

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

---

---

Vol. 3.

NOVEMBER, 1913.

No. 1.

---

---

**LIST OF OFFICERS**  
1912-13.

*President :*

W. P. HASKETT-SMITH.

*Vice-Presidents :*

A. E. FIELD, M.A.

W. CECIL SLINGSBY.

*Honorary Editor of Journal :*

WILLIAM T. PALMER,  
Beechwood, Kendal

*Honorary Treasurer :*

ALAN CRAIG, B.A.I.,  
Middleton Place, Bootle, R.S.O., Cumberland.

*Honorary Secretary :*

DARWIN LEIGHTON,  
4, Cliff Terrace, Kendal.

*Honorary Librarian :*

CHARLES GRAYSON.

*Members of the Committee :*

G. F. WOODHOUSE, M.A.

H. F. HUNTLEY.

H. B. LYON.

C. H. OLIVERSON.

J. P. ROGERS.

W. A. WOODSEND.

**Honorary Members :**

WILLIAM CECIL SLINGSBY, F.R.G.S.

W. P. HASKETT-SMITH, M.A.

CHARLES PILKINGTON, J.P.

PROF. J. NORMAN COLLIE, PH.D., F.R.S.

GEOFFREY HASTINGS.

PROF. L. R. WILBERFORCE, M.A.

GEORGE D. ABRAHAM.

CANON H. D. RAWNSLEY, M.A.

GEORGE B. BRYANT.

Rev. J. NELSON BURROWS, M.A.

GODFREY A. SOLLY.

HERMANN WOOLLEY.

## RULES.

1.—The Club shall be called "THE 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.

# MEMORIES OF OLD CUMBERLAND.

By MISS E. C. DOUGLAS-SELKIRK.

---

“And God saw everything that He had made, and behold  
it was very good.”

---

Travellers of all nations and climes will, I venture to think, endorse this expression of the earth's beauty. Wherever we go the wonders of God's creation are before our eyes, and the mind that is dead to the loveliness is indeed an object of pity! Alas! it is too often “Man only mars the sweet accord” by ruthless acts of vandalism and careless rejection.

I was actually born in Lancashire, but for all that I am of a true Cumbrian stock. My fore-elders, immediate and remote, hailed from the Lake Country. The Cumbrian folk are all related to each other, as every one who knows *anything* knows. It is quite easy to build up their genealogical tree. It begins with Adam.

I may say that my first climb was involuntary, and had to do with the Lakes before the railway made access to our part of the Lake Country easy. I do not remember the boat which took me out from the Port of Liverpool to the ship in which I was to be taken to the Port of Whitehaven, to visit a great-uncle. I do remember the shudder of horror on looking upwards, and seeing the black hull of a huge ship, up which a sailor was carrying me, and I clearly remember the confidence inspired when he held me closely in a tight grasp on perceiving my motion of terror. My age was three years. Of the name of the ship or life on board, or the visit to Beckermet, I remember nothing. My mother was a very noted beauty, one of a family of twelve, and grandfather spared her to his brother who was childless. Her name was Eleanor, and she was taking her first baby to her dear ones in Cumberland.

In 1856, while my father was away in Peru on H.M. service, we went to Cumberland to live for a time. The cause was a very sad one ; my mother had a mortal disease upon her, and it speaks for the true love of the mother's heart, that never once was our child life saddened by knowledge of her pain and suffering. As was very common in those days, my two baby sisters were sent to foster-parents, and only I and my only brother remained with mother. We were all in all to each other, and the bright nursery life we led both in Lancashire and in Cumberland was a great inspiration in after years, when carrying out a plan very dear to me, and approved by mother, though I was only eight years old at the time, that I should if possible devote my life to special work for God. At that time Bishop Barker was Bishop of Sydney, and contact with his relations at Gosforth made me desire missionary work in foreign lands. " Man proposes, but God disposes," and I never was able to go to the work abroad, for God had other work for me, as after events showed, and for many years I was isolated from my own friends, home, and relations, in carrying out what seemed to be God's call to me in particular, and only those who know and love our English lakes can in any way guess what it meant to be suddenly planted out on the North Downs of Berkshire, a lonely child of fifteen, who had elected to go there at the instance of the then Rector of Gosforth, the Rev. J. A. Cheese.

From babyhood our mother instilled into our hearts the beauty of the Lakes. The pictures in the home were of Lake Country scenery, and the colouring impressed us so much that it was a great delight to hear we were really going to live there, near all the friends and relations whom we seemed to know so well by hearsay.

Our house was taken on the heights above Gosforth, and we had a daily view of Scafell range, Buckbarrow, etc., and when the sun shone we could catch a gleam of Wastwater.

Our grandmother was a very stern old lady of the old school, who thought it quite against all good that a girl should have any liberty for roaming, but should be occupied only in her



WAST WATER.

lessons, or needlework, or learning to manage a household, to cook simples, and other things necessary for a good knowledge of home affairs.

At first mother could drive with us, and we were introduced to our relations at Ponsonby, Calderbridge, Egremont, Beckermeth, Braystones, Cleator-moor, Irton, Drigg, Holmrook, Muncaster, etc. At that time, though there were coal mines, yet they had not so disfigured some of these places as they do now, notably Cleator-moor and Flimby. Flimby was a place of great beauty, and now it is a mining village, and slag and furnaces make the place hideous, as it also does Cleator-moor. After a time mother was unable to go with us, and then it was she, by Doctor's advice, took a step not approved altogether by our elders. She found us a daily home above the Irton Fells, where we could go all day, do our lessons out of doors, and climb the fells at will.

We did not walk there as a rule, but went on ponies, or with any vehicle that was going our way. The road through Santon Bridge was notable for flowers of all kinds, and we loved it. All that neighbourhood was as a garden enclosed. Strangers seldom came; sometimes a chance climber came to visit. There were a good many gentlemen's seats all round, so that there was pleasant social life and company, and Gosforth was a village of some importance, full of life and vigour. All is changed now, the old friends are dead and gone, and their children have gone away to other parts of the land.

Seascale was our bathing place, and there was only the coastguard's house, Mrs. Tyson's little inn, and a railway station with few stopping trains, and when I went south my father drove me to Drigg at 3 a.m. that I might catch a train for Carnforth. We had to change again at Birmingham, and drive across to the G.W.R. station.

My first real climb (when eight years old) was up the Irton Fell. A very kind uncle, sympathising with my desire to get to the top of a mountain, thought the Irton Fell would be a good beginning. It was a fearsome climb to me, and I wept copiously, but could not be persuaded to go back. At last patience was rewarded, and my uncle's pleasure was as great

as mine when I reached the top, and instantly wanted to get to the next peak, and the one after that. Fear left me, and love conquered, and thenceforth the mountains had won my affection.

When my brother and I and some cousins were allowed to go and work on Irton Fell, and, when lessons were done well, go climbing, life began to take a new phase. All women and children could ride or drive in that neighbourhood, and we never wasted time walking on the roads if we could help it. We wanted to be on the heights. Irton Hall was a happy place open to us, and also Wasdale Hall. We knew every farm on the fells, and were sure of food at any time. We never asked for it, it was always offered, and to refuse it would have been an insult.

William Ritson was at Wasdale, but we did not care much for him ; he was rough in manner, and not attractive to children, and was always prophesying danger, and had no sympathy with our desire to climb. His wife was a dear, and whenever she saw us in Mosedale, she brought us delicious milk, and cake of her own making. Alas ! those cakes are things of the past, and we get none of them now. Last year at a little inn in Nether Wasdale where a cousin took me and another friend, we had by his arrangement a real old Cumberland meal for lunch, and how good it was !

Wasdale and Eskdale were as it were our early loves ; and then came Ennerdale. We were steeped in fairy lore as children, and also devoted to allegories. Consequently the quaint old legends of the lakes were of absorbing interest, and we played at history unwritten except by tradition or legend.

Eskdale had its own witch, who was responsible for much damage, specially in the way of upheavals, which had brought wild places and rocks into the neighbourhood, such as Hawl Ghyll and Mickledore.

Her name was Ethelwolfa, and she had a daughter Adelinda. Both were very beautiful women, and attracted the unwary to their sorrow and loss. They especially hated others to be happy, and did all in their power to bring about unhappiness. When everything else failed they raised violent tempests,

which brought destruction in their course, and often caused the home of the happy to be destroyed. Two lovers called Albert and Angelina were objects of hatred to these two, for Adelinda had made many efforts to win Albert to be her own, and he would not listen, but was true to his own noble love Angelina. In consequence the old witch kidnapped Angelina, and turned Albert to stone. The father and mother of Angelina were distracted at the loss of their daughter, and wandered everywhere seeking for some clue.

Meanwhile the witch was plotting the destruction of Arribert and Oroda (mother and father of Angelina), and one day met them to pretend to give help. Arribert suspecting the author of the mischief seized her, and was carried down into the water to be drowned, but he would not let the witch go. As they sank a large snake coiled round them, and suddenly the witch sank, and Angelina appeared. Overjoyed Oroda asked whence she had come, and she explained that she had been turned into a snake, and had brought about the witch's destruction. On inquiry for Albert, Angelina led them to a cave where were sleeping all sorts of noble people whom the witch had put to sleep, and there was Albert with others turned to stone. He and all were soon brought to life again, and the witch was dead, though her daughter remained with curtailed power to make what mischief she could.

How we roamed about the crags hoping to find the witches' cave!

One of our favourite haunts was Stanley Ghyll; it belonged to the Stanleys then, and a picnic there was a great treat. We had food, and climbed the sides of the Glen, and crossed and recrossed the bridges, and on one occasion a lady staying at the house near, came and sang to us near the water. Her song was "Annie Laurie," and I shall never forget the pleasure it gave to the whole party young and old.

Birker Force was another charming place.

The Screes were lovely, but we gave them a wholesome distance. We knew of course that fairies haunted screes, but these screes to us had a bad reputation. The Devil had a habitat there, and did not love children, and was delighted to



get them and throw them into the bottomless lake. We firmly believe it was bottomless, and had no mind to tempt the evil one to take us. He generally killed children by starting the stones rolling directly they set a foot on the screes.

We used, however, to approach by the Eskdale side, and peep over, in the hope of just catching a glimpse of his Satanic Majesty, of whom we had a perfect description from our nurse. We never did see him, though sometimes we caught sight from the bedroom window of fairies fitting over the screes in the moonlight.

Another tale of the Esk was that of Allen and Ellen, lovers who had sad misfortune. Allen was drowned the day he promised to marry Ellen, and she did not know why he had failed her for many days.

This knowledge sent her out of her mind, and she at last drowned herself, thinking he was calling her to join him.

She sprang forward ; but, ah ! the deep river  
Received her ! the struggle of life was soon o'er ;  
A moment she screamed, then was silent for ever,  
And poor hapless Ellen was heard of no more !

Another Wasdale story was that of Johnny Brown and Granny Bell.

It was a sort of Dives and Lazarus story. Johnny was a rich man, and Granny a very poor woman. She asked his help, and he refused it, and branded her as a witch, in order that she might be killed. He could not succeed, so he determined to take her life himself, but always failed. Once he started a witch hunt to destroy the old woman, and got men together to burn her house down, but when they got there

“ Disappointed was their rage,  
No witch to torture they behold ;  
For, on a lowly straw-made couch,  
Lay Granny Bell, both stiff and cold.”

One of our uncles often walked to Hawkshead, and we were allowed to “ set ” him on his way. When we had to go back, and leave him, we usually found our way to the small inn called the Woolpack, kept by Mr. Minichan, and we rode home on the pony, or in a carriage lent by friends.

