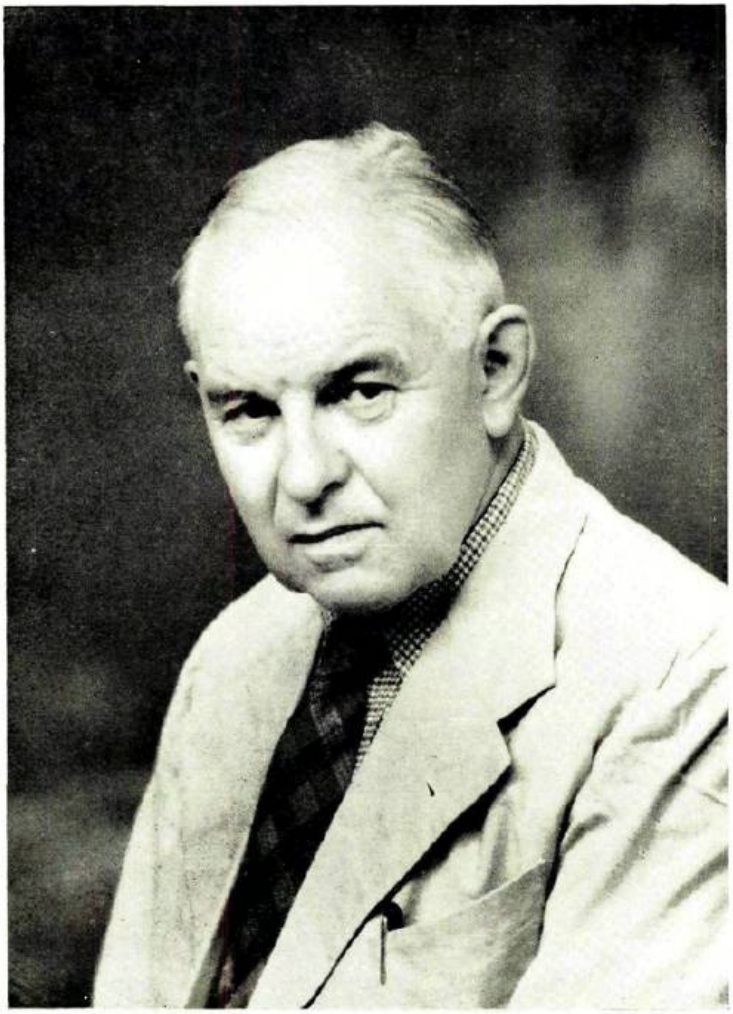

T. Howard Somervell
President, 1954-1956

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OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT
1956

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1917-19	P. S. Minor	1939-44	F. L. Cook
1919-21	G. A. Solly	1944-46	G. Wilson
1921-23	D. Leighton	1946-48	L. W. Somervell
1923-25	A. W. Wakefield	1948-50	J. C. Appleyard
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1931-33	W. G. Milligan, Miss K. Ward
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1951-53	C. E. Arnison, F. H. F. Simpson
1953-55	J. R. Files, H. P. Spilsbury
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1922-26	L. W. SOMERVELL
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1919-27	H. P. CAIN
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†Acting Treasurer from 1915

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1907-10	E. H. P. SCANTLEBURY
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1926-33	Mrs. R. S. T. CHORLEY‡
1933-42	G. R. SPEAKER
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1955-56	R. BROTHERTON

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RAW HEAD

1945-46	S. H. CROSS
1946-48	R. T. WILSON
1948-53	J. R. FILES
1953-56	L. P. SMITH

SALVING HOUSE

1952-56	A. E. WORMELL

Note.—'Officers of the Club' included in this list are those so defined in Rule 3, as at present operative.

THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS

F. H. F. Simpson

The purpose of this paper is to trace what may best be described as the constitutional and family history of the Club. It is indeed impossible to separate the growth of the Club from the personalities of its leading figures from time to time, so that the story must frequently touch upon particular people, and for the same reason, some affairs will be constitutional, some family, and some perhaps neither. The author chose the title within a few hours of being briefed for the production, but the editorial intentions being what they are, the period covered will in fact fall short of the half-century by the greater part of a year.

After an industrious and painstaking investigation, the Editor summarised in ' Documentary Evidence,' published in the last number of the *Journal,* his findings regarding the date of the Club's birth, and established beyond reasonable doubt that this event took place on 11th November, 1906. There is, as it happens, a direct statement in writing of this date, of as early an origin as the first number of the *Journal,* but there are certain other statements at variance with this, which justified the Editor in the course which he adopted. Before embarking on his task he prepared a memorandum, in two parts and running to fully twenty pages, not intended for publication, but of immense value as an historian's guide, and acknowledgment must be made to its author of the numerous occasions upon which the memorandum and the appendices which accompanied it, have been consulted. To the Editor, therefore, goes the credit of establishing a date as important, in its own way, as 1066, and the historian knows where to begin in piecing together a story told by the Minutes of the Committees, and of the Annual General Meetings, and by the Club *Journal.*

11th November, 1906, was a Sunday. The weather it appears, was good average English—the issue of the *Manchester Guardian* for the previous day promised ' light or moderate westerly winds, fair as a whole, but with some showers; little change of temperature.' There is ample evidence both in the first *Journal* and the early Minutes that five individuals were directly concerned with the foundation of the Club, and it is interesting to contemplate the kind of world upon which these five founder members turned their backs on that very special week-end during which a smouldering idea sparked off to become what is now to many of its members, not so much a Club as a way of life. The news-

Opposite— Dow Crag — Evening

From a drawing by W. Heaton Cooper

paper before referred to reported a scene in the House of Commons, and a successful experiment with a flying machine in France. In Paris there were labour demonstrations and a deal of shouting and scuffling. A reputable firm of tailors offered lounge suits at 63/-. A shipping line tempted the affluent with a 32-days cruise to the tropics for £42; Whisky was 4/- and Port 3/- a bottle. A bomb exploded in Tiflis, Russia displayed a hostile attitude to Finland, and Vesuvius provided an earth tremor and a shower of hot sand. A barmaid failed in an attempt to drown herself at Blackpool, and a strong and capable cook general, then disengaged, offered her services for £18 per annum. Patti and Melba were to be heard at the Free Trade Hall, upon special gramophone records, and King Edward and Queen Alexandra were preparing to greet King Haakon and Queen Maud of Norway on their arrival for a State visit—and finally, Manchester City 1, Arsenal 0. It was a world yet to be blessed by television, antibiotics, swing music, nuclear fission and the Welfare State, and we find it muddling along without them when five young men made their way to Coniston for the week-end. We are told (*Journal* No. 1) that the summer and autumn of 1906 had been remarkably fine so it may be assumed that the activities of the few then interesting themselves in climbing had been greatly increased, as no doubt had the thoughts of some of them that a Club should be formed. In the Sun Hotel at Coniston — in the smoking room it is said — upon that Sunday evening, there met for this purpose Alan Craig, George Harold Charter, Sholto Hamilton Gordon, Charles Grayson and Edward Hugh Pengelly Scantlebury. After a discussion they decided to 'start the F. & R.C.C.' — it was as simple as that. Of the five only Charles Grayson, for many years a resident in the United States, survives, and the Club might have lost him in 1949 when a decision was taken to limit the membership to 1,000. He tendered his resignation to make room for the rising generation and the Committee of the day, aghast at the proposal, promptly made him an honorary member.

The events which followed the formation of the Club remain somewhat obscure, and it is not until March, 1907, that an apologetic first Minute appears in Charles Grayson's hand-writing. The Editor has already referred to the undated pro-spectus which is affixed to the front page of Minute Book No. 1. This Minute Book is a handsome affair, bound in black calf and lined and lettered in gold. Unfortunately subsequent Minute

Books, although equally practical are less beautiful. The Editor's article of last year quotes from the prospectus, and it only remains to add here that it gives as some of the advantages — other than the opportunity for climbing and getting to know one another — available to members, the provision of books, maps and ropes at appropriate centres, climbing record books ' at various places ' and an encouragement to invite friends, with a view to their ultimately joining the Club. The subscription was 2/6 and a membership ticket was offered, the production of which was to be necessary when seeking to use a book or rope. The prospectus forecast arrangements for shelters for climbers at convenient spots, the improvement of tracks and footpaths, and annual publication of the *Journal*. Grayson's first Minute records the discussion of no less than nineteen items under the general heading of ' Aims and Rules,' including the name by which the Club has always been known. In addition to those previously recorded there was a decision to attempt arrangements with the proprietor of the Sun Hotel, Coniston, for the leaving in his charge of all personal property, upon production of the membership card, and also a special hotel tariff for members. Ladies' annual subscriptions were fixed at 1/-.

The Committee Meeting in January, 1907, learned that members and others had expressed considerable feeling about the proposal to improve tracks and erect shelters. It was abandoned, as was the proposal for special hotel tariffs. The Minute adds that George Seatree spared neither himself nor his pocket in efforts to make the Club a success and that at the date of the record the membership exceeded 100. By then Ashley Abraham had accepted the Presidency and Seatree and John W. Robinson, the Vice-Presidencies.

In February, 1907, H. B. Lyon was added to the Committee. Scantlebury was the Secretary and Craig the Treasurer, and at a Committee held at Scantlebury's home in Ulverston, to which no date is assigned, eleven prominent people were chosen as suitable for Honorary membership. Grayson was elected Minutes Recorder. This Committee authorised the publication of the first List of Officers and Members — there were then 103 — and set out the revised rules. The rules included provision for the signing of the Climbing Book before a Club rope was borrowed and such borrowing was restricted to cases of emergency only. The emergency was simply defined; a party had to be without its own rope.

The first General Meeting of Members was that at Wasdale Head in March, 1907, at which T. C. Ormiston-Chant took the Chair in the absence of the senior Officers. A balance sheet was approved and the price of the *Journal* fixed at 2/-. The entrance fees were fixed at 5/- for men with a subscription of 7/6, and a subscription of 3/6 for ladies at the same entrance fee. Life membership was £4 4s. 0d. for men and £2 2s. 0d. for ladies. This was the meeting which was deprived of the services of Messrs. Craig, Goodier and Grayson 'owing to delay on Pillar Rock.'

The Club was clearly getting into its stride because there was no further meeting of the Committee until September, 1907, at which the decision was taken to erect a memorial cairn to John Wilson Robinson. Dr. A. W. Wakefield accepted the vacant Vice-Presidency. The same Committee decided that in future candidates must join the Club, and not the Club the candidates, for it was resolved that candidates must be duly proposed and seconded by members of at least one year's standing, both sponsors having personal knowledge of the individual. Scantlebury was appointed joint Editor of the *Journal* with G. F. Woodhouse, and a resolution was passed to order at least 500 copies of the first number. H. B. Lyon was charged with the business of getting together a committee of Kendal men to make arrangements for the first Annual Dinner. There was a Committee Meeting at the Commercial Hotel, Kendal, before this Dinner on 23rd November, 1907; at the Annual General Meeting which followed, the rules were amended to provide that officers be elected for a period of two years, and provision was made in the rules for the proposal and seconding of future candidates. After the Dinner the Committee did something which is now unheard of — it held another meeting. It must be remarked that the agenda was such that there was little need for profound thought or prolonged debate. The Committee decided to open a bank account, establish a bookcase at Wasdale and to authorise the purchase of a typewriter. Finally, it did itself and posterity a good turn by electing Darwin Leighton as one of its members. The Club had now settled down to a pattern of activity similar in many ways to that pursued today and the first Committee of 1909 designed a list of meets in which for the first of many occasions Thornythwaite appeared.

Two of the earliest Club Membership tickets survive among early papers. Both are in booklet form measuring 4ins. by 3ins.

The first is printed on thin card with a light green cover and the second is on paper with a dark green cover of leather cloth. On the back of the first is printed a short poem by William Watson which also appears in *Journal* No. 1. The same ticket sets out the List of Officers and a note upon foundation and objects with some Rules and Regulations and the concluding item is an acknowledgment to the holder for the subscription for the year ending 31st October, 1907. The second card being a slightly larger edition, lists Honorary Members, includes suitable extracts from the enlarged Rules and adds a list of Club quarters and of seven meets from Easter to Christmas, 1907. It concludes with a warning note that the nominal subscription for the first season would be increased and an entrance fee added.

The cynical Committee man of 1956 may be forgiven a smile at the brevity of early records. Twelve months from November, 1908, to November, 1909, occupied only seventeen sheets of quarto paper in the first Minute Book. The Langdale Committee in 1908 approved a statement of accounts. Today's Treasurer might gladly change it for his own. This is it:—

Statement of Accounts, 16th May, 1908.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
General Account ...	56	1	9	Balance from 1907	6	18	6
1908 Account ...	39	2	0	Journal Account ...	48	19	3
				1908 Account ...	46	15	6
				Unpaid subscriptions	22	10	0
					£125	3	3
	£95	3	9		95	3	9
				Balance ...	£29	19	6

(Signed) Alan Craig,
Hon. Treasurer.

In July, 1908, thought was given to establishing an Annual Dinner at Coniston and after a brief Minute on the matter there appears:—

'Ladies not to be invited.'

The first number of the *Journal* was a commercial success and only four copies remained unsold about a year after publication, and in November, 1908, the Committee decided to order 650 copies of the next issue — this when the membership was

scarcely 200. In spite of the frequent committee meetings postal ballots were often conducted for the election of members and on 4th November, 1908, it is recorded that five candidates — among them a certain Dr. T. R. Burnett — were so dealt with. There was a substantial thinning out about this time as the increase in subscription caused not only fourteen resignations but many defaulters and their names were duly struck off.

The holding of the second Annual General Meeting and Dinner at the Sun Hotel, Coniston, under the Presidency of George Seatree, must have given the foundation members considerable satisfaction. Finances were demonstrated by the first Balance Sheet. It was a lusty child of the earlier statement and measured 10ins. by 8ins. The balance at the year end was nearly £13 better than on the previous Annual Account — and this in spite of the outlay of £43 11s. 5d. on 650 copies of the first *Journal* and £17 17s. 6d. on a typewriter.

In March, 1909, evil befell. The Borrowdale rope was reported missing. There being only three members of the Committee present to receive this intelligence they deferred action until the Easter Committee to which came four members. The rope had still not been found at the newly established quarters at Thornythwaite. The meeting was alarmed at the implications; an accident would bring disrepute however sound the rope, or however remote its condition from the primary cause. This was the beginning of the end of this amenity and six months later it was decided to sell the existing ropes and not to replace them. The Club's Officers continued to show an awakened sense of responsibility and at a later meeting twenty-three very severe climbs were listed below a resolution strongly condemning any member for attempting them without first trying the crux on a rope from above, everyone on the offending rope being equally guilty. Of the twenty-three climbs only Engineer's Chimney has a question mark against it. Amendments came thick and fast and in an attempt to clarify the record the Secretary chose the following most appropriate acrobatic direction in his Minute — ' see foot of left page overleaf — backwards.' The Annual General Meeting of 1909 broke a lance for freedom and accepted the resolution only when it included approval of the attempts of those climbers who had five years experience and had led fifteen difficults.

Early in 1910 there occurred strong differences of opinion on the future of the *Journal*. The Editor sought the right to

change the name and modify the contents to cater for the interest of visitors to the district. There was support for both the innovation and for the opposite view and a resolution was put forward for a change of name — *The Lakeland Journal*, of size, and finally of contents. The Editor stated his case at great length with particular emphasis on the virtue of the wider appeal. The two camps voted and the conservative element triumphed by one vote. The Editor resigned and was replaced by W. T. Palmer. The outcome was no doubt unexpected; within a month nine members called an Extraordinary General Meeting, the Notice of which recapitulated the events and provided for a discussion of the cause and circumstances of the Editor's resignation and also of a new rule providing for a reference to a sub-committee on any important controversial matter, with power to report following a paper vote. Assuming this rule was passed it was to be invoked forthwith to deal with the issue. Thirty-five members attended and the previous decision was upheld by twenty votes with six abstentions. The next Annual General Meeting rejected the referendum rule. The Club then applied itself to outdoor activities and the Committees called for June, July and September, 1910, were abandoned for lack of a quorum.

In October, 1910, the proposal for a Club badge was disapproved. *Journal* No. 3 sold like hot cakes and there were less than fifty copies left by February, 1911. The lady members were in the news again in April, and it is recorded that the Club lost on their subscriptions and the opinion was expressed that when only a few were members, the small payment was offset by the honour of their presence. It was, however, decided that there should be an increase to 5/- for newcomers only. A lighthearted Minute appears in September, 1911, when the Secretary, Charles Grayson, attempted to hand in his resignation and the President said he could not see it owing to the poor light. The Secretary explained his position but the Committee could not see the drift of his remarks for the same reason. The Secretary tried again at the October Meeting and the President said he must resign also as he had undertaken office for one year only. After much persuasion he consented to run for another year provided that the Secretary withdrew his resignation. The President and Secretary solemnly shook hands on this bargain and the Committee then voted against permitting the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* a page of photographs and copy on the Annual

Dinner Meet. There were many chivalrous exchanges regarding ladies subscriptions at the Annual General Meeting in November, 1910, but the figure was nevertheless raised to 5/- optional up to 7/6.

In February, 1912, the Club received an invitation from a Swedish mountaineer to bid for a gold medal in the Olympic Games at Stockholm for the best mountaineering feat of the year. The invitation was declined. 1912 was historically uneventful and more meetings were abandoned for lack of quorum. The outdoor purposes of the Club were clearly being pursued energetically and in September the Treasurer could only report on finance, ' roughly speaking there is a balance of £100 to £110 in hand, so far as he could tell.' He was waiting for the Editor's accounts and that officer only confessed to ' about £6.'

Charles Grayson's remarkable handwriting disappears from the records but the loss is more than compensated by the appearance of the equally striking penmanship of his successor, Darwin Leighton. In the early part of 1913 the Committee devoted much of its time to the provision of ambulance outfits in several centres. As is well-known the Club has over the years made a considerable contribution to the perfection of first-aid and mountain rescue. The organisation in 1955 is on a scale never dreamed of in the early years when rescue operations were rough and ready. In August, 1913, the Committee voted ' twenty shillings out of the Club funds to Nelson, of Gatesgarth, for the loan of horse and cart in connection with the Buttermere accident.' In the same year the Rucksack Club invited co-operation in the provision of a mountain hut in Ennerdale at the estimated cost of £250; co-operation was not, however, forthcoming and it is recorded ' that the scheme was considered quite unnecessary.'

The principal preoccupation of the Club's Annual Meeting in 1912 was the prospect of a motor road over the Styhead and a resolution was passed instructing the Committee to be as frustrating as it possibly could. Records settled down in this year to a pattern which reflects the charm of the dying years of the Edwardian period. New members are elected, meets arranged and the infant ambulance scheme developed under the guidance of Dr. Mason. Press photographers were discouraged from appearing at the well attended Meets. The whole of Thornythwaite was booked in May, 1914, for the Whitsuntide Meet in 1915, and the first indication of the end of an era is the voting

the publication by making it appeal to outsiders or visitors to the lakes. Many people would never look at it or think of buying when the title suggested the 'rock-climbing' efforts of 'some club or other'. He was not in favour of raising the price, as suggested, but to make the Journal pay it be a success by increased circulation.

The question of ladies being invited to the Annual Dinner was then discussed & it was decided that They must be asked.

Mr Craig then suggested that there be an "Official Inspector of Club Quarters", whose duty would be to examine the Climbing Books. Book cases &c say between August & November in order to get particulars of new climbs &c. Since this duty was the Librarians & since no further duties could be then mentioned it was decided that there was no necessity for creating a new office.

The meeting then adjourned to the Annual General Meeting.

George Seatree.

A Page from the Club Minute Book,
Committee of 19th November, 1909

in August, 1914, of £20 for the Prince of Wales Relief Fund. Rule 3 was suspended to secure continued tenure for the office bearers, and there was no balance sheet, for the Treasurer was engaged upon special duties. The Annual Dinner was abandoned; the publication of the *Journal* was to continue — a courageous decision indeed.

In 1915 the third volume of the *Journal* was completed. These three volumes bear a period stamp more distinctive than that of any later group of volumes. There is evidence of experiment, of trial and error, and an overriding determination to mirror the events and places which the Club has loved throughout its life. Volume 1, bound in red buckram, is printed on a semi-glossy art paper and weighs slightly under 3 lbs. It contains a striking number of tail pieces — the moon rising over trees — single rose blossoms, floating water lilies. Head pieces — if that is the appropriate opposite — are equally abundant. A few are of mountains, but the rest includes such charming irrelevancies as sailing boats at sea, shrubs in tubs, and a landscape with trees, a cottage and what seems to be washing on a line. In the specimen referred to the advertisements are preserved and the original covers are bound in at the end. Their rich red is unfaded. The advertisements tell their own story. Two of the leading hotels in Grasmere compete with attractions offered for 10/- per day. Another near Ambleside, mentions no price but offers such advantages as four-in-hand coaches, tea on the lawn, and a cycle shed. Climbing boots of West End origin are on sale at £2 5s. 0d. A famous firm of waterproof manufacturers offered for men a mountaineering outfit and for the ladies a mountaineering gown. The reader is assured that thus equipped the hazardous occupation may be enjoyed to the full. A lady and gentleman pose condescendingly on amenable rocks to demonstrate the truth of all that is said. She has slim ankles, a saucy hat and leg of mutton sleeves. He has a compelling moustache, and a hint of cloud below his heels; both carry something too long for a stair-rod and too thin for a spear — a billiard cue, perhaps? Seven pages of the volume are devoted to a list of hotels and farmhouses with particulars of tariffs; the average price per day at a farm is 5/-.

Life appears to have been enjoyed to the full in the early days. The first number of the *Journal* records the success of the Club Meets and a remarkable display of skill and energy by the Misses Evelyn and Annie Seatree at Wasdale on most of the major

crags. Inevitably the death of John Wilson Robinson in August, 1907, is mentioned in a lengthy notice by George Seatree. Such was his prominence in the small mountaineering circle of the day, that a permanent memorial was erected. Under the Chairmanship of W. P. Haskett-Smith a sub-committee of twenty raised subscriptions for a bronze tablet to be placed upon a rock out-crop at the end of the High Level route. At Easter a cairn was constructed and the tablet affixed in June. The latter occasion was one of torrential rain and widespread floods.

The Christmas Meets of 1907 and 1908 at Wasdale were extended to include New Year week-ends also. The *Journal* speaks of the presence of thirty or forty members. Snow, ice, rain, floods and gales were all experienced. Within the Club quarters, however, there was music, singing and bridge. Billiard fives were played with dangerous vigour and in one knock-out competition the Club triumphed over the best exponents of the Alpine and Yorkshire Ramblers' Club.* The New Year was admitted 'by the darkest and most villainous looking person present.' The Annual Dinners of the same years were attended by upwards of sixty members and guests and the speeches are recorded in full, a practice which was adhered to until the sixth Annual Dinner in 1912.

The War of 1914/18 struck hard at Club activities. During the period of hostilities only seventeen Committee Meetings were held. The *Journal* feature 'Committee Notes' — a regular item until 1915 — records the low ebb in Club activities in the second year of war. This was a state of affairs which did not

*The scene of this historic pastime is now the lounge of the Wastwater Hotel. Points were scored by driving the ball by hand into the pockets; opponents at the opposite end of the table tried by hand to stop the ball. The speed and violence of the game wrought the progressive ruin of the walls and furniture. Windows were defended with wire netting. G. D. Abraham refers, in *The Complete Mountaineer* to 'the renowned billiard table of ancient construction,' and L. J. Oppenheimer in *The Heart of Lakeland*, published in 1908, speaks of the uproar and wild charging of the players. Both authors describe the risk of injury to spectators. The story is told of a flying ball which bounced into one of the several full beer mugs on the mantelpiece. No one knew which and an unnamed hero demolished the pints one by one until the ball was found. Oppenheimer describes a less hazardous occupation in a concise 'guide' to the billiard room traverse. With feet on the wall and hands on the table the gymnast proceeded round the room to a severe *mauvais pas* by the door, finishing with a back and foot pitch down the passage to the smoke room. The billiard room was converted to its present use about 1928.

prevail, because men in the forces came on leave and the first thought of many of them, indeed of any one with the opportunity, was the next Club Meet. The Club met annually to despatch essential business, but the dinners which followed them were quite informal. A series of Meets was planned each year. Wilson Butler assumed the treasurership in place of Alan Craig who was professionally engaged in war duties. At the Annual General Meeting in November, 1915, it was decided that members on active service should be made honorary members of the Club for the duration of the war. It is recorded that in September, 1916, the accounts for the previous Club year were not yet available and the Honorary Auditor was briefed to pursue the busy ex-Treasurer for the details. On various occasions the Editor is found to be struggling with publication problems long after the chosen date. The Annual General Meeting of 1917 was informed that thirteen members had lost their lives in the War. The suspension of Rule 3 was terminated at the same meeting and new Officers, including P. S. Minor as President, were elected. The New Year Meet 1917-18, was held in Langdale, and the Secretary reported to the Committee that he had been required to guarantee an attendance of at least ten members to induce the hotel proprietor to cater. The required total was not forthcoming so the Committee resolved that any extra charge should be found out of the Club funds. One wonders if Dick Plint would entertain a revival of this sensible procedure in any form. By September, 1918, the tempo of business was increasing, and after a lull of nearly six months the Committee met, and among other things dealt with the election of seventeen new members. Throughout the war the Journal maintained the original standard set by its Editor and the only sign of austerity is to be found in the cover of No. 12 published by R. S. T. Chorley in 1919. Its cover is not in the familiar red, but a ghostly stewed plum. Inevitably the *Journal* contains a Roll of Honour in which memoirs appear of many of the men whose names are cast on the memorial tablet on Great Gable. In 1918 a list—no doubt incomplete—named forty-five members on active service.

At the New Year Committee at Buttermere in 1919 attention was turned to a suitable method of honouring those members who had fallen. Of the many forms of memorial discussed that consisting of shelters or dug-outs adjoining the principal crags finally received approval. The *Journal* described what followed

as ' a regrettable storm ' which took the form of letters of protest addressed, not only to the unfortunate Secretary, but also to the *Manchester Guardian*. One alternative which was considered was a series of pocket guide books prepared by a team skilled in various fields and covering not only climbs but such matters as botany and zoology, hotels and farmhouses. Simultaneously came the most ambitious proposal of all — the purchase of a crag. The volume of objection to the first proposal prompted the Committee to leave the next step to the Annual General Meeting of 1919. This Meeting appears to have debated numerous schemes but the one which found favour was that proposed by H. P. Cain for negotiating for the purchase of Pillar Rock. The Committee of March, 1920, voted £50 to be offered to Lord Lonsdale for the Rock, including a right of way from Black Sail. The Lowther Estate Office wrote to say that his Lordship would not entertain the suggestion. Canon Rawnsley's help was sought in influencing the owner. This approach having also failed Dr. T. R. Burnett was asked to approach the owner of Great Gable with a view to securing certain rights upon its summit with the object of presenting it to the National Trust. The Minutes are silent on the subject until September, 1922, when an encouraging letter was received from the Solicitors acting for the Musgrave Estate. The approach was renewed by H. P. Cain in February, 1923, and a month later portions of this estate came on the market. Lot 22 comprised Row Head Farm, 960 acres, including the summit of the mountain. Darwin Leighton, the President at the time, and the Secretary were empowered to negotiate. Bidding for the Lot stopped at £1,150 and it was withdrawn. The ultimate purchaser of the whole estate was Mr. H. W. Walker, of Seascale.

Immediately after the failure of the Pillar venture, attention had been turned to the Needle alone, but the purchase of the whole estate by Mr. Walker suddenly widened the possibilities beyond the wildest dreams of the organisers, whose enthusiasm was described by H. P. Cain (*Journal* No. 17) as ' red hot.' The Editor in ' The Year with the Club ' described this symptom as ' Cain's complaint.' Mr. Walker received a deputation consisting of the President, H. P. Cain and Wilson Butler and though surprised at the proposal to purchase all land above the 1,500 foot contour did not turn it down. In the meantime R. S. T. Chorley and H. P. Cain had seen the Secretary of the National Trust who had expressed enthusiastic approval, the

more so as Lord Leconfield had transferred the summit of Scafell Pike to the Trust, 'in perpetual memory of the men of the Lake District.' The Committee of May, 1923, had the written assurance of the National Trust that it would accept the memorial on any conditions the Club cared to impose and, thus encouraged, appointed a sub-committee : the President, H. P. Cain, W. Butler and L. W. Somervell — with power to sign a contract.

A memorial tablet was considered and a circular approved for calling upon members for personal contributions. The fund soon rose to £570 subscribed by 335 members. The final design of tablet was agreed in September, 1923, and the Minutes set out the dedication and the names of twenty members which follow it. The cost of the finished tablet was estimated at £30. W. G. Collingwood was entrusted with the modelling in collaboration with Miss Collingwood.

The following month the legal side of the project was more or less complete. The owner agreed to the 1,500 foot contour level provided the line was adjusted to include Kern Knotts but exclude the Styhead summit. Although the Committee Minutes speak constantly of Great Gable, the documents of title handed over to the National Trust at Coniston in October, 1923, covered over 3,000 acres of open fell above 1,500 feet, including within the Wasdale and Borrowdale watersheds, Kirkfell, Great Gable, Green Gable, Grey Knotts, Base Brown, Seathwaite Fell, Glaramara, Allen Crags, Great End, Broad Crag and Lingmell.*

In November, 1923, the Committee approved a plastic model of the tablet and authority was given to invite the Prince of Wales to perform the unveiling ceremony, and the Reverend J. H. Smith to conduct the service, on Whit Sunday, 1924. The Prince was unable to accept the invitation and the final choice

*The acreage was thought to be correct at the time, but B. L. Thompson in his book, *The Lake District and the National Trust*, makes an interesting disclosure. The whole of the land was understood in 1924 to be freehold and in private ownership, and it was not until 1944, when the Trust acquired Seathwaite Farm, that a large area of the original gift was found to be part of Borrowdale Common, and this, according to the map in the same book, comprised all the land lying North and East of a line joining Angle Tarn, Sprinkling Tarn and Styhead Tarn. The Club's gift was, therefore, not 3,000 acres but 1,184 acres. The case of the benefactor who purchases land from someone who does not own it and purports to give to the Public something which it already has, must remain the sport of lawyers.

fell upon the President, Dr. A. W. Wakefield. Benson Walker, of Cockermouth, was chosen to fix the tablet and Dr. T. R. Burnett was asked to make absolutely certain that the rock face immediately below the cairn on the western side was within the Club's boundary. By April the Committee was able to legislate for the transport of the tablet to Borrowdale and thence to the summit on 6th June. Every detail was carefully considered. Invitations to the relatives of the fallen, the order of the service, and such practical matters as the type of attaching screw for the tablet. The order of service was to be sealed in a leaden wallet behind the tablet. On the eve of the ceremony the Committee resolved to communicate its sense of gratitude for their whole-hearted service in the scheme to B. S. Harlow, G. W. Young, Wilson Butler, W. G. Collingwood, the Reverend J. H. Smith and Commander Michaelson (who had provided for the ceremony a flag flown at the Battle of Jutland). As the undertaking passed through its final stages another was being perfected and, in October, 1924, the Committee recorded congratulations to A. C. Benson and Gordon Wordsworth on their acquisition of Scafell and its handing over to the National Trust.

The ceremony had received advance publicity through the Press Association, so that it was not surprising that about 500 persons gathered on Gable summit in cloud and light rain. Arthur Wakefield stood beside the flag of H.M.S. *Barham* and recalled the purpose of the Club in commemorating its fallen comrades, and next described the great mountain park which lay below and around. Geoffrey W. Young followed with a special tribute. The spirit of the Nation which sprang from victory is alive in his concluding words:—

> 'By this symbol we affirm a twofold trust: that which hills alone can give their children, the disciplining of strength in freedom, the freeing of the spirit through generous service, these free hills shall give again for all time.
>
> The memory of all that these children of the hills have given—service, and inspiration, fulfilled and perpetual—this free heart of our hills shall guard.'

G. A. Solly read Psalm 121. H. P. Cain read out the inscription and the names of the fallen. The flag fell away and the buglers of St. Bees School Cadets sounded the 'Last Post.' The task was complete after almost six years. In view of the impetus which it surely gave to the subsequent successful

development of the National Park movement, it was a most significant stage in Club history. Today, thirty-two years later, this memorial forms part of the Lake District National Park and commemorates the dead of another generation which also fought for freedom.

Undoubtedly the war memorial project dominated the work of the administration for several years, but there were, however, other developments going on simultaneously which are deserving of notice. The dragon of the Styhead motor-road was breathing fire again, as it was to do from time to time thereafter, and in 1919 the Easter Committee passed several Resolutions designed to destroy it. In the same year R. B. Domony, for long the Club's Honorary Auditor, tendered his resignation, and Messrs. R. F. Miller and Co., of Barrow, were appointed in his stead. This firm has continued to serve the Club until the present day. Peace Day had to be celebrated in a proper manner and in May, 1919, £50 was voted to a sub-committee for the purchase of 'flares, etc.' The story of this adventure is well told (*Journal* No. 13) by E. H. P. Scantlebury. The prime mover was a body bearing the impressive name of the 'Peace Celebration Beacons and Bonfires Committee,' and it entrusted to the Club the business of illuminating England's highest summit. The Club entered into the task with enthusiasm, and eight flares weighing 100 lbs. each were carried from Langdale via the Stake to the mountain. Carts were used to the foot of Stake, and ponies to Esk Hause, where a dump was made. A week later a 20-foot flag pole weighing 40 lbs. was carried up. The decorations and explosives were duly established by the cairn and on the 19th July, 1919, the flares, with rockets, were discharged without mishap. A coal fire was made and tea brewed in the shelter, which, designed for a dozen, held forty-five, who waited for a sunrise as fine as the sunset, only to be disappointed.

The Club continued to grow slowly and candidates were considered at almost every Committee Meeting. A movement to transfer the Dinner Meet to the Hydro at Windermere to allow for this steady growth was unsuccessful and Coniston became the venue once again; 113 people sat down to Dinner in circumstances generally admitted to be 'a tight fit.' 'The Year with the Club'—a record of activities at Meets, appears for the first time in *Journal* No. 12 in 1919, and its repeated appearance leaves no doubt that the Club continued to enjoy itself.

In March, 1920, H. F. Huntley, after consultation with other exiles, invited the Committee to approve the formation of a Club Branch for the benefit of London members. A local sub-committee was formed and the Londoners worked so quietly that their activities are not mentioned again until December when the London Section is first so described in the Minutes and its formation hailed with satisfaction. Like the good climbers they were, the Section set about organising a Dinner, with such success that larger floor space than in Gatti's restaurant had to be sought at the last minute. Eighty-five people were catered for instead of the expected forty and an over-flow downstairs solved the problem — as it did again in Keswick thirty-three years later. A substantial list of Meets was worked out calling for early rising and the covering of some considerable distances in the Home Counties during a year of weather which was, in the current Journal, described as 'simply fine.' The Section reported on itself through the Secretary and the first five meetings were held in Dr. C. F. Hadfield's flat. Dr. Hadfield was appointed Chairman at its inception and that he continues in office in the Jubilee year is a major record.

