascended 29th September, 1940. J. Ashton, J.D., J. B.

From traces found, it seems possible the climb has been done before, but in default of a description elsewhere the following record was made.*

- (1) 50 feet. Good incut holds on the right of the steep corner enable a point to be gained from which an awkward stride is made on to the outside edge. 20 feet of easier slab lead to a belay.
- (2) 50 feet. Slab climbing on interesting rock leads to the finish about half-way up the Lower Crag.

WALL END 125 feet. Severe. Lies on the extreme left of the Buttress on which up to the present Pallid Slabs has been the only recorded route. Cairn. 1st ascent, 13th October, 1940. J. Ashton, J. Diamond, J. Apted, L. Kellett.

* This route was partially explored by W.P. and S.B.B. some time previously, but not recorded.

- (1) 55 feet. Start up the rib which forms the left-hand edge of the slabs until its steepening necessitates a stride being made to a heather stance on the right whence a 20 foot traverse is made to the foot of a vertical V Groove. This is ascended for 10 feet to a stance and bracket belay.
- (2) 40 feet. Step up and to the left and climb the steep, mossy slab above to an awkward landing on a sloping ledge. Another 15 feet up a short wall leads to a big ledge and large belay on the left.
- (3) 30 feet. From the belay finish up the easier slabs above.

PALE FACE 155 feet. Severe. (Very severe, in boots.) Starts midway between Wall End and Pallid Slabs and finishes directly above the commencing cairn. 1st ascent, 13th October, 1940. J. Ashton, J. Apted, L.K., J.D.

2nd ascent, , S. Thompson and party.

- (1) 25 feet. Indefinite mossy rocks are climbed to a belay at the foot of a heather-topped, shallow chimney.
- (2) 25 feet. Climb the rocks to the left of the belay until the heather ledge can be gained by an awkward step to the right. Spike belay above on the left.
- (3) 25 feet. Stepping over the spike, climb the vertical mossy wall by holds far apart in the cracks and attain a stance on a rock ledge to the right. Belay on the left.
- (4) SO feet. From the right-hand end of the ledge climb up the wall passing in twenty-five feet a heather recess, which however does not seem a suitable stopping place. Fifteen feet higher the overhang necessitates an exhilarating traverse to the right dropping on to good footholds and leading in fifteen feet to a flat stance where a block has come away. Traversing back above the overhang the final fifteen foot wall is climbed with difficulty on sloping ledges to an abrupt finish.

NORTH WEST ARETE Very severe. Starts from the end of a grass terrace that runs down to the right from the start of Asterisk (below a large overhang). 1st ascent, 15th September, 1940. R. J. Birkett, V. Veevers.

- (1) Climb straight up the wall until it is possible to traverse right on to a small stance. Thread belay 15 feet below the overhang.
- (2) Climb a groove on the left of the overhang till a traverse to the right can be made along its lip to a groove on the right of the arete that runs to the top of the crag. Small belay and poor stance.

- (3) From the top of the overhang climb direct up the arete to a stance and thread belay 15 feet below the finish.
- (4) Finish by the arete which is split by a thin crack. This is used for a lay-back movement.

PRELUDE 200 feet. Very difficult. An introductory climb on the lower crag, starting from the lowest point and keeping as near as possible to the crest of the buttress all the way to the Scrambling Approach to Ash Tree Ledge. Cairn. 1st ascent, 18th April, 1940. A. H. Griffin, L. K. Griffin, J. Diamond.

- (1) 40 feet. Climb the slab on the left of the tree, step on a block and proceed upwards to a grassy corner with belay on floor.
- (2) 60 feet. Step round the corner on the left and ascend easily to a stance in 20 feet, continue up the groove ahead, stride left, and out on to easy ground leading to a belay at the foot of a prominent nose.
- (3) 60 feet. Climb the Nose direct on small ledges finishing with easy ground to a big flake. Belay.
- (4) 40 feet. Two short walls connected by a traverse to the left are climbed just on the left of the main crest. The upper one has a crack in the upper portion. Another short wall gives on to the main highway.

WHITE GILL CRAG 205 feet. Very severe. To the right of White Gill Chimney there is a broad slab, partly undercut in the centre ; further right is a narrower slab and the climb starts at the left-hand bottom corner of this. Cairn. 1st ascent, 15th September, 1940. J.W.H., E. Bull (G.M.).

- (1) 70 feet. Proceed up corner for 16 feet to good ledge (possible to belay here). Work diagonally right to corner and straight up to ledge with loose block. Traverse delicately left to edge of slab. Climb diagonally right to prominent spike (loose). The crack above leads slightly left to small stance. Step round corner and follow toe traverse to right until cave is reached. Large horizontal belay.
- (2) 50 feet. Exposed traverse right for 20 feet, terminating at small rock bracket. Move straight up for 6 feet and then grasp slightly in-cut ledge far to right. A standing position is attained with great difficulty, the edge of the arete assisting. Climb the arete for a few feet and traverse left into corner. Small stance and belay.
- (3) 20 feet. The severe crack in the corner. Small holds on left wall assist until good finishing is reached. Stance and belays on broad ledge.

- (4) 30 feet. Finish crack and land on slanting turf ledge. Walk 20 feet up ledge to belay.
- (5) 35 feet. Straight up from point of belay for 15 feet to small ledge. From ledge slightly left for a few feet and then right, aiming at highest point of buttress. Belay 6 yards back.

CROW'S NEST 210 feet. Very severe. Rubbers. Starts at the
DIRECT large ash-tree 50 feet to the right and down from
 the start of ' B ' Route. Cairn. 1st ascent, 1940.