Looking back I now realise how isolated life was in our neighbourhood, from the rest of the world. We were, so to speak self-contained ; strangers seldom came that way, and if they came over Sty Head, they often went back the same way.

Everything was done in our own boundaries, and we never went afield to buy. The beer drunk by the men was made from dandelions or nettles, and as I tried it I can bear witness to its being good, not to say hygienically so, though in those days we were not scientific, and it was all brewed at home. Candles were made when there had been a great sheep killing, before the winter set in. Hams of mutton were treated as the pork hams were, and smoked in the large chimney over peat fuel, and I consider it was a great delicacy. I never care for mutton now, my taste was spoiled for fresh mutton then. To me it was more like venison, of which we often had some from friends. Hares and other game were plentiful. Butter was salted down in the summer, and kept for winter use in special tubs. We watched all these things being done with the eagerness of children longing to help, and at times we were promoted to the dignity of helpers when jam was being made, or as we called it, preserve. Large nets were put out into the sea, and fixed in some way. Then the horses went in and dragged them out, and the fish was distributed around, and the less delicate sort was thrown on the middens, as not useful for food, such as flounders, or what is called plaice now.

The farmers allowed the village folk to grow potatoes on as large a piece of ground as they could manure. To my astonishment I noticed that the piece of ground allowed by the bailiff was never the same each year, and from this we learnt a great deal about the rotation of crops, for the bailiff was very kind in explaining and answering our questions. We knew the names of all the birds and the local names of flowers, and one of our governesses was meant to teach botany, but whether she did not make it interesting or not I cannot say, I only know we took exception to the long string of names we had to learn, and hated to see the dear flowers picked to pieces so ruthlessly.

Rabbits were abundant, and gladly given away. Skim milk cheeses were made, and eaten like bread. The difficulty of growing wheat made barley bread and haver (oat) bread the staple food of the village. We used often to exchange our wheat cakes in the village, for a loaf of barley bread, which we thought delicious. When a baby came, all kind inquirers were regaled with new haver bread and rum butter ! a toothsome concoction, which had the effect of making us take interest in every baby born. A christening feast was always a time of rejoicing, when friends and neighbours were called in, and a large punch bowl, generally of beautiful old china, was the chief table ornament. It is a fashion in the present day to cry down rum butter, but properly made, it is a dainty adjunct to haver bread. It is reported from Wasdale Head that one day the kind hostess desirous of providing her visitors from the south, who desired some Cumbrian fare, with a special dainty made rum butter, and they looked at it with disgust, and asked querulously if it was dripping ? They did not try it, and deserved to go without it. To our joy we were there soon enough after to regale ourselves with it, and it was a great treat.

Roaming over Wasdale and Scafell, Mickledore provided us with the dangers we desired to assure ourselves that we could climb. We had a cave there, where we hid Charles II, and took him food. As no one was anxious to personate him, it was arranged that he should be there in spirit, that we might take each our share in the danger of getting over a very sharp ridge, which needed great care to traverse safely. For some reason or other, auld Will Ritson was furious with us if he saw us on the rocks at the top of Yewbarrow. I never remember having any accident, or coming to any harm with all our scrambling. Children are very sure-footed, and to us, as of all children, the greater the risk the greater the charm. We acted parts of "Waverley," and many bits of history on the fells, a favourite one was bringing in the boar's head for Christmas dinner (not necessarily at Christmas time) from Sty Head, where tradition located boars.

Other expeditions took us to Ponsonby, Calderbridge, Egremont, etc. We loved to go to Ponsonby Hall, and to Captain Irwin's at Calder Abbey. We played in the ruins, and thought about the old inhabitants, and we were sure that Mary Queen of Scots had been there on her way to Maryport, or if she were not she ought to have been.

From Calder we could ride over Cold Fell to Ennerdale. It was a perfect ride on a fine day, and the outlook from the top of the fell was grand, including a sight of the Isle of Man, Scotland, and sometimes the North of Ireland. I was very delighted to renew my acquaintance with Cold Fell in 1912, and on a lovely clear day.

Ennerdale is more like Wasdale than any other lake, and one of our great pleasures there was that our own mountains showed us their other side. Exigencies of time kept us from doing any climbing in Ennerdale when we were young.

I remember an expedition to Keswick, one object being to see the lead mines at Borrowdale. We had a sort of breathless interest in Keswick, because we were told there was Walla Crag, where Jamie Lowther was immured for being so disagreeable to people, and tyrannical, and his ghost used to haunt the crag and frighten the folk. I hear his ghost was afterwards exorcised by the priest, and gave no frights afterwards. (Later it came to our knowledge that the "wicked Earl" is imprisoned in Walla Crag, Hawes Water, and not near Keswick at all.)

We saw the "Wad" mines and the Borrowdale Yews, also we climbed Lodoar, and the Bowder Stone (spelt in an old book as Bootha), and Lodore as above, and after that we went to Barrow House, and climbed the Barrow Falls. They are beautiful, though I believe the owner practically aided nature in making them so.

Egremont (the mount of sorrows) was another haunt of ours. The Roman traditions and the history of Sir Eustace de Lacy, of crusading fame, and his forgiveness of Hubert his brother, who had tried to take his castle and lands, interested us much, and Hubert's repentance was we felt sure, carried out at Calder Abbey. The ruins of the castle were much more interesting then than now.



FANNERDALE WATER.

At Calderbridge there was a large rookery, and at Ponsonby the parson was a hunting parson, who went about in hunting breeches and a Glengarry cap. He used to take funerals or marriages with a surplice, open down the middle, over his hunting costume.

To return to Gosforth. As all know, there is a Scandinavian cross, but it has been removed to another part of the churchyard ; also the old sundial from which some vandal has taken the copper face. It had no triangular piece on the top, but round its base there grew some long stiff grass which we used to put in the centre hole to discover the time by the shadow on sunny days.

In 1856, Gosforth was a very interesting place, full of life and vigour. The visit of the packman was a great event. He opened the pack in our hall, and every one pressed round, that dare. Many purchases were made by my aunt and friends who came in from near-by. I chiefly remember he sold tea which was 6s 6d a pound. Pieces of bath coating and Moire antique were much sought after, as well as other bargains. My aunt was fond of bargaining, and uncle used to pretend to be indignant about it. If she got the goods reduced, he said she was as bad a cheat as the man, because she really encouraged him to put on the price in order that he should take it off. Aunt, however, always preferred to think she had made a bargain. He also brought odds and ends, which we loved to buy. Both servants and villagers were excited about the packman, as well as the bigger people.

The Hiring Fair was a great event, to which we children looked forward. We were not allowed to go into the dancing room attached to each public house, of which there were four in the Square. The shepherds had crooks, the milkmaids stools, and the carters whips, and they stood round the Square, in groups, until they were hired. When business was done, then came the fun of the fair. The bright stalls, the swings, and the shows were very entrancing, but the dancing rooms were of course the Paradise, and we were the Peris shut out. These rooms were over the stables, and were entered by a stee (or ladder). The sounds of revelry all the afternoon, caused

by the fiddles and the dances, made us envious to a degree almost unbearable. They danced with all their hearts, and it was a very serious thing. School was not thought much of in the village. Boys and girls were too useful to waste their time in the school, and an old lame body called Jopson was provided with sustenance to take care of the little ones, and keep them out of mischief. The farmers sent their girls away to boarding school, but they often came home afterwards to help in the woman's work at the farm. Those, who like my mother did not approve of schools, had teachers in the house, and generally each took a subject, and the children met at different houses to have the special subject.

There was a peripatetic old dancing master called Brocklebank who used to go from place to place teaching dancing. He had centres and Gosforth was one. Every one went and he came about every three years, and he hired one of the barns in *Gosforth bottom*. Lessons were neglected, and what joy came to us, when the Channel Fleet being in home waters father could come home and arrange that we too should join the class and learn real step-dancing for reels, jigs, country dances, and more stately minuets, quadrilles, etc. How we revelled in these lessons, though it was by no means play-work. The steps took some learning, and if we were not very quick, the old man's fiddle bow came sharply across the ankles, and quickened our efforts. Each country dance had five or six special steps, and the hornpipes and jigs were very involved. At the end of three months the lessons were over, and then a kind of ball was held. A raised platform was made at the end of the room, and friends came to see the performance of what we had learnt. We were all dressed in costumes to suit the dance, and some had constantly to change. I remember dancing the Fisherman's Hornpipe in costume. This step-dancing was a serious matter, and when I see people shuffling their feet, and pretending they are dancing country dances, I think of Brocklebank and what he would say!

Easter brought Pace Eggs. This was a great social event, for all ranks joined in the fray. The dyeing of the pace eggs was the first business. Boiled in onion skins they came out

in wonderful shades of yellow, a little lard was rubbed on, and they were polished with a duster. Others were dyed in Peruvian bark, and other colours.

Easter Monday was a great day. We went into Lescow meadows to challenge the possessors of eggs. Two children stood opposite each other, and then knelt down, and choosing an egg rolled them to meet each other. The shock of meeting was the test, and if a shell broke that egg lost a point. When all was over broken eggs were counted, and whoever had the most unbroken won the game. Salt was provided, and all the broken eggs were supposed to be eaten. This was not always possible, and was often productive of internal commotion.

All-Hallow E'en was a great festival, and the customs were many and various, some simple and productive of fun. Revelry was the order of the night, and some were very terrifying customs, such as going to the churchyard to see the ghosts, or looking through a looking-glass to see your future husband, etc.

At Christmas we had the mummers. They visited all houses, and dressed themselves in gorgeous array. St. George was the leader, and he brought with him a doughty set of knights from the round table, with King Arthur, also Nelson, Collingwood, Robin Hood, Marlborough, and others. History was much mixed, but who cared for chronology on such occasions. The great thing was to provide a hero for each boy. The difficulty was to find a place where they could all get in. They gave great pleasure, and were sent away laden with good things.

The sheep washing and shearing was a great event, and a big entertainment to us. Candle making and beer brewing and bread making were all sources of pleasure. The bread was baked in large ovens, first heated with "Yak" sticks (oak). They were set on fire and reduced to ashes, then raked out with a Corleck (a rake without teeth) and the bread instantly put in. The door was at once shut, and the whole of the recess where the door was, was covered with clay to keep in the heat.

We used to persuade the cook to let us know when these doings



were about, and we generally managed to get out of the school-room in time to see the bread taken out.

The making of haver (oat) bread was watched with care. It was baked on a girdle, and required skill to do it well.

I read in a modern book that some one thought that the cupboards in the wall in Cumberland houses were for keeping cheese in, and were near the fireplace. That was not our experience, the cupboard near the fire was for the haver-meal, which was kept in a special box. The preparation of oatmeal is important, the oats are first roasted like coffee, and the roasted grain is called Schelings (ch.hard), and eaten with Demerara sugar is delicious. When ground into meal it is important to keep it crisp and dry, and therefore the cupboard is near the fire.

The cottages as well as the farmhouses were provided with open fireplaces where peat was the chief fuel. A large iron shaft working on hinges, which could be pulled out to hang the pots over the fire, was fixed at the side of the fireplace, and the pot was suspended by a chain, which could be raised or lowered. In this pot of iron all sorts of dainties were cooked, from a fruit cake to a "hot-pot." The pot was lowered into the peat, and the iron lid put on. This lid was covered with peat embers, and only those who know the taste of cakes or meat cooked with peat can appreciate how good they each were.

Early rising was the general rule. We got up with the daylight, and went to bed with the dark. Light was not brilliant where there were only candles for illumination. We were too old-fashioned to care for other light, and it was a great expense to have a really good light from candles only. There was no need for a Daylight Saving Bill in those days. I think it accounts for strong and good eyesight.

