William Cecil Stingsby.
President 1910-12

THE JOURNAL OF THE

Fell and Rock Climbing Club

OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

VOL. 2. NOVEMBER, 1912. No. 3.

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1911-12.

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RULES.

1.—The Club shall be called "THE FELL 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 rest of 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 5/- per annum—optional up to 7/6—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 fourteen 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 ten 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.

Bookcases have been provided at Thorneythwaite Farm, Borrowdale; Buttermere Hotel, Buttermere; Wastwater Hotel, Wasdale; Sun Hotel, Coniston; and at New Hotel, Dungeon Ghyll. The keys can be obtained from the proprietors.

The Journal is published early in November at the price of 2/- net, and is sent out gratis and post free to all members *who have paid their subscription for the past year ending October 31st.*

ON LAKELAND TARNS.

By Colin B. Phillip, R.W.S.

The Lake District of England is singularly rich in all that goes to enhance the beauty of its mountain scenery, and no feature gives greater attractiveness to a recess of the fells than the presence of a silent, dreamy tarn.

The lakes, as a rule, are so comparatively large, as compared with the scale of the surrounding hills, that they, as is usual in Great Britain, become the principal detail of the scenery, the mountains themselves adornments of the lakes, such as in the famous view of Windermere from the Troutbeck road. In the case of the tarns, the reverse takes place, the fell being the leading feature, the tarn the jewel that completes its beauty. In a fine mountain country, the hill-sides hollowed by deep cooms or corries, a sense of disappointment is felt, should there be an absence of tarns in the hollows, and this shortcoming prevents the scenery having its full force. This is more strikingly felt when, as in parts of the Apennines, there is a shortage of water, even in the stream beds. When the reverse takes place, as in County Kerry, where the hills, though rough and rocky, are not especially distinguished for form, save in the case of the Macgillicuddy's Reeks, every coom holds its lovely sheet of pellucid water, some larger, some smaller, but all beautiful, it adds a distinction to the general effect of the scenery that amply makes amends for any shortcoming in the hill forms.

The tarns of the Lake District are not so numerous as in Kerry, parts of Wales, and Scotland, but they have, as the District itself has, a strongly marked character of their own. Unfortunately for the general tourist, he has little chance of seeing the finer specimens, as they lie off the main routes traversed by carriages. So the enjoyment of these lovely gems of nature are the reward of labour given to the pedestrian. He (the general tourist) does probably see Easdale Tarn, but not Codale, further up the same coom. Fortunately, Easdale is a very fine specimen, perhaps not of the best, but still standing high on

the list. It is not exactly of the coom or corrie type, as it does not lie in a deep *cul de sac*, surrounded by more or less precipitous cliffs, as does Blea Water on High Street, of which more anon. The crags are there, however, and the remote, silent feeling of the hills. The coom descending from Codale adds mystery and carries the eye and mind into the heart of Fell-land. It is worth while to follow this vale to Codale Tarn, lying on a shelf of the rocky fell, and thence over the ridge, passing one of the finest of tarns, Stickle, to Langdale. Here is a grander and more decorative specimen than Easdale, surrounded on all sides, save at the exit of the beck, by wild and rugged fell sides, Pavey Ark, on the west, being as fine a piece of crag as the district has to show—well, perhaps Pillar, Scafell, and Doe Crags surpass—and the view over the lower country to the south is a strong feature in a most picturesque and characteristic scene.

Perhaps, however, the walk which best shows the characteristic beauty of the Lakeland tarns is the route from Langdale, *via* Rossett Ghyll and Esk Hause, to Wasdale. Angle, Sprinkling and Sty Head Tarns are passed in succession, each differing in type and each showing the virtues of its type. Angle Tarn is a true corrie tarn, deep-set beneath the terraced precipices of Hanging Knott. Few experiences are pleasanter than, after toiling up Rossett Ghyll, to come suddenly on this charming sheet of water; and nothing is more restful than to sit by its waters on a warm, quiet day, and watch its changeful surface, now reflecting, now ruffled by a breeze, which rises in force till the wavelets make music on the rocky shores.

Sprinkling Tarn is situated more in the open, on the rocky summit of Seathwaite Fell, the fine crags of Great End being some considerable distance from its shores. It is a true fell tarn, a bright spot on the surrounding wilderness. The same relief is offered by Sty Head Tarn. It has nothing very fine about itself, its shore line being tame, but its surroundings are solemn and impressive, and its brightness relieves what would otherwise be inclined to be heavy.

I, personally, always consider the Mardale Waters—Blea Water on the east side of High Street and Small Water on

Photo *G. P. Abraham & Sons, Keswick.*

SMALL WATER, NAN BIELD.

the Nan Bield Pass—as the two finest expressions of the Lakeland tarn. Indeed, it is hard to imagine a finer dalehead than Mardale. Remote, deep-set and solemn, and full of quiet pastoral beauty, it breathes the very spirit of Lakeland. The great rampart of High Street, closing the dale, as the head is approached by the road along the beautiful Hawes Water, is seen to be deeply carved into corries. Blea Water occupies the deepest and most perfect in form of these, immediately below the highest point of the mountain plateau; and defended on either side by the two narrow buttresses, Long Stile and Short Stile, it lies deeply embedded in its rocky basin, nearly circular in form and simple in its surroundings in the highest degree; there can be no mistaking its type, a perfect specimen of the corrie tarn. The effect it makes on the mind is strong and lasting. It stands, to my thinking, as the finest example of the Lakeland tarn, as complete in its way as Toll Lochan in Scotland, Llyn Cau in Wales, and Lough Coomsaharn in Kerry. Small Water is almost equally beautiful; some think quite so. It is, however, of a different stamp; true, it lies in a deep basin, but the head piece is formed by the Nan Bield Pass, which, with the track leading to it, takes away the sense of *cul de sac*. Together the tarns form a wonderful pair.

Perhaps the wildest tarn in the district is Goat's Water, in Coniston. The grand rampart of Doe Crags, with their magnificent gullies, depends its western margin, while Coniston Old Man rises steeply to the east as at Small Water; though a coom, it is not a *cul de sac*, and Goat's Hause forms the head piece. I have only seen this tarn under the wildest circumstances, once during a fierce gale of wind, when the gusts blew the spindrift off its surface in clouds, making a sharp contrast in tone with the black and misty precipices above. Again, on a windy, misty day, I approached from the Goat's Hause end, the near part of the picture being in the deepest gloom, and the water agitated by the wind, Doe Crags veiled in driving cloud, while the low country in the distance basked in brilliant sunlight, the whole forming a wonderful picture. Taking all round, I have seen nothing to surpass

this tarn in grandeur in the district. About three-quarters of a mile south of it, in a cosy nook under Brown Pike, nestles Blind Tarn, which is a fine example of corrie tarn on a small scale

Space does not permit of description, or even the mention of all the tarns that deserve notice, but it would be unpardonable to omit Red Tarn in Helvellyn. In general character it nearly resembles Blea Water, but inferior in scale and beauty, but still a fine tarn and a great ornament to a grand mountain. So is Scales Tarn on Saddleback, a drop of ink at the base of its cliff. Bowscale Tarn, further north, is a dreamy sheet of water in a coom on the fell of the same name. The two Coniston tarns not yet mentioned are both picturesque—Low Water on a rocky shelf of the Old Man, and Lever's Water. The latter must have been a very fine little lake, but the dam at the low end somewhat detracts from it, giving it the reservoir air, which is inimical to the true spirit of the tarn. Others are Kepplecove on Helvellyn, not of much account, except in so far that it brightens up the cove it lies in; and Bleaberry, above Buttermere, near Red Pike. The containing coom and cliffs are fine, but itself is not well placed with regard to the latter, and consequently has comparatively little effect.

Of the fell tarn type, Angle Tarn, perched high above Patterdale and near Boredale Hause, is a good example. It has an irregular and rocky shore, and commands grand views of the surrounding fells. Differing in many respects in character, situation, and surroundings, the three tarns between Bow Fell and Shelter Crags may be taken as examples of fell tarns. They are, frankly, very small, and if size alone were the criterion, would scarcely deserve notice, being little more than pools, but the quality of the scenery is of a very high order. Situated amidst wild masses of rock, high amongst the most striking fells in the locality, they are in every way worthy of the district, and give a complete example of the Lakeland at its wildest. Blackbeck Tarn is strikingly situated on the plateau above Warnscale in Buttermere, and Tarn at Leaves on the north part of the ridge of Glaramara, Dock Tarn, and others all contribute their quota of beauty and charm

Photo by *G. P. Abraham & Sons, Keswick*

EASDALE TARN AND TARN CRAG.

made on the right wall, leading out onto the face of the Pinnacle above the difficult part. The climber finds himself at the side of a huge detached mass of rock, to the top of which is an easy scramble. From there he makes an awkward step up on to the main mass of the mountain, across the crevasse, but after this has been taken, excellent handholds make the landing on a large shelf a simple matter. Slingsby's Chimney now rises immediately above; the lower 12 feet are somewhat troublesome, as the chimney is undercut at the bottom, but by facing the right and using footholds first in the bed and higher up on the right wall, no great difficulty need be found. After 30 feet the angle eases off, and easy rocks lead to the top of the Low Man. The High Man is now seen 150 feet ahead; to reach it one may cross the almost horizontal knife-edge arête, which leads to the final rocks, or walk along a broad ledge a little below it on the east, from which the top is also easily reached.

VARIATION OF SLINGSBY'S CHIMNEY.

This was done under bad conditions, and seemed difficult; it is probable that with dry, warm rocks it would not be very hard. From the ledge at the foot of the chimney rounded slabs to the left were climbed for about 30 feet, and an awkward traverse across a steep corner to the right enabled the ordinary route to be regained above the chimney proper.

FROM TOP OF FIRST PITCH IN PROFESSOR'S CHIMNEY.

Difficult and somewhat sensational. Rock not everywhere sound. Belays good. Best number, two or three. Leader needs sixty feet of rope.

The first ascent of this climb was made in 1899 by Messrs. P. S. and P. A. Thompson. From the top of the first pitch in Professor's Chimney, the leader descends a few feet on the left wall, and traverses outwards and upwards on holds which, when reliable, are excellent, until the gentler angle of the face above permits of easy progress up to a wide grass ledge, where splendid anchorage is available. From this point an almost horizontal easy traverse to the left is made for about 40 feet,

until very good high handholds enable one to pull up over a bulge of rock into an indefinite grassy gully. This can be followed direct to the top, or a traverse to the left made on to the summit ridge 40 feet lower.

WOODHEAD'S CLIMB.

Very difficult. Rock excellent. A very hard slab, followed by a steep wall with good holds; moderate finish. Belays good. Best number, two or three. Leader needs sixty feet of rope.

This may be safely recommended to parties wishing to make a first acquaintance with the harder routes up the Pinnacle. It starts from the scree in the upper part of Deep Ghyll, about 40 feet below the foot of Professor's Chimney, and at a point where two faces of the Pinnacle meet at an angle. The climb lies on the left or northern face, and in the lower two-thirds close to the dividing edge. The bottom 20 feet consist chiefly of a smooth sloping slab, which constitutes the main difficulty and interest of the climb. The line of advance is first diagonally to the left and then straight up until a stance with a good belay is reached. A few feet higher on the right is a second stance, which itself forms a good belay. It should be noted that this can be reached from the foot by its right hand or southern side, by climbing the steep wall just to the right of the corner, until a high incut hold on the left edge can be grasped, above which there is no difficulty. The holds at the start belong to the second order of small quantities, and a shoulder may in some cases be required, but if this is given, it is easier and safer than the ordinary route. From the second belay the route lies directly upwards, keeping as far to the right as possible, except at the start. About 35 feet higher it joins the preceding route, 15 feet below the grassy platform.

JONES AND COLLIER'S CLIMB.

Very difficult. Rock excellent. Very hard slab; long interesting traverse. Belays good. Best number, two or three; all should be capable of leading. Leader needs eighty feet of rope.

Photo. *W. H. Brunskill.*

JONES AND COLLIER'S CLIMB.

This most interesting and much neglected climb starts from the foot of Woodhead's, and follows this route as far as the first belay. From this point a horizontal traverse to the left is made for about 60 feet. Holds are quite good on this traverse, except at the start. At the extreme end anchorage can be found at the top of a pile of detached blocks. The climb then continues across the face, sloping upwards to the left until a very large grassy recess is entered below the Knife Edge Arête. The latter is reached by a crack on the left.

FROM DEEP GHYLL BY O. G. JONES' ROUTE.

Severe. Rock excellent, except in one place. Awkward traverse; somewhat difficult slabs; short but severe arête. Belays good. Best number, three. Leader needs sixty feet of rope; eighty feet for the variations.

This route starts with a neat and decidedly difficult traverse to the left, from the well-known scoop above the second pitch of Deep Ghyll, into a wide crack, which forms a conspicuous feature of the climb when viewed from the West Wall traverse. The crack, which is best entered about 20 feet above its foot, but which can be entered lower down, is followed with ease for about 10 feet until a splendid belay is reached; from this point a variety of routes up the slabs can be followed, the easiest being on the extreme right. The climbing is at first moderately difficult, but about 30 feet higher some loose holds demand care until a grassy niche is gained; a similar but slightly larger niche, the "Firma Loca," is reached without effort, and a belay (slightly loose) is available on the right. A fairly easy traverse to the left, over shattered slabs, leads to a capacious ledge bearing an ideal belay, situated immediately below an arête on the edge of the Ghyll. The arête can be climbed in a number of ways. Probably the least difficult is that which keeps for the most part on the right hand or Deep Ghyll side. Above this severe section, which is 15 feet in height, is a sloping platform 5 feet square, which forms a good stance for the second less difficult step, which is best climbed on the left by the aid of two exceedingly minute footholds. Excellent anchorage is obtainable behind a large flake 40 feet above the

belay at the foot of the arête. The remainder of the climbing is easy but delightful, and lands one on the Low Man within a few feet of the cairn. The whole climb is about 180 feet in length, and is extremely interesting.

VARIATION I. HOPKINSON AND TRIBE'S ROUTE.

This route was followed by Messrs. Hopkinson and Tribe when they made the first ascent of the Pinnacle from Deep Ghyll in 1893. As far as the foot of the arête the climb is precisely the same as that described for Jones' route. From the fine belay at this point, the leader, aided by the rope, descends about 15 feet of steep rock, in the direction of the Hopkinson Cairn, on to a small ledge, from which point a moderately difficult traverse to the left enables him to reach a large grassy recess, whence easy scrambling leads direct to the top of Slingsby's Chimney. This climb is well worth doing under conditions which render the direct route up the arête too difficult. The rocks immediately below the belay on the edge of the ghyll are almost unclimbable and the last man must either descend on a doubled rope, or, preferably, wait until the leader lowers him a rope down the arête.

VARIATION II. GIBSON'S CHIMNEY.

Midway between the "Firma Loca" and the arête a large belay affords anchorage for the second man whilst the leader climbs upwards into a right-angled corner on the right, and ascends with difficulty for about 18 feet onto a narrow grass ledge, where the chimney proper starts. Facing the left the leader proceeds upwards for another 15 feet, at which point a conspicuous wide sloping ledge leads across the overhanging wall on the left. The far end of this traverse is barred by several large loose blocks, which must be used as handholds, while the leader traverses round the corner on to the arête. This variation is not perhaps technically very difficult, nor yet interesting whilst it seems extremely risky owing to the unreliable character of the holds. It is possible to avoid the traverse by continuing up the right wall to the top, and this has been described as being not very difficult, and quite

sound. But in any case the lower dangerous part will have to be climbed.

THE FACE OF SCAFELL PINNACLE.

This probably provides the finest climbing in the district. It is only after most careful consideration that we have decided to describe the climbs. Hitherto, mention of them has been made chiefly in order to warn climbers to keep off them. We feel, therefore, that some justification is necessary for such a marked departure from precedent. In the first place, we do not think that sufficient distinction has been made between difficulty and danger in climbing. In the case of a climb lying on perfectly clean and sound rock, the apparent difficulty varies inversely as the skill of the individual, although the intrinsic or technical difficulty is of course the same for all. It is when the skill begins to be taxed to near its limit that danger is present. The danger, therefore, depends on the skill of the individual, and can be eliminated if the skill is sufficiently great. The climb is in itself not dangerous. Suppose, however, the climb is upon rotten rocks. There the danger lies in the climb. No amount of skill can afford perfect security. It is these places which, in our opinion, should be avoided. In the former category come the climbs on the Pinnacle Face. In the latter there are happily few in Cumberland. Gibson's Chimney might be mentioned as an example. We see no reason, therefore, why the climbs on the Pinnacle Face should be regarded as intrinsically dangerous, but at the same time we would most emphatically urge that they be not attempted by any but the steadiest and most skilful of leaders, who, moreover, have had considerable experience of difficult slab climbing without boots. We would most strongly emphasise the point that **boots should be taken off**; the holds are so sloping in places (up to 40°) as to render the climbing in boots excessively dangerous. These climbs are undeniably best tackled alone. We have both experienced the weight of 130 odd feet of rope, while negotiating the exposed traverse below the Waiting Room, and must say that it is more dangerous than useful.

It might be mentioned that the serious climbing on this face starts fully 150 feet above the foot of Lord's Rake.

DIRECT FROM LORD'S RAKE BY O. G. JONES' ROUTE.

Very severe. Perfect rock and unique situations. 130 feet of difficult slabs; an exposed and delicate mantleshelf. Practically no good belays. Best number, one, or if two, both capable of leading. 140 feet of rope needed.

This climb starts on the edge of Deep Ghyll, below the first great overhanging mass of slabs. From a pile of detached flakes, where excellent anchorage is available, a deeply recessed handhold for the left can be reached, and aided by friction holds for the feet, one can place the hands in a nearly horizontal crack below the overhang. The slab for the feet is quite smooth, and set at an angle of 40°, but by turning the palms of the hands upwards and leaning outwards it is possible to edge along to the left for about 20 feet (this section is known as the "gangway") until some deep finger holds enable one to traverse across the face onto a small grass ledge, and then into a triangular grass-floored niche (the first nest), 50 feet from the belay. A very small but apparently firm belay is available at this point; its value is very questionable. A steep slab, split by a small irregular crack, gives access to a similar but rocky niche (the second nest) 35 feet higher. From this point the route does **not** continue up the obvious corner straight ahead, but traverses to the left across the top of an incipient square-cut chimney into the bed of Hopkinson's Gully, which here has the form of an ill-defined shallow groove several yards wide. The latter is followed with difficulty to a point about 25 feet higher, where there is a belay. This vibrates slightly, and we recommend it with reserve. From here it is possible to make a very exposed and difficult traverse to the left for about 15 feet, and then climb upwards on to a large platform with an overhanging roof—the "Waiting Room." This ledge is situated 130 feet above the foot of the climb, and it should be noted that no secure anchorage can be obtained here. An ascent of 9 feet from the right or western end of the Waiting Room, enables

the hands to reach a flat triangular ledge, about 8 inches wide, which forms the "mantelshelf." The ascent demands confidence and delicate balance, as the situation is exceedingly exposed. It would be very unwise to attempt it with a great length of rope out. Handholds are absent on the wall above, but the right hand can assist in the process of balancing up, by gripping the upper edge of a horizontal crack, which forms the "Toe Traverse." The latter is 6 feet long, and comparatively easy, and soon a grassy crack about 16 feet high is entered and followed without difficulty to a large recess about 30 feet below the top of the "Crevasse," which is climbed by a moderately easy chimney.

DIRECT FROM LORD'S RAKE VIA HOPKINSON'S CAIRN.

Very severe. Perfect rock. A very difficult and exposed slab. Comparatively easy above the Cairn. No belays in the lower part. Best number, one, or if two, both capable of leading. 150 feet of rope needed.

This cairn, which is nearly 300 feet above Lord's Rake, stands on a large platform, which is the lowest point reached by the Messrs. Hopkinson, when they explored the face from above, in 1887. It is only quite recently that it was reached from below.

As far as the second nest, this is exactly the same as Jones' route. From this point, instead of branching off to the left, the route lies straight ahead for about 20 feet, up a difficult corner with a thin crack in it. A short traverse to the right is then made (some loose blocks should be carefully avoided here) on to a good ledge (Moss Ledge), which widens out at the further end. Thirty-five feet higher and somewhat to the right is the large platform on which stands Hopkinson's Cairn. Rising from Moss Ledge is a steep, smooth slab, which affords the only means of reaching the platform. About 8 feet above the ledge, and near the centre of the slab, is seen a small stance, which can be reached by making an upward traverse from the right or, probably more easily, from the left. From here upward progress is made for several feet on small ledges, until some fine incut handholds can be grasped high up. It

is now an easy matter to reach a sloping shelf on the right above all difficulty, and, a few feet higher, Hopkinson's Cairn. Taking into account its exposed position, the slab may be considered severe. It might be mentioned that a thread can be found for the rope in the corner crack on the right of the slab, but as it is of doubtful quality most leaders will hesitate about using it in such a shelterless situation. From the Cairn to the Low Man the climbing is delightful, and nowhere more than difficult. From the top of a large detached block above the platform, the easiest way lies up a groove slightly to the left for about 20 feet, when a stride is made to the right to the foot of a steep corner 12 feet high, at the top of which there is a fair stance. A second, somewhat awkward, stride is made to the right, and then a few feet higher a good belay is reached. Ten feet above this, Hopkinson and Tribe's route is joined below the traverse. A small belay near the start can be used if necessary.

A very interesting expedition, involving no great difficulty, is to descend to Hopkinson's Cairn and ascend again. The finding of the traverse on Hopkinson and Tribe's route, in the descent, may give some trouble. Instead of starting to go down the ordinary way to Slingsby's Chimney, from the top of the Low Man an obvious opening a few yards to the left (looking outwards) is taken. Scratches will now show the way, which soon turns to the left towards Deep Ghyll over quite easy ground, and leads naturally to the traverse, at the start of which (descending) is a good belay. It might be added that boots can be worn quite safely for this expedition.

DIRECT FROM LORD'S RAKE BY HOPKINSON'S GULLY.

Very severe. Rock perfect. A very difficult open chimney and exposed slabs. Sound belays in the lower part. Best number, two, both capable of leading. Leader needs eighty feet of rope, 130 feet via Hopkinson's Cairn.

The lower and more difficult portion of this gully was first climbed by Mr. C. Hopkinson and party in December, 1887. They were finally stopped by ice, and had to descend again.

Photo by *W. B. Brunskill.*

THE GANGWAY, FACE OF SCAFELL PINNACLE.

THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE.

By G. E. T. THORPE.