S. Thompson, Miss P. B. White, A. Mullan, Miss V. Bolton, J. Ashton ;
2nd ascent. J. Ashton, Miss V. Bolton.

- (1) 15 feet. Moderate climbing up the narrow crack on the left, leads to small belay in the corner.
- (2) 30 feet. Step up into the triangular corner below an overhanging mossy crack. Make an awkward step to the left into a steep open groove which is climbed to a belay at the top.
- (3) 30 feet. Traverse across the grass to the right and climb the bulging wall above from a small pedestal on the grass ledge, to a point about 15 feet to the left of Amen Corner and at the bottom of a narrow crack. Belay.
- (4) 25 feet. Avoid Amen Corner by climbing this narrow crack. (Pitch (1) Musgrave's Traverse.) Then work to the left and across the gangway to a small belay below the overhang.
(A better belay rather off the route is the one at the top of the gangway.)
- (5) 60 feet. Climb the overhang by means of an upward hand-traverse to the right. A side-hold for the right hand enables a strenuous pull to be made on to a good ledge above the overhang. Avoid easy rock on the right by making a delicate movement on small footholds towards the arete on the right of Green Chimney. Climb the arete to the Crow's Nest. Belay above on the right.
- (6) 50 feet. Step out of the Crow's Nest to the left and climb the corner immediately above, then follow easy slabs to the summit and belays.

KEY TO INITIALS

J. Brady	A. T. Hargreaves
S. B. Beck	D. M. K. Home
A. M. Cross	J. W. Haggas
H. R. Carter	R. E. Houghton
J. B. Chadwick	L. Kellett
S. H. Cross	F. J. Monkhouse
A. B. Hargreaves	W. Proctor

THE YEAR WITH THE CLUB

F. H. F. Simpson

Buttermere, January 1st 1940

New Year's day was fine and very cold. The Piliarites achieved New West, Old West and Slab and Notch on snow-filled holds. Fleetwith Gully was negotiated a second time during the meet by the sun worshippers. A multitude explored the Loweswater fells and a party of two wandered in the Grasmoor group. At nightfall we drifted in in twos and threes to tea, to the luxury of hot baths, and to the gloomy business of packing up. A happy gathering played Christmas games while an unsociable nucleus in the smoke-room discussed the height of Scafell, the depth of Thirlmere and the length of a piece of string round the equator. Truly is the spirit of our Club upheld at Buttermere. Fine weather sometimes ; good fellowship and kindly hospitality always ; we ask no more.

Coniston, February 11 th and 18th

Ignored by a tongue-tied press, blessed by the faithful and vilified by the unenlightened was the greatest snowstorm that many of us remember. Its widespread dislocation of the services which we take for granted made the heads of the elders to wag. ' It was worse in 1881,' and ' in '08 we failed to find the first pitch at all . . . absolutely buried ! ' It fell upon the country from the east on the night of January 27th—28th, and swift upon its first impact came the suburban skier, an oddity among the street lamps. As the days passed the expert acquired additional polish ; the beginner forsook one uncertainty for another, sliding a little farther, falling with forethought.

Then came the meet, and the Club lost its identity in the general addiction to the winter sport. Our lusty nephew, the Lake District Ski Club, grew to man's estate overnight and celebrated Sunday with the first Slalom race in Langdale.

Nine members found their way to Coniston, and a few among them, looking askance at the squeaking shouting nursery slopes, floundered aloft to Wetherlam and the Old Man. On Sunday afternoon, skiers came to Three Tarns and the booted minority burrowed their toilsome way to Bowfell. There were glissades both planned and unpremeditated ; perhaps it was worse in 1881, but we were no less happy.

Wasdale Head, Easter 1940

Surviving tongues of winter snow reached down out of a shawl of cloud into the valley. The closing of some of the dale head accommodation threw an unusual burden on the remainder so that the Club found itself in strength at Brackenclose ; other outposts were at Mrs Ullock's and at Strands. As dusk fell on Friday we assembled ; the cry of streams mingled with the slamming of car doors.

Next morning the mist dragged low, spreading a thin drizzle. Optimists disappeared early towards Scafell. Micawbers sat on the doorstep with one boot on, foretelling a minute to minute sunbeam. No sunbeam came. Mid-afternoon brought its reward ; the cloud layer rolled away and colours we remember were kindled on the fellsides. This rising curtain disclosed us on the Screes, Gable and Pillar, and many were still up there when two hours later the rain came in earnest. Hirst and a conscripted pianist contrived a sing-song after dinner ; we hoped for a new ballad and there it was, with acknowledgments to Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

Again on Easter Sunday unrelenting morning mist greeted the window peeps of tousled heads, but we set forth in weak sunshine rejoicing. By accident or design a party located Boat Howe, climbed upon it ; others less hard to please toiled up Gavel Neese and Brown Tongue. It is said that some crossed Burnmoor, and ordering tea at the Woolpack at two o'clock in the afternoon, fell into the discussion of politics ;

it is rumoured too that they saw wildfowl in the reed fringe of Eel Tarn, and more certainly, the lovely rhythmic curves of Great How and the Mitredale fells feeling down through the mist to join hands by the chilly edge of Burnmoor Tarn.

A good day ; we were settling down and laughter was freer ; an unidentified tenor serenaded Yewbarrow from his bath. Patient cajolery established Basterfield in the centre of the evening circle ; we listened intently to the story of a singular piece of artillery owned by the grandfather of a friend of his.

Monday was a day of long walks over the passes and home-wards, climbs for a few and warm sun for all. It was a grand meet ; one thing wrong—the President was absent through illness. Happily he convalesced ; slowly, but with characteristic sureness.