At the proper season fox hunting began, and we were all excitement. Oh! the joy of it when we went up to Wasdale Hall, and were able to go out and watch the hunters and the hounds. How merry it all was, the hark-a-way! the tongues of the dogs when the find came, the pink of many of the hunters,

and generally the run was on foot. The boys were allowed to run and get in at the kill, but that was a privilege not allowed to girls.

Many superstitions survived when we were young, and not the least objection of the opening up of the country was the dispersal of all these old beliefs. 'Statesmen are all gone, and their descendants do not hold the same proud position, but they have left a race behind where the same traditions of hospitality remain and the same honesty of dealing prevails.

I have been asked to describe a real old-fashioned Cumberland funeral, and it may be of interest. I will describe my mother's funeral. I was only ten, and it will be understood what a terrible event it was to us. Even to-day the grief is as fresh as ever, and I owe to the fells a deep debt of gratitude for comfort in that awful time. She wished to be buried in the old way, and her desire was carried out. First, there was the ceremony of bidding, and this took three days. Next all must walk to the funeral, so that friends coming in carriages from a distance had to put up the horses.

The bidding was a very curious custom, and required arrangement. Round a certain area three from each household were bidden. The formula was to knock at the door, and when the door opened say: "Three from this house are bidden to the funeral of . . . ." Then a larger area was arranged, and two from each house were bidden, and in a larger range one was bidden.

A house was hired outside our gates, where tables were laid, and tea and cakes provided for those bidden. This did not include personal friends and relations, who were very numerous, and of course came to the house.

The meal began at 10-30 a.m., and lasted in relays of people till 2 p.m. All sat down and had a good meal, sometimes rich people gave wine and cake instead of tea, but tea was a greater luxury at that time.

The day before the funeral those from the village who wished to do so, came to see mother in her coffin. She lay dead for one week, which again was an old custom, and we were kept in our nursery with the blinds down, and not allowed to go out.

When the men came to seal the coffin, we were taken to see mother. We had only been told she had gone away, and when grandmother came in and said "would you like to see mother?" I was startled, and said "But she is not here." And then I was afraid she would go again, and hastily said "Yes, please."

Twenty-four men came up to the house with large black silk scarves. They were the bearers, and when the dear body had been taken down into the hall we were carried downstairs swathed in crape and black from head to foot. I ought to say the large black silk scarf with black kid gloves were presented to all the mourners, and the priest of the parish, and were worn. I have heard that many priest's wives got black silk dresses from the number of scarves given to their husbands at funerals.

When all the relations and friends had formed into procession we set off to the village, which was a long way down. At the large gates leading into the village square, the clerk met us, with the singers, and I shall never forget the sight of that square filled with people. As we came through the gates I distinctly heard some one say "Here come the dear children." The clerk then gave out two lines of the hymn, and every one sang them, and waited for him to give out two more lines. It seemed such a long weary way, and we only stopped while the bearers changed. At last we came to the hill where the church came in sight, and the bell began to toll, and went on till we reached the Lych gate where Mr. Pinder met us, and began "I am the Resurrection and the Life." After a long reading and prayers in church, we all went out into the churchyard, and the body was taken to the spot mother had chosen for herself, where it now lies alone, far from her own friends. When the last prayers had been said, the bells were pealed, not tolled, and I was told afterwards by Mr. Pinder she wished this.

Many years after I was told there had never been such a funeral since.

Another old custom was for each family to keep a pair of white linen sheets for the dead, and when a dead body was in the house everything was covered with white cloths. All the

house doors, which usually stood wide open, were kept closed out of respect for the dead till the funeral.

In February, 1865, before I went to the south, there was the only accident I remember at the lakes. The Hon. Lennox Butler, hearing of the beauty of Wasdale, went over Sty Head to see it, and went to the Ritsons. He climbed Scafell Pike, and next day left for Keswick, meaning to climb on Great Gavel on his way back. He was not missed at Wasdale, but Mrs. Bell of Portinscale wondered why he did not return, as he had arranged, to her inn. She sent to ask the Ritsons, and a search party was formed and dogs taken to help. One of the dogs found the body at the foot of Great Gavel, covered with snow. Mr. Butler had slipped in a gully and fallen 200 feet. This made a great sensation, as mountain accidents then were almost unknown.

Climbers are indeed blessed, in their sight and vision of beauty; they know that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," more than any other. Cumberland, with its wealth of lakes, fells, and rocks, is a climber's paradise. The enterprise inculcated by climbing is a valuable asset in making life vigorous and full of vital energy. It is true many have been called away from earth on the mountain, but they would hardly have wished it to be otherwise.

I once had the privilege of hearing a sermon on the death of one who lost his life on the Alps. The preacher took for his text "Jesus bringeth them up to a high mountain apart," and he deprecated people thinking that because climbing had an element of danger, it should be avoided. He thought climbing was one of the finest developments of mind and body. He pointed out that danger did not make a thing necessarily unwise, and climbing means enterprise; the conquering of difficulties; the self-subdual which self-discipline brings in its train; the subordination of the body to the mind, bringing the body into subjection. We are told that they who go down into the waters see the wonders of the Lord, and is this not true also for the climber who ascends those mountains, grand and awesome in their loveliness and loneliness. He will learn there that in no better place can

a man be called home to his Master, if his life has responded to the Master's pattern.

May we not wisely offer the poet's prayer as we gaze on the beauty of our Lake Country, mountains and lakes, and think of the love they represent, and say with him :—

“THOU, who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out THEE,  
And read THEE everywhere.”

## TRESPASSING.

By T. W. HANSON.

The wail of the Pewit's lonely dirge  
Is drear o'er the upland ings ;  
The back'ning bark of the startled grouse,  
The whirr of its rapid wings ;  
The wind has a tinge of winter yet,  
The clouds are a lowering grey ;  
Sombre and sable the moor is clothed,  
And its face is grave not gay.

I'm tired of my granite-setted life,  
I'm sick in my narrow cell,  
Routine and laws are anathema,  
Let me be free for a spell.  
Though I cannot call a hill mine own,  
I stand on a Pennine ridge,  
And look down on the city-ful plain,  
A man—partly god, part midge.

## MORE ABOUT THE BUTTERMERE CLIMBS.

By HERBERT P. CAIN.

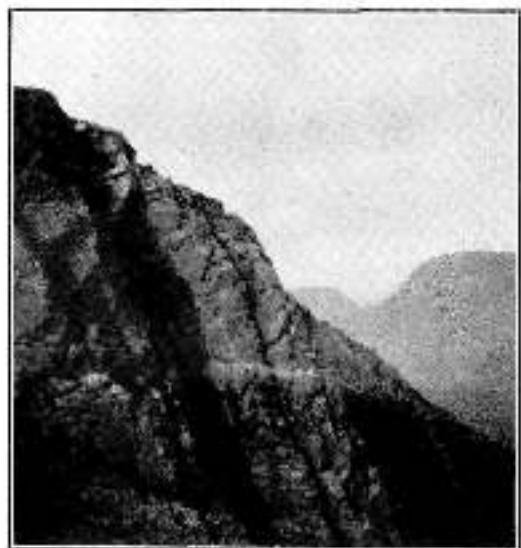
---

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Oppenheimer's alluring accounts of the Buttermere climbs, not only in Vol. II, No. 2 of this Journal, but also in the *Climber's Club Journal*, and, last but not least, in his delightful and workmanlike "Heart of Lakeland," have not succeeded in attracting more of our members to that Valley. The writer cannot account for this strange neglect, but the fact remains that the Buttermere book has, until recently, been almost a blank.

Last year the meet at Buttermere was a failure, and not a single member recorded his attendance, but with the approach of August 2nd, the date fixed for the meet this year, two or three who knew the valley and appreciated its delights canvassed some of the members. The result was a fine meet of some fifteen, who were favoured with glorious weather and warm, dry rocks.

This is not the place to record in detail all the climbs, and those who climbed them—that record is inserted in its proper place, the Climbing Book—but with the exception of the Toreador Gully all the recognised ascents were made, while several new courses yielded to attack.

Dealing first with Chapel Crag, an alternative approach, when the stream is small in volume, is straight up the bed of Sour Milk Ghyll. The way for the first 400 or 500 feet lies up the slabs usually covered by the stream. These slabs are fairly steep and worn smooth by the water, but are not difficult, and should one come off a convenient pool is generally a few feet below. The ordinary route through the wood and up the steep fell side probably takes less time, but is a "grind," and hot. On reaching Bleaberry Tarn few will resist its mute invitation to a bathe.



*Photos.*

*By H. P. Coon.*

**HIGH CRAG, BUTTERMERE.**

The only new climb done here was the gully referred to by Mr. Oppenheimer, Vol. II, No. 2, page 173 of the Journal, on the right of Bleaberry Chimney. This was climbed by George, Avery, and Allsupp, who found the first pitch stiff, and the leader climbed it on a slack rope. The large stones at the back of the cave look rather shaky, but were tested and proved quite firm. The key to the ascent of the overhanging chockstone is a foothold high up on the left wall, using which the last few feet can be backed up. The second pitch, though mossy and wet, proved fairly simple, and an easy way up is also available by traversing the right wall of the gully. From the second pitch to the top of the crags is simply a scree pound with one or two slight rises of a few feet each. Everything, however, is dangerously loose, and probably the safest way is up a scoop on the right wall, the first 30 feet being rock, the remainder grass. "Chapel Crag Gully" has been the name suggested for this climb.

Of Bleaberry Chimney, the next climb on the right, little need be said. Two parties climbed it, and encountered no very great difficulty. No details are given in the published descriptions of this climb, and this is almost inevitable, since the climb consists of a long narrow chimney, forming practically one long pitch. There are no good belays, and the stances are not very satisfactory, whilst loose stones are much in evidence. It is a climb requiring a good and careful leader.

The first pitch in Central Chimney is fairly simple, but an attack on the mossy and wet second pitch proved unsuccessful and an inspection from above showed the landing to be from slimy walls on to loose stones, lying on the edge of the pitch. Even O. G. Jones described it as "very severe," and it looks worse from above than from below.

Black Chimney was both ascended and descended, and provided interesting sport. The loose stones mentioned by Jones on the top of the second pitch are no longer in evidence. Some good climbs appear to exist upon the buttresses on both sides of Black Chimney, and a certain amount of exploration was done. The buttress on the left can be crossed quite easily, and a small crack descended into Black Chimney between the



two pitches. The right-hand buttress can then be reached by means of a scoop up the right wall.

Birkness Combe provided the best sport of the meet. Birkness Gully furnishes a fine climb, and it is a pity that it is not accorded a place in the list of "standards." Mr. Oppenheimer places it ("Heart of Lakeland," page 80) immediately below Black Chimney, High Stile, in the order of difficulty, but judging from the descriptions of it, it merits a much higher place. One member is of opinion that two or three pitches are omitted in the published accounts!

The ascent of Birkness Chimney was quite the toughest proposition encountered. Mallinson, who climbed it with four others on June 1st, reported in the Climbing Book "dislodgement of important handhold at start of difficult pitch, which was most essential for swinging in to chimney for backing up, unless the leader be of more than average reach a shoulder would appear."

This was, of course, remembered when the severe pitch was reached, but the party were not prepared for the absence, in addition, of the "small stone jammed fast high up in the crack at the back of the cave," behind which the rope has, up to now, been threaded. However, George stood on a foothold on the left wall, and leaned against the right wall. Bishop then climbed on to his shoulders, and was by this means just able to reach the all important handhold on the right wall, and draw himself up. The rest of the party then followed, but the last man of any future party will be well advised to make use of the rope, the only alternative being a jump for the handhold on the right.