The Committee of May, 1920, did two things of note. First it established a Club room in Barrow at an annual rent of £15, an arrangement which only lasted a short time; secondly, it elected one new member, J. C. Appleyard, who has endured to the Club's constant advantage. The Annual Meeting in November, 1920, dealt with two novel items, the first the election of ladies to Committee, and the second a qualification for membership. The debate on the last item showed a division of opinion which prompted an adjournment for twelve months. The first, however, was carried with enthusiasm and the first three candidates were Miss E. F. Harland (later to become Mrs. J. C. Appleyard), Mrs. Kelly and Miss Dorothy Pilley. In October, 1921, came some significant changes. New rules were passed requiring the submission of a list of expeditions by candidates, the discretion of the Committee as to their election being absolute. The Committee was increased from seven to twelve ordinary members and subscriptions rose to 10/- with an entrance fee at the same figure and, for the first time, the Committee received express power of expulsion of members guilty of conduct detrimental to the interests and status of the Club. Provision was also made for a ballot for guests at the Annual Dinner and this new complication in the social life of the Club was dis-

cussed by the Committee at the Mortal Man, Troutbeck, in November, 1921. The congestion at the Dinner Meet had already made it necessary to have the business meeting of the Club at the Black Bull, Coniston, and the Troutbeck Committee resolved to begin educating the Club to a change of venue in Windermere. The schooling was, however, a slow process and the Dinner Meets of 1923 and 1924 took place in Coniston as before.

In February, 1922, at the Coniston Meet an informal Dinner was given in honour of Dr. T. H. Somervell and Dr. A. W. Wakefield on the eve of their departure on the Everest Expedition of that year. Their efforts on this Expedition earned them well deserved honorary membership and a degree of immortality in a song written for the occasion by John Hirst, who was then establishing himself as the Club bard. It was sung at the dinner to an air from *Iolanthe*, and is reprinted in *Journal* No. 48.

Concern was expressed in February, 1924, at the size of membership, the pressure upon accommodation and upon honorary officials. The Committee recoiled from the restriction of numbers—one of the fears voiced was that a rival organisation might be set up! There is only one piece of evidence to suggest that the Committee tightened up, for the time being at least, the standard of qualification, for it is recorded that the election of one lady candidate was to be approved 'subject to her form being found acceptable ————.' At the next Committee Meeting the Secretary solemnly informed the members that 'Mrs. ————'s form was all right.'

The proposal of Dr. T. R. Burnett in 1924 that the Club should have a badge was received enthusiastically and H. P. Cain undertook to secure designs. A choice was made within three months and an order placed for 600 at 9½d. each. The badges were consecutively numbered. In that year 116 people were crushed into the Sun Hotel for the Dinner which was interrupted for the election to honorary membership of Brig. Gen. the Hon. C. G. Bruce, Lt. Col. E. F. Norton, N. E. Odell and our own member, Bentley Beetham, who had distinguished themselves on Everest.

Another post-war undertaking concurrent with the memorial scheme was the preparation of the first series of Rock Climbing Guides. They were published in successive *Journals*. The first to appear was 'Doe Crags and Coniston' in 1922 by G. S. Bower. 'Pillar Rock and Neighbourhood' by H. M. Kelly

followed in 1923. 'The Scawfell Group' was published in 1924 under the authorship of C. F. Holland, and 'Great Gable' and 'Borrowdale' appeared in 1925; the first named area was by C. F. Holland and the second by A. R. Thompson. 'Great Langdale and Neighbourhood' appeared in 1926 and was prepared by George Basterfield. This last issue included 'The Buttermere Area' by A. R. Thompson and 'Outlying Climbs' by R. S. T. Chorley. The intensification of the search for pastures new since those early days may be judged from the fact that there were at that time only eleven outlying climbs recorded. The Guides were also printed separately and were covered in 'Club Red' with a leatherette outer casing. The work followed no set pattern. Bower and Basterfield adopted the attitude of a cheerful schoolmaster teaching a class, while the other authors were more matter-of-fact. The pattern of pitch-by-pitch identification with telegraphic instructions adopted by H. M. Kelly has since become the model for both the later series of Guides — indeed for almost any Guide published anywhere.

The big event of 1926 was the celebration of the Centenary of the first ascent of Pillar Rock. The Committee decided in January to notify members and kindred Clubs that there would be a pilgrimage to the Rock on Easter Monday. Sir H. W. Beveridge describes the occasion in *Journal* No. 20 as an 'hilarious affair' in which at least one silk hat was worn. All sorts and conditions of climbers arrived at the top and descended again without mishap.

The struggles of the Club's administrators to keep the Annual Dinner in the village of the Club's birth make entertaining reading. Early in 1925 Dr. T. R. Burnett and L. W. Somervell toured Coniston in search of elbow room and reported that the Institute was the most suitable building outside the Sun Hotel. The proprietor of the Sun Hotel attended the Committee Meeting and explained that nothing more ambitious could be offered in the Institute than hot soup and potatoes and the usual cold dishes. Disappointed, the Committee contemplated contracting with outside catering firms. A marquee on the Sun Hotel terrace was rejected as the organisers knew something of the hazards of the climate. Four catering firms were asked to tender. Those in London and York declined on account of the distance and the replies from the others prompted a return to the old system with an absolute maximum of 116 people. It happened, however, that twenty-four diners had to eat their

dinners elsewhere in Coniston and the search was on again in 1926. A deputation sounded the proprietor of the Waterhead Hotel and a suitable room was found 'in a disused condition, over the stables.' The normal hotel accommodation ran to only 120 persons and it was arranged that the owner should clean up and decorate the room and that the Club should provide a hot plate and foot the bill for electric lighting. The bill for the previous Dinner called for payment for 116 meals and the Minutes observe that only 110 people attended. This new symptom of disorder was noted for the future and the bill was duly discharged. The estimate for lighting the newly discovered room with electric light came to £8. This, with an increased catering quotation, brought the venture to a sudden end. Tentative arrangements were made with the Sun Hotel to provide dinner in the Institute and the Institute Committee were to instal a suitable cooking range. Unhappily, the Institute's finances would not stand the strain, so the Club Committee voted up to £100 from capital for a cooking range. Two suitable ranges each 6 ft. long were placed on order, and plans appeared to be running smoothly when, at the last minute, the Institute Committee made the fitting of the ranges conditional upon the supplying of hot water, a piece of magic beyond the powers of those concerned. In some desperation the organisers appealed to Miss Briggs, of the Windermere Hydro, and the Club dined there for the first time on 9th October, 1926.

1927 was a milestone in the Club's history. It attained its majority and the event was duly celebrated. H. P. Cain had been elected President at the Annual Meeting at Coniston on 10th October, 1925. J. C. Appleyard was appointed Secretary on the retirement of L. W. Somervell in May, 1926. In the same month R. S. T. Chorley, who had been Editor of the *Journal* since the end of the War, announced his intention to resign, Mrs. K. C. Chorley having previously expressed her willingness to take on the task. The formal change of responsibility did not, however, take place until the Annual Meeting on 8th October, 1927, and as a result the *Journal* for the 21st Birthday Year was jointly edited by Mr. and Mrs. Chorley. The birthday celebrations and the preparations for them are only directly referred to once in the Minutes, when, on 1st January, 1927—described as 'the 21st Birthday Year'—H. P. Cain was nominated for a second year as President, 'that the Club might thus show their esteem and gratitude to him for his services in

regard to the purchase of the Fells for a Club War Memorial, and also for the work he had done for the Club in the past.' As is well known a grievous blow was struck at this excellent intention when the President died suddenly in Langdale on 19th March, 1927. Dr. T. R. Burnett was nominated to the vacant Presidency.

Brig. Gen. the Hon. C. G. Bruce was named as a guest of honour; all past Presidents and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. P. Scantlebury were also to be guests of the Club. Miss Briggs, of the Hydro, promised seating for 200 diners and beds for 150. The Committee in July, 1927, decided to elect E. H. P. Scantlebury an honorary member. Provision was made for the writing of a press report, and a group photograph of members and guests. The Annual Meeting dashed off its agenda to the tune of three pages of Minutes and the Secretary left three more pages blank in case anything unexpected happened. The Hydro dining room was crammed to the doors. Twelve kindred clubs were represented. A special three-tier cake over 2ft. high confronted Dr. T. R. Burnett with twenty-one candles round its rim. The *Journal* tells us that Mrs. Burnett cut the cake with an ice axe and through the applause ' came the riotous melody of H. E. Scott's tin horn.' A. P. Abraham, the first President, proposed the toast of the Club. Darwin Leighton sang the original Club song and John Hirst the one we have all heard so often since, ' When I was lying awake in Bed, etc.' Other speakers followed. John Hirst then sang for the first time to the air of ' The Leather Bottel,' his own verses entitled ' The Rock and Fell,' with two extra verses poking fun at General Bruce and the President. Finally Scott proposed the health of the President with his customary disregard for the rules, a characteristic which caused him to be described in a contemporary report as ' the official insulter to the Club.' Six past Presidents attended the Meet, as did twelve original members, and also present were six participators in the first Annual Dinner at Kendal. The weather was wonderful and members ranged as far afield as Dow Crag and Blencathra.

This event over the Club reverted to normal habits and for a number of years there is nothing in the way of a major historical event. The possibility of purchasing first Bow Fell and secondly Hobcarton—this last a revival—came and vanished from the Committee's horizon. Born before their time were two other ideas—both to vanish almost at once. The purchase of Wasdale

Vicarage as a Club Headquarters was considered inadvisable on account of the high operating cost, and Down-in-the-Dale was dismissed as unsuitable. Dr. T. R. Burnett proposed a Club tie but the Committee, after a debate, voted against it. In 1928 there was a move to change the colour of the *Journal* cover to blue or green — but the conservative element prevailed. In October, 1929, F. Lawson Cook, then President of the Wayfarers' Club, announced the recent completion of the Robertson Lamb Hut and extended to Fell and Rock members the advantages of using it during Langdale meets. This friendly gesture can be described as a straw in the wind and in the spring of 1930 came another; two dwellinghouses adjoining the Elterwater Gunpowder Factory came on the market and the Club was invited to consider purchasing — 'resolved that no action be taken.' An Extraordinary General Meeting was held in Borrowdale in May, 1931, to provide for a financial year ending on 20th July and the Annual Meeting to occur between 1st September and 30th November. The purpose behind this manoeuvre appears to have been to advance the Dinner Meet to the last week of September to accommodate the Hydro Management whose staff grew uneasy at the end of what is still so oddly described as 'the season.'

When the Club met in October, 1932, authority was given for the preparation of a new climbing Guide and at its next Meeting the Committee decided the publication should not be part of the *Journal,* that it should be in pocket form, and that H. M. Kelly head a sub-committee as Editor-in-chief. The first volume was intended to be ready in September, 1935, and this promise was fulfilled. The standard and system adopted by H. M. Kelly in the first Pillar Guide was adopted for the whole series. Early in 1933 the new feature was debated several times but there was silence until November, 1934, when the Guide Editor is recorded as announcing that the Pillar Guide was in the press. 'Pillar Rock and Neighbourhood,' by H. M. Kelly, having appeared in 1935, the remaining numbers followed quickly. The 'Scafell Group,' by A. T. Hargreaves, was published in 1936, 'Great Gable, Borrowdale and Buttermere,' by C. J. Astley Cooper, E. Wood-Johnson and L. H. Pollitt respectively in 1937, and 'Dow Crag, Great Langdale and Outlying Crags,' the first area by A. T. Hargreaves and S. H. Cross, the second by W. Clegg and the third by C. J. Astley Cooper and E. Wood-Johnson appeared in 1938. Pioneers had been busy

since the publication of the first series; not only had the principal areas been developed but the outlying climbs numbered thirty-eight. Each Guide was illustrated by the always wonderful and now familiar pencil drawings of W. Heaton Cooper.

On the 4th November, 1933, the Committee in contemplating the surplus funds of the Club took what was to prove a most momentous decision. This is the record: 'It was proposed by H. M. Kelly, seconded by Dr. M. M. Barker and carried, that a sub-committee consisting of Messrs. A. T. Hargreaves, A. B. Hargreaves and W. Clegg be appointed to investigate the possibilities of a Club hut.' This sub-committee naturally grew greatly in size and at one time most of the Club's best brains joined to add their ingenuity and experience to a project which is now a reality preoccupying a team of officers under the Hut and Meets Secretary, and the natural pride of the Club. Three months later the Committee was informed that the best site was Wasdale but that the acquisition of a site, and building on it, was not going to be very easy. A whole year went by and in March, 1935, the President, W. G. Milligan, made a full report on the unadvertised activities of the sub-committee. It was decided by five votes to two with three abstentions that Wasdale was the place and Brackenclose Wood the site. The President and Dr. T. R. Burnett were authorised to interview Lord Leconfield's Agent. This deputation discussed with the Agent the purchase of one and a half acres and a probable price, £150. The President reported in April, 1935, on the plans which had been prepared for a hut accommodating forty men and twenty women. Authority was given for the drafting of a circular to members. This document was ready about August, 1935; in it the site was described by H. M. Kelly and the building by F. Lawson Cook with architect's plans and elevations as illustration. The design was more ambitious than the finished article. The dormitories were capable of holding nearly sixty people. A. B. Hargreaves explained the financial problems and the target of the appeal was £3,500, of which £160 was allocated to the site, £2,250 to the building and the balance to water supply, drainage and equipment. Members were given a choice in the matter of subscribing, by outright gift, returnable subscription or loans at 4% interest. The Annual Meeting of October, 1935, gave the project its blessing, but there was some argument regarding finance and it was finally agreed that capital contribution from the Club funds should be limited to

the purchase of the site. By December, 1935, £1,667 had been promised and a less ambitious project was approved for a building costing £1,500 and accommodating eighteen men and nine women. Work was begun on 10th August, 1936, and in September the members received a progress report recording the acceptance of the tender of Thomas Tyson, of Eskdale, and calling for a renewed effort to clear the figure of £2,000. The growth of the building fired the enthusiasm not only of the lukewarm but of some of the opposition and called forth acts of generosity from many members. Among these were offers from G. R. Speaker to pay for a shower-bath installation, of Mrs. R. S. T. Chorley to furnish the living-room in memory of her father and uncles, who were all Lake District climbing pioneers. The Hut Fund rose to £1,880 in the spring of 1937 and six months later stood at £1,979, excluding gifts in kind. From a long deliberation on hut rules, two desirable arrangements emerged; dogs must not be allowed in, and equipment must not be allowed out. The first sod had been cut by W. P. Haskett-Smith on Easter Monday, 1936, the day after he had performed the jubilee ascent of the Needle.

Brackenclose was the name chosen for the Club's new home and the building was opened on 3rd October, 1937. Dr. T. R. Burnett described the occasion in *Journal* No. 32. The whole Club made its way to Wasdale by foot and wheel the day after the Annual Dinner. The builders and local dalesmen were present and the weather was calm, kind and sunny. G. A. Solly said a prayer, and R. S. T. Chorley, the retiring President, recalled the pioneering days of the Club and told the assembly that coming generations would surely renew the exploration of the Fells from the new Headquarters. He handed the key to his wife who spoke briefly of the opportunities which the Club would enjoy, particularly the younger members. She 'launched' the building by pouring a mug of beer over the front doorstep and after the unlocking of the door handed the key to G. R. Speaker, the new President, who took possession of the key and the building on behalf of the first Warden, A. T. Hargreaves, and expressed the Club's gratitude to all those who had worked for the fulfilment of one of the greatest endeavours in its history.

Since that celebrated occasion nineteen years ago the Club has added three more huts to its possessions, but they have in each case been existing buildings. The Annual Meeting of 1936 indulged in an examination of conscience on the matter of new

structures in the Dale heads. A good example had been set by the submission of the Brackenclose plan to the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, and it was known that other bodies contemplating huts were following suit. The Meeting, however, resolved that following the erection of a new building in a valley where no existing building was available, the future policy for hut development must be that existing buildings be acquired wherever possible. This condition has been strictly observed—indeed the rise in the cost of labour and materials would have ruled out any other course.

There is plenty of evidence of nocturnal activity, both deliberate and unrehearsed, on the part of small groups of members through the Club's life, but there was no organised All Night Walk until 1934 when F. Lawson Cook devised an expedition round the Patterdale watershed on the night of 30th June/1st July. As a Wayfarer the organiser knew what he was about, and planned the smallest detail. The party started thirty-five strong. The route ran from Boardale Hause to Ramsgill Head, thence to Kirkstone and over the Fairfield backbone to Grisedale Tarn. Diehards went the full distance to Stybarrow Dodd and into Glencoin, but short cuts by the Helvellyn edges were provided for. A fine night followed a brilliant summer day, and the midnight tea party at the Kirkstone Inn was the highlight of the occasion. The experiment was repeated the following year starting at Rosthwaite. Nine members put in an appearance for the course over to Langdale and back by the Crinkles and Esk Hause. In 1935 a third all night walk attracted only two members; incidentally, bad weather was out in strength.

During the years occupied by the first hut project the Club was to adopt the annual Alpine Meet. The first was held at Arolla in August, 1935. Ronald Walker acted as Treasurer and general factotum and the whole successful affair cost the twenty-eight participants an average of £6 each. The second Alpine Meet at Chamonix under the management of G. S. Bower and G. F. Travis, was equally successful and thereafter until the second World War the meet occurred regularly:—at Saas-Fee in 1937, under the joint leadership of L. S. Coxon and R. A. Fanshaw, at Fafleralp in 1938 led by L. S. Coxon, and at Zermatt in 1939 under the leadership of Miss A. M. Adam. The Committee realised that in 1936 the jubilee of British Rock Climbing was at hand, and determined to celebrate the first ascent of the Needle in 1886 by W. P. Haskett-Smith, and that

remarkable person was invited to repeat his performance on Easter Sunday. Haskett-Smith accepted the suggestion with enthusiasm and trained for the event by travelling from London on Friday and on Saturday ascending Pillar Rock by the Slab and Notch. Amidst snow showers from the north-east over 300 people suspended themselves from every possible vantage point on the front of Gable on the appointed day. R. S. T. Chorley led the party in boots, Haskett-Smith followed in rubbers and G. R. Speaker came up last in scarpetti. The arrival at the summit was loudly cheered. Speaker addressed the scattered assembly in praise of the occasion and of the man, who, in his reply, doubted his ability to appear at the centenary celebrations.

In January, 1938, the Committee received a deputation which proposed a Lake District Section of the Club, but the grounds put forward by the deputation were not favourably received by the Committee. A full discussion took place, and this proved that although there were many conflicting views on the necessity or desirability of such a section, the alternative of what was then described as Associate Membership deserved serious consideration. It was agreed that the deputation was correct in asserting encouragement should be given to the progress of young climbers who could not claim the qualification necessary for full membership. It was F. Lawson Cook who suggested the more suitable term of Graduating Membership. The three year term of graduation and the five shillings subscription with certain limited privileges were recommended, and the new idea was passed back to a sub-committee for elaboration. The scheme was put on the agenda for the General Meeting of October, 1938, which approved Graduating Membership by forty-seven votes to two and also the new rule designed to meet the development. The first two candidates came up for election the following month, and the flow of new recruits continued uninterrupted.

The warning note of Munich in the Autumn of 1938 sounded as the Club prepared for its Annual Dinner. In anticipation of wholesale disaster many members felt obliged to cry off, and the 140 people who did attend enjoyed additional elbow room and a certain satisfaction in British traditional behaviour in the face of danger. The Club lived on happily during the wonderful summer and autumn of 1939 until everything, including Dr. T. R. Burnett's renewed proposal for a Club tie, was over-run by the first violent tide of the second World War. There was, at

the outbreak of hostilities a membership of 743, with twelve graduating members. The emergency venue for the 1939 dinner was the Belsfield Hotel, as the Club's normal headquarters already housed a school. G. R. Speaker, the retiring President, was unavoidably absent, and Dr. T. R. Burnett took the Chair—at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. F. Lawson Cook was elected President. This office he held until September, 1944. His signature appears on all but two of the thirty-four sets of Minutes recorded during his term of office and only a severe illness prevented his attendance at every Club business meeting. Meetings were naturally few but they were regular and the Annual Meetings took place in St. John's Rooms, Windermere, and instead of a Dinner members enjoyed tea and slab cake. By 1943 creature comforts were reaching a depressing nadir, and members were asked to bring their own food. The time-honoured red and green print of the Club notices and agenda gave way to a solemn black, and Brackenclose was reported short of paraffin. An annual series of Meets was kept on as a basis for Club activity, and regard was had to the moonlit week-end, for the benefit of cyclists in the blackout. Subscriptions were waived in the case of serving members who chose to take advantage of the concession. In September, 1940, D. N. Boothroyd who had been Secretary since 1935, resigned in anticipation of military service and Miss Mary Leighton (now Mrs. J. B. Cockerton) assumed the office for the next four difficult years. The Secretary could naturally never be certain of the number of members in the fighting services but a financial statement dated November, 1941, records a total of sixty-six.

Grave misfortune befell the Club when G. R. Speaker, Editor of the *Journal* since 1933, lost his life on Great Gable in September, 1942. Mrs. R. S. T. Chorley rescued the Committee from a difficult situation when she undertook the vacant office, the Minutes ('—— the 1943 *Journal* —— with a view to seeing it through the Press'), suggest a mere stopgap arrangement. Mrs. Chorley, in fact, saw three *Journals* through the Press with the aid of Gerald Lacey and Miss M. R. FitzGibbon. The war-time *Journals* suffered from the universal rationing; No. 38 appearing in 1944 with a mere seventy-four pages with thirteen illustrations. In 1946 E. B. Mendus succeeded Mrs. Chorley and, following an increase in the paper supply, the post-war numbers put on welcome weight. The war-time Committees were attended in remarkable strength by conscientious officers in

spite of the now half-forgotten difficulties of the times. Nevertheless errors did occur, and in 1943 the Annual Report recorded the death of a member who was not only in excellent health at the time, but continues so today.

The first hint of the second Club hut came in December, 1943, and within a month Mr. and Mrs. Bulman had offered the Club a twenty year lease of Raw Head cottage at a rent of £65 per annum. Six months later £300 for improvements and equipment was voted out of the Club funds. The few members with both time and opportunity formed first a sub-committee and next a vigorous working party and on 1st October, 1944, the new hut was opened by Mrs. F. Lawson Cook, wife of the President.

This year was notable also for an important event in the mountaineering world, the formation, under the auspices of the Alpine Club, of the British Mountaineering Council, of which the Fell and Rock was one of the original 'member clubs.' The Committee nominated three members, Graham Wilson, George Anderson and Lord Chorley, to represent the Club on the Council. The last named has acted continuously in that capacity up to the present time.

Graham Wilson presided happily over 150 members at the first post-war Annual Dinner at the Royal Oak Hotel, Keswick, on 29th September, 1945. The membership then totalled 906, of which thirty-seven were graduating members. Qualifications for membership were tightened somewhat at the business meeting, provision being made for the new entrant to have attended at least one meet prior to consideration of his or her application. The President and other speakers at this dinner took the opportunity to praise F. Lawson Cook for the manner in which he had steered the Club through the difficult years of war, with characteristic enthusiasm and firmness, though denied many of the pleasures which a President should enjoy.

J. C. Appleyard entered a further four years term as Secretary in 1946. During that year came the opportunity to purchase the freehold of Raw Head cottage and barn with two acres of land, and the important decision was taken, under the presidency of L. W. Somervell, to convert the barn into a self-contained hut. This project proved to be something of a financial problem and the first appeals barely covered the cost of purchase, in spite of a substantial contribution from the G. R. Speaker Memorial Fund by the London Section.

The same display of energy and self-sacrifice by a small group

of members which went to making of Brackenclose and Raw Head cottage forged yet another link in the chain of the Club's progress. The barn was a much tougher problem than any other hut acquired by the Club. Control of materials exercised a stern influence, and a full two years passed in deliberation and experiment with plans under the professional guidance of our architect member, Jonathan Stables. J. A. Kenyon, in *Journal* No. 45, mentions one Committee which sat from 10-30 p.m. until 4-30 a.m. The strong man at the head of the team was L. W. Somervell who performed the opening ceremony on 8th April, 1950.

In becoming the Freeholders of Raw Head the Club became entitled to certain benefits as commoners of Langdale of whom there were rather more than sixty. Before the property legislation of 1925 these rights were largely obsolete and consisted in that year chiefly of a share in an invested fund. The change in the law made the retention of the fund unnecessary and in 1927 something in the neighbourhood of £500 was divided among those entitled, a small sum being retained for contingencies. Twenty-eight years later, there being no claim on the fund, the commoners, including the Club, approved the closing of the fund by payment of their share of the balance of £27 17s. 6d. to Langdale Church for general purposes of the Church Fund.

The coming of Birkness and the Salving House is fresh in the minds of all but the newest members and it is only necessary to refer briefly to their completion and opening, the first on 2nd June, 1952, by Dr. T. R. Burnett, and the second on 25th May, 1953, by Mr. P. D. Boothroyd. The same system of finance by loans and donations from members was relied upon for these additional Club properties and added comforts and practical improvements are being made when funds allow. Within six months of the opening of the Salving House the Club learned that the Gospel Hall at Coniston, with a burial ground annexed, was coming on the market. The building was destined not to become the fifth Club hut. As recently as December, 1955, the Committee received a suggestion regarding a hut in Patterdale. It was inevitable that the Treasurer should turn his official back on the prospect.

A significant post-war development was the establishment of meets outside the Lake District. There was a precedent for this before September, 1939, the first meet of the kind organised

by A. B. Hargreaves having taken place in Wales in 1934 when seventeen members enjoyed the hospitality of the Pinnacle Club at Cwm-Dyli and of the Climbers' Club at Helyg. In May, 1935, a joint meet was arranged with the Northern Cavern and Fell Club at Clapham. The hosts lowered the guests into Gaping Ghyll and showed them round. In the evening the two Clubs dined together, and after-dinner activities seem to have been both noisy and novel. With the coming of peace the Club began to look around again, and in May, 1946, the first Scottish meet was held in Arran and lasted ten days, and was attended by twenty-four members Such was the popularity of this new activity, that it has been repeated annually for ten years, in 1947 in Skye, in 1948 at Fort William, and in 1949 in Arran again —a meet remarkable for the assembly of a President in office and five past Presidents. From 1950 to 1955 meets were held respectively at Glencoe, Kintail, Kinlochewe, Inchnadamph, in Skye, and at Fort William again. For the Jubilee Year new ground was broken in Glen Affric. During these years some of the faithful returned to North Wales and meets in the Alps were revived at Arolla in 1947 where over thirty members attended, and at Zermatt in 1948.

It was inevitable that time should bring about some changes as the Club picked up the threads of peace-time activity in its fourth decade, and the departure from Thornythwaite of the Jopson family left the Club virtually homeless in Borrowdale. W. G. Pape records (*Journal* No. 41) the long service of these friendly dales-people to several generations of climbers since 1901. Following the death of his wife, Fisher Jopson continued to live in Threlkeld next door to the home of his eldest daughter, Margaret. The younger members of today were deprived of something very wonderful when the Club ceased to meet in the farm in the meadows under Glaramara. Yet another long established home was lost to the Club when the Misses Edmondson gave up the management of the Buttermere Hotel, and in 1950 an approach was made to S. H. Cross, of the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, with a view to holding the New Year meet in Langdale. This annual occasion quickly became a most cheerful and well attended function and it now requires yet another sub-committee to organise it.

In 1947 work began on a new series of Climbing Guides, again under the general editorship of H. M. Kelly. At the

moment of writing all but one of these have been published, and some hard pressed investigators are facing up to the immense task of adding to the written record the now numerous outlying climbs. Some of the latest developments are 'outlying' no longer, those in Deepdale and Dovedale having become centres in their own right. The Committee was confronted in 1947 with applications for membership made on behalf of young people varying in age from ten to sixteen years. The inevitable sub-committee studied the whole problem of recruitment of young people and the growth of the Club and produced a five page memorandum recommending revision of the method of election of members and endorsing the earlier decision to limit the total membership to 1,000, including honorary and graduating members. An Extraordinary General Meeting approved this radical alteration, together with an annual subscription of £1 1s. 0d., a life membership fee of £15 15s. 0d. and a lower age limit of eighteen and sixteen years for full and graduating members respectively, and the restriction of total membership to 1,000. At that time membership stood at 981 and at the opening of the Jubilee Year the figure was 892. A further extensive revision of the Rules was made in 1949 and the complexity of the administrative machine and the recent experience of the Committee dictated the necessity for a new Rule giving the Committee disciplinary powers. In 1955 the Committee concluded that the flow of guests, both private and kindred club members, had reached such proportions as to warrant the introduction of temporary membership of the Club for all non-members using the huts. The purpose was twofold; first to give the Club guests a status not otherwise possible, and secondly to make them subject to the rules by which the rest of us are governed. R. G. Plint assumed the Treasurership in 1948 from A. B. Hargreaves who had held office for a total of thirteen years, the last three on the 'temporary' basis with which so many arduous tours of duty for Club officers have commenced. Early in 1950 E. B. Mendus resigned the Editorship owing to ill-health and W. G. Stevens succeeded him. Like other outstanding officers he only shouldered the task on a temporary basis, and the publications he has given us prove beyond question his devotion to the task.

The Editor recorded (*Journal* No. 48) the names of fifteen members of the Club who had taken part in expeditions to

Mount Everest. The Club shared in the successful assault on the mountain in 1953, and whatever his other Clubs may think, the Fell and Rock regards Brigadier Sir John Hunt, with pardonable pride, as essentially a Fell and Rocker. Sir John —who figured in the Minutes on his election in 1935 as 'Lt. J. Hunt' proved himself a leader of sterling qualities and our other member, Alfred Gregory, established a reputation as a skilled mountaineer, weight-lifter and photographer. To these men and to Eric Shipton, who pointed the way, the Club gave well deserved honorary membership at the memorable Annual Dinner of 1953. In the following year our members, S. R. Jackson and J. W. Tucker, took part in the expedition which reconnoitred Kangchenjunga, and in 1955 John Jackson was a member of the Expedition which reached the summit. Throughout its life the Club has fostered the exploration of the great mountain ranges of the World by precept and example. These things we have managed to do without losing sight of our basic purpose: the quiet enjoyment of mountainous surroundings in good company.

An historical record is easy to begin. The present clearly defines its finish. It is the part in the middle which brings perplexity and indecision. There is so much to record since 1906 that the notes from which this paper is prepared would, if completely expanded, fill the whole Journal. To history belongs the modest preoccupation of our Secretary, Mrs. Lyna Pickering, who begins to think of the next dinner meet not less than six months in advance; truly do our lives revolve round the Secretary. Into our history must go the constant interest in the Club of our President, Dr. T. Howard Somervell, absent on a surgical teaching mission in India for nearly twelve months of his term of office. His letters to the senior officers show a lively and nostalgic concern in Club affairs. In one such communication he signed himself, 'Your rotten old President.' History will not agree.

In another fifty years someone will pick up the thread of this tale where I now lay it down. Another one will be written and it will be a good story, better told than this, and it will be printed in a Journal with a bright red cover. Tennyson's Elaine 'made a pretty history to herself' and the Club will follow her example.

LOOKING BACK AND FORTH IN THE FELL AND ROCK

T. Howard Somervell

I cannot claim to be one of the pioneers, and when the Editor asked me to write some recollections of the Fell and Rock Club in its younger days, I felt that others were much better qualified to do it than myself. I cannot write of its birth or infancy, but only of its childhood.

The F. & R.C.C. was already three years old when I began to climb rocks, although I had for years enjoyed walking over the fells. But one day, standing beside Stickle Tarn, I saw some people (who turned out to be the Woodsend brothers) climbing the Great Gully of Pavey Ark. I thought it looked rather fun, and went up after them, finding to my surprise that it was possible to get up the gully without using a rope or attracting the attention of those well in front of me, who would, I was certain, tell me to go down if they saw what I was doing. They were very kind to me, and took me up several climbs in their party during the next few days. Darwin Leighton was the only Kendalian I knew to be a climber, and I soon got into touch with him, and went over to Wasdale to stay during my next vacation. There I met some of the old brigade, amongst others the Abrahams, P. S. Minor, Haskett-Smith, and one of the not-so-old —H. P. Cain, who became one of my greatest friends, and whom I not only loved but admired as an ideal man, compounded of humour, courage, knowledge of mountains, keenness and good nature. His untimely death was one of the great blows of my life. I remember Herford well—I was rather frightened of him, because I thought he might want to take me up the Pinnacle face, and the accident of 1903 was too recent to be ignored. But I knew that if he asked me to go I would do so; the best thing to do was to steer clear of him — thus I missed getting to know a remarkable young man.

In those early days the devotees of the Fells were like a family of several generations staying together at the Sun or Wasdale Head or O.D.G., and I remember many games of Fives on the old Wasdale table, and the attempts we made to do the Billiard Table Traverse, which I managed to perform successfully; and the route round the billiard room, on window-sill, mantelpiece, and with picture nails (not rails) for handholds to keep one from touching the floor (which was the ultimate disgrace while doing either climb). One wintry day Reuben Brierley and Dr.

McCleary took me up the Central Gully on the north west side of Great Gable. It was plastered with ice, and down its inhospitable bed there raced continually hailstones and snow, occasionally joined by the chips of ice from McCleary's axe as he cut his way up. Eventually we had to give up the climb and jump down the bottom pitch, an exercise which was good preparation for the similar jumps of bergschrunds and bits of icefalls which I have had to do so often in the Alps and elsewhere (though never again in the Lake District), and of which the one I remember most was a 15-foot jump down to the North Col of Everest in 1922. Back again to the billiard table of Wasdale, and exercise without ice. And then to the bath, turning out the old climbing clothes (of which it was apt to be full) before putting the water in. And then I would sit in the little lounge and listen to my seniors talking of old climbs — Haskett-Smith and Collie and the Abrahams and Darwin Leighton, all of them scarcely visible in a cloud of smoke. Wasdale Head Hotel was then the centre of Lakeland climbing; and not Lakeland only, witness our *Journal* for 1915, the first half of which is entirely about climbing outside Britain. Like many young climbers of those days I received a great deal of inspiration from Abraham's books of British and Swiss Mountain Climbs, and *The Complete Mountaineer,* all of which I devoured, and most of every holiday from 1909 to 1914 was spent either in Lakeland or the Alps.

