

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

Vol. 2.

NOVEMBER, 1910.

No. 1.

LIST OF OFFICERS

For the Season 1910-1911.

President :

W. CECIL SLINGSBY, F.R.G.S., A.C.

Vice-Presidents :

COLIN B. PHILLIP, R.W.S.
EDW. H. P. SCANTLEBURY.

Honorary Editor of Journal :

WILLIAM T. PALMER.

Honorary Treasurer :

ALAN CRAIG, B.A.I.

Honorary Librarian :

CHARLES GRAYSON.

Joint Honorary Secretaries :

CHARLES GRAYSON.
ALAN CRAIG, B.A.I.

Members of the Committee :

A. P. ABRAHAM.
L. J. OPPENHEIMER.
C. H. OLIVERSON.
A. R. THOMSON.
G. D. ABRAHAM.

W. B. BRUNSKILL.
G. E. T. THORPE.
S. HAMILTON GORDON.
G. F. WOODHOUSE, M.A.

Honorary Members :

WILLIAM CECIL SLINGSBY, F.R.G.S.
W. P. HASKETT-SMITH, M.A.
CHARLES PILKINGTON, J.P.
PROF. J. NORMAN COLLIE, Ph.D., F.R.S.
GEOFFREY HASTINGS.
PROF. L. R. WILBERFORCE, M.A.
GEORGE D. ABRAHAM.
CANON H. D. RAWNSLEY, M.A.
GEORGE B. BRYANT.
REV. J. NELSON BURROWS, M.A.
GODFREY A. SOLLY.
HERMANN WOOLLEY.

RULES.

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

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

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

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

5.—All candidates for membership must be proposed and seconded by members of the Club, and will be elected subject to the approval of the Committee.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY LAKELAND MOUNTAINEERING.

BY GEORGE SEATREE.

“If you ax whoar ah cum frae ah’l say the Fell seyde,
Whoar Fadder and Mudder and honest fwoak beyde.”

It may interest my younger climbing friends to hark back with me to the time—only a few decades ago—when their favourite sport was unknown and unthought of by most people dwelling in and frequenting the Lakeland counties. My endeavour will be to recall by means of old notes, records, and memories, the remarkable and gratifying evolution in local mountaineering which has occurred even within my own rambling and scrambling years. The crass ignorance, indifference and inaction regarding our beautiful mountain group which prevailed down to the closing quarter of the nineteenth century contrast strangely with the active, increasing interest and knowledge of to-day.

In the making of mountain lovers it may be that heredity and environment are not after all without their influence. My forbears were born, lived and strove for their being high up on the Pennine range right behind bleak old Crossfell, in or near the old mining town of Alston. My birthplace lay midway between those eastern “Fellsides” and the Cumbrian group, within sight of Helvellyn, Blencathra, and an easy evening’s walk of Ullswater. Thus one’s earliest visions were familiarised with fell-girt views, and one’s most youthful rambles were always overshadowed by hills.

A favourite haunt in the very earliest days was the hill composed of red freestone overshadowing my native town of “Peerith.” I refer to the Beacon Hill, with its rich covering of fir and pine woods capped by the old “Beacon” tower erected on the spot where in bygone times the bale-fires were lit to warn the people of the approach of Scottish raiders.

It is a magnificent view point for so moderate an altitude. It is, however, the western background to the landscape which is the gem of the picture. The glorious panorama of the Lakeland mountains from Skiddaw to High Street and particularly the peaks surrounding the head of Ullswater reaches easily the point of grandeur. This was my first mountain view, and on casual visits to the good old border town it is still a joy to wander along Beaconside and—by kind permission of the Earl of Lonsdale—through the glades of the scented pine woods to the “Pike” for an exhilarating reminder of many happy hours spent there in the distant but unforgotten past. The south eastern prospect covers a long stretch of the Eden Valley and the Pennine range culminating in Crossfell. Crossfell is the centre of that strange and dreaded phenomenon the Helm Wind,* whose destructive effects in the valleys below suggested to former generations an alternative title for the mountain. It was designated Fiends’ Fell owing to the common belief that evil spirits abode in its wild recesses. Northward, on a clear day, “Merrie Carlisle” and the hills on the Scottish border are easily discernible.

The first peak I remember “bagging” was Little Mell Fell, a green round-topped hill overlooking the lower reach of

* A description of this phenomenon collated from observations made by the Rev. John Watson of Cumrew, and others, shows that the places most subject to it are Milburn, Kirkland, Ousby, Melmerby, and Gamblesby. Sometimes when the atmosphere is quite settled, hardly a cloud to be seen, and not a breath of wind stirring, a small cloud appears on the summit of the mountain, and extends itself to the north and south; the Helm is then said to be on, and in a few minutes the wind is blowing so violently as to break down trees, overthrow stacks, occasionally blow a person from his horse, or overturn a horse and cart. When the wind blows, the Helm seems violently agitated; yet, on descending the fell and entering it, there is not much wind. Sometimes, a Helm forms and goes off without a wind; and there are easterly winds without a Helm. The open space between the Helm and Bar varies from eight or ten to thirty or forty miles in length, and

Ullswater. As near as the date can be recalled the mature mountaineering age of ten had then (1860) been reached.

Not many years afterwards, a coterie of congenial spirits joined me for a ridge ramble across Barton Fell and Ravencrag to the summit of Swarthfell (1,832 feet), overlooking Howtown on the southern shore of Ullswater. The walk afforded the party intense enjoyment and fine views of the lake and the western fells. During the ramble we discovered Swarthbeck Ghyll, a local ravine of some note. In its course there is a pretty cascade and one or two easy pitches for climbing. Many years afterwards, I think in the early 'eighties, the late J. W. Robinson came from Lorton to visit Swarthbeck with me for the completion of the climb, and we were joined, on the occasion, by Mr. Geoffrey Hastings, who was staying in the locality.

Before leaving the "Imperial Lake of Patterdale," a rare and significant experience may be recalled if my readers will excuse the digression. During a severe frost in January and February, 1879, my old friends, Miss Annie Westmorland—now Mrs. Walter Brunskill—and T. W. Vipond, of Penrith, accompanied me to Ullswater, and we skated the entire length of the lake (nine miles) and back—an achievement, perhaps, some would consider more youthful than prudent.

from half a mile to four or six miles in breadth; it is of an elliptical form, as the Helm and Bar are united at the ends.

The best explanation of this very interesting and remarkable phenomenon is given in the following observations of Dr. T. Barnes of Carlisle:—

"The air or wind from the east ascends the gradual slope of the eastern side of the Pennine chain or Cross-Fell range of mountains, to the summit of Cross-Fell, where it enters the Helm or Cap, and is cooled to a low temperature; it then rushes forcibly down the abrupt declivity of the western side of the mountain into the valley beneath, in consequence of the valley being of a warmer temperature, and this constitutes the Helm Wind."

"The sudden and violent rushing of the wind down the ravines and crevices of the mountains occasions the loud noise that is heard."

Reverting to the earlier years. On a subsequent autumn Saturday another promising party was organised for the second ascent of Swarthfell. All eager for a glorious mountain ramble, a start was made from Penrith in bright weather. Somewhere above Winder Hall one of the scouts of the expedition reported the discovery of nuts in an adjoining wood. Alas, a fatal discovery! Divided counsels were soon apparent, and in the end the nut-loving mutineers carried the day. The brown hazels proved too much for the subordination urged by the leader.

I remember it was always difficult to obtain companions in those early beginnings of local mountain rambling. Recruits were tried one after another, but soon fell away. To find a comrade willing to spend a whole day on the hills was a great rarity, many being persuaded from the venture or prevented by fear of parental displeasure.

Two excursions on the Pennine range in the mid 'sixties served to keep the lamp burning, because of the memorable clear views they afforded of the fine vale of Eden from different ends. One was the ascent of Wild Boar Fell (2,323 feet) in Mallerstang; the other, Hartside (2,040 feet), traversed by the high road from Penrith to Alston.

Years before it was tackled Helvellyn loomed large in the imagination as an objective. It seemed a tremendous undertaking and a prize goal to aim for, that long-backed summit—the highest within our daily ken.

Two attempts to reach the summit of Helvellyn for sunrise effects stand out in my recollection. The first, about the year 1867, was made from Troutbeck, on the C., K. and P. Railway. The hostelry there was left about midnight after a day of good weather. The journey ended in dire disappointment and misery. Proceeding by Dockray we reached Dowthwaite Head, when the weather broke suddenly and badly, a thick mist being followed by a cold heavy rain and darkness. Somewhere about Hart Side we got lost, and several hours were spent in waiting and wandering until

daybreak, when, half frozen and wet to the skin, we found ourselves in Glencoin Valley.

The second attempt, some years later, was more successful, and left vivid and delightful memories. Our base on that occasion was Legburthwaite Mill, in St. John's Vale, the home of Mr. Stanley, an old miller friend, who farmed his land and ground batches of corn for his neighbours. Mr. Stanley entertained us royally until midnight, when we left the mill under the kindly guidance of his son Jonathan, who was keen to join us. Our aged host extended his blessing in the following words:—"Did ivver any body ken o' sec a wild gees chess? Ye mun be takkin' leave o' yer senses to start up 't fell this time o' neet." We scrambled up Stanah Ghyll, across the Sticks Pass, and over Raise, along the ridge to the summit. The weather was favourable, not brilliantly clear, but fine enough for our purpose, the way being fitfully brightened by a waning moon. It is difficult to recall exact impressions at this distance of time, but there was great satisfaction at the scenic reward afforded us for the discomforts entailed. We reached the top an hour too early, and the cold was just sufficient to render the delay irksome. The sky to the eastward at sunrise was partially clouded, but the alternating lights enhanced the weird effects, to observe which a night's rest had been sacrificed. The striking memory of the experience was the sun-tinged tops of innumerable peaks and ranges, ever changing with the fitful passage of the clouds, whilst the valleys still retained their darkness and haze.

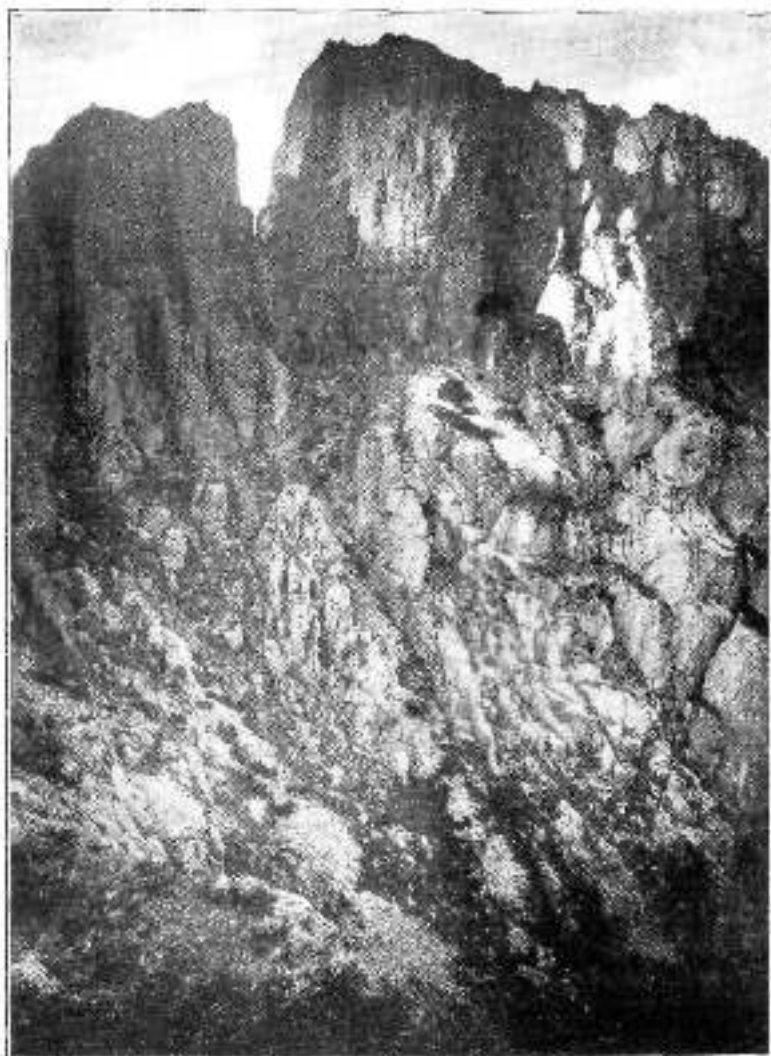
After Striding Edge on Helvellyn the nearest approach by local pioneer rambles to rock climbing was the passage of Sharp Edge on Blencathra. Saddleback—as Cumbrians generally term the mountain—is a very prominent feature of the landscape from all the Penrith countryside, and the Sharp Edge route was a favourite ascent in those pre-rock climbing days. Many a southern visitor enjoyed this exhilarating day's mountaineering with me before the advent of the keener climbing times which

were then so near. The route generally taken by the men from the east was by rail to Troutbeck, thence by Scales Farm up between the fell of that name and Souter Fell,* or by following the Glenderamackin Stream around by Mungrisdale and so on to Sharp Edge, the ridge to the right of Scales Tarn. There is scarcely any difficulty to an ordinary pedestrian, but in March, 1873, a party of us ascended when the first part of the steep slope from the Edge to the summit was snow and ice-covered. In those days there were no ice-axes or ropes used, and in fact we came very close to a serious accident by reason of the conditions.

Having exhausted the mild ascents of the Ullswater District, Blencathra, etc., a strong yearning set in for some fresh fields for the exercise of those mountaineering propensities which were becoming apparent. The views of the wilder western

***SOUTER FELL.**—This mountain is celebrated in local history as having several times been the scene of those singular aerial phenomena known as mirages. A tradition of a spectral army having been seen marching over these mountains had long been current in the neighbourhood, and this remarkable exhibition was actually witnessed in the years 1735, 1737, and 1745, by several independent parties of the dalesmen; and, as may well be supposed, excited much attention in the north of England, and long formed a subject of superstitious fears and wonder in the surrounding district. A sight so strange as that of the whole side of the mountain appearing covered with troops, both infantry and cavalry, who after going through regular military evolutions for more than an hour, defiled off in good order, and disappeared over a precipitous ridge on the summit, was sure to be the subject of much speculation and inquiry.

The accepted explanation of this appearance now is, that on the evenings in question, the rebel Scotch troops were performing their military evolutions on the west coast of Scotland, and that by some peculiar refraction of the atmosphere their movements were reflected on this mountain. Phenomena similar to these were seen near Stockton-on-the-Forest, in Yorkshire, in 1792; in Harrogate on June 28th, 1812, and near St. Neot's, in Huntingdonshire, in 1820. Tradition also records the tramp of armies over Helvellyn, on the eve of the battle of Marston Moor.—*Lays and Legends of the English Lake Country.*



C. P. Abrahams & Son,

Norwich.

EAST SIDE OF THE PILLAR ROCK.

mountains from Helvellyn, Skiddaw, etc., had whetted the appetite for more and grander peaks to conquer.

In the early 'seventies it was my good fortune to become associated with Stanley Martin, a native of Under Skiddaw, then resident in Penrith. He was a keen lover of the fells, a wiry and untiring pedestrian, good for almost any distance over any type of country. Together we took counsel, and being equally keen to try our luck among the crags, we pondered over the vague and mythical stories about the "Pillar Stone" in Ennerdale, and "Mickledore Chasm" on Scafell, as they were then termed. Guide books, ancient and modern, were eagerly scanned for information, but in vain. There was none to be obtained. A report reached us that some local friends, the Westmorland Brothers and Miss Westmorland, had actually scaled the Pillar. The rumour was verified in the columns of a local newspaper, in which the party published a clever rhyming account of their intrepid exploit. We determined on a reconnoitring expedition, and Good Friday, 1874, the one and only day available, found us leaving Penrith at 7 a.m. for Keswick, *en route* to find out for ourselves all we could of the terrible Mickledore Chasm—whatever that might be—and the whereabouts and character of the Ennerdale Pillar Stone. Much was crowded into those memorable twelve hours. In good weather we tramped by Derwentwater, Borrowdale, Sty Head Pass, and Esk Hause to the summit of Scafell Pike, our enthusiasm increasing with every foot of the way. Mickledore *Chasm* we found to be the ridge connecting Scafell Pike with Scafell, and dividing Wasdale from Eskdale. We crossed the narrow neck, scanned with care the wall of cliffs barring our progress westward, and agreed upon trying to surmount the difficulties when time and opportunity permitted. Down by what is now known as Hollow Stones and Brown Tongue, we scurried to the Huntsman's Inn at Wasdale Head, then kept by Auld Will and Dinah Ritson. There was not much time for resting that

day. After a hurried luncheon we bade adieu to the inn and its occupants, crossed Black Sail Pass into Ennerdale, and from Scarf Gap Pass viewed the rugged and steep northern side of the Pillar and its Mountain.

Yes, there it was to our intense interest, but more like some vast cathedral pile than a "pillar stone." The famous rock was not for us that day, but we had located the stronghold. Over the summit of Scarf Gap we plodded down to Buttermere, scampered on to the village for a hurried tea at the "Fish," and then tramped through Newlands to Keswick, where we arrived in time to catch the 8 o'clock train for Penrith.

In the autumn of the same year several days of a brief respite from business were devoted to the extension of our knowledge of the mountainous region around Great Langdale and Wasdale Head. The Scafell Crags and the fame of the Pillar Rock drew us like a loadstone.

Mainly from an old diary I cull the following particulars:—

On September 11th we journeyed by train to Threlkeld, the starting point of our tour. The weather had been of the worst for days, and the black, heavy, ominous clouds which studded the western sky as we trudged through the lovely vale of St. John, threatened more of the "worst," and it came in due time. Thirlmere Lake was not then a Manchester reservoir. It was the old-time romantic sheet of water, with the quaint pathway and bridges which had been our route across the Lake to Armboth Fell, Watendlath, and Keswick on many a merry ramble. Those ancient foot bridges are now several fathoms deep below the surface of the Lake. By the old road close to the Lake we trudged towards "Wythburn's Modest House of Prayer," on past the cairn of Dunmail, last King of Pictish Cumberland, through charming Grasmere and Rydal, the romantic and classical "Poets' Corner" of the Lake District. Ambleside was reached during a pitiless downpour.

The old Lakeland town wore a sleeper aspect in those days



East.

BEACON PIKE, PENRITH.

West.



Front.

AMBLESIDE MARKET CROSS.

Old Street.

and had not long removed its ancient Market Cross to make way for the modern Mechanics' Institute. Stock Ghyll Waterfall was in great spate and a fine sight. The nine miles' trudge from Ambleside to the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, our haven for the night, was accomplished through a blinding gale and a rainstorm more like a cloudburst. The mountain rills were transformed into foaming torrents, the roads in places impassable and Dungeon Ghyll itself was a roaring abyss of seething water. Such were the conditions prevailing amidst the grand scenery of Great Langdale Head on the occasion of our first visit.

Next day (September 12th) was memorable in more respects than one. After an atmospherically dull early morning the wind veered to the north and ultimately the day broke into one of the clearest ever experienced in Lakeland. This was the day on which we managed to clamber up the Scafell Craggs by the route now known as the North or Penrith climb. We breakfasted early, shouldered our knapsacks—there were no rucksacks in those days—and were soon breasting the steep Rossett Ghyll Pass. Whilst ascending the rugged pathway we overtook an aged pedestrian whose powers of endurance astonished us. To my regret in later years, we merely exchanged a passing word with the old rambler, who, it was subsequently discovered, was none other than Parson Jackson of Sandwith, long afterwards famous as the "Patriarch of the Pillarite," and who became a revered and valued correspondent.

By Angle Tarn, Esk Hause, and on to Scafell Pike we tramped in superb weather, our spirits rising with the altitude and perfect mountain prospects. Six and thirty long years have come and gone since that ascent of the Pike, and many and varied have been my experiences there, but on no occasion can I recall anything like the clearness of atmosphere on that, our second visit to the great view-point.

Eagerly we descended to Mickledore and scanned again the cliffs in a line with the ridge. Where was this Broad Stand we had heard of so vaguely and thought of so much? Why

had there been no Haskett-Smith, Owen Glynn Jones, or even C. N. Williamson to publish a description of the way up? The following sentence from the second edition of "Jenkinson's Practical Guide," published in 1873, will indicate the sort of guidance available then:—"To cross Mickledore Chasm from Scafell Pike to Scafell without making a *detour* is considered, next to the dangerous ascent of the Pillar Rock, as the most difficult bit of mountaineering work in the Lake Country." Some progress has been achieved with the "evolution" since my old friend, H. I. Jenkinson, penned those lines. We missed the real "Broad Stand" route by not descending far enough down the Eskdale side of the ridge. We might have taken the easier route had we known anything of the take-off for it, but a more direct ascent was aimed for. The key to our climb was the commencement of the Rake's Progress and the "detached boulder," enabling us to reach the hand-holds above. It has always been my recollection that we climbed longer up the cliffs and kept more to the right towards the exit of Colliers' Climb than the North Climb route of to-day. This may account for our not finding the walking-stick which was left by Major Cundill, who had preceded us. Anyhow, we scrambled to the summit of Scafell. For anything we knew to the contrary, we had climbed by the "Broad Stand" and were tolerably well contented with what would now be regarded as a trivial achievement.

A vivid memory of that day is the sensation experienced on arriving near the summit of Scafell. We gladly recall our first sight of the then nameless Pinnacle Rock across the vast rift of Deep Ghyll, also then unnamed, and the stupendous crag scenery all around which met our astonished gaze.

The weird Pinnacle we marked as definitely inaccessible, impossible, and not to be thought of for climbing. Yet twelve years afterwards it was my pleasure to be on the summit with the late J. W. Robinson and W. P. Haskett-Smith in the midst of a snow-storm, and thirty-two years afterwards



G. P. Johnson & Son

Blair

THE PENRITH, OR NORTH, GLIMB, SCAPELL,

luncheon was partaken on the top by a large party of us, who had climbed by Deep Ghyll and the Professor's Chimney, led by H. Harland and H. A. Holl.

The seaward view from Scafell was wonderfully clear and bright; the foot hills, lowlands, coast towns, and shimmering Solway, with the Manx and Scottish mountains, were all visible, and looking perhaps too near. With reluctance we left the summit by the slope towards Burnmoor Tarn, where a well-earned rest and luncheon refreshed and prepared us for the remainder of our day's ramble over the Screes mountain. Every inch of that charming afternoon's walk was enjoyed to the full. We peered into some of the Screes Gullies, but they were not for us. The climbs in them do not appear to be very popular now. They were then uninviting primeval ravines where no human foot had trod. A descent was made by Haul Ghyll, an easy gorge at the Strands end of the mountain. The evening stroll by the margin of Wastwater, always enjoyable, was rendered still more beautiful by the exceptionally fine sunset—a fitting close to a glorious day of days on the high fells.

At Burnthwaite Farm, Wasdale Head, we took up our quarters for a long week-end. It was then tenanted by young Willie Ritson, a nephew of "Auld Will" at the Inn. Mrs. Ritson was a cheerful, kindly person, possessing a very fair knowledge of the requirements of hungry mountaineers. We were cosily housed, and well provided for. After our evening meal we strolled down to the Inn for letters, and an interview with the famous landlord, dalesman and guide. Ritson was interested in the recital of our climb on Scafell, but sceptical. He said, "There's nobbut ya way up't Scafell Crags that's be't Broad Strand on't Eshgill (Eskdale) side of Mickledoer ridge an nowt but a fleein thing could git up't crags on't Wasdale Head side. Nivver neahbody hed gitten up theer, and neahbody nivver wad." Such was Auld Will's dictum, but I suspect it was only his way of trying to flatter us.

If a poll of Lakeland climbers were taken to ascertain their views as to the most interesting cluster of climbs in the district, would not there be a great preponderance in favour of the climbs

of the Pillar Rock in Ennerdale? The vastness of the great buttress, the wonderful topography of the rock, the unsurpassed grandeur of its crag scenery, its unique situation overlooking Cumberland's wildest valley, threaded by the brawling Lisa, the immense variety and interest of its courses, the splendid annals of the conquest of the severer climbs, and, alas, the tragic interest attached to others, all tend to accord it the foremost position among our local rock-climbing haunts.

Until 1873-4 each of the small ropeless parties of climbing men, who at rare intervals, succeeded in ascending the Pillar Rock, either by the "Old West" or the eastern "Slab and Notch" routes were practically fresh explorers. None of them were of any assistance to those who followed, because no details of the climbs were published and no guidance as to routes was available. Each party had to find its own way and act independently. Therefore, the small groups who reached the top between the first known ascent by Atkinson in 1826, until "the crowd" began to arrive, in 1875, were very much separate pioneers. How little was ascertainable, either of eastern or western routes, was remarkable, and will be gathered by a perusal of the following note from an old newspaper of the two ascents made by us on Monday, September 14th, 1874.

"From the top of Black Sail, three-quarters of an hour's steady pull landed us at the cairn on the summit of the Pillar Mountain. Then taking a straight line to the edge of the ridge we descried the great rock below us. In a few minutes we were at its base, eagerly scanning the towering crags to find a likely mode of ascent. We concluded to make the circuit of the rock, and carefully examine all round in order to find the most likely place for ascending. This proceeding was an undertaking of much greater dimensions than we had calculated upon. It will give some idea of the magnitude of this enormous rock, and the rough nature of its surroundings when I relate that this scramble round it cost us nearly an hour-and-a-half of the hardest scrambling imaginable. We descended by the left side of the rock down a rough stony ghyll, until it became too precipitous to follow. We relinquished this and made more out on to the side of the mountain, and so reached the base on the dale side, all the time keeping a sharp look-out for any place likely for climbing. When at the foot the mist seemed to come on thicker than ever. Starting up the hill again we toiled up its breast until we expected we must be somewhere

near our starting point; but to our surprise and chagrin, we found ourselves after a weary climb far past the rock, and out at the summit of the mountain (having practically reascended the mountain by Great Doup). So much for the Pillar in a mist. Again we sought the cairn, and again we descended to the base of the rock, this time not to leave it until we had gained its crest or failed in the attempt. After searching about we discovered near where we stood some marks on the rock, apparently made by the nailed boots of cragsmen. These gave a clue to further proceedings. Following them over a slanting ledge of rock, we, by dint of careful and steady climbing over some rather precarious ledges, and rounding some awkward projecting points, found ourselves some eight or ten feet above a long steep slope, with grass and ling growing thereon. (We had climbed what is now known as the Curtain). Climbing a second time we came out at the bottom of this slope, and up a chimney-shaped crevice to the top. From here the remainder of the ascent is comparatively easy, although care has still to be exercised; in fact, with that precaution, any ordinary climber may without risk attain the summit. Exactly eight-and-a-half minutes after leaving the base our loud hurrah echoed and re-echoed amongst the 'crag and peaks' around us, proclaiming (to ourselves and the winds only) that we had at last attained the long-talked-of eminence. We rushed across the rock to where we saw a pile of stones surmounted by a staff with a strong piece of linen attached. Eagerly we sought the 'bottle,' and to our surprise found three. Two of them contained the names of persons who had been there, the third seemed to have been used by someone who thought they might require a little stimulant on the top. We found the names of twenty-five gentlemen and two ladies recorded, some of them on address cards, some on a paper collar, and others on a piece of slate." Here are the names in the bottles:—

"William M. Pendlebury, Charles Pendlebury, M. Pendlebury, Liverpool; C. Comyn Tucker, Beachcroft, Melville; E. J. Manson, Trinity College; T. S. Kennedy, Leeds; J. A. Garth Marshall, Coniston; Henry B. Priest, Birkenhead; Henry Lancaster, Lamplugh; Tom Westmorland, Ned Westmorland, Pollie Westmorland, Penrith; William Gilbanks, Borrowdale; J. G. Whitehead, H. R. Wyndham, Cocker mouth, and Charles Pilkington."

"Ascended this rock with a lady in 1870 Charles Arundel Parker, Parknook, Gosforth; Henry A. Barker, Eilerslie, Gosforth. Visitors are requested not to remove this paper."

Inscribed on the fragment of slate: "G. Scoular, Falkirk; M. and A. Barnes, Portinscale; W. Graves, H. Woolley, R. Whitwell and W. G. Holland."

Researches extending over several years by the late J. W. Robinson, Haskett-Smith, Fred Botterill, and the writer, have revealed the names of many early pioneers whose names do not appear in the foregoing list. Some of them left no record of their visit, the names of others had become undecipherable owing to the action of penetrating mists, etc. Bottles and boxes containing valuable records have been removed or broken.

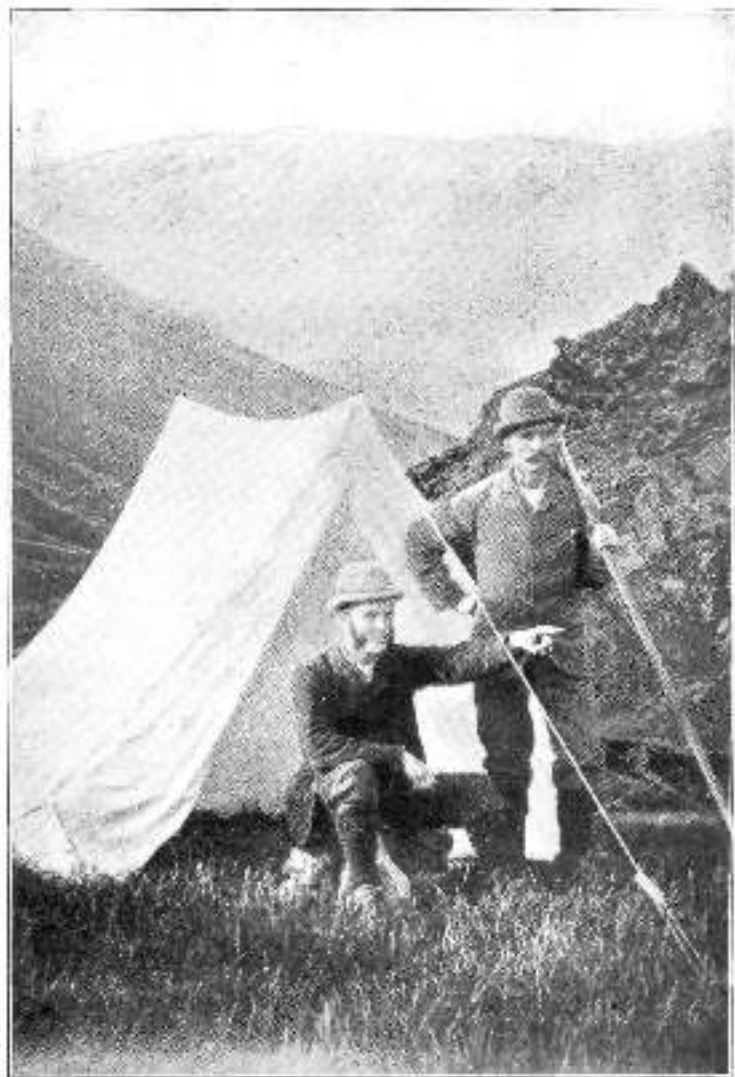
It is no part of my intention to write a history of the climbs of the Pillar Rock, that must be left to the experts, but the following is an approximately correct summary of the ascents from 1826 to 1875, as at present known :—

1826 to 1850	...	6	ascents.
1850	„ 1866	...	22 „
1866	„ 1873	...	31 „
1874		10	„
1875		50	„

119 ascents.

From 1875 onwards the ascents became too frequent for enumeration.

The first eight ascents, including those of John Atkinson and the three shepherds, Colebank, Tyson, and Braithwaite in 1826, Lieut. Wilson in 1848, C. A. O. Baumgartner, Messrs. Whitehead and C. W. Hartley in 1850, were all by what is now known as the easy Old West route. The next eighteen ascents, including those of the keeper of St. Bees' Lighthouse and four friends in 1861, Messrs. J. W. E. Conybeare, A. J. Butler, E. Leeke, J. E. Leeke, T. R. M. Campbell, J. P. Payer, J. W. Pratt, Elliott and Cobb in 1863, were by the Slab and Notch, or "round the ledge" variation, as were those by Leslie Stephen and a friend in 1865, J. W. E. Conybeare, W. C. Bruce, Mr. Dymond and a friend in 1866. In that year also there occurred successful attacks on the "Old Wall" and "Great Chimney" route, now seldom climbed, by Messrs. Matthew Barnes, A. Barnes, W. Graves, G. Scoular, Hermann Woolley, R. Whitwell, W. G. Holland, James Moore, and Tom Leigh. Other notable early ascents were those of the Messrs. Pendlebury, by their famous Traverse and Crack, in 1872, and those of the marvellous



C. P. Adams,

Meriden.

IN CAMP WITH JOHN WILSON ROBINSON.

octogenarian climber, the Rev. James Jackson, of Sandwith, in 1875-6 by the Slab and Notch route. The first lady to ascend was Miss Barker in 1870, the second, Miss Westmorland in 1873, the third, Mrs. Ann Creer, and the fourth, Miss C. F. Calvert, both in 1875, and all by the easy east side route.

The last day of our brief holiday was spent in an exploration of Piers Ghyll, the ascent of Great Gable—not by any of the Napes ridges—and another memorable ramble in superb weather over Green Gable, Brandreth, across Honister Pass and along the tops of Dale Head, Maiden Moor, Catbells, to Keswick and home. The events of that far-back week's travel were contemplated with much satisfaction. The "evolution" had made distinct progress. Scafell Crags had been scaled, and we had twice reached the summit of the Pillar Rock, once by the Ledge and Steep Grass and once by the Curtain. At the time no designation had been given to any of the routes, and we were of course unconscious of having made a "first ascent."