Business took me over to Orotava, Teneriffe, last autumn, and of course the ever-present view of the Peak provoked me to climb. Every morning I could see the white-capped giant, raising its 12,000 feet of volcanic rock high over the stunted woodlands and broken gullies. I found that the usual manner of climbing the Peak was to engage mules, muleteers, and a guide, and to make an expedition of it—an expensive and crowded method which did not appeal to me. But none of the guide-books gave much information concerning the route of ascent, and the guides would tell nothing. At the hotel was staying a Mr. Shaw, a gentleman who had spent a good deal of time in Spanish America, and who knew the language well. He too had a wish to climb the Peak in less stately style than the Canaroise affect, so we joined forces. I scouted as much of the ground as could be done in the leisure at my disposal; and Shaw, who had more time, climbed right away from the town to the region of shepherds and goat-herds, who had no interest in the guide industry, and freely told him the routes and a very essential thing, the location of different wells on the way up. We compared notes frequently, and at last decided to make a start on the first moonlight night. We knew that there would be no water available for the greater part of the way, so had a couple of tin canteens made by a local man. We prevailed upon Domingo, our waiter, to make us up some provisions; but as the Spaniard had no knowledge of mountain appetite or mountain food, his selection was not a success. There was bread, Spanish rolls, delightful when fresh but terribly dry when stale, no butter, some cheese, bananas, water, a bottle of wine, and as a great luxury a tin of preserved pears.

We left the Hotel Victoria, Villa Orotava, at eight in the evening by way of the street of the Agua (Water), and along the Perdoma road to Cruz Santa, turning sharp to the left

immediately after passing the village and striking up for Paolo Blanca (White Stick), a small hamlet about four miles from Orotava and 3,070 feet above sea level, and distinguished for miles by a tall pine with a bleached trunk. It was an ideal night, not a cloud, a full moon shining with a splendour never seen in our northern country. The whole island was brilliantly lit, the moonshine accentuating the ruggedness about us. During this part of the journey we were the subject of much curiosity on the part of the native Canarios and their dogs. We must have presented a rather strange appearance to them with breeches and rucksacks; moreover, Shaw had a poncho thrown over his rucksack, which gave him the appearance of a hunch-backed giant. We did not mind the Canarios, as they made no more comment than a hearty "Adios, Signors"; but the dogs—well, it is not exactly comfortable to have a great yellow cur growling round one's legs. Although this road is honoured by the name of carretera, or high road, it reminds one in places of Sty Head; in its way it is rather romantic, passing over several barrancos (ravines) and dotted with innumerable shrines, each with its candle or primitive oil-lamp.

Leaving Paola Blanca about 9-30 p.m., we made by a steepening path for Monte Verde (the mountainous region of verdure). To this point we had been among the vineyards; now heather and pines brought recollection of home scenery. At the top of the Monte Verde, Shaw, when prospecting a few days previously, had located a wonderful spring near our track, and we turned aside to re-fill our canteens. This proved not so easy a matter, for the moon distorted things badly, but eventually we found it in a wild and romantic gorge. This little expedition took up half an hour, so that if we wished to see sunrise from the Peak it now behoved us to hurry. However, we had to stop again and again to admire the view below. Seemingly under our feet lay Orotava with all its lights blinking, and a cluster still deeper showed up the Puerto. Beyond that was the ever-present band of surf and the lights of many ships at anchor in the roadstead. At about 11 p.m. we found the going much easier, and by midnight reached the Portillo (gateway), a gap between two hills forming the entrance to the

Cañadas, a great desert of yellow lava and broken pumice stone, with here and there small hillocks, the whole fringed with hills. A little further on we got our first full view of Teide (the Guanche name of the peak, meaning literally Hell). The moonlight seemed to magnify its size, and the yellow lava of the sugar loaf towering over us appeared a shimmering white. It looked most grim and ghostly, but very enticing. Here we made our first halt for food; but so intense was the cold (we were now 7,200 feet above sea-level) that we were unable to stop more than a few minutes, and pushed on our way munching a dry loaf. Up to this the path had been well defined; but now we came to a divergence, and took the path to the right. Almost immediately this began to dwindle away and finally we reached some old pumice-stone works. We had lost our bearings, so turned up the slope near us, hoping to hit the other path at a higher level. The going was very heavy, and at every step we sank deep into the lava. We had been skirting the base of the Montana Blanca (9,000 feet), and as the path did not show we decided to content ourselves this expedition with this minor summit. After a time we came to a path marked with the broken wine bottles, and felt cheered; but soon these signs ceased, and we were again lost. We were now in a sort of huge funnel, and we made for the throat of it, the nearer sides appearing unclimbable. On either side of our route were poised huge obsidian blocks (las piedias negros) standing at all angles, presumably just as they had alighted when hurled from the crater. When we reached the throat of our funnel, joy of joys, we struck a well-defined track zigzagging up a very steep slope among loose lumps of black lava. The moon was leaving us now, and it was difficult to see the path; moreover, the altitude (8,000 feet) was beginning to tell, and our going was slow, with many short breathing spells.

After a very hard grind we arrived at a little plateau (Los Estancia de los Ingleses—the halting place of the Englishmen, 9,700 feet) and, halting a moment, saw a speck of light appear on the horizon, then a faint illumination. We thought at first it was the sunrise, but it was hours too early. The

The performance must be reckoned as one of the finest in the history of rock-climbing. If we skirt along the base of the main rocks eastwards from Deep Ghyll, about 150 feet above Lord's Rake, Hopkinson's Gully is the first obvious opening seen. It consists at the bottom of a V-shaped groove slanting up to the right. To get into the groove a steep 10-foot wall has to be climbed. A small rock pyramid here abuts against the face, and appears to offer a line of ascent, but an easier way lies about 6 feet to the right of it, where some good handholds, hard to reach, enable one to pull up onto a stance in the gully proper. The next 20 feet, on slightly sloping holds, are less trying, until the foot of a steep corner is reached. Here the holds are remarkably deficient. Foothold there is none, but a fairly tall man can just reach a good handhold high up in the corner. A short man has perforce to be satisfied with a small nick a few inches lower down, until he can grasp the higher hold. It is then possible to pull up on to a good stance with a belay. The whole pitch is about 40 feet high. The rocks were wet when we climbed it, and it took us all our time to get up—about an hour, to be accurate. Even in dry weather it would probably be very difficult. A large detached pillar of rock about 20 feet high is now seen straight ahead on the left wall. From the stance a short slab is climbed, and then a crack running up the left side of the pillar, enables the top to be reached. This forms an excellent belay. The leader now descends a short distance on the right-hand side of the pillar, until he can step across the gully, and climb out on to the face on the right. He finds himself now at the foot of the central slab of Jones' route, close to the first nest, and can reach the second nest by going straight up for 30 feet. Here either of the two routes is available.

THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE.

By G. E. T. THORPE.

Business took me over to Orotava, Teneriffe, last autumn, and of course the ever-present view of the Peak provoked me to climb. Every morning I could see the white-capped giant, raising its 12,000 feet of volcanic rock high over the stunted woodlands and broken gullies. I found that the usual manner of climbing the Peak was to engage mules, muleteers, and a guide, and to make an expedition of it—an expensive and crowded method which did not appeal to me. But none of the guide-books gave much information concerning the route of ascent, and the guides would tell nothing. At the hotel was staying a Mr. Shaw, a gentleman who had spent a good deal of time in Spanish America, and who knew the language well. He too had a wish to climb the Peak in less stately style than the Canaroise affect, so we joined forces. I scouted as much of the ground as could be done in the leisure at my disposal; and Shaw, who had more time, climbed right away from the town to the region of shepherds and goat-herds, who had no interest in the guide industry, and freely told him the routes and a very essential thing, the location of different wells on the way up. We compared notes frequently, and at last decided to make a start on the first moonlight night. We knew that there would be no water available for the greater part of the way, so had a couple of tin canteens made by a local man. We prevailed upon Domingo, our waiter, to make us up some provisions; but as the Spaniard had no knowledge of mountain appetite or mountain food, his selection was not a success. There was bread, Spanish rolls, delightful when fresh but terribly dry when stale, no butter, some cheese, bananas, water, a bottle of wine, and as a great luxury a tin of preserved pears.

We left the Hotel Victoria, Villa Orotava, at eight in the evening by way of the street of the Agua (Water), and along the Perdoma road to Cruz Santa, turning sharp to the left

Photo. by THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE (from the Rambleta). *G. E. T. Thorpe.*

light faded and then re-appeared, flashing up with purple rays, to disappear again, so as to flash out with crimson streaks; and so the wonderful sight continued. Was it a ship on fire? No, we were too far off. Then, gradually, the light centred down and a beautiful planet appeared, looking the size of a normal English moon. Finally the size seemed to diminish, and the planet (Jupiter, we were afterwards told) was fixed majestically over the horizon. So entrancing was this sight, lasting altogether about five minutes, that we did not notice the cold, but when we started we were almost frozen. We did not yet know exactly where we were, and had visions of hours more grinding up the lava, when at about 4-30 there appeared suddenly a dome-shaped hut. Could it be Alta Vista? On we pushed with renewed energy; on a small plateau is the small stone hut, with mules standing outside. At this point, 10,700 feet up, the night is usually spent by climbing expeditions. We tried the door, but it was locked. The stable door, however, was not, so we entered and found a muleteer sleeping (this accounted for the mules being left outside), and awakening him we learned that an American had come up and with his guide passed on to the Peak. They had left Puerto Orotava about 4-30, and had only arrived two hours before us. After refreshing the inner man we started about 5 a.m. for the summit. Day was just breaking, and before we had been on our way many minutes the sun began to appear. We were too late to see sunrise from the summit, but as we were on the east face of the mountain we lost nothing of its effects. It was indeed a magnificent spectacle. In a few minutes the whole island was lit up, the air became appreciably warmer; a slight haze had drawn over the archipelago, preventing our seeing the distant islands. Our way continued through a sort of valley filled with black lava-blocks, piled in weird confusion, and of all shapes and sizes. The whole presented a truly terrible aspect, and impossible to surpass as a reminder of what Nature in her wildest throes can do. It was now beginning to get rather warm, so we planted our rucksacks and other impedimenta behind a particularly uncouth-looking rock (muleteer and guide were in the vicinity), and, looking up, saw the

American returning. The altitude did not seem to be troubling us now; but the American looked very bad, eyes bulging, lips blue. (I did not expect to hear more of this gentleman, but a week later I was at the Hotel Martinez, and from Mr. Trenkel learned that one of his guests had started for the Peak the Sunday but one previous, but unfortunately his guide had been taken ill, and he could not finish.)

Over continuous lava blocks we reached the Rambleta (11,600 feet), about 6 a.m.—this is the original crater from which the Piton or Sugar-loaf was thrown up—and had now only 600 feet above us. The lava on the last pitch was very loose and friable, very light yellow in colour, and not unlike pumice stone. There were several small blow-holes emitting sulphurous perfumes. At 6-30 we were at the top, 12,200 feet above sea-level, and feeling glad that we had come. A shrewd wind was blowing, and there was a lot of snow about, but by squatting over the blow-holes we were able to be comparatively comfortable. The last crater is quite small, perhaps 80 yards across and 40 feet deep. The walls are sloping and consist of lava. The interior is sheltered, but rather sulphurous. On the summit is a meteorological box, covered with ice at the time of our visit. The haze which collected at sunrise had now disappeared, and we had a magnificent view of the coast-line of the island, with its white ring of surf. Immediately below was the rounded summit of Montana Blanca on one side, and on the other the crater of Chajoia, three-quarters of a mile in diameter, and fringed with extinct volcanoes of extraordinary shape. On the Cañadas we could see a small Spanish military camp. In my pocket I had a letter of introduction to the officer in command from a captain of his regiment stationed in Orotava; but though thoughts of hot coffee and breakfast were tempting, we decided the camp was too much out of our course.

One rather wonders what soldiers are doing up there. It seems there was a German scientist bent on building an observatory on the summit; but the Spaniard is nothing if not conservative, and refused permission, and in order to see that no liberties were taken with his peak, posted a company of soldiers to watch it.

Like Humboldt, we had had our heads frozen, our feet scorched, and been nearly suffocated with sulphur, so at 7-15 decided to return. We screed down the Piton, and reached the Rambleta (from which our photograph was taken) in grand spirits, passed through the valley of desolate rocks, picked up our rucksacks, and reached Alta Vista about 8-15, sat in a sheltered corner for breakfast, and started back about 8-45 a.m., descending the lava blocks direct instead of by the zig-zag; and at the foot of the blocks, 4,000 feet below the summit, left our last icicles, formed by the moisture condensing on the rocks during the night time. Probably these melt and re-form each day. From this point we could see right across the Cañadas, and a dreary desert it looked. The sun was now well up; we were clad for the cold night journey, and I found the heat very trying. Shaw, who had spent years in semi-tropical climates, did not seem to mind (he got his gruelling in the cold). I must drink. One canteen was emptied; we now opened the other. Holy horrors! the wretched tinsmith had left a small hole in it, and the water had almost gone. We had to be economical and push along, Shaw making the pace. The sun got hotter, and the yellow lava reflected back the heat intensified. I felt I could go no further without water, but struggled on another mile or so, when we decided to finish the water. We still had the tinned pears, but made a resolution not to open these until we were clear of the Cañadas. After getting off our track for a time we eventually reached the Portillo about noon, and arriving at the Monte Verde, opened the pears. Never did pears taste so delicious; the juice was never excelled by wines of the finest vintage. We let each drop trickle down our throats, so as not to lose the flavour. We again started off right manfully, the path running along one side of a deep and wide barranco, the other side of the barranco being composed of steep and apparently unscalable cliffs rising to a height of 3,000 feet above the bottom of the ravine. I rather think some of these Canary barrancos would keep our Club men busy fixing up routes. The Spaniard is rather interested in these rocks; he would scorn to be tied to a rope, so he takes his rock work another way. The water supply of the island is

meagre; the banana plantations important. There is practically no rainfall. He forms a little rock club; they engage men to tunnel into the crags in search of water. If they are lucky and find it, it is as good as a gold mine, no further labour being required. We reached Paola Blanca about 2-30, Shaw quite fit and fresh, myself somewhat jaded, and with a great blister on my heel, caused, I think, by fine lava dust working down my boots. (MEMO: Wear putties.) So when we came across a man about to stable his mule, we struck a bargain that for four pesetas he should take me into Orotava. Shaw went on; for a time I wished I had. I am no horseman at any time, but that mule would have baffled a rider of Derby winners. I must mention that the saddle has two great high pointed peaks reaching about to the pit of one's stomach in front, and another behind of a similar height and nature, and so arranged that as the mule jogs along you get alternate prods fore and aft. The saddle-blanket mattress arrangement I got rid of; it seemed to promise livelier company than I cared for. That was the first trouble, but the second was the mule itself. The poor beggar considered that it had already done its day's journey, and wanted none of me. It could hardly buck successfully in such a saddle, so it ambled close to the wall on one side, scraping my leg against it, varying the entertainment by crossing the road and polishing up the other leg. It was no use trying to control the beast. Where a branch hung low its gentle way was to pass right underneath, in the hope that I would be scraped off. But its worst escapade was to take a fit of backing just where there was no wall, and there was a nearly sheer descent into the barranco. The wretch went very near indeed to that edge, in the hope of scaring me off. The game went on all the way down, until on the outskirts of Orotava I dismounted; my steed was not such a beauty that I wanted to ride up to the hotel to show it off. Moreover, I was forming the mounted head of a large and ever increasing regiment of children clamouring for "une pennee," "une paracheeka." I overtook Shaw in the town, and we arrived at the hotel at four o'clock, having taken exactly twenty hours for the journey. As far as I can make

out, this is by way of being a record. It is usual to start first thing in the morning, after breakfast, spend the night in the Alta Vista hut, and arrive back the following night in time for dinner at seven.

If any member should find himself on the island with a couple of days to spare, and does not mind a rough grind over lava fields, the ascent is well worth his while; but take a companion, preferably one speaking Spanish. One man who essayed the Peak alone got lost on the Cañadas. When rescued a week later, he had lost the use of his toes and fingers with the cold at night, and was delirious through the heat and thirst during the day. On no account go with the usual herd of mules and guide. Half the pleasure of this journey is in its solitude. On the Cañadas we did not see a single living thing, either bird, beast, or insect. In the winter I am told it is impossible to reach the Peak, owing to the heavy snow drifts, and my visit was in October, when the snow and ice is a minimum, so that the photo taken from the Rambleta must not be taken as entirely typical.

MAIR ABOOT CLIMMERS.

By Dr. JOHN MASON.

Weel, efther that I hed seen 'em climmin' up Helvellin and ower Butter Crag at t' Spooarts, I hed a lang crack wi' Lanty Mossop, an' he telt me aboot anuddther swort o' climmin' fellers, 'at cum in varra handy wi' sum crag-fast sheep he hed on Pavey Ark t' last winther. He was gaan up to see efther t' sheep when three yung chaps cu by meakken ebbm up t' fell side, an' noisen an' toaken amang thersels till he thowt they mud be terble set on sum job or uddther, but what it was he cuddn't tell. An' he says, "I was fair capped when I saa yan on 'em hed a girt lang reap lapt aboot his shoodthers, an' yan on 'em hed a lang hefted pick wid 'im, 'at cuddn't varra weel be used for owt nobbut knappen a body on t' heed, or summat o' that."

But they were terble decent lookin' chaps, sum o' them Cantabs fra Oxford likely 'at we see so many on noo-a-deas. Weel, away they went, an' he nivver seed nowt mair o' them while gaily leat on i' t' eftherneun, when he was fairly bet wi' a job 'at he cud meak neydther end nor side on. Ther' was twea sheep hed gitten fast on a bit of a crag 'at was as plum as a hoose side, an' varra nigh as bar, nobbut for a laal bit of a rake aboot hoaf way doon wi' a bit o' feed on it. Hoo t' sheep hed gitten theer was mair ner a body cud tell, unless they'd dthropt off t' top an' landit fair on their feet.

But, awivver, he'd been laitin' a rwoad tull 'em till he was fair straddlt, an' it wasn't yan o' them jobs 'at ye could cum away an' leave fer a dea or two naydther. An' Bob, that's his dog, was gitten moapt an' oa, when he sees them chaps wi' t' reap cummin' along. They hed n't gitten reet up tul 'im when they seed t' sheep. An' than they stopt an' geddtherd roond, an' collogued togiddther a bit. An' than yan o' them shoots, "Is them your sheep?" "Eye," I says, "they urr that." "Wad ye like them gat doon?" "To be sewer

wad I," says I, "that's what I'se been laitin' ivver sen ten o'clock. But ye'll nut be yabble to dea mich wi' that pick, an' t' reap isn't lang aneuf to reach fra t' top; an' ye hevvn't thowt to bring a stee wi' ye, ner a balloon ner owt o' that, sea which rwoad er ye gaan to tak?" "Weel, we'll see," he says varra whietly. Nay, thinks I to mysel', it's nut seein' 'll dew owt, but if ye cud meak it fleein' it mowt sarra. Weel, ye wadn't believe; t' way them chaps set oot fra t' heegh side o' t' crag an' wrowt away, sumtimes ya way an' sumtimes anuddther, was t' mirracklusest thing I ivver seed a' my life. What, yan med ha' thowt they mud be mead o' glue t' way they claggt to t' rock feace like a possty stamp. It was a terble kittle job a' my way a' thinkin', I'll tell ye, but awivver at t' lang last yan o' them gat to t' sheep, an' lowered fust yan an' than t' uddther doon to t' boddom. T' reap was just lang aneuf for that efther they'd lowsed thersels off it, fer they oa linked up while they were climmin'.

"I was reet fain to see t' sheep seaf an' soound ye may depend; it was mair nor ivver yan cud ha' thowt possible. Noo, Bob was lowpen aboot an' meaken sec a foldtheriddle-lol 'at I nivver thowt hoo t' fellers was to git doon thersels, till I hard yan o' them caw'in'; for it was gitten that dark an' rowky I cud see nowt of 'em atoa again t' crag. Sea I was just kesten aboot an' wundtheren whativver they wad dea, when, by gosh, I gat seck a bat on t' lug 'at varra nigh whemmelt me doon t' borran, whoar I wadn't 'a been worth geddtheren up. "Loavin's deas," I says, "whativver's that?" "Why, it's nobbut me," says yan o' t fellers. An' theer he was at t' end o' t' reap just landit. And t' uddthers follered on, an' they left t' reap hingen whal mwornin'.

"We laft an' jwoaked oa' t' way heam, an' I'll tell ye what, them was three o' t' nicest fellers I ivver met i' my life, for oa yan o' them hed gi'en me t' tidiest punch wi' his clog 'at I'd ivver hed sen I was a lile lad. But I nivver thowt aboot that noo I'd gitten my twea hogs seaf."

THE ROCK CLIMBERS' BIRDS.

By J. HANKS.

To those of us who are content with simple climbs among our Lakeland crags the study of rock-haunting birds presents no difficulty. Indeed, it serves to fill up profitably those minutes when nothing much is a-doing, we have completed our little route up the rocks, and have not decided yet which is the simplest climb remaining within reach. Therefore, we wait and rest among the grandest scenery in the world: great beetling crags, long fans of scree, grey fell-sides, distant lakes, and away in the distance the silver sea. What more expert climbers think of the birds one hardly knows—they are so full of arête and window sill, of ghyll, chimney, needle, and the like, that one cannot get any other sort of talk out of them while an unclimbed rock is within six hours' journey. Our list of birds will cover only the rock-haunters; tree-nesters are outside the bounds of our discussion.

But before plunging into the thick of it, let me mention the Golden Eagle, the King of all mountain birds. This at one time nested in Lakeland, and fine specimens may be seen in some of our local museums. One in Kendal Museum measures six feet eight inches from tip to tip. The Golden Eagle has not been reported as a visitant for many years. Another of the eagle species, the White-tailed, still does occasionally come within our purview; and the male bird in immature plumage might really be taken for a specimen of the grander bird. A century and a half ago Sea-eagles bred regularly in Wallow Crag, Hawes-water, and in Borrowdale. The adult White-tailed Eagle is of a prevailing greyish-brown, pale head, yellow beak, white tail, breast and under-parts dark brown. Two or three white eggs are laid in a nest composed of a mass of sticks, lined with grass. It is not impossible that some keen Rockefeller may again find a nest of this tribe in some of our remoter fells.