Cars and buses were almost unknown in those days, so that when at home in Kendal I had to go by push bike to Langdale or Coniston. It may have been hard exercise, but it developed one's physique in a way for which I am now very thankful. When a couple of days on the crags were only attained by push-biking over twenty or thirty miles of Lakeland roads, one wanted to get as much climbing as possible into those hard-won hours of daylight on the fells. Whether at Wasdale or Coniston or Seathwaite, I was never content unless every minute of daylight was spent on rocks. Four, five, six or more of the text-book climbs must be done in the day if possible. And in the Alps it was the same — there was no day of rest in between one hut and the next. Up to a hut — next day the peak and down to the hut, next day perhaps another peak and down to the flesh-pots; one night in the hotel, and up the following day, rain or sun, to another hut. Then crash came the war, and a holiday went west, and many of my college and climbing friends never

came back. When on my scanty leaves from the Western front I looked around to find fellow-climbers. Jonathan Stables, of Ambleside, was one of the few, and a favourite excursion of mine when nobody could be found was Intermediate Gully on Dow Crag, at that time comparatively safe climbing for a solitary enthusiast. Then I discovered Bower, and with him as leader, the dreaded Pinnacle Face lost a good many of its imagined terrors.

After the armistice, a party of young Fell and Rockers were soon to be seen approaching Solly, then President of the Club, and asking him to help them in a season in Switzerland. Bentley Beetham, J. B. Meldrum, George Bower and I were the lucky recipients of his favourable reply, and Solly's wisdom and experience were soon added to our own youthful energy. A fortnight at Montenvers under his guidance, and we had learned much about snow and ice; when to fear an avalanche, what sort of places were dangerous and to be crossed quickly, how to tackle an icefall, and how not to mind saying ' let's go back ' if it was obviously the right thing to do. Solly then considered we could be trusted to do a few mountains on our own. A repeat performance the folowing year established us as worthy to grapple with Alpine and other major peaks; but it was all the Fell and Rock fraternity that had done it. I mention this not merely as a vivid personal reminiscence, but as an instance of the way our Fells and our Club have proved to be the nursery of climbers of higher and bigger mountains throughout the world, as well as being for many of us self-sufficient in themselves as a ground for exercise, danger, even adventure on occasion.

In the days of which I have been writing, clinker-nailed boots were the accepted footwear for all climbing, and, of course, they are still the most universally useful — Vibrams can be very treacherous on shiny, lichen-covered rock, and hard steel Tricounis can slip on smooth sloping holds. But at a certain stage, shortly after the first war, rubbers came in. I always associate them with George Basterfield, but whether he really introduced them or simply happened to be very keen on them I never knew. At any rate, when they first appeared they caused considerable misgivings in the minds of many climbers, of whom I confess I was one. Was it really fair, taking this mean advantage of our old friends the rocks? Wasn't there something rather shocking in wearing shoes which turned the Severes into V.D.'s, and the

Difficults into Moderates? And in our fickle Lakeland weather they were surely most dangerous! Much the same feeling had been aroused earlier by crampons, which make ice so much safer but can themselves be a source of danger if used on steep rocks, or left on a chair spikes upwards in the darkened hall of a Swiss hotel. And today many climbers of the old brigade are feeling that pitons and similar ironmongery have in them something of the sacrilegious. But the fact remains that there are certain climbs which cannot be done at all without rubbers. It was strange that so many of us who accepted kletterschuhe (scarpetti) as the normal footwear for the Dolomites cast aspersions on gym shoes for rock climbing. But in those days we did so, though only for a short time. Rubbers won the day, and there are only two objections to them which are worthy of record. The first is that they are dangerous if rain should fall in the course of a climb up steep rock —stocking feet or abseiling may be the only way out. The second misgiving is that climbers who are accustomed only to rubbers in dry conditions may develop a technique in climbing which is dangerous in rainy weather, or if you happen to have nailed boots. Several accidents have happened from such people (either in England or the Alps) attempting to do in boots a climb which is only really possible in rubbers. For this reason I believe that all beginners should do their early climbing in nailed boots. When my own sons were starting their rock climbing careers I insisted that they should have boots only for their first year or two of climbing. Perhaps I am an old-fashioned father, but in that at any rate I feel sure I was right. After ' finding one's feet ' with nailed boots, rubbers and Vibrams will open up new delights on the rocks, while the nailed boots will always be available for the conditions in which they are the best. It looks as if Vibrams are going to prove the standard footwear until something still better is invented.

The old days when the Club was a kind of family, a small climbing fraternity, are over. Our Club is now many times as big as it was in those early days. It has had to expand its accommodation, for the Sun, the Wasdale Hotel, and the O.D.G., were no longer sufficient and not often available for most of our members that might want to use them. Hence our huts — and perhaps in the future there may be more of them, just as the very climbs and routes have multiplied, and new outcrops of rocks are found to yield good sport. However nostalgic one may be for

the old family feeling of a small club, we welcome our large membership, and rejoice that so many are keen enough on the fells and rocks to want to join our fraternity. We now have nearly a thousand members, and perhaps one day we shall number two thousand. Well, if we do, we will have to have more huts, and we will have more people to help in their building and equipment. After all, our climbs have multiplied. Boat Howe Crags, Miners' Crag, Shepherd's Crag, and those fine rocks on the northern face of Fairfield, are all fairly recent acquisitions; and new routes on the old climbing grounds are still being found. So let us look forward with confidence and hope to the future, and may our large family lose none of the Spirit of the Fells and the good comradeship that has been ours for the last fifty years.

THE TWO MOUNTAINEERS
'We do them in'

K. R. Davidson

MELODIOUS MEMORIES

Marjorie Y. Wakefield

What a lifetime ago it seems since those days when we assembled in the famous billiard-room of the Wastwater Hotel and gave tongue to 'The Darky Sunday-School' and other ribald ditties. The best known and most popular collection then in use was 'The Songs of the Mountaineers,' collected and edited by John Hirst for the Rucksack Club. Within its pages are enshrined for all time memories of the stalwarts of other days. One could always recognize Geoffrey Winthrop Young's touch as we sang of the 'wine-dark skies.' Few have been able to put into words as he has that love of the hills which marks the true mountaineer—

'For the joy of a hill is as deeply, deeply,
Graven in laughter on hearts grown old.
Lowland and Level may seemly show,
But the great cliffs are supreme to know!
Woo them! Pursue them! Their pleasures are treasures
Of laughter in cloudland, and dreams below.'

One remembers John Whiting (one of the Original Members of the Club) singing with feeling Haskett-Smith's 'Palinodia'—

'I miss the comforts of my club,
It's not the "Climbers" now,'

and Ashley Abraham joining in the laughter as he sang

'I never wander forth "alone
Upon the mountain's brow";
I weighed last winter sixteen stone—
I'm not a climber now.'

How feelingly those of us who were mere novices used to sing—

'Haul! haul! haul! my feet are slipping,
My handholds all are loose and wet;
Oh! keep me very tight,
For my balance isn't right,
I've eternity below me, don't forget.'

Those were the days when no session was complete without Darwin Leighton's famous Chinese Song, followed always by The Climber's Ditty—

'Then when twilight takes our years
The homeward tramp of night,
We'll climb along those hills of cloud
Where cairns are stars of light.'

Dear Darwin, always so kind to the timid novices — I am sure he is busy guiding novices still along those 'hills of cloud.'

One must always associate Wasdale with that beloved climber-poet, George Basterfield. Who can forget Dinkie, the 'low-down hound with her tummie on the ground,' who occupied pride of place on a table at her master's elbow while he sang the history of her accomplishments. But we remember George best for such enchanting songs as 'The Shepherd's Lullaby,' 'Doe Crags' (he resolutely refused any other spelling!), and surely most of all for the haunting unforgettable 'Call of the Hills'—

'Out on the face of Gimmer,
On the battlements of old Scafell,
On the grim, grey walls of Pillar,
On the Napes above the gates of Hell,
We have gathered in the secrets of the mountains,
Revelled in the freedom of the hills,
And the soul goes leaping as we stand above
Like the torrents in the deep down ghylls.'

Memory calls to mind those sing-songs at Windermere Hydro, where dear Nellie Howard charmed everyone with 'Lindy' and other lovely songs from her wonderful repertoire; Harry Scott's inexhaustible store of anecdotes; and John Hirst, a firm favourite of long standing, coming up each year with a fresh topical song; is it really as long ago as 1923 since he created what one might well call the anthem of the Club, the well-beloved 'Fell and Rock.' The prophecy in the last two lines has indeed been most amply fulfilled, since Club members now do almost more climbing in Switzerland than on the Lakeland fells.

Best of all, perhaps, one remembers the homely gatherings at Whit week-end in the tiny overcrowded room at Thorneythwaite. How grateful we were to Mr. Boothroyd who, in 1928, presented to the Club a most admirable collection of the tried and true favourites. What memories the old songs recall. In them the stalwarts of the past live again, reminding those who come after of the goodly heritage to which they have succeeded.

THE GOOD YOUNG DAYS

Dorothy Pilley Richards

On any really fine day in the mountains, and above all after a long spell, it becomes hard to imagine what they are like in bad weather; equally, when the usual is coming down in plenty from the skies and seeping into the boot-tops, it is hard to remember how the sun-filled hours felt. So, too, but more so, when one is just beginning to realise that one's mountain capabilities are expanding and that one can reasonably notch up one's ambitions a trifle, it is not easy to conceive how it really feels when powers are contracting and a notch down seems fairly frequently the appropriate measure.

Fortunately, perhaps, not much imagining about such things seems to go on. Your dear old friend comes with you across a patch of boulders: 'What's the matter with him? Why can't he come along? Doesn't he realize we'll never get in to dinner? Using his hands now! Why on earth doesn't he just stand up and step out?' Now, I know.

In a Jubilee number, when a glance through the backward abyss of time seems appropriate, one more attempt to describe the two sides of the account sheet may perhaps be fitting. 'The good old days;' oughtn't they to be called 'the good young days?' Or are there really considerable compensations to look forward to? Is it only time which makes the past seem so glowing? Were the days when we did so much and cared so much about it as happy as we recall? My Diary writes up many a failure as a major tragedy, but, equally, successes, by its account, hardly stopped short of Paradise.

Decode all this—you who are sowing your 'good old days' at this hour. Let me try, if I can, to leap back to mine and say how the memory-enwrapped 'was-birds' about me seemed to me then.

Wet, mackintoshed backs crunching off in the rain is the first vision of such beings that comes back. I must have been a five-year-old at a window, wondering where they were going to in those noisy great boots. (Nowadays, Vibram-borne, how silently such parties sometimes float past as in a dream). Some of these awesome grown-ups were to become members of the Club, one an Original Member, Clem Ormiston-Chant. Will McNaught used to put on a mask and how I ran away in fright. Much later I was to climb a lot with them both.

I first saw a climbing rope in 1915. What an aura accrued to its owner, Herbert Carr, to whom I owe the eternal debt of having first taken me up a *real* climb. How many climbs we enjoyed together thereafter!

Well I remember the morning, 12th June, 1917, when I saw a big packet, *from the Editor,* on the breakfast table. Good old style: porridge, kippers, bacon and eggs . . . all steaming and miraculously ready in the breakfast room. The gong went and down you came or there was trouble. My heart sank. Back again. No! Only one of my two efforts was in the package. In place of the other was a cheque for two guineas. That very afternoon I bought (in Shaftesbury Avenue in that unforgettable atmosphere of cord and thread) my first climbing rope. I had long promised myself to buy it with the first proceeds of my writing. At that epoch ropes were always Beale's Alpine Club manilla, with that red thread first down the middle, if I recall aright, and then down each of the three strands.

In those days the fare was absurdly different from what it is now and five shillings a day would often cover board and lodging, all found. Mrs. Harris, of Parkgate, that prodigious character, had a conception of catering which the present generation cannot, fortunately, even imagine. There were few folk about then, and Mrs. Wilson, of Burnthwaite (enchanted spot) would give you tea, after a wet climb, by the kitchen fireside in the golden lamplight, and make you feel comfortingly at home. Of course no bathroom; little shed in the garden everywhere.

Getting up from London had often to be preceded by a financial feat. Did I sell or pawn that purple tweed overcoat, I used to be so fond of? A bun only for lunch, for how many days, how much would that eventually save? It used to be rather distinguished too, and, I felt, daring, to travel by night train *then.* You saved a day, and the cost of a bed thereby. But nobody, in the beginning, did it. The night trains were almost always empty, something again hard to think not a dream today, and you could usually lie down flat and sleep between the needless visits of the ticket collector. How he enjoyed sliding that door! But even the dreariness of drizzling and smoky dawn at Carnforth was somehow irradiated by a belief that one could actually already taste the mountain air.

The loneliness and oddity of those night journeys enhanced one's feeling of how strange it was to be a climber—nobody else

was—except climbers, of course! But then the only climbers one knew one had met through climbing — otherwise they were mythical people in unadvertised, little-read books and as remote as Redskins. When I started, there were none in the ordinary walks of life, none in the family circle yet, none among school friends, none came by the office. One had really done something drastic by becoming a climber. Heaven alone knew how, and climbing wasn't in the least like playing tennis, which everyone more or less did. And it wasn't smiled on either — not with smiles you like to see. In those days, even up in the Lakes, a girl couldn't walk about a village in climbing clothes without hard stares from the women and sniggers from the louts.

A little later came the formation of the London Section. During the autumn of 1920 several informal meetings took place with Dr. Hadfield in the Chair (he has graced it ever since) and others closely concerned were Bill Allsup, Ormiston-Chant, Jack Coulton, L. Halliday, H. F. Huntley and Dorothy Pilley, the last of whom was made Secretary and carried on until 1925 when she went to Canada and G. R. Speaker took over. I should like to have written here about him, but alas, I have set the close of these reminiscences earlier. The Section held its first dinner with Haskett-Smith presiding and eighty-five were present. This formed a powerful bond for those of us who lived in the South. Varied walks at least once a month of about twenty miles began. To me it made all the difference, not only in keeping fit but in keeping up-to-date with the climber's world.

After that the night journey from Euston came to seem less unusual. The London Section would go up almost *en masse* to join Club Meets. At the Annual Dinner in Coniston 150 would gather and the climbing would be on Dow Crag, wet or fine. How well I remember coming upon the legendary figure of Cecil Slingsby on Little Arrow Moor.

After the Dinner there was Geoffrey Howard with his wonderful speeches, and General Bruce walking round the dining room with a full glass balanced unripplingly on the top of his head. And next morning A. E. Field would take one up the slopes at a pace to make one wonder what had happened to one's wind.

At Easter the Meets would be at Wasdale. How the clear-cut, rather ascetic face of Owen Glynne Jones used to gaze out of its frame, as it were over our heads; how I used to admire the power of those fingers that lay across the ice axe. C. W. Patchell, who

gave me tea once from a kettle he had hidden in the Honister slate quarry, told me how he had noticed, as Owen Glynne Jones' second, that he would often use only one finger on a hold, drawing himself up on it as securely as if he had used his whole hand. Such hands seemed to go with that wild and hazardous game, billiard-fives. I have often wondered what Mr. and Mrs. Whiting thought of all that, when you could fish instead. At Whitsuntide the Club would gather at Mrs. Jopson's at Thornythwaite, where the bees hummed earnestly on warm mornings and parties seemed to take forever in getting away.

When I first climbed the Napes Needle, its holds felt smooth enough. And that was in the pre-triconni era! 'Trikes' have sawn away a good deal of valuable rock since then. In spite of C. F. Holland's cheerful air, perched more like a little stern eagle than ever above me on that first evening of my first climbing visit to the Lakes, it was with a hollow, fluttering feeling that I thought of Haskett-Smith dauntlessly scrambling up it all alone.

'Swipes with trikes' may make pitches technically harder, but still a first ascent is something else again. Of course there is another sort of ardour and a glory about it. What will happen, an old stager may wonder, when there really are no new crags and routes to be found. Even about 1918 plenty of good judges were saying that the barrel was pretty well empty. By 1935 so much more had happened that even more and even better judges saw the end in sight. And since then, of course, the whole standard in the upper brackets has been transformed again.

Haskett-Smith climbed the Needle when climbs and climbers were few indeed. But even in my early days you could, after a year or two, know, or know about, almost all the mountaineers you seemed ever likely to meet, and Haskett-Smith could tell you in polished and witty phrase the most uproarious stories about most of them. Forty years on, he carried, in everything, in his humour, his crisp anecdote, his apt quotation, his waistcoats, cutaway and whipcords, the spirit of forty years back. On a climb with him, 'Silence while the leader advances!' was decidedly *not* the rule. The idea rather was to give all the party a full stream of verbal as well as moral support. Conversation seems a lost art, sometimes, when I think of those twinkling black eyes and that deep-set mobile mouth on a London Section walk or, as his guest, at a Fishmongers' Dinner. It was a characteristic of his unfailing unexpectedness that he left little legacies, many and many of

them, to friends in memory of their mountain times together. He was a rememberer: that was it.

Would I could remember like him, and people the Wasdale of those days for you. With Philip S. Minor, for example, that huge figure of a man, with his rollicking laughter, vast white beard and infinite interest and encouragement to young climbers. I met him first in 1915 on about his hundredth ascent of Snowdon. I thought of him as the Pied Piper for the way he charmed and collected young people. And got them off early, too. The long file was following down in his enormous footsteps when we were sleepily crawling up the first slopes. It was he who first suggested to me that impossible ambition—being admitted as a member of the Club. I have told before how he mentioned it just after I had fallen off the Barn Door Traverse at flowery Burnthwaite and how it had enheartened me to try again and succeed.

The other names, however, will have to be mentioned in no particular order. There were Pat and H. M. Kelly to whom I owe so much. Here is a note from a letter of Pat's about her climbing of Jones from Deep Ghyll alone. ' A bite of lunch in Deep Ghyll, some moderate climbing to get warm and to gain confidence, and then a delight which only a rock-climber can appreciate—to stand on a mere inch or so of rock and look down an almost sheer 200 feet: the awesome exhilaration of a delicate, airy, upward step to a toehold on which to balance before grasping a firm bit of rock securely with both hands and so raising oneself on and up to the land of pure delight—out in the sunshine to sit on top of Pisgah and have a view to satisfy all hill lovers. Just across the way was the Pike, with its summit cairn and new War Memorial. Gable, Kirkfell, Yewbarrow, the Screes: the very names will call up the picture to one who knows.' It shows what climbing was to this remarkable personality who was the chief inspirer of the Pinnacle Club.

There were A. W. Wakefield and Eustace Thomas. It was with the Kellys that I watched Wakefield coaching Thomas, teaching him how to break his own Fell Walking record. There were lively Mrs. Wakefield, and G. A. and Mrs. Solly, who mothered us all, while he supplied climbing maxims with solemnity. They could, however, pop back into one's consciousness at the timely moment with effect. It is to him that ' Silence while the leader is advancing ' is ascribed. He is said to have

enunciated it while leading the first ascent of Eagle's Nest Arête. There were George and Ashley Abraham. How the picture of the Eagle's Nest in *The Complete Mountaineer* used to haunt my dreams. There was Herbert Cain, another encourager, who finished as he wished, walking down Langdale after a happy day on the Fells.

There were the Somervells, C. G. Crawford and Bentley Beetham. There was John Hirst and the Wells sisters, and George Basterfield who sang in the evenings, and Darwin Leighton with his dialect and his exquisite bird cries, and Harry Scott and C. D. Yeomans with their anecdotes. There were George Bower and J. B. Meldrum, Doughty and Hughes.

There was Dennis Murray, with his dashing style—I saw him land on scree when he was exploring his climb on Dow Crag and rise unharmed with the air of one completing part of the programme. There were Jack and Rose Coulton and Bill Allsup, the Appleyards, ' Bones ' Harland, T. R. Burnett and the Chorleys. There were C. D. Frankland, Mabel Barker and A. R. Thompson, the last showing how courage can triumph over handicap. There were Miss Ward and Miss Stoker, Herbert Carr and his parents. There were Osborne Walker, W. G. Milligan, R. H. Hewson, Brian Martin and J. B. Wilton, all old faithfuls at Wasdale Head. There were George Anderson, Graham Wilson, Raymond Shaw and Morley Wood. There were Mary Glynne, Dorothy Thompson, Mrs. Eden-Smith and Nancy Ridyard. But I am approaching later years (I am trying to stop by 1926) and, in any case, there is a chance, in making a list of my heroes and heroines, that I may accidentally leave out some well-loved name. The minute I let this go — from the Almagell Alp — a string of deeply remembered figures frequenting Wasdale will stalk across my memory's screen.

' Peopled ' Wasdale is, in a different sense now. There were neither tents nor caravans nor car-camps, swimmers nor sunbathers nor picnickers on Wastwater's shore or under the Brackenclose oak grove then. And the paths showed far less trace of frequentation. The ' Guides' Route ' to Scafell hardly shewed, the tracks over Styhead and up Gable were modest, seemly, grassy paths. Something strange seems to have happened. I haven't seen in other mountains—except with the P.y. G. track, perhaps — anything like the disintegration that the Styhead has suffered from. There are plenty of paths in the Alps which can

carry quite as much traffic over very similar terrain without being turned into such slop and brickyard. And there is that strange reddish torrent of rubble which curves down Great Gable to Windy Gap. I don't recall there being anything of the sort there then. Some day, perhaps, will the volunteers who so nobly clean up the litter on Great Gable, turn their devoted hands to consolidating a causeway there? The unchurned neighbour rocks lie quiet and stable. There is a majestic ten-mile stretch (the Emmund's Path—the Great Gulf Trail) over a similar boulder slope in the White Mountains, which one enthusiast, single-handed, established, it feels forever, so. A new and strenuous sport this, suitable perhaps for retiring mountaineers? 'Will you begin?' I hear a voice inquire.

I notice that nowadays many retiring climbers take up painting as a means perhaps sometimes of still pursuing the old elusive question: What the hold that mountains have on people may be? Just as some try to analyse it in Diaries! I have sometimes felt that some people may climb as a way of dodging this question, not exploring it. And, maybe, to some climbers there is no such question at all, any more than there would be on a race track. If I remember aright you could never have guessed from the climbing conversation of any groups I have known, that any such concern possessed them. Nowadays, what with changes in nomenclature, grading, technique, equipment, procedure and style, I can listen to an hour's climbing talk and hardly follow more than when I used to stand by while Darwin Leighton talked to a farmer in dialect! There seems an immense difference, but whether it goes deep into intent and spirit I am not sure. The very accomplished young climbers of today climb harder climbs and climb better. They use means our climbs did not need. But when I think back to our preoccupations with new climbs, with the naming and description of them (should it be *Celestial Omnibus* or *Other Kingdom;* why not *Arcadia, Elyssium* or *Timbuctoo?* A groove, or a gangway? A bracket or a flange? We would often sit up so late over it all that we couldn't wake up in the morning till ten), with technique as we understood it, with just what made one climb or day so much much better than another, and with the unspoken feelings which lay behind all that was discussable, I am not so sure. There was no *mystique* about it for the parties I climbed in, I know that. None the less, there were privacies of serious, self-critical feeling. Climbing

expressed something and was in its own way an art. But almost nobody talked of it this way. I certainly didn't. So possibly the seeming absence of this theme in current up-to-the-day climbing conversation is no proof of anything.

Another thing I have not heard much discussed, then or now, is the extraordinary conjunctions of the garden and the wild which Lakeland valleys offer. Wales, on the whole has to separate them. Bettws—Ogwen are in different zones. But even Burnthwaite, bleakest of dales as Wasdale is, puts a foreground of blossom under the sky-scraper gleam of the Ridges. And the way banks of rhododendron and azalea and showers of laburnum blend with the fells and rock bluffs is peculiar. I think I always thought so and that this isn't only a veteran's concern.

About the time I earned the money for my first rope I remember someone sourly suggesting that it might not, in my own interest, be a wise thing to write articles about the mountains. There might not be room on them if too many took the tendered advice. What is certain is that fellside and cliff become other than they were as soon as they are thronged. They offer different pleasures and it is very possible that the people who like them crowded wouldn't feel so happy if they had them to themselves. There is no denying that the lover of solitude revisiting Scafell Pike after long absence can catch herself sighing for a chance to echo back Dorothy Wordsworth's echo of Gray's *Elegy* :—

> ' Full many a Flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its Sweetness on the desart Air.'

' Flowers, the most brilliant feathers, and even gems, scarcely surpass in colouring some of those masses of stone, which no human eye beholds, except the shepherd or traveller be led thither by curiosity: and how seldom must this happen!'

Try minor summits, try Greenhow End, say, and its crags, and in the month of June, whoever may feel so may be advised. In fact, days of any style, 18th Century if so desired, can readily be obtained . . .

Acting on the valued advice of William Allsup, of Bridgend, Patterdale, we crossed his hospitable threshold in his company at about 9-17 a.m. on 21st June, 1956. Up Deepdale we made our way, pausing frequently to admire the wild mountain

scenery, to near the point where the light grassy sheep track turns towards the Beck. Here our host stationed himself to observe our progress, reclining at ease against a smooth conveniently sloped boulder in a fashion which tempted us to linger with him. But the sun was already pouring down rays fierce enough to warn us that one of the warmest days of the summer was in course of development. We accordingly proceeded towards the base of the great bastion of cliffs which descends to divide the head of the valley and mounted—somewhat slowly, we felt our observer would remark—up a beehive-shaped talus and across round the craggy slope to the left, halting from time to time to wave to the motionless watcher and regain breath. As soon as we were screened from his view by the flank of the ridge, being in a sort of dimple or dell at the foot of a wide sweep of light brown slabs patterned with green grass, we sat down to repose, and, opining that there would be no dead sheep in the valley head above us, to refresh our limbs and quench our thirst at the rivulet which rushed foaming by at the edge of the slabs where they dipped under the grass upon which we were reposing. The ridge down from Hart Crag before us was in its lower reaches splashed everywhere with hawthorn bloom, whose peculiar sweetness was borne to us on every zephyr and mingled with the scent of hot young bracken and a rival but different sweetness. It took us some little while to trace this latter to a nearby cleft in the slope, where the mountain ash was in flower, its roots laved by the stream. Proceeding, we wound our way up the slabs and gained a remarkable outlook point: a lofty detached crest overlooking the profound recesses of the longer, or northern branch of Deepdale.

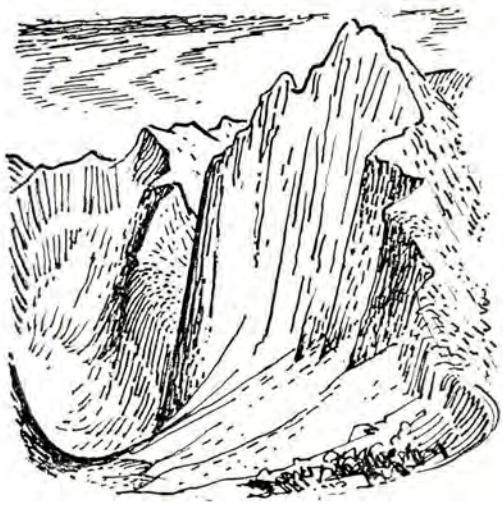
Immediately opposite rose the bold form of St. Sunday Crag (2,756 ft.) and far below, at the same place as before, a well focussed gaze — through field glasses — seemed to make out the figure of our friend . . . either asleep or still attentive to our progress. Some conspicuous signal seemed to be called for. Taking from my knapsack a long white silken nightgown I agitated it vigorously in the breeze. Immediate success rewarded this effort. An extremely bright but microscopically minute speck of light began to flash back to us in reply. To this a pocket mirror I had in my sack seemed the appropriate means of response: and had we indeed been conversant with the Morse Code, no doubt a lively conversation might have ensued. Time, however, and the claims of Fairfield, not to mention our descent

and return to Dungeon Ghyll were calling. So with a last flourish of my nightgown, we went on our way.

The above will show that solitude and unfrequented ways are still not hard to find. Until Fairfield's summit we had the mountains entirely to ourselves and might indeed have thought them as seldom visited as Dorothy Wordsworth's Scafell Pike.

What can I say as any sort of conclusion to this inconsequent collection of rememberings? No more than that a time comes, early or late, for every mountaineer when it is well (in de la Mare's words) to :—

> Look thy last on all things lovely . . .
> Since that all things thou wouldst praise
> Beauty took from those who loved them
> In other days.



CAMP CHRISTMAS

Graham Sutton

'Brass-monkey weather —— !'

The Chief Centurion ducked through the archway into the cookhouse glow. For a moment he held the door ajar, staring down the long valley. Bleak fellsides hemmed it, with a powder of early snow along their tops. No houses showed in it —— no Roman settler's villa, no barbarian hovel; swamp and dwarf-forest choked it; even the dogged Britons of West Cumberland could not hope to farm there. At its shore-end nine miles away, a smudge of wood smoke hung over Clanoventa harbour: and beyond Clanoventa nothing but misty sea, with a bowstring of gold stretched taut along its rim where the pale sun drooped to his setting.

'Not up to standard!' judged the centurion. From the Camp, if a man had a sense of wonder, he could watch pageants in the evening sky that would cause him to catch his breath: but not while the north-easter blew. 'And a blizzard tonight ——?' he said.

'That's Cumbria for you!' growled the cookhouse lance-corporal. 'December still a week to run, and the snow 'ere already! And then four ruddy months till summer, if there is any summer. Sweet Cumbria, kiss me . . . Step in and shut the door, Centurion, let's 'ave a bit o' warm!'

The centurion nodded. Hardknott Camp was no Capri. The short summers roasted you; the long grim winters snowed you up; the rainstorms lashed you at all seasons. And the monotony — in a lifetime of soldiering, the grey centurion had seen his share of active service: but not since they sent him here. For years this high mountain-camp had been no more than a road-house, a place where troops were fed and rested on their marches inland; two hours, three hours till a trumpet was blown, the eagles hoisted, and the detachment clattered away up the pass, leaving the garrison to that bleak loneliness which was another of their conditions, and the hardest to bear.

By degrees the centurion had found his own technique for combating the loneliness. He was by nature a good deal more tolerant than warrant-officers could permit themselves to appear. He had learnt from long service and his own philosophy to combine humaneness with discipline. On parade he was adamant; into defaulters, leadswingers and all their sort he instilled the

fear of Rome and of death; but in off-duty hours he could unbend to an extent which would have scandalised his C.O., had that martinet ever guessed it. Thus tonight he took no offence at the grousing of the young corporal, but sat indulgent in the twilight as the lad limped about his job. There was nothing wrong (he knew) with the corporal: and a deal to be sorry for. If the limp had been earned in battle, he'd have been honourably discharged by now with a pension, as like as not; but he had earned it on an illicit raid, saving a comrade from the British mastiff that was guarding the farmer's pullets. The centurion knew that too: but had taken no action, judging the penalty sufficient. Now he said, suddenly remembering: 'When you've done belly-aching you can cook my supper. Old Balbus promised me a hare.'

The lad sighed. 'I wish to Jupiter I was as welcome at these Britto 'omes as what you are, Centurion!'

'You'll learn,' his elder said.

That was another of his remedies against loneliness. For the past dozen years he had enjoyed the entry to the farmhouses of the dale; unlike his colleagues, he had outgrown the illusion that all foreigners were barbarians. He asked now :

'Did Balbus leave the hare?'

'Aye! She's in t' pot an' all,' a voice told him.

'Hullo, uncle, what cheer!'

He had missed Uncle Balbus in the shadows beyond the oven. The guest returned his greeting, Britto-fashion, with an upward jerk of the head. 'Fresh-kill't last neet — wi' the farm's complimints! But I reckoned I'd stop and see she didn't mek' her way intil yon corporal's belly!' he added.

The corporal chose to ignore this taunt, grumbling assiduously at the Cumbrian climate as he set about laying supper. The centurion winked at Balbus. 'You should have heard him six months back, at a bracken-mowing fatigue: "This flamin' Cumbria!" says he. "Nothin' like it since Egypt ——" '

'And in Egypt,' put in the corporal, 'you got no flamin' bracken to sweat off o' your parade-ground, what's more!'

The old farmer said quietly: 'Inside three year, there'll be nea brackins to sweat off your bit o' Hardknott neether, if ye fettle it as I tell ye.' But the corporal turned on him.

'What's this, uncle? Three years —— ?'

'De-frondisation!' explained the centurion. 'Three years' intensive root-starvation — that's the way, Balbus says.'

'Does 'e, by Jupiter! Three years' intensive ruddy bracken-mowin' — is that 'is programme?'

'Nea mowin' hooivver!' retorted Balbus. 'Ye'll not want nobbut a few lengths o' chain, an' a pony an' a young lad. I'll likely do the job meself if I fit it in afore hay-mekkin' —.' He stood up and wrapped the wolfskin round his shoulders. 'It can be done, it can be done — Romans doesn't knaw ivverythin'! I've tell't centurion the trick of it, ye can tek't or leave it! Good-neet ——'

'How's missus keeping?' the centurion called after him.

'She's mendit finely — thanks to thee an' thy cure.'

'My cure won't work a second time; so you'd best watch out that she don't relapse — nor you neither!' he added.

'I can tek' a hint! I'll think on ——'

As the door closed behind him, the cook raised his eyebrows. 'What's this crack about curin' 'em?'

'Top-secret!' the centurion countered. 'Now then, parade that hare . . .'

Later, when he had cleared away the wreck of the hare, the cook said cautiously: 'You dropped a 'int — no more than a insinuendo, it wasn't — about some cure what you performed on them Britto buddies o' yours?'

'Sharp, aren't you?' commented the centurion. Then he leaned back and loosed his belt. 'Very well, you can have the yarn: and keep it under your helmet . . . You'll mind that flap there was, October, when the quarter-bloke missed a skin?'

'By Venus, 'e didn't 'alf blow up!'

'It was old Balbus won it — oh, he's no scrounger, Balbus isn't! But his wife had been ailing, and he reckoned a skin of wine 'ud fix her up, and funds wouldn't run; so he helped himself to it, see?'

'An' you *knew*?'

'Afterwards, I did. I'd dropped in, and Balbus offered me a pint o' mead, and to draw it myself, he said. When I went through I see the empty wineskin in his dairy, conspicuous: government-mark an' all.'

The cook whistled. 'And you've said nothink?'

'I said plenty. "There's an object in there that didn't ought to be in there," I said: "you fetch a spade and dig a hole and bury it quick," I said, "you old bastard! Or you'll have us both on the mat ——" Which Balbus saw to.'

'Cor stone my sacred chickens! If the quarter-bloke knew ——'

'He knows. I broke it to him.' "The wine's drunk," I told him, "the old lady's better, and the goodwill's worth more to you an' me an' Caesar than a dozen wineskins," I said.'

''Ence your 'are!' commented the corporal drily.

'Hence more than hares, by a long sight!' said the centurion. 'Old Balbus isn't going to stop at hares, there's this bracken-secret he's giving us. Goodwill's an asset — which reminds me, I'll have the residue of Balbus's hare put up cold in a haversack; I'm on forty-eight-hour, tomorrow.'

The cook stared. 'Two days' leaf, wasted in a ruddy blizzard! Where on earth'll you go?'

'To a farm outside Clanoventa.'

'Brittoes again?'

'That's right. They've sent me up an invitation, they've a Festival on.'

'What kind o' festival?'

'Kind o' thing I was talking of. Goodwill: good neighbours: feast your friend, forget your enemy — feast him too, if he'll come!'

'Feast your enemy? Pollux!'

'It's a cult — ' The centurion shrugged. 'Mind you, I don't set up to be a religious man; but they got something. You'll have heard of 'em — Christians, eh?'