Sad to relate, this was the last mountaineering experience with the companion of those early days. There soon after came a parting of the ways, which for ever precluded us scaling more of our native crags together. Could we have kept on as climbing colleagues, perhaps some of the courses which had to wait another ten years might have commenced their history earlier. There was still the West side of the Pillar lurking at the back of my mind. Ritson assured us, "Ye heddnt gitten up 't reet way, Mr. Baumgarten (?) an't shepherds a' went up 't tudder side, but ah hev heerd at sum reading chaps hed gitten up 't seame way as ye did." My first ascent by the Old West was encompassed in the following questionable manner in the year 1875. On a fine autumn Saturday a fairly large party left Penrith for Wasdale Head for the week-end. On nearing Grange, Borrowdale, I suggested to my old friend, T. W. Vipond, the desirability of the two of us leaving the

remainder of the party to pursue their way over Sty Head Pass, whilst we took in the Pillar *en route*. This was agreed to and we scrambled away over Dale Head, Honister and Grey Knotts into Ennerdale. On climbing from the Lisa towards the Pillar Rock, we discovered two other travellers aiming for the same goal. They made straight for the foot of the Old West climb. Will it be believed, we were unsportsmanlike and rude enough to follow in their wake? We watched them, truly at a respectful distance, and the way they went we followed even to the top of the rock. Research has brought to light that our two unconscious leaders were Mr. Graves, of Portinscale, and Barnes, his guide. The record reads that on the same day two strangers ascended by the Old West route. We were the two strangers. A sad example of the utter disregard of mountaineering etiquette of which we ought to have been thoroughly ashamed. Perhaps it was in the days before the correct code of rules had been established.

From 1875 to 1885 I made many ascents of the Pillar Rock, generally with novices and friends who were strangers to rocks and mountaineering. These ropeless visits necessitated our keeping to one or other of the easy variations of the East or West sides. During this period an immense change was wrought in Lakeland climbing. Haskett-Smith and Robinson came on the scene, closely followed by Slingsby, Hastings, Collie, Solly, and the brothers Hopkinson. The "evolution" was undertaken by the right men to develop a rock-climbing district. When next it was my privilege to spend a holiday on the Fells, it was for a week's camping with my old friend Robinson, in 1886, (on that occasion Robinson brought a rope, the first I had seen in Lakeland), and I then found how vast had been the progress made in the art and sport of Rock Climbing in Lakeland. A multitude of new ascents had been achieved. The Pillar Rock had a dozen climbs and variations to its name. The Crags and Pinnacle of Scafell, the Napes Crags and Needle,

Dow Crag, Pavey Ark, and many minor courses had succumbed to one party or another of the pioneer experts named.

In those few years our compact little group of mountains established for ever its unassailable right and title to be designated the birthplace of British rock-climbing. All honour to the men I have named who had the inclination, skill, and pluck to lay that great foundation, and all honour to the men who in later years added, and are adding, lustre to traditions so glorious. The members of our young Club will, I believe, prove themselves worthy of the splendid inheritance which is theirs, and may their climbing skill always be tempered with prudence! There are many recollections and reminiscences of Wasdale Head, its inhabitants and frequenters in the old days, which I would fain recall, but the patience of an editor has its limits, and so has the indulgence of the readers I am afraid of having wearied.

THE GEOLOGY OF THE LAKE DISTRICT ROCK-CLIMBS.

By Dr. J. E. MARR, F.R.S.

The Oxford guide undertook to show Mr. Verdant Green's father over the "principal collidges and 'alls in an 'our and an 'alf" (I quote from memory); the result was that Mr. Green's impressions were somewhat confused. I fear that a similar effect may be produced by an article on the subject announced in the title and "not exceeding 2,000 words." One can only point out in a general way the causes that have rendered some of the Lake District crags peculiarly adapted for climbs.

That a knowledge of the general principles of geology is beneficial to the mountain-lover is freely admitted. Leslie Stephen writes that "it is to a half-conscious sense of the powers that must have been at work that a great part of the influence of mountain scenery is due;" again, to appeal directly to the climber, one may note Whymper's deduction about the geological structure of the Matterhorn, concerning which he states that it was "the key to the ascent of the Matterhorn." We may regard the adaptation of the Lake District crags to the climber's purposes as due to three distinct causes, namely the conditions of formation of the rocks of which they are composed, the effect of earth-stresses upon these rocks, and the influence of the erosive action of weather, streams and glaciers upon them. These three causes we will consider in the order named.

A—THE FORMATION OF THE ROCKS.

The central part of the district consists of rocks of very early date. They were originally divided into three groups by Jonathan Otley in a letter printed in the *Lonsdale Magazine* for 1820, and these groups are still retained under new names.

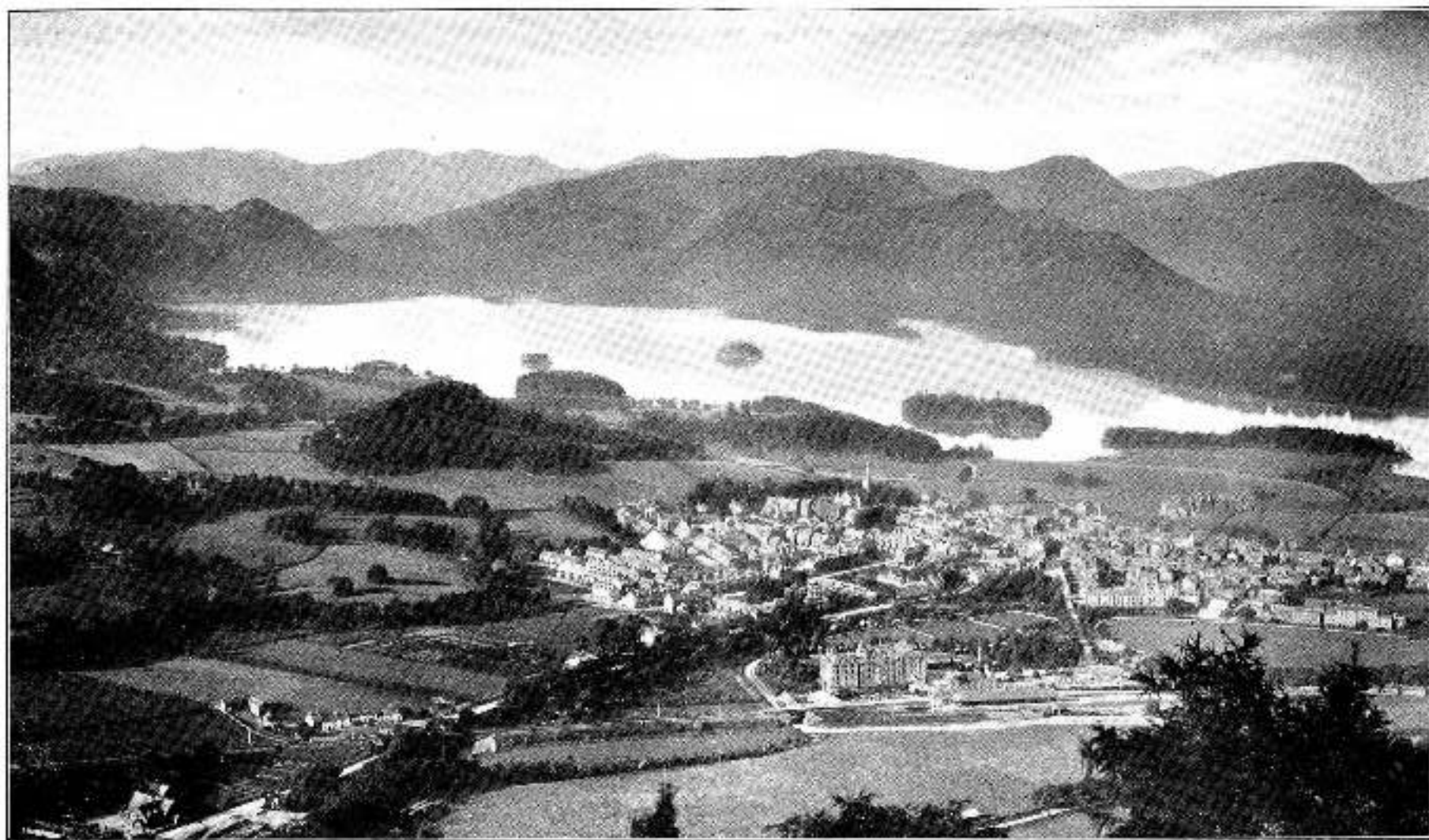
They are spoken of as the Skiddaw Slates, Borrowdale Volcanic Series and Upper Slates respectively, the first-named being the oldest and the last the newest. The Skiddaw Slates occupy the hilly portions of the district lying north of a line drawn from the foot of Ullswater on the east-north-east to Egremont on the west-south-west; the Upper Slates lie south of a parallel line between Shap Wells and Millom, while the rocks of the Volcanic Series lie between these lines. It will at once be recognised that the principal climbs occur in this central tract, and that they are presumably there because of the existence of the Volcanic rocks in that tract. Let us consider then wherein these volcanic rocks differ from the others as regards original characters.

To put the matter in a nutshell, it is a question of hardness and coherence.

The Skiddaw Slates and the Upper Slates were once ordinary sands and muds (the latter predominating). These were laid down on a sea floor. The component particles are very similar to each other and easily reduced by weather action to fine loose material. Hence in the first place a rarity of crags suitable for climbs. Read the scathing remarks of Haskett-Smith on Skiddaw in this connexion. Even where crags exist they are of slight use, firstly, because on account of the want of coherence there is little good hold, the rock fragments break away easily; secondly, on account of the similarity of the component particles they are affected equally by the weather, hence a general smoothness of surface.

With the Volcanic rocks it is very different. These require somewhat fuller consideration.

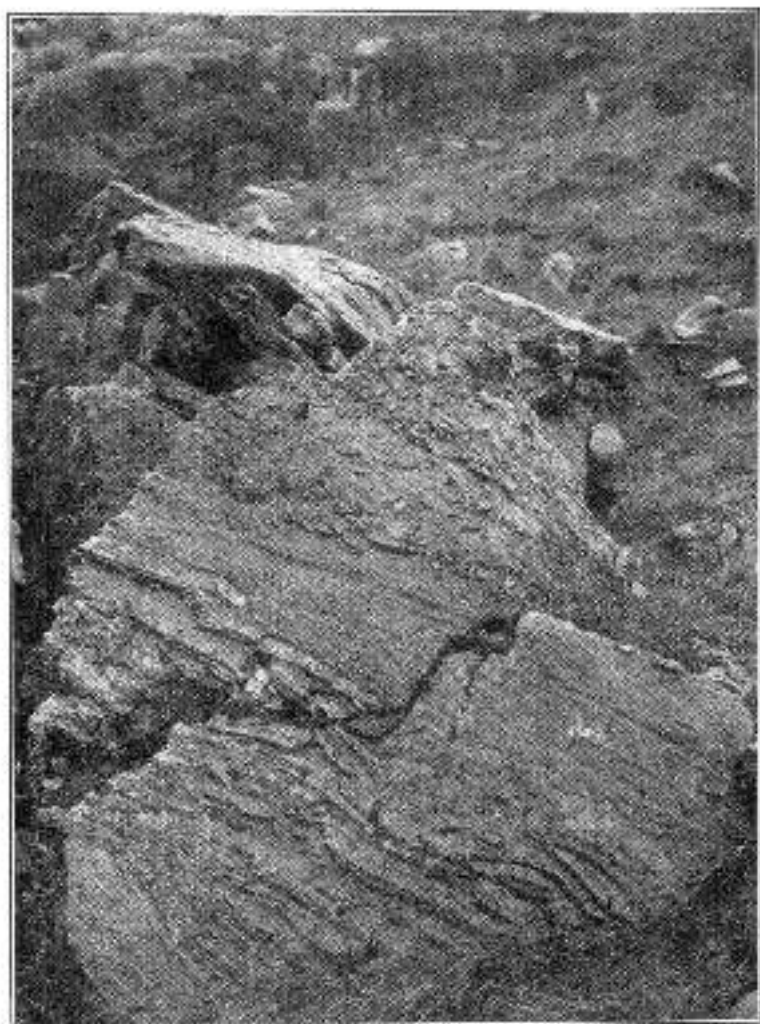
The deposit of ordinary sediment was interrupted during the formation of these rocks by a period of volcanic activity in the area now occupied by the district. At that time lavas were poured out and fragments of solid rock shot forth from volcanic vents to produce a pile of material many thousands of feet in thickness.



G. P. Anderson (1900)

DERWENTWATER—VOLCANIC HILLS TO LEFT, SKIDDAW SLATE HILLS TO RIGHT.

London.



E. P. Johnson & Sons

Albany, N. Y.

TYPICAL VOLCANIC ROCKS, SHOWING EROSION.

The lavas tend to be hard as compared with ordinary sediments, and even the fragmental materials (collectively spoken of as volcanic ashes) owing to their characters are readily hardened after their formation.

These hard rocks are much more liable to stand out as crags when affected by agents of erosion than do the soft sediments, and that they actually do so is readily seen at a glance by anyone who from near the head of Derwentwater contrasts the smooth grassy slopes of the Skiddaw slate hills to the north with the craggy fells formed of volcanic rock which surround Borrowdale.

Again, though these rocks are hard, their components, unlike those of the sedimentary rocks, differ in the degree of hardness. In the case of the lavas, crystals visible to the naked eye are often seen amidst the main mass of the rock, which is composed of crystals invisible to the unaided eye. The larger crystals are in some cases more resistant and in others less resistant to the weather than the bulk of the rock, thus standing out as prominences in the former case, and leaving depressions in the latter: either way they render the rock rougher and less slippery.

In the ashes again, as in the lavas, some of the particles usually resist weather more than the others, thus again producing a rough surface. Many of these ashes are composed of coarse fragments of lava from a quarter of an inch to a foot in diameter, embedded in fine hardened volcanic ash. The fragments in this case usually resist weather in a much higher degree than the containing fine ash, and stand out as projections which give a very good hold.

Other properties of these volcanic rocks have caused them to be affected by earth movement in a way different from that which has affected the sediments. These we may consider under the next heading.

B—EFFECTS OF EARTH-STRESSES UPON THE ROCKS.

After the three groups of rocks of which the district is composed were formed, they underwent certain changes as the



G. P. Johnson & Sons,

London.

ANGLE TARN—STEP-LIKE CLIFFS WITH VERTICAL FALLS.

result of movement of the earth's crust. Firstly, they were folded into a great arch with its axis through Skiddaw, and a minor gentle trough with its centre through the central fells. During this movement they were largely cracked, as a stick of sealing-wax may be cracked if bent too quickly; and thirdly, a certain amount of change of the nature of hardening was produced in the rocks themselves.

The gentle trough causes the rocks of the central fells to lie nearly horizontally, and accordingly as the result of erosion they often give rise to step-like cliffs with nearly horizontal treads and vertical falls. This may well be seen in Hanging Knott as viewed from Angle Tarn.

The movement further produced a network of vertical cracks, often running in two directions at right angles to one another. In many cases belts of crushed rock were formed along these cracks, which are very prone to be worn out as chimneys and gullies. We accordingly meet with step-like cliffs seamed with vertical cracks and chimneys. Again, the detached pinnacles, like the Napes Needle, are defined by these vertical fissures. We shall say more of the fissures in the next section.

Finally, a considerable hardening took place owing to the direct and indirect effects of the pressure. This hardening was local, and was most marked in the central fells around Scafell, in Gable and the Pillar Mountain, in the Langdale Pikes, and in parts of the Conistone group. It is here also that two groups of rocks out of the half-dozen into which the Volcanic Series is divided are most extensively developed. These groups, known as the Sty Head garnetiferous group and the Scafell banded ashes, were, from their original constitution, best adapted of the six for the formation of crags, and as the result of their subsequent alteration they have been rendered eminently suitable for climbing purposes. They are hard, rough-surfaced, and as a whole sound—fragments not being readily detachable like those of many of the Skiddaw Slate rocks and some of the other members of the Volcanic Series.

C—INFLUENCE OF EROSIVE ACTION UPON THE ROCKS.

The district was, long after the formation of the rocks which now compose it, uplifted into a dome, with its centre in the Scafell tract. A series of rivers radiated from this dome, carving out the main radial valleys in which the great lakes occur, and the tributaries of these rivers further dissected the district into hill and dale. After the main rivers had cut down their valleys as far as they were able to do so under the conditions then existing, the intermediate ridges became rounded by weathering, thus giving rise to a series of rounded hills and ridges, relics of which are still seen, though they only occur in their entirety on a small scale, as for example the Mell Fells, near Troutbeck Station.

After this the district in the "Glacial Period" was occupied by glaciers which widened and deepened the valleys by erosion, thus steepening the sides.

As a consequence of this exceptional steepness, the sides were in a state of unstable equilibrium, and masses were worn away by frost action splitting fragments along the joint-places, sometimes singly, sometimes in large masses, occasionally giving rise to landslips. So the cliffs were formed. Falcon Crag is a good example of this. A spur once projected into the valley, and was truncated by ice-action giving rise to the steep slope, along which the cliff originated. As the glaciers receded, frost action and the operation of other weathering agents continued, seaming the cliffs with gullies like Piers Ghyll, with chimneys like those on Scafell, the Screes Mountain, Doe Crag, and many other cliffs; the pinnacles also, like Napes Needle, were caused by those processes of weathering. The belts of shattered rock along the major fissures were specially adapted to be enlarged by weathering, and many of the gullies occur along these belts.

One other important feature remains to be noticed. If the reader will examine a good contour map (and the new maps of the Ordnance Survey on the scale of two miles to the inch



H. C. Atkinson & Sons.

London.

PIERS GHYLL-BELT OF CRUSHED ROCK, WORN OUT BY WATER.

with layers, are recommended for this and many other purposes), he will see that the steeper slopes of the district usually face north and east, and the gentler declivities south and west, further that the north and east slopes are often concave, those to the south and west convex. The view of the hills around the Newlands valley as seen from Keswick shows this, the concavities facing north in this instance and the convexities south. The whole of the Helvellyn range shows it, the concavity facing east and the convexity west; it is also seen in the case of Coniston Old Man, and many another ridge. Again, the main coombes have a northerly or easterly aspect, witness those on Helvellyn, Coniston Old Man, and many others.

It is generally agreed that the difference between the two slopes is due to the meteorological conditions, but there the agreement ceases. The southerly and westerly slopes get much sun, and a good deal of moisture is precipitated on them; therefore an abundant growth of vegetation will occur here, which would check river erosion, by absorbing the water and discharging it gradually. On the other sides, the bare rock would be readily exposed, rivers would course down it, and the concave curve of water-erosion be accordingly produced.

The other view is that the difference is due to ice, which would linger for a longer period on the shaded sides and, therefore, do more work, and especially that, during the last stage of glaciation, when the ice had shrunk in the main valleys, corrie glaciers would linger in the heads of the upland boundaries, enlarging them into steep-cliffed coombes. It is almost certain that ice, on the shaded side, has produced some of the modification, but the other cause may also have contributed; the matter awaits final settlement.

It is hoped that this slight sketch may give the reader some idea of the very varied processes which have been in operation, tending through the course of long geological ages to produce those splendid cliffs seamed with gullies and buttressed with arêtes and pinnacles on which he has spent so many happy hours.

“THE LONE SORACTE.”

By W. CECIL SLINGSBY.

“Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
Silvæ laborantes geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto.”

— *Horace, Od. ix. Lib. 1.*

For obvious reasons few of the tourists who visit Rome appreciate fully the exceptional beauty of the Central Apennines, their outliers, the Alban, the Volscian, the Sabine, and other ranges, also isolated mountains, such as Soracte, though they possess a subtlety of outline, a delicacy as well as a brilliancy of colouring which vie with those of our own northern fells and moorlands. In addition, too, there is a wealth of historical and legendary interest associated with each and all of these Italian mountains which ours in Great Britain do not possess.

This comparative lack of appreciation is natural. There is only one Rome, and its interests are all-absorbing.

In fact, on my first visit to the city, I never climbed a hill which could not be reached by a tram-car or carriage. Still, for all that, I felt, on my first day in Rome, when I saw those lovely hills from the Janiculum, in some small degree the mysterious voice of the hills which bade me “come.” Yes! but it was only a whisper, and I could not then say with Byron

“ to me,
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture. ”

One of the whispers came from Soracte, and during this all too short a visit, the whispers developed into a deep, rich and mellow voice, still saying “Come.” To this I replied involuntarily, and of course inaudibly, “Yes, I will come, but not now.”



SUMMIT OF MONTE SORACTE

Massive of S. Soracte, seen on side of Temple of Apollo



CRAGS ON SORACTE.

with Tiber Valley beyond, from N.W. Peak.

As seen from one of the hills or churches in Rome in the evening, Monte Soracte often appears as a lovely purple-tinted pyramid, piercing an amber sky, a real vision of beauty.

Early this year my wife, my daughter, and I spent many delightful weeks in Rome, when there was more time than before to devote to the eternal hills. I had intended to cross the Gran Sasso d'Italia, the giant of the southern Apennines, for which purpose Mr. Freshfield and Mr. Tuckett gave me much valuable information. I did not, however, do this, on account of the exceptional amount of snow on the high mountains, but I made several interesting mountain expeditions, especially the ascent of Monte Cairo and the traverse of its snow crest from the Benedictine monastery of Monte Cassino to Rocca Secca, the birthplace of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Then my thoughts turned to Soracte, and I got much valuable information from Mr. Tuckett and Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, and from Signor Alfonso Favale, a member of the Italian Alpine Club, who told me that a traverse of the various peaks would probably prove to be very interesting, and by no means a mere walk.

The morning of March 19th was rather misty, when at 9-30 I took my seat in one of the steam tram-cars which run up, down, and amongst the undulating country between Rome and the old Etruscan city of Civita Castellana, some thirty miles away. There was much of interest both inside and outside the car. The tobacco was rather rank, but so it often is in a third-class carriage in England, and truth to tell, the smokers in the one case were more interesting and picturesque than in the other. There was, for those who preferred it, a first-class compartment too. Outside, a great feature was the abundance of "the white blossomed sloe," then in full flower, and growing freely in the hedges. The copses were brightened by millions of wood anemones. Interesting little towns were passed by, and for some distance we went along the Via Flaminia. In many fields we saw reed-built huts, in which the farm-folk often

live for many months at a time. For some ten or twelve miles one does not see Soracte. Then it suddenly bursts into sight in all its beauty as a half-face view.

After an hour's run in the tram, I got out at the wayside station of Orestes. From here, as the ground falls away from the road towards the foot of the mountain, there is a superb, and almost a full-faced view of Soracte, which has entirely lost its pyramidal form, and has become a massive pile of Nature's architecture, and though its highest peak is only 2,265 feet above sea-level, yet its wonderful isolation, precipitous slopes, massive buttresses, and sun-lit, greyish-white crags, give an appearance of much greater height. The axis of the mountain is nearly N.W. and S.E., almost a straight line, except that the most northerly peak stands a trifle westwards of this axis, and forms the outer horn of a small bay in the mountain side. This axis is some two miles in length, and terminates with abrupt precipices overlooking the plains. At the southern end, the eye is carried partly through a dark olive grove to a truncated peak or crag, on which is perched the fortress village of Sant' Oreste. Elsewhere are Ilex† woods, grey screes and broad craggy buttresses, which lead to five peaks, two of which are crowned by hoary ruins. A little further north the mountain appears to consist of seven peaks.

In golden sunshine, in company with an ex-professor of Yale University, I walked through fields and up a zig-zag driving road through the olive grove to Sant' Oreste.

Whilst the professor sat down to eat his luncheon outside, I went into the village in search of the picturesque, of which I found little, except the glorious views of Soracte, end-on, and of the winding Tiber below. However, I got a fiasco of excellent wine and four oranges for a few pence. This little town or village is a convenient half-way resting place between the tram station and the top of Soracte, being an easy walk of one hour each way.

† *Quercus Ilex*, the evergreen Oak.

Meanwhile, my companion had gone forward up the well-paved mountain path, on which, in ages past, so many pious pilgrims bent their steps on their way to the monastery, church, and hermitage above. I overtook two goat herdsman clad in goat skins, driving their flock to browse, so far as I could see, principally upon ilex leaves. The path led through a grove of grand ilex to the old convent of S. Maria della Grazie. Alas! the times have changed. No longer can the heated traveller be welcomed, cheered and refreshed with wine by the good monks who passed their saintly lives in this lofty retreat. In a few minutes I arrived at the summit of Soracte, and the half-ruined monastery of San Silvestro. Here I found the professor, who refreshed my mind with Virgil, a copy of which he had in his hand. I in turn regaled him with oranges. Virgil reminded us that the monastery occupied the site of an ancient temple of Apollo. "Summe deum, sancti custos Soractis Apollo." Nor did my friend neglect to recite the oft-quoted lines of Horace, which head this paper. Seldom, and not for long, does snow lie on Soracte.

Of the view I say but little. Still, the memory of the Tiber, far, far below us, in serpentine course, its waters flowing not too quickly to mighty Rome, the snowy Apennines in bright sunshine in the distant east; a suggestion, if not the actual sight of the blue Mediterranean, west; the knowledge rather than the actual view of Rome, south; the rough uplands, scored with deep gorges, of the land of the Etruscans north, is still present in my mind's eye.

After parting, with regret, from the professor, I reached in a few minutes, the ruined hermitage and church of S. Antonio. Here the Emperor Constantine sought and found the hermit Silvestro, and was cured of his leprosy, and baptised by him. This is mentioned by Dante:

"Ma come Costantin chiese Silvestro
Dentro Siratti* a guarir della lebbre."
— *Inferno xxvii. 94.*

* Siratti is Soracte.

I stopped some minutes here alone. It was indeed a place to be alone. But, still, as Byron says :—

“ To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,

This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold

Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.”

Yes, and it is also a place to make one think, and think deeply too, about the past, long, long, ages ago, “ though all around is fair.” See the Via Flaminia below you, the Via Cassia too, and not far away the Via Salario. Picture, if you can, an invading army advancing proudly towards Rome, in orderly array, determined to sack that proud city. Picture also a horde of fugitives retreating helter-skelter, hard pressed by a cruel foe behind. Think, too, of that marvellous natural fortress of the Etruscans, only a few miles away.

Yes, there is plenty of food for thought and for the imagination to work upon, but I must no longer dwell in this strain. I am writing a short paper for a mountaineering club.

So far I had a foot-path to follow. It was 3-40, and the unknown was before me. True it was that an easy way could have been found down the hollows between the buttresses, but surely the crest of Soracte was better still ?

I soon found that, if I were to climb up and over every feasible rock on the ridge, I should have to bivouac under the stars. No great hardship that, as I had a change of clothes in my rucksack, but, though my supply of food was fairly adequate, there was no water on those thirsty limestone crags.

I stuck mostly to the ridge, and only shirked the easy rocks which would take up much time. There was plenty of good climbing, and the rocks were invariably firm, and as a rule possessed good hand-hold. I soon found out more than one reason why the goatherds wore leather clothes. They are practically untearable, and I began to wish that I too were similarly clad.

Ilex bushes grow out of every crack on the true ridge which hold soil for them to grow in. Goats, the inveterate

enemies of young trees and shrubs almost all the world over, apparently procure the most of their sustenance from the young *ilex* bushes. They nibble the young shoots, and eat the leaves and branchlets from the strong branches. The inevitable result is a sort of *chevaux de frise*. Though my clothes were not those of the city man, they were hardly Wasdalian, and in a short time the linings of my pockets were in ribbons, and my stockings in holes. Certain it is that the goats of Soracte have little else to feed upon but these leaves of evergreen oaks, which, I suppose, are more nutritious than the fronds of *Asplenium Adiantum nigrum*, a plant of which, taken from Soracte, is now growing happily in my garden. Nor would the pale pink crocus, nor coarse grass grown on the ridge, be more palatable than the *ilex* leaves.

The ridge was always more or less narrow, and the eastern face especially precipitous. This face becomes steeper and steeper as it nears the ridge.

Rock problems abound on this eastern face. Many too confronted me on the ridge. When not too stiff or of a nature to absorb too much time, I solved them. A few, and a few only, I shirked, but went ever merrily onwards, now and then taking a photograph and thoroughly enjoying the fun. Seldom, if ever, have I been on so isolated a mountain. Imagine, if possible, a thunderstorm on Soracte. Grand, but horrible too.

When in the last gap below the final N.W. peak, I was sorely tempted to turn down to lower regions by a goat's path, but the rocks ahead seemed to be much too good to leave. An excellent scramble over great crags, relatively free from *ilex*, was my reward. The rocks were steep, the holds many and good. Little chimneys and steep faces, or the edges of narrow and tilted flakes of rock, were succeeded by deep but narrow gaps made by Dame Nature to be jumped over. Surely this was preferable to a goat track.

In due time I reached the summit of this North

Western peak, where I found trace of neither man nor goat. It was 4-10, and I had a good but a drinkless meal.

After proceeding a short distance towards the natural end of Soracte, I noticed an easy way down on the left side to screes and pastures, also an equally easy one on the right, down to a wood. Neither appealed strongly to me, whilst naturally the bluff and relatively treeless precipice on the north-west end, did so. Of course I did what any of my readers would have done, had he had the good luck to be there—provided that he is a mountaineer who revels in conquering difficulties.

At first all went well, and I got merrily down a couple of hundred feet, all real climbing. It was not a buttress which I was descending, as this horn has none. It was rather a huge blunt round-ended mountain mass, a colossal Norman Tower tilted at a steep angle, and built by Nature.

As I descended, it became steeper and steeper. I climbed down a broad curtain of limestone rock until it became too steep to go further. On each ridge of this curtain was a chimney, broad at first, then narrow. I chose the northern one, and though steep, the holds were ample, and the rock firm. Steeper and still more steep it became, until finally I was brought to a stand on the top of a high crag impossible to descend. Fortunately, a short way above this place there was a gap in the rock curtain. I passed through this without difficulty, and so came into the southern chimney, there very broad. This naturally soon steepened in harmony with its neighbour. A tree helped me, but I found my rucksack to be a nuisance. After 50 or 60 feet of stiff but very safe and good climbing, I came to a pitch of some 25 to 30 feet in height, which at a glance I could see was no child's play, and would require considerable care.

The last or lowest 17 or 18 feet were the worst. Why? 17 or 18 feet are not much? It all depends what there is below. In this case there was a corner of two sheer walls at right angles; below me, three or four feet down, there was a three-inch ledge,

but only a foot or so in length. It was quite good for hand and foot, but not easy to reach. At the bottom was a steep grass patch, but behind this, and rising some few feet out of the ground at the mouth of the little chimney or corner, was a nasty scratchy-looking spike of rock which clearly was "misplaced matter." This spike was to be avoided.

I had purposely no nails in my boots, because on a former expedition on Monte Cairo I had found my Alpine boots to be very bad on the paved mountain footpaths, also on smooth limestone rock, whilst my guide, wearing sandals of soft leather, tripped along merrily. I, however, scored as much as he on that occasion, as we had a couple of miles of hard snow ridge-walking, where sandals were of little use. Now, however, I longed for clinkers and hob-nails or screws.

I threw my stick down, and slowly and carefully got down on to the little ledge. Then came the awkward part, to lower my hands on to the ledge. More slowly and still more carefully, face to the wall, I stooped down, and then got the fingers of one hand on the ledge. The other followed, and I gradually extended myself, helped partly by placing my left foot against the other wall of this rectangular chimney. Then I had some eight feet to drop, not much certainly, but I had to avoid the aggressive-looking rock spike at the bottom. This I did by giving a shove with my left foot when I let go my hands. It worked all right, but, as I expected, I rolled in a lump, laughing at my apparent clumsiness.

I climbed up part of the spike and took the photograph which is here inserted. The corner is on the left hand side, and the ledge is out of sight and above.

It was after 5 o'clock, and was growing dusk. I hurried down some screes and soon came to fields. In a corner I found an old quarry, and my first Etruscan tombs, cut out of solid rock. Implements were stored there. After crossing several pastures and two deep and narrow little ravines, I gained the highroad, and after a quick walk of six or seven miles reached

that most quaint and interesting city, Civita Castellana, at 7-30. An excellent dinner, and a nice, clean bed, such as one almost invariably meets with in country inns in Italy, were most welcome.

The following day I spent in exploring with my camera one, and partly two, of the four deep square-walled gorges, mere cañons, which, in addition to a huge artificial fortress between two of these gorges, made this city to be well-nigh impregnable for centuries.

I had plenty of climbing too, accompanied by a cheery little lad, of whose *patois* I could understand perhaps one word in twenty. We got along capitally though, and he showed me hundreds of Etruscan tombs, all cut out of the solid rock like shelves or cupboards, and all rifled ages ago.

Yes, there is much to see and to interest the traveller in the city itself, its noble cathedral, and other churches, and ancient buildings. I, however, preferred exploring the gorges and seeing the tombs, some occupied by pigs, others by cows, hens, or donkeys. The ancient cornmills still at work, the weirs, over which I passed along slippery baulks of timber, and by doing so cut off a troop of boys, and to my great regret, my guide as well. All and much, yes, very much more, interested me greatly. Yes, I must return there.

Few solitary expeditions which I have ever taken have given me so much pleasure as the traverse of Soracte's peaks. No especially great difficulty was encountered anywhere, nor was there any danger. The interest was fully sustained the whole time, and I have a store of happy recollections centred upon this mountain, which I value highly.

By no means the least pleasing fact associated with this little expedition is that now one of my own family, who loves the hills as much as I do myself, can see from her own windows the ever changing lights and colouring upon this singularly beautiful mountain, "The Lone Soracte."

THE CLIMBERS' FOOT.

By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM.