Charged with the task of reporting some meets at which he did not attend the writer cried to many ' What of Wales in April ? ' They knew not, and if there was a meet, or just one lonely member, the event goes unrecorded.

Thornythwaite, Whitsuntide 1940

On foot, by car and train we came on Saturday. First flowers sprang in the railway cuttings, bursts of sun lit the lush young grass ; hill outlines were soft and blue. In an almost deserted Keswick motorists slipped unhindered through the familiar bottle neck, and meeting no traffic on the road to Seatoller, admired at ease the smoke of bluebells.

Sunday : fair weather and great things afoot. A murmurous catalogue of startling events floated across the yard from Fisher Jopson's wireless set and an undertone of discussion rose and fell round the breakfast table. By ten o'clock more history was in the making and round about sandwich time, G. A. Solly, Mrs Solly and Darwin Leighton stood by the cairn on Great Gable. Their total years were

227 ; enviable people and worthy purpose ! We of lesser stature bathed, basked and laboured lightly on our own selected mountains.

Whit Monday dawned hot and still ; boots gave place to rubbers. Many turned towards Langstrath. The caress of warm air slowed our pace along the lane beyond Stonethwaite which echoed laughter and argument. That was a gem among mornings ; the hum of insects and the gossip of the river ; the nod and dance of blossom, the faces of our friends. So the day passed for us. There was skill with the rope on Scafell, hard going over Glaramara and upon High Raise, oranges and apples.

Our numbers thinned on Tuesday as they always do. The Editor and the Assistant Editor entrenched themselves in the farm, a rare stellar conjunction. Those who stayed behind sought the now blustering wind from the West and the racing cloud. One more stolen day there was, spent variously under blue skies in Newlands and Gillercomb. The swift trumpeting flight of a Wellington across Cumberland alone served to remind us, engaged in the arts of peace, that England stirred uneasily.

Buttermere, June 15th and 16th

Thus the Club log book: ' Darwin Leighton, Jean Leighton, Wilson Butler and Mrs Butler (non-member). We are the only members to attend the June meet. Fair and hot every day. Walked round Buttermere Lake ; walked round Crummock Lake. D.L. climbed Melbreak. Had a lovely bathe in Mosedale Beck. Returned home Tuesday, 18th June. France capitulates to-day.'

Someone was doing the things we love to do, moving among the hills of heart's desire. Let them say where they have walked and we can see the heat shimmer over Lad Hows, hear the tip toe curl and break of surf on the Crummock shore.

Coniston, July 10th and 11th

Who went to Coniston in July ? An appeal for news brought an apologetic negative and the following note : —

RAINFALL

July 13. .01 inches. Fine, mild, thundering.

„ 14. .29 „ Rain all day, mild.

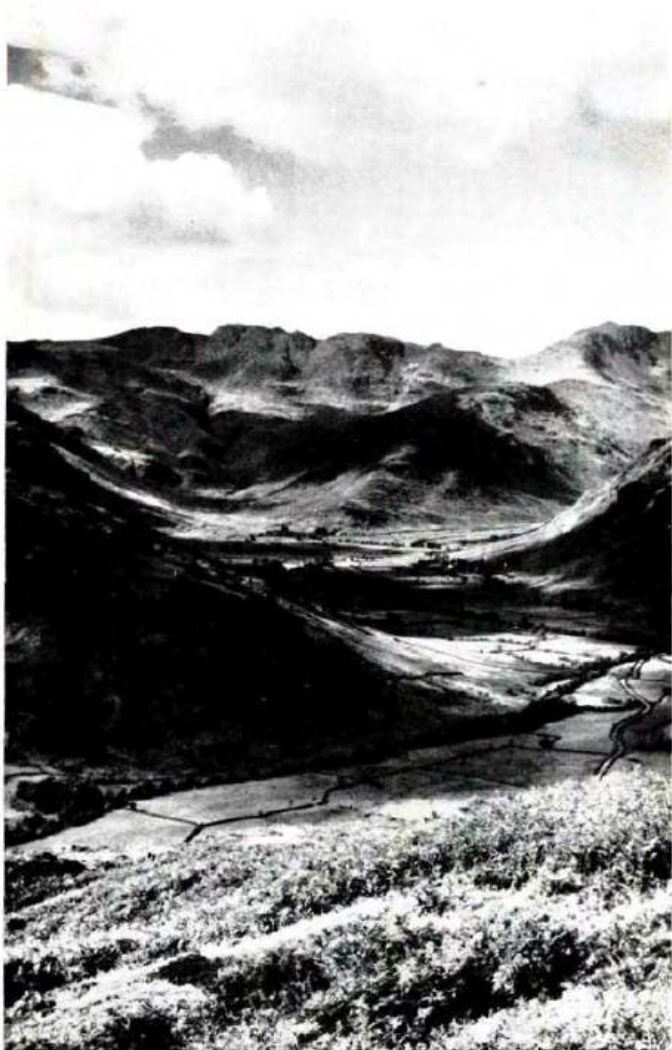
That is what we have learned to expect at Coniston in July.

Brackenclose, August 3rd to 10th

Over a dozen members and guests stayed at the hut for the August meet and a cluster of tents housed an almost equal number. The weather was mixed as it should be. While excellent sport was being had upon the crags a determined effort to be self-supporting was made by the owners of fishing rods ; the results were not of an encouraging nature. One wonders if the fishermen knew of the rule of the poachers of the northern counties, that there is only one sure way of approaching the clear, shallow water of bare-banked mountain streams, and that is the way of the serpent. The meet confirmed the confidence of the founders of our hut that it would prosper ; throughout the year the attendance has been good. Brackenclose is sinking into the landscape, and grass flourishes in the terrace pavement.