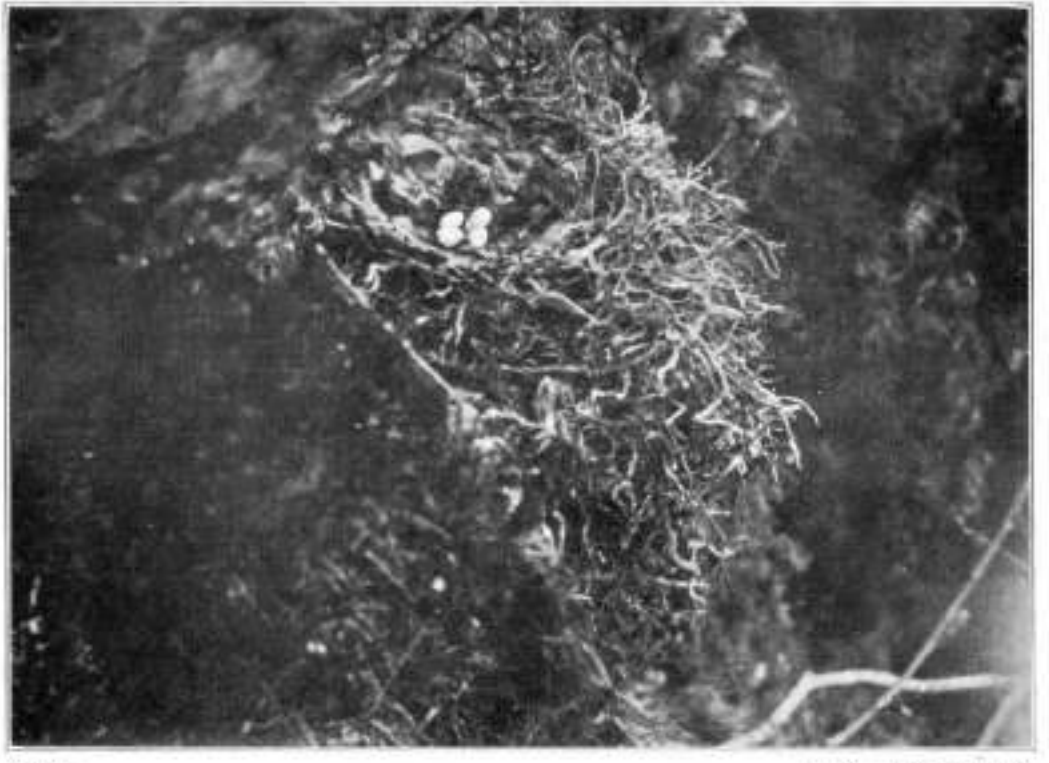


Photo by *The Rev. P. H. Pacumbe.*

A RAVEN'S NEST WITH EGGS.

Taken in order of importance to the rock-climber, the Raven is the great bird of the fells. It is a resident at present, and in some districts seems to be increasing in numbers. It pairs early in February, the nest being built up of sticks, stems of heather, etc., lined with wool or other soft material. The site of the nest is carefully chosen, generally under an overhang of rock and at a good distance from either side of the crag. Ravens' nests are often quite out of reach of the farmers, and climbers are asked to use their skill for their destruction. Three to five eggs are laid; their ground-colour is grey-green, variously blotched with olive brown, sometimes slightly, sometimes so largely as to produce an almost uniform brown appearance. The raven is omnivorous, but not such a great sinner as reputed against lambs and game. I have seen a pair chased by pee-wits, probably on account of either eggs or young. The ravens found difficulty in avoiding the whirling rushes of the smaller birds, and had to take refuge in flight.

The Peregrine is smaller than the Raven, but for its bulk the most powerful bird of prey we have. During its nesting season (April and May) it may be detected soaring at great heights above its nesting-place. In colour, the Falcon's head and upper parts are blackish blue, the lower parts white, barred with brown. It nests on almost inaccessible crags, laying two to four eggs in a nest built of sticks, wool, and heather, or, as sometimes happens, with no building materials at all. The ground-colour of the eggs varies from light orange yellow to pale russet red, thickly spotted with reddish-brown. It is most destructive to game, pipits, wheatears, and the like, with occasional tastes of hares, rabbits, rats, and the like. I have seen the Peregrine often in the neighbourhood of the Old Man, Raven Crag, and Doe Crags. I am informed that most years they nest in Pavey Ark; but there is great demand for the eggs, so there is small chance of their being hatched.

The Buzzard is chiefly distinguished by its slow soaring flight and short neck. It is almost as large as some of the eagles, being often 22 inches long (the white-tailed eagle averages 28 inches). The bird is a splendid soarer—round and round and ever upward it goes without any apparent motion

of either body or wings. Its general appearance is dark brown above, chin and throat dusky white, breast and under-parts yellow white. It appears to have two nesting sites—either among rocks or in the fork of a tree. I am inclined to think that the latter will be the most usual in this district, as the birds I have seen have always been on the lower heights, viz., over the Yewdale Fells, or the heights above Torver. The nest is built in April or May, of sticks lined with leaves and other soft materials, and is a bulky structure. Two to four eggs, which are blue-white marked with rusty-red streaks, but subject to much variation, are laid. This bird is certainly the largest to be met with on our fells, and is known to have attacked one of our members, but was, I believe, beaten off without much difficulty.

With the March migrants comes the Meadow Pipit, and in April our fells are alive with this little fellow. His general appearance is: upper parts dark brown, chin and throat dull white, neck and breast dull white with elongated dusky spots, under-parts dull white; in size a little less than the skylark. It is the only bird I have met on the fells with a song of any pretensions. This pipit rises vertically, with flight and song very similar to that of the skylark; it descends almost immediately with a long "vol-plane," its song having a falling tone until again it reaches the ground. I have found this species more numerous than any bird on the fells. Its nest, well hidden in a tuft of tall grass, is constructed with fine grasses lined with hair; four to six eggs are laid, of a pale blue-green ground-colour, with brown splotches, sometimes nearly hiding the ground-colour. Its food consists of insects, flies, etc., after which it darts and jumps in a most pleasing manner. By the middle of July the young of a second brood are well on the wing, as the chorus of "chit chit's," rather like a cricket, bear witness, from the shelter of the now well-grown bracken. By the end of August they have generally departed for lower ground or the south.

The Wheatear, the next most numerous variety found on the fells, is migratory, and arrives in March or the beginning of April. It will be first noticed by its show of white about its

Photo by *The Rev. P. H. Pearmain*

YOUNG BUZZARD IN NEST.

upper tail coverts when in flight; its upper parts are ash grey; neck, breast, and under-parts dull white; wings very dark brown; from the beak under the eye is an almond-shaped streak of dark brown or black. This bird calls your attention by the sharp "chack, chack," also attributed to the stonechat. It nests in a hole or crevice in the rocks or fellside, and is constructed of grass moss or feathers; lays six or seven eggs of a uniform blue. Their food consists of insects, after which they are continually hopping and darting from one spot to another. Its song is only very short, and composed of few notes. Both parent birds attend the young, which leave the nest early, as soon as they can hop or scramble, so that they may frequently be seen being fed. Towards the end of August they depart for the south.

In almost any mountain ramble you are likely to hear the bird-call "Chack, chack"; and looking round, you will probably see a very small bird, of bright colours, perched on the top of a large stone, or stalk of swaying bracken. The Stonechat will not miss telling you of his vicinity, but a good pair of field glasses will be necessary to observe his full beauty. He is rare on the Coniston fells, and is, I believe, local in distribution. In a nest loosely built of grass lined with hair, are laid four to six eggs of a pale blue-green, with red-brown spots. The nests are always well hidden.

Hearing a weird, child-like cry in one of the grassy gullies on the western face of Old Man, I made a careful search with my field glasses for its origin. At this time I was unsuccessful, but later investigations proved this to be the cry of the Ring-Ouzel, a pair of which were nesting near the slate quarries; another pair were met with on the crags above Boulder Valley.

A black bird with a dirty white crescent on its breast, in fact the Mountain Blackbird, its nest and eggs are very similar to its lowland relative. Its home is placed on ledges of rock, or at the sides of mountain streams. Its manner is generally shy, except when one comes near their young, when they become very clamourous.

Although not purely a mountain bird, the Redshank is to be met with in marshy parts of the fells, the tall coarse grass

of such places forming their nesting-place and excellent cover for their young, as well as being difficult of approach. To watch a pair of these birds lovemaking is an exceedingly pretty sight, as, with their long red legs and rather small, graceful bodies, they run and circle round each other, the male with lowered head and inviting attitude of love. For identification, their long red legs, rather long straight beak, and grey or yellow-brown spotted with black general appearance, at once disclose this species, together with their rather plaintive piping cry, which, when approached, they continually circle round and utter.

The Common Sandpiper, or Summer Snipe, may also be met with by the side of mountain streams. In size and general appearance is similar to the Redshank, except for the latter's long red legs. It utters a similarly pitiful cry when disturbed. The young leave the nest as soon as hatched, and are brooded by their parent; they are very clever at hiding themselves when danger threatens. I have watched a brood at a distance through my glasses, and have been surprised at the readiness with which they do this; for, determined to come nearer to them, I have hurried across and found great difficulty in locating them, though I knew the exact spot where they had been. However, after careful search, I have been rewarded by finding the little birds, quite visible but protected by their colour resemblance to the stones. After retiring again and watching, I had the pleasure of seeing them run out to the call of their mother, who straightway conducted them to what she considered a safer retreat.

Other birds to be met with as breeding at sufficient height as to be termed climbers' birds, are the Cuckoo, who needs little description or introduction. Wherever the Meadow Pipit is, he is to be found; this little fellow getting a good share of the Cuckoo's family cares to attend to. The Pied Wagtail I have often met about the slate quarries on Old Man. The Skylark also nests at a good height. Although so similar to the Meadow Pipit, he is at once distinguished by his longer song and higher and different flight.

In this article no attempt has been made to describe all the

birds that may be met on the fells of the Lake District; only a short report of those I have seen during the last two years in the nesting season. When our Editor pressed me to undertake this paper, I had no idea of the task he had set. Although a great lover of bird-study, the climbers' birds had not then received much of my attention, so I was rather surprised when I found the number which had to be located and identified. However, this has given me many happy rambles over the fells, for which I am truly grateful.

In the description of some of the nests and eggs I have usually followed such authorities as Kearton, Saunders, Bonhote, Mitchell, and others.

MOUNTAINEERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

By L. HALLIDAY.

By "at home" I mean the Lake District, centred around a certain lake renowned as the deepest in the District. By "abroad" I mean the Tyrol, these two localities forming the present limits of my climbing novitiate; and as a comparative tyro, the greater part of whose mountaineering expeditions are occupied by the painful attempt to get into something like a fit condition, I have been interested by comparisons of the different types of inhabitants to be found in climbing hotels and so-called "huts."

The Tyrolese huts do not appear to be "huts" at all in the sense we understand from the writings of eminent mountaineers. They are in reality small but complete hotels, provided with an extensive menu, and situated at the top ends of smooth, laboriously constructed roads, winding about among the lower slopes of the Tyrolese mountains. To walk about on these roads, carrying rucksack, ice-axe, climbing irons, wreaths of rope, water-bottle, and a desperate expression, is known among our foreign relations as "mountaineering." In the huts themselves, we find two distinct classes of occupants. The largely predominating class is composed of individuals fitted out as aforesaid, who have either just arrived *viâ* one of the paths from the valley, or are about to descend again, and the most annoying question one can put to them is to ask what the axe is for. I must say that in my worse moments I have asked this question, but I have certainly never received a satisfactory reply. Personally, I think it must be intended for digging up the alpine flowers which are met with everywhere; but that is hardly a satisfactory explanation, as it does not meet the case of those who employ porters to carry up the equipment, including the axe. It may be that when a desirable plant is met with, the axe is taken from the porter and replaced after

use, and this would be quite an understandable explanation if one only regards the porter as a kind of caddy.

There are also large numbers of guides, who in the earlier part of each morning congregate round the hotels in the valley, and are afterwards employed to guide individuals along the paths up to a hut, from time to time giving their patrons to drink from the water-flask, of which they take charge at an early stage in the expedition.

In the hut itself, these mountaineers are on their native heath. The common room is crowded with numbers of them, eating voraciously of enormous portions of various dishes, drinking large quaffs of beer, wine, and coffee, and thus daily increasing their already vast accumulations of fatty accretion. I find they make a point of lying down to their food at the table, as this enables them to throw it in more rapidly; and one man whom I met last year at the Prager Hütte was so extremely stout that he had to sit at the table sideways—to see him having pea-soup was alone an education. When I have progressed sufficiently far with the language itself, I am hoping to make a special study of these little adornments, so as to be able to approximate more closely to the native ideal. The meal is carried on to the accompaniment of the breathless narration of other similar athletic ascents during the same season or previous ones; and the meal over, the more resolute and daring spirits go out into the guides' room, where they call for further supplies of liquid, and discuss with the guides in technical language of great erudition the prospects for the morrow and the route to be followed. This settled, the remainder of the evening passes in the pleasant recall, in expert language, of previous dangers successfully withstood, deeds of derring-do, and expeditions (these among the rarest) where the narrator has actually set his hardy foot upon the eternal snows.

The smaller class, so small as to be of no practical account, are climbers. (I was fortunate in seeing a specimen of this unconsidered variety this very year, but it got away up a mountain before I could secure its attention.) They are of spare frame, have great difficulty in securing any food or other

attention at all among the host of favoured occupants, and appear to go to bed when the fun starts, and get up when it is just over. They are to be known first by their leanness and general good condition, abstention from heroic talk, and moderation of equipment, and secondly by being usually unaccompanied by guides. They are technically known as "alone-goers," and have a bad reputation locally, as their consumption of eatables is not a large one, and they are of no use to the guides. Two of them passed us early one morning while we were engaged on the ascent of a small peak which locally bears the reputation of extreme difficulty. The rock-climbing on it is about equal in severity to that on the Broad Stand, or Slab and Notch, so that each climber in the party is compelled by the regulations to have a separate guide, and guides who will undertake this expedition are somewhat rare. After the rock part is over, the real crux of the ascent comes, consisting of a slope of snow, which you have to walk over while your guide watches every movement, as of course if you were to lie down and roll, you might possibly slide a little way. These advanced expeditions are also somewhat costly, and no one except "alone-goers" and Englishmen who are trying to find some climbing ever enters upon them.

But it is a beautiful country, and one season when I have plenty of time I am going to make a serious attempt to find a centre from which real ascents can be made.

In an English mountaineering hotel, I have found also two classes of occupants, (*a*) tourists, (*b*) climbers. About the first class there is little to be said; they are what they appear, and make no pretence at being climbers. With a very little provocation, however, they tend to fall into the second class, and often make the change (which is always a permanent one) in a single day. The second class, that of climbers, is again divided into two varieties—not different in action or accomplishments, but different in manner, style, and address. The first, or what may be called the *genial* variety, is the ordinary, plain climbing man, who does not segregate in chilly clusters round the only available fire, but who is all over the place at once, providing the life of the hotel, and always accessible to

everybody. I need not particularise the type, as we (you and I —not necessarily others) are of course just like that ourselves. But the other variety is the one that has more attracted my attention, and it is hard to give it a name. I fear that it can only be described by its ways. First of all, it is excessively dignified, and extremely reserved. If you make a remark to an individual of this variety, he does not even hear you. If you repeat the remark, he looks at you, and after a considerable pause, replies "Oh!" and immediately turns away and speaks upon an entirely different subject to another individual of his own variety. Also, he pronounces every "i" as "eh," and speaks, when he does speak, with extreme slowness, which has the effect of giving great weight to his words, but at the same time the words themselves are nearly always valueless. I am beginning to understand, after some study, that this general style may be adopted to cover intense vacuity of mind, and really it is not a bad dodge. This also explains the tendency of the variety to form into groups and present a chilly united front to all others—possibly they know they have nothing to say, and no particular brilliance of mind, so they take refuge in silence and keep together for company. After, say, five minutes' complete silence (not at all an unusual interval among the variety) one will say, with an air of having discovered the North-West passage, "It is a nace nate to-nate." Then after two more minutes another will reply, "Then eh may clame to-mowwow." After a further pause No. 3 will continue: "Eh fehnd the clames are nacer when it's fane." So the dreary evening passes, and the strange thing is that even a group of three individuals of this kind will completely pervade a large room, while the little smoking-room at a certain hotel you and I have in mind becomes positively uninhabitable at times. Such a strange atmosphere is created: one feels so insignificant, so unworthy, so utterly beyond the pale, while aggravated by the knowledge that in all probability the group that is causing the discomfort is composed of extremely ignorant individuals.

Some of them are University men, but as far as my researches have gone, not University men who have ever done

anything notable. I believe if you just go to a University and waste your time doing nothing there, afterwards returning without any degree, you are entitled to call yourself a "University Man." I am not at all sure but that would fit in very well with the adoption of silence to cover the absence of any particular knowledge. I think my theory must be right, because, as we all know, the first result of knowledge is to make a man diffident and humble as to himself, seeing that he has already begun to find out how much more there is to know.

There is a sub-division of this type (rare and very offensive —never climbers) who talk to each other about how much money they have spent in better hotels than the one they are in. This is a dense and highly ignorant species. One of them spoke to me a couple of years ago (by mistake, I presume) upon the subject of what he had paid at Pontresina for a room, and I at once told him that I devoted all my millions to improving my unique breed of unicorns, but he seemed to think there was nothing strange about it.

However, there is a better side to everything. I believe that if you once get down to the real man under the Tyrolese mountaineer or the English exquisite, you will find something that is a decent fellow at heart, with the same human virtues and failings as you or I. All that we clever, observant, and highly intelligent common-folk can do is to go on living our little lives, and trying not to give offence to anybody.

Photo. *W. R. Hemmhill.*

SCAFELL CRAGS, SHOWING THE MAIN PORTION OF THE TRAVERSE.

THE TRAVERSE OF SCAFELL CRAGS.

By S. W. HERFORD.

The idea of making a Girdle Traverse across the face of one of the well-known crags, though perhaps new to Cumberland, cannot claim the merit of complete novelty. Lliwedd was the first to be treated in such a manner. Scafell has now followed, a notable second. That this should be so is a sure sign that the field for exploration vertically is becoming exhausted, and that the energies of climbers seeking after that which is new are being diverted into a new plane—the horizontal. And this mode of progression is not without its special advantages. One has the novel feeling of working in a new dimension, and of seeing the rocks from a different point of view. Then there is ample scope for route-finding, and the climber has perforce to acquire the neglected art, essential to the explorer, of descending difficult rocks, and of using a doubled-rope down impossible places. Again, every member of the party has often an equal share of the responsibility, while the delights of leading are divided between the first and last man. I feel, therefore, that I need offer no apology for the description which follows.

On the face of it, Scafell seems scarcely a suitable place for a Traverse. The great unclimbed Central Buttress appears to block the way effectually, and there are several other serious obstacles. I was all the more pleased, therefore, when Sansom wrote to me early in September, suggesting a feasible route right across the crags from Professor's Chimney to the Penrith Climb. An expedition to Wasdale was planned forthwith. On arriving there we were lucky to find both Gibson and Brunskill ready to join us, and the morrow saw all four of us trudging up Brown Tongue with high hopes of completing the expedition that day; but, as it turned out, the hour was rather late for the lengthy job in hand.

Our starting point was the top of the first pitch of Professor's Chimney, and from there we followed Thompson's route to the top of the second pitch of Woodhead's, which was descended as

far as the first belay at the top of the slab. We then traversed to the left by Jones and Collier's route as far as a pile of blocks. So far so good, but here the real difficulties began. The "firma loca" of Jones' Deep Ghyll route was our immediate *objectif*, and was not really far distant, but some steep forbidding slabs barred the way. They were also rather slimy and moss covered. It was decided that one of us should make a trial trip across, and then report to the others. A descent of 15 feet had first to be made down a three-step staircase, which, however, was tilted up at an unpleasant angle. All spare parts of my anatomy were brought into requisition here for clinging to the greasy slabs, and I was not sorry for the rope from above. Once down this portion, a horizontal traverse to the left over steep rocks had to be made to reach an obvious grassy ledge, from the further end of which a short mossy slab brought me up to a second grassy ledge just above the "firma loca." The first doubtful move in the game had therefore succeeded, and I wended my way back to the others, rejoicing. The whole party then made the passage, one by one, the last man using a doubled rope over an excellent belay above the pile of blocks. This section is perhaps the least pleasant on the whole Traverse. From the "firma loca" we crossed over to the foot of the arête, where we rested, and refreshed the inner man before tackling the next section. This was the 100-foot descent to Hopkinson's Cairn. Down the first portion of this the last man again used the doubled rope, this time not merely as a comfort, but as a necessity—the rocks are scarcely climbable for 15 feet. Sansom, who came last, swung down hand over hand in great style, while I made certainty doubly sure by belaying him from the further end of Hopkinson and Tribe's traverse. The rest of the descent to the Cairn did not delay us long, and we were soon pulling off our boots in preparation for crossing the Pinnacle Face. This is one of the most delightful sections of the whole expedition, but a knowledge of the place is desirable, otherwise much time may be wasted, as nail-marks are more or less absent. The descent is first made down the steep slab to the Moss Ledge. To reach the Waiting Room from here, two alternatives present themselves; firstly, one can

descend to the Second Nest and follow Jones' route from there onwards, or, secondly, one can traverse more or less horizontally right across the face into Hopkinson's Gully, striking the latter at the point where Jones' route leaves it. This is then followed as before. In point of difficulty there is not much to choose between the two. On this occasion the first man went right to the top of the difficult portion of Jones' route before anybody followed, and this is probably the safest way of doing it for all concerned. The last man can use a doubled rope down the Slab if necessary, and this would be advisable if he is unacquainted with the place. When we had all got across and had put on our boots (which had been slung across on a rope), we lost no time in getting down into Steep Ghyll.

The next section of the Traverse, namely the crossing of Pisgah Buttress, now confronted us, and we were rather in doubt as to which was the best line to take. However, we soon espied a 20-foot crack on the wall of the Buttress, rather below the point where we had entered the Ghyll. This proved amenable enough, and enabled us to get out on to the face of the Buttress about on the level of the Fives Court. This was about 30 feet to our left, and nature had been so kind as to provide a neat horizontal ledge just wide enough to enable one to edge along fairly comfortably, but scarcely with one's hands in one's pockets, and leading direct to the Court. It should be noted that we had to climb two or three feet upwards from the top of the crack to reach this ledge. From the Fives Court we descended into Moss Ghyll by the usual route.

We had now reached the Central Buttress, the crux of the climb.