On August 10th and 11th Bishop and J. C. Woodsend found several new face climbs on the crags in Birkness Combe to the right (looking up) of Eagle Crag. From some points of view they bear a certain resemblance to portions of the Napes or Gable, and for the most part are on good rough rock. The climbs are well seen from a point in the middle of Birkness Combe, just before the level of the foot of Eagle Crag is reached, and it is from this point that the diagram inserted and referred

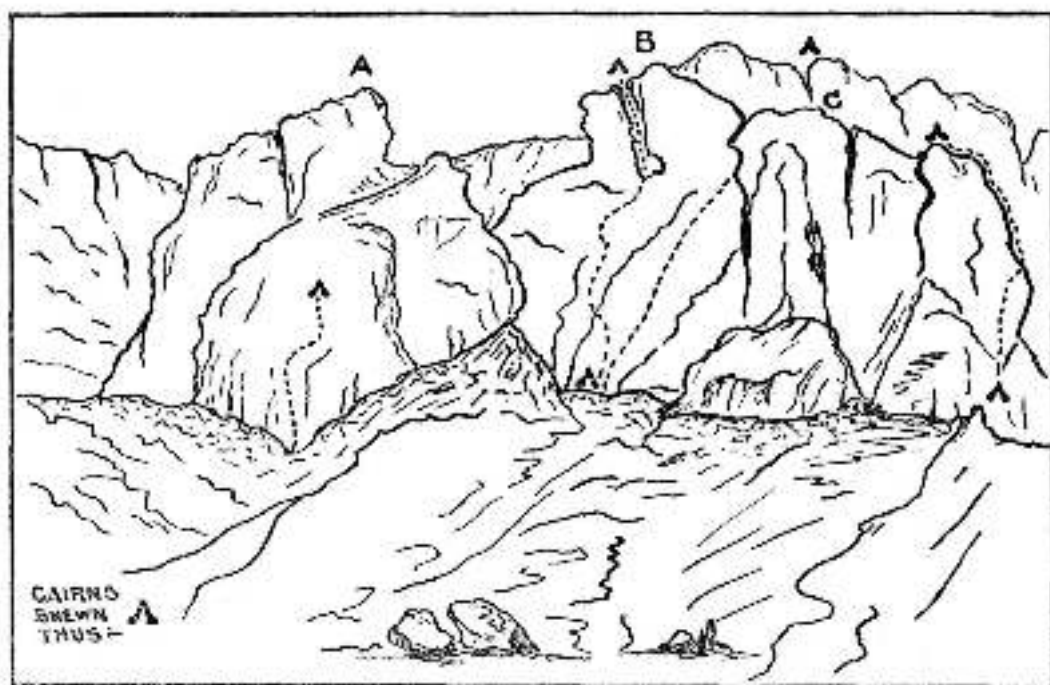


DIAGRAM OF THE NEW FACE CLIMBS.

to was made. Unfortunately, no photograph exists showing the crags sufficiently to allow of the routes being marked thereon.

A. With the exception of a route at the lowest part, and marked in the diagram, which gives about 100 feet of good climbing, this mass gives nothing more than rough scrambling. Towards the finish of the route a traverse is made to the right (some blocks should be tested), and the cairn marking the finish is soon attained.

B. **SLABS CLIMB.** This is over 200 feet in length, and is the best climb on this face. After an ascent of eight feet from the cairn (built at the lowest part of the crags), it does not appear possible to climb directly upwards, and a traverse should therefore be made around the corner on the right, then on the wall of a gully until a narrow perpendicular groove about six feet long and fairly difficult gives access to a vegetation covered platform about 35 feet from the cairn at foot. On the back wall of the platform is a belay. From this point the face of the slabs is gained by climbing slightly to the left up two corners, thence to some large detached blocks, where another belay will be found. These blocks should be passed on the left, and a way made as directly as possible to some perched blocks at the foot of a 60 feet corner, which bends slightly to the left, and which can be seen from the foot of the slabs. The ascent of this corner necessitates a run out by the leader of 60 feet, but from the top the cairn at the finish is easily reached. The climb is difficult.

**GREEN GULLY.** This course lies on the right of the slabs between B and C Buttresses, and has two fairly stiff little pitches.

The corner near the finish of the Slabs Climb on B also shows slight scratches, its foot having probably been reached by traversing from the Green Gully, high up.

C. This buttress appears too loose and broken up in some parts, and too uncompromising in others to afford much sport, but high up the ridge on the extreme right is the Arête Climb of about 120 feet. From the cairn at the foot the route lies up a nose of rock for some 20 feet to a green ledge with a belay.

A traverse round the corner on the right is then made, and the ascent completed on that side to the cairn at the top. This climb is fairly difficult. The rocks above C afford several short scrambles, including a chimney with a cairn at the exit. Above the gully dividing A and B, and high up on the right, is a slab inclined at an easy angle, with down sloping holds.

Of these new climbs only the 100 feet on A and the short chimney on the rocks above C bear any trace of previous parties.

The foregoing notes on the new climbs are taken from the account in the Buttermere Climbing Book, by Bishop and Woodsend, by whom also the sketch accompanying this article was inserted. The writer in September last paid a visit to Birkness Combe from Ennerdale, with a view to identifying the climbs, and was surprised to find a party of three busily engaged thereon. It was gratifying to see the climbs already visited, but on inquiry from Mr. A. C. Pigou, the leader of the party, the writer found that the crags were an old preserve of his, and that he had climbed on them for two years. The traces of previous parties observed by our members on two of the routes are therefore those left by Mr. Pigou and his friends, but no record had been made up to the present.

Coming now to the Haystacks, Stack Ghyll gave grand sport to a party of five. It was practically bone-dry—too dry in fact, as the party in it would have welcomed a drink—and only two loose blocks were discovered. Both were sent down by the last man, and will not trouble future parties. This Ghyll has scarcely had its merits properly recognised. "British Mountain Climbs" dismisses it with the remark "There are four good pitches, and the first one afforded serious resistance to the untiring pioneers." The climb is fully 400 feet, and the work hard and very interesting from bottom to top. It is safe to say were it near Wasdale it would prove one of the most popular courses in the district. A word of warning is given to those who may be inclined to think that the first pitch is the hardest. When once the rope is threaded behind the overhanging chockstone—and a stick will be found useful in effecting this—the pitch is fairly simple and absolutely

safe. But the succeeding pitches are all distinctly difficult, and the top one, if climbed as indicated in Mr. Oppenheimer's account in "The Heart of Lakeland," pages 56 and 57, is probably the hardest. In the present instance the party being short of time the easiest means of escape apparent was taken, and an exit made on the left. This is the way indicated by Mr. Oppenheimer in Vol. II, No. 2 of our Journal, page 170. In Jones' "Rock Climbing," third edition, page 349, the exit on the right-hand side, by which the pitch was first climbed, is described.

**WARN GHYLL.** This is only mentioned to utter an emphatic warning against its attempted ascent. It was climbed, it is true, during the meet, the course followed being that described by Mr. Oppenheimer in his article in Vol. II, No. 2 of the Journal, but the party concerned were afterwards unanimously of opinion that the rottenness of the rock in the fourth pitch—which is the hardest—made the climb utterly unsafe. Large chunks of rock are only awaiting a touch to bring them down, and there is but little shelter for those below. "The Heart of Lakeland," pages 82-86, contains a full account of the first ascent, and it is to be hoped that this, coupled with experiences which other parties have enjoyed (?) in this ghyll, will deter climbers from further attempts.

**GREEN CRAG GULLY** was descended.

**FLEETWOOD GULLY** (direct) was ascended, as was Yew Crag Gully, Dale Head. What is described in the Climbing Book as the "unclimbable" pitch in the last named was avoided on the right.

**GABLE CRAG** and **PILLAR** also received due attention, and one member is anxious "to see Mr. Oppenheimer for five minutes to tell him my idea of the walk from Buttermere to Pillar Rock." The writer thinks  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours good going, with  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours for the return. Gable Crag can be reached *via* Warnscale in  $2\frac{3}{4}$  hours, and the return from the foot of the Central Gully *via* Scarf Gap takes 2 hours 10 minutes. Some members may think that these times place Gable and Pillar out of court as far as Buttermere is concerned—argue not with such, but if

opportunity serves, remind them gently of their opinions, when they are in Skye, and trying to win Blaven or the Bidein druim nan Ramh from the Sligachan Hotel. Gable and Pillar will then be nearer to Buttermere than Doe Crag to Coniston.

Buttermere is well worth a visit, not only for the climbs, but for its simple beauty, its quietude and peace—save at mid-day when the coaches come in from Keswick—and its glorious fell walks. There is plenty of room for exploration for those who can spare the time, and for those who can't, and have done all the standard courses—well! has anyone ever repeated Mr. Haskett-Smith's ascent of Friar's Ghyll, Mellbreak?

## THE PYRENEES.

By J. R. THACKRAH and R. CRAIGIE.

---

To see much of the peaks and passes of the Spanish Pyrenees you must be prepared to rough it a little. Roads are few, such inns as there are are not near enough to the mountains to form a convenient base of operations, and huts equipped for climbers do not exist, except one of a rather primitive nature under the Maladetta. The opulent may travel with a tent, but this, besides being expensive, involves the company of several mules, and the men attendant thereon, a companionship irksome to many. A much better procedure is that recommended by Mr. Belloc in his book on "The Pyrenees." This requires no camping equipment beyond a blanket and a pannikin, and if desirable a wine gourd. The traveller lives on bread, sausage (the French "saucisson"), and soup made from soup-tablets, and sleeps in the open air by a big fire, sheltered by a rock or a tree.

We carried out this plan to a considerable extent on our first trip in the Pyrenees, which was over the frontier ridge from Ax-les-Thermes, into and through Andorra, then by Seo-de-Urgel and Esterri and back over the ridge to France and civilisation at Bagneres de Luchon. We enjoyed our tramp very much, but we found that carrying the necessary amount of bread, etc., for several days, in addition to our rucksacks and their contents, under the blazing sun, was excessively fatiguing and on our subsequent visits we fell back for aid on the mule. Our practice was to engage a man and animal to carry our rucksacks and provisions to the spot we selected for a camping ground and then send them back. This enabled us to provide ourselves with something more palatable than bread and sausage of salt pig and garlic, which soon became unappetising.

It is prudent, when camping in this way, to have in the not too remote distance, a cabane, which is a rude hut, chimneyless and windowless, built by the shepherds for a refuge from bad

weather. A cabane is not an ideal abode, but if it is possible to light a fire in it, it is passable when the elements are unpropitious, or if wood is too scarce to admit of the maintenance of the big fire which a bivouac in the open air demands. We were able thus to spend a considerable time in the heart of some of the finest scenery of the Spanish Pyrenees, visiting the Maladetta group, the Posets (the second in height of the range), and to investigate the southern side of Mont Perdu.