Eskdale, August 31st and September 1st

The meet was notable for the return of the President, newly restored to health, ready to welcome late comers at the Woolpack. In Wha House were the young folk. Out came the sun and the company moved in a body up the valley on Sunday, halting to plunge in suitable pools in the Upper Hsk. Some climbed to Esk Hause thence making for Langdale. A few traversed high ridges and returned to headquarters.



F. H. F. Simpson

LANCDALE HEAD
from
SILVER HOW

Windermere, September 28th and 29th

Sixty-five strong we were. Everybody said it was most extraordinary, knowing full well that there was nothing extraordinary about it at all. Those who could throw caution to the winds and petrol, already in part allotted to the return journey, was squandered in the odd two miles beyond which lay a favoured spot. From Gimmer, Dow and Kentmere we came in after a day of keen winds and crystal prospects. The Belsfield rose to the occasion with a faultless informal dinner. Who shall say we did not miss the hallowed menu and the toast list, the lack of elbow room, the uproar in the corridor ? Yes, and the speeches, laughter and applause. The zenith of our family life comes with the rising of the President to speak through a rich haze of tobacco smoke to us, a contented throng facing half-empty coffee cups and archipelagoes of nut shells.

This year again it was foregone ; we possess ourselves in patience. Presently an unrestricted blaze of windows will signal the Annual Dinner to the darkling fells across Windermere.

We were up and away early the morning after the Annual General Meeting and impromptu banquet. Clear skies blessed the various brief undertakings of small groups of members ; in the soft light of a perfect evening and while the last of the sunglow crept up and up the cone of Ill Bell, two youth-laden boats put forth from the landings to row and loiter among the islands. Their cheerful exchanges rang through the dusk, symbols of the same delights we find on crag and fell and value above all else.

Langdale, November 2nd and 3rd

Seven members attended. Middlefell Buttress and smiling Gimmer greeted the climbers. A small party, pledged to a day of gentle progress, passed most of their time in the neighbourhood of Side Pike, reaching at length the top. Fully

matured bracken filled the dale with warm radiance, and November gave of its best.

Buttermere, December 30th and 31st

Again and again the New Year gathering displays those qualities which serve to cement our comradeship. The tireless efforts of our hostesses to promote our comfort are largely responsible for the unqualified success of the meet.

First arrivals were on Saturday, coming in time for two days of rain and mild air from the sea. Gaps appeared in the Club bookcase when on Monday, rain prompted an off day for several. In the early hours of New Year's eve snow fell, dusting the hills with an inch of dry powder. Showing an unusual degree of gregariousness, away went fifteen of us in extended order up Whiteless Pike escorted by two tireless red setters. A chill wind charged with snow clouds swept out of the north-east. The caravan crossed Coledale Pass, and peering beneath the mist observed a wondrous lemon yellow light on Skiddaw and Blencathra. They climbed to Hopegill Head to traverse the ridge to Whiteside. What glory was theirs ! Tawny valley greens and yellows, snow-crowned ; sombre clouds, arctic-winged ; Crummock below. Evening brought the clatter of cutlery, turkey and plum pudding. At a word from the President we honoured the toast of absent friends, with special thought for those on Active Service. Now an established feature of this meet, the Club lantern displayed a selection of the Swiss slides, and it was observed for the first time that an unusual number of the valley landscapes included in the foreground at least one wooden structure like a building contractor's hut. The artlessness of this feature was the subject of adverse comment. Authorities told of their several adventures, and the Committee adjourned at an early hour, stimulated by the thought of what they might be missing. The drawing-room then filled to capacity with offcomers from the Fish to see Hodge's excellent colour slides of Scottish mountain scenery ; he

provided a most informative commentary on his travels. For two shillings it seems, one may be set down by a Scottish goods train at the foot of a chosen mountain ; the formula for stopping the train in the first place was not disclosed.

Big Ben and 1941. Auld Lang Syne and a chain of hand clasps so long that a brief appendix of goodwill projected on to the landing. So ends another year ; to-day we search the future for many things but that whereby the spirit is revived is never far to seek. For those who search in doubt assurance lies even in so humble a place as an old-fashioned railway carriage, lately departed from Penrith towards Keswick. Through the window a winter sky and the rich tree-dotted fields of Greystoke. The wind shrills in the ventilators. Pacing his cinder-paved domain the station-master calls, ' Blencow, Blencow.' A farmer leaves the train leading by a string a sheep-dog puppy, exchanges Cumbrian comment with the station-master, turns the corner into the road. Beckoned west by the shrugging shoulders of Skiddaw Forest the road springs eagerly from hill crest to hill crest. Any time you care to go you will find it, waiting to walk with you, this year next year, always.

IN MEMORIAM

E. W. STEEPLE 1872-1940

By the death of E. W. Steeple rock-climbing has lost one of its quietest and most unassuming pioneers, but one whose intimate knowledge of climbs in this country and the Alps was surpassed by few.

From 1906 to 1924 he pioneered new routes in the Lake District, Wales and Skye and many of these have since become familiar names to a later generation of climbers. Amongst his first ascents were the N.W. Climb on Pillar (Lamb's Chimney variation), Grooved Arete of Tryfan, Girdle Traverse on Glyder Fawr, many variants of the Milestone Buttress, including the Sylvan Traverse, and most of the recognised climbs on the Ghrunnda face of Sron na Ciche in the Coolins, as well as various routes on Lech Ddu. All these he led with the exception of the first. His favourite haunt was Skye, and many holidays there culminated in the production, in collaboration with Dr G. Barlow, of the S.M.C. Guide to Skye, published in 1923. Anyone who has climbed in Skye can appreciate to the full the patience, labour and meticulous care which went to the production of a guide which is an example of everything a guide should be.