Anyone examining a good photograph of Scafell face will notice a thin horizontal line crossing the Central Buttress about 100 feet above Rake's Progress. This appears to stretch right across as far as the more westerly of two well-defined slanting cracks. This line we held to be the solution of the problem. We were not without previous knowledge of the place, and knew how to reach it from Moss Ghyll. The latter we descended as far as the foot of the third pitch. Twenty feet below this a slanting grassy furrow starts from the Ghyll, cutting into the

wall on the left. From the point mentioned, a beautiful horizontal traverse led into this furrow, which landed us, about 20 feet higher, at the right-hand extremity of the ledge across the Buttress. We could not as yet see right across, as a corner intervened 10 feet beyond where we were, but once this had been rounded we had an uninterrupted view. The ledge on which we now stood is in many ways unique, and is certainly one of the most remarkable places in Cumberland. Above it, the wall of the Central Buttress rises sheer for several hundred feet, almost hopelessly smooth and steep, while there is a sufficiently precipitous drop down to Rake's Progress to make one move circumspectly. At the further end of the ledge Botterill's Slab shows its full height, and looks appallingly difficult. The part of the ledge where we now stood was comfortably broad—six feet or so—and we called it "The Oval." We now attempted to follow it to its extreme end, hoping thus to reach the foot of Botterill's Slab. I therefore moved along carefully to the left, for some distance without serious difficulty, but soon the width began to decrease until, at a point 25 feet short of the Slab, and 60 or 70 feet beyond the Oval, I felt that my balance was getting rather too delicate, and turned tail. There would have been no object in going on, moreover, as I could see that the ledge gradually tapered off to nothing several feet short of the slab. It was now beginning to get dark, and it was therefore useless to attempt any further exploration, so we returned to Moss Ghyll by the way we had come, and thence valleywards. The next day was wet, but the day following was fine again, and we started at what, for us, was a really early hour—8 a.m. It was our idea to see whether we could not make a traverse across the upper part of the Central Buttress, leaving, for the time being, the route we had previously tried. We therefore followed Moss Ghyll to the belay above the Collie step, from which point Sansom led us straight up the wall ahead, as far as a good grassy ledge which was to be our starting point for this section of the Traverse.

A most sensational corner was first rounded on unsatisfactory holds. Here the chief excitement was reserved for Brunskill, who came round last. He was wearing for the occasion a long female

garment showing an elegant waist, which he had appropriated from the large collection of relics in Walker's Gully, and was the cause of much ribald laughter as he swung round the corner, his coat-tails flying in the air, over a drop worthy of the Dolomites. After moving along a little further over easy ground, we entered what is known as the Bayonet-shaped Crack. An inspection of the lower portion of this proving unsatisfactory, we were obliged to make an upward traverse to the left for 70 or 80 feet. Here Sansom made a daring descent of the face for nearly 100 feet. This, too, was fruitless, and moving still further to the left, we were gradually forced out on to the easy rocks at the top. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to return to the ledge lower down, which we had reached on the previous occasion.

Looking down over the edge of the Oval, we saw a narrow ledge 30 feet below, which seemed as if it might help us. It was, however, impossible to climb straight down, and we could find nothing suitable for doubling the rope round. But Gibson in the meantime had been doing a bit of gardening away on our left, disclosing an excellent belay, and, what was more, had found a feasible route down to the ledge. This was highly satisfactory. The belay was about 20 feet beyond the end of the Oval, and with the rope passed round it the descent was safely made. It was not really very difficult, but the last man thought it wise to run his rope through a loop. From the lower ledge to the foot of Botterill's Slab was now only a matter of a few feet, and though the start was awkward, we were soon across. It was already rather late in the day, and as we had still plenty of work before us, we decided it would save time if one of us went round by Keswick Brothers' Climb to the top of the Slab, and let down a rope for the others. As two of the party had climbed it a few days before, we thought ourselves justified in regarding it as done. This was, therefore, carried out, and we were soon re-united at the foot of Keswick Brothers' Pinnacle. Before further describing the Traverse, I would like to say a word regarding Botterill's Slab. The whole party was of the emphatic opinion that, as far as difficulty is concerned, it stands

in a class by itself. For 60 feet the leader has no adequate resting-place, but must advance on holds which in several places are barely sufficient. I am convinced now that to attempt to lead up it without previous inspection would be unjustifiable.

We now descended Keswick Brothers' Climb as far as Collier's Ledge. An attempt to traverse horizontally from here proved quite unsuccessful, so we went to the top of the second pitch of Collier's Climb. Gibson now informed us that we could have reached this point by a traverse from the Pinnacle which he had made on a former occasion. We therefore mentally substituted this for the route we had taken, and again tried to work to the left. Sansom managed to traverse for 30 or 40 feet, but was again obliged to give an unsatisfactory report. We therefore decided to waste no more time on it, as it was already beginning to get dusk, and finished up the left wall of the recess in which the final section of Collier's Climb lies.

We were thus unable to reach the Penrith Climb, but it will be seen from the photograph that the Traverse loses little by that.

On looking back on our two days' work, we came to the conclusion that a party familiar with the route could finish it in from six to seven hours. There are about 1,600 feet of actual climbing, the standard of which is throughout remarkably high. The fact that Botterill's Slab is included is sufficient to prevent the Traverse as a whole from becoming in the least popular, but many parties would be satisfied with doing sections of it, *i.e.*, the traverse of the Pinnacle, or that from Steep Ghyll to the foot of Botterill's Slab; the latter could be recommended to any strong and steady party containing no nervous members. Speaking for ourselves, we felt that the whole expedition, involving as it does much more than mere technical ability, ranks as one of the finest in Britain.

[For further details regarding those portions of the Traverse which make use of recognised routes up the Pinnacle, the reader is referred to the article entitled "The Climbs on Scafell Pinnacle," in the present number.]

EASTER WITH NOVICES.

By T. I. Cowlishaw.

Those who were at Wasdale at Easter will not soon forget the dull misty weather at the beginning of the holiday. It is also worthy of remark that the train service to Seascale was far from being all that one might have desired, and the general awkwardness of things seemed to have permeated to the smoke-room of the hotel, which appeared at night to have become the resort of the studiously inclined. Climbers there, for the nonce, gave one the permanent impression of thorough hard readers, and conversation above a whisper created a most sacrilegious and ghastly feeling of profanation.

Easter Saturday dawned (presumably) in thick fog, and after waiting till about eleven o'clock for atmospheric conditions to "clear up," one thoroughly inexperienced leader and three novices left the hotel with the intention of tackling the Pike's Crag Gullies. As the leader had only the faintest idea as to where the crags were situated, the compact made was that the novices were to lead the leader to the crags, and he was to pick out the gullies and take them up one and down another. This sounded very nice and feasible over a pipe by the fire, and in comfortable chairs, and as the said novices "knew the district well," and the leader was full of that confidence which comes only from inexperience, the party set out with the most charming aspirations. To the top of Brown Tongue the way was found without much difficulty—it would, in fact, be hard to go wrong. The only trouble was the steepness of the way, but with plenty of "rests" the top was eventually gained in—we won't say how long.

On getting among the boulders the fun commenced. One of the party had been up this track at New Year, and had succeeded in finding Scafell Pike while looking for Slingsby's Chimney. Remembering this, he said they must not bear too much to the left, and so they slanted off more to the right. Where they landed they don't know; at any rate, the crags were on the

right, when they should have been in front. "Let's try this way," and they did, and then another way, and so on. After a considerable amount of wandering, one of the party discovered that they were at the bottom of Mickledore, and at last some crags appeared where, as decently behaved crags, they were expected. But it was hopeless to try to find anything in the way of gullies; and as there was a promising looking arête in front, they decided to see how it would go. Just then the mist lifted somewhat, and some fine crags appeared away on the right. Down these appeared two black clefts, which looked decidedly inviting. So attractive were they that the leader decided that if the arête did not go well they would come down, and "have a smack at one of those." Perhaps it is just as well that the arête proved amenable to the party, as "those" were discovered later in the day to be "Moss Ghyll" and "Keswick Brothers"!

Now came more fog, but the climbers mounted steadily, with many instructions as to belays, slack rope, take your time, and the other sweet nothings so well known to all. After two hours or so the arête petered out, and a wide scree gully appeared on the right. In this lunch was disposed of, and the climb was continued up the other wall. A neat chimney led to the crest, and along the crest the enjoyment continued. All this time no more than a few feet of rock could be seen at any time. It was, in fact, climbing on almost invisible rocks until just before the summit of the crags was reached. Then the mist cleared off, and Scafell's magnificent face looked quite perfect across the chasm, and brought back pleasant memories to some, and instilled keen anticipations in the others. All agreed that this sight alone was quite worth coming out for, and with renewed vigour they pressed on to the top of Pike's Crag. They were delighted that they had actually managed to find the crag after all their wanderings. Perhaps it need hardly be added that the member of the party who had been most completely lost lower down "knew exactly where we were all the time."

In delightful weather a halt for a smoke ("Pass the matches!" "Come under my coat!" "Lie down in shelter!") and

a rest now took place, during which interest was fully maintained by the attempts of three or four tourists to ascend Broad Stand. Reversion to our ancestors was the vision called up by their method of procedure—on hands and knees. When they had given it up and passed on, the four climbers crossed the Ridge, and climbed up and down the Stand, as the new climbers, no longer "novices," wished to do a climb about which they could read later on. Parenthetically it may be remarked that the leader keenly shared in this amiable weakness! Then came a scamper down to Wasdale, dinner, and a whispered conversation in the smoke-room afterwards, full of delightful reminiscenses. "How all had enjoyed themselves!" "What does it matter where we've been?" "Never mind, we've done one standard," etc., etc. Who does not remember the like, and when will that golden memory of one's first climb ever fade?

Two days afterwards two more novices—or perhaps one had better say two novices—joined the four friends, and after a weary trounce up Gavel Neese came to the foot of the Eagle's Nest Gully. It was the intention of the six to do the whole arête, send two members down Hell Gate to join Palmer at the top of Sty Head (as promised), and the rest of the party to come down the Needle Arête. Good! but they had reckoned without the weather. The first pitch went quite well. All got up nicely, the latest recruit, of course, climbing much more rapidly than any one else. But after that it was quite hopeless to go on. Wind, rain, sleet, made climbing out of the question, and a descent was made by the way the party had come. So fierce was the wind that it was quite impossible to walk round the platform about half-way up the Needle, reckoning from the Gully, and all idea of getting over to Sty Head had to be abandoned. One of the party lost his hat, and used the rucksack as a helmet in order to get some protection from the blizzard as he came down Gavel Neese, and none of the six will soon forget the keen slash of those icy particles on cheek and ear. But never mind, it was soon over, and now they talk over it with joy and pleasure. "We'll soon be there again, and then," etc.

Among the other joys one must not forget stretching and coiling the new rope. How that gate-post did groan, to be sure! The sight of three able-bodied and presumably sane men pulling with might and main on a rope attached to a gate-post, and a fourth "hanging on" to the said post, was happily obscured by night's kindly mantle.

And now the holiday was over, but all felt that it had been glorious and full of new experiences. May it soon be their lot to be once more among the recesses of the grand crags which adorn our glorious northern playground.

DAYS IN ARFON.

By J. Laycock.

The summer of 1911 was phenomenally dry, but it fell to the lot of Herford and myself to select, for a fortnight's camping, that period at the end of August when the fine weather had definitely broken up. The day of our arrival in Wales was beyond cavil, and we did the Slanting Buttress and Slanting Gully, the foretaste of a week in which our purpose was to attack everything on Lliwedd done and undone. It is a sorry reflection that the only further time we did spend upon the loftiest rock face in Southern Britain was one short afternoon.

We returned to Gorphwysfa for tea before embarking on the austerities of camp. On us, lingering over our cigarettes, rain descended, and with the rain a night *sans* moon. An hour and a half later we were hastily erecting the tabernacle at Llyn Teyrn, a full mile away, with borrowed broom shanks for tent poles, in pouring rain and beneath a sky whose cimmerian gloom was only mitigated by one poor cycle lamp. Morning broke fine, but was necessarily spent in re-erecting the tent and drying a few garments. At 3 p.m. Lliwedd was out of the question, so we sallied out to examine some rocks very near our base. We drew blank on the first cliff, but a little further on came across a fine slab 180 feet high, in one plane, of solid rough rock. From Llyn Teyrn (the first lakelet on the road to Llyn Llydaw) this is reached by striking downwards across the line of pipes where they take a sudden dip into Cwm Dyli, and contouring round to the right. After investigation and discussion we started up the ridge of the slab. The first 35 feet offer several possibilities; at this height the ridge impends and it becomes necessary to move out on the slab on the left. Twenty feet higher one pauses at a fine bollard on the strict edge of the ridge, below another overhang. The route then proceeds up the slab on or near its edge for fully 60 feet before anchorage is again reached, the last few steps

being decidedly difficult. Difficulties lessen, but the ridge continues interesting to its vanishing point 80 feet higher. We had left a camera and spare rope at the foot. To facilitate progress, I flung our rope far out towards the bottom, but it stuck midway on the slab, gently resting on tufts of heather in the cracks. In its recovery two more hours were spent that night, and the whole of next morning. We called the climb the TEYRN RIDGE. Though barely 200 feet, it is thoroughly sound and very pretty, the nearest considerable climb to Gorphwysfa.

Fate has decreed that I should spend much time on the Gribin Facet, an ideal spot for the late arriving or for the early departing. Some consider that the Monolith Crack is not climbing but gymnastics; whether viewed as gymnastics or as climbing, it is very well worth while. Moreover, it has always impressed me as being an eminently suitable place for a solitary climber. The Flake Crack is rather less difficult, and not so desirable for the lonely adventurer, but it is fully as interesting. From a distance the most conspicuous feature of the Gribin Facet is a big stretch of slabs. For some time I had deliberated the possibilities of a climb here, but the place appeared rather forbidding. Seeing it in a new light at Easter, we made a climb up to the top near its extreme left-hand edge without much difficulty. This SLAB CLIMB, being no more than difficult, is the least irksome of the Gribin Facet climbs, of which it is also the longest. Belays are satisfactory, and no run out exceeds 50 feet. The rock is beyond reproach.

Immediately to the right of the Monolith Crack is now the ZIG-ZAG CLIMB, marked by a cairn. A corner is ascended for 30 feet to the level of a small shelf, which slopes upwards to the right. The crack above the shelf is denuded of its once lovely ferns, but its first few feet are still decidedly difficult, and altogether 80 feet of rope is required to reach a sentry box. A heathery glacis now calls for care; at its topmost corner, arrived at by bearing across to the left, are two cracks of which we selected that on the left-hand side. A single pillar intervenes between this and the little top pitch of the "Monolith." A strong position is obtained at the foot of the crack by reclining

on the patch of grass and inserting unoccupied members in receptive fissures. This ultimate pitch is also decidedly difficult. Our party on May 25th consisted of S. W. Herford, myself, W. G. Milligan, and R. Hodgkinson.

Glyder Fach is a mountain which has suffered undeserved neglect. From the description in Messrs. Abraham's large book on North Wales, one infers that the face is too broken to afford continuous climbing, and that the one good climb thereon is attained by the ingenious but unnatural blending of gully and buttress. This is far from the case. I have no experience of Clogwen y Ddysgl, Llechog, and other recent discoveries on the Snowdon side, but I nevertheless consider Glyder Fach entitled to a very high place indeed among the Cambrian crags. The rock is as sound and rough throughout as the best Cumberland rock, and the climbs are all very fine.

The Direct Route on the East Buttress is a notable climb. There is already a published description extant, but I will take the risk of repetition. The climb starts up steep rocks from the Capstan, a landmark, and care must be taken not to wander off towards the left, the direction of the Slab Route. On the right is a chimney whose vertical outline (not horizontal section) is the letter V. Escaping thence a swing on the hands is made to round a corner. Climbing continues steep, sound and delightful for another 70 feet, with ideal resting-places behind massive bollards, one of which is called the Helm Rock. Above this is the crux of the climb. A very shallow square chimney is treated as a face climb until the side walls attain some definition and the back becomes vertical, when bridging is resorted to. For the face climb the holds are quite adequate (though not immense), but the bridging proved to us desperately difficult. It was ultimately abandoned in favour of a move round a rib on the left at a little lower level, holds being fairly large and well placed. Thus we reached a natural arch—none too sound. No good belay here. A short difficult corner on the right led to a square grass patch. We were now making back towards the top of the difficult chimney, and the book recommended a crack in the slab which confronted us. The

only thing answering that description would by no means go, save by a shoulder. The grass patch was nearly three feet square and without belay. Even with the aid of a shoulder, the pitch was very hard. It was succeeded by pleasant climbing, with one difficult section at least, for fully 40 feet before the leader reached anchorage. When it came to the shoulderer's turn a surfeit of pendulation eventually sharpened his wits and he espied a crack sloping up the slab on the left (*i.e.* looking down the cwm). This furnished a satisfactory (and safe) hand traverse, doubtless what the book referred to. From the anchorage above, the route lay first ahead on the left, and then a long traverse (not difficult) was made towards a bending crack on the right. A simple pull led to a stance above its first section, which stance, when followed round to the right, became a ledge with fine belay. The next section of the crack entailed seven vigorous and careful attacks by one member or another before it yielded. The third and final section must be tackled at once, and though rather less difficult, proves sufficiently arduous. The crack provides a worthy *finale* to a climb of such marked severity. (Parenthetically, many people have found the Oblique Gully much harder than its text-book estimate, and I think myself it ought to be "very difficult," instead of "moderate.") At the eastern limit of the East Buttress is a wide SQUARE CHIMNEY. A short pitch is climbed to enter the chimney, which is best ascended by bridging. A platform half way up is too sloping to be of practical value, and 80 feet of rope is taken out before anchorage is reached. The climb is short and not so attractive as the other climbs on the buttress, but is distinctly difficult, and worth doing. It will probably improve with use. Another short day we spent on the stretch of slabs directly below the Capstan Rock, on the level of the first pitch of the Eastern Gully, and to the left of the Eastern Arête. At their highest point these afford about 150 feet of climbing, but every inch of height calls for real climbing of a most attractive character. The slabs are bounded on the right by a grassy gully, on the left by a scree channel. We made two climbs thereon; the ALPHA CLIMB up the face just to the right of the extreme left-

hand ridge, and the BETA CLIMB, a few feet to the left of the grassy gully, marked by a very narrow crack. We both wore scarpetti, the rock being very rough and weathered, but affording few handholds or footholds as those words are generally understood. Herford's shoes were in ribbons, and at each difficult passage he discarded pretences, and climbed in his stockings. The Alpha Climb is very near the limit of possibility, and I do not think it would be at all feasible in boots. At the height of 70 feet there is a good belay just below the most difficult section. The Beta Climb is rather less difficult and of four pitches, entailing a run out of about 60 feet.

No discursive article on Welsh climbing would be complete for me without some mention of Tryfan, the white heather peak, the shapeliest and friendliest mountain in England or Wales. I was weaned on the Milestone Buttress, one of a large family, and never in me will Tryfan find an ungrateful nursling. In my vocabulary, and that of many others, Tryfan is not far from synonymous with happiness. What does it matter if the climbing is for the most part not severe? I fancy there is among certain ultramontanes a feeling that the man who spends much time on Tryfan is something of a potterer, a sort of lesser being, of inferior ideals (I may be wrong). In such a cause I would willingly accept the stigma.

As one looks at Tryfan from the east side one sees to the left of the South Buttress a hump in the ridge leading to Glyder Fach, with a rocky face on this side. The face is rather broken up. Approaching from Glyder Fach, a large outward pointing pinnacle is most prominent. The INDEX CLIMB starts just below and to the right of this. An arête gives capital climbing for about 100 feet, to a platform beside the Index pinnacle. The same line is followed directly to the top, a steep slab about 80 feet above the pinnacle being perhaps its most awkward point, but excellent holds abound. The climb is of the same pattern as the usual Tryfan climbs (but shorter, being 300 feet or so), and is moderately difficult. T. I. Cowlishaw and I made the first ascent on August 5th, 1911.

TRYFAN South Buttress. FAR SOUTH CLIMB (moderately difficult). This pleasing and moderately difficult climb is of

the usual Tryfan type ; it is not unlike the Arête climb on the South Buttress, and is very well seen therefrom.

It lies up the ridge or series of ridges which form the skyline as seen from the Arête climb. The climb is begun a little distance above the Heather Terrace, and a well-defined ridge is followed for about 100 feet until it begins to lose definition. Another ridge starts a few yards away to the right, and we cross to this, which we follow for fully 200 feet, until it ceases abruptly. The crest of the ridge can be adhered to throughout. The last pitch proves difficult, and a push from behind may be necessary at the start. Continuing directly upwards, another rib gives pleasant scrambling for about 100 feet, and lands us below the summit wall of the buttress. This is overcome by a pleasant little pitch directly ahead, or by a longer and more difficult alternative on the right. This route should become a popular climb for parties of moderate strength. The rock is Tryfan rock—"nuf said!" Our party on May 29th included Morley Wood and R. Hodgkinson.

In Cumberland the first question one is always asked about Wales is, "But isn't the rock very loose?" This is a hard matter.

There is much more rock in Wales.

Confitear—there is more unsound rock in proportion. But this has been greatly exaggerated.

The bulk of the climbing round Ogwen is on rock as sound as any in the Lake District. (This is not equally true of the Snowdon massif). As to gullies, those at Ogwen are at least equal in number and quality to those around Wasdale. The Wasdale faces and ridges are on the whole superior to their Ogwen parallels. Of these the English Mecca scores in the "severes" and standard "difficults," but Ogwen has a great preponderance in the "moderates." There are rather more chimney climbs at Wasdale, and rather more crack climbs at Ogwen. On the average, the Ogwen climbs are the longer.

Ogwen is more accessible than Wasdale, and the climbs are much more accessible from Ogwen. Little more than ten minutes is required to reach the Gribin Facet Climbs from the

Cottage, or a quarter of an hour for the Milestone Buttress; twenty minutes for the Idwal Slabs, and so on.

In really bad weather, in my opinion, Ogwen is the more desirable centre.

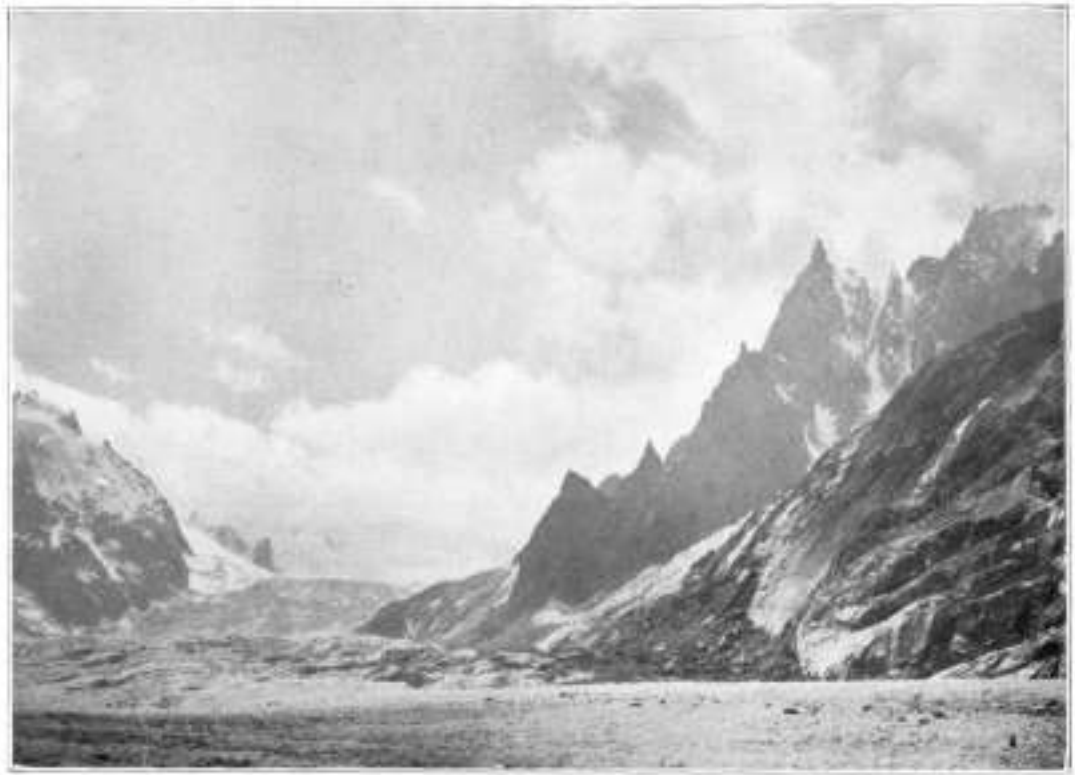
There are men who limit their climbing to Wasdale. Granted that singlemindedness is a fine quality, there are also knowledge and experience. Some day these men may discover that at a place called Ogwen they can climb with safety, and even with pleasure. What do they know of Lakeland who only Lakeland know?