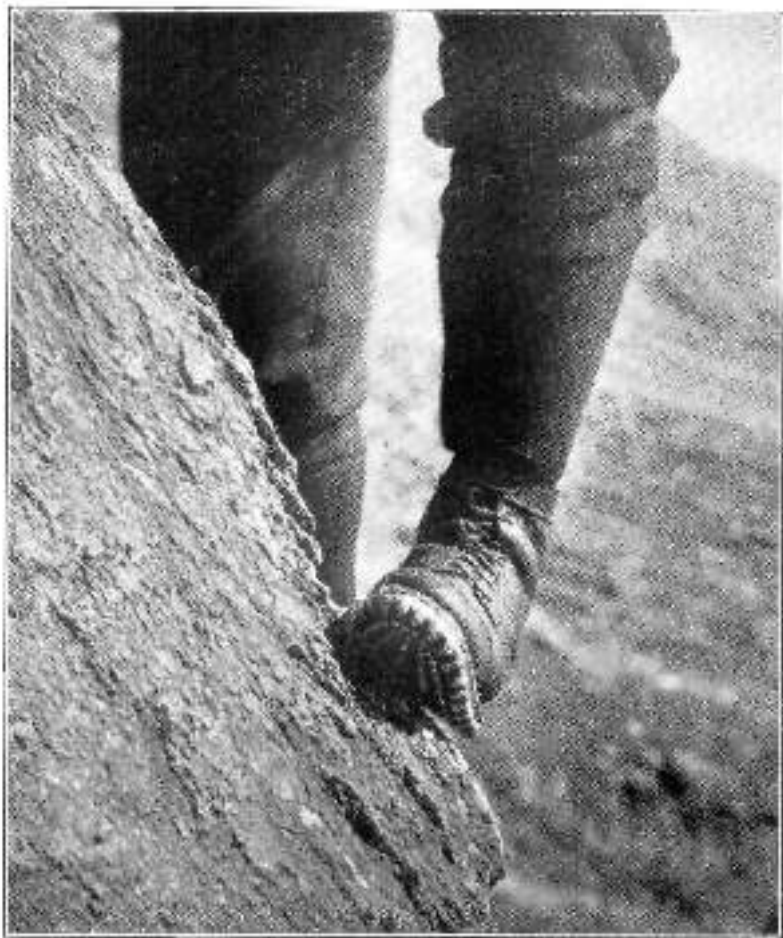
Author of "The Complete Mountaineer," "British Mountain Climbs," "Mountain Adventures at Home and Abroad," etc.

"How beautiful on the mountains are the feet."

Thus, and very truly sang the prophet of old. It is good, and beautiful for all men to lift up their feet, as well as their eyes, to the everlasting hills, even though they stray little from the recognised pathways. But there comes a time with most fell-ramblers when they wish to grip the great crags and learn something of real rock-climbing—that higher development of their mountain wandering. One of the novitiate scrambler's first difficulties is with his feet; his use of them is far from "beautiful," and he is much too apt to overdo the use of hands and arms; which is doubtless an instinct inherited from Simian ancestors. In fact, the vast majority of mountaineers—take the average Swiss guide for instance—never realise the importance of that diligent and proper use of the feet which conduces to neat and safe rock-climbing. It is easy to distinguish the true expert from the novice by the way he uses his feet. Even many experienced cragsmen have scarcely appreciated the fact that the average man's legs are lustier and last longer than his arms. On great and lengthy expeditions, such as the traverse of the two Drus, or the Grépon, at Chamounix, it is most necessary to conserve the arm muscles. On such expeditions it is a very common occurrence to meet men of mighty muscle in a state of arm collapse. The Sandow-trained specimen is a frequent victim. Undoubtedly the climber's foot and its correct management is of the greatest importance, and the writer hopes that a few practical details may prove useful and interesting, yea, even amuse those critics who "know all about it."

There is nothing beautiful about the average climber's feet, his boots are usually huge and heavy; moreover, they are promiscuously studded with more or less useless and ugly-looking nails. It is a painful thing to look at the boot advertisements in any of the climbing and technical journals. A great row of unsuitable clinkers projects from the outside of the sole. The inner part of the sole is worst of all, for it is decorated with big nails that strike terror into the heart and shoulders, or even head, of the climber whose usual place on the rope is that of long-suffering second. The torture of this friend would seem to be the only use for these large central nails.

The writer would urge that it is the proper and safe use of the feet on small foot-holds that constitutes the highest efficiency in rock-climbing. This can scarcely be attained with the average mountain boots. On a small foot-hold the big outside nails grip solely; the inner nails are unused, and the foot wobbles ominously, especially if held long in place. A small row, or even two, of inner nails, driven quite close to the heads of the outside nails, as recommended and illustrated in "The Complete Mountaineer," will stop this tendency. The ideal would be to have the heads of these initial rows of inner nails on a level with the heads of the outside nails. In fact the whole sole of the boot is best if the nails are driven to stand out equidistant from the leather. The wonderful comfort of such an arrangement on really difficult rocks must be experienced to be appreciated. Also, on such sloping foot-holds as are used in the outside route up the Eagle's Nest Arête on Great Gable, or the Crowberry Ridge on Buchaille Etive, this method of nailing gives remarkable stability. On similar places thin soles are an advantage, and the writer would urge that climbing boots are usually made much too heavy; lighter soles are advisable for general use. Still, the suppleness of the sole should not be overdone, or the rigidity of the side grip of the outside nails is lessened. This is the weak feature of scarpetti, when used



H. P. Anderson & Co.

Alps

**THE CLIMBER'S FOOT ON A SLOPING FOOT-HOLD—
SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF NAILS.**

on most of the more difficult British rock-climbs. The edge of the pliable hempen sole gives dangerously on tiny foot-holds, and if these holds are rather smooth the foot has no continuous-support. Over and over again in the Dolomites the writer attempted the use of small foot-holds whereon climbing nails would have held comfortably. But for those prodigious hand-holds, which are such a feature of the Dolomites, the sudden slip of the foot would have resulted in collapse.

A few words regarding the various forms of foot-gear may here be appropriate. Scarpetti or rope-soled climbing boots are scarcely suitable for general use on British climbs. Our rocks are as a rule too rounded, and small holds as above-mentioned abound at crucial points. In the Dolomites the rock structure, though of a limestone nature, is hard, exceptionally so on the surface, even to the extent of being practically of a metallic nature. Nailed boots grip it imperfectly. Even whilst walking down an ordinary mountain side it is well to remember that one is not in Cumberland. A careless step on a sloping piece of rock may cause a sitting posture to be assumed suddenly and painfully. Though so extremely hard and slippery, Dolomite rock has a peculiarly rough skin, somewhat like fine sandstone, and this is the secret of the fine grip afforded by scarpetti, even on sloping holds. Moreover, in the Dolomites, it is the exception to be dependent on foot-holds alone, as so often occurs at home, even on moderate courses. Wet or icy rocks frighten the Dolomite guides severely. The conditions affect their rocks much more than they do the British variety, the more so as scarpetti become very slippery at such times. Nailed boots grip as well, or even better, in wet weather; fortunately or otherwise, it is their native element.

Rubber-soled boots are favoured by many experts. Their drawbacks are very similar to those of scarpetti, but if the thick red-soled variety are chosen they have advantages, one of which is that they withstand general service; they can also be worn for the walk up and down to the rocks.

Climbing-irons, or steigeisen, enthusiasts have been known to urge the merits of their "weapons," even for rock-climbing. The writer has recollections of one of their greatest devotees figuring on that historic Zermatt boulder-problem, the Shoehorn. Though held by a rope from above, the man shod with iron performed the most futile contortions, the while youthful "Zermatters" of less than ten summers climbed gleefully past the "cranky" Herr. A mischievous slackening of the rope from above resulted in a slither down the long steep slab, with a sound like falling rat-traps. There the enthusiast "bit the dust," and his tongue also, for he spoke his feelings too hurriedly *en route*. The writer cannot believe that steigeisen will be regarded as of serious service for rock work; despite the fact that they are favoured largely by continental amateurs, with a few exceptions this form of foot-gear is not regarded favourably by English climbers, even for use on snow or ice. Considerable experience is required to know the extent of their holding powers on different angles of snow and the varying consistency thereof. Too many of the writer's personal friends have met with calamity; there may be less speed, but there is greater safety in step-cutting.

Thus we return to the original proposition that the ordinary climbing boot properly nailed is the mountaineer's best friend for general service. Yet there are a few places where scarpetti might be used to advantage. As an example, some typical places might be indicated on Doe Crag. Practically all the buttress routes are suitable, with the exception of the new route on "A" buttress, which was mentioned in the Journal last year. The "C" and "D" buttresses are especially amenable to scarpetti. None of the main gullies would go happily, though on a dry day the recently discovered Blizzard Chimney exit from the Easter Gully would be easier in the rope-soled boots. Under the extremely moist and icy conditions of the stormy first ascent, nailed boots were an absolute necessity. The Black Chimney would be quite easy with scarpetti, whilst for

Jones' route up the Easter Gully this foot-gear would perhaps be preferable on a very dry day. Nevertheless, the direct climb up the Hopkinson or Koecher Crack would most certainly be safer with boots nailed as recommended. As to the Broadrick Crack it would seem uninviting in any foot-gear; the second ascent yet remains to be accomplished. The writer has only once seen this at close quarters, and then under impossible icy conditions, but the late R. W. Broadrick said that the ascent was more trying than the route which he made with his brother up the terrific slabs to the left of the great pitch in the North Gully. This expresses a good deal. On both these exceptionally severe courses, and regarding the latter the writer speaks from practical experience, the leader would require perfect knowledge of the use of his feet on smooth, slanting holds, and this point deserves accentuation, especially for beginners.

The proper use of the feet on downward-sloping foot-holds is probably the most important feature of successful rock-climbing. Whatever the angle of the rocks, the feet should be placed on these parallel with their slope, so that as many as possible of the nails on the boot-sole gain a hold. The illustration explains this principle well. Climbers are very frequently seen using only the outside nails with the foot making an angle with the hold, a procedure which entails risk of a sudden slip. Curiously enough some men in this latter position feel safer for the moment, and others say that the discomfort of holding the foot at an unusual angle is severe. The writer would urge that it is a discomfort which disappears with practice, and one which should be cultivated assiduously.

This curious ability to stand for some time with the foot at sloping angles is strongly developed in the Swiss guides, and authorities have attempted to prove that their feet are built on a different plan to those of the inhabitants of a flat country. The theory seems tenable when it is remembered that the life of a guide, from childhood upwards, is spent on hills. He cuts a sorry figure on a ten-mile walk on a level

English road. But few Britons pretend to equal the guide in his own country; with that curious "pelvic-roll" he can loiter along up-hill for hour after hour in an astonishing manner, carrying meanwhile a load that would cripple the average English labourer in half-an-hour. The secret seems to lie in the fact that the guide can place his foot down parallel with the slope, so that his heel touches the ground at every step. The average Briton who attempts to continue this for a time finds out that his calf-muscles object to the strain. He steps with the toes of the foot or progresses sideways up the slope.

It has been said that the guide's muscles are attached to the bones at a different point. However, amateurs have been able in time to overcome their stiffness, but these may be exceptions. It is a curious fact that an infant a few weeks or months old has such wonderfully adaptable feet that they can be pressed back with natural ease until the toes touch the shin bone. This gradually disappears when the child begins to "feel its feet." Evolutionists have quoted this as a proof of our former arboreal existence. A famous medical authority and climber also informs the writer that a very young baby has a wonderful hand-grip, and can support its whole weight with complacency on a small bar. At one of the London hospitals a photograph was taken of a whole row of new babies apparently dosing thus. In a few days this ability seems to disappear. This interesting digression might be continued, but space forbids. In concluding this section the writer is tempted to suggest that the Swiss guide's wonderful balance in the steps on an ice-slope comes largely as an hereditary development. He never quite loses that adaptability to place his foot at an awkward angle and keep it there.

In conclusion, a few short practical details regarding the nailing and care of the climber's boots may be appropriate. The loosening and losing of nails is a perpetual trouble. The secret of retaining their services is to have suitable natural leather, not the soft waterproof or other kindred chemically-

dressed variety. The nails should be driven direct, without having the holes previously bored. The outside pattern should have long fangs, which allow them to be driven through the edge of the thinner sole as recommended (*see illustration*) and clamped over the edge.

Various kinds of foot-grease are used on different mountain resorts. Any kind of fatty refuse is often considered good enough and the laces usually obtain a too liberal supply. For general use the writer has found sperm oil satisfactory, and clean on application. Wet days are frequent on the mountains, and an excellent way of drying the boots in their proper shape is to fill them with oats or even straw.

A good pair of boots properly nailed and tended with ordinary common sense should last the ordinary climber for three years. This is the writer's average, but there may be some who get more climbing. The man who struggles and kicks his way up the Napes Needle will find the fine old rock demand a just toll of his climbing-nails. Truly, it has more even than a heart of iron, for the well-known crack has swallowed such valuables as wedding rings and gold watches. Nevertheless, if the skilful climber steps gently up it steadied only by his hands in contradistinction to the kicking, struggling method, he will come away not even a nail the poorer, but the richer by the conquest. Any climb well and safely done, even though it be but an easy course, is a lasting joy.

WASTWATER.

BY ALFRED HAYES, M.A.

Recluse of lakes, whose dark tranquillity
No season moves ; not to that valley blest
Where all that died of Wordsworth lies at rest,
Nor where the grace of Derwent glideth by,
Or Windermere receives the enamoured sky—
Not unto these, but unto thy stern breast,
And thine o'erclouded brows, the soul oppressed
With sorrow's burden comes for sympathy.

For thou dost hold thy solemn state apart
From those familiar splendours ; giants keep
Their vigil o'er thy solitude ; weird forms
Of mist are gathered to thy troubled heart ;
Sadly the sunbeams on thy bosom sleep ;
Abode of gloom and congregated storms.



W. G. G. G.

WASTWATER.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAKE DISTRICT.

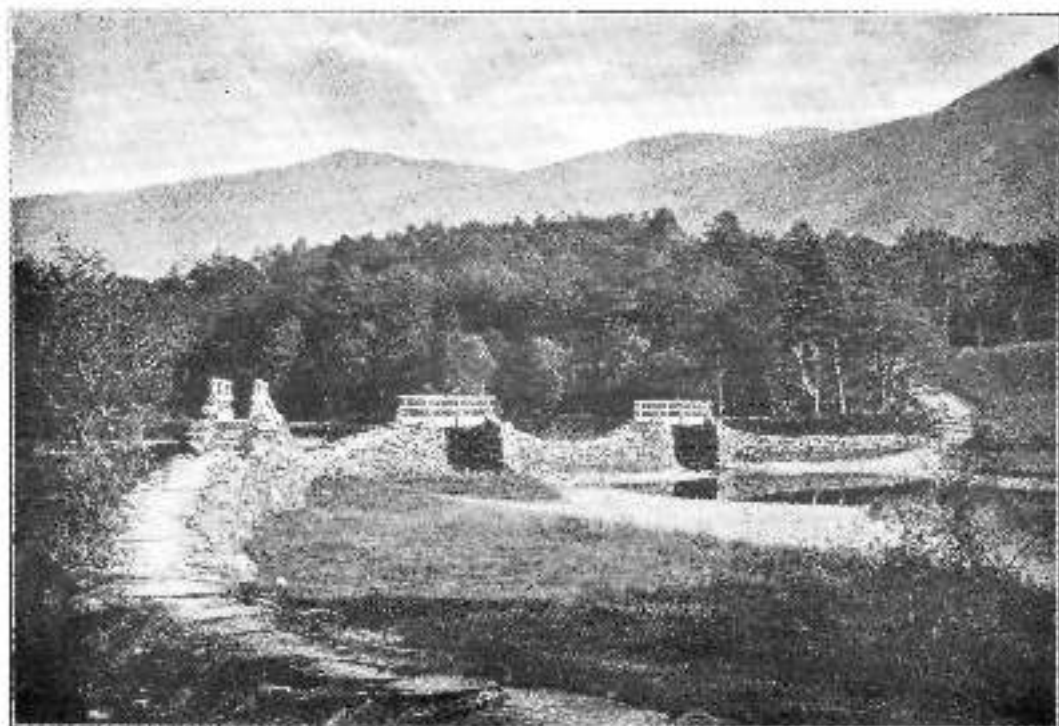
BY COLIN B. PHILLIP, R.W.S.

Most of us must look back on the time when we were unacquainted with the Lake District—an unsatisfactory period of life. My own first knowledge of the district may be said to have commenced in 1876, while I was attending the Art School at Lambeth. At the same time there was a young student studying there, little more than a boy, from Keswick, full of enthusiasm and with an unmistakable touch of genius. Will Hodgson was his name, and I dare say many of the Club are acquainted with the memorial erected to him in the jaws of Borrowdale.

We soon made fast friends, having common interests in the hills we knew and the life pertaining thereto. He spoke to me of the Cumberland fells and their 'statesmen, and I to him of the Highland hills and glens. His love and enthusiasm for his native land inspired me with a great desire to see the scenes and the people, with their pastoral life; but I was never able to gratify my fancy till 1881. In the midst of a February snowstorm I arrived at Ambleside, and after a day pounding in deep snow in a very melting mood—by the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal, and over Red Bank—with thick thaw fog hanging like a pall over the land, and having no one to talk to at the hotel, I determined to cross the Raise to Keswick and look up Hodgson, of whom I had heard nothing for some years. I called at Mayson's shop to see the model of the district, and inquired if he knew Will Hodgson. I was deeply grieved to hear he had died the previous year. In him the district lost one who, in future years, would no doubt have been a source of pride, for he had great gifts of draughtsmanship,

and especially of perception of character in men and animals. What he would have done had he lived it is of course vain to speculate; but his enthusiasm for his native hills and their human and animal inhabitants was a fine foundation to build great art on.

I remained at Keswick for a couple of months, and had many walks on the fells, in which I was accompanied by Birkett, an old fell-racer, and a very genial, pleasant companion he was. Together we had some amusing experiences on the hills. Once on High Street we had to cross a very high, ricketty wall, not hard to get up, but the other side was defended by a long and heavy snow-wreath, divided from the wall by a deep gap. Birkett got over first and jumped into the snow, and then "lent me a hand" to do ditto. He was, however, rather "previous," with the result that we disappeared on top of each other into the gap, buried under large quantities of wet snow, which blinded us and got into our mouths. What with laughing and trying to gain our feet, we had difficulty in getting out again, the wreath being at least seven feet high, giving everywhere. Birkett was much amused at the Scottish name for green springs, "Wall ees," *i.e.*, well eyes, and chaffed me much when I inadvertently slipped over my knee in one. "There's your walley," as he pronounced it. We ascended Scafell Pike, from Keswick, on a lovely day, the ground being, for the most part, covered with fresh-fallen snow. In descending Grains Ghyll, we came across some old frozen patches carefully concealed by new powdery snow. These resulted in both of us having involuntary sitting glissades, in which we turned gracefully round to view the scenery from a new direction. On this walk, too, I met with, for the first time, rum butter. Captain Cundill—an old Lake walker and climber, whom I met in Wales—had recommended me to "eat largely and then visit the chemist's." I carried out the first, but, fortunately, not the second part. I always regret I had never met Cundill in his own district; he was a



A. Pettit

THE OLD BRIDGES, THIRLMERE.

1880/81.

most charming companion on the hill, with delicious sense of humour.

In going to Scotland, some years after this, I met the Rev. James Jackson, "Patriarch of the Pillarites," in a compartment of the train. He did not tell me his name at the time, but afterwards I saw a portrait of him and identified him by that. The day was fine, and he discoursed on the lovely view we saw over Morecambe Bay, of the Lake Fells, telling me about his Pillar climbs, and how many summits there were in sight over 2,000 feet high. He left me at Carlisle after a very amusing journey together.

When at Keswick in 1881, I made the acquaintance of Henry Irwin Jenkinson, a very remarkable man. He was the first, I believe, to write a really practical guide to any district of Great Britain, the old-fashioned guides being usually descriptions of scenery. Baedeker was beforehand with him on the Continent, but Jenkinson was no copyist of Baedeker or anybody else, his methods being quite original, if rather prolix. To a person with a sense of locality of their own, his style was rather irritating, but he justified himself by saying he wrote for those who had had no experience of hill countries. I tried to persuade him to do a book on Scotland, but as he said that if he did undertake it, he would have to climb every hill! I thought he would be undertaking a rather heavy contract, and told him so. He never tried; perhaps he was wise.

The late M. J. B. Baddeley was another guide-book writer of originality I met some years later. He was much more a man of the world than Jenkinson, and had a wonderful knowledge of the wants of tourists, as well as the power of gathering just the right information in districts he could not be very intimate with, such as the Northern Highlands and Orkney and Shetland. With the Lake District he was, of course, quite familiar; but I was enabled to give him one piece of information about High Street, which is only known to those who have the six-inch O.S. maps, *i.e.*, that the true summit is 2,718 feet and

not 2,663, as given in the one-inch map, that height pertaining to a trig.-point further north. He never made use of this, however, though he took a note at the time.

In 1889, I was living in the late autumn at Fisher Place, near Thirlspot. This is the house Dante Gabriel Rossetti lived in during his visit to the Lakes, shortly before his death. I was commissioned to paint Thirlmere as it then was, from Smaithwaite Bank, and had to have recourse to the use of a hut. The carpenter who engaged to build it for me did not fulfil his promise for two or three days after the time he had fixed. On inquiry as to why he hadn't turned up, he told me in a lugubrious manner the following tale of his pleasure excursion to Manchester. I do not pretend to give the accent, and must leave that to the imagination of those who know Cumbrian.

"You see, it was like this—there was an excursion from Threlkeld to Manchester on Thursday night, at 12 o'clock. It was an awful rough night, blowing and raining, and thundering like anything, and the beck was out all over the vale. It was dark, too, and I got very wet getting to the station. I found that the train was $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours late, and when it did come up it was full. I had to stand, and in the press getting out I lost my coat, so I bought an umbrella as it was raining hard, but it blowed inside out at a corner; so I went back to the station and sat there till the train left again, and I was bad with the rheumatis since." Truly, we Britons take our pleasures sadly.

To conclude this rambling paper, I may say that I have travelled in many mountain countries where tourists gather, but I have never been in one where the inhabitants are so little spoilt as in the Lake District of England—to their honour be it said.

ON THE WEISSHORN IN A THUNDERSTORM.

By A. E. FIELD, M.A.

The Weisshorn or "White Peak" is indeed well named, for it is always dressed in a glittering garb of snow and ice. In one sense it may be said of it that "distance lends enchantment to the view"; for it rises so steeply from its base that no good view of it can be obtained from any low level in its immediate neighbourhood, where one is too much underneath it. Its graceful cone is seen to perfection from the top of the Gemmi Pass, whence it appears in the centre of all the great snow-peaks of the Valais. It was first climbed in 1861 by the late Professor Tyndall, who ascended it by the great eastern ridge, which is still the route usually followed.

I had been in Zermatt about a week in July, 1898, and had climbed the Matterhorn and two smaller peaks, when it occurred to me to try to make the first ascent of the Weisshorn for the season. There was another Englishman at Zermatt, who had just made the first ascent of the Dent Blanche for the season, and was also intending to start for the Weisshorn. We therefore joined forces, and he drove six miles down the valley to Randa, with his two guides, while I followed by train with mine. We arrived just in time for lunch at the comfortable hotel there, and then we took matters easily for an hour while provisions were ordered and packed, and two porters sent on to the sleeping-place with blankets and a bundle of straw. The village of Randa is 4,741 feet above the sea, while the top of the Weisshorn is 14,803 feet, so that it is necessary to break up the climb of 10,000 feet into two instalments, and spend the night, or part rather of it, on some rocks about three hours above Randa.

At 2-40 p.m. our little caravan, consisting of M. and I and our four guides, started for the first stage of the ascent. It was a blazing hot afternoon, and the sun poured down on us as we crossed the valley and turned up the steep track that

wound its way up the precipitous walls of rock that close in the valley on the west. Soon, however, we passed into cool shade, and congratulated ourselves that we had waited till the sun was off the track. As we gradually rose above the valley the views of the great snow-peaks encircling it became more and more imposing. Opposite us rose the Dom, the loftiest mountain that is completely in Switzerland, and the eye travelled thence round an amphitheatre of mountains to the massive form of Monte Rosa and the treacherous Lyskamm, and then along the Italian frontier by the twin peaks of Castor and Pollux to the great Breithorn and the peerless form of the Matterhorn. The pines grew smaller as we ascended, and in an hour or two we had reached their upper limit and emerged on to the fragrant mountain pastures above them. Here the cowbells were tinkling all round us, and we were soon able to get some delicious milk in a very dirty cowherd's chalet. We proceeded on our upward way and arrived at 6-15 p.m. at the spot where we were to bivouac, which is about 9,300 feet above the sea. The hut where climbers once passed the night was then in ruins, and the night had to be spent in the open on some rocks above the Schalliberg Glacier. The porters, who had been sent on, had made a fire and we found it blazing cheerfully. The kettle was soon put on and we had some soup, and then in picnic fashion we fed on meat, bread, and chocolate.

We did not sleep in the usual place, a hollow nicely sheltered by a little wall of rock about fifteen feet high, for the simple but sufficient reason that a miniature torrent was gaily splashing down into the said hollow. However, we inspected the neighbouring ground and selected a spot, on which the straw was spread, just as the summit of Monte Rosa shone out resplendent in the rosy tints of the Alpine glow, while the valley below was shrouded in deep gloom. A blanket was put down on the straw, and then at 8 o'clock M. and I lay down side by side with all our clothes and even our boots on, and another blanket over us. The air was clear, and the mountain-tops across

the valley shone out with that wondrous cold bluish tint that the eternal snows seem to possess, when viewed just after the sunset colours have faded away. The stars came out like glittering points in the dark-blue sky, as we congratulated each other on the enjoyment in store for the morrow and dropped off to sleep.

Our night was a short one, for it ended at 12-15 a.m., and we got up and were having breakfast at an hour when some people have hardly gone to bed. The porters started back to Randa with the blankets, and at 1-35 a.m. we resumed the ascent by lantern light. We soon got on the snow and tramped across it with that firm crunching under foot, which is one of the delights of an early start, so different is it to the wearisome plodding of the afternoon, when the sun has softened the surface. The slope grew steeper, and we had to kick steps up it, and soon we came to the region of possible crevasses, and out came the rope. As we plodded steadily on in the exhilarating upper air of the glacier-world, the first streaks of colour appeared in the east, and we enjoyed a splendid sunrise. Just before daybreak the wind suddenly arose, and my hat was blown off my head. In a moment it had disappeared over the ridge and was whirling in mid-air above a snow-field, which lay about 1,000 feet below. Unfortunately my goggles were fastened round my hat, which is the usual method of carrying them, and not one of us had a spare pair. I did not want to run the risk of snow-blindness nor did I wish to give up the climb and turn back: this dilemma was soon settled by the others agreeing to each lend me theirs in turn for a short time should the necessity arise.

About 7 o'clock we had just climbed a few hundred feet up some easy rocks, when the wind rose again and we had to stop about three-quarters of an hour and cling on to the rocks, for, if the wind did not soon die away, it would be very imprudent to proceed, as we should run the risk of being blown off the ridge. For some time we were really very doubtful whether

to advance or retreat, but at last the wind dropped enough to justify further progress; we were all glad to push on, the long halt in the exposed situation had made us rather cold. We pushed on over a snow-field and struck the great eastern ridge of the mountain, which we then followed. For an hour and a half we made our way along the top of the ridge, which is not always wide enough for both feet to be planted side by side and has precipices going down some 4,000 feet both to the right and left. Sometimes the way would be blocked by a rock-turret over which we must climb. At one point on the rock wall rose a second wall of frozen snow which sometimes dwindled to a knife edge at the top, and sometimes was moulded over into a gracefully curled scroll. Such a cornice is more for ornament than for use, for it obviously is inexpedient to try to cut steps and walk along its top. Even a tight-rope walker would probably decline the attempt, and only the light foot of a Camilla could hope to cross it in safety. Here we found it necessary to descend about twelve feet below the top of the ridge, and make our way along the side of this appalling wall, whose top was close above us while its foot was some 4,000 feet below.

The leading guide cut careful steps and we followed, cautiously enough, for in such a place a slip must not be made by any one of the party, even though he and the rest are carefully holding on by their ice-axes. We soon regained the crest of the ridge, and continued along it, for it now became quite simple; just as we reached its upper end and traversed to the right on to snow, we found ourselves in the mist. However, we could not very well lose our way, for we had only to proceed steadily upwards and to keep in touch with the edge of the precipice, which was about twenty yards to our left. The slope became steeper and the snow softer, and we soon sank up to the knees at every step. After an hour or so we were cheered by the guides expressing an opinion that we must be getting near the top, and we pressed on feeling quite invigorated

by the welcome news. After another hour, however, we concluded that this idea of theirs had been somewhat premature, for still through the mist we could see the snow-slopes leading steadily and obstinately upwards. The peak seemed interminable, and when we asked the guides if they were prepared to swear that a summit really existed, one of them entered into the humour of the situation by saying that he thought we must have passed it lower down. We successfully negotiated one or two bergschrunds by means of snow-bridges in very respectable condition.

The mist now became thicker, and we could not see more than ten yards ahead, but at last, after we had been assured several times that we must be getting nearer the top, the leading guide gave a shout and announced that he saw the top just ahead. This remark was received with incredulity and derision, but it turned out to be true, and in a minute we were sitting on the wished-for goal of our ambitions, or at least one of us was, for the summit was a mere point. The following is Leslie Stephen's account of it:—"Of all mountain tops that I know, that of the Weisshorn is, I think, the most beautiful with perhaps the one exception of the Wetterhorn. It is formed by three of those firm and delicate edges which can only be modelled in the mountain snow, uniting to meet in a mathematical point." It was now just 12-20 p.m., and exactly 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours since we started from our bivouac. We remained there on the summit, 14,803 feet above the sea, for a quarter of an hour, congratulating ourselves that we were the first to reach it that season, and refreshing the inner man meanwhile. Then we commenced the descent, digging our heels firmly into the soft snow, for the slope was steep and we could see but a few yards ahead. When we came near the ridge again, a meal was suggested, but we decided to traverse the ridge first, and then, when we had safely reached its foot, we would sit down at our ease and regale ourselves at leisure. But, as will be seen, the mountain decided otherwise.

We stepped on to the ridge and had not gone very far before the mist rolled away and we were saluted with a short, sharp shower of hail. This stopped, and soon afterwards I became conscious of peculiar sensations at the tips of my fingers, and found the hairs on my gloves beginning to stand up on end. We were simply all charged with electricity, and the silent discharge was sizzling off from our fingers. Sparks began to play about our axes, soon there came a sudden flash of lightning and a clap of thunder, and we all experienced an electric shock at the same moment. The guides urged us to tie our handkerchiefs around the heads of the axes, which we accordingly did, but in a very few minutes the electric performance was repeated, and we all received a second shock. The guides began to chatter in *patois* of which I understood more than I was expected to, and concluded therefrom that they regarded the situation as a serious one. However, it was no use arguing, for here we were in the midst of a thunderstorm on the famous ridge of the Weisshorn, and the only plan was to descend as speedily as possible. We hurried on, and almost flung ourselves down the rock-teeth that stopped our course at times; still the clouds rolled blackly round us, and soon came a third flash with its accompanying shock, and my startled fingers relaxed their grip of the axe, which fortunately however caught in a rock at my feet. The guides now implored us to sacrifice the axes, and so, in deference to their requests, five axes were planted firmly in the snow on the ridge and the descent continued with but a single axe among the party, which was retained for emergencies. We climbed hastily down the last rock-tower on the ridge, and soon came to the point where we had been obliged to traverse along the snow-wall, and then quickly but cautiously we made our way along it, planting our feet firmly in the steps we had cut on the ascent, and clinging on with our fingers buried in the hard snow above our heads. "Kommen Sie nur, mein Herr," said the guides, "aber immer ganz vorsichtig, sonst sind wir alle verloren"; and further

encouraged us by remarking "Glücklich sind wir, wenn wir mit Leben allein bleiben," or "We shall be fortunate if we escape with life alone." I answered them that we must all hope for that, and soon our perilous passage was over, and we regained the crest of the ridge, and it was not long before we reached its foot safe and sound.

The storm-clouds now drifted up the mountain and the sky cleared, but not for long, for it began to snow. As we descended this turned to sleet, and we were soon too wet to think of stopping for the anticipated meal, and cold and hungry we pushed on and were soon crossing the lower snow-fields. True we were wet, true we were tired, true we had been in the midst of a thunderstorm on an exposed ridge, but, as the guides remarked we had the Weisshorn in the rucksacks, and that was enough. We reached the scene of the bivouac in just four hours and ten minutes from the summit, which was about two hours before we had expected to do so. We had now descended below the region of sleet, and the rain was falling briskly, as we huddled into the scanty shelter of a small rock-face and sat down there with our heads sheltered and our legs in the rain. There a tin of potted meat, which I had brought out from home, was indeed a welcome delicacy, and refreshed and invigorated by the halt, we trotted down the lower slopes till we were warm again, and then the rain ceased and we descended steadily down the steep mountain-track into the valley below, and arrived at Randa at 6-40 p.m. It was Saturday evening, and our guides decided to remain here for the night at this their native village, while M. and I drove the six miles up the valley to Zermatt, where we reached the hospitable door of the Monte Rosa Hotel at 8 p.m. We were both too stiff in the legs from the cool drive after our wetting to jump gracefully out of the little vehicle, but after we had changed and had a hot bath we sat down *tête-à-tête* to the comfortable dinner which the resources of the establishment speedily provided, and fought our battles o'er again.

EXCITEMENT AT WASDALE.

By E. H. P. SCANTLEBURY.

Intense excitement prevailed when I arrived at Wasdale Head. Climbers hurrying down from the rocks and fells were arriving at the Hotel much earlier than was their usual wont. All seemed to wear expressions of pained surprise, and in many cases of anger. Evidently something had happened. What could it be?

An angry buzz of voices in the hall told of some happening of quite an unusual nature. Several staid and elderly climbers were gesticulating wildly, and above the general din of voices I caught stray sentences which gave me a clue to the cause of all this unusual disturbance.

“. . . and the Eagles' Nest! Why, it's now a mere walk-up," cried G. A. Solly.

"I found the Broad Stand almost unjustifiable," said G. F. Woodhouse, in a quiet but excited voice.