Steeple joined the Club in 1909 and was also a member of the Climbers' Club, the Rucksack Club, the Scottish Mountaineering Club, and the Swiss Alpine Club, and was one of the founders of the Midland Association of Mountaineers, of which he was Treasurer and Librarian until the time of his death.

Of recent years he had given up active rock-climbing, but his interest never flagged and at Meets in the Alps his amazing knowledge of routes and his unflinching kindness and sympathetic help were invaluable, not only to the leaders but to the other members of the parties as well.

W. O. DUNCAN (ED. M.A.M.)

H. C. AMOS

Harold Clyde Amos who died on May 3rd after a brief illness joined the Club simultaneously with the writer in 1916 and was thus on the threshold of veteranship as a member and was an original member of the London Section.

Like so many pleasant things in life that come to one as it were by chance rather than by one's own seeking, his and my introduction to the Club was due to a purely fortuitous circumstance.

We had been spending the Easter of that year at Ogwen where we met the brothers Townsend of Nottingham upon whom we had, supposedly, made some kind of not unfavourable impression, for not only did they offer to sponsor our admission to the Club membership but offered to take us on a climb—a new experience for both of us.

Had Amos been without climbing boots he would have pleaded that as a reason for declining the latter invitation but it chanced that a scheming friend had put a gift pair of climbing boots his way the previous Christmas : nevertheless, he protested that he would only accompany us as far as the foot of the climb and meet us later on the summit of Tryfaen.

However, on arrival at the climb he submitted like a lamb to the attachment of the rope round his waist and never regretted the eating of his words on that occasion. But, notwithstanding the thrill he got out of rock-climbing, it was never for him an unalloyed pleasure because of a fear he never could quite rid himself of: the fear of what he called 'making an ass of himself' by which I think he meant loss of nerve, and for this reason his approach to a climb was apt to weigh upon him although that feeling completely vanished once he was committed to it.

One wonders whether this is a more common experience than is generally admitted. But the real attraction of the hills for Amos was, however, not specially a climbing attraction : fell-walking, with its fuller opportunities of

keeping the senses open to passing impressions and the changing scene, was for him the purer, serener pleasure and appealed more to his sense of the aesthetic in Nature.

But by far his supremest contentment was just *Zo* be where hills or mountains stood around him, for this was to him nothing less than a healing balm during not infrequent periods of business stress and strain.

So far as one can recall, his only contribution to the pages of the Journal was one made under the title of 'An Old Mountain Track,' which appeared in No. II of the series (1917), the mountain track in question being one in North Wales connecting Tan-y-Bwlch with Beddgelert.

It was of the weft and woof of his nature to enjoy the company of people in humble walks of country life, and to meet and converse with a shepherd on the Downs or the Fells was for him a thing not ever to be forgotten and was enough to ensure in retrospect the pleasant memory of a few days snatched from business.

He was a bookman in the true sense of that word but the books that were mostly a part of himself were those of such as, amongst others, George Borrow, Richard Jeffries, George Bourne, W. H. Hudson, C. E. Montague and Thomas Hardy.

The infliction of pain in any shape was so repellent to his sensitive nature that he would, for instance, have been quite incapable of using a gun or even plying a fishing rod. Only those who knew Harold Clyde Amos intimately know what a rare Spirit has passed hence.

GEORGE ANDERSON

G. C. M. LYNE PIRKIS

Many members of the Club will feel a personal loss in the death, by enemy action while asleep at his home near London, of G. C. M. Lyne Pirkis, who had been an enthusiastic and loyal life-member for some 28 years.

Educated at Brighton College and King's College, London, he later graduated at Pembroke College, Cambridge. While at the University he was a constant follower of the Trinity Foot Beagles. Always interested in walking whether on fell, country, or road, he achieved, in his younger days, some distances which were astonishing. From 1911 to 1913 he lived at Stonethwaite, in Borrowdale, and in addition to fell walking was a keen participant in the Cumberland fox hunting and otter hunting. He served throughout the Great War after training with the Inns of Court, and was wounded at Oppy Wood as a Captain in the 12th York and Lancaster Regiment. Afterwards he pursued, until the time of his death, his profession as a solicitor at Greenwich and London.

With no particular interest in rock climbing he had a great love for the mountains and, if he could possibly get away, was always ready to join a party for the Lakes, Wales, or Scotland, where his cheerfulness and untiring energy made him a most welcome companion. From its early days he was an active member of the London Section and the leader of very many of its walks. He leaves a widow (well known to many of us), a son, now on Active Service with the Royal Artillery, and a daughter who was seriously injured at the same time but has now fully recovered. To all three we would accord our heartfelt sympathy.

C. F. HADFIELD

ROBERT HEELIS, M.D., M.R.C.S.

My father, who died at his home in Lenton, in his eighty-first year on September 7th, had been a member of the Club since 1909.

Although unable to attend meets latterly, he spent all his holidays amongst the hills, and was in fact climbing some of the tops in Norway as recently as 1938. He went to the Mutthorn hut and, with me, crossed the Petersgrat when he was 71.

To me he was remarkable for his constant devotion to the mountains and for his tremendous staying powers at an advanced age. I remember that he spent eight hours alone on the face of Clach Glas in the Cuillins trying to find a way down, when a not very considerate companion had deserted him.

One of his best efforts was an ascent of the North Climb on Pillar in torrential rain and mist at the age of 55, afterwards returning over the Sty to Thornythwaite in the dark—guided only by a collapsible candle lamp, which, as he said 'spent most of its time demonstrating its description.'