AN ALPINE PORTFOLIO.

By Dr. C. THURSTAN HOLLAND.

At the earnest request of the Editor, Dr. Thurstan Holland has selected from his large collection of Alpine views the four following photographs. Climbers who know the Alps will remember these glorious view-points very well. As to the rest of the world, we are consumed with envy that it is not our lot to scale these snowy heights.

AIGUILLES DRU, VERTE, AND MOINE.



LOOKING UP THE GLACIER DE GÉANT

LA VIÉRGE. NEAR THE TOP OF THE COL DE GÉANT.

A LONG DAY ON THE JOSTEDALSBRAE.

By VICTOR H. GATTY.

Following a stay of ten days at Röisheim spent in expeditions on and around Galdhöpiggen, we had driven on to Hjelle (a village on the Strynsvand which lies near the northern end of the Jostedalsbrae), spending one night on the way at Polfos, a place of which I retain a peculiarly pleasant recollection, how much of which is due to the rushing rapid through the pine forest from which it derives its name, and how much to the circumstance that here for the first time in twelve days we had hot water to wash in, I have never been able to estimate.

During the course of many journeys to Norway, I had still left her greatest glacier unvisited, and not unnaturally wished to see as much as possible of it in the one expedition time would allow of. That it involved a tramp lasting twenty-eight hours from first to last to traverse a comparatively small portion of the glacier, gives a measure of its size; and a short account of the expedition may find some justification for its appearance in these pages, in at least providing an effective complement to descriptions dealing with the concentrated difficulties and interest of Lakeland climbs.

On the evening of July 24th last year, my friend, the Rev. R. P. Dansey, and I crossed the Strynsvand in the little steamer, and landing at the foot of the Erdal, a narrow cleft between snow-capped rock walls, made our way up to the saeters where we were to spend the short night. We took with us Rasmus Gredung, a recently returned emigrant from Canada, who seemed likely to again forsake the kroner for the dollar, which he told us he could earn with as little effort across the water. On the way up the valley, to save our backs from carrying burdens, we added another Norseman to our party, named Berge, who henceforward filled the part of leading guide, with Rasmus as interpreter. At the saeters the diplomacy of our guides resulted in our being provided with a bed each in separate saeters (each saeter has two rooms, an outer one in which

the dairying operations are carried on, with a bedroom through it). The guides were to call us at 2-30 in the morning, at which early hour the saeter people get up to milk their cows before they wander away for the day to feed; but as usually happens in Norway, it was we who called the guides, and it was nearly four o'clock—half an hour after the sunrise tints had reddened the snow—when we started up the valley, after drinking the hot tea the saeter girls had made for us.

The head of the valley is closed by the Erdalsbrae, a tongue thrown down from the ice-field above. We kept to the left, up rocks, steep and slippery in places, and reached the ice a few minutes after six, whence slopes of snow brought us to the top of the glacier, 5,000 feet up, three hours later. Here our first surprise awaited us. The Jostedalsbrae is, broadly speaking, a glacier of the Arctic type, a huge snowfield covering a high rolling plateau, throwing down true glaciers in long tongues reaching to the valleys below. We expected on reaching the top of our particular tongue to be able to walk along the summit as far as we wished to the southwards, instead of which we found before us a steep glacier descending a thousand feet, and broken by wide crevasses spanned by very unconvincing snow-bridges, with a similar ascent to the snowfield beyond; the northerly corner of the brae on which we were is, in fact, cut off from the great southern ice sheet, which stretches forty miles away, down to the Sogne-fjord, and only the confluence of the glaciers flowing down from them unites the two. Before us, when we had made good our height again, lay a snow-field filling a wide trough between the Lodalskaupe, the highest peak of this region, and Braenibba, a rocky point of about 6,400 feet, projecting from a snow dome, which marks the most northerly point of the main ice sheet, and overlooks it, and which for that reason was our objective. It looked a good half-hour's walk, but it took one and three-quarter hours' hard going to reach it, so deceptive are distances on these snow-fields, which Rasmus compared to the sea in their lack of anything to aid the eye. The day had clouded over, and was no longer clear, but we could see far down the snow-field, which does not lie along the backbone of one ridge, but

Photo. *W. H. Gaddy.*

LOOKING DOWN THE ERDALSBRAE.

rides rather curiously across a number of ridges and hollows running across its length.

There is a remarkable difference between the snow conditions here and those which exist only forty miles to the eastward, which may be worth noting. The highest point of this great ice-field, the largest in Europe, reaches no more than 6,700 feet. At within 500 feet of the same height, forty miles away, stands the hut, at which one sleeps on the way up Galdhöpiggen, on a stony plateau quite bare of snow. This contrast can only be due to the far heavier snowfall on the Jostedalsbrae, which lies near the west coast, and seems to owe its existence to that fact.

It was 2-15 when we turned to descend. The snow-bridges on the Lodalsbrae proved to be still passable, but we decided not to risk the ascent to the top of the Erdalsbrae by the glacier we had come down, but crossed it instead, and made our way up by the rocks on the far side, and a little before six were once more on the top. Our programme, based on an optimistic estimate of distances the long days of Norway make pardonable, included the traverse of this northern arm of the brae to its furthest extremity, and we first crossed to the foot of the Strynskaupe, a peak which bounds it on the west. The instinct of the mountaineer at 7 p.m. is to go downwards, or at least keep on the level, but Berge headed right up instead. It is ill arguing with a guide whose language you cannot speak, so we trudged up, notwithstanding signs of dissatisfaction in our lower members, which had already carried us up close on 8,000 feet, mostly soft snow. When we reached the top, about 5,700 feet, we were brought up by a precipitous ice wall beyond. Rasmus had explained that it was to be a short cut, so we made the best of it, and stayed to admire the view in the now clear evening, across to the peaks of Jotunheim, amongst which Galdhöpiggen could be recognised, and then went back the way we had come up, and started again across the snow-field. Guiding is not yet an exact science in Norway. Then commenced a long and rather weary trudge over wide fields of level snow, not hard, and not very soft, although the temperature was 45° F. In front lay an edge which never

seemed to come nearer; at last we reached it, and hoped to see down the Sundal, instead of which there stretched away a further continuation of the snow-field as long again. It was a beautiful evening, clear and still, with sunset lights in the western sky, and, tired as we were, we could not regret being there.

At 9-15 we at last reached the beginning of the slopes leading down to the Sundal, and entered on the Sognskarbrae, crossing to the far side as we went down. There between the ice and rocks was a long slope of snow, which we descended, and at its foot took leave of snow a little before ten o'clock.

After a short rest and some food, we set out again upon our way. Still roped, we scrambled in the growing darkness down rocky slopes, a shining lake below never seeming to come nearer. Tired and sleepy as we were, and unable to see properly, with the rope catching and tugging first forward and then back, this scramble down the hillside was something of a mountain nightmare.

At last, at 12-30 a.m., we were nearly in the valley bottom, and decided to take a rest and wait for daylight. We chose a slope carpeted with blaeberry plants, beneath a sheltering rock, and there lay down for two hours, and enjoyed a sleep as no man can who has not earned it. By half-past three we had made our way through the scrub in the valley bottom, and reached the saeters, where a woman made some coffee for us, which with bread and butter tasted as nothing tastes away from mountains. From here it was a long tramp down a stony track through the forest, which I tried to enliven by adding to my stock of Norse, and was interested to find that the Norwegian word for heather is "lung" (spelt *lyng*), clearly the parent of our north-country "ling."

At length, soon after seven, we reached the high road. The final walk along its smooth, hard surface in the bright, cool morning was almost enjoyable, and at 8 a.m. the expedition ended at the Hjelle Hotel with "skaal" drunk in Norwegian ale (our highest aspiration at that moment), and so to bed until mid-day dinner.

Photo. *W. H. Galtz.*

ON THE JOSTEDALSBRAE.

(The Distant Snow is the Main Ice Sheet).

CLIMBS NEAR GRASMERE.

BY

G. C. TURNER and J. S. STABLES,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY A NOVICE.

On Christmas afternoon, 1908, Two Climbers and A Novice were gathered on the terrace below the forbidding rift of an overhanging crag. To the novice, gazing upwards with the experts, the sinister aspect of a motionless stream of boulders impending in the gully gave dark forebodings. But frequent potations from a bulky flask of festive cherry brandy, and the frequent chorus of the Climbers' Ditty, chased away these fears—fears which he deemed it was usual to dispel in such a manner on these occasions, giving thereby courage to the clamberers about to start their upward journey. Soon the tyro saw his comrades disappear into the dark recesses above, and then, after a time, the sound of scrapings ceased.

Judging by the distant echoes, it seemed a committee was being held high up, and reassuring noises descended in response to his importunate inquiries. His anxiety, however, was not completely soothed, for a murmur was borne down to him in which he caught the words " Bit of a hole."

The winter sunlight was already fading when the thankful novice met his friends emerging from the summit. But his troubles were not yet ended, for the triumphant pair, marching him straightway across a ridge, down by the head of a secluded tarn, took him thence to where another beetling crag confronted him. In the gathering darkness he was urged upwards by the persuasive rope, which drew him apace to a dark corner by the steep profile of a ridge of rock. At what seemed to him immense peril, he was swung across its nose and climbed to a flat resting-place, where, moored to a projecting spike, he was bidden to rest. In the gloom he could hardly see how great a drop it was to the broken rocks lying about below.

In such circumstances, darkness is kind and friendly to the neophyte, and conceals from him the terrors of the abyss.

* * * * *

DEER BIELD CHIMNEY.

Deer Bield crag is a prominent feature on the left as one walks up Far Easdale from Grasmere. I had long been of opinion that good climbing might be found in this neighbourhood, and early in October, 1908, J. Stables and myself met at Grasmere and set out to prospect. An hour's easy walking brought us to the foot of the crag. From a little distance away the cliff appears to be a perpendicular face of 300 feet or more, but on nearer approach it proves to have a buttress running up the centre, on either side of which are two fine chimneys. The one on the left is of an extremely imposing appearance; the final thirty feet we preferred to see from the top before committing ourselves to an obviously hard tussle with the lower pitches (1).

On looking at the right-hand chimney we decided to attack that, as the easier of the two apparent routes, and later we found it all we could wish, as it offered several difficulties not visible from below. A short scramble on to a grass ledge brought us to the start of the first pitch, a short chimney offering no difficulty, which landed us in a cave, deeply cut, and roofed in with jammed boulders. An exit was made by backing upward and outwards till a lodgment could be effected on some fairly good footholds on the right wall, and from this position it was possible to wriggle round the outer chockstone until a good hold was obtained on its upper edge, whence it was easy to pull up over the jammed stones into the bed of the chimney. In front lay the third pitch of about twelve feet, at which we should not have hesitated for a moment but for the somewhat unstable appearance of the rocks which formed it. By dint of backing

(1) This chimney has since been found impossible.

Photo. *W. B. Brownhill.*

DEER BIELD CRAG.

up the walls, we avoided handling these stones more than was necessary, but no doubt our fears were groundless (2).

This brought us to the bottom of the fourth and most interesting pitch of all. Three big stones were jamming each other between the walls, and on the top of these rested the point of a large boulder, one side of which formed a long slit with the left wall. On approaching this from the inside, it proved to be too narrow to pass through. S. was determined, however, not to be beaten, and mounting on my shoulders, effected a lodgment with back and foot between the walls of the chimney (to do this I had to stand on the end of the chockstone of the last pitch), and after a severe struggle, S. came out of the top of an excellent pitch, good holds on the right wall being of great help. Fifty feet of rope were run out to do this, and the leader found an anchorage at what was the finish of the chimney itself (3).

From this point the nature of the climbing changed, and although the obvious way lay slightly to the right, it presented such a forbidding appearance that we looked about for some other escape, but the alternatives proved impossible. A crack on the left leading to the ridge was passed over as too severe, and a traverse to the right over some slabs failed for lack of holds. Eventually we were driven to climb a narrow crack sloping upwards to the right, at the top of which was a rather awkward corner, where a firmly-rooted ash tree gave welcome aid. Directly overhead was a huge overhanging block, and we soon decided that the only possible route lay to the right of this, under several jammed stones which seemed insecurely supported. With the second man posted at a secure belay, it was possible for the leader to give the stones a thorough testing, and on their proving quite firm after severe handling,

(2) Later parties have found these stones quite firm.

(3) It has since been found that the shoulder is unnecessary. The walls are of a convenient width for the 20 feet of backing required, in which process considerable assistance is obtained by using the chockstones, whose reliability has now been thoroughly tested. The pitch has also been climbed by passing through the window formed by the lowest chockstone with the right wall.

he was able to use them to climb well up and under the projecting corner, and thus gain a foothold on a small turf-covered ledge, whence he wriggled up out of sight. Following the leader, I found him snugly ensconced in a fissure (the "sentry box") (4), in the left wall of a V-shaped grassy gully, where a tree with curiously twisted trunk proved sufficiently secure to belay the leader whilst he continued up the gully. I joined him some thirty feet up, where we had to take to a crack in the left wall, which provided some excellent climbing for about twenty feet, ending with a swing round on to a sloping ledge of fair dimensions. From the other end of the ledge we could look straight down our chimney, and another twenty feet of scrambling brought us out to the top of the crag.

The above climb will amount to about 200 feet in all, everywhere needing care. A party of three can do it comfortably in one and a half to two hours, and requires about eighty feet of rope.

BLEA RIGG CLIMB.

Blea Rigg lies almost in the direct line from Easdale Tarn to Pavey Ark, twenty minutes' walk from the hut. About midway across the face of the crag is seen a dark corner, flanked by a steep buttress, and directly beneath, a small cairn marks the commencement of the climb. Fifty feet of easy scrambling up turf-covered ledges leads to a rounded block separated from the main mass by a narrow crack. A few feet higher a belay is reached in the dark corner. A traverse is made across the wall of the buttress out to a small ledge, whence a long pull up on good handholds enables one to swing round the corner on to the ridge. Then follows a trying twenty feet up the

(4) The "sentry box" is the foot of a narrow chimney which has lately been climbed. It leads on to a small ridge, whence the ordinary finish is joined by means of a short crack. This variation affords a very interesting finish to the climb. Most leaders will find the crack severe. From the sloping platform at the top of the crack, climbers with superfluous energy may expend it on a long razor-edged hand traverse, which runs up obliquely on the right.

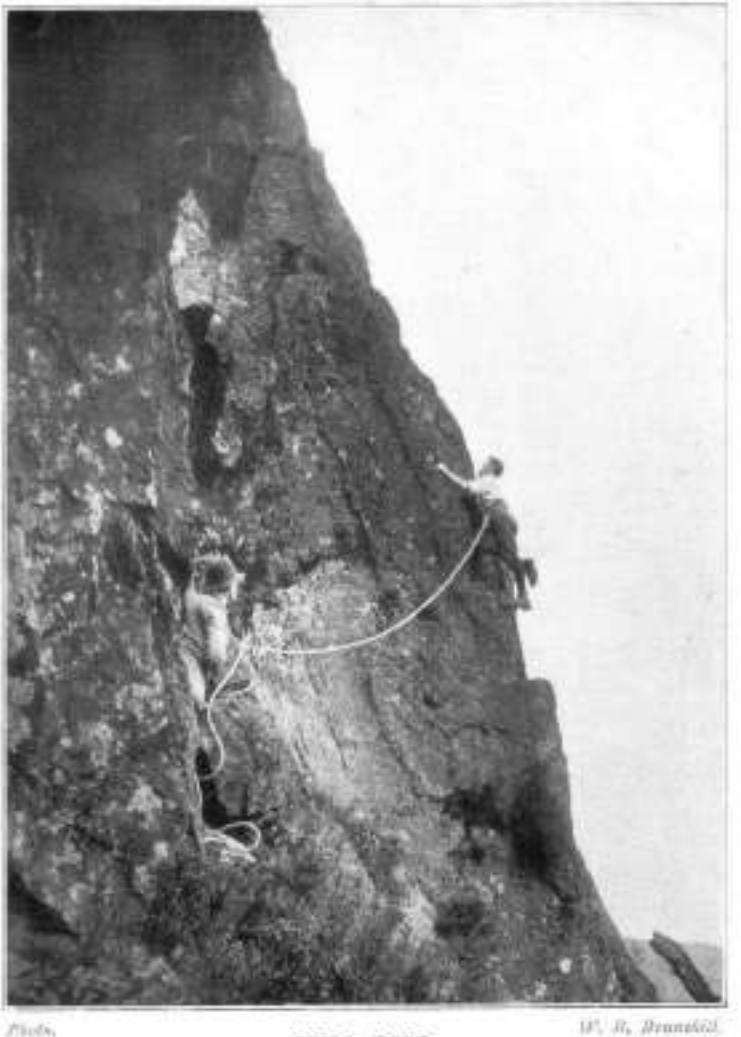


Photo. *W. H. Brunskill.*

BLEA RIGG.

exposed face of the buttress on holds which become smaller as one ascends, until a good stance is gained on a flat ledge, where the second can join the leader. Careful climbing for another ten feet leads to a grassy depression, from which the top of the rag is easily reached; or the ridge may be followed throughout to the summit.

This climb makes a pleasant break in the journey to Pavey Ark from Grasmere.

THE VORARLBERG.

By A. E. FIELD, M.A.

Perhaps it is best, before describing the events of a few days spent in this district, to first state where it is. The Vorarlberg is the westernmost province of Austria, and is connected with Tyrol by the old road over the Arlberg, which is now little used, having been practically superseded as a means of communication by the railway, which dives under it through the great Arlberg tunnel, which is about six and a half miles long.

One fine morning in the middle of July, 1900, the writer left home for London, crossed the Channel to Calais the same afternoon, and travelled through the night to Bâle, having enjoyed the usual scramble for dinner at Laon, where the express halts for about twenty minutes. Bâle was reached just before six o'clock next morning, and after breakfasting at the station restaurant, the journey was continued by the day express to Innsbruck.

This train reaches Zürich in two hours, halts there for an hour, and then speeds on past the pale-green waters of the Lake of Zürich to the beautiful Walensee, a lake which deserves to be better known.

At one o'clock in the afternoon we reach Buchs. We change engines, and Austrian officials replace the Swiss. This is a government line, and on the Austrian government lines the fares are cheap and the guards many. First an ordinary guard inspects the travellers' tickets, and then another, and then a very superior official in a smart uniform comes through on the same errand.

We soon cross the Rhine, which here forms the Swiss frontier, and are now in Austria, or rather in the small principality of Lichtenstein, whose inhabitants pay few taxes, and are, or at any rate were a few years ago, exempt from the conscription, and rejoice in a capital with a population of about 2,000. In a quarter of an hour the transit through the corner of this diminutive state is complete, and we halt at Feldkirch, the

first Austrian station. Half an hour more brings us to the little town of Bludenz, and here the writer leaves the train, changes into mountaineering costume at the small hotel opposite the station, leaves his bag there, and starts off at 5 p.m. into the mountains, with ice-axe and rucksack, the latter containing 80 feet of good English rope.

The afternoon was very hot, for Bludenz is not quite 2,000 feet above the sea, while the summit of the Scesaplana, which beckons the climber upwards, is nearly 10,000 feet. Twenty minutes or so on the level, along a dusty road, then the ascent begins. Here, as often, the first hour is the steepest, and then the weary wayfarer emerges from a pleasant forest on the pastures of the village of Bürserberg. Here he meets a guide who looks a capable fellow, and is soon engaged for the next four days, as a perusal of his book corroborates the favourable impression created by his first appearance.

The guide's cottage is close by, so that in a few minutes he is ready to start off, and the two pursue their way up the beautiful Brandner Thal. They soon overtake a very primitive country-cart, which is toiling painfully up a steep ascent on the rough road. The driver, who is a friend of the guide, promptly offers them a seat. This offer at first sight seems to promise a waste of time rather than a saving, but a turn of the road reveals the fact that the way is now downhill nearly all the way to Brand. The two perch themselves on the rude and springless vehicle, which is already encumbered with a large chest, and then the driver rattles down the rough track, which overlooks a precipitous descent on the left. The traveller prudently takes up his position on the driver's right, so that, if he should be thrown off in the course of the bumping and tossing, he may find himself deposited on the roadside instead of being projected into space to descend into the torrent which brawls along at the bottom of a gorge 500 feet below.

The ride ends at the beautifully-situated village of Brand, where the road finishes, and the track begins which leads up for three hours to the Douglass Hut. The stream is first crossed and then the way lies through upland pastures, gay with Alpine flowers, which are just beginning to fall before the

scythe of the mower. The daylight fades away as the alp is reached, which is stated to be the half-way house. In the cool night air the tramp is continued through patches of dwarf pine, while now on the right the precipices of the Scesaplana rise dimly through the growing darkness. The track now reaches the head of the valley, turns to the right at a waterfall, and ascends in zig-zags over loose scree to the rocky barrier behind which lies the picturesque Lüner See, a lake four miles round, about a hundred feet above which is the Douglass Hut, which is reached about 10 p.m. This hut, which is 6,460 feet above the sea, is extremely comfortable, and, like many of the Austrian huts, is rather a mountain inn than such a hut as is usually found in the Swiss Alps. Huts vary, and the climber of wide range becomes acquainted with all kinds, from the palatial building which can provide sixty persons with real beds, to the rough hovel once visited by the writer, the sole contents of which were some damp straw to sleep on and a horn spoon by way of furniture.

The Douglass Hut is named after a late president of the local branch of the German-Austrian Alpine Club, who must surely have been descended from Scottish ancestors.