The Aneto, which is the highest of the Pyrenees (11,160 feet), may be ascended from Luchon by passing the night at the Renclus hut (all but 7,000 feet), where we were regaled with meals which were amazingly good when the remoteness of the situation is taken into account. If the night is passed at the Renclus it is better not to sleep in the hut itself, but in the open air in a walled enclosure close by. The cliff overhangs so much that rain need not be feared, and a fire can be kept up all night. From the hut the ascent is not difficult; we accomplished it without a guide, relying on Schrader's map. A steep climb up and among rocks and patches of snow took us to a gap in a ridge, the "Portillion," and a scramble down from this brought us to the glacier. We roped for the passage of this, but our precaution seemed hardly necessary, for such crevasses as we saw, lay well to the left of our route, on which crevasses were either non-existent or were completely filled with snow, which was unusually plentiful in 1910. The trudge over the glacier accomplished, we had a very steep snow-slope to mount, not steep enough, however, to be dangerous. Then came the most interesting bit of the ascent the "Pont de Mahomet," a rock ridge about eighty yards long, with precipices on either hand. The actual peak is at the end of this ridge. As to the merits of the view, we were unable to form an opinion, for the summit was enveloped in cloud, and a vicious little snow-storm attacked us while we waited. It was only local. We followed our footprints down to the more level part of the glacier, on which was no mist, and so without difficulty back to the flesh pots of the Renclus.

Some ten or twelve miles from the Renclus, down the valley of the Esera, is the town of Venasque. The road to it is, for

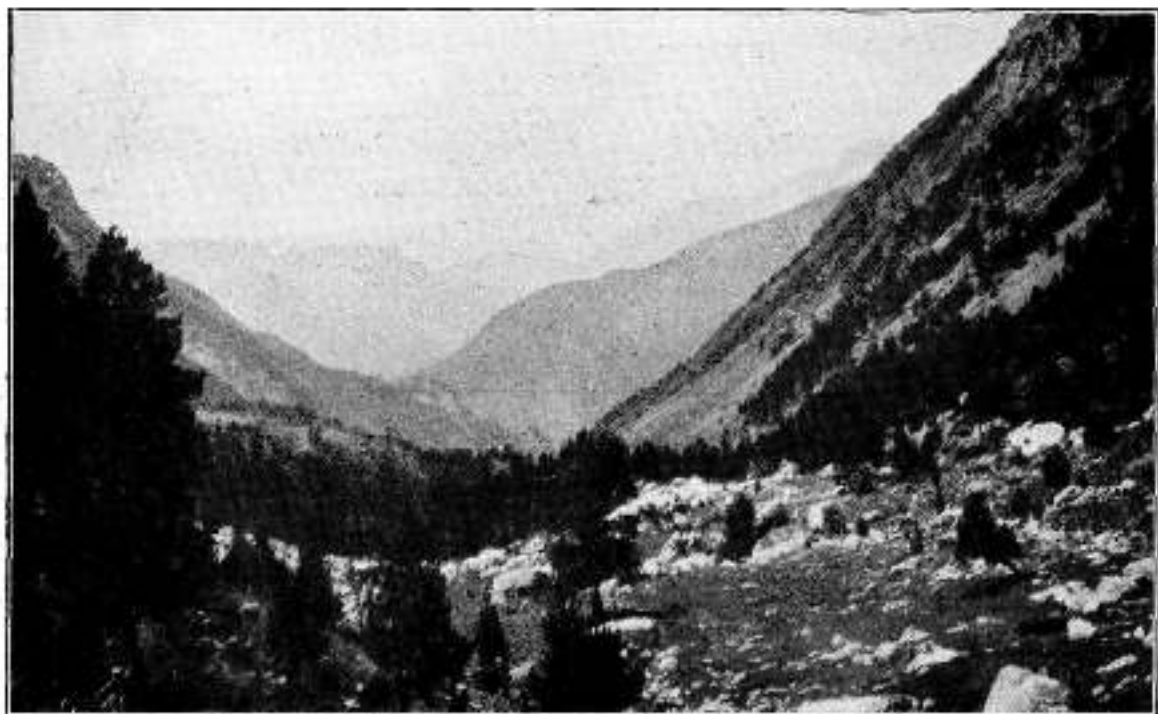


the most part, a mule track of exasperating roughness. A few miles down the valley appears a broad, smooth, and well-made road, which in a short distance vanishes, and the mule track reappears. This kind of thing is common in the Spanish Pyrenees. The mule-owning influence seems to be too powerful to permit the construction of a continuous stretch of road which would allow wheeled vehicles to come high up the valleys.

Venasque is a convenient place in which to rest, and serves as a starting point for the peaks and valleys of the Maladetta and Posets groups. A few miles to the north-east is the valley of the Malibierne, abounding in flowers and butterflies. Here is abundance of wood and water, and cabanes for refuge in bad weather. From it the Maladetta peaks can be climbed up their southern slopes, which are steeper and more difficult than those on the north. There is also a good peak, the Pic de Malibierne, well over ten thousand feet. We tried it from the E.S.E., but were defeated by a thunderstorm, followed by clouds. We were near enough to the summit to see that the ascent, though rough, is of no difficulty.

From the Malibierne we returned to Venasque. This town is of appalling filthiness, but the Hotel Casino, though rather primitive in some respects, is by no means bad. The cooking is excellent, and the proprietor, Señor Azcon, is untiring in his efforts to be of use to his guests. From Venasque we, in different years, made two expeditions to the grand valley of the Astos, which penetrates some of the loftiest and wildest of the Pyrenees. In this valley is a large cabane, the Cabane de Thurmo, which we found of great service one evening when a thunderstorm, of genuine Pyrenean fury, drove us from our camp. Another cabane, the Cabane de Soldats, at the foot of the Port d'Oo, was occupied by us for a few days, as we were too high up the valley for wood to be abundant enough to allow of a fire in the open.

The best expedition from the Astos valley is to the Posets, the Punta de Lardana of the Spaniards. This peak lies remote from any town or village, and is the culminating point of a wilderness of rock and snow. Our first attempt was a failure.



*Photo by*

**VIEW DOWN VAL DE MALIBIERNE. THE PYRENEES.**

*Dr. Swindells.*

We were ignorant of the best route, and got on to a great scree, which took such a long time to traverse that when we finally saw our route clear to the summit we judged we had not time enough for the ascent if we were to get back to camp before dark, so we contented ourselves with returning *via* Lac Bardamino, a circular route of much interest. Our next attack was successful. We left the Cabane de Soldats one morning about six, and took a south-westerly direction, slanting up the northern slopes. We climbed over grass at first, then over slopes of tiring loose stones, and reached the snow fields at a height of something over 9,000 feet. Passing through a gap in a rocky ridge, we came upon the uppermost part of the glacier, which lies in a basin, shut in by dark red cliffs. The upper part of the glacier was very steep, but we encountered no crevasses, and the bergschrund which Packe, in his "Guide to the Pyrenees," says cuts off the glacier from the ridge, did not trouble us as we found an excellent place to cross. The summit must be reached by scaling this ridge, which approaches the precipitous. We found it very rotten; almost everything we grasped was loose, and we had to be very careful about handholds. Stones streamed in showers down to the glacier below us, marring its whiteness with dark, unsightly streaks. We had no guide with us, and were consequently not sure that we were taking the best route, but found, to our gratification, that our line of ascent led us straight up to the actual summit, 11,040 feet above the sea. Here we found a small cairn and a book with the names of previous climbers (they were very few). The view was very grand, but savage. Not a vestige of civilisation was in sight, though we looked over an immense area; such habitations as there were being hidden in the deep valleys. A few fleecy clouds floated about the near summits, but shut off little of the prospect. The summit ridge of the mountain is a narrow, rugged, disintegrated arête. The time of sunset was approaching, and we had to think of descending. Our experience of the ridge we had ascended had filled us all with a desire to go down by some other route, and, as the ridge was lower at its eastern end, we made for that part of it, to find, after a good deal of rough clambering, that it

broke off perpendicularly. We returned to the cairn, having lost about an hour. Other sides of the mountain were inspected to the best of our ability, and it became evident that we must descend by the way we had come up, or stay for the night on the mountain. We were by no means equipped for a night on an exposed ridge eleven thousand feet above the sea, so we finally faced the descent, which proved to be much easier than we had anticipated. Tons of rock preceded us, but we reached the glacier in safety. A rapid descent over splendid snow brought us to the screes as darkness was coming on. By the feeble light of a pocket electric lamp we groped our way over those terrible stones for two or three hours, and finally abandoning the attempt to reach our camp that night, sat down on some knife-edged rocks, and, like St. Paul, "wished for day." We had no wraps beyond thin waterproof capes; we were thirsty, and the roar of the torrent some unknown depth beneath us was very aggravating. The night was cold and the dawn was heralded by rain, but light came at last, and we made for our camp, each by a different route. We all three met at the welcome cabane, the fire was set going, the pan and the soup tablets, the bread and cold chicken appeared, and after a hearty breakfast we lay down on our couch of pine twigs and slept till mid-day.

From the Astos valley it is possible to reach Gavarnie, the show-place of the Pyrenees, in about four days. The first day is occupied in the crossing of the Port de Gistain. (The way is not easy to find if mist is on the pass.) This takes some six to seven hours. Down the valley on the other side is a village, El Plan. What the inn accommodation here is like we do not know, for we had the good fortune to arrive at a private house, the Hospice de Gistain, some miles short of El Plan, about half-past ten at night. Mistaking it for an inn, we demanded food and lodging, which were generously and hospitably accorded by the French gentleman who was at the time living there, and was entertaining a French shooting party. From the Hospice de Gistain, a pass, the Col de la Cruz, leads to the village of Bielsa, where there is fair inn accommodation at the Pellos. From the village one may go up the Val de



*Photo by*

POSETS AND ITS GLACIERS, THE PYRENEES.

*L. S. Swainson.*

Pinede, with its wonderfully steep precipices of 4,000 feet, to the magnificent Cirque de Bielsa, under the southern cliffs of Mont Perdu. This mountain can be climbed from this, the Spanish side, though the first part of the ascent, up the cliffs of the Cirque to the glacier, *via* the cascade, looked stiff. From the Cirque de Bielsa two passes, the Port de Pinede (very steep and rugged), and the Breche d'Allanz, lead over, through grand scenery to Gavarnie.

Another excellent expedition was the passage of the Port d'Oo (9,850 feet), from the Val d'Astos. The views from the summit of the pass are magnificent. A considerable amount of snowfield and glacier is met with on the northern side of the pass, and four tarns are passed on the descent; the first being the half-frozen Lac Glacé d'Oo, and the last the exquisite Lac d'Oo, a tarn of clear, green water, deep-set in rocks and woods, with a splendid waterfall dropping about nine hundred feet, in one great leap, into its southern end.

From the Lac d'Oo to Luchon is a long and tedious journey, better ridden than walked.