'But you ain't Christian? That's a belly-achin' slave-religion, that is!'

'I don't sign on with 'em,' allowed the centurion. 'I can't see eye-to-eye with all the rigmarole they profess. But they've some useful notions.'

'Such as — ?'

'Why, this goodwill! There isn't enough of it about.'

'Goodwill 'oo to? Not all an' sundry, you don't mean? Not goodwill to the Brittoes!'

'Why not? They're yuman.'

'They're barbarians,' said the corporal.

'That's no odds. Treat chaps right, they'll treat you right — Brittoes or any other. And we're neighbours, at that: no option! We got 'em wished on us for neighbours, same as they got us wished on them: no choice for neither of us.'

'Neighbours my foot! We're Rome!'

'That's what these Christians come out strong on,' the old soldier pursued. 'We're all each other's neighbours, savvy? From here to Mespot, Carthage to Caucasus — Brittoes an' Wogs an' all. And I reckon they're not so far out, neither.'

'I'll grant you this much,' said the corporal grudgingly: 'since you been chief-centurion 'ere, you got the Brittoes lined up civil — eatin' out of your 'and! This is the only spot I've served in yet where a chap can go fishin' on 'is 'alf-day alone, and not come back to camp at night with an arrow-'ead in 'is ——.'

'That's what I'm driving at,' the centurion nodded. 'Better than hares, that is!'

'What beats me though — no offence, I 'ope, Centurion ——'

'Off the record, young feller ——'

'If you ain't Christian, where in 'Ades did you pick up your fancy views?'

'From my old man, eventually.'

'Was 'e a Christian?'

'Not so as you'd notice it — regulations were stricter then. But he'd a — he'd an experience while he was soldiering out east, that seems to have shook him proper. Changed his whole nature, so he said; and he passed his views on to me.'

'This goodwill business, 'e passed on?'

'That's right: what I been telling you. Goodwill to all sorts, love your neighbour, live an' let live, says he. I never paid much heed to him — being young then, and fancying that I was tough and the old man a back number; but when I'd been through thirty year of soldiering I begun to think he was right. I've tried my old man's tactic out since I come here as chief-centurion — and by Jupiter, does it answer!'

'It does for you; you get the 'are!' said the corporal sulkily.

'Well, you? You get no arrow in your recreational-period; what's more you'll get no July bracken-mowing when old Balbus has done his stuff. That's *your* hare, isn't it? Because it's your sort clicks for bracken-mowing fatigues: not centurions!' And he grinned.

'Maybe: but Balbus ain't yet proved that we can kill the bracken-roots,' the cook argued.

'We can if Balbus says we can — nay, don't ask *me*, I've no clue. Magic, I wouldn't wonder? Or maybe just good farming-sense; he's as wise as a bag of owls. But he'll learn us his secret.'

'If the C.O. allows 'im?' groused the corporal. 'Old Brass-ribs —'

'Now then!'

'The C.O. won't believe in magic, it's outside o' Regulations, 'e'll say.'

'Aye, the C.O.'s our snag — ' The centurion lurched up, took his helmet off the peg and prepared to return to quarters. 'He won't believe in goodwill neither. If he'd learned what my old man learned in Syria — but I'll work on him, best I'm able! If he turns Balbus down — '

'If he turns Operation Balbus down,' said the corporal gloomily, 'six months from now I'll be bracken-mowin' as usual: goodwill or no goodwill!'

The other looked back from the doorway. 'In that case, corporal, you'll have to edify your suffering spirit thinking of my old man. *He'd* clicked for an unwelcome duty, when he got that experience that shook him so. Crucifixion-fatigue, it was . . . .'

THE LAKELAND LANDSCAPE

F. J. Monkhouse

It was John Ruskin who wrote of his beloved Lake District: 'We have to ask then, first, what material there was here to carve; and then what chisels, and in what workman's hand, were used to produce this large piece of precious chasing and embossed work.' It is obvious that he had an innate appreciation of the geomorphologist's concept that landscape is a function of structure, process and stage. By 'structure' is implied on the one hand the rocks, their origin, nature and characteristics, on the other hand the internal earth-forces which affect these rocks — the folding or crumpling of the strata, their faulting or fracturing, their uplift or depression *en masse*. 'Process' involves all the external forces of earth-sculpture, known collectively as denudation, which operate as soon as one part of the earth's surface begins to rise relative to another. It includes the decay and break-up of the rocks by the various agents of the weather, and their erosion by running water and moving ice. It comprises, too, the transportation of vast quantities of this eroded material and its ultimate deposition in lakes, on the flood-plains of rivers, or finally in the sea. The 'stage' represents the extent to which these external forces have collectively operated, and the resultant modification of relief so far achieved. Thus the Himalaya, the Alps, the Lake District and Anglesey represent various stages in the remorseless destruction of the high parts of the world. In Anglesey we see a near-ultimate stage, where perhaps 20,000 feet of strata have been removed to form a gently undulating surface cut in some of the oldest rocks of which these islands are composed. This surface, known as a *peneplain* ('almost a plain'), is the product of more than 500 million years of denudation.

In the light of these generalisations, then, we can attempt an appreciation of the physical features of Lakeland today, remembering that any study of land-forms, to be adequate, must be analytical and explanatory as well as descriptive. There is, however, another preliminary point. One branch of geology has the special function of elucidating the record of the past events in the earth's history as evidenced by a systematic study of the rocks which form the crust. In other words, a tabulation of rocks according to their age affords a very convenient time-chart or chronology of the earth's history. A table is appended on

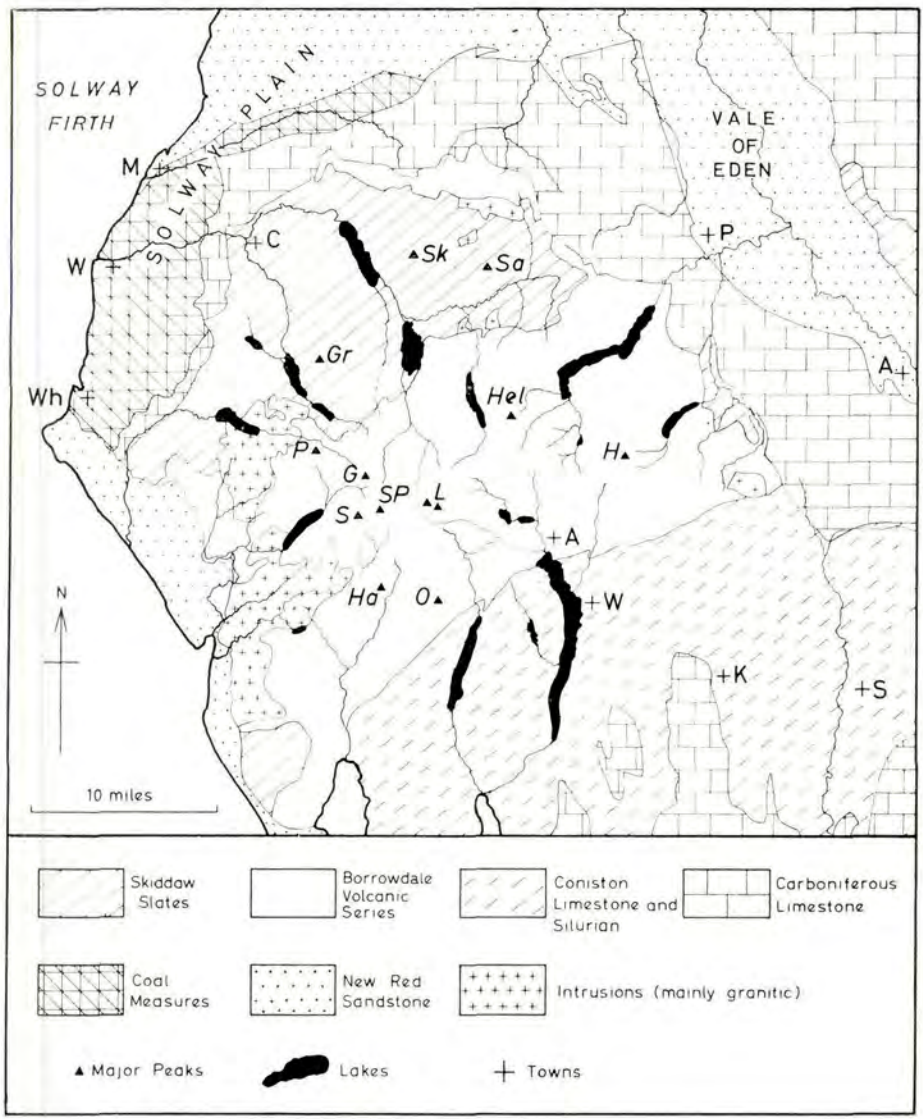
page 302 of a simplified scheme of age classification, in which are placed in their relative positions the systems and series of rocks which make up the Lake District and its margins, together with the major mountain-building episodes involved.

THE ROCKS

A glance at the simplified geological map facing this page will show that the Lake District consists of a mass of ancient rocks, surrounded by a discontinuous margin or rim of appreciably newer ones. The ancient rocks may be divided into three groups.

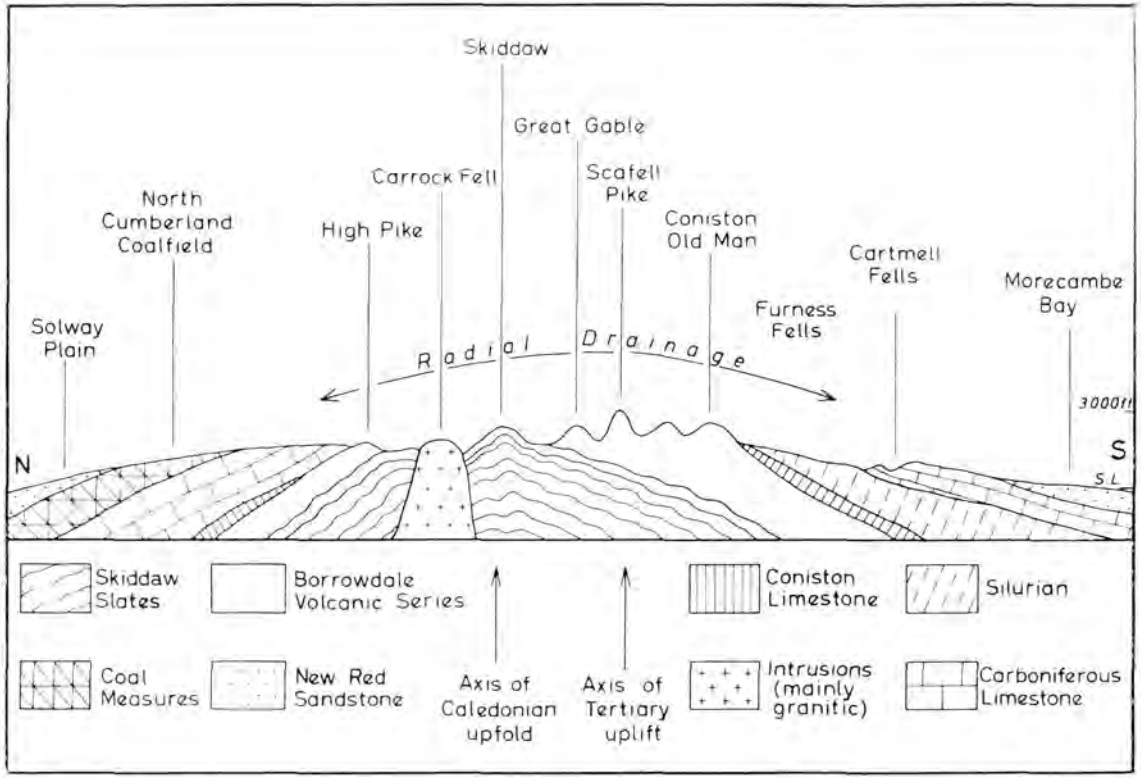
The oldest consist of a series of darkish slates, with occasional coarser grits, of Upper Cambrian and Lower Ordovician age. They were originally laid down some 400 million years ago as muds and sands in the shallow sea which then covered the area. These deposits were changed by long sustained pressure during later periods of earth-movement into slates, which as a result show a well-marked cleavage, that is, a tendency to split into rough slabs or layers along distinctive planes. Most of the northern Lakeland fells, notably Skiddaw, Saddleback, the Grasmoor group and Mellbreak, are formed of the Skiddaw Slates, the name which has been bestowed upon the whole series. In point of fact, there are many local names applied to individual distinctive rock-types with slight differences in character, form and fossil-content, such as the Loweswater Flags, the Kirkstile Slates and the Mosser Slates, all named after the locality in the Loweswater area where they are particularly well developed. In the south-west part of the Lakeland region, an outlying mass of the same Skiddaw Slates forms the rounded hump of Black Combe, which stands out prominently to the north of the Duddon estuary. Although slopes may be quite steep and there are some deeply cut valleys and sharp ridges, as on Saddleback and in the Grasmoor group, on the whole the mountains composed of these rocks are smooth in profile, for the slates tend to weather rather homogeneously and uniformly. And while there are some crags, the slates are much too shattered and friable for the rock-climber.

The heart of Lakeland consists of a vast thickness of volcanic rocks—lavas, fine-grained ashes and coarse agglomerates—which were poured out during a long period of volcanic activity in Ordovician times, subsequent to the deposition of the Skiddaw Slates. They include also layers of much-altered slates, rep-



Simplified Geological Map of the Lake District

(Based on the official quarter-inch maps, by permission of the Geological Survey of Great Britain)



Simplified Section across the Lake District from North to South

resenting both mud-flows among the volcanic material and very fine ashes which were drastically affected by pressure and heat. Some of these afford most attractive roofing material, notably the green slates of Honister, Elterwater and Coniston. In fact, they form much better roofing-slates than do the so-called Skiddaw Slates, since the latter occur in thick slabby masses more suitable for the construction of dry-stone walls than for roofing.

These rocks are known collectively as the Borrowdale Volcanic Series, although here again geologists have given names to the varied rocks in different localities, such as the Harter Fell Andesites, the Langdale Rhyolite and the Sty Head Garnetiferous Series; the petrology of these igneous rocks is of great complexity. The various lavas and ashes present a most varied resistance to denudation, with the result that the hills in the centre of Lakeland have remarkably rugged silhouettes, as compared with the slate country to the north. The massive compact lavas, mostly andesites and some rhyolites, form the prominent outstanding crags—Pillar Rock, Boat Howe, Scafell and Pike's Crag, Gimmer and Dow, and the rest of the names dear to the rock-climber. The rock is hard and resistant, with clean-cut slabs and buttresses, and although frost can affect it in time, it is notable that we use many of the actual holds by which the classic climbs were first ascended years ago, scarred and polished only by the passage of climbers and tricounis.

The map shows that the majority of the Lakeland peaks, except for Skiddaw and its neighbours already mentioned, are formed of these varied volcanic rocks. A narrow belt of similar rocks also appears on the surface to the north of the Skiddaw group, forming such summits as High Pike, of over 2,000 feet. This is shown on the geological section facing this page.

To the south of the Borrowdale Volcanics lies a great series of rather younger rocks, forming the lower country around Windermere and Coniston. There is first a narrow outcrop of Coniston Limestone (usually included in the Ordovician system), too limited to show on the geological map; this can be traced across the Lake District along the southern margin of the Borrowdale Volcanics. These rocks can be seen north of Coniston, on either side of the head of Windermere, and just to the north of the village of Kentmere. They are succeeded to the south by an extensive series of shales, slates, grits and flags of Silurian age. This type of country presents a more subdued appearance, with

few eminences over a thousand feet, and contrasts markedly with the rugged peaks to the north. As one walks along the road from Ambleside to Coniston through Yewdale, one is in fact almost on the geological boundary; on the right are the craggy peaks of the Volcanics, on the left the softer grits and flags (the so-called Bannisdale Series) which form the gentle landscape of fields and woods around Coniston.

In addition to these various older Palaeozoic rocks, there are exposed here and there masses of granite and other complex crystalline rocks. Molten rock was intruded into the country rock and solidified slowly at depth; later denudation removed the covering rocks and so exposed in places the surfaces of the intrusions. They include Carrock Fell to the north of Skiddaw, Shap Fell in the east, other extensive masses in the Ennerdale and Eskdale districts, and many smaller areas. Further, numerous minor intrusions have been injected into the existing rocks either along vertical planes (when they form dykes) or horizontally (sills), and these too can afford variety in the landscape where they differ from the country rocks in their resistance to erosion. The larger masses, however, are not particularly striking or conspicuous, since they do not differ markedly in character from the resistant Older Palaeozoic rocks among which they occur—unlike, for example, the South-West Peninsula, where the granites of Dartmoor and Bodmin Moor form prominent uplands. For example, if we walk north-westwards from the summit of Pillar down the ridge towards Gillerthwaite, we cross the boundary between the grey lavas and the pinkish granophyre (as this type of intrusive rock is called), but there is no sudden change or indeed any topographical difference apart from the colour of the surface exposures and scattered boulders. Geologists are still not certain of the actual age of the various intrusions, although obviously they are younger than the rocks into which they were intruded; they are probably associated with the various earth-movements affecting the region, which we will discuss later.

These rocks, then, comprise the Lakeland hills. On their margins, however, there are newer rocks, forming a discontinuous rim dipping outwards from the central area. When travelling north from Carnforth, one sees the conspicuous white scars and the smooth grassy hills of the Carboniferous Limestone, such as those near Grange-over-Sands, bordering the estuaries of Morecambe Bay. The famous ' waterworn Westmorland limestone '

is even advertised in the gardening journals for making rock-gardens. Coal Measures occur only in the north-west, where they include the workable coals of the Cumberland Coalfield. The New Red Sandstone is visible in the south-west where it forms the striking reddish cliffs of St. Bees Head, and again in the north-east where the coarse pinkish outcrops overlook Penrith. Finally, there are patches of very recent material — boulder-clay, peat, alluvium and pebbles — in the valleys.

THE STRUCTURES

The long geological history of the earth comprises a series of recurring episodes — periods of deposition during which the materials forming the rocks were deposited, periods of earth-movement which crumpled and uplifted these rocks, periods of denudation when these structures were worn down, to be succeeded by a renewed period of deposition on the old eroded surface. The present relief features of the Lake District are in effect the resurrection of some of the cumulative effects of several of these phases in earth-history which have been superimposed on each other.

As the Skiddaw Slates and Borrowdale Volcanics are much more highly contorted than the Coniston Limestone which succeeds them, it is probable that an early period of earth-movement in late Ordovician times affected the area. This was succeeded by the deposition of the Silurian rocks. The first major earth-movements took place probably towards the close of the Silurian period, between 350 and 320 millions years ago, earth-movements which are known as Caledonian because they affected particularly north-west Scotland and indeed much of north-west Europe. The rocks were folded up into a broad ridge, with a trend more or less from east-north-east to west-south-west, approximately through the present position of Skiddaw. Significantly, this axis lies well to the north of the heart of the present-day mountain complex, as shown on the geological section, for reasons which will be appreciated later. In detail, the upfold was extremely complex, with numerous minor puckers and corrugations, some of which can still be traced.

This uplifted mass was then worn down for some fifty million years or so into an undulating peneplain. In the north of the area, along the main line of uplift where as a result denudation would be concentrated, both the Silurian and Borrowdale

Volcanic rocks were wholly removed, thus revealing the Skiddaw Slates; in the centre, only the Silurian rocks were removed, so revealing the Borrowdale Volcanics; while in the lower land to the south of the main uplift, where denudation was necessarily less active, the Silurian rocks were largely preserved. This in fact is the broad pattern of the surface rocks today, although they were to suffer later vicissitudes. Thus resulted a gently undulating, worn-down surface.

On to this surface there were deposited vast layers of Carboniferous Limestone and then of Coal Measures. In turn, the whole area was again uplifted in late Carboniferous and early Permian times, probably as a result of what geologists call the 'Armorican' or 'Hercynian' mountain-building epoch, which formed mountain ranges across central Europe. This caused the limestone strata to be domed-up over the centre of the area. Then came yet another period of long-continued denudation, which removed the central higher part of the limestone, so that it survives only on the margins. Following this, the New Red Sandstone was laid down, in places on the surface of the Carboniferous Limestone, elsewhere on the older rocks. Finally, in Tertiary times, some thirty-five million years ago, probably during the period of earth-movements responsible for the upfolding of the Alpine ranges to the south, the whole region was again uplifted into an elongated dome, with an approximate east-west axis more or less through the present position of Scafell Pike. Some geologists are of the opinion that this uplift was caused by movements of great masses of molten rock far beneath the surface, and probably some of the granitic intrusions mentioned above were formed at the same time. One effect of this uplift was to cause widespread ramifications of faults or cracks, thus producing shatter-belts and the sudden displacement of strata. For example, clean-cut faults define and demarcate the Kern Knotts Buttress forming the *Crack*, the *Chimney* and the *West Chimney*, and there are countless others.

THE DRAINAGE PATTERN

The last great Tertiary uplift thus probably produced an elongated dome. On this dome rivers would tend to flow outwards, more or less radially, upon the uniformly sloping cover of the New Red Sandstone and perhaps even on a now wholly vanished cover of newer rocks still, such as the Chalk. There

followed a long period of denudation, as the rivers cut down their valleys. The newer rocks, which had determined the direction of the drainage, were stripped away from the higher parts of the dome as the geological section facing page 289 shows. The rivers, however, maintained their directions over the complex older rocks below, crossing the different outcrops at all angles. This is what is known as superimposed drainage; the predominant direction of the drainage is a legacy of a vanished cover. Today the Derwent flows to the west; the Ehen, Esk and Duddon to the south-west; the Crake, Leven and Kent to the south; and the Eamont and Lowther to the north-east via the Eden in its well-defined trough between the Lakeland massif and the steep edge of the Pennine scarp. It was stressed above that the dome was elongated along a more or less west-east axis, and as a result the drainage is not truly radial except in the west. A watershed can be traced which curves eastwards from Scafell or Great Gable over Esk Hause, Dunmail Raise and Kirkstone Pass to Wasdale Pike in the Shap Fells. North of this line lie Borrowdale, Thirlmere, Ullswater and Haweswater, draining more or less northwards; south of it are the Duddon valley, Coniston, Windermere and the Kent valley, draining southwards.

GLACIATION

About a million years ago there began what is known generally as the Quaternary glaciation, the effects of which are still to be seen graphically, even dramatically, etched into the Lakeland landscape long after the glaciers and permanent snowfields have vanished from Britain. At their greatest development, the ice-sheets covered all Britain as far south as a line running roughly from the Severn to the Thames. Glaciologists believe that Britain within the whole Quaternary Ice Age was probably affected by four glacial maxima, of which the second represented the absolute maximum extent, each separated by milder inter-glacial periods. For example, near St. Bees there are strata containing peaty deposits, the remains of vegetation which flourished in the inter-glacial period, lying between the distinctive boulder-clay deposits of the second and third glacial maxima. It was probably the fourth and last of the glacial maxima which so strikingly affected Lakeland and other parts of northern England, before the progressive amelioration of climate led to the final disappearance of the ice-sheets from these islands.

During this fourth glacial advance, the Lake District, like other mountain groups, must have nourished its own small ice-cap, probably located in the west-centre of the upland area. From this, valley-glaciers similar to those now seen in the Alps pushed downwards and outwards, following the lines of least resistance, that is, the radial pre-glacial valleys. These glacier-tongues must have been of considerable thickness; distinct ice-worn scratches (or striations) are to be seen on rock outcrops on the Wasdale side of the Scafell range and on Helvellyn to a height of about 2,500 feet. Ultimately the ice-caps and glaciers began to shrink, and vanished some twenty thousand years ago or less. Today there is only occasional winter snowfall, the sporadic character of which is the despair of Lakeland skiers, but it does form an attractive element in the winter hill-scenery.

Many of the mountain ridges and summits, particularly in the east of the district, are remarkably smooth and rounded, and there has been considerable discussion as to whether these represent areas which were overridden completely by the ice and thus heavily eroded, or whether they represent relics of the pre-glacial surface which the ice never covered, even at its maximum. Whatever the cause, some of these smooth ridges, such as the Helvellyn —Dods range extending northwards towards Threlkeld and the long ridge of High Street, form what have been called ' elevated downs ' and provide fine continuous high-level walking country. They contrast markedly with the shattered ridges further west, such as the Esk Pike-Bowfell-Crinkle Crags range.

Glaciers can potently erode their beds, both by abrading the rock floor with material frozen into the base which is dragged along like a giant rasp, and by freezing on to prominent blocks of well-jointed rock and so ' plucking ' them away. They transport vast quantities of material, from rocks of all sizes to finely ground clays, on the surface, within the mass of the ice, and near its base. And they deposit material, in crescentic terminal moraines near their extremities, in the form of lateral moraines along the valley sides, in roughly horizontal sheets of boulder-clay, or in chaotic humps and undulations.

The cross-profile of a glaciated valley tends towards a wide open ' U,' with a flat floor and steep sides, as in the case of most Lakeland dales. The valleys are straightened, for the glacier tends to plane off projections to form ' truncated spurs '; magnificent examples are shown on the southern slopes of Saddleback, and

along the line of blunted crags overlooking Kentmere on the west. Some valleys end abruptly at their heads in a steep wall, known as a ' trough-end,' for example, the slope above Warnscale Bottom at the head of Buttermere, and that down which plunges Rossett Gill into Langdale and up which the walker toils on his way to Esk Hause and Wasdale.

Where the glacier did not apparently fill the pre-glacial valley, there is a pronounced change of slope, so forming benches or shoulders above the steep valley walls. Similarly, high tributary valleys, formerly graded to the pre-glacial river valley, are left ' hanging,' through the deepening of the main valley, so that their streams fall abruptly in a series of cascades. Thus, for example, the Watendlath Beck, rising on the northern slopes of Ullscarf, flows gently northwards through such a hanging valley before it finally spills over the steep edge of the main valley into Borrowdale, forming Lodore Falls. This sharp drop is accentuated because it is here that the Borrowdale Volcanics give way to the more easily eroded slates.

Many of the attractive torrents that foam down the hillsides issue from tiny sheets of water high among the mountains; these tarns are among the most striking and characteristic features of a glaciated upland. They lie in small basin-shaped hollows, known as cirques or corries, as cwms in Wales and as combes in Lakeland, often backed by steep crags, such as Pavey Ark behind Stickle Tarn, Dow Crag above Goats Water, and many more. The most satisfactory theory of their origin is that a shallow pre-glacial hollow has been progressively enlarged. A patch of snow will be responsible for alternate thawing and freezing of the bedrock around its margins, causing it to ' rot ' or disintegrate, while melt-water helps to move the resulting debris. As the hollow grows it may nourish during a period of glaciation a small permanent snow-field or even a tiny cirque-glacier, particularly on north-facing slopes where snow or ice must have lingered long after the glacial maximum. Meltwater makes its way down both the bergschrund (the prominent cleft between the back wall and the floor of a névé-filled basin) and down the whole back wall of the cirque. This, by alternate freezing and thawing, eats both into the wall and maintains its steepness, and also into its floor, thus maintaining the basin shape, and moreover it provides debris which freezes into the base of the ice and so acts as an abrasive. When the ice finally disappears, the rock basin remains as a

striking feature of the landscape. Not all Lakeland combes, of course, have steep and craggy back walls; some are shallower, with a smooth uniform slope behind the saucer-shaped floor. Such is the combe, to the north of Ullscarf, in which lies Blea Tarn whence the Watendlath Beck issues. Another is Greenup Combe, through which runs the path from Stonethwaite to Far Easedale and so to Grasmere. These shallow combes are probably the result of snow-patch erosion alone, rather than the work of active cirque-glaciers.

Where two cirques develop back to back, a steep-walled ridge or arête remains; notable examples are Striding and Swirral Edges enclosing Red Tarn to the east of Helvellyn's summit. Similarly, Riggindale Crag forms the northern wall of the deeply-cut cirque in which lies Blea Water, under the summit ridge of High Street at the head of Mardale.

One other striking result of glacial erosion must be mentioned. Ice tends to mould masses of rock which project above the general level of the valley-floor or sides. The upstream face of such a mass is smoothed and polished, although there are often deep striations as well, and its profile is rounded; here abrasion is the main eroding force. The downstream side, on the other hand, especially if the rock is well jointed, is made rougher and more irregular by the plucking action of the ice. The resulting form is known as a *roche moutonnée*, so called originally because of the similarity of these residual hummocks to wigs made of sheepskin which were once worn in France and, as so often happens, the name has stuck. These are common features in the Lakeland valleys, and are especially well marked in Borrowdale. They may form small isolated rocks or quite large knolls.

The overall effect of glaciation was not merely erosive, although this aspect tends to dominate in mountainous areas. The Solway Plain to the north was thickly plastered with glacial drift by the outflowing glaciers, so that the 'solid' rocks are rarely visible. And in the valleys much material was deposited, called generally boulder-clay, a term applied to an unstratified mass with a matrix of clay and sand and containing stones of all shapes and sizes. Sometimes the boulder-clay is laid in level sheets, in tough compact masses, as on the floors of the Borrowdale and Langdale valleys. It may occur as loose mounds or humps, as near the foot of Rossett Gill, in Langstrath, and near the Black Sail Youth Hostel in Ennerdale where there is a chaos of swelling hillocks.

And it may be arranged in the form of crescentic moraines across the mouth of a combe or near the foot of a valley. Two distinct moraines have been identified in Borrowdale which are worthy of mention. One lies half a mile below Seatoller, near the confluence of Comb Gill and the Derwent. The other is at the mouth of the Stonethwaite valley, curving from Borrowdale church towards Rosthwaite; a meander of the Derwent has cut prominently into the side of this moraine. Terminal moraines have had an important effect in that they account in large measure for the presence of lakes, large and small, as will be seen later.

Ice can transport boulders of considerable size, which may be left ' perched ' precariously, as in the case of the famous Bowder Stone in Borrowdale. And many rocks may be deposited as ' erratics ' far from their solid origin. Thus boulders of Silurian grit can be found away to the south-east in the Craven district of Yorkshire, lying on surfaces of Carboniferous Limestone. Shap Granite boulders can be seen as far away as the Scarborough neighbourhood, in Lincolnshire and in southern Cheshire, and masses of Eskdale Granite have been identified in the Fylde and in the Wolverhampton district. All these afford valuable evidence as to the movement and direction of the ice-sheets. Evidence that the ice flowed radially outwards from the heart of Lakeland is afforded by the discovery of granite boulders from Carrock Fell in various parts of the Solway Plain from the Eden valley right round to St. Bees Head. Erratics, too, occur high on the ridges within the Lake District itself. There are immense rectangular blocks of Borrowdale Volcanic rock on the Skiddaw Slate ridge of Dale Head — Hindscarth, and others at no less than 2,600 feet on High Stile. There are numerous boulders of Ennerdale Granophyre on the broad summit of Starling Dodd some three or four miles north of the outcrop of the granophyre mass itself. In fact, short-distance erratics lie everywhere, particularly on the well-jointed Borrowdale Volcanics, and help to add to the inherent ruggedness of the central part of the district.

THE LAKES

The most characteristic feature of the Lake District is naturally the lakes themselves. The sixteen or so major lakes lie on the floors of some, though not all, of the glacially eroded valleys, and so partake of their pattern and shape; they are usually long and

relatively narrow, and radiate from the drainage-axis of the dome. In part they owe their existence to glacial over-deepening of the valleys in which they lie, in part to natural crescentic moraine dams. For example, there is a most striking terminal moraine at the southern end of Windermere, partly cut through near Newby Bridge by the river Leven which drains southwards to Morecambe Bay. The lakes vary enormously in depth. The deepest is Wastwater where 258 feet has been sounded, yet its surface is just 200 feet above sea-level; this clearly shows the effect of over-deepening below sea-level, although the greater part of its depth is accounted for by a glacial dam at the south-western end near Woodhow. Rydal Water, on the other hand, is a shallow reed-covered mere lying on the uneven floor of a broad through-valley extending northward to Dunmail Raise.

Lakes are, however, a very ephemeral feature of the landscape. They may on the one hand have their outlets lowered by an out-flowing river cutting through the enclosing moraines, which are easily eroded, or on the other hand be filled up by river-borne alluvium. The latter is especially the case where heavily laden mountain streams rapidly build out their deltas into a lake. Bassenthwaite and Derwentwater are now divided by an alluvial flat four miles across, deposited jointly by the river Greta and the Newlands Beck. This flat is now above the normal lake level because of the lowering by the outflowing Derwent of the lip at the northern end of Bassenthwaite, but in times of heavy rain the flat may be flooded and the valley then returns to what must have been its former appearance. The Derwent is slowly but gradually pushing out its delta into the southern end of Derwentwater, and it has already filled in a former extension of the lake in Borrow-dale. Most of the other lakes show similar indications, and the head of each is now a marshy ' bottom.' It seems, for example, from the evidence of ancient deltas and overflow channels that in immediate post-glacial times there was an Ennerdale Water many hundreds of feet deeper and several miles longer than the present lake. Even the deep Wastwater is much reduced from its former extent; the Mosedale and Lingmell Becks are constructing con-spicuous deltas into its north-eastern end, and have built out about a mile of flat land covered with gravel and boulders, over which the streams constantly change their courses after each period of floods.

In several valleys, this filling-up process has resulted in the

complete disappearance of the former lakes. Kentmere, to the north of Kendal, formerly contained two large lakes, one at about 740 feet above sea-level situated to the north of Kentmere village, the other lay below the village at about 520 feet. The higher lake has been infilled with alluvium, the lower with vegetable matter, including incidentally beds of diatomite formed from the siliceous remains of countless microscopic plant organisms. Many tributary valleys show the same feature. Some of the valleys opening into the southern shores of Ullswater—Fusedale, Bannerdale, Boardale—probably once contained lakes, now infilled.

The same infilling process is taking place in many tarns. At the head of Tongue Gill, south of Grisedale Hause near Grasmere, the floor of the combe is occupied by a level area of marsh. There is a wholly peat-filled former tarn lying at a height of about 1,850 feet in the shallow depression between the two Angletarn Pikes, overlooking Patterdale, and many more examples.

POST-GLACIAL CHANGES

This gradual infilling of lakes is just one of the steady post-glacial changes in the Lakeland landscape, for since the permanent snowfields and glaciers finally disappeared the forces of external sculpture have continued their slow but inexorable operations, adding minor yet often striking changes.

The post-glacial drainage system probably follows very closely the pattern of the pre-glacial streams which have been already discussed, but it must differ in detail. While the drainage system is, as we saw, superimposed irrespective of the present surface rocks, in detail of course many streams have adjusted themselves locally to structural features by developing along the less resistant slates or volcanic ashes, or along the shatter belts of faults. The main rivers meander along the flat floors of the valleys, often dividing to form braided streams, for example, the Liza in upper Ennerdale, the Derwent in Borrowdale and the Great Langdale Beck, the last of which has caused such serious flooding that its bed is being regularised by straightening and dredging. The tributary streams flowing from the hanging valleys have cut their beds deep into the mountain slopes, and sweep down their eroded debris on to the valley floors, into the lakes and finally into the sea. One dramatic example of this occurred during the August bank holiday week-end of 1938,

when nine inches of rain fell in thirty-six hours. Lingmell Gill, normally a clear stream flowing down from the direction of Mickledore below Scafell, became a swollen torrent, coloured brown from the gashed and scoured slopes, and with stones crashing along its bed. When it had subsided, it could be seen that two fields at the head of the lake had been covered to a depth of a foot or more with a sheet of stones and small boulders, the load of the stream in spate. Within forty-eight hours or so the stream returned to normal, having accomplished more erosional activity than in the previous ten years.