Here a short night was spent in a comfortable bed, and at 3-40 a.m. a start was made for the Scesaplana in the grey light of dawn up an excellent track which led first over grassy slopes above the lake, and then across scree to the snow. How great is the pleasure felt when the foot each summer first treads the Alpine snows, only those who know the mountains can tell.

The way lay up snow slopes, which were perfectly simple, and then up very easy rocks, where the use of the hands was unnecessary, on to the broad arête, which led up snow to the summit, which was reached at 6 a.m. exactly.

The Scesaplana, which is 9,735 feet high, is the highest peak of the Rhätikon chain, and lies on the Swiss-Austrian frontier. Its ascent is perfectly easy, no rope being required, and that morning some twenty persons soon gathered on the summit to enjoy the view for which the mountain is so justly famed.

It was a beautiful, clear morning, and the view extended from the Stubai group in Tyrol to Monte Rosa, and even farther, for in the far distance rose the Finsteraarhorn, the monarch of the Bernese Oberland. The Lake of Constance was clearly visible, and beyond it the plains of Bavaria and Würtemberg were seen dimly through the slight haze which hung over the lake. Sitting on a rock on this mountain summit, it seemed hard for one present to realise that forty-eight hours had not yet elapsed since he left Bedford.

Two hours were spent on the mountain, and then the descent was commenced. The upper rocks were soon passed, and then a mystery was solved which had hitherto seemed perplexing. The guide had brought with him his mantle of Tyrolese loden, a sort of natural waterproof cloth, possessing some resemblance to Irish frieze. The weather was set-fair, and there was no chance of a sudden storm, but now its use revealed itself, for at the top of the steep snow-slope the guide spread this mantle on the snow, and guide and traveller sat down on it and enjoyed a sitting glissade which brought them down so quickly, that the descent from the summit to the hut, a difference in level of over 3,200 feet, was accomplished in 48 minutes.

The rest of the day was spent in idleness, basking in the sunshine on the shores of the lake, and next morning the hut was left at 4-15 a.m. An excellent but narrow track led along the side of the Brandnerthal, and soon attained a height of some 2,000 feet above the bottom of the valley. Here the two overtook Herr Gustav Euringer, a well-known German climber, who was on his way with a guide to the same point, the Zimbaspitze, which arrogates to itself the hardly-deserved title of "Matterhorn of the Rhätikon," and appears to be regarded by the natives as a rather desperate undertaking, especially when climbed from the Rellsthal, which was the ascent contemplated by both parties.

The track now ascended to the right and soon reached the grassy summit of the pass lying between the two Saulenköpfe. Here the climbers were followed by an eager flock of sheep, who were obviously expecting the salt which they associate with human visitants. It was some trouble to convince them

that we had no salt to distribute, and to drive them back, otherwise we might have led the whole flock far down into the next valley, for which we should hardly have been thanked by their owners.

It was now broad daylight, and a descent was made down into the Rellsthal for a considerable distance, and then it became necessary to contour along the steep side of the valley. This was a work involving a rather unwelcome amount of exertion, for the badly defined track was completely overgrown for about twenty minutes by thick patches of dwarf-pine (*Pinus pumilio*), through which it is very hard to force one's way along a steep mountain-side.

Finally the last piece of this brushwood was left behind, and the way continued up the very steep slopes of rich grass which run right up to the rock-walls of the peak. Here six chamois were espied, some at the base of the peak and others on the summit ridge against the sky-line.

A narrow grassy ledge slanted up to the left, and led to a short but steep gully, at the top of which the sacks were deposited in a rocky niche. More steep grass was now climbed, and a small patch of winter-snow crossed. Beyond this the layers of the lime-stone seemed to be horizontal, and projected at intervals through the thin soil, so that one could walk for about 150 feet up this natural staircase.

Now came the first chimney, which was rather undercut at the bottom, so that a little care was required in getting into it. This was succeeded by a series of narrow cracks and ledges, which were pretty easy to climb. Then came a longer and rather more difficult chimney, which brought the party to the summit at 9 a.m. exactly.

They were soon joined by Herr Euringer and his guide, with whom a pleasant half-hour was spent on the top, and then our party descended by the same route, while the other went down the opposite face into the Brandnerthal, where Herr Euringer had left his son.

During the descent, thick clouds began to creep along the ridges, and soon the roll of distant thunder was heard. Our party reached the Sennhütten, or cow-herds' châlets, on the

Alp Vilifau at noon, just in time to shelter from a smart thunder-shower. They first took refuge in an empty cow-shed, where they climbed the ladder into the loft, and rested at full length on the hay. After an hour, they visited an inhabited hut, where they found an old cow-herd and a little boy, who gave them some excellent milk, and then invited them to taste their coffee, which was also very good.

At three o'clock the storm had rolled up the valley and the sun was shining brightly, and so a start was made down the mountain-side, which was still very damp after the rain. The bottom of the valley was soon crossed, and the ascent of the opposite slope begun. Here two red deer were espied, high up on the mountain side.

It now became intensely hot, and it was exhausting work toiling up the cart track, which led up to the large alp. Again thunder was heard, which soon became much nearer, and the lightning flashed all round the mountains, followed by deafening peals of thunder, and again a shelter was gained just in time. It was just 4-15 p.m. as the two reached the Alp Zalundi, with the intention of taking refuge for an hour. But the elements willed otherwise, for the rain descended in sheets for several hours, and the night had to be passed here.

Two "Finanzer" or frontier-guards had been seen a little while before climbing a steep track in the distance with their rifles, and it seemed to be a source of malicious satisfaction to the guide that they must now be getting well drenched. The inhabitants of the frontier districts have always the same innate sympathy with smugglers as the English country folk with poachers. In this part of Austria coffee is frequently smuggled over the frontier from Switzerland, where it is cheaper.

An opportunity now presents itself for explaining the system on which the "alps" or mountain pastures are managed. Each alp belongs to some village below, and each villager sends up one, two or more cows, as his means allow, when the cattle are driven to the mountain pastures. The herd is placed in charge of a sufficient number of custodians, and the milk that each man's cows yield is measured each morning and evening,

and entered in a book. Each month the cheese and butter that have been made are distributed among the owners of the cows in proportion to the yield of milk.

The cows had come up to this particular alp on June 20th, and the first month being now over, a man had come up from the village to make out the accounts. He seemed rather slow at arithmetical calculations, and so our weather-bound climber took over the job and completed it that evening, earning thereby much gratitude and as much new milk as he chose to imbibe.

About nine he was invited to the next hovel, where a fire had been lit in a sunken pit of the floor, round which he sat with the village representative and a couple of cow-herds, all enjoying the welcome blaze and smoking their evening pipes while they discussed very varied topics, ranging from the Transvaal war to the habits of cows. After this all slept side by side on the "Pritsche," a wooden platform about two feet from the ground, which serves as the sleeping-place in these châlets, and is usually covered for the purpose with a more or less scanty layer of hay.

Next morning, after a breakfast chiefly consisting of milk, guide and traveller started off just after six o'clock, and proceeded steadily up the side-valley in which they were, in the direction of the Schweizer Thor, a huge natural gateway in the frontier ridge, reminding one of the Brèches which are so frequent in the Pyrenees. An hour or so before reaching this, they struck off to the left, and made their own tracks up grass slopes studded with blue gentians and many other Alpine flowers, among which the delicate soldanella was especially abundant.

Finally the ascent ceased and they reached the top of a subsidiary ridge, and descended very steep grass slopes, where caution was requisite, into the head of the Gauerthal at the foot of the Drusenfluh, a limestone peak on the frontier. Here, after a long drink from a clear spring, they left the sacks, and ascended some broken ground which brought them to the foot of the long snow-couloir running down from the north-east summit-ridge of the peak. Steps were kicked fairly straight up the snow, which was in good condition, with the usual zig-zag

progress in the steeper places, and all was going on well, when at the bend in the couloir the snow suddenly ceased. It began again about 150 or 200 feet higher up, but the interval consisted of one gigantic smooth limestone slab set at a steep angle, destitute of any proper handhold except a series of ribs about three inches thick, which projected about two or three inches above the smooth surface and ran down the face like a row of natural tramlines. Progress was only possible on all-fours, and the fingers had to grip these ribs while the elbows and knees did most of the work. When the snow above was reached, progress was again easy, and from the top of the couloir it was a mere walk up broken rock, scree, and snow to the summit of the Drusenfluh (9,301 feet), which was reached at 10-30 a.m.

Half an hour was spent on the summit, and it was then decided to try another way down, partly because it was more difficult, partly because "variety is pleasing," as we were taught in the copy-books of our youth, and partly, doubtless, because those smooth limestone slabs would have proved more difficult to descend than to ascend.

After a few minutes, the two descended a gully running more or less north-west and filled with loose boulders. At the foot of this they turned off to the right and strode rapidly down an upland scree-plateau, which was very simple going. They first got rather too far to the right, but then found it necessary to traverse back to the left across some smooth slabs, where the rope was put on for the first time that day. Here a precipice was on their left, forming the eastern wall of another snow-couloir, lying to the west of that which had been used in the ascent. After prospecting in various directions, it was obvious that the only available course was to descend this rock-face, in order to reach the snow which lay so far below.

At first sight, and indeed after climbing a little way down, further progress in this direction seemed impossible, but care and caution found a series of narrow ledges, by means of which it was just possible to zig-zag down the face. In one or two places one had to come down on to the other's shoulder, but the climbing, though very interesting, was quite safe, a steady head and sure foot being the sole requisites.

When the snow-filled couloir was reached, progress became rapid, for a fine glissade soon brought the two down some five hundred feet, and then at the foot of the couloir a short climb down grass and moss-covered rocks, followed by a run down scree, brought them, at 12-37 p.m., back to the spot where the sacks had been left.

They were now on the good track coming down from the Ofen-pass, and made rapid progress down this, which brought them in just under three-quarters of an hour to the Lindauer Hut, which is beautifully situated on the Upper Sporer Alp in the midst of a little pine forest carpeted with rhododendrons, which were then in full bloom. Here it was a pleasure to find Herr Euringer and his son, who were going up the Sulzfluh next morning. The boy was being initiated into the mysteries of mountaineering, and seemed likely to prove a worthy "chip of the old block."

Next morning our traveller rose early and contemplated the Drei Thürme, the smallest of which certainly looked attractive, but the claims of laziness and a sore heel prevailed, combined with the fact that a toilsome ascent of two to three hours was obviously necessary to reach the foot of the climb. So he paid off his guide, Jacob Meyer, of Bürserberg, and then watched Herr Euringer and his son, who were already far up a snow-couloir on the Sulzfluh, through a telescope. After three days' climbing, it is always pleasant to take life easily and lie on one's back in the sun, enjoying the mountain air, especially if one can also contemplate other persons toiling up a mountain. Towards mid-day he strolled very leisurely, for it was very hot, down the Gauerthal to Schruns in the Montafon, took the *diligence* thence eight miles and a half to Bludenz, claimed his bag, and took the last train through the tunnel to St. Anton am Arlberg, the first station in Tyrol, where he spent three days in rather broken weather. One of these days was spent in a long and solitary walk up to the Darmstädter Hut, and thence over the easy Kuchenjoch, from which pass he strolled up the Scheibler kopf, an easy peak which can be reached in just over half an hour from the pass. It is 9,805 feet high, and affords a fine view of the Patteriol and other

rock-peaks of the Fervall group, which appear well worthy of a visit. A good track led down on the other side of the pass to the Konstanzer Hut, from which it is about two and a half hours' walk down to St. Anton.

At Innsbruck, the next day, he met two friends, with whom a campaign in the Dolomites had been planned, and the three started off for that district.

THE MARTINDALE DEER.

By W. T. PALMER.

When we reached the top of Nan Bield Pass the jumbled crests of many fells to northward sprang on our sight; Kidsty Pike ("the steep haunt of the young goats"), Raven Crag, Hart Hill, Harter Fell—peaks of unconventional Lakeland bearing names of wild creatures long departed—quiet, lonesome, peaceful in the evening light. Not cloud-capped were they as the Scafells seen beyond Froswick, nor patched with gold as the lowlands sweeping down to Morecambe Bay, but blue with the shadow of heavy clouds. Over the rattling screes we turned left for High Street, and as we rose higher, the scenes around increased in glory. Toward the sunset, cloud was piled on cloud; softly down the east and south were sliding continents of brilliant vapour; around us silence, peace. Haweswater and Windermere, the one reflecting sober, the other brilliant glories; Kentmere and Small Water and Blea Water deep, gloomy beneath their sentinel crags.

In times long past the wooded country stretching right up to the Border was a vast chase, and deer bred everywhere, as the ancient records prove. Now, although the deer forest extends practically over Lowther, Shap, through Naddle, Swindale (where deer are always to be found, and have been stalked for many years), Askham fell, all along the Roman road, Angle Tarn and Hartsop (the name itself indicating a deer forest), the deer only breed in the little patch to the south of Ullswater known as Martindale Forest.

Martindale is indeed the only piece of the forest which belongs to Canon Hasell, and is rented by Lord Lonsdale because it has practically been a sanctuary and drawn off all the deer, but there is a large head in all the other parts of the country indicated. Beside Canon Hasell and Lord Lonsdale the Parkins of Ravencragg have forest rights, and on the north side of Ullswater is Gowbarrow, which is another forest.

Photo. *Claude E. Hanson.*

ANGLE TARN, MARTINDALE FOREST.

Never have I seen such splendid effects of lighting as during our tramp along the Roman road, which rising from Troutbeck crosses the Kentmere fells and swings over the hills towards Brougham, the *Brovacum* of old. Seen from this direction, the Skiddaw and Blencathra groups seem to dominate the Cumbrian plain. That night their summits were cut off in cloud, but north Cumberland was bathed in light in ever-changing tones of crimson lake. Like a bar of silver the Solway at full tide cut across this lovely vision, and in grey-blue and purple the Dumfriesshire hills ended the view. Helvellyn and Fairfield were close-shrouded, but through the Sticks pass a shaft of golden light was loosed, and struck the long roller of mountain we were traversing. Now and again the mist-wrap round the west slope of Skiddaw was heaved aside, and a cascade of brilliance fell past the mountain into the hidden gulfs of Derwentwater or of the Vale of St. John.

Heedless of aught save the pageantry of sunset, now dying through blue to grey, the soft grey of a summer night, we had walked beyond the smooth slopes which descend to Green Cove, and so through the Forest to the dale. As we approached the brow, Ramps Ghyll yawned immediately beneath, and the dim wedge of Ullswater beyond Hallin Fell showed how much of our journey remained. For yards the angle of descent was truly alpine. Had the scree been dry and loose that way would have been unsafe. Yet on the steep face one couldn't help stopping to note the glories of the Forest.

A fine bold sweep has the Nab, its line hardly broken by a single rock. Beneath, a glen rapidly filling with shadows; above, a dim shelf of scree topped with some fangs of crag, where sometimes the raven nests.

Over the dip between Nab and Rest Dodd is Buck Crag, the last nesting-place of the golden eagle in all England, and where within a generation the white-tailed sea-eagle had a home. Immature birds of this species, with their golden-brown plumage, sometimes visit the quieter parts of the Forest, and are taken for the real golden eagle. For a time descent, if steep, was easy, then we reached the grass; less and less steep, but infinitely stony, was the way. Even when we got

to comparative level, the track remained rough, and Hallin Fell seemed farther off than before.

We were walking in silence when over our dull trudge I heard a rustle of bracken. To our left was a sheep-wall—above it the Nab, dim surmise of slope and ghyll to the high-swung sky-line. Yet again a rustle. Halt! for just beyond the wall, within twenty yards, I detected the white tips of antlers. A noble stag is feeding on the soft plot of grass between the bracken beds. So far he has not seen us—the rattle of the beck has covered the sound of our approach, and the night breeze is in our favour. As I call my companion's attention the deer stops feeding, raises his head to watch. In the half light, what a giant he looms! For a full half-minute he gazes at the intruders. As our eyes grow accustomed to the gloomy hill-side we make out his full form—light muzzle and dark neck, dark back and lighter underparts, topped with the branching white-tipped antlers. Then with a snort, of anger maybe, he turns up the hill. For a few yards we can see him loping along, then a mighty rustle disturbs the hill-side. Stag after stag bounds out of that dark field of bracken, and speed after their leader—nine in all. In a few seconds they, too, are lost in the gloom.

Such a heartening sight is really our due, for the path is atrocious—stones and mud, bog, moss, bents and reeds in disagreeable profusion—and encourages us to brisker pace. A dozen miles of mountain are beginning to tell their tale. Shortly we near the bungalow Lord Lonsdale has built in this glen, and begin to hope for better ways, as a road and bridges have been constructed to this point. The sheep-wall is still close to our left, to our right the stream, and in front what we hoped is the lower wall of the intakes.

"What's that?" says my friend. Sheep—no, they stand higher and move faster, and are more nervous—a flock of the wildest mountain sheep would have charged past us in the fifteen yards to the leftward wall. There is a scurry back to the lower wall—they're taking to the beck, and we rush to the top of a little knoll. Tensely we wait. The primrose night-glow is reflected from the shallow burn. Will the deer come this

way, or, as we have uncovered the direct route, pass along the wall side? Ha, there's the first! On to the stony bank it comes, then pauses. Clear limned against the flowing water is the hummel, a tall, heavy hind. Across the shallow she splashes; then comes another and another, a herd of twenty. As they bound along the hill-side the light "half-moons" allow us to distinguish them for quite a hundred yards.

This gate is indeed and happily the end of the fell. Shortly we pick up the good road, and another hour sees us comfortably to quarters.

As I held Lord Lonsdale's courteous permission to visit the sanctuary in the Forest, Jackson next morning offered to take us as close to the deer as possible, though, cautious man, he warned us that the stags were specially on the alert, and we might have a day of hard climbing without getting to close quarters. Our first point was the new bungalow in Ramps Ghyll, a splendid station to observe that side of the Nab. From the verandah, the huge cone stood out prominently. The foot of its eastern slope, which last evening we skirted, is partly covered with hawthorn. The opposite side of the ghyll more nearly approaches the forest ideal, a wide area thinly covered with rowans, alders, hawthorns, and hazels. By Jackson's telescope we saw near the sky-line of the Nab a herd of deer, many antlered but some hummels. About a hundred head in all, in loose order, but with sentries well posted, feeding as they passed up the hill. Suddenly an alarm, a speeding-away of one wing, but the panic did not spread—"a shepherd's dog, maybe."

Deer and sheep never thrive on the same ground. Both love the sweet short upland grass, but the sheep nibble much closer than the larger animals. After winter the difference is most marked. One may see the Herdwicks grazing fully and contentedly, while the red deer trudge wearily about, almost starving.

Next Jackson pointed out a number of hinds with young calves, feeding on the opposite slope of the ghyll, perhaps eighty in all, and asked which group we preferred to follow. In a couple of minutes we were on the bridge going towards the Nab.

And what a steep face is that towards Ullswater! Jackson, wiry and accustomed, cut us down unmercifully—double my age, nearly triple that of my companion—and neither of us are faint hearts at climbing—yet with his quiet zig-zag he kept passing in and out of our purview. I climbed direct, and after each "pull" found the forester waiting about the stone on which I had fixed for my resting-place.

That the Nab is grassy makes the climbing more exhausting. My friend seemed less successful than myself. For a while he tried to follow the forester's sinuous way, but had to abandon it. "It's steep, man," he said. "I managed all right until we got on to a bit where I could touch the slope with my hand straight from the shoulder. Then I looked at my feet. There was only a fringe of grass, it seemed, between me and the bungalow about a thousand feet below. That was enough." We both held to direct climbs, with our faces to the slope, and admitted that the forester was free to enjoy his triumph.

Near the top of the Nab we had a long rest, as the wind seemed all right, and we might come upon the deer at any moment. Beneath us the two great corries, Bannerdale and Ramps Ghyll, descended to the comparative level of Martindale. Well up in Bannerdale is a solitary farm-house, of which William Wordsworth, in a letter dated November 9th, 1805, has left a pen picture: "At the last house in the dale we were greeted by the master. He invited us to enter and view a room built by Mr. Hasell for the accommodation of his friends at the annual chase of red deer in his forests at the head of these dales. The room is fitted up in the sportsman style, with a cupboard for bottles and glasses, strong chairs, and a dining table; and ornamented with the stags caught at these hunts for a succession of years—the length of the last race each had run being recorded under his spreading antlers."

In ten minutes we were again moving, this time with caution, crossing the sky-line only after Jackson had given the word. But after all we were not to get a close view. Just beyond the top of the Nab the ground fell away in a gentle slope, partly covered with peat-hags. To one stalking from below these are possible covers, but so easy is the sweep that anyone

From a Photo. *By kind permission of Lord Lonsdale.*

HEAD OF A MARTINDALE STAG.

above is in full view. Therefore we were compelled to watch a great body of deer, stags, hinds, and calves trot off while we were two hundred yards away—their dark bodies showing well against the fresh green of the fell grass.

Jackson pointed out scenes of various stalking incidents: a peat-hag, crossing which on a misty day a sportsman and the stalkers saw a stag within twenty yards. Big he loomed through the travelling wisps, but on so slippery foothold the sportsman tried in vain to sight his rifle. Another point was where Jackson, with a load of hay (first and second year stags, and hinds, will accept the trough in hard weather, though the more mature males rough it under all circumstances) lost foothold on the hard snow and went sliding down a steep place. His escape was remarkable; his great bundle of stuff toppled over in front and fixed between boulders. Jackson came feet foremost into it and escaped with a severe shaking.

Now we turned to the edge over Ramps Ghyll, as Jackson believed the herd we had surprised had divided. Shortly, the antlers of a sentinel were espied three hundred feet below. The face of the hill was quite open; no handy ghyll showed where we might get nearer without losing the wind and gauge of position. The camera was carefully put into order, slide drawn, shutter set—everything possible ready. Then behind the forester we carefully slid down. Every yard the necessity for caution increased. Every stone likely to slip was lifted aside and placed in security, the little soft ridges of grass were carefully tested for loose stones or slippery ends. Nearer, nearer, in front a grass hummock no bigger than the head and shoulders of a man was our cover against the watchful herd below. For myself I never raised my head more than to note the antlers of the sentinel stag. He knew some strange thing was occurring, and was watching the upper slope intently. When the grass lump was maybe four yards away, Jackson whispered, "I doubt if we can get any nearer; just get on with your camera and make the best of it." It was no case of a snapshot from a prone position; a direct view-finder would have been a godsend. I quietly rose to my feet, got the group of twenty stags, hinds and calves, fairly centred, and pressed the bulb before one of

the astonished creatures stirred. My friend handed on the other dark slide promptly, and as the band rushed away I had a second view. Alas! after seasons of hard use among mountain crags and seaside cliffs, after several falls from gale-swept positions, the camera had developed an unnoticed defect, and the plates were incurably fogged. However, that discovery was for a later day. On the forest we were delighted with the splendid nearness to the deer we had enjoyed. One plate was left to us, so Jackson decided to reconnoitre the great cleft of Bannerdale from the slopes of Rest Dodd. This is a fairly sure haunt. Our luck, however, ran only to the finding of a few cast antlers near the peat-hags, for Bannerdale was clear of deer. The Nab we had left was "fair-li wick wi' 'em"—one group, according to Jackson, numbering about two hundred and fifty, half the total population of the forest. Indeed, with the knot of hinds on the brae above the bungalow, and these ranging from Low Bannerdale to Nab top, we had the whole herd, save stragglers, in sight.