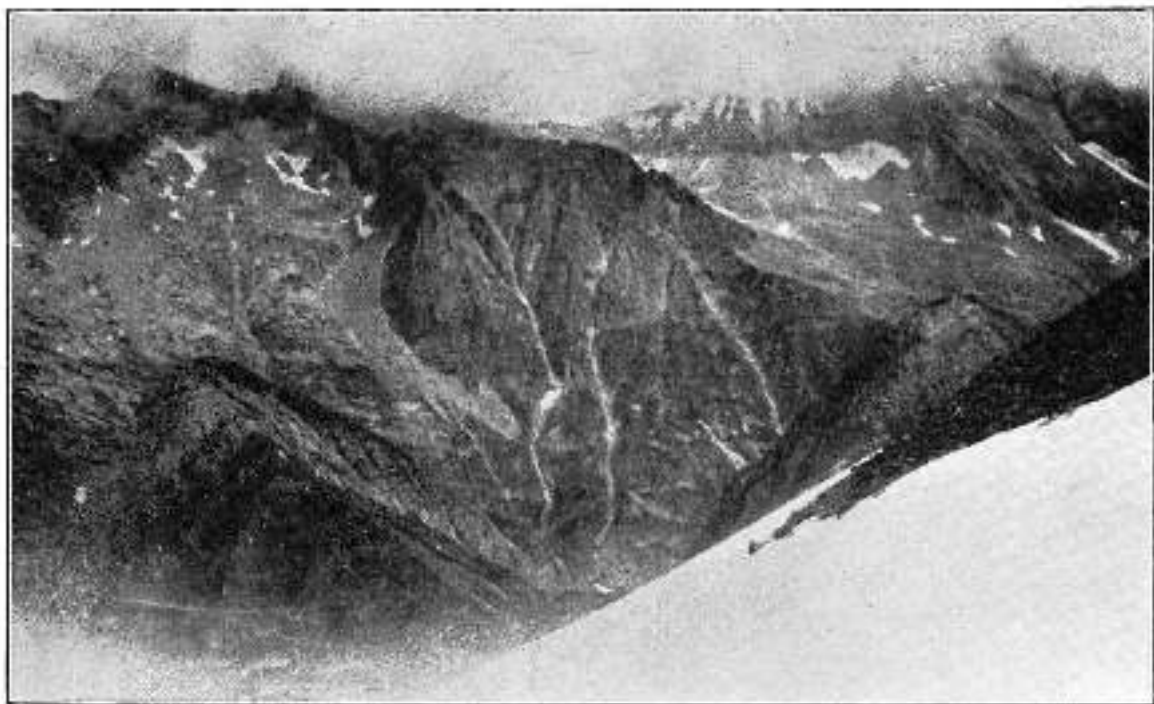
Gavarnie is anathema to the man who hates a crowd. Every morning, in brakes and motors, come hundreds of visitors, who, on foot or on horse-back, painfully and perspiringly perform the three mile long pilgrimage to the restaurant from which the Cirque de Gavarnie is best seen. But though you may be naturally indignant with others for presuming to desire to see what you alone should be allowed to view, you will admire the tremendous black precipices with their crown of gleaming snowfields and glaciers, and the marvellous cascade floating gracefully down the cliff in two leaps over thirteen hundred feet in height.

Many peaks may be ascended from Gavarnie, the biggest being Mont Perdu, 10,996 feet high. We climbed it unadventurously with a guide. The ascent is interesting. First the Breche d'Allanz is crossed, then comes a descent to the foot of a snow gully, the Breche de Tuquerouye, at the top of which, in a gloomy little depression in a ridge, is a refuge hut, the chilliest and most dismal looking imaginable. A descent leads to an undulating snow plateau, steep snow-slopes follow.

Our guide resolutely refused to put on the rope here, though we thought that steep snow, falling to a precipice in one place and to a crevasse in another, was the place where it should be used. "La neige est bonne," he said, which was quite true. A third descent brings the climber to a tiny lake of beautifully green water, partly frozen, and a final climb up snow and steep, loose stones, leads to the summit.

The last peak we ascended was the Pic du Midi d'Ossau. This mountain is reached from Gabas, attainable from Pau by train and motor-bus. The hotel at Gabas, the Hotel des Pyrenees, is exceedingly good, the best we came across. From Gabas the Pic can be climbed in four or five hours. The mountain is a great mass of rock, rising something over 2,000 feet from a sort of plateau. Its outline, except from a considerable distance, is grotesque rather than beautiful, its crags are very fine. The ascent is a scramble, made easier by iron rods fixed in the rocks at difficult places. There was scarcely any snow on the mountain, which, indeed scarcely reaches the snow-line, being only 9,500 feet in height. The little peak, which is about three hundred lower, looks much more difficult than its big brother, and is so, we were informed.

There is ample scope for pioneer work in the Pyrenees, particularly from the Spanish side, and taken in the way that we did, roving about in the bewildering chaos of ranges, valleys, gorges, and peaks without guides, and occasionally reduced to considering whether our food supply would hold out, it makes a splendid holiday, fraught with possibilities of adventure, as we can testify after the experience of four visits. It is a no-man's land, no hotels to return to in the evening, no club huts, frequently no valley or mountain tracks, a land of many and of rare flowers, of butterflies, of fine waterfalls, of disappearing and reappearing rivers, of magnificent scenery, and lastly of many languages, including Catalan and Basque. It is the land of the rough life, and of the natural man, sleeping night after night in your Pyrenean blanket by a roaring camp fire, made up often of a fallen monarch of some ancient forest, and the majesty of the moonlit solitude of snowy peaks to give one pause.



*Photo by*

**CLOUD-CAPPED SUMMITS IN THE PYRENEES.**

*Dr. Scudellari*



## ADVENTURES AMONG MOUNTAIN BIRDS.

By J. P. ROGERS.

---

Climbers may think that they have a monopoly of excitement and adventure on the fells, but the following few incidents may serve to show the reverse. Undoubtedly adventures are comparative, as what would raise the bird hunter's enthusiasm for a whole season would probably pass unnoticed by the average climber. For instance, the sight of a rare bird, or of even the first migrant of spring is something to be talked about by the bird hunter, and will make a certain expedition or day live green in the memory. Of an expedition to a wild place in the West of Ireland, the incident that stands out is my first sight of a golden eagle, which occurred while scrambling on a sea cliff the size if not the rock of which would make a Rockyfeller wild with delight, as it fell almost 2,000 feet sheer into the sea. Alarmed by the noise of a falling rock, she (from the size I took it to be the female) darted from below us into space, thrown into clear relief by the blue of the Atlantic, and, circling round, eventually disappeared high above us. A first view was obtained that same day of the chough, a bird now almost if not quite extinct in Britain, and when later that trip a merganser was seen swimming with four young in her wake not a quarter of a mile from a small town, the writer talked so much of the wonders he had seen that his companion complained of the noise; he, alas! only took interest in a bird when looking at it along a gun barrel.

Of course men like that pioneer Cherry Kearton have gone through some very thrilling moments. Kearton was suspended over the edge of a sea cliff with an operator making a film of him at work, when the rope broke, and Kearton fell a great distance into the sea, to be picked up immediately by a boat. His first words on regaining consciousness were to the operator, "Did you get me falling?" and when the distressed operator

explained that his own position on the cliff had been so precarious that he had had great difficulty in not following Kearton in his unpremeditated descent, "Good God! you'll never get such a chance again." Thrills of this description are not to be had in the Lake District. Lack of the sea at the foot of the crags would prevent such a "happy ending."

Many climbers, coming as they do principally in winter, get the impression that birds are scarce or even in the higher altitudes entirely absent. Therefore it might be as well to mention some of the typical birds to be found nesting in the lake country. To commence with such high valleys as those of the Esk and Kent, near the stream one may see the dipper whose startling peculiarity is his ability to walk under water even on the stony bottom of a rushing white-water beck. His round mossy nest something like that of an enlarged wren is securely hidden among the rocks or under a convenient bridge. One might see the yellow wagtail, the prettiest of our early migrants, and if lucky, on the quiet reaches of the beck he might be favoured with a sight of the resplendent kingfisher.

In the woods and coppices is the ubiquitous magpie. Wood or long eared owl is common. The latter seems to dislike building a nest of her own, and is quite content to use the old nest of any other bird. In a certain nest four young magpies were reared; the following spring it was occupied by owls. Next spring the magpies again took possession of it, rearing seven youngsters. Unfortunately in the autumn some boys utterly destroyed the nest, cutting further observations short. The scarce tawny owl, the heron, and woodcock are to be found, while the sparrow-hawk nests in some high larch where he can overlook the haunts of his prey. The absence of many of the smaller insectivorous birds, owing no doubt to lack of food and cover, is to be remarked. They prefer the lower valleys.

On coppice and broken crags there are colonies of jackdaws, thieves against whom is every man's hand. In one such spot the writer has found twenty-three nests within a radius of a hundred yards "which is coming it strong, yet I state but the facts."

In ravines and ghylls running up to the moors is the carefully hidden nest of the lonely carrion crow. Having a bad name with keepers, his life is often very short. In such ghylls also is the noisy ring ouzel, and occasionally the rock pigeon.

On the lower moors and marshes live wheatears (nesting in any hole ; often even a rabbit burrow), stone chats, meadow pipits, snipe, sandpiper, redshank, curlew, lapwing, and waterhen. There is also the dusk-loving night jar, who, content to make no nest, lays its two beautifully marbled eggs on dead bracken or even bare stones.

On the higher moors are occasional colonies of the lesser black-backed gull, with here and there an odd couple of greater black-backed gulls among them. In the thick heather builds the smallest of the falcons, the merlin, now very scarce due to the persecution of keepers, his crime being a fondness for grouse chicks.

On the crags the kestrel and lesser kestrel nest. The raven and peregrine keep to the highest crags. The twite or mountain linnet must not be forgotten. His nest is on the highest mountain sides. There is no doubt that the raven and falcon are getting very scarce ; gamekeepers (without exception in the case of falcons) being their relentless enemy. The more intelligent keepers have now learnt that the raven feeds principally on carrion, and allow him to live in peace. There is a good deal to be said in favour of the keeper's point of view, as the writer has seen a full grown hen grouse killed by a peregrine falcon, when undoubtedly her brood was dependent on her ; and as one keeper put it, when the cause of the birds had been pleaded with him, " It's a verra weel yo' fellows talkin', but what if the grouse were scarce when the master came, and he asked the cause, and I said to him ' Aye, the grouse might be scarce, but I've gitten a fair lot of falcons and buzzards on t' crags,' he'd verra soon get another keeper." Who can blame a man in this position for looking after his bread and butter.

A more deadly enemy is the shepherd or dalesman who has found out what high prices professional egg collectors will

pay for the eggs of these birds. Here it must be admitted that egg collecting was first the cause of the writer's interest in birds, but now the pursuit of their photographs is an equally good excuse for its continuance.

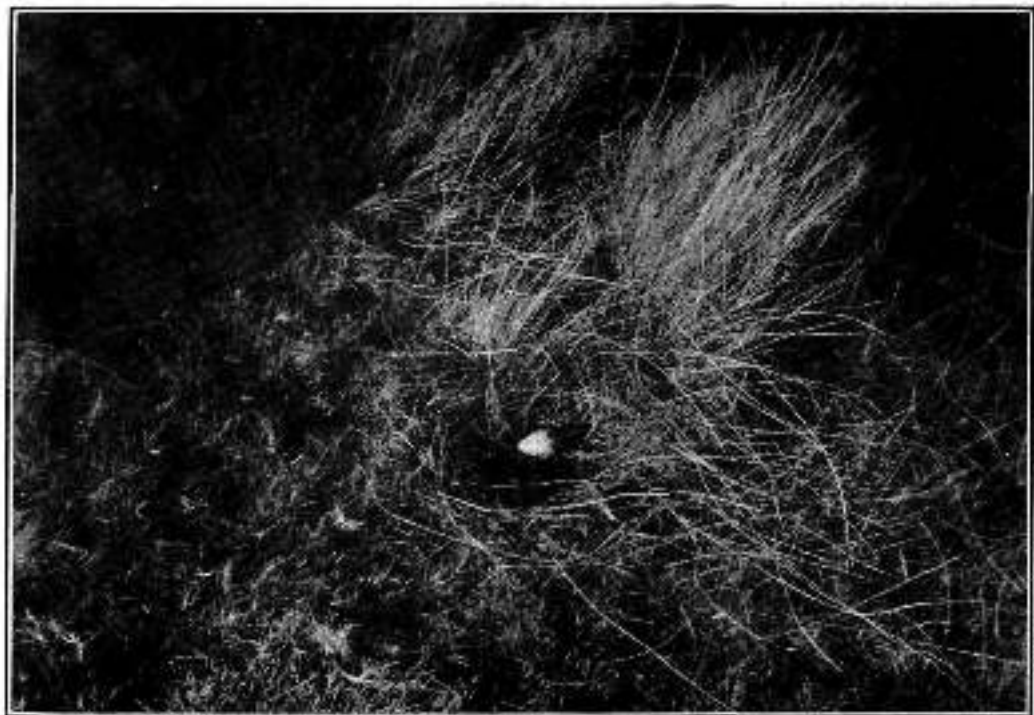
From the description of the haunts of the birds it is easy to see that to get to the nests, a lot of hard work, not without some risk, has to be gone through. Disappointments calling on one's stock of patience are frequently met with. Most of these are due to faulty, because hurried, observation; surprisingly little being possible when the week-end and an occasional holiday are the only times available.