He was an ardent lover of the hills and remained true to them to the end of his long and active life.

R. L. HEELIS

DAVID M. K. HORNE 1923 — 1940

Horne lost his life on August 7th while climbing alone on Pillar ; he had been elected to full membership in March 1940. The son of the Rev. H. B. Horne, vicar of Broughton, he was an undergraduate at Trinity College, Oxford, where he had gone from Marlborough, and had just passed for training as an officer in the R.A.F. His untimely death through an unexplained accident ended a very promising career. The Club extends its deep sympathy to his family.

MRS R. H. HEWSON

In Madge Hewson the Club has lost one of its keenest lovers of the Lake District.

Ever full of energy, a strong walker, and as a climber, a second who never seemed to experience any difficulty in places where the leader may have found himself near the limit of his powers.

She always enjoyed Club meets to the full whenever she could attend, and all who knew her will remember her happy presence at those meets.

It was a great tragedy that such a lively personality, so revelling in the joy of hard-going, should be struck down by an illness which robbed her of the things she loved so dearly. For the last fifteen years she had been able to do less and less—until she became totally disabled.

Some it may be fall and lose their life on the mountains they love. Madge Hewson had the poignant grief of loss—and failing—through many years and yet she remained brave and cheerful to the last.

H. S. GROSS

GUARDING THE SANCTUARY

The year 1941 will set a more visible stamp on the Lake District, in one respect, than did 1940. If any therefore, passing by then on their lawful occasions, see the 'abomination of desolation' seated by the side of famous and frequented beauty, they may take this comfort: that those who have championed the Lake District have brought it about that the abominable thing is 'for the duration' only, and will thereafter be removed bodily. No one has been asleep under these invading claims of 'national need'; all that could be done in protection, has been done; and what has been achieved is much, indeed it is doubtful if it could have been achieved elsewhere. Official prohibition makes any less obscure account impossible; but the wayfaring man will read between the lines.

Another of the Service Departments has withdrawn a project to place right in the 'National Park' area a 'camp' of hutments for 2,000, which was to have remained as a permanent and debilitating feature in a lovely and quite unvulgarised landscape. Here, too, there has been a hot and eager campaign, on which the press can say nothing and of which most who care for the Lake District have been happily ignorant. The end of this battle was a good end, and many who cannot be thanked now can be thanked in the future.

The pumping station, known (at least by repute) to not a few members, is a decent, seemly building—because eighteen months ago a lot of pains were taken to arrange that, if it must be where it is, it should be insignificant. But there are some minor adjacent buildings—the architectural chickens, appendant to the main hen, as so often in a clumsy lay-out—which definitely offend, and these must be cleaned up with the longed-for signal to cease fire.

Ullswater is still polluted, but now less so by the beck from Glen-ridding mines: measurable improvement has been made and it can be said that but for the war—with its urgent need of the metals, with its dearth of time for free experimentation and of facilities for new plant—the issue would have been long since forced to a definite conclusion. The pressure and intricate negotiation and persistence which have been brought to bear by the National Trust and the Friends of the Lake District, acting in conjunction, have had and will continue to have one aim—to save Ullswater whatever the difficulties of the time. To those who have thought that nothing was being done, it must be said that much is done, in matters of this kind, about which the last thing that is wise is shouting.

Haweswater will be 'opened' (or should we say closed?) this summer. The waters are already up some 40 feet and the scale of the landscape is changing. Manchester Corporation has consented to certain mitigations of foreign features: the white colour of the new concrete posts has been toned down and hardwood trees are being planted against portions of the wire fence on the west side and against the road-embankment on the east side.

The straight, unornamented sill of the dam is workmanlike and good. And the hamlet of Burnbanks is being removed—whither ?

The chief long-distance problem for the Lake District comes from the growth of new industries on the Cumberland coastal fringe. This may lead to a pest of sporadic building—' residences ' for the staff, or week-end bungalows—in the glorious western dales.

H- H. SYMONDS

THE LONDON SECTION

In the closing months of 1939 it had been possible, contrary to all expectations, to continue the Club walks to the end and it was therefore decided to make every effort in 1940 to hold these walks every three weeks as long as transport facilities permitted.

A Dorking walk in January and one at Chesham in February, each of a modest 11 or 12 miles, began the year. Taken in March, a slightly longer one from Sevenoaks to Tonbridge led through great expanses of parkland rolling pleasantly into the Weald of Kent. Another cross-country walk from Gomshall to Godalming followed in April. Then, early in May, with beech and birch in their freshest, palest green, the Great Missenden country was visited, followed later in that month by another circular walk of about 15 miles in the country east and north of Ware. Excellent weather all through June made the two walks held during that month even more attractive than usual. The first, from Egham across Windsor Park, with huge banks of rhododendrons—still a blaze of colour—edging the path on either side for over a mile, was a fine example of ordered perfection, while the second, in pleasing contrast with it, led through some of the wilder stretches of the densely wooded Surrey uplands between Haslemere and Midhurst. Two more walks in July, one from Knebworth to Hertford and the other around Tunbridge Wells, completed the first half-year's programme, which most thought and hoped would be followed by an equally active winter half-year walking season. Despite September's intensive air attacks on the metropolis a walk from High Wycombe to Gerrard's Cross fixed for September 8th was duly held ; but, although no railway system ever appeared to be upset for more than a few hours at a time, the uncertainty of the services as to starting times or alternative routes called for a temporary week-to-week arrangement. On October 8th the walk from Haslemere to Guildford took place as planned and that was followed by two Dorking walks, one in November and the other on December 1st. But by this time the numbers of those fortunate enough to be able to indulge in the luxury of a Sunday off had shrunk perceptibly ; members were giving up their spare time to some form of national work and thus usually fewer than a dozen were free to come.