The work of the weather, too, goes on relentlessly. In these mountain areas frost is, perhaps, the most effective agent. When water fills the interstices of a rock it may freeze at night, and as its volume thus increases by some ten per cent it exerts great pressure and so the rock tends to shatter. Slopes of angular fragments, known as scree, fall away below the rock buttresses. Frost-action is most potent where the rock is well jointed, allowing the ready percolation of surface water, as the writer once nearly found to his cost on the *Chantry Buttress* of the East Napes where the rock has a notoriously friable character. Below the Napes ridges the reddish scree-slopes of Great Hell Gate stream down towards upper Wasdale. The most striking screes in Lakeland are those which descend at an angle of between 35 and 40 degrees for some 1,700 feet from the broken crags of Illgill Head to the south-eastern shores of Wastwater, continuing their slope into the lake.

Numerous veins, dykes and faults which slash through the rocks in regular directions, have helped to direct and concentrate the forces of denudation, and so produce such lines of weakness as gullies, chimneys and cracks, which are progressively enlarged by the weather and by running water just because they are lines of least resistance. Thus the shattered Napes gullies demarcate the bold Needle, Eagle's Nest and Arrowhead Ridges, and Moss Ghyll, Steep Ghyll and Deep Ghyll split the Scafell crags into individual buttresses. Nearby, on a larger scale, Mickledore is the result of the partial removal of a dyke between the lava masses of Pike's Crag and Scafell; the reddish scree-flows down either side of the col show that the destruction continues.

Many of the summits and ridges show various weathering effects. The tops of High Street, Helvellyn and the Grasmoor ridges are extensively covered with horizontal sheets of crumbly

gravelly material, the product of rock decay and disintegration *in situ* by frost action and by the work of melt-water from the winter snows. By contrast, other summits, such as that of Great Gable and especially those along the Scafell Pike—Bowfell ridge, are covered with blocks of rock of all sizes, some probably erratics, but many are the result of frost action on the well-jointed volcanic rocks. To these continuous areas of angular boulders is sometimes given the expressive name of *felsenmeer,* or block-spreads.

THE PRESENT-DAY LANDSCAPE

We have sought in some measure to analyse the main relief features of the Lake District, and to show how these have come to be what they are. In this compact area, little more than thirty miles across, some seven hundred square miles in extent, lies a remarkable assemblage of mountains and valleys, smooth ridges and bold crags, tiny mountain tarns and large deep lakes, deeply cut ravines and striking waterfalls, immense scree-strewn hillsides and green meadows, sweeping stretches of heather and bracken-covered valley sides. From the centre of the mountain complex, in the neighbourhood of Great Gable and Scafell Pike, radiate the ridges with their outstanding peaks, separated into groups or districts by the valleys opening out into the lowlands of the Solway Plain, the Eden Valley and the Morecambe Bay estuaries. The dale-heads around the centre of the massif are interlinked by high cols and passes which are the walker's joy. Each valley, each peak, has its own individuality, yet it is the sum of these features, a unity in diversity, which gives 'this large piece of precious chasing and embossed work' its inherent and, perhaps, unrivalled character and charm.

THE GEOLOGICAL HISTORY OF THE LAKE DISTRICT

Era of time or Group of rocks	*Period of time or System of rocks*	*A tentative Time Scale (millions of years)*	*The present rocks of the Lake District and margins*	*Events*
QUATERNARY	Holocene or Recent		Alluvium, gravels, peat	Post-glacial weathering and river activity
	Pleistocene	1	Boulder-clay	Quaternary Glaciation
TERTIARY OR CAINOZOIC	Pliocene	15	—	Pre-glacial denudation and radial drainage system
	Miocene	35	—	Alpine earth-movement Uplift of elongated dome
	Oligocene	50	—	
	Eocene	60	—	
SECONDARY OR MESOZOIC	Cretaceous	120	—	Now vanished rocks deposited? Chalk?
	Jurassic	150	—	
	Triassic	190	New Red Sandstone (St. Bees, Penrith)	Sandstones laid down under arid conditions or in shallow lakes
PRIMARY OR PALAEOZOIC	Permian	220		Denudation
				Armorican folding into a dome
	Carboniferous	280	Coal Measures Carboniferous Limestone	Deposition in swamps Deposition in sea
	Devonian	320	—	Long continued denudation Caledonian folding to form E.N.E.-W.S.W. ridge across Lake District
	Silurian	350	Slates, flags, shales	Deposition under shallow water conditions
	Ordovician	400	Coniston Limestone Borrowdale Volcanic Series	Period of folding Volcanic activity
	Cambrian	500	Skiddaw slates	Deposition under shallow water conditions
PRE-CAMBRIAN		Older than 500	—	

It will be appreciated that there is a number of diverse views concerning the structure of the Lake District. H.M. Geological Survey is shortly to begin the production of a new One-inch sheet and accompanying Memoir, which will probably solve many problems. The above is a cautious interpretation of generally accepted ideas.

IN REMINISCENT VEIN

Lord Chorley

I have been a member of the Club for forty years. It is a long time, and the Club has become a very different institution during this period: yet I am not one of the oldest members, not even among the first forty surviving. So it may seem a little cheeky if I allow a rapidly deteriorating memory to conjure up recollections of the earlier days which others are no doubt better qualified to write about. However, I am obedient to the Editor.

I joined the Club at the suggestion of Darwin Leighton, whose memory is still green for most of us, and who introduced more new members than anyone else. It was before the days of qualifications, or I should hardly have got in, my record consisting of some three or four peaks and one rock-climb — Broad Stand, which, I regret to say, I had climbed without realising that it was a climb! My first peak was Ill Bell, but I was already a lanky schoolboy of fourteen before I did it, with a party of other schoolboys and some masters, in an autumn mist. Before middle age descended upon me I used to go uphill rather quickly, and I reached the top of Ill Bell well ahead of the rest of the party. It was awesome to be up there all by myself in the swirling mist, but it seemed to me to be a fine adventure, and I had much the same feeling of delight tempered by nervousness which I have since felt in much grander or more dangerous situations. I still believe that there is no better way of attaining to a feeling of complete and utter solitude than to walk over a mountain in mist.

My first meet was Whitsuntide, 1918, at Borrowdale, not even a pale imitation of the great Whitsuntide meets in the valley which were to come with the peace. Indeed, there was hardly anyone staying at Thornythwaite—I can remember only Darwin Leighton. Ashley Abraham and his two sons came over from Keswick on bicycles. I had recently taken to lightweight camping, and, having pitched my tent in the sheepfold at the foot of the Stake, had walked over from there.

It was my first meeting with Ashley and I enjoyed his breezy, exuberant, rather confident personality. He and Darwin swopped yarns all the time. Darwin had the finer sense of humour and brought to his stories that mellow charm which so many of us can remember, and which retained an almost youthful spontaniety: he was one of the few characters I have known in whom the quality of spontaniety and mellowness could exist together.

Ashley had a panache, almost a swagger. He and his brother George, who is fortunately still with us, had successfully exploited their Lakeland cragsmanship in the High Alps and were figures in their own right in the mountaineering world. They were also great men in the domain of mountain photography. In the coming years their credentials were to be attacked and rivals were to spring up. But at that time they wore their distinction with a sort of debonair self-confidence which I think they had every right to enjoy, for they were personalities to be reckoned with, and their record remains an enviable one.

Ashley had shown particular interest in the project for founding a Lakeland climbing club and, of course, became our first President. Not that George was in any sense antipathetic—he was Vice-President, 1908-10 — but he had more irons in the fire, and was less able to be active in Club work. He had greater facility with his pen than Ashley, and when I was Editor of the *Journal* gave me a good deal of help from time to time, as indeed did his brother.

As with 1956 (so far!), the early summer of 1918 provided the only good weather in a very bad year, and Whitsuntide was particularly hot and cloudless. It was lunchtime when the party assembled at Thornythwaite and the blazing sun did not encourage a sweaty ascent to the higher fells. After it had been discovered that the amount of energy available was not large, Ashley said that the obvious place for us was the cave climb in the Doves' Nest in Combe Ghyll, which was hardly a mile away. So, with tongues hanging out, we made our way to it and spent an enjoyable afternoon in the cool recesses of the Doves' Nest. The climbing is, of course, quite easy but it is rather dark and, as far as I can remember, we had only one candle for a largish party: also we were short of rope. The result was that we spent most of the afternoon on this inconsiderable climb. The only incident, and it was one which materially contributed to the time taken up over the climb, was Ashley's getting stuck in the window near the top. Naturally heavily built, he had developed a middle age spread during the war years, but having done the climb more than once when young he refused to admit that he was too tight a fit for the window, and struggled up until he got badly jammed, and we had quite a job to extricate him. However he eventually emerged rosy and benignant and we had an enjoyable siesta in the hot sunshine on the heather and bilberry clad

ledges above the climb. It was the only time I tied on with Ashley, and I look back on the little expedition with much more pleasure than its elementary quality would seem to justify.

Although Grayson (who was a Kendalian working in Barrow) had gone to the States, Craig was fatally ill, and Scantlebury had dropped out, the Barrovians were still very prominent in the Club in those days. It had been Grayson who provided the connecting link with Kendal, where there was another little knot of enthusiastic cragsmen including Darwin Leighton, C. H. Oliverson, Henry Lyon, Andrew Thompson and W. T. Palmer. The joining up of the two groups from Barrow-Ulverston and Kendal provided the nucleus round which the Club developed.

Of those who contributed the push and drive required to get it launched, my impression is that E. H. P. Scantlebury was the moving force. Energetic, exceptionally versatile and rather restless, he was a man fertile in ideas, and had the ambition to make the Club something more than a climbing fraternity and its Journal a general Lakeland magazine. He was, however, unable to persuade his fellows on the Committee to assent to these ideas, and on their rejection relinquished participation in the Club's affairs, though he was elected a Vice-President (1910-12). After the war it seemed that he might become active once more, as I remember the pleasure with which Darwin Leighton welcomed the part which he took in the Scafell Pike Peace celebrations: my impression is that the idea of using Dover Patrol flares was his. His article in the 1919 *Journal* on this inspiring event still reads freshly, and I recall, as if it were yesterday, his exuberance and good humour during that very cold night which the majority of the Peace Celebrants spent on the top of the fell. But though he occasionally put in an appearance at a dinner meet he evidently decided to remain inactive.

During the war years W. T. Palmer settled in Liverpool and became engaged in whole-time journalistic work. He found it was more and more difficult to carry out his editorial work on our *Journal,* though Mrs. Palmer gave him a good deal of help, and indeed appeared as joint editor of the 1917 number. After its publication he resigned, and Darwin Leighton, who had the idea that anyone who had been to a university should be able to edit a journal, jockeyed me into the job. The Committee, having no other offers, duly installed me, and I took up what was to

prove practically a ten year's task. I had to learn the work as I went along and do not look back on my earlier numbers with any sort of pride. Philip Minor was then President. Although primarily a Rucksack Club man, he brought both enthusiasm and judgment to the work of the Club during the difficult transition period from war to peace. As he was a lawyer as well as a mountaineer we had much in common, and his support was a great help to me.

At that period and for some years afterwards sing-songs were a notable feature in the life of the Club. In these Minor's outstanding rival was Darwin Leighton—a little later, of course, we had John Hirst, Lawson Cook, George Basterfield and others. Not even Lawson Cook could lead as wild an ' Ilkla Moor ' as Minor, for the song would be supplemented by a violent dance in which he armed himself with ice-axes, fire-irons or anything else that was handy, becoming to all appearances an inebriated dervish!

The New Year meet at Buttermere, 1918-19—my first real meet—was the beginning of a long series of happy and successful events which terminated only with the regrettable departure of Miss Grace Edmundson from the Buttermere Hotel after the 1939-45 war. It was the first meet to be held after the Armistice, and there was an atmosphere of celebration about it: indeed it got rather riotous at times and the staider members wondered whether they were on their heads or their heels. On this occasion I made my first New Year's day ascent of the Pillar Rock, a series which went on without a break for twenty-one years, although one year I failed to get up.

This was in 1920, the occasion of my first climb with Howard Somervell. It was a perfect winter's day without a cloud in the sky, and with a sprinkling of snow on the ground. Rather daringly we decided to have a go at the North Climb and we made reasonably fast progress under Howard's leadership, though the rock was icy cold, until we reached the Split Blocks. None of us had ever done the climb before, and we were quite unfamiliar with the route across Savage Gully which looked peculiarly uninviting in its mantle of snow. We determined therefore to try the Nose direct.

While we were munching our sandwiches on the blocks we heard the yelping of hounds, and looking towards Robinson's Cairn we saw a fox lolloping up the snowy fellside with the

hounds streaming after him some three or four hundred yards behind. We were certainly in the dress circle for this chase which moved on towards the top of Pillar Mountain, the hounds gaining little, if anything, on the stalwart fox who, we were rather glad to hear afterwards, had finally escaped them.

After this spectacular intermission we returned to work and Howard made several attempts on the Nose. The high handhold was, however, slippery and very cold, and no sufficient grip could be got on it to give the necessary pull up. I admired both the stamina and the determination which Howard displayed, but it was to no purpose. Once while he was resting I ventured out on to the Nose myself, but one short caress of that high handhold was enough to remove all sensation from my fingers, and I returned precipitately into the corner.

We persisted in the attempts to surmount the Nose until the shades of evening and the increasing cold warned us to be off. Chilled to the bone, I found the descent distinctly difficult, and it was a great comfort to have Howard's confident leadership as last man. It was dark before we reached the valley and on the way back we joined up with the party under Godfrey Solly which had got up the Rock by one of the shorter routes.

Solly had by this time succeeded Minor as President and for many years afterwards he was a faithful attender at the New Year meets. On this occasion we called at Gatesgarth to warm ourselves with a cup of tea in the hospitable kitchen. Old Nelson, the farmer, was there, and it turned out that on Solly's first visit to the valley, which appeared to have taken place in the seventies, the then young Nelson had guided him over Scarf Gap and up the Black Sail—in those days it was still quite common to take a guide for the higher Lakeland passes. Solly recollected Nelson as a mere boy but he must have been well into the twenties, for on the farmer remarking that he was not so young as his questioner evidently supposed, Solly rather rashly challenged him. He was somewhat taken aback to find that the Lakelander could give him something like ten years—with high domed forehead the mountaineer looked more venerable than his age, while Nelson with all his hair intact looked in the dim light of the kitchen hardly out of the fifties.

I have many delightful recollections of Solly who became a great friend and whose copy of the original edition of A. W. Moore's *The Alps in 1864*, a wedding gift, I still cherish. One

of them I will take to bring these rambling reminiscences to an end. Having taken Marjorie Cain, then quite a child, on his rope for an easy climb on Dow Crag he said to her solemnly, 'Now you will be able to tell your children that you climbed on the rope of a man who had himself climbed on the rope of Melchior Anderegg, the greatest of all the guides.'

MARCH IN WESTMORLAND

(Sonnet after Charles d'Orleans, 1391-1465)

In fields far south the lambs do skip,
But Winter has us in his grip;
The Fells are fringed with wreaths of sleet,
On roofs and windows rain does beat.
How cold and drear the wind can blow,
And Winter still will not let go
His cloak of coldness, storm, and snow.

While yet there is no hint of Spring,
Joy in their jargon birds do sing;
No green is on the hawthorn hedge,
Though jauntily along its edge
The tiny wren tip tilted trips.
Yet Winter still will not let go
His cloak of coldness, storm, and snow.

MARY ROSE FITZGIBBON.

SOME LAKELAND TREES

Athol Murray

What a wonderful district is this Lakeland of ours! When we return to other places which we used to know and love we so often find that they do not come up to the pictures of them which we had been treasuring up in our minds. But that sort of disappointment never happens in Lakeland. Everything is better than we had remembered — the mountains look higher, the colours are more beautiful, the variety is even greater than we had been expecting. We all have our specially loved spots and each finds something that appeals most strongly to his individual taste. Most of our members probably think first of some favourite crag or some wonderful walk 'on the tops,' whilst ordinary visitors may prefer the lakes, and others choose the tarns or the becks or the farms. All of these features are essential components of the Lakeland scene, but it would be far from complete if it did not include our trees.

I am thinking now not so much of outstanding groups of trees, such as the Borrowdale birches or the Scots pines of Buttermere, for they cannot fail to appeal to all who see them. We can admire a large group of people such as our fellow-members of the Fell & Rock, but we cannot hope to know each one of them very closely. So it is with trees—we admire them in large numbers, but it is with the individuals that we become friends. My special trees are the more isolated ones with definite personalities of their own, the kind that often grow in almost impossible places but struggle cheerfully on. I almost find myself asking them if they have 'wintered well,' or congratulating them on their smart new coats of spring or autumn colours, or perhaps telling them how attractive they look now that their leaves have fallen. They, in turn, seem to be asking me if I really want to take their photographs again. But then they can hardly be expected to know that the success of their portraits will largely depend on getting the best possible background, and that the keen photographer is always hoping to improve even on his best pictures.

I have so many friends amongst these trees that I cannot possibly hope to show you as many of them as I would like, so I shall have to content myself with four illustrations and hope that the Editor will be able to find room for even this small number. The first I have called 'The Undaunted Tree' and it was taken in Rossett Gill looking back towards Pike o' Stickle. It is a tree

which I have photographed many times because I like its shape and the presumptuous way in which it seems to have taken upon itself to guard over the Langdales. I am still hoping for a better sky for the background as the one in the illustration is a little too broken. The clouds were the forerunners of a very violent and painful hailstorm which smote me a few minutes later.

Another type of tree which always attracts me is the large one —usually a sycamore—that so often mounts guard over our Lakeland farms. The tree I have chosen to illustrate this is the one that used to grow beside Blea Tarn House. This must be one of the most frequently photographed buildings in the district, but I have never before seen a photograph which makes use of this tree, and I hope that you will agree that even though only half the tree is shown it is quite enough to ' make ' the picture. When the tree was cut down a few years ago it seemed an act of vandalism until it was shown that the whole trunk was hollow, and it would certainly not have been safe to leave it growing so near the farm. But Blea Tarn House has never seemed quite the same without it, for now it looks rather forlorn and exposed, and evidently misses its protecting tree just as much as I do.

The next tree I have chosen is one that grows beside Derwentwater and forms a very effective foreground to the fells on the other side of the lake. I first saw this tree during the summer and I decided that I would try to make a series of pictures of it under differing conditions. So my next visit to it was on a lovely spring evening when I obtained the picture included here, and I have another quite different one taken during the winter when there was thick snow on Causey Pike and the other fells.

The last tree pictured is a dead one! It used to stand at the foot of Lingmell not far from Brackenclose, and it had such a fascinating skeleton that it was a great disappointment on a later visit when I found that it had collapsed completely. I call it ' Signpost to the Fells ' and I cannot help feeling how much more beautiful it is than the modern horrors we now find on so many of the fells. I admit that the latter are more useful to one who is lost, but who would exchange beauty for mere utility?

These, then, are the four trees which I have picked out from many others. I wish I could introduce you to more, but perhaps you already have favourites of your own. If not, go off and make some friends quickly. You will find it well worth while.

FROM WHEELS TO WHEELS

F. Lawson Cook

There is a story told of a schoolmaster who was in Holy Orders but only occasionally officiated as such. One Saturday evening, at the end of a strenuous week of correcting examination papers, he received an urgent request to carry out morning duties on the following day for a neighbouring incumbent who had been suddenly taken ill. As no sermon was involved, but only Matins, followed by the Communion Service, he consented. All went satisfactorily until after the response to the last of the Ten Commandments, when the congregation was startled to hear the pronouncement: 'and please remember that only five of these need be attempted.'

There the story ends, but when I first heard it the thought occurred as to what my own choice might have been if offered such a dispensation. All I can be reasonably certain of is that I should probably have regarded the Tenth Commandment itself as one of the easiest to 'attempt,' but if covetousness has never presented any serious temptation to me, there have been moments when I have felt a certain amount of envy for those companions of the hills whose mountaineering experiences began at so much earlier an age than did my own, for I was well on in my thirties before mountaineering attained the predominance in my outdoor pursuits it has ever since occupied.

Very largely the explanation of such a 'late start' lies in my personal background. I was the youngest of a large family, and all the four elder brothers whom I knew were keen cyclists, one, indeed, being a founder-member of one of the premier English Bicycle Clubs, and another for many years its permanent President. It was natural, therefore, that my earliest 'mountaineering' was such as could be achieved on the two wheels of a bicycle, just as I now feel the urge to confine my worship of the hills to such rites as can be performed with the aid of the four wheels of a car.

For much the same reason and because North Wales was so much more easily and pleasantly approached by cycle from my home than any of the English upland country, my mountaineering 'education' began in Wales. At first it was as an escape from metalled roads to the many pleasant grass-grown tracks that cross the Clwydian range and the Berwyns, the bicycle often becoming, literally, a 'push-bike.' Later on, the urge to explore

ridges and summits rather than valleys and passes asserted an increasingly insistent pressure, until the time came when I regarded cycling as a method of transport only.

Prior to the outbreak of World War I, I had visited the Lake District on two occasions only. The first, it must be admitted, was on a Whit Monday excursion by rail to Windermere for a day's boating on the lake. That was in 1895. The second occasion was for a purely cycling holiday based on Ambleside in the early years of the present century. It is possible, therefore, that I might have developed into, and remained, a devotee of the 'Welsh Mount-u-ains' had it not been for the persuasive influence of one of the greatest friends I have ever had, one who was called upon to make the supreme sacrifice in March, 1918. He was at school with me, we served our professional articles in the same office, he was best-man at my wedding and we were in partnership together when the War broke out. He had long been trying to induce me to give up what he regarded as my obsession with Wales. As a final argument, when he joined up in September, 1914, he presented me with his rucksack, a list of addresses at which he had stayed in the Lake District, and a copy of Baddeley.

Thus it came about that at the earliest convenient opportunity in 1915 I set off one Friday by train to Lancaster, complete with a tandem bicycle and a youth whom I had interested in the proposed proceedings to help in its propulsion, and also with the guide and the rucksack, the latter holding the bare requirements of the two of us, and intended to be carried by each in turn. From Lancaster we cycled to the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, then presided over by Mr. Holmes, and next morning, leaving our transport behind, set out for Wasdale Head by way of Bowfell (by Hell Gill and Three Tarns), Esk Pike, Great End, Scafell Pike and Scafell (by Lord's Rake) finishing by the old Corpse Road past the site of Brackenclose. At Wasdale Head I made use of one of the addresses on my list: Mrs. Wilson, 'Middle Row Temperance Hotel,' and thus began a friendship that still endures, enriched by the memory of many experiences of her gracious hospitality both there and later at Glencoin. On the Sunday, from the top of Black Sail, we traversed Kirkfell and Great Gable to Sty Head and then down Borrowdale as far as the Borrowdale Hotel, and next day, starting out behind the Hotel, we made our way across to the Watendlath road, thence to the

hamlet itself and by the well-worn track to Rosthwaite, or rather to the pleasant 'back road' for Greenup Edge, with lunch by the Gill. From the Edge our road was over High White Stones to Sergeant Man and Stickle Tarn to reach our starting place, ready for our cycle and train journey in reverse the following day.

Apart from slight showers on the Sunday, we had splendid weather until the Monday afternoon, but as we approached Greenup Edge it was evident that thunder was about, and on the top of Sergeant Man there was no doubt that we were in for a wetting, which duly and properly soaked us long before, in the reduced visibility, we more or less walked into Stickle Tarn. Here we missed the tracks down Mill Gill, by leaving the Tarn on our left and striking right too soon. The result was a very steep descent to the Dungeon Ghyll stream just below the fall, by a route which I have never been able to identify since, except for the point at which we scrambled down to cross the stream exactly opposite the old ladder which used to afford access to the foot of the fall.

I have devoted some space to the account of this holiday because it formed a real turning point in my life. I came back an enthusiast for the Lake Country, and the grip it took of my imagination has never lost its power. Often as I have returned to my old Welsh haunts, and much as I have extended my knowledge of the Cambrian hills, both as walker and in later years as rock-climber, in the years since then, Lakeland laid claim to a devotion which I could not deny. Perhaps in part the reason is that, as an Englishman and Lancashire born, I can feel more easily at one with the English hills of the north, and at home with the people who have been bred and live their lives among them.

Ten years or so later I was to be introduced to the glories of Scotland, and the Coolins at that, but much as I love the Scottish mountains and glens, they have not quite the same appeal of 'home,' and (if John Hirst will forgive me) 'now in my declining years, I class all Munros as severes, they cost me blood and sweat and tears,' and I find just as much 'fun' without any undue risk of being 'foolish' on the lower heights and in the smaller scale of our English highlands.

To the Lakes, then, from 1915 onwards, I returned as often as I could, but for the first five or six years, especially during the War period, my visits were usually brief and almost all made

alone. There was, however, one memorable holiday in 1917 when I induced my wife, for the first time, to come with me, and as Tom was then under the age of six when we left home, he became the *tertium quid*. From Windermere Station, we took the public conveyance (an open charabanc if I remember rightly) as far as Waterhead, whence we set off to walk to Dungeon Ghyll, each complete with a rucksack containing such effects as could not conveniently be sent by post to Wasdale. As luck would have it, we met Mr. Holmes in his trap near Clappersgate driving a departing visitor to rail head, and he cheered us by saying he would pick us up on the way back. Needless to say we did not hurry our steps, and in due course we got our lift.

The following day we set off for Wasdale, where we had booked for a week with Mrs. Wilson. Half way up Rossett Gill the rain began; we were too wet to stop for lunch, but only long enough to get our sandwiches out to be eaten as we plodded on, and it was a weary and sodden trio who arrived at Middle Row about 2 p.m. Tom was at once hurried into one of Mrs. Wilson's oval zinc washing receptacles for a hot bath — there were no refinements at Middle Row in those days — and was none the worse for his first experience of mountain weather, but rather upset at finding one of his favourite Bourbon biscuits reduced to a sticky mess in his shiny black mackintosh pocket. Except for this opening experience, the holiday was a great success. On alternate days Tom was out on the hills with us, and managed Scafell Pike and Great Gable as two of his efforts, the latter on his sixth birthday. On the way back we broke our journey twice, the first night at the Royal Oak at Rosthwaite, reached all on foot over Sty Head, the second at Nab Cottage, Rydal, again on foot over Greenup Edge.

Of my own ' solo ' visits, which were numerous at this time, in fact at every possible opportunity, I will only refer to one that was more protracted than most, but stands out chiefly in my memory for its having brought me into contact with two mountaineers of considerable distinction. I was on an eight day tour of about 100 miles in all in the August of 1916, and one of my stopping points was the Woolpack in Eskdale, then in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, senior. At dinner I was put to sit at an oval table at which some four or five people were already seated, including a middle-aged gentleman who was evidently regarded by his companions with considerable respect. During the meal

he entered into conversation with me and, on my happening to mention that I lived in Birkenhead, he astonished me by recalling that he, like myself, was an old boy of Birkenhead School, albeit long before my time, and I was soon doing my best to satisfy his curiosity about what had become of several of his School contemporaries.

It can be imagined that this point of contact was sufficient to satisfy him that I was reasonably fit for his company, and the following day he insisted on being my guide-companion—it was a really wet day and none of his friends would turn out—on my way by Cam Spout to Wasdale Head.

On Mickledore, he suggested our proceeding to the foot of Lord's Rake, where we were to part, by the Rake's Progress, and as the mist was too thick to let me see what was involved, I readily assented, and in spite of hearing at one point a voice from above calling out: 'ware stones below,' I thoroughly enjoyed what was then to me a novel experience.

Who was he? Rucksackers will probably have guessed. He was C. H. Pickstone, a name to conjure with in their Club. A few days later I met him again, this time on the top of Esk Pike, and accompanied by a daughter who may then have been five or six years old. It was really my noting how thoroughly at home she was on the hills that gave me the idea of taking Tom to Wasdale, as already recorded.

The other meeting was an equally fortunate one. I arrived one afternoon at the Royal Oak, Rosthwaite, unbooked, and asked for a room for the night. The maid went to enquire and then returned to ask if I was Mr. Raeburn. I disclaimed the honour, but none the less gained admission. It appeared that they were expecting Harold Raeburn to arrive, as indeed he did before dinner time, and as we were the only two visitors that night (think of it—in August!) we naturally fraternised, and I have no doubt he was influenced in being ready to talk to me by the fact that he found I came from the same home town as G. A. Solly and was well acquainted with him, if only professionally at that time.

During the war years, and even for a year or two after 1918, active visitors to the Lakes were limited in numbers, and very little rock-climbing was being done. I was, of course, primarily a mere fell walker, but I had not confined myself by any means to guide-book routes, and the fact that Wasdale Head had

become a sort of Mecca to me was an indication that I was only waiting for the opportunity to be 'taken climbing.' I did not feel sufficient self confidence to indulge in solo climbing, at any rate beyond the 'easy' category, but I can vividly recall being intrigued by several entries in the visitors' book at Middle Row, in the neatest of handwriting, complete with arrows pointing up or down, and recording the exploits of one T. Howard Somervell. I am not sure of the date when I first met our President in the flesh, but I am certain of the place. It was on the North Climb of the Pillar Rock, when he asked for permission to lead his party through over the Nose, while my leader was being lowered in the orthodox way into Savage Gully. I took two photographs of him, one standing on the flake and the other with his left knee up making the crucial movement. Alas, I never was meant to be a photographer, and the slides I had made were very dim affairs, and, so far as I can recall, never shown in public.

It was on one of my early visits that, while on my way from Borrowdale to Wasdale and somewhere near Stockley Bridge, I met a man and his wife, who stopped me to obtain some information or other, which I did my best to supply. Both of them were rather unsuitably attired for the hills, and the man was carrying a substantial suitcase slung over his shoulder on the end of a walking stick.

He followed up his original enquiry with another: 'What do you call that bag on your back and can they be purchased anywhere?' 'It is called a rucksack,' I replied, 'and can be obtained quite easily at any sports outfitters. Where do you hail from?' 'Manchester,' was his reply. I named a well-known shop in Deansgate. 'Well,' he said, 'thanks very much; you know, my wife and I have been going about from place to place for nearly a week and I'm getting rather sick of carrying this case!'

As the climbing fraternity resumed its pre-war habits, the accommodation at Wasdale Head became increasingly in demand by the members of the various Clubs, many of whom I got to know, at least by sight. It was in 1919, I think, that I first met John Hirst and Mrs. Pryor (then Miss Dutton) whose kindly offices, in differing ways, were to mean so much to me. To the one I owe not only my initiation in rock-climbing, but also my introduction to membership of the Fell & Rock Club and later to that of the Rucksack Club. To the other I am indebted not only for hill-companionship on many occasions, but also for

instilling into me an appreciation of the more sombre beauties of Bleaklow and The Peak, especially in winter conditions.

Hirst's attention was first called to my presence at Middle Row by my being unable to resist the temptation to join musically, if that is the right word, in one of the after dinner sing-songs, more or less organised by him, at which Gilbert & Sullivan items, or his parodies of them, were prominent. For several years these sing-songs were a regular feature, shared in by ' strays ' from the Hotel, such as Robertson Lamb, who always fled ' to fetch my music ' when called upon for a solo.

The main interest at Whitsuntide, 1920, was the second fell-walking effort of Eustace Thomas, which duly took place at the end of the week. By what was for me an almost superhuman effort, I was out by the old packhorse bridge before breakfast on the Saturday morning to watch him as he descended at about 7-30 a.m., in what seemed an incredibly short time—I believe it was under twenty minutes — direct from the summit of Yew-barrow. That day I was returning home by Langdale, and I reached the Old Hotel just as Eustace was leaving, at a jogtrot, for the Helvellyn section of his ' walk.' His time from Wasdale, over all the Scafell Range to Great End and then over Esk Pike and Bowfell was exactly four hours.

One of the earliest meets of the Pinnacle Club was centred at Middle Row at Whitsuntide, 1921, and it was then that I met several of its original members, including the founder, Emily Kelly. At the same meet, an unofficial attendant was John Hirst—for reasons which were later to become obvious. One day there was to be a gathering of Club members at the Dress Circle. John asked me to come with him to it, so to speak ' to hold his hand.' As this seemed to offer me a chance of seeing at close quarters, if not partaking in, some rock climbing, I at once agreed. As it happened, he succeeded in inducing another male to join the party, and on arrival at the Circle he was courageous enough to invite the two of us, absolute novices, to climb on the one rope with him. I was in boots adequately nailed, but his other victim was in comparatively new shoes whose only virtue was their rubber soles and heels. The climb selected was the Needle Ridge, and even in those days the bottom slab was getting polished, and it can be imagined what the shoes looked like when they arrived at the top of the pitch. However, we duly completed the climb, and then returned to base down the Needle Gully,

'thirdman' finishing by being lowered the final three feet after becoming entirely detached from all his holds.

One of those whom I had seen, but not become acquainted with, at Wasdale at this time was Edgar H. Pryor. He was then a prominent member of the Liverpool Wayfarers' Club, of which he was President in 1921-22. In November, 1922, I attended the lecture on Everest given by George Leigh Mallory in the Birkenhead Y.M.C.A. at which Pryor was one of the stewards. He recognised me as one whom he had seen at Wasdale and introduced himself to me. In this way began a friendship which was to endure, and in later years it led to many climbs and walks in Lakeland, North Wales and Derbyshire in his genial and experienced company.

The day following the Mallory lecture I was taking Tom away to Capel Curig for the week-end. I was booking our train tickets at Birkenhead when a voice behind me said, 'That's an interesting rucksack you are carrying.' It was Mallory's voice, and Tom and I had the great pleasure of his company as far as Colwyn Bay, where he alighted, for he was booked to lecture to the staff and boys of Rydal School that evening.

A few days before the Whitsuntide holiday of 1923 I had to visit London on business, and, as I should be detained until rather late on the Friday afternoon, I decided to travel direct by the night train which had a connection arriving at Windermere about 5-30 a.m. This involved taking my holiday clothes, and also a climbing rope, up to London, to be deposited in the left-luggage office at Euston and picked up on the Friday evening. In due course, on joining the train, I booked a seat for myself with the rope and adjourned to the lavatory compartment to effect a complete change and repack my town clothes for similar deposit at Windermere. This process, in the usual limited space, took longer than I expected, and before it was complete the train had started.