"And I saw three novices," shouted George Abraham, as the perspiration trickled from his brow, "shinning up the North-West on the Pillar *without a rope!*"

Presently Fred Botterill came rushing in, shouting excitedly as he tripped over a pair of boots, "I say, Grayson—some blithering idiot, some . . . ! I beg your pardon, but hang it all, I—I couldn't get down the Broad Stand! Every hold has disappeared, chipped off, or filled with cement.—Yes, a pint, please, Whiting—phew!"

The din was now becoming indescribable; one could only distinguish stray words, such as—"The Needle . . . top block . . . smooth as glass . . . fairly romped up . . . what the . . . completely spoilt . . . who the . . . publish a new list . . . say when . . ."

and so on.

Just then I managed to buttonhole Ashley Abraham ; he was almost speechless with excitement. "What's up, Asfley?" I inquired. "What's up, why everything," he gasped. "What do you mean? I can't quite sum this up. Has Great Gable turned out to be a volcano after all?"

"Don't talk rubbish—it's worse than that—far worse," said Ashley bursting into tears; "some gang of unspeakable hooligan apaches have been out at night and . . . and . . ." Here he completely broke down.

"Come, come, man, don't take it to heart like that—pull yourself together, and tell me all about it."

He murmured something about the Keswick Brothers' climb being now an easy sheep walk, but not being able to get any connected account from him, I sought out Oppenheimer ; he, I thought, would be able to give me fuller information.

"Yes," he said in a voice almost unrecognisable and shaking with suppressed emotion, "it's quite true, I don't think I shall ever climb again, it's almost broken my heart."

"Surely it can't be as bad as that?" I asked, getting anxious.

"Oh, but it is—they've completely spoilt most of the classical climbs—nearly all the exceptionally severe courses are now as easy as going upstairs, and the moderately easy courses are well-nigh unjustifiable. Chock stones have been removed ; hand-holds made with hammer and chisel, or chipped completely away, and in many cases filled up with Portland cement."

"Great Scott!—you don't say so! Why—why it means . . ."—I was now getting as excited as those around me—"it means that we shall all have to start afresh."

Just then the door was flung open, and H. B. Lyon's voice was heard above the babel of sound. "Oliverson and I have just done the first ascent of the *New* Broad Stand! It's a snorker of a climb, took us two hours. All the Scafell climbs are . . ." His voice was actually lost in the uproar.

"You must write that up for the Journal," shouted Palmer ; "we must publish a special edition."

"—and it means," I continued, "that we must publish a new list of climbs in their new order of comparative difficulty. Jones' and Abraham's books will be quite obsolete, except as historical records."

"But tell me, Opp., who has done all this?"

He came close to me, glancing suspiciously over his shoulder, and in an awed whisper said:

"Slingsby and Haskett-Smith!"

"Never!!"

"It's an absolute fact, I tell you."

"Well, candidly," I said, "I don't believe you. You've been misinformed."

"It *does* sound preposterous, doesn't it? I was simply flabbergasted when I heard: yet it seems that Slingsby was seen one night last week,—just before dark, trying with the help of two others, to lever the top block off the Needle!"

"What!"

"Yes, and as soon as he saw that he was observed he pretended to be tying up his bootlace. Then on that same night, Haskett-Smith was seen loitering in the vicinity of the Eagle's Nest arête. He was wearing a mask and was also accompanied by two companions in long cloaks. They all three slunk into the shadow of the rock in a very suspicious way, as my informant passed."

"Good heavens, man!—you really *must* be dreaming . . . you . . . why, hang it all, it's simply unthinkable . . . Oh, no, I can't swallow that—not Slingsby, dear old Slingsby, why he wouldn't kick a pebble down a gully, and as to Haskett-Smith, why . . ."

"I tell you, it's an absolute fact."

Just then George Seatree appeared.

"Yes," he said, "it is only too true—too true, and what is more, seeing who is responsible for all this, we can do nothing but accept things just as they are—no soda, thanks."

Then turning to face the crowd of excited climbers, he held

up his hands for silence, and standing upon the sofa, addressed them :—

“Gentlemen,—It occurs to me that you are perhaps, all of you, taking rather too gloomy a view of this strange affair. You all know that for some time it has been next to impossible to make new ascents in the Lake District. You know also that all the most popular routes have been climbed again and again by scores of parties each year. What have we now? It seems that all the better-known climbs have been reshuffled, the easy ones made extremely difficult, and *vice versa*. So that with this fresh deal, so to speak, it now rests with you to make your own trumps, win all the tricks—(laughter)—or first ascents under the new conditions—(cheers)—to write articles for our Journal—(Palmer shouts “hear, hear”)—to write new books on rock-climbing, and to supply photographs of the new climbs (hear, hear). In fact, I consider that we should all pass a hearty vote of thanks to our benefactors, Mr. Slingsby and Mr. Haskett-Smith—(“hear, hear” and loud applause)—and their band of willing helpers—(cheers)—for saving our grand old sport—(cheers)—from dying—(groans)—with sheer ennui.”

Prolonged cheers greeted the close of our President’s speech, followed by the singing of “They are jolly good fellows,” during which two well-known faces, wreathed in smiles, appeared at the door. Frantic cheering and shouting followed, as amid the general uproar the two noted climbers were carried shoulder high around the dining-room table.



A.—Busher Crack.
B.—Left Face Route.
C.—Right Face Route.
D.—Black Crack.
E.—Small Chimney.
F.—Small Crack.
aa.—Splinter Selay Start in **A.**
bb.—Easy Terrace finish to **B.**

cc.—Turkism Route starting **C.**
dd.—25-foot Traverse in **C.**
ee.—Two-stid Traverse in **B.**
f.—Two Block Traverse in **C.**
x.—Central Platform between **B** and **C**
l.—Black Corner **D.**
l.—Look-out Corner **C.**

NEW SCRAMBLES IN MOSEDALE.

By H. B. LYON.

A short description of a unique rock-face at the head of Mosedale may interest those who may sometime desire a short day's climbing within easy reach of Wasdale Head.

Taking the Mosedale Beck as a guide: follow this until, some 500 feet below the saddle that connects Red Pike with the Pillar Range, a steep, sloping wall of rock bars the way. Elliptical in shape, the most pronounced features of this rock-face are two well-defined vertical cracks running parallel to the summit at the steepest part, while the tapering ends are also split by shorter cracks.

Although the total height does not exceed 200 feet, and the climbing is of a somewhat miniature description, yet the rock is sound, and there are a variety of routes.

The lower part of the crag consists mainly of smooth, sloping slabs, while the upper face is broken up by huge steps and platforms. Seen from below these have a deceptive appearance of simplicity, which a closer acquaintance does not bear out, for their risers overhang and tops shelf.

During the Easter meet of 1910, seven of us were tramping up Mosedale *en route* for Steeple. The sight of these crags standing out in bold relief against a background of snow, their two main cracks looking quite fierce in the half-light, decided us to explore what lay so invitingly at hand. L. J. Oppenheimer, J. Davidson, and the writer accordingly tackled the right and more decided looking crack (Black Crack), E. A. Baker and H. Westmorland going round to the shallower one on the left (Easter Crack). The remaining two were content to direct operations from below.

"BLACK CRACK."—The first 40 feet of our crack presented no great difficulty. The water with which the bed of the crack was well supplied could be avoided by using the slabs on either

side. Soon, however, the crack deepened, and we could no longer keep dry. The shallow walls gave little assistance, and holds had to be groped for in the bed of the stream. Belays were scarce, but a deep recess half-way up the pitch enabled the second man to wedge himself firmly, while I backed up a wet, slightly overhanging chimney. After this the crack widened again, and about 30 feet of "finger and toe" work, very similar to the start, brought us to a good-sized platform (Black Corner).

We were now in a large right-angled corner, both walls of which overhung considerably. Our only possible means of exit was to the left, where the shorter wall ended in a steep, sloping top, almost destitute of holds. A copious stream of icy-cold water poured down this, and after several attempts to establish a footing we were compelled to acknowledge defeat. A rope from above soon released us from our difficulties, and as we all three required a good deal of its assistance when surmounting the last bit, it looked as if this pitch was to remain unconquered, as far as we were concerned (z in diagram).

"EASTER CRACK."—The left crack which our two friends had negotiated, in time to lower us their rope, is pretty similar to the right one. Its pitches are shorter and more numerous, and the difficulties increase as one gets higher. Owing to the narrowness of the crack, which in some places is hardly wide enough to admit even the toe of a climbing-boot, much use has to be made of the slabs on either side. As many of these overhang, and have the sloping-top formation common to these rocks, there is no lack of interesting problems. The *pièce de résistance* occurs rather more than half-way up the climb, where a pitch of 12 feet rises abruptly from a long, sloping slab. The crack here is very narrow, and the only hand-hold is a loose stone wedged none too firmly in the upper part, while a splinter below can be used as a "take-off." In dry weather various small friction-holds come into play, but when the rocks are wet a shoulder may, except for a tall man,

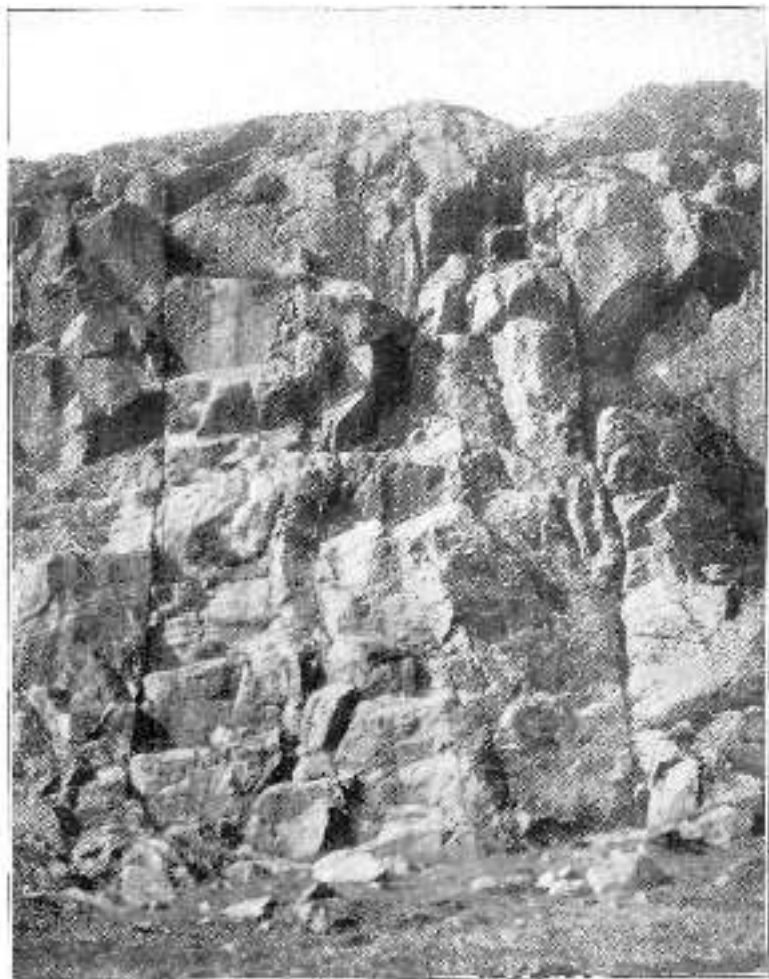
be found necessary (a in diagram). Another and similar pitch follows, which, though longer, is easier. A big stone near the bottom provides a useful belay, and is used as a "take-off" to a ledge 5 feet away, from the end of which a pull over to what is practically the last platform is easy (b in diagram).

"RIGHT FACE ROUTE."—I wished to pay another visit to these rocks, in order to find out if drier weather conditions lessened the final difficulty in "Black Crack," and an opportunity occurred during the Whitsuntide meet.

While four of our party were making the second ascent of "Easter Crack," W. B. Brunskill, L. B. Smith, and the writer started up "Black Crack." In spite of several preceding weeks of almost perfect weather, the crack seemed to contain as much water as before, so, after climbing about 40 feet and seeing no better prospect of a successful "direct" finish, I decided to try if a way could be found up the slabs on the left. A narrow ledge, rising at an angle of 45 degrees, seemed to offer a likely route. This traverse (marked d) terminated in about 25 feet on a sloping terrace. A few feet more of none too easy climbing over a rounded slab, with few holds, brought us to a still larger platform (marked x), at what might be termed the true centre of the crag. Here we found an excellent belay. Our situation was most impressive, the rocks above and around standing out in rugged fashion. In front the main wall was hollowed out, forming buttresses on either side, and from the overhang, some 20 feet above, water dripped freely.

A choice of routes now presented and, in order to adhere as near as possible to the line of the original crack, I chose the right, the left route coming in for attention on a subsequent occasion.

Two squarish blocks about 12 feet up on the right wall seemed to be the next objective: below them the wall was smooth and destitute of holds. By climbing a few feet up the corner of the leaf of rock, on which the blocks were, I was able to grasp the nearer. A tiny ledge just below gave sufficient



THE ELLIPTICAL CRAG, MOSEDALE.

purchase for one foot during the swing across, and also acted as a "steadier" while drawing the body up on to the blocks (f on diagram).

Standing on these, a full length arm-pull landed me on to a "mantel-shelf," at the end of which a small triangular platform (l) allowed just sufficient room for the others to ljoin me. After we were all snugly ensconced in "Look-out Corner" and had leisurely discussed in detail the intricacies of the last pitch, we turned once more to the climb.

The left wall of our recess overhung, but the right sloped much less aggressively. A 12-foot crack in the corner was obviously the means of exit, and completed the resemblance of the pitch to "Amen Corner" on Gimmer Crag. By jamming left knee and foot in the crack and with hands gripping its knife-edge sideways fashion, it was possible to work up high enough to grasp the top.

We were now just above our *bête noir* in Black Crack, and a few easy slabs brought us to the top of the crag at a point where a thin fissure, the remains of that crack, merged finally in the broken rocks above.

Rather an amusing incident, which occurred as a "wind-up" to the day's proceedings, shows that it is not advisable to treat even apparently simple scrambling with disrespect.

One of our party, having heard my somewhat pessimistic description of "Black Corner," wished to have a look at it for himself. Unroped, he had found a way up the grassy slabs to the right of the crack, but, as is often the case, the descent did not appear quite so inviting. Another of the party shouldering a rope to take round to the top, with over-zealous haste thought to save time by taking a short cut up the small chimney on the right of the crag (E in photo). Finding the upper part of this not easy, he tried to traverse out to the left, with the result that he soon found himself "hung-up" on some small insecure grass ledges. A third man had now to go round to the help of both, and in rescuing No. 2 nearly got

into difficulties himself on the smooth, sloping slabs above the chimney. Meanwhile No. 1, tired of waiting for the rope which was so long in coming, found his way down unaided.

A week-end at Wasdale early in August saw the final exploration of these rocks, as far as this article is concerned. On this occasion we first climbed the small chimney on the right of the crag (**E** in diagram). This is short, and requires little description. About 40 feet of easy scrambling up grass ledges leads to the foot of the chimney. After a few feet of "backing-up" a tiny recess is reached, under a protruding tongue-shaped boulder: to "back-up" out and over this is the only real problem, for above the chimney narrows and slopes back at an easy angle.

A short one-pitch crack still further to the right received undeserved attention: from start to finish it is a mere wallow up wet slabs (**F** in photo).

"RIGHT FACE ROUTE DIRECT."—The cracks contained more water than was pleasant, owing to recent heavy rains, so we turned our attention to the face, which was comparatively dry. H. B. Gibson and W. B. Brunskill now unexpectedly put in an appearance, and celebrated their arrival by finding a more direct route up the right face climb (**ee** in photo). Starting slightly to the left of Black Crack, a "hand traverse," sloping upwards for about 15 feet, finishes on the face of the buttress; from here a small vertical crack is partly followed until the terrace below Central Platform is reached. This variation contains about 60 feet of good climbing; on the final 20 feet the holds are somewhat microscopic.

"LEFT FACE CLIMB."—While our companions were thus engaged, G. S. Sansom and the writer found it possible to arrive at the terrace below Central Platform by a much easier and quicker route (**B**). Starting about 20 feet to the right of Easter Crack, a series of slabs and shallow scoops eventually brought us to the terrace which is the central point of both the face climbs. On reaching Central Platform we found that

the pointed top of a leaf of rock at the base of the wall on our left could be reached from a narrow ledge ; an arm-pull on to this disclosed another ledge from which it was possible to scramble on to a second leaf, divided from the main rock by a shallow " crevasse." The next move did not appear too obvious, as the wall in front bulged, and a smooth, sloping step at its right edge was just too distant for a stride across, even if the sloping top of our little platform had afforded a better take-off. Passing the rope round the " crevasse " and with S. thus firmly belayed on the ledge just below, I used his shoulder for the " take off." Another and similar stride, but at a lower level, brought me on to a broad ledge (Two-Strid Traverse), jutting out over Central Platform (ee in photo). After S. had joined me here, we finished the climb up the slabs to the left of the finish of the right face route. An easy exit can also be made by a long grassy terrace, leading to the foot of the last pitch in Easter Crack, and a more direct finish up the wall in front was also tried, but would not " go."

We had now stayed longer than we intended, and two of us who were due in Langdale that night were already assured of a descent of Rosset Ghyll in the dark. Before hurrying back, however, we went across to a deep-looking cleft which we had noticed on the side of the Red Pike, at a slightly lower level than the Mosedale Rocks. Under Gibson's leadership we made an ascent of this chimney, which, though not so formidable as appeared from a distance, was quite good enough to make us wonder what other tit-bits of climbing a thorough exploration of the little frequented ridges of Red Pike might reveal.

A CLIMBER'S REVERIE.

BY MRS. ASHLEY P. ABRAHAM.

Oh, quiet night! Thy magic spell enfoldeth
Alike the mountains and the dreaming dale.
The wind is hushed; 'neath fitful cloud-vei'd moonbeams
The dark, secluded lake lies silver-pale.

Beside the fire, with pipes alight, my comrades
Recount old tales and track their climbs once more;
I miss the cheery voice—the kindly presence—
Of one we loved, who shared our sport of yore.

Drawn by the threads of tender recollection,
I seek the path we trod in days gone by;
Here in the stillness, 'midst his well-loved mountains,
I feel his spirit to my own more nigh.

Oh, my lost comrade! Could I but recall thee
For one glad day of all that used to be,
Once more the "Eagle's Nest" to dare—and conquer,
And from its summit view the distant sea!

It may not be—yet to my listening fancy
There breathes a faint, far whisper, zephyr-borne:
"Thy friend awaits thee in a fairer country,
Dost thou not know that after night comes morn?"

Morn with a radiance past our loveliest dreaming,
Day that recks naught of shadows or of pain;
Where friendship's links are welded close for ever,
Where comrades, re-united, greet again!"

THE PLEASURES OF LONG DAYS ON THE FELLS.

By G. BENNETT GIBBS.

It might be questioned if there are pleasures in long days on the Fells. To the town-dweller there is certainly the one of being on the Fells at all, and one may presume that to a native there may be a modified feeling of like nature. If we take this as the primary pleasure, all other delights must be considered secondary, although they may be keener and probably arise out of what is being done on the hills.

It is easy to imagine a native out collecting sheep with an unsatisfactory dog (if there is such a thing) finding his day very trying. The visitor also if lost in the clouds, and perhaps being out for the night in consequence, finds his greatest pleasure in being done with it, even if he discovers himself at the "Wool Pack" instead of the "Royal Oak." The person, too, who is unfortunate enough to be crag-fast has the same delight in rescue, and very little pleasure in the long day, even in the telling of the story afterwards.

The question of degree depends a good deal on two things—the weather and the occupation. Companionship, of course, may almost rank as a third, but it is coupled with occupation to a very great extent, although one may have to do without it.

For the primary pleasure it is scarcely necessary to argue, and of the weather in the Fell country, little need be said here. We all know it, try to take it as it comes, thankful for the fine days and doing our best to think we enjoy a wetting.

As to occupation, the longest days are probably those devoted to Fell walking or touring. In our Lake District it is not often necessary to make a very long day of a climbing excursion, unless the "courses" are ambitious and extensive, as well as distant, in which case the day may sometimes be described as *in* the Fells as well as *on* them.

In my own experience the two longest days were spent in trying to make a record walk, when, after the primary pleasure, the companionship of our late member, John W. Robinson, certainly ranked first. It is approaching twenty years ago, so I can afford to say the occupation or aim was of little account to me then, being an anticipation of a boastful after-life—not altogether realised—rather than an appreciation of the grandeur of the mountains; indeed, the speed at which we had to travel left little time for the real open-mouthed delight of the child of nature. There was a man going round the Fells and a youth following him, finding his greatest pleasure therein.

The first of these days was a failure at the end, partly by reason of a heavy storm coming on and partly through the man's consideration of the youth. The second day was a worse failure, for it was so thick on the tops we lost time and almost lost ourselves on the mysterious summit of Bow Fell, and in consequence had to end the campaign at Angle Tarn, and retreat to our base at Keswick, the pleasures of the day being somewhat "thin."

One remembers the first day with more complacency, but forgets some of the details which gave pleasure at the time.

The walk up Borrowdale after midnight was dim as my recollection of a cloudy night at the time of October's full moon. There was a charming mystery about finding the top of Gable, with three inches of new snow and a fimsy nightcap spread over the summit. I have never contoured above Piers Ghyll with more pleasure, for Robinson seemed to know every foot of the way, and made short work of it, and every subsequent traverse has seemed longer and to pay less. We dropped down to Lord's Rake on this occasion, and ascended Scafell by Deep Ghyll, a gloomy experience at that time of day, but on next year's trial we went over Pikes Crag and made a record ascent and descent of Scafell from Mickledore by the Broad Stand. If the Deep Ghyll was after the style of Doré, the sunrise following was lavishly Turner, for wild brightness, giving us a hasty glimpse

through a break in the clouds of some far-away Yorkshire Fell, as we rattled up to the top of the highest English hill. I believe I was allowed time to climb the cairn before we made off to Great End as one of the eight tops on the twenty-four hour programme. But I have jumped over a pleasant or rather amusing incident on the descent of Broad Stand. Melting snow on the lower steps had turned to ice, and our only tools were unshod alpenstocks of hazel, snatched up at the last moment of departure in the hope that they would not be an encumbrance and possibly of use. Our only tether was the strap of a small rucksack worn by the leader, which was held on to from above while he poked at the ice on the step below, to the extreme peril of the whole party on the slippery edge. By the time the way was cleared we found that the danger had melted away very quickly by merely sitting on it! From Great End in good daylight we had no difficulty in reaching Bow Fell; on the edge of a small snow cornice between the top and Hen Tor were marks in the snow indicating some kind of difference between a fox and a raven, but we failed to read the moral of the story. If it was a question of food, we were in sympathy with either party, or both.

After making our first breakfast at Angle Tarn, recollection brings to mind little pleasure in the long boggy walk over to and down Wythburn Bottom.

One was glad of a rest at a farm thereabouts, but got cooled down too much during a meal of state, served in the unwarmed houseplace—the kitchen was more cheery—so that a move for Helvellyn was a pleasure, if a toil. Is it with the same emotion that one recollects the strength and keen coldness of the wind from the north-west, as we trudged along the level part of the summit? Well, perhaps it was not nice then, but now one can take comfort that one's skull having once ached with cold, and death not following immediately, it may be possible to survive again in like circumstances, especially if a rush downhill such as ours to Thirlspot brings back the circulation again,

even to the extent of enjoying a drink. The delights of Thirlspot were not unmixed, for I found another spot not so pleasant ; it was on the back of a heel, not broken, fortunately, but enough to dim the romance which should surround one through St. John's Vale.

The next pleasure was the rest and tea at Setnabanning, the name itself being a joy to recollect. We were comfortable and drowsy in the warm kitchen, half-an-hour being all too short, and one could have been satisfied to leave Blencathra and Skiddaw for another day, had we not considered the time in hand was fair for the " bagging " of these peaks before midnight should find us again at Keswick, and our condition being still far from " done."

It is not a pleasure, really, but curious to recollect, that Robinson actually got lost in the mirk of Threlkeld, missing the field-path to the mine, so that we had to go along the Penrith Road till opposite the middle buttress of Blencathra. Of the climb up this usually delightful route to the summit, the pleasure was similar to that of the crag-fast person before alluded to—that of getting over with it. The clearness experienced on Helvellyn was now gone, and the heavy wind was bringing down clouds and doing what it could to blow us off the hill. Heather holds were the order of the night when the gusts came, and the rocky part near the top was very uncanny.

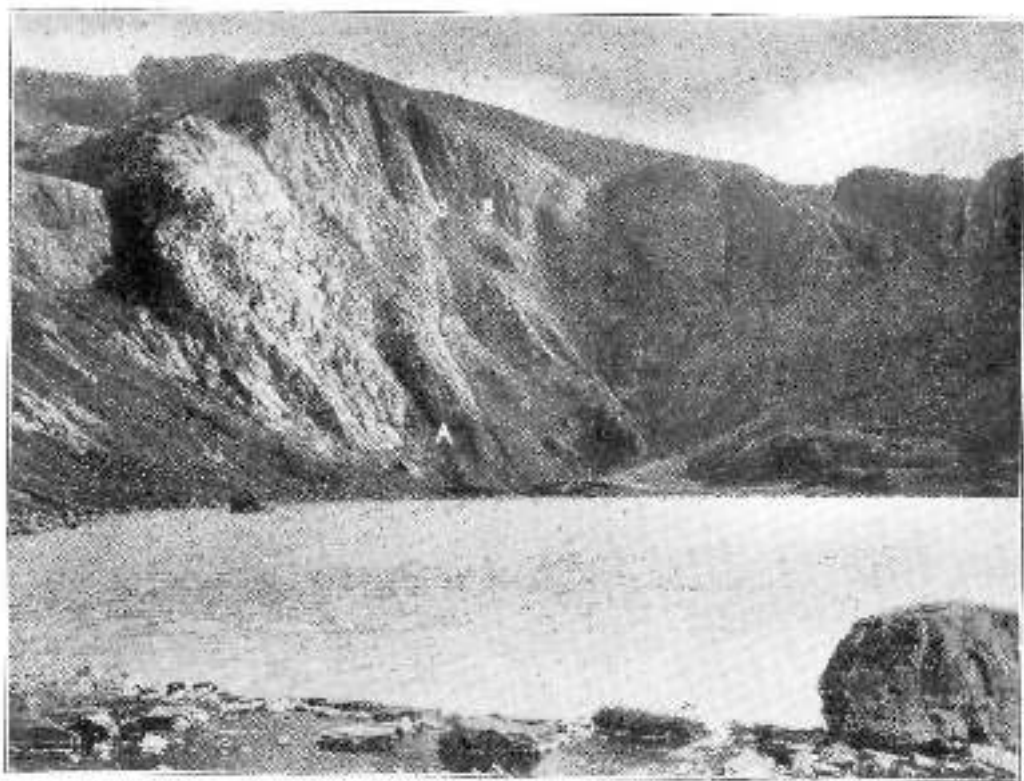
Continuing the catalogue of the enjoyments of this long day, one must count as such the struggle down the slope of Blencathra to the Glenderaterra, meeting hosts of cloud-ghosts hurrying upwards before some commanding demon of the west. There was no rain as yet, but our faithless full moon gave such a very meagre impression of light as distinct from darkness that we got half way up the steepest side of Lonscale Fell before a consultation was called to decide if time and tempest gave us a chance of rectifying our line of ascent, and gaining the top of Skiddaw, even if on " all-fours," and Keswick within the twenty-four hours. I believe Robinson had the kindness to

suggest retreat ; I know I had the wickedness to assent without persuasion. So our last pleasure was in turning our steps towards the Skiddaw Hotel, instead of to a point 3,054 feet above sea-level, and mingled with it was the disappointment of a purpose unfulfilled. Arguing on the way, with some hardihood, that we were wise to turn back, we reached the last shelter of the day rather more than half-an-hour before the time appointed.

There have been other men on the same quest since, who have experienced other pleasures than ours. Without doubt the previous training and consequent "form" was superior, and must have added considerably to their enjoyment. In Westmorland's case, I like to think of him trotting over the Dodds just to fill up time, of which we had none to spare. Dr. Wakefield was even worse, or better, in his dash from pillar to post in a daring game of "tig" with the fleeting hours.

Speed is a most exhilarating factor in locomotion, whether the energy be developed by the human body or by mechanical aid, but while most of us like to rejoice as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, we must still allow that the contemplative pleasures of a long and lazy day on the Fells are not to be despised. After a satisfying rock-climb, what is more delightful than delaying the descent till the last moment that allows of reaching night-quarters before it is so dark one may say "Good night" to a gate-post in the lane from Burnthwaite to Raw Head Farm ?

Such are some of the pleasures one may experience in a long day on the Fells, and the pursuit of them may properly be encouraged ; probably many like days have been the lot of members of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club which have not been recorded, in the perhaps too ardent desire for more exciting episodes on the Rocks.



G. P. Andrew & Sons.

GLYDRI FAWR, FROM LLYN IDWAL.

Welsh.

CROSS-PURPOSES ON GLYDER FAWR.

By H. B. GIBSON.

There are some who consider an article on rock-climbing sufficiently justified if it points a moral or teaches a useful lesson. Such being the case, the succeeding narrative is greatly blessed. For it contains more than one example of the baneful results of foolish practices; and, though it is no part of my intention to preach a sermon, there are implied many warnings which youth and inexperience would do well to heed.

At Easter some years ago it was my good fortune to spend a camping holiday with a trusty comrade in the mountains of North Wales. Our first week was spent at the head of Cwm Llafar, but after exhausting the attractions of Craig-yr-Ysfa and Ysgolion Duon we made a moonlight flitting to the shores of Lake Ogwen, where we settled in the small hours of Tuesday morning. A day or two on Tryfan sufficed to wear off the stiffness induced by our strenuous march over the slopes of Carnedd Dafydd, and by Thursday we felt fit for serious work.

We had been much uplifted in spirit by the successful achievement in severe conditions of the two most exacting climbs in the Carnedd district, and we had concluded, perhaps somewhat hastily, that the "exceptionally severe" afforded the most natural scope for our talents. Accordingly a consultation of the authorities at Ogwen cottage led us to choose the Central Gully of Glyder Fawr as likely to provide such recreation as our hearts desired.

It was a season of cold east winds, but, as early in the afternoon we strolled leisurely round the shores of Llyn Idwal, the sun shone brightly, and in the shelter of the Cribin the air felt pleasant and even warm.

Arriving at the Idwal Slabs we followed the usual route up the Introductory Gully to the grassy terrace, whence start the chief climbs on Glyder Fawr. This Introductory Gully is

a curious place. Its left wall is flush with the sloping face of the cliff, whilst its right wall, deeply undercut, forms a sort of roof all the way up. Except that one has the shelter of the roof the climbing is pure face work ; it is of the easy staircase kind, and very pleasant and interesting.

From the terrace we did not find it an easy matter to locate our climb, having no certain means of identification, but at length we selected the most formidable looking gully as that which answered best to our recollections of the written description of the Central. The first pitch certainly looked excellent. It was a steep chimney, 60 feet high, and its walls had the characteristic formation of the Introductory Gully ; but in this case the lower wall was practically smooth. My companion led and got up the pitch without much difficulty. I had charge of both our ice-axes, and, as from the structure of the place much time was likely to be lost in sending them up on the rope, I decided to carry them with me. I also had a rucksack containing a half-plate camera.

Now the chimney was steep and narrow, and, as I had anticipated, progress depended chiefly on friction. The ice-axes, slung on my right arm, invariably jammed at every upward movement, and the camera sack sought out every excrescence on the upper wall and clung to it lovingly. My progress might have suggested a variation of an old problem, in this wise : If a climber ascending a narrow chimney advances two feet in the first minute and descends one in the second, and continues thus to the top, how long will the performance take, supposing the height of the chimney to be 60 feet ? Common arithmetic shows the answer to be 1 hour 57 minutes, and my impression is that this result agrees well with that obtained in practice.

In rather irritable mood I joined my leader, and took his place by the side of a remarkably uncomfortable belay. There was practically nothing to stand on, and one had to keep one's balance by clinging to the spike of rock over which the rope passed. To add to the general discomfort the place was exposed to

the full blast of a particularly biting north-east wind, and the sun's rays were completely cut off by the neighbouring crags.

Soon after leaving me the leader disappeared round a rib of rock, and it was a long time before I saw him again. For about half-an-hour the only sign he vouchsafed was in the form of a sod or a chunk of rock. The strain of paying out the rope was excessive, and when about 60 feet had gone the last drop of patience oozed from me, and I gave utterance to harsh and bitter words in the loudest tones I could command. But my words, caught up by the wind, were carried hither and thither, and oft-times cast mockingly back in my face. So that presently I desisted. At length, when the whole 80 feet had almost run out, the remaining few feet of rope were pulled up suddenly, and taking this as a signal to start I quickly set out.

Then began what appeared to me the most trying 40 feet of climbing I have ever essayed. The pitch was rotten to the core (or so it seemed). Dry and withered tufts of grass came away in handfuls; great square chunks of rock slipped out when handled as a book comes from its shelf; and the feet pawed vainly for satisfaction on ledges which crumbled into dust at a touch. After half-an-hour of refined torture I gained a stance at the foot of a chock stone, wedged closely into the V-shaped bed of the gully at a point where the peculiar overhanging wall was again in evidence. The leader was above on the chock stone, and the ledge on which he stood seemed large and secure.

My nerves were in the state that is commonly called "edgy." In such a condition climbers, like ordinary mortals, are easily moved to imprecation. They will revile the man above them for gross carelessness if the rope be slack by an inch; and they will equally revile him for impertinent zeal, if they feel but an ounce of stress on it. In the present case there ensued a dialogue which came near to straining past recovery the friendly relations of the participators. I give its substance, omitting certain

embellishments which readers of experience will readily supply for themselves.