The deer are stalked, and seldom driven—the picturesque hunts with deer-hounds, of which Wordsworth writes in 1805, are no more—"What a grand effect the music of the bugle horn would have among these mountains. It is still heard once a year, at the chase I have spoken of: a day of festivity for the inhabitants of this district, except the poor deer, the most ancient of all."

During the summer months the stags wander far: not infrequently one or two get down into the Kentmere valley, and on one occasion Jackson located a big fellow in the muddy bottom near Grey Crag tarn in Longsleddale. I myself have seen a stag from the Shap turnpike within half a dozen miles of Kendal. Rutting-time, however, brings all the wanderers back to the sanctuary near the Nab, and that is why this small area is of so great importance to the Forest.

I would like to add a paragraph in conclusion concerning visits to the areas indicated above during the stalking season. No one in our Club wishes to hamper the sport of other people, and when two or three stalkers are at work at the same time the unvigilant rambler may be in serious danger. If deer start

galloping, there is no chance for a sportsman to watch anything except his game, and bullets have come unpleasantly near some people. For observation purposes the Forest is at its best in May and June ; later there is small chance of getting near the deer.

THE MICKLEDORE ACCIDENT OF 1884.

By W. P. HASKETT-SMITH.

A fatal accident always attracts an enormous amount of public attention, while those in which the worst consequences are averted sometimes pass quite unnoticed, except by those who happen to be on the spot. All the same, the latter class have often quite as valuable lessons to teach us.

Every one has heard of the unfortunate fall of Mr. Haarbleicher; but as he was in no sense a climber, was not seen to fall, and did not live to tell the tale, we learned little from it, while the little-known occurrence of which I am about to speak took place at the very same spot, to a strong climber, one of a large party (so that the circumstances were all precisely known), and, best of all, though the sufferer's brain retained nothing of what happened after his fall, his recollection was clear up to the moment before it.

For climbers the main lesson is that steep slabs must be treated with the utmost respect, and that dry moss may be almost as slippery as the wet. Few men realise how helpless they would be to stop themselves in such a place, if once they began to slide. It is quite a familiar spot, the slopes on the side of Mickledore Chimney towards Broad Stand, and most of us have crossed them at one time or another; but this active young fellow was careless, and that he escaped with his life is really little short of a miracle. He shot down for about the length of a cricket pitch, then out over the precipice for about half that distance more, pitching head foremost on the rough screes which flow down from Mickledore.

The left shoulder seems to have made the first impact, the heavy trunk flying onward when the shoulder was checked

by contact with the stones and turning slightly downhill. Probably this turning saved the vertebræ of the neck at the expense of the face, which was heavily ground into the scree. As the lower part of the back came to earth it took up most of the horizontal strain, and received some fearful gashes in the process.

An active lad who was of the party was sent off at once to the valley, and by great luck, was just in time to detain a very eminent surgeon who was in the act of leaving. He has given an account of the patient's injuries which has not, so far as I am aware, found its way into any climbing journal:

"An interesting illustration of a purely natural and simple antisepsis came under my notice last year, while enjoying my holiday among the hills of Cumberland. I was about leaving Wasdale Head in the evening, after a pleasant ramble about Scafell, when a messenger brought the news that a dreadful accident had befallen a tourist, while climbing the rocks at the side of that mountain.

"After some delay, caused by the difficulties of bringing down the insensible patient, I found that he had fallen a distance of about 100 feet, while turning the corner of a perpendicular rock face. The fall was broken at a distance of seventy feet by a rough rock slope, over which the unfortunate man slid and rolled with great velocity, and then over another precipice of thirty feet, finally alighting on soft turf. Along the rock slope, the integuments of the head and face were scraped and ground dreadfully.

"They were damaged to an extent exceeding anything of the kind I have ever before witnessed. The scalp and integuments of the forehead and face were hanging in tatters over the ears and eyes. The nasal and superior maxillary bones were denuded of covering, indented and bruised. The lips and chin were in rags, the eyelids torn and livid, and all the soft parts covered with a sandy grit embedded into their substance. He was in a state of semi-coma from shock and hæmorrhage, with two ribs fractured and a deep laceration on the buttocks; but, fortunately, there was no fracture of the skull. I had no appliances but pure cold water, and no instruments but a common sewing needle and some silk. After carefully picking, scraping, and wiping the parts with a clean rag, dipped in the mountain stream, I stitched the different parts of the skin together with numerous and close sutures, pressed up into shape the indented nasal bones, and bound up the head and face with a wet bandage. There was no other treatment but cold water and simple diet. The wound healed throughout by primary union, and as I recently learned from the patient himself (an Edinburgh Medical Graduate, who recently called

to thank me) with no suppuration whatever, and leaving extremely little disfigurement. Even with the advantages of a good constitution, which the patient possessed, and recent mountain training, I doubt whether the results would have been so perfect in a large town."

—*British Medical Journal*, December 12th, 1885.

There is a grain of comfort here for climbers, for it appears that if they do meet with an accident they have a better chance of recovery than ordinary people. I may add that three or four years ago, for the first time since the events described, I met the patient out in Buenos Ayres, and found him perfectly robust, and almost without trace of his terrible experience of a quarter of a century before.

Edge, we were in quite a hurricane. The Edge, regarded by the earlier pioneers and guide-book writers as a terrible place, has few terrors even under these conditions, and we were soon scrambling up the steep slope to the summit of Helvellyn. Here we experienced one of those quick transformations for which the Lake District is famous. The wind dropped, the clouds cleared aside, and in a few minutes we were enjoying the glorious view which has been so ably described by different writers.

We did not linger long, however, for we realised that we had no time to waste if we wished to reach Rosthwaite before dark. We reached the Nag's Head Inn in just over half an hour from the summit, and stayed there just long enough to have a light tea.

The path across the fields past the head of Thirlmere next brought us out into the road almost on the straight line to Harrop Tarn. We took the track past the little sheet of water, and speculated how long it would be before it is entirely overgrown with long grass and reeds. According to the maps and guide-books, there is a path from here all the way to Watendlath, but soon after leaving the tarn we could not see so much as a sheep track. We knew the general direction, however, and so plodded on.

This was the most tiring part of the whole tour. The way consisted of grass, ling, and water, the latter predominating. Often we sank almost up to our knees. It was now getting dusk, and when we passed Blea Tarn, the half-light gave it a most melancholy appearance, although the impression may have also been due to our damp condition. We reached Watendlath safely, however, and made short work of the trifling distance over the fells to Rosthwaite. Fortunately, this pony track is quite distinct, for by this time it was quite dark.

When we reached the Rosthwaite Hotel, we found that, as at Mardale, it was full up. The proprietor, however, managed to get us a bed out in the hamlet, so we were all right. After changing our soaked stockings we went back to the hotel, and were soon enjoying the excellent dinner which we felt we had well earned.

Our next day's walk was to be to Boot *via* Honister and Wasdale. The morning dawned fine, and gave promise of one of those glorious days which do not come as often as one could wish. The picturesque little hamlet of Seatoller was soon behind us, and we were making our way up the road to Honister. We soon reached the top of the pass, and turned off near the "drum house." Our intention was to go by Grey Knotts, Brandreth, and over Kirk Fell on to Black Sail Pass, and thence down to Wasdale.

When we reached the summit of Brandreth, instead of keeping along the ridge line, and going over Green Gable into Great Gable, we bore down to the right, and skirted the crags on the Ennerdale face of the latter. Rocks were at that time a *terra incognita* to me, and I had not then aspired to a pair of boots garnished with Alpine nails. Nevertheless, I looked longingly up at the dark riven crags, and wished that I could visit them and experience what I had been told were the real delights of mountaineering. That wish, I am glad to say, has since been amply gratified.

At the place where the descent into the hollow between Gable and Kirk Fell commences, I was struck with the exceeding clearness of the atmosphere. I now suggested that instead of going over Kirk Fell into Black Sail, we should make our way to the top of the Gable for the sake of the magnificent view. Although I had been up twice before, I had never seen anything. One day was pouring with rain, with a dense mist, and the other was a scorching hot day with a thick haze which rendered it almost impossible to distinguish Lingmell. The other half of the party was quite willing to depart from the original route, and after a toilsome struggle up scree and rough boulders we were rewarded by a superb view.

As neither of us had ever ascended the Gable from Wasdale, we did not know of the route by Little Hell Gate and the Gavel Neese, so we decided that we would follow the route we had always taken from Langdale by the summit of Sty Head Pass. We had descended a little way, when a thought struck (I am not going to say who) that it might be quicker to work obliquely down the side of the mountain, and hit the pass nearer to

Wasdale. We calculated afterwards that we must have lost nearly an hour by our time-saving (?) manœuvre. For a time all would go well; then we would come to small scree, down which we could gallop. Below this was scree averaging the size of a man's head, and then trouble began. We had to follow the example of Agag and go delicately, and even then we had narrow escapes of ricked ankles. When we got to the pass we registered a solemn vow that in future we would keep to the proper path. It's easier in the long run.

Never were mortals more thankful than we when we reached Sty Head. In comparison with the sides of the Gable, the stony track is absolutely luxurious. We did not linger long, however, in Wasdale, and were soon making our way towards the path leading by Burnmoor Tarn to Eskdale. Here we went slightly astray, for instead of bearing to the left after leaving the tarn, we kept straight on, and landed on to Eskdale Moor, amongst the grouse butts. We had some idea of the direction of Boot, however, so were not at all disturbed, though it was rapidly getting dark. Our mistake enabled us to see the Druidical stones, which it must be confessed cannot be compared to those at Keswick, either for the size of the circle or the stones of which it is composed.

On the following day we decided to bring our tour to a close by returning to Windermere. By sleeping rather too long, we missed seeing the famous railway in operation, for the morning train left before we were up, and we should have been compelled to stay too long to see the next.

Before we left Boot, we narrowly escaped being placed in a rather awkward situation. When any expedition is being undertaken, it invariably happens that something is forgotten. In our case, in the bustle of starting, we had omitted to total up our probable expenses. When our bill for the night's accommodation was presented by mine host of the Freemasons' Arms, we found we could just pay it, and there remained one single sixpence as the total finances of the expedition. However, as we intended to reach home that day, we did not mind much; and with hearts as light as our pockets, we started for Hardknott Pass.

After the open-air life we had been leading for the past three days, we were feeling in grand form, and we swung along at a good pace. After what seemed a very short time after leaving Boot, we were crossing the Duddon at Cockley Beck, and not long after had attained the summit of Wrynose Pass, and by sitting on the Three Shire Stone, we were enabled afterwards to boast that we had been in three counties at once. We made short work of the descent into Little Langdale; and here the weight of our combined wealth became rather irksome, so we decided to get rid of it in exchange for two glasses of milk at one of the farms. Had we gone with a can and asked for a pint of milk, we should had been charged probably threehalfpence or twopence. But by asking for a glass, the price is immediately trebled or even quadrupled. Neither of us had ever visited Colwith Force, so we went to see it; and as there had been a fair amount of rain, it presented a fine sight.

The fates must have taken pity on our penniless condition, for on coming out on to the road again, I found a current coin of the realm of the value of *one halfpenny*. I kept this for some time as a memento, but ultimately I mislaid it.

By taking the paths through the fields, we soon arrived at Skelwith Bridge, on the way to Ambleside. The walk to the latter place was not very pleasant to either of us; for with having got our boots pretty wet during the preceding days, the leather of the soles had got slightly softened, and the hard road caused our hob nails to make their presence felt. Consequently, when we got to Ambleside, we were both feeling rather footsore, and the steamer proved too strong a temptation for us.

We hurried to the house of a mutual friend, who had no hesitation in becoming our banker *pro tem.*, and we obtained the wherewithal to pay our fares to Bowness. We felt that completing the tour by steamer was somewhat of an anti-climax, but we did not relish the five-mile walk on a macadam road with our feet getting rather painful. In less than an hour after leaving Ambleside we were at home, and over an excellent meal were telling of the glorious time we had had.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL DINNER, CONISTON.

That there were seventy-four members and guests present at the Annual Dinner, held at the Sun Hotel, on November 4th, 1911, is a tribute to the great charm of mountaineering. What else than a festival of climbing could have persuaded such a number to assemble in the remote village? The train service was (as usual in November) tardy, but there was nothing tardy about that week's weather. Those of us who came from eastward found the road partially under water, a terrific gale blowing, and the ferry service on Windermere held up for hours at a stretch. Saturday was on the whole a fair day, but—let's speak of Saturday night before coming to the merits and demerits of that Sunday.

There was the usual General Meeting (and even a Committee Meeting before that) to show that the Club's officers were on the alert; but these matters are dealt with by the Secretary in his Annual Report, and have no part or lot with the "Journal," except that the Editor was re-elected. There is one matter which the Secretary will omit to mention—that is, in the absence of Mr. Minor, no one took the trouble to urge all members to do their duty by looking in on the President at work, and a not overfull meeting was the consequence. The sight of the President of a Climbing Club at work is almost unique, and no member should miss this (annual) exhibition.

The following members and friends were present at the dinner:—The President (Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby), Ashley P. Abraham, George D. Abraham, G. P. Abraham, H. Arnison, E. H. Banks, Gordon Bean, Henry Bishop, G. J. Boden, G. W. Bodell, W. A. Bowdler, W. A. Brigg, C. H. O. D. Burrell, J. Bowen Burrell, Wilson Butler, G. H. Charter, F. C. Clitheroe, Alan Craig, C. N. Cross, R. B. Domony, Ernest W. Earl, The Rev. R. Ellwood, W. Evans, W. H. France, Charles Grayson, H. Harland, B. S. Harlow, W. P. Haskett-Smith, H. F. Huntley, F. B. Kershaw, D. Leighton, G. Lyon, H. B. Lyon, H. Midgley, Philip S. Minor, E. Newbigin, C. H. Oliverson, L. J. Oppenheimer, W. T. Palmer, Colin B. Phillip, R. Perrins, J. Rogers, H. B. Pratt, M. G. Rollo, A. H. Saunders, G. Seatree, Arthur W. Simpson, L. Slingsby, J. W. Smiley, A. R. Thomson, A. J. Torry, C. J. Vick, A. E. Webb, F. Whalley, The Rev. T. Wilcox, W. A. Woodsend, R. Wooster, S. R. Yarwood, C. D. Yeomans; Mrs. Ashley P. Abraham, Mrs. Arnison, Mrs. Clitheroe, Mrs. Domony, Mrs. Grayson, Miss Holden, Mrs. H. B. Lyon, Miss Moore, Mrs. Oppenheimer, Miss Rogers, Miss E. Seatree.

The following gentlemen were present as representatives of their various clubs:—Dr. C. Thurstan Holland (Wayfarers), J. Walter Robson (Climbers), W. E. Bennison (Rucksack), and H. Williamson (Yorkshire Ramblers).

In proposing the health of "The King," the PRESIDENT mentioned that His Majesty had been pleased to accept a copy of the current issue of the "Journal."

The President then called upon Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith to propose the toast "Kindred Clubs."

But Mr. Haskett-Smith, who was warmly welcomed, did not come up to expectations—his speech was so brief, and he caught the shorthand-writer napping. Just at the time the writer thought Mr. Haskett-Smith was warming up to his work, and about to say something specially interesting, the gentleman sat down, and not even the gentle call of Mr. Minor, "Haskett-Smith, tell us two tales," coaxed him to his feet again. The gist of Mr. Haskett-Smith's speech seems to have been (this is evolved from a maze of emblems in the pot-hook writer's possession) "You are all aware that Club Secretaries are a very crafty race, but perhaps you do not know yet the depth of their cunning. . . . . It has become so much a matter of course making this speech about our Kindred Clubs that perhaps after all it is unnecessary to say much about it."

Dr. THURSTAN HOLLAND, the President of the Wayfarers' Club, responded in a witty speech, emphasizing that he was present under false pretences as, among so many mountaineers, he had no climbs to speak of. The newest and smallest of the present *coterie* of climbing clubs was his—the Wayfarers, of Liverpool. Perhaps he was wrong after all in saying that he had no climbing experience—his friends had tried to make of him a mountaineer, but not very successfully. His experiences lay rather in dodging kindly meant invitations to undertake desperate expeditions. This was not the first climbers' meet he had attended—some ardent friends had once persuaded him to go to a remote cottage in the Welsh mountains, where nineteen big fellows were packed into rooms which might have accommodated three or four ordinary sized men. The next day these—friends, call them, said they would take him up "an easy climb." All round the horizon were mountains, bristling with crags and difficulties. The party, at the end of a long ramble, reached the foot of a great rock—up which the "easy route" was to be taken. But there was no route, easy or otherwise, up that big bit of crag for him, and his climbing expedition was ended. He claimed, however, that with the assistance of two strong guides, he had crossed the Theodule Pass in fine weather, and that he had climbed up the Breithorn with an ex-president of the Alpine Club and certain of the best Swiss guides. "We went up the easy way," he said, "and returned by the easy way"; it was the only way for him. "Mountaineers,"

he continued, "were a humorous class." The general meeting of the Fell and Rock Club, which he had just attended, was the most humorous business gathering he had ever attended. But guides, too, were humorous individuals. "I remember," he said, "climbing along the Forgengrat. We were going along the very crest of the ridge, on one side steep ice shelving down a little way, and then you suddenly saw the glacier a few thousand feet below. On the other side snow and rocks at a bad angle shelved off to the edge of a mighty precipice. As we moved slowly along the ridge with crunching foothold in the broken ice, trying hard to keep our balance in the heavy wind, the leading guide turned and said to me, 'Sir, it is absolutely necessary you should not slip here.' A remark of this kind seemed a trifle superfluous. There are three persons in this world who can see the humour of things. There is the man well belayed at the right end of the rope, when the other fellow has slipped off and is struggling to find hand and foot hold. There is the individual who has to make a speech at a mountaineering dinner. He can ever see humour, though he may be without an idea of speech-making. Sometimes it might be well if he could change places with the man on the rope. Both his ideas and his vocabulary would be improved. If I were that individual at the end of the rope, I would find no difficulty in fitting words to the occasion." The speaker concluded by giving the most hearty of thanks from the small inept mountaineering clubs, such as the Alpine, the Scottish Mountaineering, the Climbers, the Rucksack, the Yorkshire Ramblers, the Wayfarers, and the like, to the great and growing club whose dinner he had eaten that evening.

The next toast was "The Ladies," proposed by Mr. George Seatree, who gave the Club and its guests a delightful speech, with smacks of the rare old Cumberland dialect. As we all hope to hear Mr. Seatree's voice again and again at our Dinner, let the report be taken as read; it was too delightful for cold type. Mrs. Ashley P. Abraham's reply was summed up in the following original verses:—

CONISTON, 1911.

Kipling, in his recent verses,
  Speaks out plainly and declares
Women are as poisoned cobras—
  Nerve-dissectors—wild she-bears.
"Yes," he says, "and man (the master),
  When he goeth to confer
With his fellow braves in council,
  Will not give a place to *Her*!"
Yet the gallant Rockefellows,
  To their credit be it known,
By *their* treatment of the women,
  Do a great deal to atone!

We may join their Club as members,
  Yes, and once a year at least,
When they have their annual party
  We're invited to the feast!
Here we sit, where wit is sparkling,
  Where the sounds of mirth are heard—
Sirs—I speak for *all* the women,
  When I say our hearts are stirred.
We appreciate your kindness
  (And the dinner), as we ought,
And I'm sure you'll find to-morrow
  That we do not spoil your sport.
As to all our little failings,
  Well—they needn't make *you* sad!
Though 'tis one of them who says it,
  Women are not wholly bad.
No—I tell you—fellow members,
  You may mark my words as true,
We are neither *fiends* nor angels,
  Nor yet mixtures of the two.
We are "merely human beings,
  Most remarkably like you"!!

But, of course, she must, like all ladies, add a postscript. This was a story in reply to Mr. Seatree's. "The teacher of a small dales school had laboured hard to get the little scholars to understand the progress of invention in its application to everyday life, and later in the day, to test results, asked what was there in existence to-day that no one knew of fifty years ago. There was a pause, then the bottom boy, a dear little scamp of six, put up his hand and said: "Please, Miss, oor lal Bill."

Mr. J. WALTER ROBSON proposed the toast of "The Club." He said he must for the moment divest himself of membership of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, and say that as a member of the Climbers' Club, and as a guest, he undertook the duty with much pleasure. He knew that two other members of the Climbers' Club had in turn been asked to propose the toast, but they were unable to be present. One of these was Professor Farmer, whose absence they all regretted. With regard to him, Mr. Robson said he felt in the position of the motorist who had run over and killed a pedigree dog belonging to a lady. The lady was inconsolable, and the motorist was at his wits' ends. He, however, told her not to distress herself. "Madam," he said, "*I* will replace the dog!" "Sir," she replied, "you flatter yourself!"

It would no doubt be an infliction for the members of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club to hear their own praises loudly sounded. Yet he was going to do this, for they deserved it. It might be both an infliction and an affliction. If, however, the members could for once imagine

themselves to be righteous, they would remember that the Psalmist promised them "many afflictions." Yet, he proceeded, "But the Lord delivereth him out of them all." May he deliver them soon!

Speaking as a member of an older and more staid climbing club, he congratulated the young Fell and Rock Climbing Club on their vitality and all-round qualities. Their climbing and fell-walking were notorious for excellence and thoroughness. Their explorations of the climbs in the Coniston district particularly and also in the Buttermere and Langdale districts were most valuable to the climbing world. And their second accomplishment was not less complete, namely, that of literary ability. He did not think that the quality of the material forming the Club's Journal was inferior to that of any climbing journal published—not excluding the Alpine Journal. He might especially mention Mr. Oppenheimer's article in the last Journal on "Buttermere Climbs," Mr. A. P. Abraham's on the "Traverse of the Coolins," and Mr. G. Seatree's historical sketch of "Wasdale Head and Auld Will Ritson." The Club must be proud of such work as this, and of their Editor.