When I returned to my compartment, I found all the other seats were occupied, but my rope had fulfilled its temporary function. All I was conscious of at the moment as regards my fellow passengers was that they were obviously curious as to what it was for and why I was somewhat disreputably attired. At Wigan I had to change, as also had one of the passengers, a lady bound for Ulverston, whom I assisted with her luggage to the train we both had to join. In the course of conversation, she

expressed some curiosity about the rope and I explained, in non-technical language, its purpose and use. Whereupon, she volunteered the information that before I joined the company in the previous carriage there had been some speculation on this subject, and that one suggestion had been that I might be on my way to Lancaster where there was to be an execution the following week!

On arrival at Windermere the only transport available was the Post Office van taking the mails as far as Grasmere. There were three other men pleading for it, but only to Ambleside. The driver agreed to take us if two would travel with the mail bags in the rear compartment. By a process of tossing up, I became one of them. At Ambleside the van was backed to the door of the sorting office, the doors flung open, and we were helped out, with a certain amount of bantering by the waiting postmen. From there to White Moss I travelled in better style alongside the driver, and then walked to what was at that time well known as the 'Ackerleys' Hut' near Stool End, in time for breakfast before walking over to Wasdale.

As will have appeared from my experience on the night train from London, I had by then become keen on rock-climbing. In fact, in addition to further climbs with Hirst and others at Wasdale the previous year, I had got to know Raymond Shaw, and through him Graham Wilson, with both of whom I had done some climbing in Wales, so, on this 1923 Wasdale visit which was for a full week, I did practically nothing else. Presumably, John Hirst, who was again in the Middle Row party, was sufficiently impressed with my progress as a climber, if not as a vocalist, to invite me to come as his guest to the Fell & Rock Dinner at Coniston. We stayed together at The Crook at Torver, meeting at Preston station on the way north and being met at Windermere by the bus of the Crown Hotel at Coniston. In the party were several men whose friendship could only be regarded as a privilege, including Harry Scott, Eustace Thomas, Philip Minor and Edgar Pryor. Our journey in the bus was not without adventure. It only carried dim oil sidelights, and on the steep drop into Oxenfell we were startled by a distant cry of alarm followed by a violent lurch of the bus as the driver swerved partly up the left hand bank to avoid an unlighted and untended horse and cart. The cry had come from the carter who was some fifty yards lower down the road.

John and I had Dow Crag pretty well to ourselves on the Saturday, but the Club was represented in force on the Sunday both on the Crag and later at what was in those days the traditional sing-song at the Sun Hotel. In the course of the evening, no doubt at John's instigation, I was called on to sing, and my choice was 'The Humane Mikado.' So far as one of my audience was concerned, I could not have chosen better, for H. P. Cain was a 'G. & S.' enthusiast like myself. From that time on he dubbed me 'The Mikado.' Harry Scott's reaction was to include me at a later date in his own parody of Koko's little list as 'the fellow with the rubber face, that's Cook from Liverpool.'

I note from the Club Handbook that my year of joining the Club is recorded as 1923, so that I must have been elected very shortly after this Dinner Meet, but whether as a vocalist or because of such climbing and walking experience as I could show, I hesitate to say. After all, the standards required at that period were somewhat more elastic than they have subsequently become. The pride which I felt on being accepted for membership has been a persistent emotion as the years have passed, and in response to it my later activities as a mountaineer have so largely been shared with fellow members, as to make detailed recollection of them superfluous. One or two incidents, however, may not be familiar to very many.

At Easter, 1926, the Club celebrated the centenary of the first ascent of the Pillar Rock. I was spending the week-end with my wife at Buttermere. Tom was with us, and he and I set out to attend the ceremony. It was a misty morning, and in the head of Ennerdale visibility was down to about fifteen yards. As we followed the track to the top of Black Sail a figure emerged out of the mist on the far side of the descending beck on our left. It was that of A. W. Wakefield. I hailed him and in reply he called out, 'Where am I?' Coming from him it seemed a strange enquiry, but as he had contoured the head of the dale in thick mist all the way from the col between Brandreth and Green Gable, it was perhaps understandable, and certainly his route had been well directed, for within a comparatively few minutes after he had joined us we reached the top of the pass and were soon on the high level track to the Robinson cairn.

For the August Bank Holiday week-end of 1938, by which time I had succumbed to the temptation of driving north in a car of my own, it was arranged that I should bring my wife and an

elderly lady friend of us both to spend about a week together at Hall Dunnerdale, while I came on to Brackenclose where I might reasonably hope to obtain some climbing in congenial company. In this expectation I was to be disappointed, for during the whole of my visit I had the Hut to myself. As I was due to arrive late on the Friday evening I had obtained what was supposed to be a key from the Warden. It would fit neither front door nor back door lock! Fortunately for me the last occupant had left a window over one of the kitchen sinks unsecured, and I effected my entrance in an undignified but easy fashion.

When I turned in that night there was no sign of the violent storm that was to develop rapidly in the early hours of the morning and render sleep impossible, for, as the wind and rain increased, even the fabric of the hut shook with the force of the storm and the pounding of the floodwaters of Lingmell Gill against its banks.

Next morning, as the rain was still heavy, I started off in my car to get in milk, etc., from Wasdale Head Hall, to find the approach gate to the farm half under water, so high had the lake risen. My next resource was to try the other way along the road to Wasdale Head itself, again to be stopped on the top of the first bridge I reached, as there was a sheer drop of several feet at its far end where the approach-embankment had been completely washed away by the escaping torrent, after it had blocked with debris the normal channel under the bridge. Beating a retreat with the car to the safety of the upper levels before Brackenclose itself, I found I could only make contact with the Hall Farm residence by contouring round the fellside and at times wading knee-deep.

The damage done by the flood in reducing the area of the Brackenclose site is still obvious, but it is difficult now to realise entirely what the conditions were that week-end and especially how high the level of the lake rose in this one night. Even the road up from Strands was flooded near Netherbeck to such a depth as to be impassable by cars, and the week-end provisions for Wasdale Head had to be manhandled round the flood waters, while those for the Hall Farm were transported across Lingmell Beck on a home-made 'breeches buoy' consisting of a clothes-basket slung on climbing ropes.

It was not until the Tuesday that it became possible to organise a salvage corps for my car and two or three others marooned at

the Hall Farm. They were run down to the Lake margin and driven by a zig-zag course through the 'erratics' to the higher ground between the two war-time-built bridges.

As the years have passed since then the insidious influence of an innate propensity towards laziness, and, latterly, the natural effects of 'declining years,' have become increasingly difficult to resist, until I am no longer ashamed of indulging in a day's motoring, not merely occasionally, as part of a Lakeland holiday. That the time was approaching when all my mountaineering would have to be achieved once more on wheels, was perhaps indicated by an incident just prior to the Dinner Meet of 1954. One showery day I was content to confine my activities to a walk round the west side of Derwentwater to Grange. As I came out of the Brandlehow Woods about noon, I fell in with a lady and gentleman who enquired whether there was any chance of their being able to get lunch in Grange. I told them that it was unlikely they would be able to obtain anything more elaborate than boiled eggs, but that I could show them a cottage at which they could apply, where in fact I myself was hoping to get supplied with a pot of tea.

In due course, our simple wants were supplied at the cottage I had in mind, and we chatted for a moment or two before resuming our several journeys. In the course of this the gentleman informed me that his wife felt sure she had seen me on a previous occasion. When I enquired where it might be, I was somewhat amused, if not disturbed, to be told, 'In the Keswick Museum.' It seemed to conjure up a vision of myself some day occupying a glass case in that institution with a tablet announcing me as a specimen of an 'Ancient British Hill Man, very rare, now almost extinct — Please do not touch.'

If any reader of the *Journal* has had sufficient perseverance or kindliness, or both, to read as far as this point, he will no doubt be relieved to observe that the final paragraphs are at last within sight. By way of excuse for my prolixity, I can only plead that the urge to recount some of the incidents, humorous or otherwise, which have marked one's growing feeling of appreciation and affection for Lakeland, is sometimes difficult to resist, and that if yielding to it is to be pardoned, it were better that it should not be postponed too long.

In his General Preface to the 1829 Edition of The Waverley Novels, when he was about fifty-eight years of age, Sir Walter

Scott, in partial apology for his voluminous notes to the novels, wrote these words, 'Old men may be permitted to speak long, because they cannot in the course of nature have long time to speak.' Perhaps, if he had been making the same excuse today, he might, as a lawyer, have pleaded that he was only a victim of what had long been recognised as an occupational disease. Those members of the Club who were present at the last Annual General Meeting may remember that I was pointed out (by one quite competent to do so) as a similar victim. At the time, I could only, in silence, accept his remark as a genial, as well as witty, comment on my previous loquacity and join heartily and without reserve in the laughter which greeted it.

FURTHER NOTES ON THE GREAT LANGDALE STONE AXE FACTORY

R. G. Flint

Since I wrote the article on the Stone Axe Factory that appeared in *Journal* No. 46, many further visits have been paid to the site and some more facts have come to light which may be of interest.

Exploration of the gullies and buttresses between Pike of Stickle and Loft Crag show that the work was carried on over the whole of the intervening ground, thus providing the connecting link between the main site on the Pike and the secondary one on Harrison Stickle (allowing for the gap caused by the Dungeon Ghyll ravine).

Amongst the finds made recently are two of note. One is an axe so finely flaked that very little polishing would be required to make it into a perfect implement. It certainly cannot be considered as a discard like the vast majority of the finds, but has probably been mislaid and lost. The other is a disc of rock 7″ in diameter and 2″ thick, with the greater part of the edge rounded by grinding. Although it has been examined by experts no explanation can yet be given as to its use.

In his *Lake District History* (1928) the late R. G. Collingwood comments on the local Neolithic Sites (1) and points out that with the exception of the chipping site near Portinscale there appears to have been no great penetration into the heart of the district—the existence of the Langdale factory was, of course, not known at that time. It is an interesting speculation as to whether the finding by Neolithic man of cobbles at Portinscale suitable for working led to a wider search culminating in the discovery of the factory site itself. That the rock appears on the Langstrath side of the Pikes is shown by the situation of Watson's Site (2) and the Portinscale cobbles may well have been glacial drift from that place. It is a pity that the implements found there and now in the Fitz Museum, Keswick, have not yet been petrologically examined for identification.

The recent identification (3) of polished and partly-polished axes found at Ehenside Tarn many years ago, as of Langdale origin, together with the further identification of one of the many pieces of red granite boulders (4) found on Pike of Stickle, as from Low Gillerthwaite, Ennerdale, seems to point to the inhabitants of the Ehenside Tarn site entering the fells by way of the Ehen River and Ennerdale Lake, picking out of the beck at Low

Gillerthwaite suitable granite boulders for use as anvils or hammer stones and carrying them to the factory via Windy Gap, Esk Hause and Stake. As a canoe and paddle were also found on the tarn site, it, too, may have been used as transport to and from the site to the head of the lake. The establishment of the factory shows a very great penetration into the heart of the district.

In my previous article I mentioned that the rocks of Lakeland origin used in the making of stone implements had been grouped as VI, VIII and XI. Group VI is the type generally used; but Group VIII is represented only by an axe and a few flakes and Group XI by a fragment of an axe and flakes. A flake of each of these two latter Groups was found when the factory was first discovered and an interesting problem arose when they were petrologically examined. Both flakes were found to be identical with specimens from S.W. Wales (5) and it was suggested that rock might have been brought all the way to Langdale for roughing out. This, however, seemed highly improbable, and it was decided to try and find the relative outcrops. Many visits were paid to the factory without result, until the finding of some Group XI flakes at the foot of Main Wall, Gimmer, in September, 1955, led to the discovery a few days later of an outcrop of similar rock at the foot of Loft Crag. This was followed up by another visit to Pike of Stickle where two further outcrops were found, thus settling the question of the origin of Group XI specimens. The search for Group VIII rock is still going on.

References:—

(1) *Lake District History*, pp. 5/6 and 15.
(2) *Proc. Prehist. Soc.*, VII (1941), p. 58.
(3) *Trans. Cumb. and West. Ant. and Arch. Soc.*, L (1950), p. 9.
(4) *Geological Survey, Summ. of Prog. for 1952*, p. 45.
(5) *Proc. Prehist. Soc.*, XVII, Pt. 2 (1951).

'NOWT CAPS CONISTON'

J. W. Diamond

Writing in the shadow of the Old Man, on this serene and colourful autumn afternoon, one of many that is prolonging the perfect summer of 1955, thoughts tend to dwell on the unchanging scene. The outline of the fells, the profile of the crags, are just as they were on that day in 1906, nearly fifty years ago, when the Fell & Rock was born. People and places, however, come and go. Even the very birthplace of the Club, the Sun Hotel, is again changing hands. Would it be prophetic to envisage that, with the Jubilee of 1956, Coniston may once more emerge as a popular rendezvous of the climbing world—much as it was in the thirties, aided by the good fellowship of the energetic proprietors of a certain 'Climbers' Hut' atop of the hill. Halcyon days those, especially if they coincided with that glorious period of one's climbing youth, when some sage encountered in the cave dubbed one 'tiger,' and one thereupon rose, and knocked off another couple of severes before running perspiringly to the tarn-side to cool off.

Climbing rocks, in fact, tended to take up the bulk of one's time at week-ends, and during the week there were the 'ticking-off' to be done in the guidebook, and arrangements to be made for the next outing. So it was that more momentous questions, such as the imminent invasion of Lakeland by hordes of Jerry-builders, Hydro-electrical Engineers, Road-makers, and Touring Trippers, were apt to be conveniently shelved or at best brushed aside with a peremptory *'Leave Lakeland Alone,'* an uncompromising attitude not unknown today in some circles which profess to be protecting the amenities!

Coniston, of course, went to the dogs long ago. Like all valleys wherein are found good slate seams or metal veins, Yewdale's scars are plain to see. On a misty day the Old Man tries to hide his disfigurement, whilst up in the Mines Valley the prospectors are once more probing, and adding a little to the piles of debris, which time hardly seems to mellow. Yet the reward of those who, undeterred by these monstrous sores, penetrate above and beyond, is to enter into either the lovely recess of Low Water, or that striking sanctuary, the bowl of Levers Water.

Mention of the slowness with which the man-scarred mountain mellows with the years prompts the question — can nothing be done to accelerate this process? Certainly it can. A short while

ago, someone started to experiment with a scheme to cover up the waste heaps on the Old Man with soil carted from below, a Herculean task, which appears to have been discontinued; but surely such places—where active work has largely ceased—ought to rank high in the list for enlightened afforestation. Admittedly the higher dumps on the Old Man are above the contour at which even the hardiest conifers can be expected to flourish; but just shut your eyes for a moment, and visualise a Mines Valley with an artificial tarn, beginning at the present hydro-electric dam (which would have to be raised slightly), and ending in front of the Youth Hostel, with a background of mixed conifers cloaking the rubble heaps and carrying the eye easily onto the shapely ridges leading to the high fells. Worth while, do you think? If in doubt, why not take a look at Yew Tree Tarn, a recently revealed gem, once an untidy-looking marsh.

Yes, 'Lovers of the Lakes,' whilst all must applaud your efforts to ensure that no nasty poles peer above the tree tops to mar the Langdale or the Borrowdale scene, may we remind you that Coniston folk have had *their* electricity for several decades, and at the relatively small cost in amenity of an insignificant dam, a rather ugly filter and an inconspicuous power-house. Even less obvious were these, before the vandalism that war inspires deprived us of the graceful grove of larches, that once made this route such a pretty approach to the heights. Strange to think that the people of Lakeland's two most popular valleys should so long have been denied the latest means of cooking for and warming the returning Fell & Rocker!

Coniston, indeed, ought not to rest on its laurels. Having forged ahead, there seems no reason why it should not continue to do so and utilise its augmented electric power to sponsor an extension to its railway system on the Swiss pattern, by inaugurating some sort of chair-lift, starting from the present railway station (for several years the misguidedly appointed rendezvous of the Club's official meet) and ending on the large quarry platform beneath Low Water. Thence the superannuated members of our Club residing locally could be hired to essay the final ascent to the summit, with or without ice-axes, as the season demanded!

In support of this proposition, put forward in all seriousness, should it not be the right of all folks, irrespective of age, membership of a club or knowledge of the rules, to have an opportunity

of partaking of the essential life-giving properties of our pure mountain air, in exchange for the 'smog' of our industrial centres? As it is, the coach crowds, crawling so disconsolately between picture postcards and ice-cream, are soon whisked away again, without having tasted our chief delight, the pure nectar only to be found above the 1,000 ft. level.

Not everyone, mind you, would wish to be so transplanted, but for those who did, and could afford the modest fare charged by the proprietors — who could well be some enlightened future committee of the Fell and Rock, looking for an outlet for their surplus capital, created by the accumulated profits of their many huts — the final ascent to the summit would have its due reward. Not only the view, which might be mist, or the feeling of conquest—don't forget that to some it would be their Everest—but a really hot steaming cup of tea, coffee or soup, dispensed with a broad smile by, preferably, an ex-President skilled in the art of keeping things hot in high places. In other words, the original beehive summit shelter, which once capped our Old Man's head, would have been rebuilt, and its upkeep might well be our business!

How rewarding, after all this, to stroll or ski in season, down to Goat's Hause and the tarn, with that grim, defiant precipice filling the nearer view, pausing now and then to watch the 'tigers' inching their ways up any of six dozen of the finest routes in Lakeland!

It is a pity in some ways that this fine crag — so popular of yester year — should have suffered a decline. It is thought by some that the climber of the post-war age likes his crag in full view of his pub; certainly our stupid licensing system prohibits many from enjoying a well-earned pint after a thirsty day on distant rocks, and the present popularity of the lower crags supports this view. Local Mountain Rescue Teams, needless to say, welcome this phase, as it normally demands from them a shorter search and a quicker carry! At any rate, all climbers of this persuasion are hereby recommended to try their hand on Mart Crag, just south of White Gill in Yewdale. It is short, steep and, as far as the writer knows, still virgin. Most important of all, it can be reached from the village hostelries in something under half-an-hour!

Boulder Valley, unique of its kind in Lakeland, lying beneath the long white thread issuing from Low Water, and not

nowadays often visited by climbers, has many severe routes on its Pudding Stone and other blocks, and provides first-class practice for an off day.

As for the fells, from Old Man to Swirl How is as fine a ridge walk as you could wish for, whilst the skyline near the rock-window on top of Dow provides some intriguing glimpses down to the buttresses. An interesting pastime, once you know your fells well, especially on wet, windy days, is to discover the lee side of your mountain and traverse that side of it. One such walk starts from Hole Rake, above the Copper Mines, and goes across the Langdale faces of Wetherlam, via an ancient track once used by miners going to Greenburn copper shafts. Thence, you either return through the gap of Swirl Hause, or continue to contour round the combe, across the crag on Carrs to Wet Side Edge. From there keep level to the Grey Friar's Col and Levers Hause, then along to Goat's Hause to connect up again with your rock types at the 'Cave.' If ever you try this trod, you may find the odd cairn, placed there by the pioneers, useful at doubtful points.

Cairns! Can the purists be heard exclaiming vehemently against these artificial aids? Agreed, they can be overdone and become most misleading. On the other hand, if you are one of those stubborn people who make an occasional point of pitting themselves against the elements — by going out at night, or in thick mist, deep snow, heavy rain and the like — you will most likely be glad to pay your grudging respects to these landmarks. However, if you only go out in reasonably good weather, or in large parties like those you get at Club meets, when you can usually rely on there being at least one in the party with a properly developed sense of direction, you will most likely continue to scorn cairns and even take your turn at knocking them down!

In pre-war days, visitors to Coniston used to have an alternative beauty spot to Tarn Hows — always very lovely in any weather and superlative for skating, by the light of sun or moon. This was Tilberthwaite, but now, alas, its bridges are down and who will help to restore them? A selfless task surely, well worthy of any great Club or Association with men or money to spare!

This Club of ours, started here by the first 'Barrow Boys,' has come a long way in these past fifty years. Its members have brought honour to it at home and abroad, for in both spheres the list of first ascents is never-ending. As one of the

largest and most influential bodies of organised mountaineers of both sexes in Great Britain, its example sets a precedent, and its responsibility to posterity is greater than ever before. That is why, therefore, the policy of our Club must always demand the most searching thought, and might perhaps at times be better expressed, not so much by the elected minority, as by that inarticulate majority whom they annually and artfully persuade to put them in office!

Coniston, where it all began half a century ago, has, one feels, a final message to offer. Here, side by side, can be seen the works of man at his worst and best. In his baser mood, taking all for gain and leaving behind only desolation, he must be ruthlessly curbed; but, in his finer hour, patiently creating beauty out of nature's wilderness, let us applaud his craftsmanship, for surely there is, in this heritage of ours, much that speaks of the divine.

PILLAR ROCK — A FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY

The early climbing history of the Rock has been dealt with in several articles in this *Journal*, notably in that by George Seatree, 'Reminiscences of Early Lakeland Mountaineering' in 1910, and more comprehensively, by R. S. T. Chorley in 'Some Notes on Pillar History' in 1926. We recently came across an article entitled 'A Tourist's Notes on the Surface-Geology of the Lake District,' by D. Mackintosh in the *Geological Magazine* of July, 1865. In a paragraph on the Pillar Rock the author gives some information which he had gleaned about the early ascents, and although this does not add much to the accepted accounts, the extract reprinted below, with the accompanying woodcut, may be of some interest.

Ed., F.& R.C.C.J.

THE PILLAR ROCK. As this apparently old sea-coast rock is scarcely noticed in guide-books, and its situation misstated in a costly work on the Lake-country lately published, perhaps some account of it may be not unacceptable to the readers of this Magazine.

(There follows a brief summary of the geological history of the rock as interpreted by the author).

The geological tourist who . . . may wish to climb to the top of the Pillar Rock, will perhaps pardon me for digressing from the main subject, in conclusion, by giving a history of the very difficult and dangerous ascents which have already been achieved. This, after several months' inquiry, I was fortunate to procure from Mr. Whitehead, Infirmary Surgeon, Whitehaven.

On September 24, 1850, Mr. Whitehead ascended, and found two slips of paper in a ginger-beer bottle, with the following inscriptions:—'Lieut. Wilson, R.N., Troutbeck, ascended the Pillar, May 6, 1848, and left this bottle as a momento of the same.'—'Charles A. C. Baumgartner, August 24, 1850. Cambridge.'

Mr. Whitehead afterwards ascended on May 24, 1853. The ginger-beer bottle left by Lieut. Wilson was still there, but the papers were gone, and in their place a nest of black beetles! These were dislodged and in their place a piece of paper was put in the bottle with 'God save the Queen' written on it.

Charles William Hartley, a young man from Bradford, Yorkshire, ascended Friday, May 24, and Monday, May 27, 1861.

Mr. Whitehead a third time ascended, August 27, 1861, and found the paper left by Mr. Hartley.

So far on the undoubted authority of Mr. Whitehead. I have been informed that the Rev. Mr. Webster, late Curate of Keswick, has since ascended.

The Pillar Rock, Ennerdale. (From a Sketch by Mr. Whitehead.)

(Reproduced with permission from *Geological Magazine*, 1865)

Note.—In the Journal articles referred to the date of C. H. Hartley's ascent is given as 1850, whereas it will be noted that Whitehead did not mention this, but gave the precise dates of two ascents in 1861, when he describes Hartley as 'a young man.' The ascent attributed to Mr. Webster does not seem to have been recorded elsewhere.

The 'costly work' to which Mackintosh refers would seem to be *The Lake Country* by E. Lynn Linton, published in 1864. It is illustrated

by the author's husband, W. J. Linton. At this time the Lintons were living at Brantwood, which they sold to Ruskin in 1871.

In the book there are several references to 'the Pillar' as a feature of the distant view, and in a chapter on Calder Abbey, Egremont and Ennerdale there is this passage:—

> 'At the head of the dale stands the Pillar, the steepest and craggiest of all the mountains, till one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six deemed the English Jungfrau, our maiden mountain inaccessible, but now owning to nearly a dozen conquerors; each traveller who has actually reached the top writing his name on a slip of paper which he places in a bottle left in the crevice of a rock for the purpose. So at least goes the story, which we could not verify by personal observation. It is a magnificent-looking mountain, the crowning rock, a great grey striated column which fires all one's ambition to surmount.'

Neither Pillar Fell or Rock can strictly be described as being at the head of Ennerdale, but probably the misstatement which upset Mackintosh is the obvious confusion in the relationship of the mountain and the Rock, which seems to indicate that Mrs. Linton was not very familiar with either.

MARDALE GREEN. The illustration facing page 323 is reproduced from an engraving in a book entitled *Westmorland, Cumberland, Durham and Northumberland*, by Thomas Rose, with drawings by T. Allom and G. Pickering, 1832. The author describes Mardale Green as 'a fertile and beautiful spot in the valley of Mardale, distant about a mile and a half from the lake of Haweswater. Few dwellings are met with in this or any other part of the vale; but ample accommodation for the tourist is provided at the White Bull Hotel on the Green. The Chapel of Mardale stands on an eminence, one mile south of the lake, in a beautifully picturesque situation, surrounded by lofty mountains and fells.'

Could Thomas Rose and Thomas Allom re-visit Mardale today, they would find it difficult to discover the whereabouts of the Green — the photograph facing page 338 looks over the site towards the head of the dale, the opposite direction to that in Allom's drawing — but they would find even more 'ample accommodation' not very far away.

A NOTE ON THE ALAN CRAIG PHOTOGRAPHS

When giving preliminary thought to the illustrations for this *Journal* the Custodian of Lantern Slides informed me that he had a number of negatives, mainly of groups, taken by the late Alan Craig, which had been given to the Club many years ago by Mrs. Craig. He suggested that some of these might be of sufficient interest to reproduce, and when I received prints from him I fully agreed. The Club is much indebted to Mrs. Craig for her gift. A number of these photographs will be found between pages 236 and 253, and, with one exception, none of them have been printed before.

In the first few numbers of the *Journal* there were several pictures taken at meets, all by Alan Craig, and it is thought that some notes on these, as well as those now reproduced, may be of interest.

The earliest group was taken in July, 1907, at a meet at the Sun Hotel, Coniston, and is included amongst 'Amateur Photographs' in No. 1 *Journal*. There are ten people in the picture and the names are given—George Seatree and Mrs. Seatree, Edward Scantlebury, S. H. Gordon, Charles Grayson, F. B. Kershaw, G. C. Turner, C. H. Oliverson, H. B. Lyon and Andrew Thompson. In No. 2 *Journal* there is a group taken a year later at another Coniston meet. In this again there are ten people, including Ashley Abraham, his father (G. P. Abraham) and Alan Craig himself. Among the negatives is another version in which an unidentified member has taken Craig's place. This was quite a frequent practice of his, as will be seen later.

No photograph seems to have been taken at the first Annual Dinner; at any rate it was not printed in the *Journal*. But in No. 3 there is a group described as 'The House Party, General Meeting, Sun Hotel, Coniston, Nov. 22nd, 1908.' Not only is it of interest as the first of its kind, but it also includes all the five 'foundation members' and is the only photograph we have found that does this. It is reproduced in this issue from the original negative, but a larger part of this has been used in making the block, so as to show the background of fells beyond the Church Beck, with the stream descending from the Red Dell seen in the distance through the trees. Fortunately the picture in the 1909 *Journal* is provided with a key to the names, so that we have been able to print these. It is recorded of this meet that:—

> 'Sunday morning broke amidst wild gusts and showers of heavy rain. After the house party had been photographed, a start was made for Goats Water and Doe Crags across the gale-swept slopes of Coniston Old Man. On nearing the tarn the wind blew down the wild "corrie" with tremendous velocity, lifting vast sheets of water from the tarn hundreds of feet into the air, and almost carrying pedestrians off their feet. Some of the party sought shelter behind the crags or in quarries and were ultimately driven back to the Hotel. The hardier and keener spirits braved the tempest and climbed one or other of the fine gullies on Doe Crags or the neighbouring heights.'

Under these conditions it is remarkable that the photograph is such a good one.

Craig again acted as photographer at the 3rd Annual Dinner, also at Coniston, in November, 1909, and the picture, which has thirty-nine people in it, all men, was in the *Journal* the following year.

In the next *Journal* (1911) there is a picture (this time taken by G. P. Abraham & Sons) of the 'House Party' at the 4th Annual Dinner at Coniston, which is described as having 'a unique feature in climbing annals—the presence of ladies at the Annual Dinner of a British Climbing Club.' There are seventeen of them in the party, which totals 78.

With the exception of the Coming of Age Dinner, this was the last dinner group to be published, no doubt owing to the increasing numbers present. (Those who have photographed relatively small meets know how difficult it is to get twenty people together for the purpose, let alone 100!). The group at Windermere Hydro in 1927 must have contained quite 150 people—they are so tightly packed that an exact count would be difficult.

Coming back to the photographs printed in this issue, there are two versions (Craig and Grayson taking turns with the camera) of the small group at the Sun, and also of that at Wasdale Head. The latter was taken at Row Head, but the house in the picture was rebuilt in 1927. R. Brotherton, Warden of Brackenclose, kindly made enquiries which led to this information being obtained.

In the Middlefell Farm picture the house looks much as it does today. The location of the one taken on the fellside presented a difficulty, but J. B. Wilton states that he photographed the party at the same time, and that it was on the way to Gimmer. There seems no doubt that these two photographs were taken at the same meet, those at the farm being joined later by Millican Dalton and T. J. Rennison. The latter was not a member of the Club; he was killed a year or two later when descending Eagle's Nest Ridge, an account of the accident being given in the 1909 *Journal*.

Finally there is the picture we have titled 'Winter Sports on Goats Water.' The day on which the photograph was taken—it must have been quite early in 1907—is amusingly described by Scantlebury in an article on 'Club History' in the 1927 *Journal*. He and his friends were entertaining George Seatree as a prospective member of the Club, and he relates how, after some skating, 'we formed in the snow surface of the frozen tarn, in huge letters of about ten feet square each, the words: "THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB" which stretched right along the tarn.'

When I received the photographs (including several not reproduced here) it was obvious that their interest would be much enhanced if names could be given to as many as possible of those portrayed, and if the place and time at which they were taken could be ascertained. The last cannot be stated with certainty in every case, but it seems probable that most were taken in 1907, or 1908 at latest. For help in the identification of those in the groups I am grateful to many members including T. C. Ormiston-Chant, J. B. Wilton, J. Stables, T. R. Burnett, W. A. Woodsend, J. Coulton and J. C. Appleyard. For the Wasdale Head group Mrs. T. Wilson (formerly Miss J. Seatree) has been most helpful, and Messrs. E. E. Roberts and T. Williamson of the Y.R.C. kindly examined the print and were able to name three former members of that Club who appear on it.

If any member can identify the one or two people whose names are not given on the plates, or considers that there are any cases of mistaken identity, I should be very glad to hear from them, so that the matter can be rectified in the next *Journal*. W.G.S.

THE YEAR WITH THE CLUB

Muriel Files

It is a pity that the year described in the Jubilee *Journal* should not be the Jubilee year, but it is inevitable, as the *Journal* will be in the press before the major meets of 1956 have taken place. The more commonplace year, 1954-55, began at Birkness in November with one of the very few fine week-ends in an abnormally wet season. The good weather does not seem to have tempted the meet (numbering a dozen) on to the crags, but they enjoyed a pleasant walk over Mellbreak on the Sunday.

In accordance with now well-established custom, New Year, 1955, was celebrated in Langdale. The meet, which was as popular as ever, with the huts and the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel full, owed much of its success to the unflagging efforts of the proprietors and staff of the hotel to ensure our well-being. These culminated in the sumptuous New Year Dinner and the associated festivities. The post-prandial singing of Club songs (enlivened by duets from Harry Spilsbury and Howard Somervell) was interrupted at midnight by the noisy arrival of the infant 1955, complete with all the usual accoutrements, including a dummy. On the discovery of our lately elected President beneath this disguise, the old President, symbolising 1954, was ejected, not without a show of resistance, by some of the stronger members. Colour slide shows at the O.D.G. provided entertainment on the two following evenings. John and Ronnie Jackson showed their excellent pictures of the Yeti expedition and the Kanchenjunga reconnaissance respectively, and several other members gave interesting and varied examples of their work in this branch of photography. On New Year's Day the whole meet squeezed into Raw Head Barn at tea-time and somehow or other everyone managed to get a slice of the magnificent New Year cake made for the second year in succession by Edward and Phil Wormell. A pleasant innovation was the return tea-party which was given at the hotel by the President and Vice-Presidents the following day.

Social events at the New Year seem rather to overshadow the primary activity of the Club, but although the weather was not very inspiring, being cold yet without snow, it was not bad enough to keep people in, and one large party, walking over Blencathra, had quite an exhilarating time on Sharp Edge, which was coated with verglas. Another walking party, attracted by

the sight of smoke rising near Stickle Tarn, enjoyed an impromptu picnic. So absorbed were two of our most revered members in watching their rival cooking pots (one was over the traditional wood fire, but, regrettably, the other was on a spirit stove) that they were quite unaware of the approach of their unexpected guests, who, however, were given a hearty welcome as soon as they made their presence known.

The February meet at the Salving House was held in wintry conditions. On Saturday both the snow and the weather were perfect, but unfortunately most people did not arrive in time to enjoy the excellent skiing on Skiddaw. On Sunday in less good weather some went skiing and others walked on Skiddaw or Helvellyn.

The fifteen fortunate members and guests who met at the Burnmoor Inn in March enjoyed two days of uninterrupted sunshine. On Saturday morning everyone set off for Scafell and in the evening Jack Diamond showed a variety of slides on the Lake District, the most popular, apparently, being those which demonstrated how not to skate. The Assistant Warden of Brackenclose led an intrepid party over from Wasdale for the show, and these tough people, undaunted by having lost their way on the outward journey, showed their mettle by refusing to make the return journey by car. On Sunday a small party climbed on Esk Buttress, but the majority preferred the walk over Harter Fell.

At Easter, unfortunately, the weather was indifferent. On most days it was either wet or cloudy on the tops, but, by contrast, climbing on the valley crags was really pleasant. There were meets at all the huts, as usual, but Birkness was the most popular and attracted, in addition to our own members and guests, a strong Climbers' Club contingent. It must not, of course, be assumed that this was the reason for the considerable climbing activity on Pillar, the Grey Crags and Eagle Crag. The only injury reported was a dislocated elbow, the result, rather ironically, of tree-climbing, but after treatment in hospital the victim was able to climb rocks with his arm in a sling. The Brackenclose party seems to have been more discouraged by the weather than the enthusiasts at Birkness although most of them did some climbing. Great delight was caused by the arrival of the London Section rug, and the noble work it represented aroused universal admiration. There is no record of achievement from Raw Head although the meet was a large one, but at

the Salving House, in spite of small numbers, activity was great, and this may not have been unconnected with the presence there of the pioneer of the Borrowdale climbs.