Myself : That was the rottenest bit I have ever been on in my life. It was rather risky to run out so much rope on it.

Leader : Oh, it wasn't bad ; the holds were certainly a trifle loose, but there were plenty of them.

Myself : I am glad you think so. What am I to do now ?

Leader : The next bit is exceptionally severe according to A.'s book.

Myself : You mean the bit between us ?

Leader : Yes.

Myself : H'm. Isn't there something about threading the rope ?

Leader : Yes ; before you can come up the rope has to be pushed through the hole behind the chock stone till enough has gone through for me to reach it from above.

Myself : All right, I'll try ; but I'll have to go up a few feet. Can you hold me ?

Leader : I think so ; but I'm standing on a sloping ledge, and there's no belay.

Myself : I think I can wedge securely enough ; don't bother with the rope.

I climbed up a few feet, and in a very cramped position made futile attempts to push the rope up behind the chock stone, my companion meanwhile peering down to try and get a glimpse of it.

Myself : Can you see it ?

Leader : No.

Myself : Reach down and try and catch it.

Leader : I can't get anywhere near it ; how much have you shoved through ?

Myself : About 15 feet.

Leader : I suppose the rope isn't stiff enough : it must have been freezing when those fellows did it.

Myself : It's no use ; I'll go down.

Leader : The bit above may be stiff, and there isn't room for two on this ledge ; you'll better unrope and let me go on alone till I get to a belay.

Myself : Don't be an idiot. Why can't I come up now ? You went up at the end of 80 feet of rope, and if your ledge was good enough to bring me up that rotten pitch below, it must be good enough for these next dozen feet. The rock is quite sound, and it looks simple enough.

Leader : I tell you it's exceptionally severe.

Myself : Then you were absolutely unjustified in going up it ; you should certainly have stayed on this ledge below.

Leader : Oh well, come on then.

I started up and found the pitch the easiest bit that had occurred so far on the climb. The ledge above was certainly deceptive, and at a later stage I was prepared to admit that the leader had some justification for his attitude. Few words were spoken at our meeting, but when, a hundred feet higher, we emerged into the warm sunshine at the top of the gully some appreciation of the humour of the situation had begun to dawn on both of us ; and any feelings of bitterness that still remained disappeared later when we discovered that we had been in the West Gully (B) and not the Central (C) as we had supposed. The only comment that need be added is an extract from the description of the West Gully in Messrs. Abrahams' "Rock Climbing in North Wales." It runs thus : "The course lies uniformly at a steep angle to the summit, but abundance of hand and foot-holds makes the ascent seem comparatively easy to those who have overcome the difficulties of the pitch below."

THE GLARAMARA CAVES.

By THEODORE R. BURNETT.

The Editor has honoured me with an invitation to make a contribution to the Journal on the above theme; and I must say at the outset that I am almost wholly unqualified to deal with the subject. Had I not been brought up to believe that editorial—like royal—invitations amounted to commands, I should certainly have declined.

At Whitsuntide, a goodly party of us gathered in Borrowdale. Some deemed Borrowdale a suitable centre from which to visit the distant Mosedale climbs; others, more modest in their ideas, were content to walk to Langdale, taking the caves *en route*. Our way from Thorneythwaite lay over the tongue which separates Borrowdale proper from Comb Ghyll, and the caves lie on the east side of the latter valley. We followed the stream up to the sheep fold, and then struck sharp up to the left towards the shoulder of Glaramara. It takes about twenty minutes to walk up from the valley-bottom to the fine escarpment of rock in which the caves are situated. Armed with candles, magnesium ribbon, and ropes, our party entered the rift in the rock and we soon reached a secondary cleft descending vertically to a depth which, by candle light, might be anything.

Being the only member of the party with a pot-holing reputation, I was selected as the most suitable victim to be lowered. For negotiating a sheer drop it pays to make a stirrup in the end of the rope, as well as to fasten it round the waist, and thus equipped I was comfortably lowered for about ten feet. I explored the floor of the crack, and found it to be sloping and covered with stones of various sizes. To one of these was attached a card bearing the owner's name and address, the date (1896) and the query "Who will bring up this card?" This was obviously intended for me, so I pocketed it, but unfortunately lost it later. By an alternative route, further in

the recess, I climbed up unaided, and finished with a little traverse back to my companions. The moral support of the rope was helpful!

No others appearing anxious to share my experiences, we all roped up for the ascent of the chief fissure. This affords an interesting and steepish climb of perhaps forty feet, in which chimney and pot-hole tactics are useful; though there is no great difficulty, and the holds are good. A final wriggle landed us in daylight once more, and from the point of exit an attractive but easy chimney in excellent rock provided a route back to the lower opening.

The caves are well worth a visit, and the surrounding rocks present many interesting little problems and practice climbs.

* * * * *

The day after receiving the Editor's request for the above account, a fortnight's rambling at Zermatt came to an end, and as the train cautiously made its way down the Visp Valley I got into conversation with some Englishmen. The subject changed from the mighty Alps to the beloved Lakeland hills, and incidentally to the Glaramara Caves. I mentioned my experiences as here related, and my new acquaintance, after hearing the story through, said, "*I left that card.*" When he gave me a facsimile, I remembered the name—A. H. Sanders, Darlington—and I hope that it will soon appear on the list of members of our club.

EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAM OF DOE CRAGS.

[THE CLIMBS INCREASE IN DIFFICULTY FROM FIRST TO LAST.]

EASY COURSES.

AA Easy Gully.
 pp E Buttress. *Route II.*
 ff Easy Terrace (*finishing up top of Intermediate Gully.*)

MODERATE COURSES.

tt E Buttress. *Route III.*
 rr " " *IV.*
 gg Real Chimney.
 v Slingsby's Pinnacle.
 oo E Buttress. *Route I.*
 A " *Variation II. (not seen in diagram).*

DIFFICULT COURSES.

ss A Buttress. *Variation I.*
 Easter Gully and South Chimney (*not seen in diagram*).
 ll C Buttress.
 cc A " *Abraham's Route.*
 lk C " *Variation start.*
 dd Easter Gully and Black Chimney.

bb Woodhouse's Crack.
 BB Great Gully.
 hh B Buttress. *Woodhouse's Route.*
 m D " (*either start*).
 hh' B " *Variation to Woodhouse's Route.*
 EG " " *Abraham's Route.*
 EG' " " *Variation.*
 zz A " *Gordon and Craig Route. (120-foot rope).*
 ee B " *Broadrick's Route. (100-foot rope).*
 ii Easter Gully and Blizzard Chimney.
 FF North Gully.

EXCEPTIONALLY SEVERE COURSES.

ww B Buttress. "The Giant's Crawl." (120-foot rope).
 DD Intermediate Gully.* (100-foot rope).
 xx A Buttress. "The Arete, Chimney, and Crack." (120-foot rope).
 EE Easter Gully. *O. G. Jones' Route. (120-foot rope).*
 Great Gully, *first Pitch direct*.†
 CC Central Chimney. (140-foot rope).
 Easter Gully. *Hopkinson's Crack. (120-foot rope).*
 Easter Gully. *Broadrick's Crack. (120-foot rope).*
 North Gully, *Route on the extreme left of Great Pitch.*

* The branch exit on to "C" Buttress is slightly easier than the direct ascent of Intermediate Gully.

† This course is more difficult than Hopkinson's Crack, but is classed as easier on account of its shortness.

CLIMBS AROUND CONISTON.

By T. C. ORMISTON-CHANT.

The object of this article is to clear up the uncertainty which exists as to the position and character of some of the Doe Craggs climbs, and at the same time, to give descriptions of a few new climbs in the neighbourhood.

Having made all the recognised ascents on the crags, except the three difficult routes up Easter Gully, I have ventured to include a classified list of the climbs. It has been compiled after obtaining the opinion of others, and may prove of value to some climbers.

I have submitted the list to Mr. George Abraham, who has kindly given me his opinion as to its accuracy. He agrees with the order given, on the whole, but regards Central Chimney as easier than O. G. Jones' route up Easter Gully.

He has informed me that the route up North Gully on the extreme left, is the most difficult climb on the crags. This route is mentioned in Mr. G. F. Woodhouse's article in the *Climbers' Club Journal*.

Besides the accurate and comprehensive descriptions given by Mr. Woodhouse in the *Climbers' Club Journal*, No. 29, and by Mr. Abraham in "British Mountain Climbs," there is information in the Club Record Book kept at the Coniston headquarters.

By reference to these three, and with the help of Messrs. C. Grayson, A. Craig, and S. H. Gordon (the latter having placed careful notes, on some of the climbs, at my disposal), it has been possible to produce what is hoped will prove a useful addition to the writings on the subject of Doe Craggs.

THE GIANT'S CRAWL, "B" BUTTRESS.—In the minds of some there has been uncertainty as to the exact routes followed by Messrs. Broadrick and Messrs. Abraham, respectively, on "B" Buttress.

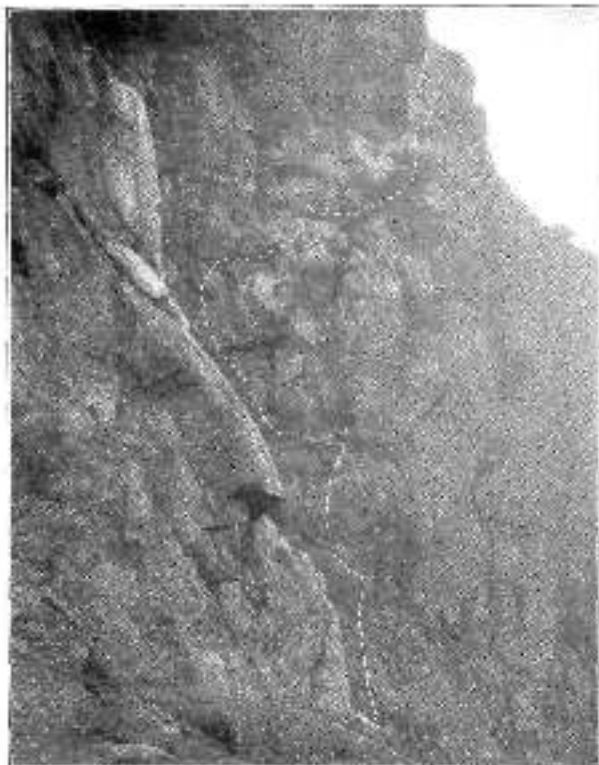


Photo.

G. Hovey.

THE GIANT'S CRAWL, DOE CRAG.

[The route goes up the sloping slab to the ledge on the sky-line.
The ladder is just at the start of the climb part.]



Photo.

G. Hovey.

**SECOND PITCH, ROUTE III, "E" BUTTRESS,
DOE CRAGS.**

“British Mountain Climbs” disposes of the former ascent in the following words:—“The part of the buttress more immediately to the right of the Great Gully was climbed by Messrs. Broadrick, who found it steep and sensational, but not particularly difficult.”

Mr. G. F. Woodhouse describes it as lying close to Great Gully throughout. Neither of the diagrams accompanying these descriptions is on a scale large enough to show the exact route. Examinations of this part of the cliff from “A” buttress led me to conclude that Messrs. Broadrick actually climbed from the start of Great Gully up a series of poised and wedged blocks forming the corner of the buttress. These give continuous and sensational climbing for 280 feet, at which point the buttress becomes less steep, and a cairn is reached about 60 feet higher; after this it is possible to scramble up to the crest, about 370 feet above the start.

Thus it will be seen that this particular route up “B” is nearly as long as either of the difficult new routes up “A” buttress. The latter offer climbing for 380 to 390 feet.

Immediately to the north of the supposed start of the Broadrick’s climb, a steep and smooth slab runs across the face of the buttress, and finishes near the centre of the face, about 30 feet above the highest part of Easy Terrace. Its average inclination is about 55 degrees to the horizontal, but it looks steeper. This slab has been named the Giant’s Crawl, and although it was climbed in 1909 by five members of the Yorkshire Ramblers’ Club, it was not until September 10th of this year that any ascent was placed on record. On this date a party of four, led by C. S. Worthington, climbed from Great Gully to the afore-mentioned point above Easy Terrace, descended to Easy Terrace, traversed back again, and finished the climb to the top of the buttress. They followed the first party’s route very closely, and finished at the cairn which indicates the top of Broadrick’s climb.

Whilst two of this party were clearing away inconvenient

vegetation below, the others traversed to the top of the Giant's Crawl, and investigated the feasibility of the upper part. At the same time they climbed down some 100 feet of the buttress corner, and finding the nail marks of a previous party, concluded they were on the Broadrick Route.

The most difficult part of the Giant's Crawl is the middle portion of the slab; it is ascended by a series of cracks close to the buttress itself.

To reach these cracks an easy traverse is used; it runs from the outer edge of the slab, 30 feet from the foot, and possibly may be part of the Broadrick Route.

Profuse weeding and very deliberate climbing enabled the leader to reach a point about 70 feet up, after which another 20 feet (the most difficult part of the climb) placed him beyond all noteworthy difficulty.

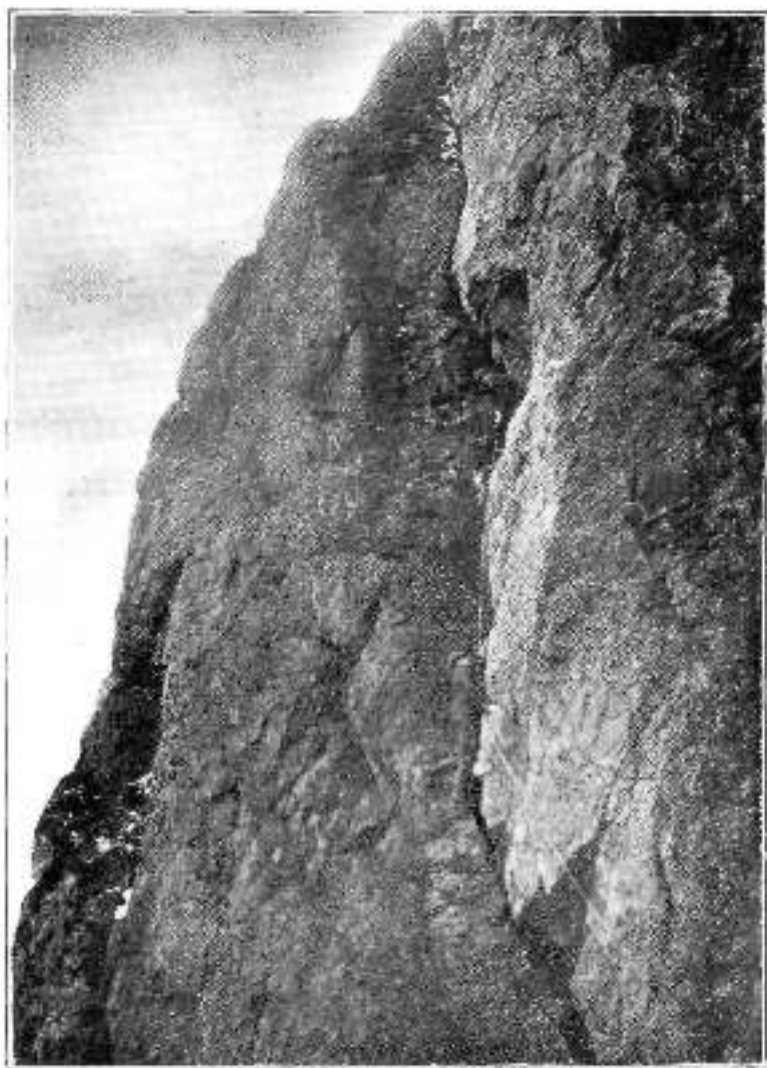
The absence of any real belay on the hardest part of the climb is rather against its chance of popularity, also the leader has a run out of 80 feet.

However, the removal of more of the grass may bring some belays into use, and perhaps enable the second man to climb high up in one of the cracks parallel to the one climbed by the leader.

A party of three requires 120 feet of rope, 80 feet of which must be between the leader and second man.

THE ARÊTE, CHIMNEY AND CRACK, "A" BUTTRESS.—This was climbed throughout on September 18th, 1910, by T. C. Ormiston-Chant, T. H. G. Parker, and S. H. Gordon, but part of it had been explored by Gordon and Craig upon previous visits, and the latter had climbed the Arête to within 30 feet of its junction with the usual route. At this point he preferred to accept a rope from above, and pronounced the remainder to be very difficult.

The start of the climb is now marked by a cairn at the foot of the Arête, up the crest of which lies the way, until a good platform is reached, and an excellent belay about 8 feet higher.



G. P. Anderson - 1900

Mount

THE BLIZZARD CHIMNEY, DOE CRAG.

This rises up the wall directly above the exit from the great, initial cave pitch.

With the second at the belay, and the third in Easy Gully steadying him by hitching the rope over a small knob on the Arête, the second can make the leader comparatively safe, for the passage of the most difficult part, to a small cave about 25 feet higher. After a brief rest the leader proceeds for another 15 feet, to a splendid belay at the junction with the old route.

From here the Gordon-Craig Route is used to the foot of a chimney which starts from the Lower Traverse, and the chimney is followed to the level of the Upper Traverse; in turn the Upper Traverse gives access to the crack which finishes the climb.

Both Chimney and Crack are mentioned in the first account of the Gordon-Craig Route; they are indicated respectively as A.A. and B.B. in the diagram accompanying the description in No. 3 Journal.

The Chimney has been climbed before, and is well suited for accommodating the whole party, while the leader climbs to the Upper Traverse.

The Crack is of a different order, however, and means for securing each member of the party are rather difficult to find. Plenty of rope is essential on this part, and there is a sound belay on the traverse itself, a few feet to the left of the crack. The third man should belay himself at the beginning of the traverse, and take special care to keep the second man's rope hitched over the various knobs on the traverse which are trying to be belays.

The Crack is not very difficult, but is so steep and exposed that a good belay 30 feet up is very comforting. The leader can hitch the rope over this and another belay, and bring the second to him as soon as the third is at the foot of the crack.

Two other perfectly satisfactory belays exist higher up, but with 120 feet of rope a party of three can adopt a variety of tactics in order to reduce the risk to the leader.

The crack becomes less steep and a little easier after 40 feet. About 70 feet above the start, some may prefer to climb to the right of the crack proper for about 15 feet, owing to the absence of holds in the crack itself; however, the crack gives excellent

work for the conscientious climber, until a wide grass ledge and cairn is reached, 90 feet or so above the Upper Traverse.

The Cairn is 315 feet above the foot of the Arête, but another 70 feet of quite good climbing remain before it is possible to walk off the buttress.

To those who do not know the crags well, it would be advisable to ascend, say, Intermediate Gully, and Broadrick's Route up "B" buttress before attempting the Arête, Chimney, and Crack. The climbing on the Arête is very much like that on Abbey Ridge and the Gimmer "A" and "B" Routes, but the holds are not so satisfying as in these climbs; they are more in the nature of knobs, giving finger-and-thumb grips.

"ABRAHAM'S ROUTE," "B" BUTTRESS.—By a process of elimination I believe I have succeeded in giving a correct diagram of this magnificent climb.

This year two parties have climbed to the point where a traverse to the left is made, but, instead of continuing up the route taken by the pioneers, they traversed to the right into Central Chimney, and followed Woodhouse's Route with its variation start. This variation, by the way, adds to the difficulty and interest of Woodhouse's original route; it involves a direct ascent to the foot of the chimney, instead of passing behind the detached tower of rock, and is more often taken than the easier way.

In June, 1909, C. Grayson, A. Craig, and G. H. Charter followed the Abraham Route more or less, to a point about 40 feet above the hollow and cairn. From here they traversed to the slabs overhanging Central Chimney, but after several attempts to proceed further, they returned, and made a way to the Easy Terrace between the two usual routes. The point over Central Chimney reached by them is marked g^a in the diagram, and some magnificent views into the chimney will be obtained by the party who make a route possible here.

The variation marked g^1 has been made; it is fairly difficult and worth repeating.

EASTER GULLY AND BLIZZARD CHIMNEY.—The first ascent of this was made in snow on April 29th of this year by the Abraham Brothers, G. F. Woodhouse, and H. Westmorland. They gave it the above name, and considered it moderately difficult.

The operation of getting into it and the climbing for 20 feet are decidedly difficult; then good ledges on the left-hand wall afford opportunities for easier climbing until a belay is possible, about 50 feet above the start. Many leaders will prefer to run out 80 feet of rope, however, before bringing up the second man.

The chimney is about 90 feet long, and finishes on "D" buttress, above the difficult portion. The whole climb is very exposed, but has the advantage of getting easier the higher it is climbed.

NORTH GULLY.—The "tempting looking hand-hold" at the end of the 15-foot traverse in the difficult pitch has now lost much of its danger. On September 18th this year a party found that the loose, and nearest, part of this hold had fallen away and left a hollow. This makes the traverse a little more trying, but a two-finger hold for the right hand (to use an Irish bull), in a crack high up on the wall, is the key to the problem of balancing while moving along the sloping ledges. Careful movement brings the big hand-hold within comfortable reach, and what remains of this hand-hold is quite firm at present.

The leader found it possible to increase the security of the first sloping foot-hold by using an under-hold for the left hand, and at the same time steadying the left knee by the left elbow. The route up the extreme left of the great pitch is perhaps more difficult than Broadrick's Crack.

CENTRAL CHIMNEY.—Until this summer it had not been climbed for years, apparently; all traces of nail marks have nearly disappeared. I climbed it with the safeguard of a rope.

The best route lies over a difficult traverse immediately above the leaves of rock in the crack, and thence from a grass ledge up a kind of subsidiary buttress for about 30 feet, after which the depths of the chimney provide good holds. The traverse is actually the most difficult part of the chimney, but higher up

there is another subsidiary buttress which needs careful handling. The party (of three experts with plenty of reserve strength) should gather together at the cave which forms the final real difficulty. With two companions at this point, the writer is satisfied that the next pitch is safe for the leader.

However, all attempting the Central Chimney must bear in mind that there are unusually long and difficult runs for the leader, with the difficult stretches mostly at places where they are least welcome.

It is well to remember that the top pitch actually overhangs the start of the climb; in fact, a stone from the top of the cave drops 200 feet until it strikes the grass ledge at the outer end of the traverse.

A climb like the Central Chimney cannot be compared with courses like, say Kern Knotts Crack, the Hand Traverse, Twll Du, or the Fourth Pitch of Sergeants' Crag Gully, in all of which the difficulties are of short duration. I am of opinion that more reserve strength and nerve are necessary than in any of the four mentioned.

The height of the climb from the commencement of the difficult part to the level of Easy Terrace is about 260 feet.

"A" BUTTRESS, VARIATION START.—On June 12th, 1910, S. H. Gordon evolved a third route up the first part of the face of the buttress. A slab, midway between the Arête and the original start, leads to a small scoop, and thence to a small ledge with a fair belay, immediately under the finish of the pitch at the top of Abraham's inclined traverse.

The variation is slightly harder than the ordinary way, and it serves most excellently as the start of the Gordon and Craig route.

"A" BUTTRESS, VARIATION II.—On September 1st, 1905, G. F. and H. C. Woodhouse made a way up the steep and shallow gully running on to the buttress from Easy Gully. On August 14th this year, a party, including some ladies, climbed to the buttress from a slab below this grassy gully, worked round an exposed corner, and crossed to the end of the Lower Traverse.

This route should be useful to those who wish to visit the Lower Traverse without difficult climbing.

WOODHOUSE'S CRACK, EASY BUTTRESS.—At the risk of repeating a description of this stiff little problem, I have included it in these notes. It is reached by easy scrambling from the start of the first branch out of Easy Gully, and can be seen to advantage from the south end of Goat's Water.

The first part, a narrow chimney, 35 feet or so in height, is the only difficulty. The existence of an easier route on the buttress to the right must be disregarded. The upper part is a small cave pitch at the entrance to a little defile which brings the climber on to the summit ridge of Doe Crag.

GREAT GULLY.—It is not generally known that the ascent of the first pitch *direct* is possible without the aid of a rope-hold. It is an exceedingly difficult piece of climbing, owing to the awkwardness of balance, and the entire absence of anything to take the strain off the arms at the critical part.

The way is on the left-hand side of the chock stone (looking up the gully) and the difficulties begin as soon as the climber tries to move his head from under the stone.

The first ascent without any help from a rope, was made by W. R. Marsh, J. E. Grant, and J. Rogers, on June 17th, 1908.

Mr. Marsh regards it as more difficult than the Deep Ghyll (Jones') route up the Pinnacle, but easier than Walker's Gully. The first pitch of Great Gully Direct is actually more difficult than Hopkinson's Crack, but is classed lower owing to its shortness.

I am indebted to Mr. S. H. Gordon for particulars of the following new climbs, which, though comparatively short, are interesting and well defined:—

SYLVAN CHIMNEY.—This lies to the left of Church Beck (when looking up the valley), and is the most noticeable crack in a broken-up face between the Boulder Valley and the main stream from Levers Water, about a quarter of a mile below the tarn. A slight overhang about 12 feet up constitutes the first

difficulty, but a good "under" hand-hold saves the situation, and further removal of grass may disclose some useful holds. After about 30 feet of scrambling a vertical chimney 30 feet high requires careful foot work; a good hand-hold exists on the right wall below the chock stone.

The direct route from the chock stone is barred by a luxuriant growth of vegetation—hence the name of the chimney—and the turning of this pitch affords the best work of the climb.

From a fine belay some 6 feet to the right of, and above, the chock stone the way is up the right-hand face, until a short traverse is made to a small ledge to the right. About 10 feet above this another small ledge affords a rather sensational traverse into the chimney, and three fairly easy pitches finish the climb, which is about 120 feet high.

Between the above-mentioned ledges it is possible to take an easier route diagonally to the left, but the landing is treacherous.

The climb is probably slightly more difficult than Woodhouse's Route (variation start) on "B" Buttress, Doe Crags.

The first ascent of the chimney was made in June this year by J. Coulton, A. Craig, and S. H. Gordon.

COLONEL CRAG.—This is situated at the lower part of Paddy End, and at the same distance up the valley as Sylvan Chimney; it is well worth a visit when weather conditions make more important climbs unattainable.

There are two points of attack; the first at the split block somewhat to the right of the centre of the crag; the second at an arête, on the extreme right.

There are three ways to the top of the split block, thence a traverse leads to a vertical chimney on the left; this chimney can also be climbed direct from the bottom. The chimney can be followed to the top, and the climbing is fairly easy.

From the top of the split block referred to above, a difficult route runs over a slab, bears to the right for 10 or 12 feet, and then up to a crack running diagonally across the face from the right.

From here one can either walk off to the left, or finish up another 15 to 20 feet to the highest point of the crag.

The right-hand route up the arête starts just above a small pinnacle, and works slightly to the left for 10 feet, after which it runs directly upwards to a heather platform, at which point a short chimney on the face to the left is followed.

The total height of Colonel Crag is about 80 feet.

GOULDON GULLY.—This is the most lately explored climb in the Levers Water neighbourhood; it is situated about 25 yards to the left of Sylvan Chimney.

A slab, a chimney, and more or less broken buttress-finish constitute the climb, which is about 200 feet high, and probably about as difficult as "D" buttress, Doe Crags.

Climbing up a slab for 70 feet lands one on an insecure heather ledge. The slab formation gives ledges which are useful for the feet, but unsatisfactory as hand-holds.

The chimney is the next and most important feature of the climb; it is about 100 feet high, and divided into three sections, with three or four good belays. The difficulties increase towards the upper part, which is too narrow for back-and-knee work, but the chimney looks more difficult than it really is.

At the top of the chimney there is an exit over a fairly difficult slab on the right, but it is easy to walk out to the left.

The first exploration was made by S. H. Gordon and J. Coulton on October 9th this year, who qualify their recommendation by the remark that more of the grass ledges, and perhaps the upper chock stone should be removed.

The first ascent was made on October 22nd this year, by A. Craig, W. C. Slingsby, L. Slingsby, and S. H. Gordon.

BOULDER VALLEY runs from the foot of the falls below Low Water, nearly to Levers Water, and offers many excellent problems, two or three pitches each giving nearly 40 feet of difficult climbing.

Both this and Colonel Crag can be reached in forty minutes from Coniston, and give plenty of climbing suitable for an "off day"

THE CLIMBERS DITTY

Oh! WE OR THREE OLD ALIBOGS, A TACKLING UP THE SCAFF, WE

SPEND OUR LIVES IN JOSEPHY WHILE OTHERS LIVE AT EASE.

CHORUS
 COME LET US TIE THE ROPE, TO GO UP, THERE'S A, LET US LINK IT RUFFLE, WINDY, DOWN, THAT

HE THAT WILL NOT CLIMB TO-PAY, WE'LL TAKE HIM ON THE SCISSOR, THE HANDED, THE QUINCE.

THE CLIMBERS' DITTY

OH! WE'RE THREE GOLD CLIMBERS,
 A STUDDING OF THE SAKES,
 WE SPEND OUR LIVES IN JEOPARDY
 WHILE OTHERS LIVE AT EASE.

AND SOON
 COME LET US TO THE WAYS, THE ROADS, THE ROADS,
 COME LET US LINK IT ROUND, DRIVING, DRIVING,
 AND HE THAT WILL NOT CLIMB TODAY
 WHY—LEAVE HIM ON THE GROUND, THE GRASS, THE DEW-DROPS.

WE CARE NOT FOR THE PROMENADE,
 WITH COLLAR, COATS, AND CANE;
 NO! GIVE TO US THE MOUNTAIN PATH
 IN SHARPE, SNOW, OR RAIN.

WE'VE LEFT OUR MARKS ON KERN KNUTTS CRACK,
 WE'VE WORN 'THE NEEDLE' SUM,
 YOU'LL FIND OUR RACE ON 'FANCY BIRK'
 OUR COATS ON 'PILLAR' CRIM.

THEN WHEN TWILIGHT TAKES OUR YEARS
 THE HOMEWARD TRAMP OF NIGHT,
 WE'LL CLIMB ALONG THOSE HILLS OF CLOUD
 WHERE STARS ARE STRIPS OF LIGHT.

DRAWN
 LITCHAM.

ON FARM KITCHENS.

BY T. W. HANSON.

My companion had kicked the heel off his boot in a scree shoot, and borrowed my boots in order to find a cobbler. He had left me at the farm with a pair of slippers, like a tethered goat not able to roam far afield. From the garden bench I could watch a good stretch of the high road that links Sheepthwaite Farm with the market town, with the rail-head, and with the world. The road's course, as plotted on the map, is like a hairpin in shape. It climbs the neighbouring valley until within sight of the mountains, but the central boss of Scafell and Great Gable defy its invasion. So it strikes off at a tangent, describes a curve over the feet of the flanking hills, and seeks its way back to low levels down Nodale. The coaches rattle round this hilly curve every afternoon, and stay at the hotel for the passengers to view the waterfall. On this afternoon, some of these coach-borne tourists (to use a very appropriate parcels-post label) came across to the farm to ask me to name some of the neighbouring peaks, then calmly ticked them off in their guide-books as "done." Others I know have finished with a peak when they have once stood on its cairn. Others again spend a dozen holidays on one mountain before they claim to know it. Still, a nodding acquaintance is better than nothing, for there is always the chance of our mountains charming them into lowlier homage.

They confessed they were reluctant to leave the place and to be compelled to seek the town again—for beautiful and small as the Lakeland town is, it is but a town after all—and they thought it ideal to be able to leave the coach at such a spot and to spend days and nights here until they grew into these woods and fields, fell sides and mountain beck, and became a part of it. To-morrow they would be chained to another coach, seeing more scenery, yet

longing to get off and explore where their fancy should lead them. To these tourists, Sheepthwaite Farm was the extreme limit of their journeys; to us it was the base for penetrating into the highlands.

Seeking company, I shuffled across the farm-yard into the barn, and stood silently watching the men shear the last sheep. I must confess that I enjoy the strong smell of sheep, though an artist in odours would find positive discomfort in the warm fatty smell quite as distasteful as the atmosphere of a West Riding weaving shed. But the smell of sheep conjures up pictures of the fell sides and sends one over a holiday again, and so for its association, I can enjoy a good whiff of it. It is just as well to be cautious in approaching the Lakeland farmer, though once in his good graces, he is a fine friend. I always remember that the villain in the Grasmere Christmas Play, has been a knicker-bockered tourist. Two of the men were busy thrusting the fleece into the fellmongers' sheets, but they seem lost when it came to stitching the pack. They were going across for one of the lasses, when I proffered my help and they were glad to take it, they were afraid the lasses would chaff them.

We soon had the sheets sewn up and I was honoured by an invitation to go into the kitchen to have a drop of the missis's elderberry wine, along with the men, in honour of the "Harvest Home." She poured it out very carefully and we all felt that we were having a treat that does not come many times a year.

The master of Sheepthwaite has his own special corner of the lang settle nearest the fire, and above his head are displayed his collection of tools and utensils, all beautifully polished until they shine like the shelves of a cutler's shop. From these hooks hang several pairs of shears, hand saws, meat saws, keys, spurs, skewers and bridle bits.

He seemed surprised to learn that many of the farm-houses in our country, the moorland that lies 'twixt Lancashire and Yorkshire are much higher above the sea-level than the fell

farms. The Lakeland farms are all well below the 1,000 feet contour line, while on the West Riding borderland, that is no extraordinary height for a farmstead. We talked of the houses in wild Wales where I had seen the women collecting the hay in sacks from between the boulders and rocks for fear the whole crop should blow away.

With the return of my boots, we were able to take our customary evening ramble down the dale. By the river bank, 'neath the birches, with the hill sides well wooded and fern and lichen filling every cranny of the slopes, the whole scene was luxuriant and beautiful. What a contrast there is between the crags and rocks that draw us every morning into the world above Sheepthwaite and the rich scenery below which welcomed us each evening. Mummery says somewhere that the mountains can be so grim that even the hangman, with his paraphernalia of gallows, rope and drop, cannot better suggest the imminence of death. I do know that their solitude, their bare walls, and indifference to human affairs, can make you feel you are in penal servitude. But the unique position of these Lakeland farms dispels their prison walls. It often is a welcome-relief to descend to the valley and revel in some of the richest scenery of our land. You go back next morning to the mountains all the better able to appreciate their grandeur.