Nevertheless forty friends mustered on December 7th, at the Langham Hotel for a luncheon which had been arranged in place of the Twenty-first Annual Dinner of the London Section, evening functions being ruled out by the nightly raids. Dr Hadfield was in the chair and the guest of honour was W. P. Haskett-Smith, whose presence, in excellent health and form, delighted the thirty-nine friends who had come to celebrate the happy event. There were no formal speeches, except for the chairman bidding all and sundry, and especially the guest of honour, a hearty welcome. He

later attended to the business of the Annual General Meeting and got the London Committee elected for another year. They were : Chairman, Dr C. F. Hadfield ; Secretary- and Treasurer, G. R. Speaker ; Assistant Secretary, Miss Joyce Chapman ; and members of the Committee, George Anderson, R. S. T. Chorley, T. M. Hardwick, R. H. Hewson, W. P. Haskett-Smith, and Ronald Walker. The Secretary then expressed the gratitude for and appreciation of the London Section of Dr Hadfield's service as chairman of its committee for the twenty-first year in succession and on behalf of the committee presented him with a small silver tray bearing a suitable inscription.

This terminated an event, which, but for the war, would certainly have been attended by a very large company of friends from the North as well as from the kindred clubs all of whom present conditions prevented from being with us. May the occasion of our next meeting with them—and in the happiest of circumstances—not be long deferred.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of the 'Fell and Rock Journal'

DEAR EDITOR,

I see in the current number of the Journal that the writer of the article entitled 'Hammer and Stones' would like to hear from anyone who may have had 'visual contacts' of over 100 miles in the British Isles.

On Monday, July 12th, 1915, during a holiday in Borrowdale, I push-biked over Honister and all round by Crummock Water, etc., to Whitehaven to see a business friend or two, and just outside Whitehaven, before descending from the high ground just above the town, I got off my bicycle to have a look at the sea. To my great astonishment I saw all the North Wales hills quite clearly and could see the sea *all round* the Island of Anglesey, and then, away to the right, could see the Dublin and Wicklow mountains. The nearer parts of Ireland were hidden from me by rising ground close by. This was about 11 o'clock in the morning, which was then fine, after several light showers.

It is a long time since I was at a meet—one frustration after another seems to come along—but I am still living in hopes. In the meantime it is delightful to get the Journals and I would like to express the gratitude of my wife and myself to all concerned in producing these splendid volumes. We still have by us the Basterfield collection of songs, which I believe we owe to you personally!

Yours very sincerely,

ARTHUR WELLS

25th June, 1940,
Duffield.

EDITOR'S NOTES

At the end of 1940 many more members were on active service at home or overseas and the following is as complete a list as possible on information available. Names so far not received can be included in next year's issue.

B. C. Alferoff
D. N. Boothroyd, R.A.C.
Lieut. A. O. Bridge, Cheshire Regt.
Mrs H. C. Bryan, Military Hospital Nurse
Miss Una Cameron, F.A.N.Y. S.
T. L. Cook, R.A.C.
Commdr J. A. Duncan, R.N.
C. F. Holland, The Buffs
R. Hope, R.A.F.
Miss S. McLeod, A.T.S., Kenya
A. V. Millard, R.A.F.
S. C. O'Grady, A.O.N.S.
Miss E. Pirie, Military Hospital Nurse
Capt. C. J. A. Pollitt
Miss E. A. Preston, W.A.A.F.
Capt. A. D. B. Side
G. L. Travis, R.A.F.
B. G. S. Ward, R.C.S.
Eng.-Lieut. P. N. Wilson, R.N.
Miss E. M. Wakefield, W.A.A.F.
Lieut. E. J. Woodsend, Sherwood Foresters
Capt. Fergus Graham, Grenadier Guards
Major W. M. Roberts, R.A.

Hearty good wishes to them all.

It is pleasing to record that in spite of the fact that the loss of members this year, mainly through resignations attributable to the war, has been heavier than in any previous year, the total membership, which at the end of 1939 stood at 750,

has increased to 767 in 1940, thanks to an equally exceptional flow of new members, whom we welcome to the fellowship of the Club.

The names of the new members are given below as a list of new members will not be issued for 1941.

Full members elected in 1940 :

R. B. Berry	B. G. R. Holloway	C. F. Rolland
M. N. Clarke	D. M. K. Home	L. P. Smith
W. N. Coombes	H. A. Izant	W. Stafford-Gaffney
G. W. Driver	Mrs F. Jackson	E. Graham Sutton
J. A. Duncan	A. C. de C. Kerr	A. McK. Stewart
W. M. Duncan	C. M. Knaggs	Miss J. Tebbutt
R. B. Elliott	T. G. Lawrence	A. R. Wells
A. Fisher	Miss F. Newbiggin	P. H. Weston
J. Higginbotham	S. C. O'Grady	Rev. E. R. Wickham
K. S. Himsworth	N. P. Piercy	J. F. Winser
		Miss M. J. Wynne

Graduating members now elected full members :

Miss W. Greenfield	P. Russell
B. J. Newton	William Peascod

New graduating members :

Miss E. Bull	Miss M. Gray	R. L. Plackett
R. Bumstead	Miss M. Jenkins	C. H. P. Verrinder
Miss S. Partington	A. Jessup	Miss M. Partington

We are happy to announce the many marriages which took place during last year and we offer our heartiest congratulations and our good wishes to our fortunate members : D. N. Boothroyd, W. S. Cain, Miss I. George (Mrs I. Robinson), Miss M. Scott Johnston (Mrs M. C. Milsom), Miss A. M. Nelson (Mrs S. H. Cross), Miss M. Whiting (Mrs F. O. M. Smith), and Miss J. M. Whitworth (Mrs H. R. Carter). They will all be expected to see to it that their respective life-partners shall lose no time in becoming co-members of the Club.