The weather at Whit could not have been better and everyone made the most of it. The attendance at the meet was good, the Salving House being full, with an overflow at High House. On Saturday the majority went to Scafell but the minority had a very enjoyable day on Miners' Crag. On Sunday the main group walked over to Boat Howe where some climbed rocks and others sunned themselves, and on Monday most of the crags in Combe Ghyll were occupied by Fell & Rock parties. It was here that we said goodbye to the President, who was off to India the following day for nine months. A few fortunate people who had one more day's holiday climbed on the Napes on Whit Tuesday and had not long been back at base when word came of an accident on Gable Crag. All those who were not due to return home that night turned out with the Keswick and R.A.F. Mountain Rescue teams, returning to Honister shortly before midnight with the stretcher, whose occupant (himself a member of the Keswick Mountain Rescue) was suffering from a badly crushed arm.

In June at Gateside there was a successful revival of the Coniston Meet under the leadership of Jack Diamond. On Saturday the advance guard walked over the Fairfield group of fells and on Sunday the full meet, twenty strong, separated into two parties, some to climb on Dow and others to walk over the Coniston Fells.

For a number of years mystery has surrounded the Welsh meet. It has regularly been announced on the meet card and as regularly, apart from occasional rumours, nothing more has been heard of it. This year it has come right out into the open with an excellent report from the Deputy Leader. Thirteen members and guests stayed at Glan Dena for August Bank Holiday week-end and fully exploited the exceptionally fine weather. Climbing on Tryfan and in Cwm Idwal and bathing in Llyn Ogwen were equally popular, but as complementary and not as alternative pursuits. On Sunday the whole meet went to Tryfan and on reaching the North Buttress the main party, which had advanced at a normal pace, were surprised to see no sign on their proposed route of the two Alfs. The speed seemed remarkable even for these two and all were gazing incredulously at the crag when the

missing pair came into sight returning down Heather Terrace. It seemed that Greg, still thinking in terms of the Himalaya had led his companion past all the main buttresses, dismissing them as ' scrambling areas,' and they had reached Bwlch Tryfan before realising that they would have to return to the first ' scrambling line ' to start Grooved Arête.

The fine weather did not manage to hold out for the novices who met (with their instructors) at Raw Head early in September, but fortunately a number of them were made of stern stuff and apparently delighted in swimming up Great Gully on Pavey Ark. It was a very enjoyable week-end and showed a welcome revival of interest in the Novices' Meet, for which there has recently been no great enthusiasm.

Nineteen members and prospective members met at the Brotherswater Hotel on the second Sunday in October. Amongst the latter was the pioneer of most of the Deepdale climbs and it was unfortunate that the weather was not good enough to enable the meet to see something of the climbing at Scrubby Crag and Greenhow End under his direction. Nevertheless, everyone enjoyed fell walking in the mist on the circuits of Dovedale, Deepdale and Grisedale. Incidentally, some people seemed uncertain which circuit they had made, but all eventually assembled at the hotel to fortify themselves for the journey home with an excellent tea.

The four hut maintenance meets were well attended. At Raw Head the previous high record was broken, a possible contributory factor being that one party, quite unaware of the maintenance meet, arrived for a long-planned climbing week-end, greatly to the delight of the genuine cleaners. However, they set to work with a will and made a strong addition to the painting and white-washing contingent. One of our more powerful members did some of the preliminary clearing for the new car park which was completed later in the summer, thanks to the Hut Wardens, Hut and Meets Secretary and the Old Faithfuls who have put in much hard work at the huts quite apart from the official maintenance meets. The new stove at Birkness is, perhaps, the chief monument to their industry. Indeed, the constant conscientious attention to Club property by these officers and their helpers, together with the good attendance at the maintenance meets is ample evidence of the vigour of our Club life.

THE FORT WILLIAM MEET, MAY, 1955

W. G. Stevens

This meet was held under conditions very different in one respect from those at Fort William in 1948. In that year petrol supplies had reached rock-bottom, and the small party who met at the Grand Hotel resorted to bus, train, a taxi and, on one occasion, bicycles, when transport was required. In 1955 those who had brought cars placed them unreservedly at the disposal of the whole party. Our headquarters this time was the Alexandra Hotel; there were no campers, but J. B. Meldrum was in his caravan not far away. Compared with the usual places at which the Scottish meets have been held, our surroundings were distinctly urban, but on occasion it is handy not to have to go ten miles to the nearest shop. The amenities inside the hotel left nothing to be desired.

The party included a number of the hardened participants at these meets, but there were more newcomers than usual, including the President, who received a warm welcome as leader. The absence of the ' conflagrationalist ' section (Dr. Burnett and the Appleyards) was much regretted, but some other members proved adequate substitutes in the brewing of tea. The earlier part of the meet was notable for the unity of the party, in that each day everyone went in the same general direction, and then varied their activities according to energy or inclination. Thus on the first day all who had then arrived went up Glen Nevis by car to Poldhu, and from there walked up to the ruined Steall cottage. A few of the more active went on to reach the top of Aonach Beag, but a fierce blizzard frustrated their intention of going on to Aonach Mor — one experienced member described the conditions as the worst he had encountered in Britain — and they prudently decided to return by the way they had come.

Next day Glenfinnan and beyond was the general objective. Loch Eil looked enchanting in the morning sun, its glassy surface reflecting the hills on the far shore in the most delicate colours. At or near Glenfinnan the party split into three sections, one making up Glen Dubh Lighe towards the Streaps, another up Glen Finnan to Sgurr Thuilm, while Lawson Cook drove on with the ladies, who wanted to visit Morar and bask on its white sands. The President had been given a glowing account of the wonderful view to be had from Sgurr Thuilm, but alas, when the summit was reached after much toil, driving mist and snow blotted everything out, and plans for extending the walk over Sgurr nan Coireachan had to be abandoned, and a descent made

without delay. The Streaps party had no better luck, returning after they had reached the first top instead of completing the ridge. The would-be sunbathers, meeting rain and snow, had quickly turned and headed for the fireside.

On that Sunday evening the snow lay several inches deep in the streets of Fort William, but in the morning most of it had gone, though the Ben was well covered. After the rigours of the previous days, the suggestion of a low-level expedition was welcomed. A request from T.R.B. that possible caravan sites at Ardtoe, in Ardnamurchan, should be inspected on his behalf during the meet gave an admirable excuse of which the whole party took advantage. After crossing Corran Ferry and enjoying a delightful run through Glen Tarbert, Strontian and Acharacle, Ardtoe was reached in time for lunch in a small rocky bay beyond the hamlet. Although no really good caravan sites could be discovered, several pleasant hours were spent wandering about amongst the miniature rocky hills which border this remote stretch of coast. Across the water, Skye was snow-covered along the whole length of the ridge.

After this day's interlude a return was made to something more strenuous. Two small contingents did the Ben Nevis—Carn Mor Dearg traverse in opposite directions, meeting on the arête. Another party walked up the Allt a' Mhuilinn to the C.I.C. hut, still above the snow line, and enjoyed magnificent close-up views of the wintry buttresses and gullies. The President, nursing a damaged knee, got well up the slopes of Carn Beag Dearg and spent the day in painting, being last down and returning from the Distillery in a fish van, for lack of other transport.

A dull and threatening morning followed, but the sky looked clearer towards the west, so that Ardgour seemed a good direction in which to go, a prediction the day amply justified. Again a convoy of cars crossed Corran Ferry, rather a protracted operation, and assembled at the foot of Coir an Iubhair, the beautiful little glen leading to the north side of Garbh Bheinn. Some just strolled up to the head of the glen or beyond, but two parties reached the top, R. and D. Cook, Shaw, Side, Webb and Vaughan by way of the Great Ridge (this, it appears, being the only rock-climb done during the meet) and several others by the steepish grass and scree gully to the left of the crags. These last had hardly settled down by the cairn to enjoy the sun and a crystal-clear view, when Dick Cook's head popped up over the

rocks, he being the leader of the first rope. Presently all were making down the south-east ridge to the cars and tea, climbers and walkers alike delighted with Garbh Bheinn and its surroundings.

Nearly a week had gone by without a visit to Mamore Forest, and on Thursday almost the whole party again went to Poldhu, and then took the stalkers' path up Coire a' Mhusgain. The scene was in striking contrast to the brown and green hills of Ardgour. Here the snow-line was reached at about 2,000 feet, and a heavy snow shower was encountered just below the main ridge. It was then decided to make for Stob Ban, rather than Sgurr a' Mhaim, and about a dozen members, including the President, gathered on the summit, now in sparkling sunshine. The ridge was followed westward to Mullach nan Coirean, and from there down towards Poldhu, above which the forestry plantations caused some tribulation.

The 'united front' now broke up, and on the two remaining fine days there was widely spread activity. A small party went, at Webb's suggestion, to prospect the Glen Affric Hotel and its surroundings as a possible place for the 1956 meet. Dick and Gladys Cook climbed the Ben by the pony track, reached the summit at 4 p.m. and were down two hours later. Two cars went to Morar (on different days), the occupants of one doing some antiquarian research at Borrodale—Prince Charlie's Cave, and a very elusive 'vitrified fort.' Some again visited Glenfinnan, and reached the top of Beinn Odhar Mhor, another attractive mountain just short of Munro stature, overlooking Loch Shiel. Milligan and two companions sought new ground and climbed Fraochaidh, south of Ben Vair. Finally the President with D. and R. Cook, Shaw, Side and Vaughan went to Glencoe and made the traverse of the Aonach Eagach ridge in good snow conditions.

The last day of the meet (Sunday) was hopelessly wet, and there is nothing of note to record. Up to then we had had wonderful 'mountain weather' so could not complain. It remains only to reiterate our thanks to Harry Ironfield for his work in making the arrangements for so successful a meet.

Members attending: F. L. Cook, R. Cook, Mrs. R. Cook, D. R. Cook, Miss M. Hicks, J. B. Meldrum, W. G. Milligan, T. H. G. Parker, H. R. Preston, Mrs. L. Pryor, R. Shaw, A. D. B. Side, Mrs. A. D. B. Side, T. H. Somervell, W. G. Stevens, H. H. Vaughan, G. H. Webb and R. T. Wilson.

CLIMBS OLD AND NEW

Peter Moffat

There were so many new climbs last year, probably due to the dry summer, that it has not been possible to include some of the less important ones.

WASDALE

STAND CRAG

EROS 120 ft. Very difficult. First ascent 21st April, 1955. P. Ross, R. Scott, D. Wildridge. Starts 25 feet to the left of South Face Route at the foot of a steep wall.

(1) 50 feet. Pull out over the wall and follow the easier slab to a large stance at the foot of a steep overhanging wall. Step left and follow the gully to a block belay.

(2) 70 feet. Climb the steep arête on the right to a delicate finish on a grass ledge.

DEERSTALKER 170 feet. Severe. First ascent 21st April, 1955. P. Ross, D. Wildridge, R. Scott. Starts 10 feet to the right of South Face Route, below an obvious groove slanting up to the right.

(1) 70 feet. Follow the groove for 20 feet until it is possible to make a difficult move into the upper groove, which is followed to a poor stance and no belay. (Piton.)

(2) 100 feet. Step up to the right into the steep groove which is climbed by jamming to the first big foothold on the right wall. Step on to the left wall and climb straight up to the top on good holds.

KERN KNOTTS

THE CENOTAPH 120 feet. Very severe. First ascent 20th April, 1955. P. Ross, R. Scott, D. Wildridge. Starts 15 feet to the right of Sepulchre up a large chimney.

(1) 35 feet. Climb the chimney to the belay on Sepulchre.

(2) 85 feet. The overhanging groove is climbed to the large overhang, passing a smaller one on the left. A hand-hold is reached on the right edge and a swing made into the groove on the right which is followed to the top.

BORROWDALE

SHEPHERD'S CRAG

VESPER 160 feet. Very severe. First ascent, 9th June, 1955. P. Ross, P. Greenwood (alternate leads). Starts on the extreme left-hand side of the crag where the overhanging base of the crag peters out into a rib. About 60 feet left of Brown Slab Wall.

(1) 60 feet. Ascend the rib until a move right can be made below the overhang. Continue traversing until a bulge stops progress. Step down and move round the corner on to a steep wall. The scoop above and to the right is the next objective and can be reached by ascending the corner until a step right can be made into the scoop; or by ascending directly up to the scoop. Continue up the steep wall to a narrow ledge on the right. Tree and chipped flake belay.

(2) 100 feet. Move right along the ledge, and up above an old oak. Climb the overhang on the left and continue right to below a bulging wall. Ascend the wall leftwards into the steep groove which is climbed until easy rock leads to the top.

ADAM 130 feet. Very severe. First ascent 30th August, 1955. P. Ross, R. Wilkinson. Starts just to the right of Eve in a corner behind a tree.

(1) 40 feet. Climb the short crack which leads to the belay on Eve.

(2) 90 feet. Climb up to the right, then left up the groove or crack for about 25 feet, then move right on to the overhanging arête, then straight up a small slab to an overhanging wall which is climbed to the top.

NORTH BUTTRESS 150 feet. Very severe. First recorded ascents 6th June, 1954. P. J. Greenwood, E. Mollinson (Slab Finish). P. J. Greenwood, D. Whillans, P. Whitwell (Direct Finish). Starts at the corner of the buttress where a large flake of rock leans against the face.

(1) 60 feet. Ascend the flake, and over the bulge. Continue above until a short traverse to the left leads to a stance and belay low down.

(2) 40 feet. The gangway to the right leads to a stance and belay on the glacis above. (Piton needed.)

(3) 50 feet. Move left and ascend the overhanging groove with the aid of two pitons until easy climbing leads to the top. Slab Finish—From the belay move right and cross the slab under the overhang until a long reach brings a ledge and tree belay to light. Easier climbing to the top.

CENTRAL GIRDLE 215 feet. Very severe. First ascent 23rd August, 1955. T. Marsden, J. Dowsett. Starts at the lowest point of North Buttress. Rock needs care on the first pitch.

(1) 65 feet. Up the rib for 45 feet, then traverse left to a grassy slab and round the corner to an uncomfortable stance. There is no belay here, but 10 feet below is a belay on Eve.

(2) 80 feet. The crack which slants upwards to the left, has an awkward start and a mantelshelf at the top. Cross the slab on the left and round the corner to the junction of Eve and Ardus.

(3) 25 feet. Pitch 3 of Ardus.

(4) 45 feet. Follow the traverse across the steep slab and finish up the final crack on Slings.

BROWN CRAGS TRAVERSE 285 feet. Very severe. First ascent 4th August, 1955. P. J. Greenwood, K. Pearce, T. Marsden. Starts at the extreme left-hand side of the crag where the overhanging base peters out into a rib. The difficulty is only maintained on the first two pitches.

(1) 60 feet. Ascend the rib and traverse right below the overhang. Step down and round a bulge on to the steep wall which is climbed via a scoop to a small stance and belay on the right. (Pitch 1 of Vesper.)

(2) 80 feet. Move right and upwards on to a heathery ledge below the overhang. Continue the traverse until a short wall enables a traverse to be made to Brown Crag Wall. Continue up the grooves and then back right to a ledge and tree belay.

(3) 25 feet. Up and right to a large rock ledge below the last pitch of Arête Climb.

(4) 80 feet. Traverse right to Brown Slab Crack.

(5) 40 feet. Continue up the slabs above.

BLACK CRAG

SUPER DIRECT 115 feet. Very severe. First ascent October, 1954. P. Ross, D. Oliver. Starts from the last belay on the Direct Route.

(1) 80 feet. Climb the crack on the left of the belay for 40 feet, then move over left on to a ledge with good belay.

(2) 35 feet. Move a few feet left, then up a broken groove. A hard pull-up followed by a finger traverse leads to an easy groove which is climbed to the top of the Pinnacle.

OBITUARY GROOVES 330 feet. Very severe. First ascent 30th July, 1955. P. Greenwood, P. Ross (alternate leads). Starts at the same point as the Direct Route and goes to the left.

(1) 60 feet. Climb the slabs and then move into a corner on the left to a tree belay.

(2) 40 feet. Ascend the vegetatious corner above until a move left can be made to a tree belay below a steep groove.

(3) 110 feet. Ascend the groove until a tree growing under an overhang can be used for a running belay. Move back to the left and cross the wall to a heathery stance, by an awkward swing lay back move. The groove above leads to an 'Amen' corner with holly growing beneath. Move left and ascend to a tree belay on the arête on the right.

(4) 120 feet. Climb the easier rock above to a large flake, move left, and ascend into an overhanging groove, this leads on to slabs above. Climb into the corner for running belay and ascend the slabs until a move right can be made into a groove. Ascend the groove and twin cracks to the top.

GIRDLE TRAVERSE 590 feet. Very severe. First ascent 16th July, 1955. P. Greenwood, P. Ross, D. English. Starts along the extreme left-hand side of the crag below the previously unclimbed buttress. There is an old oak in the corner above the sloping slabs.

(1) 50 feet. Climb the slabs in the corner to a sloping ledge with good belay.

(2) 30 feet. The slabs lead to a narrow ledge which is followed to a large flake belay.

(3) 30 feet. Retrace one's steps a few feet to a break in the wall above (flake for runner). Ascend the slabs above to small stance, with two doubtful belays below the overhang.

(4) 80 feet. Traverse the long narrow slabs to the right until a short wall leads to a good belay in the gully.

(5) 90 feet. Ascend the slabs on the right and traverse diagonally right to a tree on the skyline. The rocks above the tree lead to a large flake belay, and junction with top of pitch 1 of Super Direct.

(6) 30 feet. Pitch 2 of Super Direct.

(7) 120 feet. Descend the pinnacle and cross the slab and descend to an oak. Belay in the corner. (Pitches 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, of Ordinary Route reversed.)

(8) 60 feet. Descend on to the slab on the right which is climbed to junction with Troutdale Ridge.

(9) 50 feet. Pitch 4 of Troutdale Ridge. Ascend the slab above to stance.

(10) 50 feet. Move left past an oak and ascend a corner to the top of crag.

YEW CRAG

From Rosthwaite turn off the main road, along the Watendlath lane. Yew Crag is the prominent outcrop directly ahead. A broken arête bounds the north and an overhanging wall flanks a mossy slab to the south.

SINUATE SLAB 150 feet. Severe. First ascent 18th December, 1955. D. Greenop, G. Benn. Starts at the right corner and lowest point of the mossy slab.

(1) 100 feet. Easy rocks for 10 feet, then up an ill-defined rib to a small stance on the right edge of the slab. Continue up the exposed edge of the slab and ascend a wet bulge and groove. Small belay and poor stance.

(2) 50 feet. Keep to the right up easier slabs to the summit.

COQUETTE'S GULLY 110 feet. Difficult. First ascent 11th December, 1955. D. Greenop. Starts 12 yards up to the left of Sinuate Slab, in a corner at the extreme left of a slab.

(1) 45 feet. The slab for a few feet, then climb the V-cleft on the left. Awkward vegetated rocks are followed past a holly bush to a platform and block belay.

(2) 40 feet. Easy vegetated slabs to a tree belay.
(3) 25 feet. Easy slabs to the left, or straight up the steep rock ahead.

SEROTINOUS 145 feet. Severe. First ascent 18th December, 1955. D. Greenop, G. Benn. Starts immediately left of Coquette's Gully at the foot of a detached slab crowned by a large oak.

(1) 15 feet. Climb the slab to a large oak.
(2) 40 feet. The rib behind the oak is climbed to a holly bush, followed by vegetated rock to the block belay on Coquette's Gully.
(3) 60 feet. Make an ascending traverse across the steep broken wall to the edge of the buttress. Using the spike on the skyline, step up and round, finishing up steep heathery rocks on the left. Small block belay.
(4) 30 feet. Steep slab climbing.

PANACEA RIDGE 175 feet. Difficult. First ascent 28th November, 1955. D. Greenop, J. Miller. Starts 20 yards left of Serotinous and to the right of the lowest part of the ridge.

(1) 35 feet. A small rib leads to the main ridge, which is followed to a spike belay.
(2) 25 feet. Bear slightly left and ascend the ridge. Belay on twin oak.
(3) 55 feet. Through the oak and up the slabs on the right to a ledge and block belay.
(4) 60 feet. Bear right up the easy slabs to the top.

INCIPIENT ARETE 200 feet. Moderate. First ascent 28th November, 1955. D. Greenop, J. Miller. Starts 15 yards to the left of Panacea Ridge to the lowest point of a spiky ridge.

(1) 15 feet. Up an easy slab to a large flake belay.
(2) 25 feet. Keeping to the right-hand edge, climb to a large projecting flake.
(3) 15 feet. Severe but can be avoided. Move from the spike to the slab, and so to a stance and tree belay.
(4) 30 feet. Easy broken rocks, then up a small groove to a clean rib on the left. Belay.
(5) 25 feet. Climb the needle of rock in the corner and move right to a crevasse. Belay.
(6) 30 feet. Scramble up and right to a block belay.
(7) 60 feet. Bear right all the time on easy slabs.

GOAT CRAG

PEREGRINE WALL 105 feet. Very severe. First ascent 11th April, 1955. S.R.J., A. Bartlett. Starts at the foot of a large block, to the right of, and below the Perched Block itself.

(1) 45 feet. Climb the cracked groove on the right-hand side of the block for 25 feet, then step on to the right edge and follow this to the belay on the top. Walk to the foot of the steep wall ahead on the right of the perched block.

(2) 30 feet. Up the steep wall using a crack for the first 10 feet. Now traverse up the shallow groove on the left to reach the belay on the upper corner of the Perched Block.

(3) 30 feet. Step right, then up the steep crack, first lay-backing and finally pulling up on a jammed flake to reach the alcove and peregrines' nest. Easy rocks lead to the top.

DIRECT START TO PERCHED BLOCK — 100 feet. Very severe. First ascent 11th April, 1955. S.R.J. (top rope). 100 feet. Climb directly up the corner.

CASTLE CRAG

IRRAWADDY — 275 feet. Very severe. First ascent 29th July, 1955. P. Greenwood, J. Smeaton. Starts to the left of a steep groove at a sawn down tree, that is just to the right and above the lower left-hand buttress. The climb takes a line up the centre of the three buttresses composing the crag.

(1) 95 feet. Scramble up to the tree and ascend the steep wall behind to the left of a groove. A small tree is useful to ascend the overhang. Continue up the wall until a move right on to the arête can be made, near the top. Easy climbing then leads to a tree belay and small stance. (A stance and belay can be taken halfway up this pitch, by a traverse left to a tree in the corner.)

(2) 90 feet. Climb the steep wall behind the tree on good holds until a move right near the top gives a resting place below an easy-looking ridge. Ascend the ridge on to a tree-covered glacis which is followed to a tree belay beside a large leaning pinnacle.

(3) 90 feet. Climb over the pinnacle and diagonally rightwards to a large cracked block below a steep stepped crack. Ascend the crack and a groove. Easier climbing leads to the top.

Between Falcon Crag and Lodore Falls are two crags. The climb is on the nearest to Keswick.

VICISSITUDE — 210 feet. Severe. First ascent 8th May, 1949. D. Greenop, W. A. Lannaghan (alternate leads). Starts from a cairn near a tree at the base of the cliff's lowest bastion.

(1) 60 feet. The steep mossy slab to the left of the cairn. Move gradually right until an overhanging wall prevents further progress. Traverse left over vegetated rock to a tree beneath a wall. Belay.

(2) 50 feet. Ascend the wall and the slab above to its left corner. Make a descending traverse right to a steep rotten arête which leads to a stony ledge. Belay.

(3) 40 feet. Easier climbing on broken slabs to another ledge. Belay.

(4) 60 feet. Steep slabs lead to the top.

RAVEN CRAG, COMBE GHYLL

SOLIFIDIAN'S ROUTE — 700 feet. Severe. First ascent 25th April, 1954. D. N. Greenop, W. A. Lannaghan (alternate leads). Starts about 100 feet up the grassy gully to the left

of Raven Crag Buttress, and then by moving right to a grass ledge which abuts against the great overhanging wall just below the level and well to the right of Slab Route.

(1) 40 feet. Step on to the wall below the small ash tree and move round the corner to a steep slab. Climb straight up this for 5 feet until impending rocks force an awkward traverse right to the obvious bracket on the skyline. Move past the bracket for a few feet then descend to a stance and small belay.

(2) 85 feet. An upward traverse on a fine slab to a junction with the Buttress Route. Continue bearing right, over good rock, across a narrow grassy cleft to an open corner and nose which is climbed to a bad finish below a small tree. Cross the rib on the right to a good stance and belay on Corvus. This pitch is somewhat exposed.

(3-4) 125 feet. Corvus to the foot of Pitch 6 on that climb.

(5) 35 feet. Instead of climbing the wall ahead, move across to a rib on the right and make a slightly descending traverse across its face. The rough wall following is climbed by an ascending traverse right. Stance and belay in grassy gully.

(6) 65 feet. Climb the easy rib on the right for 5 feet, then traverse right over steep slabs to unpleasant heather-covered rocks. At this point a descending traverse is made just above a twin ash into a steep gully. Cross the clean and well scratched slabs to a spike belay on the right wall.

(7) 35 feet. Up on good holds for 5 feet, then move right into a steep groove which is passed in favour of the almost vertical arête. Step round this to a poor finish on heather; tree belay. Now scramble over heather into the bed of Raven Crag Gully, near the foot of Pitch 7.

(8-9) 150 feet. Pitches 7 and 8 of Raven Crag Gully. Belay.

(10) 30 feet. From the stance on the right wall a difficult ascending traverse is made to the right until it finishes on the 'Green Oasis' encountered on the Summit Route.

(11-14) 135 feet. The last four pitches of the Summit Route.

BUTTERMERE

STRIDDLE CRAG (WARNSCALE BOTTOM)

STRIDDLE CRAG BUTTRESS 400 feet. Very difficult. First ascent 2nd January, 1956. D. N. Greenop, G. Benn (alternate leads). Starts on the buttress to the left of Fleetwith Gully where some large blocks form a wide crack containing a bulky flake.

(1) 20 feet. To the top of the flake. Belay.

(2) 35 feet. Step across the crevasse and move right, then straight up the face to a broken ledge which is crossed to easy rocks and a block belay at the foot of the main crag.

(3) 20 feet. Climb the wall ahead for 5 feet, then traverse right and up to a large block belay.

(4) 60 feet. Step up to the ledge and traverse right to the nose overlooking the gully. Climb straight up, and move slightly left and over easier rock to a small belay.
(5) 40 feet. Bear slightly left on rough slabs.
(6) 30 feet. The same.
(7) 20 feet. The same to a heather terrace and belay.
(8) 45 feet. The slabs on the left to the foot of a peculiar rock gangway.
(9) 20 feet. Continue up the gangway for 20 feet then cross a heather rake to the foot of a long rib which runs parallel to the gangway.
(10) 70 feet. The rib to a point opposite a large boulder with a table top.
(11) 25 feet. The steep broken rocks on the right to a ledge and belay.
(12) 15 feet. Easy rocks.

PEDAGOGUE'S CHIMNEY — 330 feet. Severe. First ascent 6th January, 1956. D. N. Greenop, G. Benn (alternate leads). Starts some yards to the left of Striddle Crag Buttress below an obvious cave which is the opening to a narrow rift in the main cliff. A huge mass of rock blocks the outer part of the steep chimney, almost converting it into a dark mine shaft 90 feet high with a cave entrance and a manhole exit.

(1) 30 feet. The narrow gully bed.
(2) 60 feet. The back of the dimly lit chimney for a short distance. Impending rock forces a strenuous upward traverse to the left followed by two or three short pulls to the stance below the manhole which leads to a good stance and belay.
(3) 40 feet. Climb the steep wall on the right of a crack for 15 feet until a move can be made into the crack, which is ascended for a few feet. Then step delicately left to gain the top of the adjacent wall. Easy climbing leads to a ledge and belay to the left at the foot of some broken cracks.
(4) 25 feet. The cracks for 20 feet then move left to a small ledge and flake belay.
(5) 30 feet. The wall ahead to another ledge.
(6) 30 feet. Climb the incipient gangway and pull up to a rock ledge. The short crack in the corner gives access to an easy angled strip of slab.
(7) 35 feet. The boulder face on the right to the easy ridge on Striddle Crag Buttress which is followed for 15 feet.
(8) 30 feet. Traverse down to the right over the table top block to the foot of an imposing crack. Belay.
(9) 35 feet. The crack is awkward to start and difficulties increase with height. The overhanging finish is strenuous. Platform and belay.
(10) 15 feet. Easy rock to the finish.

FAR EASEDALE

DEER BIELD CRAG

HUBRIS — 190 feet. Very severe. First ascent 5th January, 1956. H. Drasdo, A. J. Norton. The climb takes the prominent groove 20 or 30 feet to the right of the Chimney. It contains throughout its length a rib dividing it into twin grooves. The grooves contain grass 'caterpillars' which are poorly attached.

(1) 60 feet. Ascend the 12 foot corner guarding entry to the groove (piton and étrier). Climb the groove to a niche formed by the overhang in the left-hand groove. Piton in central rib.

(2) 130 feet. Move into the right-hand groove, and up a little, using perched blocks carefully (piton). Step into left-hand line, and ascend to the overhang. Enter the groove above with a piton and étrier. After 10 feet a good flake on the rib permits a swing into the right-hand groove which is climbed on unstable grass to a tree below the final overhang. Exit delicately on the rib on the right. Then heather and a further rib and more heather leads to a good tree.

THIRLMERE

CASTLE ROCK OF TRIERMAIN

THIRLMERE ELIMINATE — 200 feet. Very severe. First ascent 26th June, 1955. P. Greenwood, P. Ross (alternate leads). Starts at the same point as Overhanging Bastion, where a large flake leans against the wall.

(1) 60 feet. Climb up to the top of the flake, when a good hand hold can be reached for a mantelshelf movement. Move right into the corner and ascend past a tree to the left-hand edge of the long narrow slab used on Harlot's Face.

(2) 80 feet. The arête on the left is the next objective, and is reached by traversing diagonally left into a corner. There are good holds to pull on to the arête (running belay). Continue up the arête to a ledge below three steep walls. Piton for belay.

(3) 60 feet. The central wall is climbed in the corner to an overhang where a piton is inserted. With a sling attached ascend the overhang into the corner which is climbed until a move left can be made, and the climb continued to a resting place on the arête. Continue easily to stance and belay.

ANGEL'S HIGHWAY — 180 feet. Very severe. First ascent 6th September, 1955. P. Greenwood, P. Whitwell. Starts a few feet to the right of Triermain Eliminate at a corner groove which leads to the right-hand edge of the small ledge reached on the first pitch of the latter. The climb goes to the right of Harlot's Face.

(1) 130 feet. Climb the groove to a resting place (running belay). Traverse right, and up into an overhanging corner and large loose pinnacle. Move right round the steep arête on to the face beyond. Move right and later left until a groove is reached,

continue up the groove until a tree provides a resting place. After a few feet a short traverse left leads to a good ledge and tree belay.

(2) 50 feet. Climb the wall above until it merges into a heathery glacis. Continue up this with care to the finish.

RAVEN CRAG

DELPHINUS 300 feet. Very severe. First ascent 26th February, 1956. D. Whillans, J. Smith. Starts up the vegetation to the foot of the rocks below the cave.

(1) 70 feet. Climb a bracken groove on the left to the cave. Then by shaly ledges across to the right-hand side of the cave, where two pitons can be seen in a steep glacis. Block belay.

(2) 65 feet. Slip a sling on to the second piton and pull round to the right to a resting place. Traverse left to the foot of a V-chimney (piton and runner under the overhang), up this to a niche, then traverse right to a grass ledge and spike belay.

(3) 130 feet. Up the steep wall at the back of the belay to a grass ledge 12 feet above. Traverse to the left-hand end and up a small groove to another grass ledge. Up this until large holds lead underneath an overhang (friable rock). Traverse left for 35 feet to a grass terrace. Up this to a chockstone belay behind a huge block.

(4) 35 feet. Climb straight up the groove above to the top.

DEEPDALE

HUTAPLE CRAG

AMPHITHEATRE 390 feet. Very severe. First ascent 15th August, 1955. A. D. Marsden, G. Batty. Starts at the foot of the water-worn slabs, below and to the left of the large amphitheatre situated centrally on the crag.

(1) 80 feet. Ascend the slabs until the rock steepens. A traverse is now made to the right into a shallow groove which is followed to a large grass ledge below a prominent overhang. Small flake belay on extreme right of ledge.

(2) 50 feet. Follow the wall above on good holds, then move to the left to a small ledge and doubtful belay in a crack.

(3) 70 feet. Move right across the steep wall and up through the obvious break in the overhang to a second large ledge. Piton belay advisable. A runner is available in the crack above the stance for the initial part of the pitch, two other runners afterwards, the last for line only.

(4) 70 feet. Make an awkward step into the groove on the left and continue to a large terrace.

(5) 90 feet. Climb the prominent rib on the left of the obvious gully above.

(6) 30 feet. Final pitch of Migraine.

KEY TO INITIALS.
S. R. Jackson.

IN MEMORIAM

WILSON BUTLER, 1906-1955

Wilson Butler, an original member of the Club, was Honorary Treasurer from 1915-1920 and Vice-President 1921-1923. He was an important member of the small team, brilliantly led by Herbert Cain, who negotiated the War Memorial transactions from 1919-1923. In addition to helping in the negotiations he carried out all the legal work on behalf of the Club in an honorary capacity; and this legal work was unusually difficult for it involved the conveying of land above a certain contour with a variation of that contour to exclude the top of Sty Head Pass. It must have been an exciting time for this small band when eventually agreement was reached after long and sometimes frustrating set backs, as the Club Minutes over these years show.

Butler was not a rock climber, but a great cross-country walker, and with his friend, Darwin Leighton, was welcomed in many a farm house in all parts of the district. But for an unfortunate disagreement, Butler would probably have been honoured with the Presidency, which office he would have filled with distinction.

He was educated at Lancaster Grammar School and Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he received his M.A. A good many years after leaving Cambridge he wrote a learned thesis on the Customs and Tenant-Right Tenures of the Furness District. As a result of this he was granted a distinction from the University—LL.M. He also wrote a thesis on the Ancient Fairs of Ravenglass, Dalton and Broughton-in-Furness. His knowledge of the Yeoman Farmers and their farms was profound. He was an intimate of Professor Collingwood and took a great interest in the archaeology and history of the Lake District. His other interests were fox hunting with Tommy Dobson, the famous hunter, and folk dancing.

Butler followed his father in the old established firm of Thomas Butler & Son, Solicitors, Broughton. He was steward of the Manor of Broughton and for many years Magistrates Clerk at Millom.

He married Miss Gunson, of the well-known Ulpha family, who predeceased him by two years. He was 86.

W. G. MILLIGAN.

G. W. WOOD-JOHNSON, 1926-1955

The untimely death of George Wood-Johnson at the age of 51 has robbed the Club of one of its outstanding personalities and most brilliant mountaineers, and with our deep sense of loss are associated many happy recollections of his buoyancy and enthusiasm.

After apprenticeship and other training in Lancashire, he was engineer and assistant manager of a tea estate for eleven years, and in 1938 joined that home of climbers, Vickers at Barrow.