For instance, having marked down a pair of falcons to the north end of a large crag, and spent all our available time searching for their eyrie, we were unsuccessful. The following year we met a party of climbers who, in varying the course of a climb on quite a different part of the crags, had by chance discovered the very nest we had been searching for. It consoled us somewhat to see their very successful photographs. Apropos of disappointment, the writer remembers well the days spent and energy wasted seeking over a large extent of bleak fell and moorland for the dotterel which, so he was told, had been seen in a certain place. Afterwards, it was found that his informant had mistaken the humble redshank for this scarce bird.

Another failure felt very keenly at the time was our first attempt at crag work in pursuit of ravens, the time being early March. Everything went wrong; food ran short; the ropes were inadequate; one boy got cragbound, and gave the others a deal of trouble to rescue him, and to end up, we had to tramp eight miles in a driving hailstorm without once getting a sight of our quarry.

Incidents like the above, far from detracting from one's keenness, lead one to make more carefully considered attempts.

Coming to tree climbing, this can become extremely arduous when a great number of trees have to be climbed in one day. Once in pursuit of a certain sparrow hawk's nest, time and time again deceived by squirrel's dreys and old nests, no less than



*Photo.*

DOTTEREL'S NEST WITH ONE EGG.

*Rev. P. H. Foremaster.*

fifteen tall larches were climbed—four hours' hard work—before the nest was found. Then too, when balancing in a high wind just under two rooks' nests, with the tree swaying through a distance of eight or ten feet, with a companion down below yelling discouragement to further ascent, the writer has had a sensation similar to that which makes the climber's knee "dither" when stuck in the middle of a difficult pitch.

Marsh work requires merely care, a good eye, and a good pair of legs. It is surprising how careful one becomes after once being pulled out of a boghole through misjudging a jump. One must have great respect for bogs, especially when alone. One school-boy experience was in connection with getting the eggs of a greater black-backed gull from an island not three yards across in the centre of a boggy tarn. Which of four should make the attempt was decided by means of a coin. It would have been simple enough to swim to the island from the deep eastern shore of the tarn, but the winner, not a good swimmer, preferred to make his attempt from the opposite side, where, although the ground was boggy, he could wade a certain part of the distance. He got to the island and secured the eggs; then returning with the eggs in his hands, he swam with difficulty, missed his landing by a few yards, and found himself up to his armpits in noisome black slime. After a desperate struggle, he was hauled out still holding the eggs. Later in the day, while crossing a wall to avoid an unfriendly keeper, one of the eggs, alas!! was broken.

Crag work in pursuit of birds does not call for very great climbing powers, as nearly always it is done by means of a rope from above. The fact that the birds often choose rotten rock and beetling crag does not decrease the danger. On several occasions the beetling of a crag has defeated our best efforts, although one could get level with and see into the nest. The proper thing to do in these circumstances is to be lowered down on the rope and swing until you succeed in making the landing—if there is a place to land on.

One has strange feelings while "spinning round and round on the end of a line" trying to swing a matter of a few yards on to a ledge or niche a foot or two wide.

The danger of loose rocks is a very real one, and we consider it lucky that the incident given below did not have a different ending.

A party consisting of the writer, a keeper, and the photographer visited a certain crag where from previous observation we knew a pair of falcons had their nest. The crag overhangs, and the rock is in such a rotten state that it gives one the impression, especially when passing below, that it is on the verge of collapse. The eyrie was located without much trouble in a fairly accessible place, and in what appeared to be the best of the crag. The photographer decided to climb up a convenient shallow gully (with the aid of the rope from above) and then work out on the right face to the nest.

Not having a sufficient length of rope to work from the top, one man was lowered half-way down the crag to where there was an ideal belay, but from where, due to the overhang he was unable to see the climber. The third man stationed himself where he could see and signal to both of his companions.

A strong wind was blowing, and prevented the rope's descent from the belay, so that the man stationed there was forced to attach a decent sized stone to the end of it to accelerate its downward course. It then descended, but with such good will as almost to brain the waiting photographer. That misfortune escaped, the latter commenced to climb, and fifty feet of rope had slowly come in at the belay, when the man stationed there heard a terrific noise as if the whole crag were falling away. The rope went slack in his hands, and at the same time he saw a huge mass of rock go bounding down the screes. Owing to the strong wind, it was some time before he could get to know that all was well. The photographer had climbed up the gully, and had reached the point where it became necessary to traverse to the right, and in getting a handhold he had started the mass of rock that came away, leaving the nest on the tiniest of ledges. Luckily he had been able to swing back on his left hand at the critical moment, and afterwards succeeded with the photos.

The keepers and fell men who have often assisted on these expeditions have always proved excellent cragsmen, and to one



*Photo by*

**NEST OF KESTREL.**

(Last year's egg white, not kicked out of nest.)

*J. B. Wilson.*





*Photo by*

NEST OF PEREGRINE FALCON.

*J. B. Wilson.*

who has had the training of a climber, they err if anything on the daring side. Like all country people they have their superstitions in regard to birds. These are sometimes very obscure and hard to understand. The following is typical of what is meant :—

A chaffinch had taken possession of the garden of a sheep farm where the writer visits, and at meal-times would demand food by pecking at the window in a very bold manner. The writer and he became good friends. On missing him later in the year, his absence was thus explained by the farmer in mysterious tones. "There was some verra queer happenings in t'dale, and I tho't that bird were gettin' real uncanny, so one morning I just stepped out and give it a barrel." He further explained that a dalesman had met with severe injuries in a dynamite explosion four miles away, and also that things had gone far from well with his own cattle about that time, so to prevent the risk of any further mishaps, he had taken that precaution. The writer for the life of him could make no reply.

In conclusion, there is no doubt that the activity of our members on the more popular crags inhibits the nesting of falcon and raven on these their ancient strongholds, and it is to be hoped that when all possible and impossible routes up all crags are climbed weekly, if not daily, the Club will impose and strictly enforce a close season for the benefit of the birds.

[With regard to the unique photograph of a Dotterel's nest facing page 40, The Rev. P. H. Parminter has supplied the following notes :—

"1911. June 30th. Saw a Dotterel on way across ridge from a mountain tarn. Waited one hour, but only one bird to be seen.

July 3. Spent day on the mountain. One Dotterel about all day.

July 4. Again on the mountain. Found Dotterel's nest on west side, 2,500 feet up. Watched nest from a distance two hours—bird about, but did not go on. One egg.

July 7. Visited nest. Still one egg. One bird only. Watched from a distance two hours ; bird did not go near.

July 11. Spent day on the mountain. Still only one bird, and one egg. No sign of another nest. Took the egg.

The egg is now in the museum at Keswick." I have purposely not given any indication as to locality, as I have no desire that the nest and bird should be harried.]

## A BLIZZARD ON DOE CRAGS.

By ROSALIND MURRAY

(*Author of "Moonseed," etc.*).

---

It was only my fourth attempt at climbing, and I had never climbed in the snow ; I had never even walked through snow so thick and solid. So there was excitement at the outset, mild excitement in comparison to what followed, but when one is truly in the mood for it a very small supply can be worked up into a genuine sensation. That is, after all, what one wants ; the actual amount of danger is of little consequence, it is the sensation of danger that one hopes for, and rejoices in, and remembers with satisfaction.

In the morning, when we set out, the weather was fine ; there was a clearness and nip in the air that made it pleasant to walk, and the eighteen inches of snow (eighteen inches in some parts, and one likes to make the most of it) were crisp and hard.

One hardly realised at first how tiring such walking is. I started very proudly in front, and felt quite indignant when more experienced snow walkers advised me to follow in their footprints. It was hot work too. By the time we reached Goats Water, we were hot with the peculiar glowing heat that only walking in very cold weather gives.

Here the party divided. Three of the most adventurous started up Woodhouse's Route on B. Buttress, six faint-heartedly refused to climb at all, and went walking instead—a pitiful waste of opportunities—and the four remaining made their way to "Elusive Gully," a place most suitably named. I was of this party.

It was I was assured a very easy climb under ordinary conditions. One is always sorry to hear that, for though one likes to find it easy oneself, it is hard to stifle a hope that other



*Photo*

*H. F. Dunlop*

**A SNOWY MORNING.**

less gifted persons may have found it difficult. I have experienced the hope myself, but never, alas! the satisfaction of knowing it justified.

This time, however, the "under ordinary conditions" was a saving clause, for our conditions were not ordinary. The rocks were covered with two inches of solid ice; genuine ice that had to be cut through with an ice axe before any hand or foot hold could be found. It gave me great pleasure to see an ice axe really in use. I had had long experience of one, as an object awkward in packing, and requiring perpetual attention in the form of grease. I now saw its justification.

The cold was the next thing of interest; cold so great that one's hands lost all feeling, before achieving the shortest pitch. It was surprising to find that even so they did not lose the power of grip. One could not feel the ledge on to which one held, but one could see it and put one's hand there, and instinctively without one's conscious control the hand, an independent hand now, did the rest. Between the pitches was thawing time, one sat in the snow, snow so deep and firm that one sat as on a cushion and did not sink through. More was falling by this time and mist had begun to close in. It closed in below us opaque and white, making the height seem much greater than it was. We could only see the walls of the gully, about three feet on either side of us, and that dimly through the falling snow, down below us the fog drifted, moving unsteadily. At moments we caught sight of Goats Water, very far away, very black and sinister, a dull blot through the weight of white fog. The snow drifted round one as one sat, freezing on the wool of the gloves that one sought refuge in between the pitches, encircling the outline of one's hands upon one's lap. Then came a time on the buttress, exposed to the full force of the wind, a wind that one had not realised in the shelter of the gully. It was bitterly cold now, and the snow driven against our faces by the wind stung our cheeks till they ached. Darkness was coming on too; the hours had passed incredibly; our leader began to fear that complete dark would be upon us before we reached the top of the crags. To those unburdened by any sense of responsibility this fear was but

an added joy. The whole expedition was assuming the character of an adventure.

There came a respite again in the shelter of the North Gully, a long scramble through snow, waist deep here in the drift, a deceptive, momentary lull, and then the full force of the blizzard as we struggled out on to the top of the crags.

I have never experienced anything at all approaching it. It was dark now ; the only light was reflected upwards from the sheet of snow ; the wind was so strong that we could hardly hear each other speak, and the force of the snow driven full in our faces made it impossible to open our eyes on the weather side. When we tried to do so, we found that our eyelashes were literally frozen together, and we could not open them.

The scramble along the top of the crags is confused in my mind. I have an impression of great cold, the noise of the wind, darkness, and the sting of the driving snow against my face, and over it all an undefined but concentrated excitement. To feel tired would have been impossible, or to feel hungry. How we got down again did not seem to matter, nor whether we ever got down at all. These at least were my sensations ; possibly our leader had a sense of responsibility for the weather which disturbed his enjoyment. I hope it was not too strong, for a sense of responsibility is very inimical to enjoyment.