Then another accomplishment of a well-ordered climbing club was that of "dining." Here in Coniston, the members of the Club had been able to foregather to the extent of 75 to 80 in number. He hoped that the custom of having these annual dinners in the heart of their playground would be maintained, as it seemed to be not only a unique occurrence in the British Islands, but was also a huge success. In addition, the fact that climbing and fell-walking were looked for on the following day, placed a healthy restraint on the dining capacities of many members. The presence of the ladies was also an additional attraction, and the Club might congratulate itself in being so well abreast of the times in the matter of woman's rights.

He liked to think of the Club as being of the fells, and its home as amongst the fells. The Club was at home to-night, and he as a visitor and a guest thanked them for their hospitality and the warmth of their greeting. In wishing the Club long life and continued prosperity, he coupled with the toast the name of their honoured President, Mr. Slingsby.

And this is Mr. Slingsby's reply:—Ladies and Gentlemen, I am indeed proud to have the honour of responding to the most important toast of the evening, that of "The Fell and Rock Climbing Club," but still, as I have so often spoken of the joys of mountaineering, and of the great good which is done by the various mountaineering clubs in this and in other countries, I feel that I have but little new which I can put before you. In fact, I am like a motor car whose petrol has come to an end, or a water-wheel without water; in fact, a man with but few ideas, and no carefully-prepared impromptu speech to reel off.

As to the condition and success of our Club, I need do no further than to point to this large and enthusiastic gathering, enriched as it is, and

as it *ought* to be too, by the presence of so many of the fair sex, and to use at the same time the words which are graven upon the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral: "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice."

We all know what the fells and mountains have given us: our best and our truest friends. Ah! think for one brief moment what would be our condition if we were to eliminate the whole of our friends, whose friendship has been formed on the mountains, or in connection with them. The blank would indeed be a terrible one. Think also of the delights of the mountains in bright sunshine; but do not forget the storms, the wet, and the cold, and what happy memories we have of them all. I will not further pursue this branch of the subject; indeed, we all know it so well and feel it so deeply.

The most ardent of the many thousand votaries of the sport of mountaineering will not venture to deny that this sport, as well as all other noble sports, is not wholly devoid of danger; but at the same time they will stoutly assert that, with prudence and by putting into practice certain well-established maxims, the risks may be reduced to a minimum. The ordinary dangers are pretty well known and recognised by us all. For all that, the dangers incurred when mountaineering vary in kind at different periods. Some have entirely vanished. I need hardly remind you that, nowadays, you may climb for many years in the Alps, and never even see one of the numerous forms of flying dragons which are reputed to have infested the mountains and the air two centuries ago, and which are so well represented, pictorially, in Scheuchzer's "Itinera Alpina." But if these meek-eyed but terrible foes have vanished entirely, or have been turned into fossils, we have now in these more prosaic humdrum modern times other dangers which take their place. A few short years ago a party of mountaineers were climbing Snowdon by one of its fine rock faces, when, without warning, an avalanche of a railway train came toppling down the cliffs, and the men barely escaped with their lives. This could not have happened in Scheuchzer's time. Quite recently another danger has arisen. Some bold mountaineers, members of our Club, were on their way to climb a wild ghyll on one of the noblest mountain precipices in Westmorland. To their horror they found that the base was guarded by a ferocious quadruped whose growls and roars made the hearts of those brave men to quail with terror, and their aforetime ruddy cheeks to be blanched. Ladies and Gentlemen, this terrible danger must be stopped, and I think that it can be.

Three highly important speeches were delivered in rapid succession. Mr. L. J. OPPENHEIMER proposed the toast of "The Visitors," somewhat heartlessly warning them that it was on record that a visitor only came once to this dinner—afterwards he became a member. Then Mr. GORDON BEAN, who has since become a member responded. Finally, Mr. COLIN B. PHILLIP gave the toast, "The President, first-rate as a climber, first-rate

as a President, and above all first-rate as a man." No better summing up of W. Cecil Slingsby is possible.

After the speeches the programme was of a less formal nature. Songs, recitations, choruses came in quick succession, and the best part of the evening was with us. Mr. Philip S. Minor distinguished himself as chorus-master.

The usual photographic group was omitted this year: the growth in the numbers at the Dinner now makes such a memento impossible.

From the Secretary's report, if no earlier rumour has reached them, our members will know that the day following the Dinner at Coniston was marked by the strongest gale many of us have ever encountered. One cannot do better than add Mr. Slingsby's account of "Goat Water in a Rage." It is more eloquent than any ordinary description.

GOAT WATER IN A RAGE.

By WM. CECIL SLINGSBY.

If good be the choice of Coniston for the Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Club, better still is the choice of November for the time. This month usually provides us with a gale of wind; we find Goat Water in a rage, and

> ". . . . loud winds in storms of vengeance fly,
> Howl o'er the main, and thunder in the sky."

The more the merrier, say I.

We know well how difficult it is to turn the crag as we approach the tarn when the wind blows down the valley, as is usually the case, and was so when the accompanying photograph was taken. It is said that "Rage begets rage." In the case of Goat Water it is real rollicking fun, and plenty of it too. How grand it is when, after many struggles and rushes from point to point, we have gained the partial shelter under the imaginary lea of a rock, and look at the tarn and the grim crags above it! How weird it is to see the eddies, whirlpools, and waterspouts forming instantaneously, and apparently chiveying each other here, there, and everywhere on the surface of the tarn! How uncanny it seems to see sheets of water lifted up by the gale, and dissolved into spindrift, which is carried upwards, and then dashed to the ground a full quarter of a mile beyond the little fall below the tarn!

Last year, novelties were provided for us. The wind blew for the most part up the tarn, and by way of variety across it, and Coniston Old Man and Doe Crags played at battledore and shuttlecock with the sheets of water which were dashed against their rugged faces. Some of our party were indeed drenched with the spindrift from the tarn when they stood on the very top of Doe Crags. Two others were nearly blown off the top of the Old Man, and had to crawl along the ridge for very safety's sake.

Photo. *W. Cecil Slingsby.*

GOAT WATER IN A RAGE.

Another couple had a still more interesting experience. They were walking and struggling against the wind as best they could on the flat and boggy grass land below the tarn, and a gust—the word is not strong enough—came and lifted them both off their feet, turned them round, carried them through the air, and deposited them not too gently yards and yards away up the valley once more. No! I will not tell you how far, or how high they were carried. Why should I? It was, however, an entirely new experience for them.

In these days of the aeroplane and hydro-aeroplane one has to become accustomed to flight. Some of us have at least paid our footing.

May I many another time see "Goat Water in a Rage," and enjoy the scene as I have done aforetime, is my earnest desire.

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 or remarkable ascents, or fresh ascents of almost forgotten climbs].

Kern Knotts, West Buttress. What is believed to be a new climb was made on the steep buttress about thirty feet to the right of Kern Knotts West Chimney. Twenty-five feet above the foot a magnificent belay is reached by a stiff pull of a knife-edge of rock. An almost vertical V-shaped scoop is then entered and quitted with difficulty on the left a few feet higher. Exposed ledges then lead to the platform at the top of the difficult pitch in the West Chimney. The climb was finished up the slabs to the right of the ordinary chimney route. An hour or two later the same party ascended the Eagle's Nest Arête direct and the Abbey Ridge, and considered the West Buttress to be considerably harder than either. Owing to the absence of much standing room at the belay, it would seem advisable for the second man to lead up the first pitch, and thus allow the leader to continue directly upwards into the scoop. It is advisable for the leader to secure good anchorage, as should the second man "come off" on the worst part, he will swing clear of the rocks and have to be lowered a considerable distance.

G.S.S., S.W.H.

Kern Knotts Crack. I found to-day that the first chockstone in Kern Knotts Crack, which is usually used for swinging out of "The Niche," was on the point of coming out. I therefore removed it. It can be had on application at the Wastwater Hotel. The climb is now considerably harder, but quite safe. S.W.H.

[The Editor wonders if S.W.H. has read the article on "Excitement at Wasdalehead," in No. 4—the crime of altering climbs, as there dealt with, is a serious one.]

Photo. *W. H. H.*

NEW CLIMB, KERN KNOTTS, WEST BUTTRESS.

Napes Needle. Those who are tired of climbing the Needle by the ordinary ways may be glad to hear of variations which, when pieced together, form a completely new line of ascent, with the exception perhaps of the middle portion. Start at the platform at the foot of the Lingmell Crack, and climb the steep slab to the right, which is difficult. From here the top of a large flake on the left is easily reached, and then the steep wall above is climbed, bearing somewhat to the right, by good handholds. We saw no marks on this portion, but it has probably been climbed before. One lands on the extremity of the shoulder. From the mantelshelf corner, traverse out over the drop with the hands in the excellent horizontal crack till the next corner is reached, whence proceed direct to the top. This is difficult but pleasing, as the appearance of extreme severity disappears on closer acquaintance. A pair of strong arms is desirable. This might be called the Obverse Route. S.W.H., W.B.B.

Ling Chimney. Two climbers report that the rope may be threaded in the Ling Chimney at the difficult part.

Descent of Eagle's Nest Arête. The first descent of Eagle's Nest Arête, so far as records show, was made on August 26th, 1912, by S. W. Herford and W. B. Brunskill. Will anyone who knows of other attempted descents please communicate with the Editor.

North-East Pillar (third ascent). A party consisting of R. C. Richards, F. M. Radford, A. W. Boyd, and R. H. Bowdler (May 31st). After traversing about ten feet out of Savage Gully a chimney about ten feet high was climbed; and then passing slightly upwards to the left over a rib of rock, another traverse was made to the left to a grassy platform with a cairn. The rest of the climb was easy to follow, but the leader at first made the mistake of going too far up a chimney after the first traverse out of Savage Gully, the description in the Wasdale Climbing Book

having proved a little misleading. After the twenty-foot wall at the top of the groove, a chimney climbed by Stoehr's party on May 30th was followed. A.W.B.

West Jordan Gully. H.B.G. and G.S.S. climbed the crack on the left wall which leads direct to the difficult traverse, thus making it possible to complete the climb in two pitches. The variation is more difficult than the ordinary route, but can be climbed in considerably shorter time.

Walker's Gully. It does not seem to be known that the rope can be threaded at the top pitch at the side of the *top* chockstone. This requires careful climbing to effect, but once done the pitch can almost be considered as conquered, as the rope can be used as a handhold if desired.

A very interesting Expedition, Walker's Gully. An attempt by M. Dalton, W. B. Brunskill, J. Dale, and H. B. Gibson to collect derelict rope was abandoned in despair about the third pitch. [No wonder. Four rucksacks could not hold the splendid exhibit.—EDITOR.] Evidences of previous visitations abounded, *e.g.*, a much disintregated packet of sandwiches (at the foot of the top pitch), a capacious rucksack, two rock-climbing guide-books, and a lady's waterproof, which one member of the party found very comforting to don, albeit somewhat constricting at waist and shoulder.

A Christmas Eve Adventure. Having left the Buttermere Hotel shortly after 9 a.m. on Saturday, 23rd December, 1911, J. G. Bean, J. W. Smiley, B. F. K. O'Malley, and J. B. Burrell arrived at the foot of the North Climb, Pillar Rock, at mid-day, and started up half an hour later. The weather was fine, but very cold, and there was not much ice on the lower rocks. At the Nose the leader and second decided to go down Savage Gully, and by the time they had got round to above the Nose, the light was failing. Third and fourth were brought up over the Nose, and ere Low

Man was reached the weather had changed for the worse, and it was impossible to see any details of the rocks ahead. Much fruitless searching for Slingsby's Chimney eventually resulted in success, and High Man was reached at 5 p.m. As some of the party knew the East face pretty well, it was decided to go down *via* the Notch, in preference to making an attempt on Central Jordan in the dark. Down Great Chimney to Steep Grass was soon accomplished, and there the lantern was lit. First man went round the Notch, and when second man came round first was nowhere to be seen or heard, but a cheerful voice from high up above the Notch proved that a slight deviation from the correct route to the Slab had unwittingly been made, and the process of amendment took considerably longer than the accomplishment of the original sin. The first victim found that the Slab was glazed with ice, and that the crack across it was quite full of ice, so he proceeded slowly, holding the lantern in his teeth, and got across the Slab with the helpful aid of an axe. To watch the others come across the Slab, and eventually emerge from space into the shadowy glimmer of the lantern light, was an eerie sight indeed. The passage of the Slab alone took the party of four almost an hour and a half.

Realising then that we were possibly in for a lengthy spell before we could reach Buttermere again, we sat down near Pisgah and supped, having stuck the axe in the ground, and thereon hung the lantern. Three-quarters of a pork pie and some Thermosized tea, which had providentially been left over from lunch, provided a satisfying and very welcome meal. Still roped, we passed over by Shamrock, and hoped to find a way down to the valley from there, but much snow, some ice, and ever steepening rocks convinced us that our only chance of getting down in comfort that night was to go to the top of Pillar Fell and try to follow the railings down to Black Sail. The lantern had been blown out by the strong wind; and as we were now very short of candle, we went unlighted to the top of the mountain, and were greeted on the summit by a raging hurricane, which everlastingly blew hard and sharp little bits of snow into our faces, while a persistent storm of sleet completed our misery.

The way by the railings from Pillar Fell to Black Sail is not a delightful means of progression in daylight, but on this night it tried our tempers sorely. We cursed the railings oft; the side supports had apparently been fixed to the rails in entire disregard of method, and as a natural consequence of this haphazard workmanship our shins suffered accordingly. In order to get down at all it was necessary to keep one hand on the railings all the time, and an occasional sudden drop only increased our sense of annoyance and impotency, and the oft-repeated catching of the rope on the railings tended merely to convert our former cheerfulness into a sullen and abiding moroseness. It was never possible to see the man ahead on the way down; and when at last a somewhat relenting fate allowed us to find the gate on Black Sail, our joy was great indeed. When we had descended Black Sail a short distance the lantern was relighted, and this enabled us to get down nearly to the bottom of the pass into Ennerdale before the candle finally gave out. From there onwards our procedure was only remarkable for stumbles and falls, involving the complete destruction of the lantern. Through the Liza we went, and along the valley for a short while. Not being able to see a foot ahead, and as the skyline of the hills was quite invisible, we decided not to waste time trying to find Scarf Gap, and so close on 2 a.m. we four sheltered behind a stone about the size of a man's hand. Partially numbed, weary, tired, miserable, soaked and frozen, we hoped the wind and rain would pity us in our humility; but having had so merry a time at our expense, the elements ceased not from their gambols. Every six or seven hours, as it seemed, one of our few dry matches was struck, consolingly to reveal the fact that the clock had advanced but ten minutes or so. Occasional songs relieved our sore spirits for a time. The rain at times abated, but from 5 a.m. to 7 a.m. the cold seemed more intense than before and the rain came on with a steady downpour. At 7 a.m. an almost imperceptible dawn stole leisurely across the sky and enabled us to see that we had been sitting on the river bank all the time, and that the gelid Liza had gently been laving the feet of one of the party.

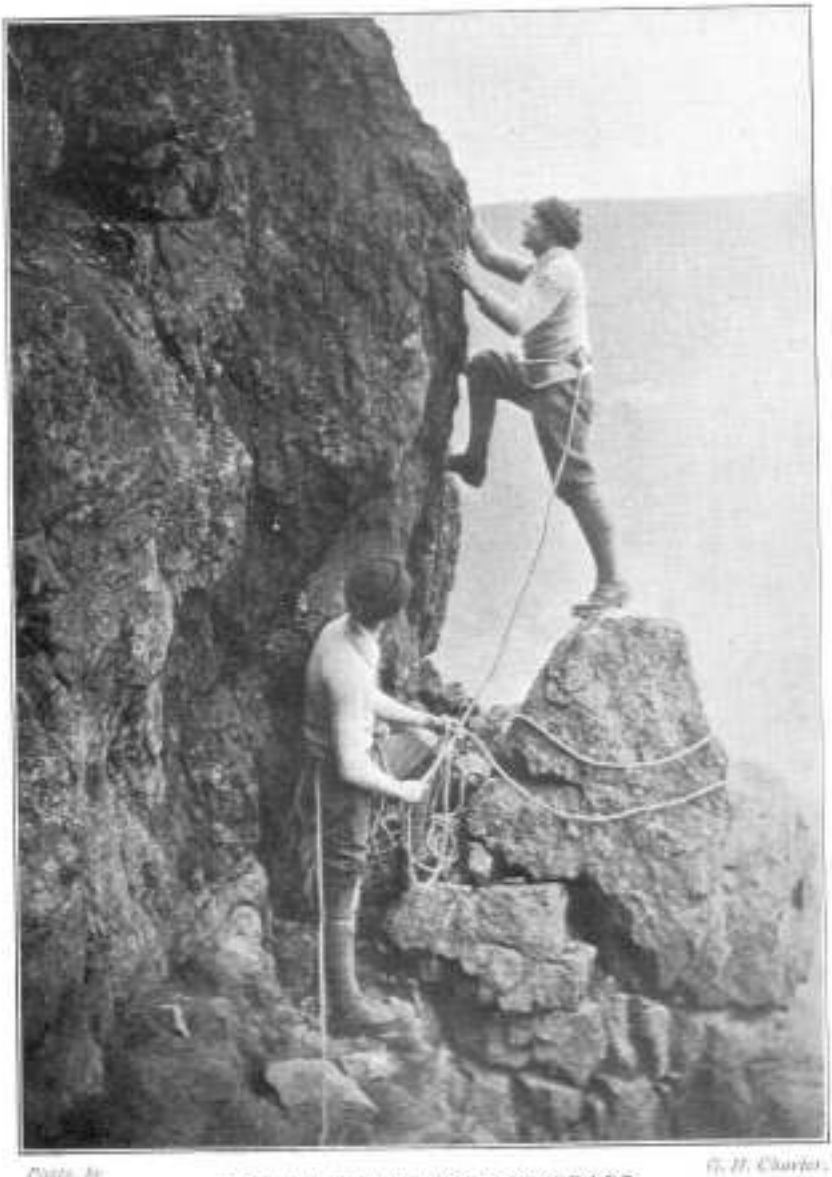


Photo. by G. H. Charles.

ON "D" BUTTRESS, DOE CRAGS

At 7-30 a.m. we arose from our couches and spent some time unroping. When once feeling had been somewhat restored to our limbs, we hastened over Scarf Gap and arrived back at Buttermere Hotel at 10-15 a.m., 24th December, and were just in time to send after and recall some kindly dalesmen who had started out for Pillar to find us. J.B.B.

Woodhead's Climb, Scafell. The first pitch is now rather harder, owing to removal of jammed block. W.B.B.

A Mountain Casualty. Under date April 6th, a party report a dead sheep in the third pitch of Little Gully, Pavey Ark. [The Editor regrets that this blocked passage was not announced to the Club at an earlier date.]

S. H. G. "Ave Vale." On the north-west face of Slingsby's Pinnacle, Doe Crags, a party found the inscription "S. H. G. 'Ave Vale'" cut in the rock, evidently to the memory of the late S. Hamilton Gordon. It would be interesting to know who carved this memorial to our late friend.

Intermediate Gully, Doe Crags. It appears that a small jammed stone in the crack in the big pitch has recently been dislodged, making the climb rather more difficult.

Intermediate Branch Chimney, Doe Crags. A pleasant climb may be had by ascending by the usual route up "D" Buttress as far as the large belaying pin, from which an obvious traverse leads to the left into Intermediate Gully to the foot of the big pitch. From this point Branch Chimney strikes up to "C" Buttress on the left, which may be followed, finishing up the top part of "C" Buttress. The chimney is more difficult than either of the buttresses. L.H.

Explorations at Coniston. Two parties have recorded searches made in this interesting vicinity for new climbs to conquer. The first specialised in Yewdale Crags, finding a good chimney climb "overlooking road, near beck, going over crags to road." This chimney should give a fairly stiff climb of about thirty feet.

The other party report a search for supposed climbs on the south side of Wetherlam. "Thoroughly explored all the crags there, and went up one gully, but nothing very satisfactory was found, with the exception of perhaps a pretty difficult route on the buttress, starting on the slabs at bottom of crags. The whole crag is covered with loose and brittle rock."

Raven Crag, Gillercombe, Buttress. H. B. Lyon and W. A. Woodsend left Thornythwaite 11 a.m., May 28th, 1912, with the intention of finding a route up the above buttress. They found the quickest and easiest means of reaching Gillercombe was by the old Wad Mines track above the Yew Trees, branching off towards Sour Milk Ghyll near the last mine. Reaching the crag, they commenced the climb at its base, to right of entrance to Main Gully and to left of overhanging slab.

The first difficulty was a square corner leading on to a narrow terrace with good belay. A few feet higher, and still working to the right, a smooth slab with few holds finished on another narrow terrace with insufficient belay for the next movement. This consisted of a step up and to the left on to a "one-foot-square" shelf. For this movement there are no handholds, but balance can be assisted by second man. The shelf here narrowed to a width of not more than six inches, but sloping upwards, terminated on another "one-foot-square" platform. To reach this was the difficulty, and after half an hour spent in clearing out a crack behind the narrow sloping part of the shelf (result, a broken pocket-knife) it was possible with hands and right knee on shelf to partly crawl along it. A few feet higher the "First Grassy Terrace" was reached about one hundred feet above the base of the crag.

Up to this point the climbing had been very severe, but

now appeared of an easier nature. About one hundred feet of comparatively easy going on good rock followed, and keeping to the main ridge the buttress terminated on another grassy terrace. (It was possible here to descend into the Main Gully on our left.)

Keeping somewhat to the right, and still on good sound rock, they worked up the buttress until about fifteen feet of fairly easy going brought us to the summit. A short chimney near the top afforded a good sporting finish.—*From the Borrowdale Climbing Book.*

With reference to the cave at Stainton, described by Mr. Charter in the last number of the Journal, a descent was made by two of our members—M. C. Cottam and J. B. Wilton—early in the year 1907.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The Editor presents his apologies to all members of the Club and subscribers to this Journal on account of the delay. This has been entirely due to a bad attack of eye-trouble in the early summer, and the untowardness of private affairs. This explanation is made to exonerate contributors and printers from all possible blame.

The Editor has to thank Lord Lonsdale for the use of a photograph of the head of a Red Deer shot in Martindale Forest; the Rev. P. H. Parminter, of St. John's in the Vale, for the use of three photographs of Mountain Birds; and Mr. Claude E. Benson for a photograph of Angle Tarn, Martindale Forest.

As this is the concluding number of Vol. II, arrangements for binding have been made with Messrs. Lee & Nightingale, Liverpool, printers of the Journal, prices for which will be found on page xiv of Advertisements.

No description of the ordinary Meets of the Club is inserted this year; it is correctly placed as part of the Secretary's report, which will in due course be circulated among members of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club.

The membership of our Club is steadily increasing, and cannot be much less than 300 at the present time.

The Editor would like to add his personal thanks to all contributors of literary matter and photographs. This Journal has been produced under special difficulties, and editorial correspondence has necessarily been of an intermittent nature. To all my correspondents, then, many thanks for your patience.