GUIDELESS CLIMBING IN VALAIS.

By HENRY BISHOP.

First, a warning—a warning totally different from that naturally expected in perusing the literature dealing with mountaineering *sans* guides. Never do on foot the weary fifteen and a half miles of ascent from Sion, in the Rhone valley, to Evolena, if it is possible to get a place on the *diligence*. The former way is as quick, but much more painful. Onward to Arolla the way is more entertaining. Through Haudères, and steeply through the hamlet of Pralovin—past the wayside chapel of St. Barthélemi, overhung by a huge boulder—we overtake the post-mules with their insistent bells, and, leaving the mule track, pass along a harmless little rock-traverse above the swirling Borgne (it is hard to credit the legend that a dog once passed this way).

Next morning this charming corner of the Alps is looking its best, and yesterday's trudge might never have been. By way of a training walk we traverse the shaly Roussette (10,700 feet), and afterwards ascend Mont Dolin (9,762 feet). We go some way down a flank of Mont Dolin and reach a singularly undesirable spot, where is much edelweiss. We gather the unbeautiful flower, and return to the col between the two peaks. It is getting dusk: rain falls and flashes of lightning illumine the hollow down which we go. . . . It is quite dark when we reach Arolla. A feature of the walk up the Roussette from the east or north-east is the splendid view of the Aiguilles Rouges, a long rock-ridge, which, unfortunately, the weather prevents us from trying.

A pleasant excursion for an "off" day is the walk to the Lac Bleu de Lucel. We take a rope and climb the Dent de Satarme, a fantastic overhanging finger of rock which is passed on the way to the lake. The edge which interests climbers is about 80 feet in height, and a slab two-thirds of the way up

is becoming less easy with each ascent. We discover that our legs are somewhat painful through having walked *sans* stockings up the Roussette in the hot sun and clear air.

At 5 o'clock on a fine, cold morning, we are well on our way to the Col de Zarmine, from which it is our intention to traverse the rock-ridge of the Petite Dent de Veisivi (highest point 10,465 feet). We are a party of three—W. H. Greenwood, G. H. Brayshay, and the writer—our valley-loving friend Howarth having flatly refused to do any more climbing. We observe with interest the crack-seamed appearance of the rock-basin over which we walk to reach the col. Mist forms, and through it we gain charming glimpses of the Dent Blanche and neighbouring peaks. Amongst the furniture of our ridge is a pinnacle, the Red Gendarme which, according to Larden ("Walks and Climbs around Arolla"), has never been climbed from the Zarmine side, where it is about 90 feet in height. Usually it is circumvented by passing through a curious cleft at its foot. We gain a stance at the top of the cleft, and thence deviously work up the exposed face, on down-sloping ledges, until a shelf, with similar tendency, is gained. From here to the top is simpler. Unfortunately, ours cannot rank as the first traverse of the gendarme. This we discover has been accomplished not more than an hour previously.

It is curious to note how the mist now fills the Ferpècle valley quite up to the level of our ridge, whilst the Arolla side is practically clear. We soon reach the northerly summit, and descend by a route which proves fairly "English" in character.

We are evidently in for a storm: racing down to valley level, we cross the Borgne opposite Satarme, and reach Arolla drenched.

Our friend, who holds heterodox views on glacier-motion, drags us off on the following day to inspect the Lower Arolla glacier. We are bored: the ice is apparently in no hurry to give us a free ride down to Arolla. Some men are busily blunting their crampons by walking in them on the level glacier. We righteously turn from this incense-burning, and make ocular



Photo by

M. H. Greenwood.

**GRAND CORNIER AND DENT BLANCHE
FROM COL DE ZARINE.**



Photo by

M. H. Greenwood.

**"SUNSHINE AND SHADOW."
MONT BLANC DE SEILLON FROM THE EAST.**

ascents of the Vuibez ice-fall and of Mont Collon. It is a day of light amusement. Returning, we inspect an archaic tennis-court near our hotel. It is a combination of weed-garden and ploughed field, on which visitors are exhorted not to walk in nailed boots. We dry our ropes there.

Starting at 3 o'clock on the next favourable morning, we ascend the Pigne d'Arolla (12,470 feet). It is well to prospect in daylight the route to the moraine, which starts but a short distance from the village. As the sun is somewhat obscured by clouds until 8 o'clock we are less incommoded by soft snow than is usually the case on a fine morning. It is too cold to remain more than a few minutes on the summit, although the mountain worthily upholds its reputation as a view-point. We run down the snow to the Col de Breney, and turn north in order to reach the Glacier de Durand, which is later left by a 50-foot climb up an inclined slab or edge of rock known as the Pas de Chèvres, when it only remains to stroll down to Arolla.

This proves to be our concluding climb. True, we go up to the Bertol hut, with designs on one of the Bouquetins peaks, but a snowfall of twelve inches during the night, with mist, renders descent necessary. Under the circumstances this is not easy. Some days later we prospect what may turn out a very fine rock-climb; then, the conditions being voted normal, it is decided to climb the Aiguille de la Za (12,050 feet) by the face, descend the easy way to the Bertol, and next day tackle the Bouquetins. But at 2-30 a.m. another storm is in progress. Turbulent, we turn over and sleep again. We give the weather best, and depart out of the valley; neither have we returned to it from that day to this.

Weather experiences still in mind, it is with some trepidation that Greenwood (whose notes of the following climbs have so greatly lightened the writer's task) and Bishop journey the following summer to Saas-Fée. A chance meeting with W. A. Woodsend reveals that this alleged harbinger of Italian skies is also going there. He climbs with us on two days, pending

the arrival of E. E. Roberts, who is to complete the trio. After a night at Sion we train to Visp, and thence by a pleasant walk reach our destination. We cover the steep ascent from Saas im Grund to Fée by the mule-track. Later in our holiday we realise the advantage of using the alternative path—the Hohe Stiege—with its glimpses of the Fée ravine, its quaintly-carven wooden hand-rail, its Stations of the Cross, and, half way, its peaceful chapel-of-ease, “Zur Hohen Stiege.” Of old, this was the usual route to the Fée chalets. Now, so withdrawn is it, that to recollect the existence of that other, busier path, is almost a shock. The regular recurrence of the Stations, each a little white-washed cell, behind whose grilled aperture is visible a roughly-limned figure, with legend German-charactered, conduces to the state of quiescent receptivity which thralls us.

Our bags not having reached the hotel, we descend in force on the post-office, and are allowed, in consideration of an extra payment of fifty centimes per package, to carry them off.

The Mittaghorn (10,330 feet), the Egginer (11,080 feet), and the rock-ridge connecting them, interest us on three occasions. On the first day we go up the north-west ridge of the Mittaghorn. The Plattje track is followed to the Gaden chalets, and another track leads to the ridge. It is very misty. We rope for the last hour, the rocks being snowed under.

Once we try to climb the Egginer from the south. Mist is down to 8,000 feet, and snow is falling. We try at two points, but turn back at perpendicular chimneys, which, if they will go, demand fine weather. We cross the Kessjen glacier to the Hinter Allalin, and are thankful when the swirling mist permits us to get momentary glimpses of our surroundings. Contouring the Egginer and Mittaghorn, we, on the way down, find “winter sports” in progress. Some young people have walked up to the Plattje (two hours from Fée) and are with difficulty propelling themselves down a small patch of snow. It is magnificent, but it is not climbing. Possibly they are the climbers of the future : love of the mountains and of the joyous



Photo by

H. J. Gossard

THE NADELHORN FROM THE
SÜD-LENZSPITZE.

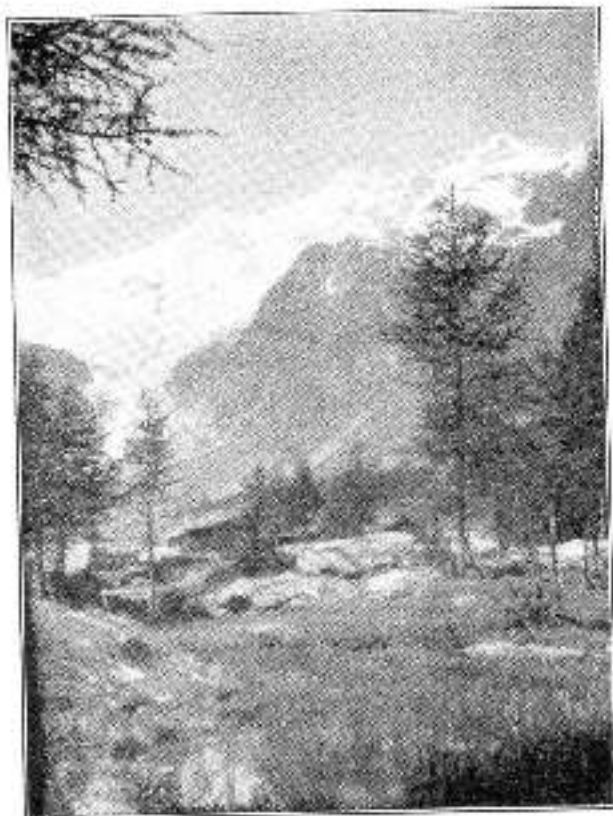


Photo by

SAAS-FIDE,

H. J. Gossard

Portion of the SAAS-GRAT.

(Left to right) TÄSCHHORN, DOW, SÜD-LENZSPITZE.

sport they afford is fostered in no set fashion. We enjoy the view of the Täsch, Dom, and other peaks, which form a great ridge, the Saas-Grat, bounding the Saas valley on the west.

Another time two of us are on the Mittaghorn about mid-day. We cross the ridge in three hours. Mist and snow hide and change everything, and we vainly strive to make an impression on the steep rocks of the Egginer, coated with snow and ice. It grows late, and a return is made to where the Ritz glacier almost reaches the ridge. We pelt down it, and so home.

There is heavy rain one morning. We yawn ourselves down to the Féeschlucht, where rock-basins have been formed by the action of water. After inspection from above the pot-holders of the party decide that the fourpence-halfpenny demanded for admission would be more wisely expended on cups of coffee. We drink coffee. Roberts turns up, and we talk of the morrow.

The pleasant Bodmen path passes almost horizontally round the north flank of the Mittaghorn, at about the level of Saas-Fée. At 4 o'clock next morning we follow it to Almagell, and, admiring the splendid falls of the Almagellbach, mount steeply through woods to the alp above. The lanterns of several parties bound for the Portiengrat shine like enormous glow-worms. Rough ground and moraine lead to the Rothplatt glacier, whence our objective, the Sonnighorn (Italian Pizzo Bottarello) a peak of 11,455 feet, on the Swiss-Italian frontier, is well seen. We observe that to its west, a wide slope of ice or snow, apparently very steep, falls from the ridge, and is separated from the glacier by a horizontal bergschrund. A south-easterly course over the glacier leads us to the Mittel pass, formerly much used by smugglers. From here the Sonnighorn ridge runs almost south, at first up snow and small rock. Later, the interesting snow portion of the ridge is soft on the east and hard on the west, so we tread lightly with the Italian foot, and cut notches for its fellow in Switzerland. Passing a most alluring lunch-corner, we reach the summit in four and a half hours from the alp.

As we bask in the sun, Italian peaks are visible above low-lying clouds, and we see Monte Rosa for the first time this year.

We descend the west rock-ridge, and, by means of a little gully filled with ice, reach the head of the snow-slope previously referred to. There are signs of a storm : the Matterhorn carries a cap of mist. The value to a guideless party of observation and intelligent anticipation, is now realised. The steep slope sweeps down unseen, but we remember its appearance as seen from below, and decide to descend it in order to escape the impending storm. It is treacherous in the hot sun, with a "bone" of ice beneath it. We anchor securely and move one at a time, diagonally at first, later cutting directly down ; and, crossing the bergschrund on soft snow, reach the comparatively level glacier after two hours' steady work.

It is not now necessary to sleep in the Almagell châteaux, as a tiny inn (clean, but dear) has lately been built. W. Roberts joins us in the evening. We all leave at 5 o'clock next morning, again for the Mittel pass, from which we hope to traverse (north) the Mittelrück (about 11,000 feet) to the col between it and the Portiengrat, and from there to go along the infrequently traversed south portion of the latter, until the ordinary route to the summit can be joined. The potential storm has materialised as rain, snow, and thick mist. We climb on two ropes, as near the Mittelrück's ridge-crest as possible, reach its summit, and descend along the frontier to the Portiengrat's south extremity. During the next hour and a half several rock-masses are turned, mostly on the west. Then a precipice cuts the ridge. In the mist no easy way is to be seen. With gloves off we start up a chimney, which is succeeded by snow-draped ledges and a pleasant balance corner, until, after about 200 feet, the ridge loses its steepness for a time. Then more steep rocks loom through the mist ; the snow rapidly increases, and, joining ropes, we turn back so as to pass the difficult part before our tracks become obliterated. The top man discovers that, through some strain, certain of his garments threaten to collapse, and

fears that repairs will be necessary ere a safe descent can be effected. Entreaties prevail, however, and he climbs down, after which we kick our way down a snow couloir to the Rothplatt glacier, collect our belongings at the inn, and regain Fée after fifteen hours in the open.

Weather doubtful. Lounge *omnes*, and speak of yesterday. Our descent couloir plainly visible.

Women are carrying down from the alp great baskets of hay as we go to the little Weissmies hotel, a steep ascent of 4,000 feet. After an excellent meal, two of us sleep in tiny beds and two on the floor, and are thankful for even this accommodation. We start before 5 o'clock next morning to traverse the Fletschhorn and Laquinhorn, both over 13,000 feet, and manage to do the first-named peak to a continuous accompaniment of thick mist, with stinging snow, and a hurricane. At the summit the wind almost upsets us: we drive our axes into the ridge, belay the frozen ropes round them, and go a little way down the sheltered side for a "breather" before descending. Naturally the Laquinhorn is left alone. Some stones fall harmlessly behind us on the Grosser Trift glacier. W. Roberts in disgust leaves for the valley, whilst, after prospecting the route up the Weissmies, the trio dine and retire early.

Next day, in glorious weather, we traverse both the Weissmies (13,226 feet) and the Portiengrat (about 12,050 feet). Ascending the former peak, large crevasses and cloven, striated ice-masses are noteworthy. Passing the point where yesterday's parties turned back, we reach the summit. Everything is visible—the Oberland, Engadine and Zermatt peaks, Mont Blanc, the Plain of Lombardy, Lakes Maggiore and Lugano. W. Roberts *will* be kicking himself! We descend the slightly corniced south-east ridge to reach the famous 2,000-foot glissade. From the Zwischbergen pass to the Portien's summit-ridge is covered in under two hours, thanks to the perfect condition of the lower snow. We climb unassisted up the slab which is usually descended on a rope run over a wooden peg. One hour on

top, then a descent by the very interesting rock-ridge. Where the ordinary route turns west, we continue south along the ridge, and in half-an-hour gain the point at which we previously turned back. Fée is reached in 15½ hours from the start.

Lounge next morning, and later go at a great rate to the Mischabel hut (altitude 10,000 feet) on the Distelhorn. W. Roberts, encountered as we start, in a forcible speech presents us with many tea-tabloids. With difficulty we find sleeping-room. Clouds next morning. Starting at 4-45, we think of the Süd-Lenzspitze, give the weather half-an-hour, and then go for the Nadelhorn (14,220 feet), climbing it in about five hours from the hut. Returning some way down the ridge, we traverse north-west over deep snow and a little ice to the Stecknadelhorn (about 13,800 feet), return the same way—(suggestions of views)—complete the descent of the ridge to the Windjoch, walk up and down the Ulrichshorn (12,890 feet), return to the hut (much rain) and reach the valley by 6 p.m. Roberts' last climb this season. R.I.P. *Vale.*

Two days later, accompanied by a German amateur, we start at 2 a.m. for the Rimpfischhorn (13,790 feet), not often climbed from Saas-Fée. When the candle jolts out, we practise seeing in the dark. The Mattmark valley is ghostly and still: rosy dawn touches the western peaks. . . . The Adler Pass (12,460 feet) is reached, and at 9-45 we start up the very interesting rocks of our peak. Some shelves plastered with rotten snow are encountered: the highest, steep and lengthy, takes so long to carefully negotiate that, when its farther end is reached, we judge it safer to return over the ledges before the sun plays still further havoc. It is a 17½ hours' day. Next time we intend to start at midnight.

A cow runs amok. Guides and visitors dive under fences, until an Admirable Crichton catches the animal by the horns.

One evening, Greenwood and the writer have the Mischabel hut to themselves until the arrival of two parties. Amongst the new-comers is a charming French lady, who admires

the moonlit scene. One of us, ever romantic, joins her, and in halting French descants on the beauty of the surroundings. Suddenly remembering his comrade left alone with the soup, he without apology dashes into the hut, to discover that there remain only a few spoonfuls, considerably set on the stove to keep warm for him. The offer of worlds would not induce us to say which man is which.

Hardly any sleep. Closing the hut at 4-30, we start to traverse the Süd-Lenzspitze (14,108 feet) and the Nadelhorn. Cloud-billows over Italy, but clear in other directions. We commence the north-east arête of the Süd-Lenzspitze, alternately kicking and scraping steps. The Great Gendarme, about 300 feet, is a magnificent sight. It commences with a long slab. A rotten snow-ridge beyond it leads to fairly firm rocks resembling a wall of flat stones. Later, great care is necessary in a long open gully, full of soft snow, and on steep glazed rocks, which are succeeded by a ridge mainly of snow, rotten and very steep in places. It is necessary to get through the underlying soft ice in order to be safe. Summit at 11-30. The Dom looks magnificent. We start along the ridge leading to the Nadelhorn; it is about two-thirds of a mile long, the first half being of snow in the form of gigantic saw-teeth, narrow and steep. Being soft, it requires unremitting care. We go mainly along the edge, but cornices sometimes drive us down. On the second half there are five gendarmes, of 100 feet downwards. Italy sends columns of mist, and there are many stone-avalanches—an immense one in particular from the Nadelhorn. The expedition appears better worth the tariff of 100 francs per guide than does, say, the Portiengrat of 40 francs. We descend the Nadelhorn after a good meal. Five hundred feet above the hut hail falls. When we become wet, the electricity in the atmosphere manifests itself in curious buzzings, with pain, where our spectacles touch our heads. Raising our axes, they hum until we lower them. We go down to Fée, amidst splendid discharges of lightning.

And so, with our best climb, the holiday comes to an end.

CAMERA WORK AMONG THE ROCKS.

By J. BOWEN BURRELL.

Many rock climbers do not take photographs on their climbs because they think that a camera is likely to prove too great a nuisance to them on the rocks, and while it must be admitted that a camera does at times cause slight inconvenience, the results, if good, will amply repay any little trouble.

The question as to whether plates or films should be used can best be answered by setting forth a few of the pros and cons of each. Plates are cheap but fragile and heavy, and, as a rule, not more than a dozen plates can be exposed on any one day's expedition. Films are about three times as expensive as plates, but their size and weight are negligible quantities, and as many exposures can be made on films in a day as one likes. A plate camera is bulky when the room taken up by half a dozen dark slides is considered, and a gross of plates in a rucksack take up a great deal of room, and are too heavy to make carrying them pleasant, whereas a film camera occupies a very small space, and a gross of films do not add materially to the bulk or weight of a rucksack. The operation of exposing a film practically takes no time at all, whereas plates generally take a good deal of time to manipulate, and unnecessary delay is not always appreciated by one's companions on a climb. Fifteen years' experience of both plates and films have convinced me that a good film photographer can get results quite equal to those of any plate photographer.

One kind of camera which should be carefully avoided for climbing is the box form of plate camera, always bulky and of very uncertain temperament. I well remember rowing along Windermere many years ago, and wishing to have lunch we pulled close under Cartmel Fell, my friend going some way up the fell side with his box camera, while I remained in the boat. Unfortunately, the camera slipped when about



Photo.

J. Bruce Howell.

KERN KNOTTS CHIMNEY, GREAT GABLE.

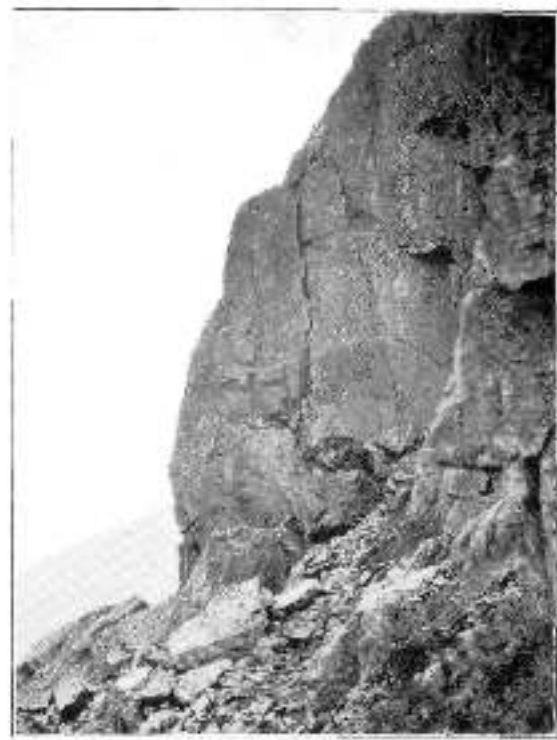


Photo.

J. Bruce Howell.

KERN KNOTTS CRACK, GREAT GABLE.

thirty feet up and glissaded in the most exemplary manner down the fell side. On reaching the water the back of the camera opened, and let in the light to nine exposed and three unexposed plates, of course ruining them. The same camera three months later repeated the performance on Skiddaw, placing all twelve plates with commendable care in the beck. I was very glad when my friend eventually gave away the offending camera, as my heartless, though perhaps pardonable, laughter was not at all appreciated by my indignant companion.

Having decided that a film camera is the most serviceable, one naturally asks "what make?" and in considering this question it is necessary to remember that strength of camera is an essential to the rock-climbing photographer, as there are often occasions in chimney work and elsewhere when the camera cannot easily be put to one's side, and the unfortunate instrument has then to bear the considerable pressure of a sturdy back on one side, and an unsympathetic rock wall on the other. This is reason enough to choose a metal and not a wooden camera, and I have always found the ordinary Kodak, which is made entirely of metal, a most satisfactory instrument, and one which has never even been damaged, whereas wooden ones would often have been broken. Size is of course largely a matter of taste, though I think that a quarter-plate, measuring $4\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, is the best all-round size, and quarter-plate films can generally be bought at any place where there is a chemist who keeps photographic goods.

In regard to lenses, their name is legion, and the best advice that can be followed is to get the best you can afford. Personally I always use a Zeiss Tessar lens, working at F. 6.3, and costing about £5, for quarter-plate size. An equally good lens is the Goerz Dagor, working at the same aperture and costing the same amount. Most of the expensive lenses by well-known makers are well worth the extra cost, as the perfect definition they give is a perpetual source of satisfaction to the climber who wants all possible detail in rock photographs.

Shutters for hand cameras are numerous, but the majority of them are worse than useless, as the marked speeds in most cases differ very much from the actual speeds. One shutter I can confidently recommend is the "Compound," costing £2; it is very accurate indeed, and is the only kind I would care to have on an hand camera.

A tripod for rock photography is, generally speaking, an unnecessary luxury, and a most undeniable nuisance.

Exposure is far the most difficult problem to many photographers, but there is not the slightest reason why correct exposure should not be given each time if a little trouble and care are exercised. It is important to record particulars of each photograph taken, with details of exposure, stop, lighting and time, as when a failure has to be recorded, it is then easy to find out exactly where the fault lies, and the trouble of doing this is reduced to a minimum by possessing "Wellcome's Exposure Record and Diary," which has an exceedingly good exposure meter, which, if used with a little sense, can be relied on.

Although it should be an invariable rule when taking photographs to keep the camera level, nevertheless, should the camera not have an high rising front, it is quite excusable to tilt the camera upwards so as to get a particular bit that may be desired in the photograph, since, in rock-climbing, it is occasionally impossible to get far enough away from a high bit of rock. When taking a photograph of a chimney high up or of a steep bit of arête, I tilt my camera to an outrageous angle, when necessary, in order to get it all in, and the only difference that this makes is to cause the climb to look less steep than it really is. While this practice is very useful at times, it should never be indulged in except when it is really necessary, as it is a bad habit to get into.

Development should, as a rule, be left until after the holiday, as one cannot expect the conveniences and comfort of an home dark room while away, and as a rule, Cumberland inns and



Photo.

J. Harvie Bell

THE SPHINX, GREAT GABLE



Photo.

J. Harvie Bell

THE SCAFFELL PINNACLE.

farmhouses are not particularly blessed with dark rooms, and, most important of all, it is generally difficult to get a good or well-placed supply of running water for photographic purposes. Very little experience will soon convince the photographer that as little developing as possible should be done during a climbing holiday, especially if he appreciates a few hours' ease in the smoking room at the end of the day. Those who simply wish to develop one or two trial photographs as a guide to correct exposure, have not got to burden themselves with very much extra weight in the rucksack, as the only real necessities are a small night-light or candle ruby lamp, a bottle of tabloid developer of whatever kind is best suited to the individual's taste, a bottle of tabloid hypo and a bottle of tabloid hypo-eliminator. I specify "tabloid" brand for travelling, as that particular make of chemicals is good and very reliable. An hypo-eliminator, for the particular purpose in view, is a speedy and handy agent for getting rid of hypo out of the plate or film, and, should it be deemed advisable, the negatives can always be properly washed at the end of the holiday.

Many photographers are quite content to stop when they have got the finished print mounted in the album, but they would get infinitely more satisfaction from their hobby if they would combine photography with optical lantern work.

Lantern slides are just as easily made from negatives as ordinary gaslight prints, and in precisely the same manner at a cost of 1½d each for a complete slide, but it should be borne in mind that only really good sharp negatives should be used for slide making. A plenty good enough lantern can be bought for about £2 complete, and an ordinary household sheet, well stretched on wooden framing, will make an excellent screen.

HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

By G. F. WOODHOUSE, M.A.

It has been my good fortune to take many beginners their first climb, and in many cases to have them with me till they have gained considerable skill, so I had plenty of opportunities of studying the various types.

It is best to start a beginner fairly young, but not to let him lead till he has got a just proportion of things in general, or he may be reckless and attempt climbs beyond his powers. The older a man is at the beginning, the longer it takes to accustom him to looking down vertical places. This latter is more or less an acquired accomplishment, and for this reason, beginners should have much gully work to start with, and easy at that. A beginner should on no account be taken up a sensational climb for his first climb; these should be reserved till later on in his career.

We, who have been climbing for years, scarcely realise, I think, how a beginner looks at these things. Some who begin rock climbing have no experience whatever of mountains, and, naturally, vertical places inspire them with awe. I recollect strolling across the Gable scree with a beginner, who suddenly said, "How long have you been wandering about on mountains?" I said, "Since I was about two." "Oh, that accounts for the fact that you are walking across these scree with your hands in your pockets, while I follow on all-fours."

Now, surely it is not right to take such a man up such a climb as Gimmer Crag or similar courses. I have heard of such things being done.

Let us by all means train our beginners seriously through a progressive course, so as to give them confidence, to accustom them gradually to aerial positions, and to teach them the use of the rope.

I nearly always start a beginner in the South East Gully on Great End. It is of course very easy, but it is full of technical detail. It is interesting to observe how different men tackle the pitches, which are quite difficult enough for any of them. The muscular gymnast gets up easily, using his arms for all they are worth instead of his feet. Take such a man up the same climb when holds are wet and greasy, when he will wonder why the climb he found so easy is now much more difficult.

I heard of a beginner whose first day included the Needle and Oblique Chimney, and who, on his second day, was allowed to *lead* up Moss Ghyll. Now this is all wrong ; true, he got up, but suppose he had got into difficulties, his lack of experience would almost certainly have caused a nasty accident. Again, he would get an entirely wrong idea of climbing, and would argue that as he had led up Moss Ghyll, therefore he could do such and such a climb which might require tactics with which he is totally unacquainted.

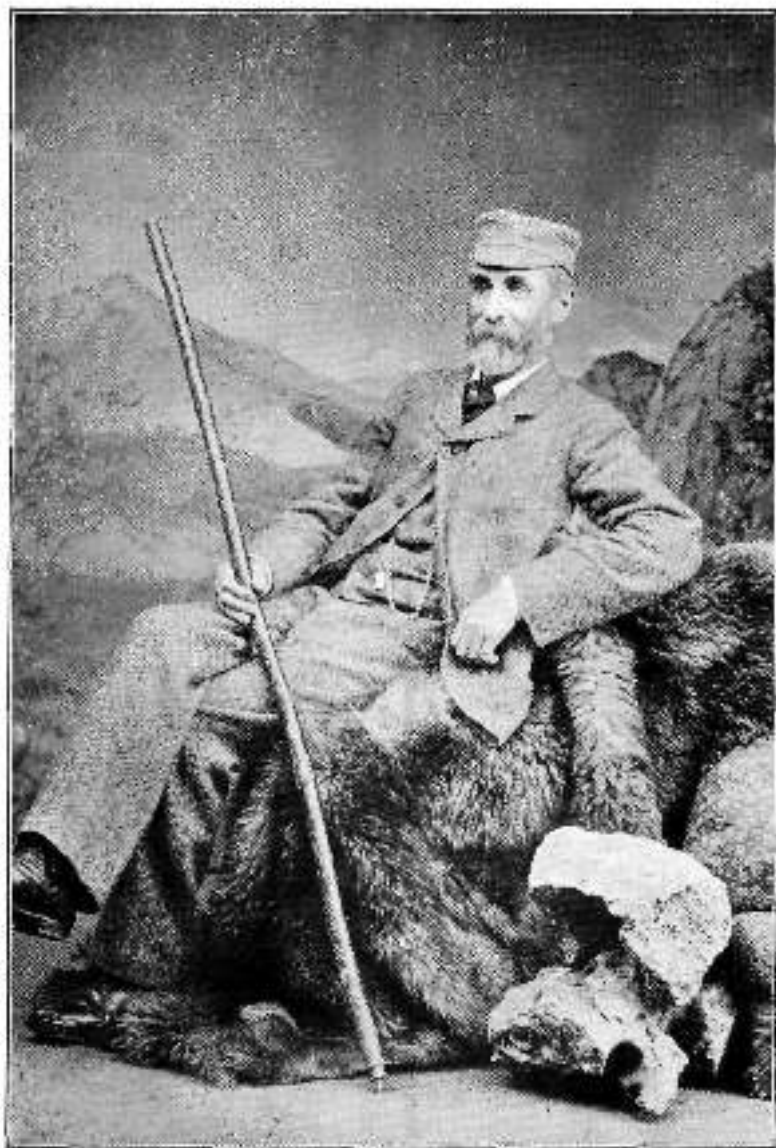
In all sports progressive training is necessary, and produces the best result. Let us bear this in mind when we have in tow a beginner at climbing. Ask him if he is enjoying himself. If he is not, it is probably your fault for taking him up a climb which is too difficult or sensational for him. Of the many I have taught, I have seldom had to give assistance with the rope, as I have kept the progressive training in view. Put yourself in the place of a novice who is taken up Gimmer Crag for his first climb (I gather there are several of these). He is in perpetual fear of his life, has no confidence in his leader (not knowing what he can do), has less in himself, and the place looks exceedingly difficult and dangerous. Can one be surprised if such a man never goes on rocks again, and characterises all rock climbers as reckless and dangerous people? Now, take a novice who starts on Great End, or on one of the Pavey Ark gullies. He finds nothing really beyond his powers, at least with a little coaching,

enjoys himself thoroughly, and is keen on another climb. This perhaps is a little harder, but what he has learned already sees him through, and he becomes full of an enthusiasm which increases daily. Such a novice should repeat several of his earlier climbs, under different conditions of weather, etc., which will be good for him, and give him varied experience. Happy is the beginner who has an experienced man to take him about; but there are many who have to start almost on their own, and to these I would address a few remarks.

Firstly, start climbing in good weather. Take plenty of rope, and see that you can tie all necessary knots. Consult such a book as Jones', and be content with doing the easy courses first. Afterwards pass on to the moderate ones, keeping to the order as far as possible. Repeat your climbs; if you get bad weather, then repeat some of the *easy* ones. Never toss for leadership; let the most experienced lead. Whenever you get the chance to climb with an expert, watch him carefully, and see how he tackles each difficulty. Always belay whenever you get the chance. Always be careful of loose stones, even if you are the last man. It is good practice for the time when you may lead, or be promoted higher up the rope, and so become responsible for a man beneath you.

With an ordinary man who only has one week of climbing in a year, the "easy" and "moderates" will or should take two or three years to work through. He may then begin on the difficult courses, taking them in order as far as possible. He need not be in a hurry to do Moss Ghyll or the Intermediate Gully, as they will be still there when he is fit to lead up them safely. Many of the present-day climbers have neglected the easy routes, and have done the more advanced courses much too early in their novitiate.

If climbers would think over these principles here put down, and act in their spirit, there would be fewer hairsbreadth escapes and regrettable incidents, and they would not fill the minds of those, who know these climbs, with gloomy fears.



C. P. Stebbins,

Artist.

THE LATE C. A. O. BAUMGARTNER.

IN MEMORIAM.

C. A. O. BAUMGARTNER.

Mr. C. A. O. Baumgartner was born October 8th, 1825, at Geneva, and was educated at Rugby School and Oriel College, Oxford. He did his climbs on the Pillar, and about the Mickle-dore, in 1850, and was on the Jungfrau in the Alps in the following year. He has been a honorary member of our club from its commencement. He died in London on July 1st, 1910.

Mr. Seatree has kindly placed at the Editor's disposal a letter written in 1876, in which Mr. Baumgartner, in delightful old-fashioned style, describes his first ascent of the Pillar, and present-day climbers will no doubt find the note well worth reading.