No other happening in the Club could have given greater pleasure and satisfaction to our members than the President's

splendid recovery from a long and trying illness. Both at Club meets and at committee meetings, where his great experience and ability are so highly valued, he received a hearty welcome and the good wishes of all upon his recent resumption of his activities.

How splendidly the Club has managed in the face of war-time obstacles to go on with its climbing and not to be denied its chief social activities is tellingly recorded in these pages.

For instance there is an unusually large list of new climbs of a high order, helped no doubt by the fine weather enjoyed this spring and summer—it seems safe to mention this now. And surely no one could read Frank Simpson's first-rate account of the Club meets without sharing in some degree the happiness of those members who took part—the fortunate ones.

Once again Brackenclose has had a highly successful year—a year of all-round usefulness. Our own members and members of many kindred clubs have made themselves welcome at this attractive home of the Club at the foot of Scaffell. It is kept in excellent shape by a keen Hut Warden, who supervised the carrying out of a redecoration scheme during the year, the cost of which was met from Hut revenue. Hut revenue also contributed to the reduction of the loan indebtedness, and this now stands at a very moderate figure.

There have been two unavoidable changes in the Club's official quarters during the past year, at Coniston and in Langdale.

At Coniston the Club quarters are now at the Crown Hotel, where additions to the premises are available for use at meets and at other times for the convenience of parties of members and friends. By the way, the First Aid Outfit is now kept at the Schoolhouse close to the bridge.

The enforced severance of the Club's association with

Mr J. G. Fothergill's New Hotel, dating back to the beginning of the Club, is of course a matter for regret. The Journals contain accounts of many large and happy gatherings there in the early days of the Club which will long be remembered by those who took part in them. Now the Club quarters in Langdale are at The Old Hotel, where Mr and Mrs W. Bulman, known to most members as hosts of Wha House in Eskdale, will provide every facility for Club meets and also for committee meetings.

E. W. Steeple, whose death is recorded in this issue, will occupy a prominent place in the annals of British mountaineering. In the Lakes he only did comparatively little climbing, but his extensive exploration of the Coolins at the beginning of the century focused attention on Skye climbing. His exceptional knowledge of that range gained in working out no fewer than thirty-seven first ascents—mostly made with that other well-known pioneer, Dr G. Barlow—is well displayed in his descriptions in the Skye Guide of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, of which he was joint editor with Dr Barlow and others.

One of the Club's youngest members, D. M. K. Home of Broughton, whose name appears in the Club obituary, lost his life on Pillar on August 7th, 1940. Though only 17 he had had three years' climbing experience and at the time of the accident had only just returned from Skye, where he had been climbing with an expert mountaineer. A good rock-climber, keen on having a climb, but it would seem too retiring to ask to join a party, he rashly decided to attempt the North Climb alone, when through an unfortunate slip he fell off the Nose to the foot of the crag. Only imperfect judgment could have allowed an otherwise good and experienced climber to attempt so notoriously severe a pitch without being roped to a well-belayed second, who would almost certainly have saved him from the worst consequences

of a fall. There is nothing to show that Home was a habitual solo climber.

We offer our sincere sympathies to the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club on the death of their President, H. I. Ogilvy ; he lost his life on Sgoran Dubh last September, through an accident which robbed the club of one of its ablest members and leaders.

The activities of the Friends of the Lake District during 1940 have mercifully helped to lessen the serious threats to Lakeland amenities arising out of the inevitable spread of the national war effort. The Rev. Symonds and his helpers (anonymous for the present) deserve the gratitude of all who now and in years to come, find health and inspiration there.

In one of the chapters of his interesting ' Days of Fresh Air,' Mr L. S. Amery takes us back to the early days of Lakeland exploration. It is fifty years since, second on the rope of that fine pioneer, Owen Glynne Jones, and under severe conditions, he made the first ascent of Oblique Chimney on Gable Crag and it would appear that to this day he has not allowed his mountaineering skill to rust—a grand record. We are glad to have the kind permission of Messrs Jarrolds to reprint the part of this chapter which appears in this Journal.

Mrs M. G. Milsom's second book, ' Pilgrim and the Phoenix,' bears the distinctive band : ' Recommended by the Book Society ' on its cover—a recommendation that will be endorsed by those who read this thoughtful book.

W. A. Poucher, who again in this issue contributes several fine photographs, has dedicated his recently published ' Lakeland through the Lens ' to his fellow-members. He could not have chosen a more charming way of giving them pleasure.

An appeal is made to all members who have so far not contributed to the Journal to send in articles, long or short, of local or general climbing interest, and photographs, for the next issue. Especially at a time when fewer members than ever can snatch a much-needed respite, even the glimpses of the free and heartening life of the Hills afforded in the pages of this Journal mean much, as numerous letters to the Editor show.

Norman Boothroyd was well on the way towards equalling, at least, the lengthy records of service of his predecessors in the office of Honorary Secretary, John Appleyard and Darwin Leighton, when he joined the Royal Armoured Corps.

The vacant post has been taken by Mary Leighton and it would be impossible to find anyone better fitted for it.

The good wishes of the Club are offered to the London Section on its twenty-first birthday. The first chairman of the London Section Committee, Dr Charles F. Hadfield, is to be congratulated on having continued in that office right from the beginning.

Judging from the brief account given elsewhere the activities of the Section are being carried on as well as the intensified war conditions around the capital will allow.