Following the war — during which he was a platoon commander in the Home Guard, qualified as a glider pilot and trained mountain troops — he was appointed group engineer to the Atomic Energy Authority at Sellafield, where his spare time was spent in bringing up in the way they should go in the mountains, boys from St. Bees School where his son was a pupil. He had decided to accept a transfer to the new Atomic Station at Dounreay, Caithness, when he was stricken by the illness from which he died.

The foundations of George's life as a mountaineer were laid in the years 1920-24 when — usually in the company of one or both of his brothers — he gained a wide experience of camping and hill walking in Wales, Ireland, the Pennines and the Lakes. The inspiration for serious rock climbing can be attributed to the dedication ceremony of the Club's War Memorial in 1924.

When I met the brothers in 1926, they were working systematically through the list in G. Abraham's *British Mountain Climbs,* but George had already jumped the queue by leading Rib and Slab. I had the privilege of following him up and naming his first *new* climb, Prayer Mat Buttress. In that same year, on Cain's suggestion, the brothers went to Skye, where George led (amongst many others) Mallory's and Cioch Direct.

But his heart was set on bigger things and to get on to the next Everest expedition became an absorbing passion to which be was ready to devote his life. He had the good fortune, when in Eskdale in 1926, to meet Shebbeare, who was instrumental in getting him the appointment at Darjeeling (his departure from England was celebrated by a solo descent in the rain of Eagle's Nest Direct!). All the time his work would allow was devoted to preparing himself for the great day. He learnt Nepali, and spent all his leaves in the Sikkim Himalaya. His first triumph

came when he was selected as a British representative in Dyrenfurth's Kanchenjunga Expedition in 1930. He did excellent work and, but for an attack of illness due to poisoning, might well have shared Smythe's success on Jonsong Peak.

Finally in 1933 came the realisation of his highest ambition—Everest — and a few quotations from Ruttledge must suffice to deal with this phase. 'Wood-Johnson was like a schoolboy on holiday, and no wonder. For six long years he had prepared for this day.' 'Much of the transport work fell on Wood-Johnson who made a most gallant effort to conceal his growing illness from us.' 'Little did we think that poor Wood-Johnson's work on the mountain was finished, and that this strong, tremendously keen climber, on whom I had confidently counted to take part in the final assaults, was suffering from a gastric ulcer.'

What a man! What a friend! What a memory!

T. R. Burnett.

GEOFFREY ELIOT HOWARD, 1918-1956

Geoffrey Howard was the son of a mountaineer, and explored several unusual groups of mountains such as Sinai, the Sierra Morena, the Pyrenees, and the Selkirks. In addition he made several other visits to the Rockies, many to the Alps and the Highlands, and a few to the Lake District. He had a great affection for mountains, and loved to be among them. He never did spectacular climbs, nor anything on the rocks harder than the Slab and Notch, except an ascent of the Great Pyramid by a new route.

He was a most entertaining companion, with an ebullient sense of humour which never failed him even in his later years when racked by continual asthma. He regularly attended the annual dinner of our London Section, and if he spoke at it he kept everyone in fits of laughter. His knowledge of mountains was immense, and he was always keen on the promotion of good fellowship among climbers and their clubs. It is a pity that his business and his failing health (his cheerfulness never flagged) kept him from the fells of Lakeland during the last few years. We offer our sympathy to his wife and his three sons for the passing of a great-hearted lover of the mountains.

T. Howard Somervell.

WILSON H. HEY, 1925-1956

Wilson Hey was a well-known surgeon in Manchester, where he spent the whole of his professional life. His powers as a diagnostician and as a surgeon with the confidence to explore new methods of treatment were outstanding, and in this field he has left his mark and has undoubtedly contributed to the relief of suffering.

He had a life-long interest in mountaineering. I remember when I first met him, many years ago, and talked to him about the Rucksack Club, of which he was then president, he said that the quality they valued most in their members was a real love of mountains. He certainly loved mountains. Whether climbing, as he did, in many parts of Britain, or in the Alps, or talking of his adventures, or encouraging others to take up mountaineering, there was no doubt about that. He played a leading role in several of the mountaineering clubs, and was possibly at his best when taking part in the club life. He was a member of the Fell & Rock for thirty years, though most of his climbing activities were in Derbyshire and North Wales, and we did not see nearly so much of him in the Lake District as we should have liked.

It was, however, his great work in connection with mountain rescue that appealed most strongly to our members, for the Club has always taken a special interest in mountain rescue since the first attempts were made for its organisation. He was closely concerned with the setting up of the Mountain Rescue Committee and was its chairman for the last sixteen years of his life. Aid to those injured on the mountains while climbing or walking was a matter about which he felt deeply, and no one who sat on that committee could fail to be impressed with the sincerity of his personal feeling for those in need of this kind of help. The patient was always uppermost in his mind, whether the matter under discussion was the content of the first-aid equipment, improvements in the stretchers for use in mountainous country or the most strategic points for placing the equipment.

It was his conviction that everything should be done to make the journey off the mountain and on to hospital as comfortable as possible, and indeed to aid subsequent recovery, that led him to demand the use of morphia on the mountainside, if necessary by non-medical people. This he brought into operation on his own

responsibility since he could not get the agreement of the Home Office. Later, this gave rise to legal proceedings against him, which, while they resulted in a fine and costs, also gave the matter the publicity he desired. In the end the Home Office agreed to the issue of morphia to the supervisors of mountain rescue posts and to its use in the absence of doctors, the final responsibility for its issue being left to Wilson Hey or his deputy.

His appearance was striking and his bushy eyebrows and soft voice made an immediate impression on all who met him. Those who knew him well will always remember him as a man of great character and an individualist, but for those whose urge leads them to spend what time they can among mountains his name will for ever be associated with the organisation of mountain rescue and the paramount necessity for the relief of pain.

R. W. ELDRIDGE.

BERNARD Z. SIMPSON, 1933-1956

The death of B. Z. Simpson came to those who knew him as a sad and unexpected shock. B.Z., as he was known by his friends, returned to this district from the south of England where he had lived after leaving the service of the Westmorland County Council as their Treasurer.

B.Z. was an ardent Christian Scientist and was a man who had very individualistic views on life about which he was always ready to argue or discuss at length, but he also had a fervent love for the hills, particularly those of the Lake District. I spent many happy days walking or climbing with him; no matter what the state of the weather, he was always ready for a day on the fells. He was a competent climber, and enjoyed just as much leading a Severe with other climbers of similar ability as taking a beginner for the first time up a moderate.

He was Honorary Treasurer of the Club from 1944 to 1946, but relinquished the office when he moved to the South.

It is sad that ill health overtook him on his return to the Lakes, as he was delighted to be back among the hills again to enjoy perhaps not so much rock climbing, but fell walking and his photography in which he was extremely competent. His cheerful personality will be missed by all who knew him.

R. B. BERRY.

JOHN WILLIAM DIAMOND, 1936-1956

Jack Diamond died towards the end of February from the comparatively rare Hodgkinson's Disease in a hospital a hundred miles away from his beloved Lakeland hills. Tragically, he was only 45 years of age.

The hills meant everything to Jack and had done for thirty years. After service in the Middle East during the war he threw up his job and qualified as a school teacher so that he might be able to live a little nearer the mountains. And it seemed quite natural that he should come to live in Coniston where he and I and a handful of others had spent the happiest days of our youth. Jack and I went to school together and climbed and adventured together for thirty years, but I never remember him once losing his head or his temper. He was the most equable and kindly of men.

He started his collection of the Lakeland ' two thousanders ' while still at school, cataloguing his walks with characteristic thoroughness and, a few years later, I took him up his first rock climb. He had deliberately kept off climbing — ' until I know the hills properly.' Jack became a very sound rock climber, but his essential caution prevented him from reaching the top rank. He never once had an accident and he took part in a few first ascents on Dow Crag and Gimmer. Dozens of people must have learned to climb rocks safely under his patient care. He visited the Alps only once but Scotland many times. On one occasion he had to abandon a gallant solo attempt on the Coolin Ridge when near the end because of thirst on a scorchingly hot day.

Although Jack's home was on the outskirts of Coniston village, this was not as near to the fells as he wished, and much of his life and energy was devoted to the establishment of huts as far up the mountain sides as possible. He was at his happiest knocking some old shelter into shape or brewing mugs of tea for his friends in a wild, windswept bothy.

As youths, Jack and I, with seven other young men from the Furness district, established what I believe was the first climbing hut in the Lake District — a wooden shack on the shore of Coniston Water. Years later we all sold out our shares in the hut to Jack, but the ' Coniston Tigers ' — I think it was George Bower who first gave us the name — still holds its annual dinner. Jack was always the secretary, organiser and chief hut guardian,

and when the old hut was finally dismantled it was not long before he had secured another for himself — this time a miner's cottage above Church Beck.

Jack's third hut, above the former gunpowder hut on Coniston Old Man and facing the crags of his youth, was designed by him as a place where young people might learn from the mountains, but he died before he could finish it. Happily, it is being completed as a memorial to a kindly man who tried to pass on to others something of the great joy he had found in his homeland hills.

A. H. GRIFFIN.

E. H. BANKS	1909-1955
MRS. GILBERT-COOPER	1920-1956
H. C. HAINES	1922-1956
W. M. HUMPHREY	1928-1956
K. B. MILNE	1924-1955
A. WILDGOOSE	1930-1955
T. A. WOODSEND	1914-1955

After the *Journal* had gone to press we heard with great regret of the death of T. C. Ormiston-Chant, which occurred on 22nd July. We hope to print a memoir in our next issue. He retained a keen interest in the Club up to the end of his life, and was present at a meet at Coniston just before his last short illness. Of this meet the President writes:—

'How little did those of us who were at Coniston for the July meet think that within a few days our leader, the well-beloved original member, Ormiston-Chant, would be with us no more. The weather at Coniston was not very good, and Chant with his daughter and myself went up—with many stops out of respect for O-C's. breathlessness—to Goats Water. After halting there for our meal, we went on at a suitable speed to the cave, and above it to Dow Crag. Chant was out to go right along the foot of the rocks and look once again at the starts of all the climbs, and we did this for the southern half of the buttresses. I wonder if he knew it would be his last visit to the rocks where he had spent so many happy hours, and on which he had discovered one of the best of all the routes — *Arête, Chimney and Crack*. This little expedition may have hastened his end, but I am sure he felt it was worth it. He enjoyed every minute of that half-hour at the foot of the climbs.'

EDITOR'S NOTES

The Whitsuntide meet this year was notable in two respects, the gathering in the Salving House to welcome the President home, as recorded in 'Club Notes and Comments'; and the Committee's election of four Honorary Members to mark the jubilee year. Mrs. Dorothy Pilley Richards is the first lady member of the Club to be so honoured. As a mountaineer and traveller in many lands, and as a writer, she is widely known, but has throughout the years retained her affection for the Club and for Lakeland, and is assured of a warm welcome whenever she is able to visit us. The others, P. D. Boothroyd, F. Lawson Cook and C. F. Hadfield, are veterans who have all given sterling service to the Club over a long period and in diverse ways, but they have in common a devotion to the Club's welfare, full participation in its outdoor activities and social life, and an abiding regard for the fells and dales of the Lake country.

The attainment of a centenary or jubilee by an organisation such as our Club inevitably and properly causes a backward look over the years that have passed, and the contents of this number reflect this tendency. But, having celebrated the Jubilee with all the fervour and enjoyment that are its due, we must look forward again to the future, which is especially the heritage of the younger generation of members. Edward Scantlebury once said of the Club—' . . . it will last as long as there are hills left in the Lake District.' And this — in spite of Professor Monkhouse's rather sombre forecast on another page of the inevitable disintegration of the hills and filling up of the lakes—will be quite a long time!

When the founders of the Club gave it a name they eschewed such brief and general descriptions as were bestowed on some other clubs founded during the same decade — Climbers', Rucksack, Wayfarers'. Instead they chose a comprehensive title not only indicating with some precision the Club's intended activities —' Fell and Rock Climbing,' but the well-defined area in which its corporate life was centred—' the English Lake District.' (Fortunately, perhaps, we can use in conversation—and in song —a shortened version almost as concise as those of the kindred clubs referred to). The general design of this number of the Journal is based on the *Club* and the *District,* both in its literary and pictorial contents. Only does it go outside this framework where the reports of club proceedings and book reviews make it

necessary. During the whole of the Journal's existence members have told in it of their activities in many parts of these islands, and of their mountaineering exploits and adventures in every continent. An exception was made in the wonderful Lakeland number of 1936-7, edited by G. R. Speaker. Now again we turn to the domestic scene and the story of our Club, looking forward next year to a resumption of the more familiar pattern.

To those who have contributed to this number some of their treasured memories of the Fell and Rock, or of their knowledge and enjoyment of Lakeland through the ages up to the present day, I tender my thanks and appreciation. Their names appear in the foregoing pages, but I feel that special acknowledgement is due here to Frank Simpson for the immense amount of time and thought he has given to what he aptly describes as the 'constitutional and family history' of the Club, and for the lucid and readable way he has presented it in 'The First Fifty Years.' To other members I am much indebted for help and advice in ways too numerous to detail here. I should also like to acknowledge the close and continued interest the printers and those responsible for making the blocks have shown in the production of this number.

The present enthusiasm for colour photography — it was originally hoped to include a few plates in colour herein, but this proved too costly — seems to have curtailed the output of monochrome work, and few prints have been submitted by members other than those invited by the Editor to contribute. To these he is most grateful for sending an almost embarrassing profusion of subjects well worthy of reproduction, from which only a selection could be printed. In this a slight bias has been exercised in favour of the neighbourhood of Coniston — as the cradle of the Club, and for long very scantily represented in the Journal— and of the eastern fells, which have also hardly received their due. I am also grateful to W. Heaton Cooper for his fine drawing of Dow Crag made especially for this number, to Miss Joan Tebbutt for her tailpieces, which it is a pleasure to see once more, and to other members for valuable help and good counsel. (See also 'Notes on the Alan Craig Photographs' on page 335). The cost of blocks has kindly been contributed by J. C. Appleyard, Miss H. Boothroyd, T. R. Burnett, W. E. Kendrick, R. G. Plint and R. T. Wilson.

The preparation of this number has been clouded by two events. Early in the year I received from J. W. Diamond the draft of an article on Coniston, and in his letter he told me that he was returning to hospital in Manchester on the next day. He went on to suggest that parts of his article should be taken with a pinch of salt, and that it was written with the idea that a little controversy might be healthy. Unhappily he lived only a month longer. I have printed 'Nowt Caps Coniston' substantially as it was received, and have no doubt that it will be read in the spirit that it was written. Then in late July came the passing of T. C. Ormiston-Chant, who only a fortnight earlier had attended the Coniston meet, as recorded by the President on a previous page. Some months before he had agreed to let me have some early climbing reminiscences, but unfortunately these were not completed at the time of his death. Only a few days before this occurred I received two photographs he had taken at his last meet, and one of these is reproduced herein.

When the compilation of the list of 'Officers of the Club, 1906-1956' (printed at the beginning of this number) was put in hand, it soon became evident that some precise definition of 'officer' was needful. After consultation with a member deeply versed in the drafting and revision of the Club Rules, it was decided that Rule 3 in its present form should be taken as the basis. This Rule (and its predecessor Rule 2) has been modified from time to time, and prior to 1950 included at different periods Assistant Officers, specific or in general, in its scope. The appointment of these is now provided for in Rule 4.

To have included a complete and reliable list of Assistant Officers would have entailed considerable research, and to ask the Secretary and others, who had already spent a good deal of time in the matter, to undertake this did not seem justified. This does not signify any lack of appreciation of the valuable work Assistant Officers have done, and are doing, on behalf of the Club. As Editor I have first-hand evidence of this since the appointment of an Assistant a few years ago. The Club also owes much to others who do not come within the scope of Rule 3, the Trustees of Club Funds, the Editor and writers of the Guides, and members appointed for *ad hoc* purposes from time to time.

A study of the list of Officers referred to above will establish that the record for length of service in one office is held by Miss M. R. FitzGibbon, who has been Librarian for no less than twenty-one years. We venture to offer her our congratulations on this remarkable term. Probably a good many members do not realise what a fine library of mountaineering literature the Club possesses, and how much Miss FitzGibbon's expert knowledge and constant care have enhanced its value. In addition to the central collection she is also responsible for those housed in the Huts, etc., which are such an asset to visitors, especially during a summer like the present. It may be noticed that the account of 'The First Fifty Years' makes little reference to the Library, the author having received editorial advice that the subject was being dealt with in a separate article. Unfortunately this project did not mature, but perhaps the omission may be remedied in a future issue.

I think that it was about 1928 that the Club's Rule 2 was revised to include among its 'objects' the protection of the amenities of the District; but long before that it had shown a very lively concern in the subject. Many matters came under notice, the Styhead and other road projects, buildings in the dales, forestry, advertising and litter. On the more positive side there was the Club's own War Memorial. Later the pages of the Journal and Committee proceedings confirm the Club's preoccupation with 'guarding the sanctuary' and its support of the National Park movement. Quite recently the Club was represented at an enquiry of some importance in opposition to an industrial development in the heart of Eskdale.

The Royal Commission on Commons is at present sitting, and the matter is of great importance, not only to the farming community, but also to those who now enjoy the right of access to large areas of common land, and to whose interests enclosure on a larger scale would be very adverse. The whole subject is very complex, but those who desire a clear and interesting exposition of the problems involved, especially in the Lake District, will find it in the written evidence tendered to the Commission by the *Friends of the Lake District,* which is printed in full in the Society's Annual Report for 1956.

When our member, the Rev. H. H. Symonds, retired from the chairmanship of the 'Friends' last year, the Club Committee

conveyed to him its warm appreciation of the work he had done over so many years in preserving the beauty of the Lake District. Since then Mr. Symonds has also retired from the Lake District Planning Board, on which he had served since its formation. Happily we can be assured that this easing of responsibilities, so long shouldered, in no way indicates any lessening of the single-minded devotion H. H. Symonds has given to the cause of 'beauty, seemliness and orderliness' (as the 'amenities' have recently been described) in the Lake District. No man has done more in the endeavour to preserve the beauty of its fells and dales for posterity, and in preventing the blight of 'sub-topia' from invading its villages and sullying its lakes.

Like the Fell and Rock, the Wayfarers' Club is celebrating its Jubilee this year. One of our original members, Dr. G. Barlow, has in his possession several letters he received from the late George Seatree towards the end of 1906. In one of these (which he kindly permits me to quote) dated 17th November, 1906, the writer mentions that—'Last week I attended a meeting at the Liverpool University at which a local C.C. was formed with an old Cumbd. climber, Prof. Wilberforce, as first President . . .' So the Wayfarers can perhaps claim seniority by a few days! However that may be, the two Clubs have a special community of interest as neighbours at Raw Head and in many personal ways, and our members will hope for its continuance for many years to come.

Just as these notes were ready for the printers the news came of the sudden death, on 27th August, of Dr. T. R. Burnett, at the age of seventy-nine. Throughout the Club's history few can have been accorded in fuller measure the affection and regard of their fellow members. But, while we mourn his passing and will sorely miss his genial presence at our gatherings and wise counsel in our affairs, we can be glad that his end came in the way he would have wished, and amongst the hills he loved. A full tribute must needs be held over to the next Journal; but, as these will be my last 'Editor's Notes,' perhaps I may say how much I owe to T.R.B. during the time I have been Editor, both for his early interest and encouragement, and for the help and advice he gave so readily right up to the end.

W. GEOFFREY STEVENS.

August, 1956.

ANNUAL DINNER, 1955

A. H. Griffin

The Annual General Meeting and Dinner of 1955 had about them much of the atmosphere, if not of the calm before the storm, certainly of the calm before the Jubilee celebrations. The Jubilee President (Dr. Howard Somervell), being in India, was unable to be present, but was stated to be among us in spirit. Original Member Ormiston-Chant announced that after great research he and others with the matter at heart were satisfied that 1956 was, in fact, the Jubilee year of the Club.

Much of the business of the A.G.M. was taken up with the alteration of one or two of the Rules, and the addition of a new one dealing with temporary membership. Lawson Cook stated that the deliberations over these matters had taken two years and that A. B. Hargreaves and F. H. F. Simpson had been primarily involved. At times it looked rather like the splitting of hairs, but we were assured that the alterations were really quite important and, in effect, enabled the Club to have more control over all people using the Club huts. In the end the alterations were all approved without a dissentient voice.

H. P. Spilsbury, who occupied the chair, and J. R. Files were thanked for their services as Vice-Presidents, R. G. Plint and W. E. Kendrick were welcomed in their place and the work during the year of the other officers (notably the Honorary Secretary) were praised. A reminder of the existence of the Mount Everest Foundation, which in certain circumstances can make grants for approved exploration and mountaineering work abroad, concluded the business of the meeting.

The Royal Oak Hotel, Keswick, was again crowded for the Annual Dinner, and once again all the diners could not be accommodated in the main room, although everyone was present for the speeches. Spilsbury had been promoted from the entertainers' table to the presidential chair, where he seemed equally at home.

Charles Evans, leader of the successful Kangchenjunga expedition and one of its members, John Jackson, were the principal guests. Proposing the toast of the Club, Evans referred to his previous visits to the Lake District, notably his first in 1942 when he walked over from Langdale to Brackenclose and enjoyed some of the finest days in the hills he could ever remember. On a recent visit to Langdale he and George Band had been accompanied in their car by two Sherpas. Without them they would have been in difficulty, for not only had one of the Sherpas to show them where the hut was, but the other had to find the key and indicate how to turn on the calor gas. He hoped to be able to do better than this in future and visit Lakeland more regularly. At the same time he urged Fell & Rock climbers to visit Wales more often; it might be a foreign country with, perhaps, rather primitive habits, but was a wonderful place for climbing. Evans delighted us with some stories of Kangchenjunga and afterwards, but skilfully avoided being serious for very long.

In his reply the Chairman, who described himself rather disparagingly as 'the odd sock,' assured us that the Club was as active as ever, with the usual crop of new climbs — some of them climbable — and good atten-

dances at meets, particularly the New Year meet, which was beginning to look like a Blackpool conference.

The Scottish meet was also becoming 'over-subscribed.' He thought that some of us were inclined to overlook the fact that probably a majority of our members were more concerned with fell walking than rock climbing. 'It is arguable,' he continued, 'that the person who can find his way over rough, intricate fell country in all sorts of weather, may be just as much a mountaineer as the man who goes up all kinds of impossible routes. I do not wish in any way to decry the delights of rock climbing, but it is not perhaps the whole cheese.'

After congratulating Stevens on his excellent *Journal*, Spilsbury referred to the pride they all felt in the recent achievements of two of our members, John Jackson and Alf Gregory. He thought that much of the success of the Kangchenjunga expedition had been due to Charles Evans having fitted men from so many different walks of life into such a happy and splendid team. Sir John Hunt had described the ascent as 'one of the greatest mountaineering feats ever accomplished.' The youngest member of the party, on the other hand, thought it was 'just a hard, ruddy plug!'

We all applauded the presence at the dinner of three original members —George Abraham, Ormiston-Chant and Jonathan Stables. 'The feats which these old members accomplished,' said Spilsbury, 'were just as remarkable in their day as any carried out now. Every year the standard is pushed higher and higher and some of us wonder where it will end.'

The toast of 'Guests and Kindred Clubs' was proposed by Gregory, who, after one or two cracks at his old Everest colleague, Evans, congratulated him and Jackson most heartily on 'a great show.'

While welcoming the official guests of the Club, Gregory also noted the presence at the dinner among the rank and file at the lower tables of another 'Everester'—Mike Westmacott. H. R. C. Carr, President of the Climbers' Club, replied benignly on behalf of the guests.

The entertainment was provided by John Hirst and Lawson Cook, the latter deputising for the 'odd sock' presiding over the gathering. Before we went away to talk with friends, Mrs. Spilsbury, in thanking Mr. Beck and his staff, reported that there had been 316 of us to dinner — almost a record number.

A cold wind failed to damp our spirits on the Sunday and scores were out on the crags and fells enjoying the autumn sunshine. After tea Charles Evans delighted us by showing part of the Kangchenjunga film; although it may not always have been perfect photography (how could it be under such circumstances?) it demonstrated as no 'stills' could, how evil the wind can be at high altitudes, whipping up the powder snow to sear the flesh and making life almost unbearable. It was certainly no picnic on Kangchenjunga!

THE CONQUEROR OF KANCHENJUNGA.

When Charles was but a tiny lad, he loved the open spaces.
He used to make his parents sad by going to distant places.
He always shunned publicity, for he is no lime-light monger,
But he can't avoid it now that he has conquered Kanchenjunga.

Although we were impressed, ha! ha!
By his work on Everest, ha! ha!
We hardly dared to hope that his genius could cope
With the conquering of Kanchenjunga.

As a surgeon of the highest skill, Hunt thought he'd picked a winner,
When selecting Charles as the one to kill a beast to be cooked for dinner.
When he failed, George Lowe, who was in the know, averted the pangs of hunger,
Charles hadn't got the knack of butchering a yak, tho' he's conquered Kanchenjunga.

When he shot it through the brain, ha! ha!
It wandered off again, ha! ha!
'It's a sovereign to a penny that the creature hasn't any.'
Said the conqueror of Kanchenjunga.

He's a lad who knows just when to stop—the line of least resistance.
So his henchmen did not reach the top, though within spitting distance.
To the Sikkimese he'd had to state, — in his cheek he had his tongue, ah!
That none of them would desecrate the summit of Kanchenjunga.

The saintly Sikkimese ha! ha!
Are very hard to please ha! ha!
So they stopped, we know, six feet below
The summit of Kanchenjunga.

May Charles's climbing days be long, that lad so lion-hearted.
No doubt he'll still be going strong, long after we've departed.
But there'll come a time for his final climb, for alas! he grows no younger,
And he'll have to go alone and do it on his own — so different from Kanchenjunga.

And they will not make him stop, ha! ha!
Six feet below the top, ha! ha!
For be sure, the son of Evan will be welcomed up in Heaven,
Which is higher than Kanchenjunga.

J.H.

Sung by John Hirst at the Annual Dinner on 29th October, 1955.

CLUB NOTES AND COMMENTS

The large gathering of the Club in Borrowdale at Whitsuntide, 1956, provided an ideal opportunity for welcoming the President home from India, and a most enjoyable tea-party was held at the Salving House on Whit Sunday. After Mr. P. D. Boothroyd, ably assisted by the Vice-Presidents, had expressed the great pleasure felt by the Club at having the President in England again, the assembled company did full justice to the excellent tea prepared by the Salving House residents. For the superb iced cake decorated with a sugar replica of the Fell and Rock badge we were indebted to Edward Wormell, whose culinary skill, almost startling in a schoolmaster, tempts one to suggest that he should be given official status as Club Confectioner.

Every year a number of crag-fast sheep owe their lives to climbers and two recent rescues deserve particular mention here. In January, 1956, Harry Griffin received the R.S.P.C.A.'s silver medal and a citation certificate for rescuing two sheep from Whitbarrow Scar in March, 1955, and in May this year the Keswick Mountain Rescue Team, in the person of Rusty Westmorland, was concerned for several hours in saving two ewes marooned on Honister Crag. We are delighted to congratulate Rusty on having led Eagle's Nest Direct shortly after celebrating his seventieth birthday.

In 1956 the attraction of Antarctica for Fell and Rock members was greater than ever. Donald Atkinson is completing his second year with the Falkland Islands Dependencies' Survey and is reported to have derived so much enjoyment from sea bathing in high latitudes that he has signed on for a third year. Ron Miller and John Thompson joined the Survey team early this year and John was on H.M.S. Protector when she went to the help of the ice-bound Trans-Antartic Expedition ship, Theron. George Spenceley and Tom Price left England in August, 1955, with the third and final South Georgia Expedition and returned in May having helped in charting 95% of this sub-Antarctic island. According to a *Manchester Guardian* report dated November, 1955, John Bechervaise is the officer in charge of the Australian Antarctic base at Mawson and is the leader of a prospecting expedition into a mountain range which is said to rise to 10,000 feet 300 miles inland over the Antarctic plateau.

N. E. Odell, after a number of years in New Zealand (as Professor of Geology at Otago University), has returned to this country. He travelled by way of Hawaii (for its volcanoes), the States and Canada. His present address is Clare College, Cambridge.

Bentley Beetham has continued his tour of the mountain ranges of the world. Five days was the period allotted to Chile on a voyage whose culminating interest was the sight of a penguin 'rookery' in the Falkland Islands, but with the help of members of the local Alpine Club, of which he was made an honorary member, he managed to set foot on the Andes. He says feelingly that the seventeen hour car-ride (this was the time occupied by the journey there and back) to the high pass whence the party proceeded on foot, was the most exciting part of the expedition. From North America comes news that John Wharton, now resident in

Alabama, has had excellent climbing in Colorado on the granite of the East face of Long's Peak.

Harry and Ruth Spilsbury enjoyed an unusual summer holiday in the Lofoten Islands where the pleasures to be derived from the mountains and the sea can be combined. It was a return pilgrimage for Harry, and everything came up to expectations except the weather. Those who stayed in the British Isles certainly made the best choice for the summer of 1955.

Largely owing to bad weather, nothing outstanding was accomplished by Club members in the Alps; in the conditions prevailing John Wilkinson's party found the Rochefort Arête a more formidable undertaking than routes of a technically much higher standard in a normal season.

In March there was again what might be called an unofficial Fell and Rock Ski Meet at Solden, and in April a small group of keen skiers made an enjoyable traverse of the High Level Route from Argentière to Saas-Fee. Jack Blackshaw, who learnt to ski at the age of seventy (or thereabouts), has decided that there is something to be said for breaking a leg, provided that it is arranged for the last day of the holidays and that it happens in Norway. The pleasure of being looked after by charming nurses is then followed by de luxe travel, with everyone, from the ship's captain to the railway porters, combining to ensure the victim's every comfort. To make certain of being in good form for next season's skiing he has enthusiastically taken up roller skating.

Last, but by no means least, it is a great pleasure to express the Club's good wishes to Ruth Langford and Harry Ironfield who were married in Borrowdale on 1st September.

M.L.F.

LONDON SECTION, 1955

Although rather fewer walks have been held this year, they have generally been well attended and continue to be popular with members of the London Section. These walks are, in fact, the main activity throughout the year, and are a very pleasant way of keeping contact in a rather scattered membership around London and in the Home Counties. It is believed also that these walks do play some part in keeping legs and muscles in trim for the mountains and fells. Anyhow, although varying in length and roughness of walking, they are never mere strolls and road walking is eschewed. Our thanks are due to those members who are willing to lead walks regularly and who take so much trouble to prospect interesting routes. We also hope and believe that during the coming year we shall have some new leaders to replace those who, for one reason or another, have had to give up.

The first 'event' of 1955 was a working party arranged by Mrs. Garrod to sort and prepare material for the Brackenclose rug. Those who went to Harpenden will wish to thank her for her hospitality on that cold February day. But she and her band of helpers put in a great deal of work over many weeks, the result of which can be seen at Brackenclose, where the rug arrived in time for Easter.

On 27th February M. N. Clarke, on a very bright day, led from Clandon along the Wey towpath to Guildford. Between Send and Guildford this little river, together with its backwaters and lock-cuts, offers many surprises and made an interesting route to follow. A month later on 27th March we were again lucky with the weather for a splendid round led by J. E. L. Clements from Watford in the Chiltern country. This time we had the charming little rivers of the Colne and Chess as companions on our way to the Chiltern ridges. The annual joint walk with the London Section of the Rucksack Club on 24th April started from Woking with rough walking over the sandy Chobham ridges. The day was again bright and clear and we had magnificent views across the heather. Tea was at the Wheatsheaf at Virginia Water.

In May, Stella Joy led us through the Valley Gardens in Windsor Great Park when the shrubs and flowers, including the numerous species of bog plants, were at their best. The rhododendrons were also very lovely. No scaling of any of the old monuments, in which the park abounds, was attempted but we were all very ready for tea, again kindly provided by Stella Joy, at Windsor.

A walk had been arranged for 5th June, to be led by Ian Clayton from Lewes, but had to be cancelled because of the rail strike. In July Sir Edwin and Lady Herbert again kindly invited us to Blackheath and R. Tyssen-Gee led the walk on a real scorcher of a day, so that the party were glad to subside into the comfort of deck chairs in Sir Edwin's cool and fragrant garden, after crossing the sandy wastes of Blackheath.

In October M. N. Clarke was to have led us from Horsley but was prevented by illness and the necessity for an urgent operation (from which we are very glad to say he has now completely recovered), so the Walks Secretary deputised for him. It was a day of low cloud which somewhat dulled the splendour of the autumn tints in the great woods above Shere. This walk was notable in that the leader was armed with a special permit to walk through the park of Hatchlands, a property of the National Trust,

only open to the public on Wednesdays. We were thus saved a considerable amount of road walking to reach our destination and tea at Horsley, and the park was well worth visiting.

13th November was the date of Ian Clayton's walk postponed from June and, in spite of the lateness of the season, we had a refreshing walk on the Sussex Downs on a day of cloud shadows and gleams of autumn sunlight sweeping the high bare downs. We were able to lunch in the shelter of a haystack, carved into convenient niches in which the walkers could ensconce themselves in a most comfortable way. The downland villages of Kingston and Telscombe, nestling in the protective folds of the hills, were very attractive as also the walk along the cliffs above Newhaven, reached through a maze of brambles in which some members were nearly submerged. Newhaven may be an important port, but was quite unable to provide tea for a hungry party of walkers on a November Sunday afternoon, so a convenient train took us back to Lewes where the leader's kilt proved irresistible in getting us tea!

The last walk of the year, and the only wet one, was the 'Dinner' walk on 11th December, led by the Walks Secretary from Leatherhead. We were particularly pleased to have with us Romaine and Elizabeth Hervey who had come up from Cambridge for the dinner. It was as hilly a walk as the leader could find from Mickleham Downs by the greasy chalk slide to the Headley Road, up again to Juniper Top and Box Hill, down again to Burford Bridge (lunch), up again to Ranmore, down to Tanners Hatch and finally up and over Fetcham Downs to Bookham and Leatherhead, where we were all glad to be greeted by a roaring fire at Ye Olde Rising Sun.

Our annual meeting and dinner was held at the Connaught Rooms on 10th December, with Dr. Hadfield in the Chair. The Section would not seem complete without him. The 'business' was disposed of with the usual alacrity and at nine o'clock we drank the time-honoured toast of 'Absent Friends.' We were delighted to welcome as guests Basil Goodfellow (Alpine Club), P. Turner (Imperial College Mountaineering Club), Alan Deane (Rucksack Club), J. A. G. Emery (Oxford University Mountaineering Club), and Miss F. M. Wilkie from our own Club. The toast of the guests was proposed by Graham Wilson and Basil Goodfellow replied in a delightful speech. Miss Wilkie also recited some of her poems, which brought a breath of the fells to the Connaught Rooms. In all it was voted a most successful evening.

R. A. TYSSEN-GEE.
E. W. HAMILTON.

OFFICERS OF THE LONDON SECTION, 1920-1956

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1947-56 R. A. TYSSEN-GEE.

Walks Secretary:
1947-56 E. W. HAMILTON.