"Having from earliest infancy had a propensity to climbing—even *before* I could walk, I am told,—and having ascended most of the mountains of any note in the Lake District, as well as most of the break-neck places I could find wherever I went,—I was naturally attracted by the fame of the "Pillar Stone" or Rock, which was said never to have been ascended by tourist, or by any one except a party of shepherds or dalesmen. I went to John Ritson's, Wasdale Head, and made known my intention to try the Pillar Stone; and was accompanied by William Ritson and another man to the Pillar Mountain. They were sceptical as to my chance of success; and, to test my powers, they diverged a little on the route, to a small but rather perpendicular rock, not more than 10 or 15 feet high I think, and requested me to climb that. It was not very easy—I forget the precise nature of the difficulty—but I succeeded in surmounting it. They then said it was all right; I could climb the "Pillar Stone." The second man soon left us, in quest of a stray sheep which had got down into some place where it could not get out without the aid of a rope. Ritson then took me to the top of the "Pillar" (mountain), and to the cleft or gap that separates it from the "Pillar Stone" or "Rock" (it was called the Pillar Stone in those days). There we descended to the bottom of the cleft—only a short descent—beyond which Ritson would not go. Here he pointed out to me a narrow track on a level ledge of rock winding round the side of the Pillar Stone. This I followed till it brought me

to the north side of the rock, losing sight of Ritson, who sat down on the side of the Pillar Mountain, awaiting the result. When I reached the back of the Rock, or rather the *front* of it, looking towards Ennerdale and Buttermere, it was simply a matter of climbing up by the hands more than by the feet, wherever the perpendicular faces of the stones and rocks appeared most practicable and presenting the best chance of access to the next stage above. On the way up, if I remember right, I occasionally piled a few stones here and there on prominent points, to serve as landmarks for the descent on the return journey—since, in some places, the only mode of getting down (except tumbling down bodily) would be by hanging by one's hands to the edge of the rock, and letting one's feet dangle down in search of a foothold on a finger's-breadth ledge, or in a crevice or cranny of the rock. I found no serious difficulty in reaching the top, where I gladly responded to Ritson's shouts of congratulation, as I reappeared to his view. No less than eight ravens, unused to visitors, flew off, protesting hoarsely against my invasion of their sanctuary. In the small cairn on the summit I found a glass bottle, well corked, placed upright (I believe) neck downwards, between the stones, containing a paper recording the names of the preceding visitors. The bottle was about one-third, perhaps less, full of water, which I poured out; and having added my own name to the visitors' list (on a fresh piece of paper, I suppose, as the other was doubtless too wet to write upon), I restored the bottle to its place. I quite forget whether I *re-corked* the bottle or not. I rather fancy I left it open, but, as before, turned upside down, which I think would be the best way, as it would not allow water to *remain* in the bottle, if it did get in. I cannot account for the accumulation of water, except by the alternate expansion and contraction of the air in the bottle under the influence of heat and cold, while it stood half buried in melting snow, and so exposed to sun by day and frost or chill by night. The condensation caused by severe cold would, I think, produce sufficient power to suck water through the cork, or between the cork and the bottle-neck. I should like much to know whether you found this bottle corked or open, and whether there was any water in it."

THOMAS WESTMORLAND.

In the death of Mr. Thomas Westmorland, of Penrith, on November 21st, 1909, an ardent lover of the fells and a pioneer of rock-climbing passed away. He was born under Cross Fell, from an early age until his death lived in Penrith, and for

upwards of forty years spent all or part of his holidays amongst the hills of the Lake District. He had crossed it in every direction, and knew its valleys, lakes, and hills as few others did. They all had their special branches for him, and there was no part he did not admire and appreciate. He was an enthusiastic camper, and while formerly he did not confine himself to any particular part of the district, pitching his tent in Borrowdale, on Sty Head, in Langdale, by Red Tarn, under Helvellyn, or in some other high ground, for many of his later years he was to be found by Ullswater, his days being spent either sailing, or on the fells which circle the head of that lake.

His connection with rock-climbing owes its chief importance to an early ascent of the Pillar Rock, which he made in company with his brother, Mr. Edward Westmorland, and one of his sisters. This was in 1874. The ascent was repeated in 1875 with another sister. In view of the innumerable ascents which are now made of that famous rock from all sides, the importance of these early ascents with ladies may easily be underestimated. If the terror of the mountains which Gray chronicles in his *Journal*, and Defoe depicts in his description of an ascent of the Cheviots had largely passed away, the crags of the Lake District were in the main unconquered, and presented to the then inexperienced eye and mind difficulties and dangers which are not seen by present-day climbers. The first four ascents of the Pillar Rock were made by men living in the district, three of them shepherds, who had, doubtless, in the following of their occupation, become familiar with the face of the Pillar Mountain—it had no terrors for them—and they found that the Pillar Rock itself offered no supreme difficulties to its ascent. Defoe, on finding the dangers of the Cheviots less than he at first supposed, says, “Thus it is in most things in nature; fear magnifies the object, and represents things frightful at first sight, which are presently made easy as they grow familiar.”

Mr. Westmorland described their first ascent in a local

paper and the description brought the climb more into notice, and the Penrith men, of whom Mr. George Seatree was one of the first, did many of the earlier climbs in the district, leading up to the time, some ten years later, when Mr. Haskett-Smith, Mr. J. W. Robinson, Mr. Cecil Slingsby, the Messrs. Hopkinson, and others, really developed rock-climbing in the Lake District as a sport.

Many of Mr. Westmorland's climbs were made in search of beautiful views, and the Westmorland Cairn on Great Gable, built in 1875, was built by himself and his brother, Mr. E. Westmorland, as marking, in their opinion, the finest view-point in the Lake District. W.B.

J. ANTON STOOP.

Many of our active members were personally acquainted with this sterling climber, and join more directly in the regret of the mountaineering world at the cruel disaster which caused the loss of his life. Mr. Stoop was well known as a Lakeland rock-climber. He was a member of the Rucksack Club, and his last exploits on our crags were in the nature of new face-climbs on Pavey Ark, made during the Easter Meet at Langdale of his Club. These climbs are described in the current "Rucksack Club Journal" (see Reviews.) Our Club expresses its sympathy with the Rucksack Club in the loss of so valued a member.

ANNUAL DINNER.

A RECORD GATHERING.

The Third Annual Dinner took place at the Sun Hotel, Coniston, on November 19th, 1909, forty-five persons being present. This was a record attendance, and congratulations were on all hands expressed at the enthusiastic loyalty to the club which this large gathering indicated. The company was as follows:—Messrs. Ashley P. Abraham, George D. Abraham, H. Bishop, F. Botterill, W. B. Brunskill, Dr. T. H. Burnett, G. H. Charter, F. C. Clitheroe, J. Rooke Corbett, J. Coulton, Alan Craig, R. B. Domony, the Rev. R. Ellwood, S. Hamilton Gordon, C. Grayson, R. Gregson, J. Hanks, H. Harland, H. Lee, Darwen Leighton, H. B. Lyon, R. Marsh, Philip S. Minor, L. J. Oppenheimer, William T. Palmer, Colin B. Phillip, H. Raeburn, James Randal, J. Ritson, J. Rogers, L. Rottenburg, Edward H. P. Scantlebury, George Seatree, W. Cecil Slingsby, Godfrey A. Solly, A. R. Thomson, G. E. T. Thorpe, G. C. Turner, J. Ritson Whiting, Walter Wilson, J. B. Wilton, G. F. Woodhouse, J. C. Woodsend, W. A. Woodsend, and C. D. Yeomans.

The following gentlemen were present as delegates of their various Clubs:—W. Cecil Slingsby, Alpine Club; H. Raeburn, Scottish Mountaineering Club; L. J. Oppenheimer, Climbers' Club; J. Rooke Corbett, Rucksack Club; and F. Botterill, the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club.

MR. SEATREE presided and gave the toast of "The King," which was duly honoured. Having announced that letters of regret at inability to attend, and messages of cordial greeting had been received from Mr. H. Woolley, President of the Alpine Club, Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith,

Mr. Bryant and Mr. J. G. Howard, the President called on Mr. Harold Raeburn, Vice-President of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, to propose the toast of the evening.

MR. RÆBURN, who was received with loud applause, said his toast was that of "The Fell Walking and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District." He was quite aware that was not the exact title printed on the frontispiece of the extremely ably conducted and deeply-read journal, but he observed it was the way in which the club was described in the constitution. The purpose of the club was fell walking and rock climbing, and that no doubt was what the abbreviated title really meant. In the Lake country they had a very small and concentrated district to work upon, and they had elaborated the climbs to a very high degree of refinement. In fact, in describing the holds to be found in the highest ridges of the highest climbs he might say, in the words of the poet, that the club had been able to "give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name."—(Laughter.) However that might be, the Scottish Mountaineering Club was not quite in the happy position which the members of this club occupied. That arose from the sporadic nature of the Scottish climbs and the inaccessibility of the Scottish Mountains. Personally, he had a deep regard for the English Lake District. As a matter of fact its rocks and fells were his first introduction to climbing for climbing's sake. In those days he was a hill walker—which he hoped he always would be—(hear, hear)—and knew nothing about climbing, and one day on the top of Great Gable he met a clergyman, rubicund and of middle age, and asked him if he knew anything about the Needle Rock. He said "yes." "Was it easy?" "Oh, yes," he thought so, "considerably easier than the Ennerdale Pillar." So, continued Mr. Raeburn, he went down and found the Needle Rock. It was getting dusk, and he was by himself, but he attacked it and got as far as the platform below the top rock, and when he reached that point he was bound to confess that the rest of the way looked rather unattractive.—(Laughter.) Still, he probably would have gone up it, but that at that moment he heard a raven croaking what appeared to be "Don't, don't." He took the bird's advice; and it was not until several years later, when he came to the district and spent a Christmas holiday at Wasdale Head, where he met Messrs. O. G. Jones and the Brothers Abraham, that he had the first opportunity of visiting the top of the Needle.

Members of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club had no doubt worked out the district pretty thoroughly, but still there was always a certain amount of new things to be done by those who were enterprising enough to do them. There was no doubt whatever that of all mountaineering journals that of this club was the best.—(Applause.) It

appeared with great regularity, which was more than could be said of one or two other journals, and it contained a very large amount of very valuable matter, and very fine illustrations indeed—(Hear, hear.) Moreover it had, he learned, gone to a very considerable premium in the market, and those who had been far-seeing enough, as he was—(laughter)—to buy more than one copy, already saw a possibility of return. Well, said Mr. Raeburn in concluding, you are a young club, only three years old. My club is practically of age, and I am very glad indeed to be able to convey to you—a baby, but a very active baby—the fraternal greetings of an elder brother, and I shall convey to the members of my own club when I meet them, the very cordial way in which you have received me. I wish long life and prosperity to the Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District.—(Loud applause.) The toast was honoured with much enthusiasm.

MR. GODFREY A. SOLLY responded. He said it was perhaps his duty to refer to what the club had done during the year. He had hoped to get to the meets, but early in the year he had to take two months' sick leave, and in the middle of the year the opportunity came for a two months' pleasant holiday in Canada, and the remainder of the year he had, unfortunately, to stick to business. But very excellent work had been done by the club, and its meets had been well attended; and, in anticipation of the present meeting he had written to Mr. Craig to ask him to arrange for good weather, and that gentleman had done so, which was certainly a tribute to his managing powers. Members of the club had been able to find new climbs which might be fairly and properly made, and every new legitimate climb was to the good, for they meant less danger of too many people in any one climb; and the strength of the club, it seemed to him, was that it was concerned with the whole of the district, and not to one special part where so much was done in former days. Then a fair number of the members had been abroad. Mr. Hastings was one of those who went out on the invitation of the Canadian Alpine Club; and Mr. Oppenheimer had proved, by his beautiful photographs, that he had been in the Alps. Others also had been doing good work. Mr. Raeburn had referred to the Club Journal. He (Mr. Solly) thought they could not say too much of Mr. Scantlebury, its editor (loud applause)—and he knew he was speaking the opinion of all present when he thanked Mr. Scantlebury for the trouble he had taken and the success with which he had accredited the Club.—(Hear, hear.)

The next toast was that of "Kindred Clubs," proposed by the PRESIDENT. He said:—If this toast had to include those beyond the seas as well as at home, I am afraid it would take more than the

time at my disposal to name them. I assume, therefore, the Dinner Committee desire that only the homeland "Kindred Clubs" come within the scope of my remarks. It is peculiarly fitting for us to honour this toast very cordially, because in the past the climbs of our District have been mostly achieved by pioneers owing allegiance to other and older clubs.

Foremost in importance, and towering high above all other Mountain Clubs in prestige and influence at home or abroad, stands the Alpine Club. There are Swiss, German, Dutch, French, Russian, Italian, Austrian, Canadian, American, New Zealand, and I don't know how many more Alpine Clubs with qualifications, but there is only one "Alpine Club," and it was founded in London in 1857. The splendid record of mountain exploration by members of that club during the latter half of last century prove it to have been as British in its conquests as it was British in its origin. The ramifications of its members have been almost universal. The modest peaks of Britain, the classic Alps, the wild Caucasus, the Pyrenees, the distant Himalaya, the American Rockies, Norway, New Zealand, and the vast ranges of South America have all in their turn been scientifically explored and surveyed by members of our premier club. The annals of the Alpine Club form a monumental record of British pluck, enterprise and endurance which English-speaking people, the world over, contemplate with just pride.

Next in priority of formation come the Scottish Mountaineering Club and the Cairngorm Club, both founded in 1889. Of the latter I cannot speak with much knowledge, but by the courtesy of one of their members I have enjoyed perusing several excellent numbers of the Club Journal. This I know, the region covered by their operations looks terribly desolate from the Braemar district of Deeside. In fact, Geikie declares that "the 100 square miles culminating in Ben Macdhui (4,296 feet) includes the wildest scenery in Britain, 'Around the grizzly cliffs which guard the infant rills of highland Dee.'" Of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, it is desirable that I should speak with discretion for two reasons. Firstly, there are twa or three chieftains here capable of takkin' notes; and secondly, in a few days it will be my privilege, as your representative, to accept the hospitality of the great northern club in Glasgow, on the occasion of the attainment of the club's majority.—(Hear, hear.) It would obviously be very undiplomatic on my part to say anything derogatory of a climbing club whose guest I am so soon to become. Last year, Colin B. Phillip informed us that when we were climbing the Pillar Rock, in the very early days of British crag work, Scotland was still asleep so far as its mountaineering opportunities were

concerned. It must be admitted in all fairness, that since we indicated the way to our Northern brethren, they have proved apt pupils in the craft.

Mr. Phillip told us also that the club he last year so worthily represented—happily he is now one of us—was divided into two sections, each with a very cryptic designation, the “Ultramontanes,” and the “Salvationists.” Am I right in assuming that the former are the climbers who come off the rocks, and the latter the men in readiness to rescue and succour them?—(Laughter.) We envy the members of the Scottish Mountaineering Club the grandeur and extent of their vast field of operations. What an illimitable prospect for years of pioneering and exploration! They have double the number of peaks over 4,000 feet our poor diminutive area has over 3,000 feet, and they have leagues and leagues of mountain ranges and ridges—some of them very dreary. But we envy our Northern friends for something greater than these. I refer to their gem of a possession in the southern end of the Isle of Skye. If they would give us the glorious “Coolin” they might keep the rest. I had the pleasure this summer of paying a visit to Glenbrittle. Fortunately, the weather was exceedingly kind, and we had five or six days of as delightful rambling, scrambling and climbing over the Coolin ridges and corries as could fall to the lot of man.

Next, gentlemen, we come to the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club. In 1892, I believe, this body of stalwarts banded themselves together at Leeds. As a rule these “Tykes” play the game rather low down.—(Laughter.) They sink to great depths—the Right Honourable A. J. Balfour and Lord Advocate Ure are not in it.—(Renewed laughter.) Farmers living on the moors near their favourite caves and pot-holes say the members are great experts in finding dead sheep in the bowels of the earth. Fine animals which have been lost for months are discovered in the course of their underground explorations. Be that as it may, they are intrepid rock climbers above or below ground, and many a first ascent on Lakeland crags stands to their credit. I do not wish to particularise, but it would be ungenerous to ignore the splendid pioneer work done in our district by such Yorkshiremen as William Cecil Slingsby, Geoffrey Hastings, and in more recent times by Fred. Botterill and his friends.

Then we come to the Climbers' Club. We regard this club with all the affection a dutiful and expectant child should feel for an affluent parent. In recent years there have been slight indications of a premature senile decay setting in, which has been a great grief to its offspring.—(Laughter.) You will be relieved to hear that a recent diagnosis proves the ailment to be of a transitory character.—(Hear, hear.) The

Climbers' Club has not yet quite made up its mind to bequeath the Lakeland climbing area to us, but judging by the last number of its Journal, an abdication in our favour is being contemplated. Seriously, ladies and gentlemen, the eleven years' existence of the Climbers' Club has been a period of strenuous effort and great usefulness. No club presided over by such men as the late Chas. Edward Matthews, W. P. Haskett-Smith, William Cecil Slingsby, and now R. A. Robertson, together with a Secretary so painstaking, obliging, untiring, and in every way worthy as our friend, George B. Bryant, could fail to give a good account of itself. When the slight attack of lassitude and love of ease, born of success, has passed away, the club will revive and resume once again its well-earned position as the leading climbing organisation of England and Wales. The next club I have to refer to is the Kynder Club, which was the one to make its appearance in 1899 at Derby. I am not well versed in the doings of its members, but I know they were active in the pioneer explorations of the Derbyshire caverns and underground streams, ably led by our old friends Ernest A. Baker and J. W. Puttrell.

Three years later, in 1902, Cottonopolis decided it might as well have a local climbers' club, and the "Rucksack" was started. We have some very distinguished members of the club here to-night, and we are very glad to see them.—(Hear, hear.) The organisation has been very successful, and deserves our hearty congratulations. Its members are earnest, enthusiastic, and wander far and wide in pursuit of their favourite sport, whilst the famous Laddow rocks provide the local practice ground. The Winter series of Lectures in their cosy Club Room is a feature. The Annual Dinner is always a jovial function, and generally attended by some of the eminent Alpine explorers, who abound in and around Manchester, and who are not sparing in their support of the local club. Manchester mountaineers were very early in the field. The great South-West Lancashire City and Colleges have supplied keen coteries of expert rock climbers almost from the commencement of the sport. The brothers Hopkinson, Charles Pilkington, Dr. Joseph Collier and others stand out prominently in the list of early pioneers. The highest prize in the mountaineering world—the Presidency of the Alpine Club—is at present held by a distinguished Manchester explorer, Hermann Woolley, one of our esteemed hon. members. Amongst the younger generation, where is the rock climber with a keener or more artistic appreciation of our Lake District and its mountains than our good friend on my right, Lehmann J. Oppenheimer, Mauchester's representative on our Committee? They have a speciality which very few clubs have ventured upon—moonlight mountaineering—and I am glad to say we have the leader of that section here to-night in the person

of Mr. Rooke Corbett, who will probably tell us later on how often he has led his followers into becks, bogs, and other pitfalls.—(Laughter.)

The last organisation that came into existence the same year as our own, was the club of which I have the honour to be Vice-President, the Wayfarers' Club of Liverpool. Locally they have for their practice ground the heights of Everton and a district which Mr. Solly knows very well, the Bidston Hill.—(Laughter.) The Wayfarers of Liverpool will probably be heard of after to-day. I have now mentioned most of the "Kindred Clubs," and I think you will agree the country is fairly well "Clubbed." On behalf of our members, I assure them one and all of the cordial goodwill we bear them, and our best wishes for the fullest measure of success and prosperity are theirs. This wonderful activity is all to the good. It indicates the rapid growth of a healthy mountaineering spirit and appreciation. The promotion of so many local clubs proves not only the growth of a love of nature's grandest works, but that the lovers are naturally prone to forgather in their own cities and localities—as is the way of men.

Now, gentlemen, you have listened to me very patiently, and I thank you for having given me so much of your time. I have the utmost possible pleasure in asking you to drink to the toast of "The Kindred Clubs."—(Applause.)

The toast was honoured with much enthusiasm.

MR. W. CECIL SLINGSBY (representing the Alpine Club) first responded. He said, until the previous meeting he would have sworn—"Oh!" and laughter)—that the vaunted freedom of Great Britain was a living reality. His faith, however, was rudely shaken when Mr. Craig informed him that he was expected to make a fool of himself—in other words, to reply to the toast.—(Laughter.) Mr. Craig had the *suaviter in modo*, but also, unfortunately, the *fortiter in re*, and could be a terrible tyrant when he liked. The President had said some nice things about the Alpine Club. No doubt, the practice of climbing had been carried on for countless centuries, and there were historical accounts of very celebrated climbs, notably of the great marine ascent of Mount Ararat.—(Laughter.) Colin Phillip knew to an inch the exact height of that mountain—it was 17,000 or 18,000 feet, and was "done" by their common ancestor, Noah. We had never been told, however, whether that party suffered from the rarefaction of the atmosphere, and surely, that was a point that required going into.—(Renewed laughter.) But, though climbing had been carried on for many centuries, the recognition of climbing as a great sport did not take place until the year 1857, when the Alpine Club—the great mother of all the Alpine Clubs in the world—was started. Before that there were, of course, many ascents of

Mont Blanc, and in the first half of the last century, every man who climbed it thought it necessary to write a book about it. Three years before the foundation of the Alpine Club, "Murray's Handbook" said, "It is a somewhat remarkable fact that a large proportion of those who have made this ascent"—that was of Mont Blanc—"have been persons of unsound mind."—(Laughter.) He was sure all present would agree, that the formation of these climbing clubs was an excellent thing, and that every one of them had a thousand times justified its creation.—(Hear, hear.) It was a good thing for members to meet together to interchange ideas and to form friendships; and was it not also of value for clubs themselves to associate with other clubs?—(Hear, hear.) Friendships had been formed by mountaineers amidst storm and sunshine, heat and cold, toil and danger and anxiety—friendships which were more abiding and more reliable than those formed in the cities or on the plains.—(Hear, hear.) He had no doubt the club now holding its annual celebration would become a very great power indeed, and would have the effect of leading to the fells and crags a number of those who came into the Lake District, a large proportion of whom, up to now, had not appreciated its beauties. Last year, he had expressed his belief that the appreciation of beauty was growing among all classes of the community, and he now desired to reiterate that opinion. They saw large excursions coming to such railway centres as Lakeside. If, to-day, 90 per cent. of those visitors did not appreciate the scenery as members of that club did, it was quite possible the remaining 10 per cent. did; and it did not at all follow that if a person went, for instance, to the Alps, and evinced an extraordinary want of geographical knowledge, he did not possess the keenest appreciation of what he saw. To illustrate this point, Mr. Slingsby related an episode which had occurred in a railway carriage in which he was travelling, when a Yorkshireman, speaking in the roughest vernacular, recounted a trip he had made in Switzerland. He was hopelessly confused as to the names of the mountains he had seen, as to their height and as to their locality; but the enthusiasm of his appreciation of the magnificent scenery he had beheld, showed how deep had been the impression created in his mind. I would not, said Mr. Slingsby, have "shut up" that man on account of the mere inaccuracies of his recital for anything. He had enjoyed the marvellous views quite as much as anyone could have done, and they had left with him a marvellously vivid recollection.—(Hear, hear.) I believe, concluded the speaker, we shall get an enormous number of recruits from men of that type, and I am sure they will add lustre to our club, and that we shall hail them as jolly good comrades.—(Loud applause.)

MR. J. ROOKE CORBETT, in responding on behalf of the Rucksack Club, said his task was not an easy one, because he was speaking on behalf of a club which at first sight might appear to have rather a weak title to the kinship its members were only too proud to acknowledge. Mountaineering as practised by the Scottish Mountaineering Club and climbing as practised by the Fell and Rock Climbing Club were arts which called forth all that was best and noblest in human nature. But what was a Rucksack?—(Laughter, and a voice "Most useful.) And how could a club of that name claim kinship with the noble fellowship of mountaineers? Well, one bond of sympathy which drew them together was found when the time came to empty the rucksack—(Hear, hear and laughter); for the rest he could only quote the old proverb, "Actions speak louder than words." The members of the Rucksack Club certainly appreciated their outings, whether to Scotland, the rocks and fells of the Lake District, or even to Yorkshire. Yorkshire furnished some excellent practice grounds on which they disported themselves on Saturday afternoons, and he did not know whether he dare confess it - Sundays! Of Cheshire he knew little, though the President had referred to one bit of first-rate climbing at Laddow. But Derbyshire, from which county he himself came, ought to be an ideal centre for mountaineers. Of Shropshire he would say nothing in the presence of Mr. Minor, a Shropshire man. The President had accused him of being in some sense responsible for the moonlight walks which had recently become a feature in the programme of the Rucksack Club. For the pursuit of that two or three things were requisite, the first was that a moon should be guaranteed, and the second was that the moon should not be too obtrusive. Three such walks had been undertaken; the first took place in a deluge of rain, with the result that those taking part in it arrived soaked to the skin; the second was so arranged that the most interesting part of the walk took place along a defile in which the conditions of light were almost subterranean. For the third, which was to be round the horse-shoe of Snowdon, a night had been chosen when the moon was to set about 1 a.m. Well, the moon remained below the horizon, and the progress was such that when they reached the pinnacles of Crib Goch day was breaking. That was their last moonlight walk.—(Laughter.)

MR. OPPENHEIMER, replying for the Climbers' Club, said he was in an anomalous position. He was on the Committee of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, and yet was present as a visitor. Last February the Secretary asked him to represent the club at the Climbers' Club Dinner in London. He then protested that he was a member of the Climbers' Club; but it was no use, he had to go. The Climbers' Club must now

have said to itself, "Well, if they can't send us anything better than one of our own men, wait until it's our turn--we'll send him back to them." So here he was, enduring the penalties attached to the honour as the Fell and Rock Climbing Club had to endure him.—(Laughter.) Happily, continued the speaker, these painful results do not always follow from joining more than one club.

MR. G. F. WOODHOUSE, in proposing the toast of "The Visitors," said a very pleasant duty had been assigned to him. He regretted he had not had time to "think out" a speech, but left it to be thought out in his journey hither. But as he came on a motor-bicycle, and was a comparative beginner on such things, anyone who knew the road from Sedbergh would quite realise that he did not get through much thinking about speeches.—(Laughter.) Premising that all mankind, including the visitors, might be divided into two classes—those who climbed and those who did not—he said the visitors who did climb had already had their healths drunk as members of kindred clubs.* Gentlemen, we are very glad to see so many visitors here to-night, and I ask you to join with me and drink their healths with enthusiasm, coupled with the name of Mr. Rottenburg.—(Applause.)

MR. ROTTENBURG, who was called upon to respond, said in listening to many of the speeches a lot of memories of the early 'eighties came back to him, and amongst them was the sense of direction—of orientation that mountain climbing developed in men. The loss of that sense had really come about by civilisation. The native, the savage, the aboriginal had it very strongly indeed, but everything in civilisation tended to blind that sense. Professor Tindall had related an episode illustrating this. The professor had made a friend of a Swiss guide, and had invited him to London to stay a few weeks, in the course of which the guide was taken to see the sights of the Metropolis. Some six or seven years afterwards that guide again visited the professor, and was out with him and a friend one day when there was a very heavy fog. The professor and his friend were completely bewildered as to their whereabouts, but the guide was able to direct them in the right way. The speaker related some amusing episodes arising in the course of Alpine climbs he had undertaken, one referring to the spectacle he had seen of the French astronomer, a gentleman very nearly 80 years old, being taken up Mont Blanc. He was swathed and strapped on a sledge in many coverings, so as almost to resemble an Egyptian mummy, and was taken up by some sixteen guides for the purpose of staying for some eight days at the observatory. In some further observations the speaker remarked that there was an indescribable something about

*[Mr. Woodhouse's remarks in his speech at the Dinner on the Beginner in Rock Climbing have, at the request of the Editor, been incorporated in an article in the present Journal].

mountaineers that was to be found also in sailors, coastguardmen and explorers—a something derived from close and intimate contact with nature and natural phenomena, coupled with the sense of responsibility and possible danger. It was the training which mountaineering clubs gave their members which was one of the strongest counteractions against the weakening and softening influences of civilisation, and one of the strongest factors towards securing and guarding the future of this country and of the British Empire in general.—(Applause.)

Obeying the call of the PRESIDENT,

MR. F. BOTTERILL rose to propose a toast not on the programme. He said it was that of the Editor of the excellent Club Journal—(loud applause)—and it was very appropriate, inasmuch as the Journal had now reached the completion of the first volume. There was one thing about Mr. Scantlebury which surprised them all. Most Editors complained they could not get men to write. A glance at the index of this book, however, showed the names of men in regard to whom it would never have been dreamed they could write.—(Laughter.) For himself, his tendency was to be most dilatory in sending up articles; but Mr. Scantlebury wrote such letters that he felt something terrible would happen if he failed to comply. (Hear, hear.) Was there ever such a volume of any climbing club?—(“No”). He prophesied it would become one of the most treasured volumes of the book collector; certainly in his own library of Alpine literature, which had reached 200 and would now number 201, it would have an honoured place. Let them stick to Scantlebury! Editors were few and far between, and he did not think it possible either in this club or any other to find anyone like him.—(Hear, hear.)

The toast was received with musical honours.

MR. SCANTLEBURY, who was with some difficulty induced to rise, said there was no one more uncomfortable to listen to than a poor speaker, and he did not intend to inflict a bad speech on his friends. Therefore, the best thing he could do was to thank them for the way they had received the toast and to sit down.

MR. ASHLEY P. ABRAHAM proposed the final toast, that of the President. All would agree, he said, that in Mr. Seatree they had an ideal President—a great lover of the mountains, a man of great tact and nerve, and last, but not least, a good old native of Cumberland.—(Hear, hear.) He asked to be allowed to read the following lines:—

Old friends, old times all poets sing,
 This unassuming rhymers,
 Has ventured on some humble lines,
 About a good old climber.

A worthy son of Cumberland,
He loves his native fells,
And oft revisits favourite haunts,
From Bootle where he dwells.

He was a cragsman-pioneer,
This nature-loving Miller
And proudly claims to be of those
Who first nailmarked the Pillar.

With Robinson he climbed full oft,
And camped out many a time,
And still men follow his first tracks
Up the famous Penrith Climb.

He climbed in youth, he still climbs now,
His exploits all can tell 'em,
With courage always at the prow
And prudence at the hel(lu)m.

None was more keen to organise
Our F. & R. C. C.
At getting members, aye and "subs,"
Most energetic he.

Indeed for weeks he spent his time
(I'm merely stating fac's)
In chivvyng all the men he knew,
With fiercely brandished axe.

Crying "Here, join! you needn't climb,
But only pay your 'sub,'"
Till many a weary business man
Exclaimed "Oh, *drat* that club!"

And now he sees our numbers grown,
E'en more than expected,
And fills a post of high renown,
As our President Elected.

He's great at work, and better still,
Where Rocky Fellers frisk it,
And at an after-dinner speech,
He fairly takes the biscuit.

To greet his presence here to-night,
Let music be provided,
For laurel-wreaths are out of date
And apt to get lop-sided.

It's awkward singing after meals,
 But good-will gives it zest,
 So comrades all stand up with me,
 And sing your level best—

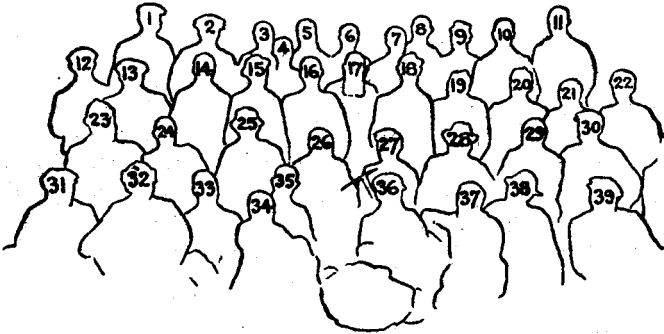
“For he's a jolly good fellow.”

The toast was drunk with musical honours given with the greatest heartiness.

The PRESIDENT: Mr. Ashley Abraham and gentlemen, the kind words that have been said, greatly exaggerate my merits, but it is true I have taken a great interest in this club. A Climbing Club for the Lake District has been one of the ideals I have hoped for, and that might have been started many years ago. It is difficult for me to say more. I am rather troubled with Scantlebury's complaint—I can't make a speech about myself. For what interest I have taken in the club you have amply rewarded me. You have elected me to-day for a second term of the presidency, and I can assure you my tenure of the office will remain one of the most delightful memories of my life.—(Hear, hear.) The club is now firmly rooted in the hearts of its members, It has taken its place amongst other clubs for promoting a knowledge, and fostering a love of our mountains. Our beautiful Lakeland with its unique old climbing peaks, is no longer open to the reproach of being without a Climbing Club. I should just like to say how much we are indebted to those friends who were the initiators of the club. When it was made known to me that there was to be a club formed for the district, I remember quite well my first inquiry—was it intended to be a local club for the southern part or a comprehensive organisation for the whole Lake District? On being assured of the latter it had my warmest support.

The future of the club must, in the natural course of events, belong to those of you whose limbs and energies possess more of their youthful vigour. By pulling well together, by reasonable giving and taking, and loyal co-operation in club management, by the adoption of methods of prudence and necessary caution on your climbs, and by the exercise of those attributes of good fellowship and helpfulness we are accustomed to associate with mountaineers, the glorious area we have inherited will be safe in the hands of the present and many future generations of members of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club.—(Loud applause.)

This concluded the proceedings, and the company separated.



- | | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|
| 1 H. Lee. | 14 Dr. Burnett. | 27 G. Seatree. |
| 2 L. Rottenburg. | 15 H. Bishop. | 28 H. Raeburn. |
| 3 F. Botterill | 16 C. Grayson. | 29 W. T. Palmer. |
| 4 S. H. Gordon. | 17 J. R. Corbett. | 30 J. Ritaon. |
| 5 J. Rogers. | 18 L. J. Oppenheimer. | 31 E. Scantlebury. |
| 6 J. Coulton. | 19 W. C. Slingsby. | 32 G. D. Abraham. |
| 7 R. Gregson. | 20 W. A. Woodsend. | 33 J. R. Whiting. |
| 8 W. B. Brunskill. | 21 A. Craig. | 34 D. Leighton. |
| 9 C. Yeomans. | 22 J. Hanks. | 35 F. Clitheroe. |
| 10 H. B. Lyon. | 23 P. S. Minor. | 36 G. A. Solly. |
| 11 G. Turner. | 24 J. C. Woodsend. | 37 R. B. Domony. |
| 12 W. Wilson. | 25 G. E. T. Thorpe. | 38 H. Harland. |
| 13 J. Randal. | 26 C. B. Phillip. | 39 A. P. Abraham. |

CLIMBS, OLD AND NEW.

[The Editor is desirous of making a permanent feature of this section, and asks for the special co-operation of all members who make first ascents or fresh ascents of almost forgotten climbs.]

Eagle Crag, Greenup.

Some exploration early in May this year showed that there are several little climbs to supplement the four or five standard courses in the immediate neighbourhood of Borrowdale. Mr. Haskett-Smith, many years ago, made a casual inspection of Eagle Crag and Pounsey Crag, but thought that those parts of the rocks which were climbable were too easy to be worth climbing; a closer examination might have modified this opinion. Leaving the track above the third wall on the right, after passing the Greenup and Langstrath waters' meet, a fifteen minutes' grind leads straight up over some large scree to a terrace on a level with the apparent "step" of Eagle Crag—which is really Pounsey Crag in the background.

"A" Gully.—About eighty yards from the vertical cliff the first of four little gullies is reached, and easily recognised by some light coloured scree leading up to a steep pitch fifteen feet high. Starting straight up the centre a sloping ledge is gained, which requires care in wet weather. Thirty feet higher the second pitch is reached, and climbed by the deeply-cut chimney on the right. At the third pitch a dangerous-looking fringe of stones must be passed on the left, using a sound rib of rock high up on the wall; the most threatening stones were cleared out when the gully was climbed with R. C. Richards, on May 16th. Above this a little chimney on the right offers a neat problem which the leader should not attempt until second man is safely anchored in the recess; there is a right-hand hold on the buttress, and a ledge on the

chock stone may be used higher up. One short pitch remains with rather unsatisfactory holds at the top.

"B" Gully.—About thirty yards along the terrace a steep grass slope must be climbed before this deeply-cut gully comes into view. Some wedged blocks may be passed over on the left, and a narrow chimney entered from a good ledge on the right wall; the large stone at the foot of this chimney must be used with caution—it is not part of the bed-rock. When the gully was completely climbed on July 28th, with R. M. Peel and F. M. Radford, the exit from the chimney was awkwardly guarded by a poised block, which crashed down without warning when the leader was a few feet above it; fortunately there was good shelter below, and after some heated conversation the climb was continued over grass-covered ledges.

"C" Gully.—The huge overhanging roof of this gully is unmistakable, and shows up well from the Greenup Track. A large belaying pin may be reached by a difficult climb from low down on the left wall, or by a short traverse from the gully bed higher up. On May 16th, with R. C. Richards at the belay, a position was reached high up on the left, just below a possible traverse across the slabs to the right, but the prospect ahead was uninviting and a trying descent was made. On August 7th a little platform on the broken left wall was climbed down to, from where it appeared that an attempt on the direct climb up from the belay would be scarcely justifiable. It may be possible to climb a little higher than on the first occasion, and then continue on the left wall.

"D" Gully.—The main buttress of Eagle Crag forms the left wall of the gully at the start. A narrow, vertical chimney in the corner proves easy, until about fifteen feet up, when both feet may be brought out to a sloping ridge, and some vigorous wriggling leads to a rough shelf a few feet higher. The next pitch consists of a group of stones almost covered by vegetation; second man might make himself useful here, but

there is no good anchorage for him. Forty feet higher a fine "Slanting Chimney" is entered. Starting well in the chimney the climber may gradually work out to the left until level with the chock stones, when it is advisable to turn round and face the right wall. A short vertical pitch before the chimney slopes back at an easy angle provides a delightful finish. The main buttress of Eagle Crag can be climbed starting from the "D" Gully on a level with the terrace. After climbing about twenty feet of broken rock a corner is turned to the left on to a good ledge, distinguished by a split block which offers safe anchorage. The writer has not yet had the opportunity of following this route through, but believes that G. D. Abraham and his brother climbed up over the top of the buttress from the ledge some years ago. An unsuccessful effort was made on August 7th to reach a fine chimney from the foot of the "D" Gully; it seemed possible to traverse in from above the second pitch, but there was no second man to safeguard the attempt. There are several sporting problems on Pounsey Crag, and on the east face of Eagle Crag, which have not yet been thoroughly explored; an enterprising party may find the place worth visiting.

W. A. BOWDLER.

**The Grisedale
Climbs.**

From the rock-climber's point of view Patterdale is not an unqualified success. Although the rock formation is similar to that around Wasdale, yet here it seems to have suffered far more from the ravages of frost and weather. The cliffs and gullies are very friable, and climbing is rendered both difficult and dangerous. Nevertheless, one or two courses in the district are well worth a visit, and they have the advantage of lying at a lower level than most of the Cumberland climbs.

The climbs our Editor has asked me to describe are those in the Grisedale Valley. There are two gullies which cut deeply into the face of Tarn Crag on Dollywaggon Pike. The more westerly and smaller is already fairly well known, and has been included in the graduated list of Lake District Climbs in

"British Mountain Climbs." The other climb is, strange to say, very little known. The dalesmen give it rather an awesome reputation, and it is known locally as "t'chuck gully," which means, presumably, the "chock stone gully." This gully, as seen from Grisedale, is much the boldest feature of the cliff; the big upper pitch, cutting deeply into the rock-face, makes the climb unmistakable.

There are four difficult pitches, three of them of the cave and jammed-boulder variety. Unfortunately a grassy terrace divides the two lower pitches from the upper portion, making it easy to leave the gully after the second pitch, and thus spoiling the continuity of the climb. As far as we have been able to ascertain the two lower pitches had only been once climbed, but the higher pitches had been scaled three times before our expedition on September 23rd this year.

The names of Mr. Hudson, who so unfortunately came to grief in Twll Dhu, of Mr. Haskett-Smith, and of Mr. John Mounsey, my companion in September, had been connected with the earlier ascents, but a complete direct ascent still remained to be made. Mounsey and I determined, accordingly, to connect, if possible, the whole climb, to see wherein its difficulties lay, and to find out its proper place in a graduated list of Lakeland climbs.

In about an hour and a half of easy going, we made our way up the Grisedale Pass, from Glenridding to the foot of the first pitch, and here we leisurely uncoiled our rope and tied on. This pitch is some thirty-five feet high, and consists of a wide chimney crowned by a big chock stone. The climbing is fairly easy hand-and-foot work up the bed of the gully for about twenty feet into the cave beneath the chock stone. We mounted up into this, and when Mounsey had secured good anchorage in the back, I traversed out on to the left wall of the gully and backed up the crack on the left of the boulder, using good footholds on the wall of the gully, small handholds on an intermediate smaller jammed stone making the pull-over

comparatively easy. The only difficulty was to avoid sending down loose rock, as a scree-shoot of forty feet finds its outlet over this pitch.

The second pitch looked much more difficult. Although similar in character to the first, there were no safe holds in the mossy-backed chimney, and the plausible-looking ledges on the left wall were a delusion and a snare. For twenty feet, the right wall is impossible; a small recess under the cap stone suggested that things might look more hopeful from that *firma loca*.

In turn we backed strenuously up the chimney facing the left wall into the recess, where we were safe, although somewhat cramped. My uncomplimentary remarks about Mounsey's bulk were not uncalled for.

From this vantage ground the left wall was obviously hopeless, so we turned our attention to the other. One or two footholds seemed to lead out into the usual boulder crack, but the next move after these holds had been utilised, we were quite unable to see. However, on being assured by my companion that he could "hold anything," I made the traverse out into the only visible footholds, but made the mistake of facing the cap stone, and the turn in that constricted space was difficult. Once this was accomplished, it was possible to back up a few feet. Then a half-turn outwards brought good holds on the boulder into play, and the rest was easy. In following, Mounsey faced the left wall from the first, and came up in much less time.

We now had to make our way up another scree-shoot, much the same length as the last. Then a few feet of easy scrambling led us to the foot of what might almost be called the "Great Pitch." Eighty feet up a huge boulder has jammed with a smaller one just below it, but there is no cave, and the bed of the gully is very steep. This is by far the most difficult as well as the most imposing pitch. It is always rather wet, and being covered with moss the few holds are difficult to find.

The climb also entails rather a long run out for the leader. I left Mounsey firmly established at the foot of the pitch, and by spanning the gully worked up twenty feet to a ledge big enough to rest on. Unfortunately there is no anchorage, and the second man cannot be brought up before going further.

After a short survey of the upper portion, I attempted to work up a shallow crack rather to the right of the bed of the gully, but, after rising a step or two, all reasonable means of safely mounting higher vanished, and I climbed down to the ledge again. After another inspection I started up a shallow scoop running up to the left of the crack. The rocks were quite covered with moss, and every hold required careful testing, yet by judicious handling, and an occasional use of the knees, it was possible to advance slowly. Fifteen feet below the chock stone the difficulties eased a little. About on a level with the lower edge of the first chock stone, I discovered a small but good belay, over which I thankfully hitched the rope. There is a poor stance here, but by using a good foothold on the left wall, and jamming the right boot into the bed of the gully, I was in a good position for pulling in the slack for my companion to come up.

In our former ascent of this pitch Mounsey had threaded the rope round to the lower chock stone before leading out round the cap stone. Remembering this, I had tied on twenty feet from the end of our one-hundred feet rope, so that by threading this end, and tying it on before I took off my loop, the rope was passed behind the boulder without really unroping. This precaution made the next move quite safe, and I traversed out on to the left wall, avoiding the crack between it and the boulder, then made upward progress, using small hand and foot-holds. After a few feet the foot-holds gave out, but a long stretch up brought a round knob within reach, and an armpull brought me up to a sitting posture on the cap stone. All was now quite easy, and fifteen feet up the scree there was quite a good belay.

After releasing the rope Mounsey came up rapidly, and

was soon on the scree below the final difficulty. This was the vegetation-covered pitch below a fine rock-bridge. Everything here was very loose, and it made a poor finish to the climb.

The next question was the ever difficult one of placing the climb in a graduated list. No two people agree as a rule about the relative difficulty of climbs, but we would suggest that this climb ranks in difficulty between Mouse Ghyll and Rake End Chimney. The gully is very similar to Mouse Ghyll, but is a little more difficult.

The other and better known Grisedale Climb is on the same crag, but about 300 feet west of the gully already described. A big stretch of scree is fed by four gullies, and the narrowest, steepest, and most easterly of these is the already fairly well known Dollywaggon Gully. The first pitch is an easy buttress, about 35 feet high, which can be climbed in a variety of ways. The ascent of this brings you to the climb proper. Easy rocks take you up twenty feet to a ledge above which there is a choice of routes between. On the left, an exceedingly steep crack, more or less full of loose chock stones, and on the right a shallow scoop rising at a slightly easier angle. The scoop is obviously the easier route, but when fifteen feet up, the holds begin to slope the wrong way, and at once the climb suggests a traverse back into the crack just above the very steep portion. The traverse needs careful treatment, but small finger-holds and a huge stride make it possible to slip the left knee into the crack whilst the right knee rests on the rock slab.

By working up a few feet from this position, a small chock stone is reached which, by the way, is one of the very few belays on the course. The route lies up the crack, until some feet higher it loses itself in the scree above. The rest of the gully is a series of short boulder pitches, where great care is needed to avoid dislodging loose stones. There is also a difficulty in finding a suitable place for the leader to stay and bring up his second. After a hundred feet or so of this style of climbing, the gully finishes with a chimney, which is rather too tight a fit

for most men. This brings you well out on to the top of the cliff.

In this gully there is nothing particularly difficult, but the looseness of the rock and therefore the risk of falling stones rather detracts from its chances of ever becoming a popular course.

HORACE WESTMORLAND.

**Dove Crag,
Patterdale.** On Monday, October 3rd, John Mounsey, W. A. North and myself, all of Penrith,

succeeded in finding an interesting route up the face of Dove Crag, the writer leading. This we believe to be the first ascent. Our route led up the rock face about 100 feet to the right of the "Inaccessible Gully." The climb at some points was very sensational, and we consider it rather more difficult than Moss Ghyll (direct finish). The second time up, on a dry day, it might come a little easier than it did on Monday, which was cold and showery.

HORACE WESTMORLAND.

The Brothers' Crack, Great End. About sixty yards north of the well-known Brigg's Cave Pitch on Great End, a vertical 60-foot crack will be noticed. At its foot is a large grass ledge, and the crack goes up a square corner. This crack gives about 60 feet of tough climbing. It was first climbed by G. F. Woodhouse and the Rev. A. J. Woodhouse on August 24th of this year. The grass ledge is reached by scrambling till just below it, when a crack gives access to it. The crack here appears very steep, with an overhanging finish. It consists of practically one long pitch, as there is nowhere where two men can join company. The first bit is a vertical slab, with a crack at its left-hand side just wide enough for the fingers. This is easily surmounted. Then follows a similar piece until a good belaying pin is reached. The total height of these two slabs is perhaps 20 feet. The crack now widens and is available for wedging purposes. The next bit is climbed mainly by back and knee, until a resting-place is reached. The next piece looks hard, and is the crux of the climb. The leader

wanted a shoulder, but there appeared to be no room for a second man, but fortunately it was found possible to thread the rope. With this safe-guard the leader felt happier, and surmounted this bit more easily than he expected. This brought him under the final obstacle, where he found an excellent belaying pin.

A chock stone has now to be passed. Good ledges are manifest on the left wall, and the rope could be threaded. This was done. The rocks were apparently very rough, as the leader left most of the back of his coat on them. It was decided to call it "The Brothers' Crack." The climb is undoubtedly severe, and is a great addition to the climbs of Great End.

There has been a tremendous fall of rock **Shamrock Gully.** from the left wall of the Shamrock Gully just above the Great Pitch. Much damage has been done to the wall on the other side. The lower part of the last pitch of the Buttress Climb (route II.) has been considerably altered. The heap of large boulders which formed the take-off has been completely swept away, and the first few feet of the pitch now overhang and look far from safe.

The Great Pitch of the gully does not seem to have been materially affected, though the chock stone is much dented and scarred.

H. B. GIBSON.

Overbeck Chimneys, on the west end of Yewbarrow, are best approached from Wasdale Head by keeping to the road until the burn which comes down the Overbeck Valley is almost reached. A level path leads to a wall. Passing through the little gate, the ascent is commenced, during which unique views of Brown Tongue, Burnmoor, and the Screes are obtained. In about fifteen minutes the cliff containing the climbs comes into view on the left. That first seen appears to be known as "B," the next "C," and the one a few feet further along "E." They are all reached by ascending a slab below "E," and passing along a ledge.

"B" is the least difficult. The loose chock stone in its first

pitch can be avoided, and some perched stones at its head should be delicately used. The cleft above is ascended on the edge first reached, and the climb is then soon over.

"C" may be called very difficult. The first pitch is a kind of steep trough, with none too convenient holds, and leads to a little cave. The next, and most difficult, possesses several jammed stones, useful on account of paucity of foothold. The third pitch is up the cleft, as in "B." "E" is somewhat less difficult than "C." There is a rather tricky corner leading to a grass ledge (Tree for belay on it). From the ledge, two or three ways are possible. The best makes use of a crack leading from its right-hand corner to the cleft whose other extremity is used in "D" and "C." At this end, the cleft may be climbed inside or (preferably) outside a chock stone.

Each climb, including the slab at foot, is 100 feet in height. A moderate climber should not attempt to lead "C" or "E."

HENRY BISHOP.

It is with considerable diffidence that the following notes are exposed to the criticism of fellow-climbers. But as it is only in response to the authoritative editorial cry that I have been thus moved to expose myself, and libel my friends, it is my consolation that on the Editor will fall at least a part of the obloquy. And to minimise this let me explain that herein will be found no tale of new ascents, no adventurous escapes, no photographs, not even a diagram. My story is merely one of two very ordinary days' climbing at Wasdale Head, on Thursday and Friday, the 14th and 15th of September last. A large party of us had been climbing there for a week or so, and during that time the weather had been perfect. We were, therefore, casting round for some ascent which should be to us at any rate a little out of the ordinary. In a rash moment

I murmured something about Walker's Gully, **Walker's Gully.** and accordingly the hour of ten saw four of us, Messrs. Payne, Pope, Höll, and myself, issue forth from the Hotel, and proceed, in our shirt

sleeves, and under a broiling sun, up the Black Sail track. As the rest of the party were enjoying their first season at Wasdale it was held that too many canons would be violated by including them in our party. So we arranged to meet them later on in the day, and accompany them up some climb where more moderate difficulties would give them less cause to criticise our gymnastics. Reaching the cairn on the High Level track by the Sybaritic route via Black Sail top, we found ourselves at 11-45 gazing with very mixed feelings up the first pitch of our gully. We sat down and looked at it, and soon a difficulty arose. We had read that Walker's Gully was a climb suitable only for experts, and an anxious discussion was held as to whether we might attack with a clear conscience. We argued on the matter till some one pointed out that the tribe "expert" had lately been analysed into various sub-divisions, ranging from the "light young expert" to the "exceptionally advanced expert." Taking fright at this discovery, we hastily abandoned the fearful task of self-classification, and roped up. That is to say, three of us did, for Payne, realising better than the rest of us the length of our task, declared that three was a better number for the climb than four, seeing that we had an appointment for lunch on the Shamrock, and that he would walk round and station himself so as to scare off sheep, tourists, and other stone-rolling troubles from the slopes above. Finding argument useless we started. Pope climbed up the right wall, with the intention of stepping into the chimney, when the lowest chock stone was reached. But this is a deceptive spot, and he found that the "stepping" had to be done up a very slippery groove. So balancing himself on various small knobs, he took in the rope for me to join him. I then climbed up to six feet below the leader, whom I found taking in the rope over a flat thing which he described as a belay. As my faith was not quite equal to the said flat thing, we clung to our respective perches and tried to lasso a bollard of rock further out on the right. After much flourishing of the rope we entangled a dangerous-looking, over-

hanging pinnacle, and as our positions did not admit of its being tested, we agreed to use it and hope for the best. I paid out the rope while the leader finished the pitch, and then in turn committed myself to the groove, and so upwards, till my flounderings were ended by finding a hand-hold for the final pull-up.

The third man now joined us. His ascent and my own brought to my notice two features which Walker's Gully possesses to a remarkable extent. Firstly, in each pitch a hand-hold is a luxury to be grasped with avidity and abandoned with reluctance; and secondly, that one's joy after climbing each pitch is crowded out by an anxiety to know the worst of the next. The face of a climber surmounting any pitch in this great gully affords a most interesting study in conflicting emotions.

To return to our climb, an interesting 20-foot pitch brought us to the foot of the big, two-storeyed third pitch. I joined the leader below the overhanging chock stone, and there waited while he surmounted the upper portion. I then essayed to follow, but soon began to realise the great disadvantage of Pope's style of climbing, from a follower's point of view. This is that he has only one method, that being to proceed gracefully and rapidly to the top of a pitch, from which vantage point he will remark that it is not really difficult. In this particular case I had got myself jammed into the cave and spent the next few minutes making frantic rushes up the smooth chock stones hoping that in the natural order of things holds would appear ultimately. The non-fulfilling of these hopes led to a hasty retreat to safety in the cave. Then I discarded the spare coil I was carrying to simplify operations up above, and after more struggling managed to back up and join the leader. When the third man appeared, Pope and I scrambled up over boulders to the next pitch, which proved to be a roofed-in construction with smooth and remote walls. After searching in vain for a through route it was decided that I should hoist the leader up to the lowest chock stone. But when this was done, the

one wall was still as smooth and the other still as remote, so we decided to employ our third man.

Our first proceeding was to tie the end of the spare rope round a flat stone, which Holl, mounted partly on me and partly on Pope, projected, after one failure, through a hole in the roof of our cave. Our leader then led on, and starting from my shoulders, with Holl hauling desperately like a bellringer in the cave, and the spare rope as a hand line, he reached the top. The rest of us followed in a similar manner. We all agreed that some change had recently taken place here, especially as well marked footholds were found well back in the cave leading nowhere. We then passed through a hole in the bed of the gully, and after bumping our heads frequently on sharp stones, assembled in the top cave.

This was a less comfortable stance than we had hoped, and after a very short rest, our combined efforts sufficed to poke a rope through the hole on the right wall.

Safeguarded by this Pope went out on the right wall, and using the left merely as a take-off, finally climbed up the right wall to the top. My own efforts were more prolonged, and involved hanging by the left hand to the last respectable hold on the chock stone till I could hang no longer, sitting precariously on the tip of the chock stone, and finally, how I do not know, attaining a backing-up position and struggling excitedly to the top. We then braced ourselves to help Holl, who, however, soon appeared beside us, and after cutting off some ten feet of the threaded rope, which had unfortunately jammed, we joined our friends on the Shamrock, and after an hour spent in lunch and mutual congratulations retired to the New West Climb to perform for the benefit of the other members of the party.

Pier's Ghyll—
Second Ascent. The next day we determined to take advantage of the dry spell to visit Pier's Ghyll, which, so far as we knew, had not been climbed since Dr. Collier's visit, nearly twenty years ago.

A party of seven of us, Messrs. Pope, Holl, Payne, Simmons, Rodgers, Hewson, and myself, set out for the Ghyll, while Miss Payne, the only lady with us, was to go up by the Pier's Ghyll track and await our arrival at its head. We carried vast quantities of rope, and in addition to our lunch, sundry rucksacks for the safe conveyance of clothes. These latter were, however, never needed, as it was always possible to sling clothes up quite clear of any water. Pope and I were the first on the scene, and we scrambled up a few small pitches to the first real obstacle, a pitch some forty feet high with the usual stream coming over it. Here we undressed and put on the rope. Pope crossed the pool with a foot on each retaining wall, and, climbing the fall in the same manner, kept himself fairly dry. His chief trouble was with the right wall which was rotten and fell in chunks at the least touch. I then sent up our clothes, and followed Pope's method exactly, except that being less encumbered with clothing, I waded the pool at the bottom.

The rest of the party now arrived with the rucksacks. Our first care was for these, so we sent down the rope, while I carried the piled-up baggage of the party over various pools and pitches. Pope then got the rest up to our level. They for the most part deemed wet clothes lesser evils than abraded skins, and climbed in all but their coats. For those who dislike wet clothes I may say that neither at this pitch nor at any other, did I receive any scratches, or other inconveniences from my scanty attire.

The rest of the party adopted a backing-up method which gave feelings of increased security and certainly made the most of the waterfall. After this the Ghyll becomes fairly easy for some way. The interval to the next pitch was enlivened by a series of howls, let off in order to scare off our lady member up aloft, who was threatening to come dangerously near the edge of the crags. The next pitch is a climb on small holds on the right wall till a traverse can be made to the left into the groove which here acts as drain-pipe. By wedging

the feet in this one can walk up to the chock stone at the top, which does not present any difficulties. The grave troubles here are concentrated in the climb below the groove, which seemed to us harder than the first slab on Woodhead's climb on the Pinnacle. It is steeper, and the holds, though larger, are slippery. After watching Pope climb it, and sending up the baggage, I began the ascent.

To start one has to stand directly under the fall, and when there I was alarmed to discover that the next step was not easy and could not be hurried. Above that I have vivid recollections of a feeling of thankfulness when my left boot could be made to jam in the groove, and the precarious clinging to the right wall be relinquished. When safely at the top I put on my clothes, and took in the rope for the next man while Pope prospected. A slip at the step into the groove, a slippery rope, and my own carelessness, resulted in a deeply gashed wrist, so Pope came back to hold a second rope for the rest of the party. The unfortunate third man had been hung in the waterfall within three inches of a commodious ledge, the water effectually choking his cries, until those below could signal me to let out the rope.

The Bridge Rock, with a choice of three ways—two under the rock and one round it, was the next problem. The latter alternative was a walk up some scree, and the former led up an easy pitch in the bed of the stream, or over a boss of rotten rock until the Rock was vertically overhead. Here the two ways separated; one lay up the water course, the other up a rotten crack on the right.

The after-portion of the water-course seemed unclimbable, as it consisted of a vertical semi-circular funnel, 15 feet wide, with smooth and rotten walls, completely overhung by holdless and wobbly capstones. From this we retreated, and climbed the crack on the right. The others came up outside the rock, and Holl was already waiting for us. By this time we were excessively hungry, so we went on up the Ghyll to the left

in search of sunlight and Miss Payne. This portion of the Ghyll is almost devoid of interest, and we straggled on one by one carrying clothes, rucksacks, and closely-matted ropes, and frequently finding sundry belongings discarded by those ahead in their anxiety to get on. There were general instructions to seize and struggle on with anything so found. Presently Pope and I found Holl perched up in a patch of sunlight, drying his clothes. But Lingmell is high, and Holl was not Joshua, and the sunlight went away, and he was very plaintive about it. However, that necessitated further progress, so I scrambled up to the skyline to find Miss Payne, and soon saw her seated above us by the stream, just before it dips deeply into the bed of the Ghyll. The others followed by various routes, affording, so Miss Payne said, a striking picture of exhausted and bedraggled humanity. And indeed four hours of climbing, wading, pulling, dressing and undressing, had left us distinctly in need of bodily refreshment. This we enjoyed while Miss Payne showed practical sympathy for our troubles by setting out the coats to dry. I might add that at this point I thoroughly appreciated the advantages of my climbing attire down below, as my clothes were all perfectly dry.

The rest of the party stayed to dry themselves and sleep, while Miss Payne, with Messrs. Pope, Holl, and myself, set off for Scafell to make the acquaintance of O. G. Jones' Route up the Pinnacle. The sight of Pope proceeding easily up the steep arête, spurred me into pretending that I did not find it desperately difficult. After congratulating Miss Payne on the ascent of such a magnificent climb, we retired to the moss near the head of Deep Ghyll to sleep and be thankful, till the dinner hour was well passed.

Some Variation I am indebted to Mr. H. R. Pope for the following notes on two variations for which
Climbs. he is responsible. For the first of these, a party consisting of Messrs. N. C. Madan and H. R. Pope climbed from the Tennis Court Ledge on Pisgah Buttress to

the Fives Court by means of a short traverse starting from the end of the Tennis Court remote from Moss Ghyll, and then by a face climb of 15 feet, from which loose rock was removed. This variation is described as no harder than the ridge higher up, but sufficiently exposed to require special care. It may be recommended to leaders who find the original route up the crack somewhat exhausting.

The second variation was exploited by Messrs. H. R. Pope and E. T. W. Addyman. It lies up the face of rock between the Ling Chimney on the Eagle's Nest Ridge and the Easy Chimney. It may be reached from either chimney, at the level of the big belay in the Easy Chimney. The discoverers compare it to the Abbey Ridge for difficulty and for exhilarating climbing.

R. B. SANDERSON.

Walker's Gully : September 19th, 1910.—Two p.m. at the
An Experience. Pillar yesterday saw four climbers crossing the Terrace to the West Face. But the appearance of Walker's Gully, dry, clean, and comfortably foreshortened, and to them a *terra incognita*, arrested them. [The first pitch was climbed direct, *i.e.* by the chimney instead of by the slabs as described by Mr. Sanderson above, a route not generally taken. The delay in tackling this was the real reason of the following incident. The climbers made short work of further problems until the pile of chock stones capping the final cave-pitch was reached.—EDITOR.]

Through an aperture in the roof, a bight of rope was to be pushed, but how was this to be done where no light could be seen directing. Two unequal lengths of three-strand rope were hanging where the bight should come, one freshly cut. If their other ends are safely jammed behind the stone, a loop of the loose ends knotted will replace the unwilling bight. This done and tested, the leader with threaded rope behind him sets forth upon his journey into space, and the fulfilling of prophecy—his upper man disappearing behind the downward point of the chock stone, his nether man searching and not finding.

The light is failing rapidly, but the orifice beyond the intervening point is well illumined, where the adventurer has now been striving too long. Need it be related how gravitation did its work until denied by the loop. Suffice it that the pendulated one was drawn back into the ledge, and another will essay the journey. He rides finely up the wall, but in vain, and in due time history is repeated. The lengthy member now clamours for his turn. He declares he can extend a foot to a recess on the right, while he reaches out-enormously above. But a majority deny his twelve stone to the loop, and forthwith the units in extended order go down through streams of falling stones, ill-footed in the dusk, and reach the large cave—of Adullam. Here at 7-30 they settle, thickly clustered—three in a bed and one for the pillow—around their radiator the cotton-clad, who regrets the unthreading of the rope from above, desiring to give exhibitions of back-and-foot at intervals throughout the night.

Why tell of what enriched the night, of thoughts of the anxiety at the Wasdale Inn, of a discourse of philosophic biology—happy means of gruntulous oblivion for one, of his awakening in the half-moonlight and proposal for a descent, of much tobacco and no food, of the loud announcement of dawn (moon on distant cloud-streaks, hour 1-30), of frequent fears of the overlaying of the small one (boots size 6), of Ennerdale police-court and sleeping out (“let them come up for us”), of listening for the shouts of searchers and hearing but the cough of a sheep, of hopes that they will not start before the Inn be reached, of desire for the fiery sight of falling rock, and nought but the settling of a stone at a pitch above and a falling pebble, of interminable watching for the dawn between great upright walls, of its approach with a run of mist up the vale! With much ado are aroused the sleeping Adullamites. A composite mass untwines—the curious organism is dismembered, and now, at 5 a.m., its fragments drift down the slabbed chock stone into a void of falling sleet. A spliced friend, worn and soiled

with eighteen months of happy past, has been cut asunder, and is laid to rest—part with looped nether-end peering beyond the slab, part brought down to hasten matters in the chimney. The Terrace is regained, and through lifting mist the Rock is seen in early morning sun, a sight but seldom granted by climbers' habits.

The Inn is reached at breakfast time, where anxiety has played no small part till 2 a.m., and a search party is about to start. The easy assurance up there in the cave that they down here will rest satisfied that the missing party is snug in some sheltering recess, looks differently down here, and gratitude not unmingled with regret is due to all who waited from those four who have learned their lesson that it is not good to meander from the Terrace into Walker's Gully at two of the clock afternoon.

**Rake End
Chimney.**

September 17th, 1910.—During an ascent of the Rake End Chimney, on Pavey Ark to-day, with Mr. A. E. Field, it was noticed that the Chock Stone Pitch, which formed the final section of the Chimney proper, has fallen down. This was the second pitch above the broad grassy ledge that divides Rake End Chimney into two parts. Beyond the "through-route" pitch the finish is now very easy.

G.D.A.

The Needle.

July 11th, 1910. For those of long reach, a new and preferable method of getting up to the top block has been found. Standing at the right-hand side of the shoulder, with a hand at each end of the base of the block, it is possible to raise the left leg over the far corner on the left, and by compressing the arms along the crack lift the body till the sloping foothold just above is reached with the left hand. The striding position on the corner can now be converted to a standing one. (A small foothold for the right has since been used to assist in pulling to the corner.)

There happened to-day a noteworthy thing. T. C. Pattinson

(height 5 ft. 11 in.) got inside the Crack, and passed through it on the chock stones to the side facing Lingmell. It is to be regretted that, owing to his excessive head and chest measurements, he was unable to search for the treasure that is known to exist there. He was, however, to some extent recompensed by the discovery of an ornament on the mantelshelf—a piton or ringed spike which, it was discovered later, had been inserted by a solitary foreigner in an unsuccessful essay of the top block, and which, denying him recapture, now yielded to the combined efforts (and language) of two of the party.

In future numbers the Editor anticipates making frequent use, in compiling this section, of the climbing books kept at our headquarters. The cream of the Coniston entries are this year incorporated in the article on "Climbs round Coniston"; the Buttermere book is practically a blank, one member only recording his presence in that almost unexplored area. The Borrowdale book has few entries beyond a list of names. The Wasdale book begins with the Easter climbs, and a fair number of interesting ascents are recorded. The Langdale book does not this year give any remarkable stories.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

With its present number our Journal commences its second volume. In a Club with a membership so scattered as ours the annual publication is naturally looked upon as a considerable link between distant and near members, and our mutual sport. No effort has been spared in trying to achieve some measure of success in this respect.

The Editor wishes to offer the Club's best thanks to all who have contributed literary and artistic matter to this Number, particularly to Professor J. E. Marr, F.R.S., President of the Royal Geological Society, for his valuable and unique article on "The Geology of the Lake District Rock-climbs"; to Mr. Alfred Hayes for his admirable sonnet on "Wastwater"; and to the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* for his courteous permission to reprint the sonnet. The Editor wishes to mention his indebtedness to so many contributors who, frequently under considerable difficulties, have so generously assisted him.

For next Journal the Editor specially invites notes on the climbs in the Buttermere district, and of the outlying Borrowdale, Langstrath, Easedale and Langdale climbs—climbs to the north of a line passing from High Street, Ambleside, Eskhause, Wind Gap, and Ennerdale. Some of these dales and gullies have never been thoroughly explored by rock-climbers.

While specially inviting matter on the above area, the Editor wishes it to be fully understood that he is keenly interested in accounts of climbing experiences in every quarter of our area.

A portion of our next Journal will be reserved for articles bearing more particularly upon fell-walking. The charms of wandering along the unfrequented paths of the fells are apt to be overlooked. The flora and fauna of the fells has been strangely neglected of late years by fell-walkers.