To plunge downwards from the crest of the crags was like the shutting of a great door against the storm. We could open our eyes again, we could hear each other speak ; we almost forgot what the blizzard had been like, the change was so sudden and complete.

And now we glissaded down the hillside in the snow—great fun, and absurdly easy after the labours of the upward climb. We were making our way towards Goats Hause, or at least towards the spot where we supposed it to be. And then far off very faint we heard a shout ; we thought it was a shout, we answered and waited, and heard it again. We could hear no words, and it was far to the left and above us. We made our way towards it as best we could, over scree now, slipping and stumbling through deep cracks and holes covered by the snow. We arrived within



*Photo.*

*Low Hardy.*

**NEARING DOE CRAGS.**

speaking distance at last, and recognised the voices of the Woodhouse party, who having finished their very inferior (!) climb over an hour before, had been waiting for us, working themselves up into an anxiety that was most gratifying.

We joined forces again, and struggled down to Goats Water, then homewards as we hoped, across the fell. But difficulties were not at an end. Our footprints of the morning were long covered by the day's snow. There was no path, no sign of a track, anywhere across the white hillside, and in the darkness no discernible landmarks anywhere. The only guide to direction was the slope of the fell, a very uncertain guide. We stumbled perpetually into snow drifts; every one in turn led the way, uplifted by a certain and false conviction. We heard water where there was no water, and saw lights where there were no lights. Some one had a compass; we lit matches and studied it. Some one said that we must keep the wind "on our right nose." This instruction came to us as an inspiration. We struggled on again, keeping the wind as directed, but then again came difference of opinion. Individual noses felt the wind in different directions, and all with equal certainty. Suddenly we came upon a wall, a signpost, and a gate!

We were not where we had expected to be, but the place was known, and we followed the guidance of the wall back to our known path, and home to the cottage we had left in such innocence ten hours before! Only ten hours after all, and very few miles, but it was an adventure for all that, quite an exciting adventure, and a very enjoyable day.



## TWO FAMOUS DOLOMITE CLIMBS.

By S. W. HERFORD.

---

It was my good fortune, in July, 1912, to accompany Sansom on an expedition to the Dolomites. It would seem that to English climbers this district is somewhat of a *terra incognita*, and this is scarcely to be wondered at, for, from the point of view of rock climbing, it compares unfavourably with the best home districts. Nevertheless, the English-bred climber will find a visit very well worth while, if only for the grandeur of the scenery, and for the opportunity of observing the methods of the German school of cragsmen. He will learn the art of moving quickly and safely on easy rock of doubtful quality, of which there is an excessive amount on most peaks. If he is climbing guideless, he will have excellent practice in route finding, and will on many occasions have to invent a way of his own. If, on the other hand, he is attached to a guide, he may have the pleasure of seeing him grow intensely excited over a ten foot pitch about as hard as Kern Knotts Chimney, and of finding himself hailed as the greatest climber of the day, should he fail to make a hopeless bungle of it.

Sansom and I, however, came to the district with open minds, and, since our only climbing experience had been obtained at home, were prepared to treat anything which our guide book (a technical one) described as being difficult, with that due caution and circumspection which we should naturally accord to the corresponding class in Cumberland. Our first rude shock was experienced on the Santner Pass, which crosses the Rosengarten group from the Karersee to the Vajolet Hut. This, we read, was both difficult and exposed, and there had, moreover, been a fatal accident. We therefore armed ourselves with much rope and other impedimenta. We were considerably surprised, and not a little amused, at arriving at the top without having had to use our hands more than once or twice. The way was



Photoby G. F. Abraham & Nuan, *Resumes* (Copyright).

**THE VAJOLET TOWERS, DELAGO, STABELER, & WINKLER,  
FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.**

certainly no harder nor more exposed than the High Level route on the Pillar. The descent on the other side was easier still, and we were soon down at the hut, romantically situated at the foot of the far-famed Vajolet Towers. These are, perhaps, in some ways the most forbidding and sensational peaks in the district, and resemble nothing so much as three huge fingers stuck up side by side on a remarkably narrow base. The orthodox thing to do is to make the traverse of the three. For this the tariff is £12, and as the total time from the hut need not exceed six hours, and has actually been brought as low as three, we may conclude that the standard of difficulty is unusually high. Under these circumstances, Sansom and I felt that we should be satisfied with doing the Stabeler and Winkler Towers, leaving out the Delago, the most difficult of the three.

We approached them in the afternoon, having spent the morning elsewhere. The ascent of the Stabeler, the central and highest peak, is quite moderate, and it was only on attacking the Winkler that we encountered any difficulties worthy of the name. Our line of ascent first lay up the narrow chimney which separates the bases of the two peaks, and here we had some quite genuine back-and-knee work, after the best Cumbrian style. This brought us up to the gap where the "fingers" divide, and spring up vertically on either hand, four or five feet apart. We now began to anticipate trouble, for our guide-book assured us that it was here necessary to place one's back on the Stabeler and one's feet on the Winkler, and to work up in this manner for some forty feet, when one had to stride across on to whichever peak one wished to ascend. A trial of this attitude, however, proved so uncomfortable, with promise of becoming worse higher up, that we soon rejected it, and looked around for another more enjoyable route.

We eventually succeeded in finding a sporting way up the steep wall of the Winkler, a little round to the left, rejoining the ordinary route at the top of the backing up portion. A short rest in the orthodox attitude, followed by a stretch of easier rocks, and we found ourselves on one of those broad terraces which one meets with so frequently on Dolomite peaks.

Fifty feet higher was a second terrace, which we reached without difficulty by means of a steep little chimney which split the intervening wall. From here onward the way was by no means obvious, so we consulted our guide-book for the solution. Its description, however, was so condensed and its terminology, to us as foreigners, so obscure, that we were left no wiser than before, and were forced to rely on our own resources. We discovered later that we should have followed the terrace we were on round to the other side of the mountain, but this did not occur to us at the time, and we decided to push on straight to the top.

For a considerable distance things went easily enough, but then the angle steepened, and, what was much more unpleasant, the rock became fissile. There was also a most emphatic drop of 1,000 feet. This somewhat trying section lasted for about 80 feet, and I was within 20 feet of the summit when I found that I had run out the whole of the 120 foot rope, so that I had to wait on my holds whilst Sansom came up a bit. I may say that with most people second on the rope, I should, under the circumstances, have experienced some slight anxiety, but, as things were, no disturbing thoughts entered my mind. The last twenty feet were then overcome, and we were soon signing our names in the summit book.

It was growing late, so we lost no time in watching the sunset, but immediately proceeded to descend by the way we had come. I used a doubled rope for the top 20 feet, but lower down it refused to work, and I had to pull it in. I carefully continued my way down, whilst Sansom, who was in a very exposed position, occupied himself in working the rope round a small rugosity about the size of his thumbnail. It was luckily not brought into requisition. The lower section was quickly disposed of, and we soon arrived once more in the gap. It was now merely a matter of sliding down the chimneys and the easy rocks at the base, followed by a dash down the path to the hut, which we reached just in time to prevent our friends sending out a search party for us.

In technical difficulty, the climb might be compared with, say, the New West on the Pillar, but the looseness of the rock



*Photo by G. P. Abraham & Sons, Vienna. (Copyright).*

#### **THE LANGKOFEL GROUP.**

The Punfingerspitze is in the centre. The Schmittkamin is seen cutting the skyline just to the right of the summit.

at the top, on our route at any rate, renders extreme caution quite imperative.

It was ten days later that we arrived at the Sellajoch hut, close to the Fünffingerspitze, most famous of Dolomite peaks. The chief ambition of the holiday had been the ascent of the Schmittkamin, which runs up the south face between the fore and middle fingers. We had read the most terrifying accounts of the place in the writings of Norman Neruda, and others. From the descriptions one would imagine that it resembled a huge inverted staircase, each pitch presenting a grisly overhang, until at the top one was thrust right out over the valley. We fancied, indeed, that here at last we were up against what was really the last word in climbing.

We first ascended the mountain by the ordinary Daumenscharte route, and it was only in the afternoon that we started up the long preliminary stretch of slabs which lead to the foot of the Kamin. The going here was monotonously easy, except for one short stretch of the most shockingly rotten rock, having little more consistency than a mouldy biscuit. We were more than half afraid that this might be but a foretaste of what we should meet with higher up. Our fears were fortunately unfounded. At last, after rounding a corner, we found ourselves face to face with the enemy. And here we suffered our first disillusionment, for though the chimney is undoubtedly steep, no sane person would, in his calmer moments, call it overhanging.

This form of exaggeration is not unknown, even in England. How often are we not told that from the top of some climb a stone can be dropped clear of the foot, when, in point of fact, it usually requires to be violently thrown! This digression is merely to point out that this particular type of literary malady is not confined to English climbers.

Having satisfied ourselves that we had come to the right place, we advanced to the first pitch, an 80-footer of the cave variety, known as the Kirchl, or Chapel. The method of attack consists of scrambling up the sloping floor well into the bowels of the rock, and then working outwards and upwards by back-and-knee. From my position right at the back it

certainly looked formidable, especially the final pull out over the chockstone, and my thoughts reverted to what I had read of that final desperate struggle in mid-air, on no holds at all. However, the sight of Sansom making very short work of the whole thing reassured me. My own efforts were more prolonged, and I was glad to observe, on getting out to the chockstone, a very large hold on the wall, which robbed the pull up of all its terrors. A short scree promenade led to the foot of the next pitch, an overhanging 40 foot chimney, wide at the bottom, narrowing upwards. Sansom proceeded first up the right wall, then made a difficult movement into the chimney, which is here of an awkward width, wriggled up for a few feet, and finally heaved himself gracefully over the rounded capstone on to the level bed above. When my turn came, I was struck by a curious absence of holds, particularly in the upper part, and I was glad that the intervening bulge hid my struggles from the critical eyes of my leader. I eventually succeeded in seizing the chockstone, and with considerable effort effected an undignified landing.

We had now reached the point where the first pioneers had made an enormous and sensational stride onto a minute hold on one of the walls of the chimney, though *which* wall we were quite unable to remember. They had then proceeded upwards, rejoining the chimney a considerable distance higher up. Out on the face on the left, and round the corner, we were able to discern a broad and very sloping ledge. To reach it, one had to make a short stride on to a large hold. This, we thought, was evidently the place. We therefore stepped across, and crawled carefully out on to the ledge. The place was exceedingly exposed, and the wall below considerably undercut. The wall above showed two assailable points. That on the left was of yellow rotten rock, and was rejected immediately. The other one we tried tentatively, but gave up after a few feet ; it seemed too risky with no belay. So we went back into the chimney, and decided to continue up it ; this was, after all, the most natural, if not the most usual way. A short, simple pitch led us to the foot of a fine 100 foot chimney, not altogether unlike Colliers' Chimney in Moss Ghyll, only

there was no "inside route." Half-way up there was a good stance. Here I waited while Sansom proceeded up the projecting right wall. There was one distinctly awkward section which gave both of us some pause, but above this all difficulty came to an end. This was the last serious pitch of the climb; the angle eased off, and, moving quickly up the slabs on the right, we soon reached the gap between the fore and middle fingers. From here we descended by the ordinary route.

Taken all round, this was the most enjoyable climb that we did, for the rock is unusually sound, and the situations agreeable. None of the three big pitches could be called severe, and the whole climb itself not much harder than Moss Ghyll direct. We can recommend it as a remarkably safe climb for a competent guideless party.

With regard to Schmitt's original route, we found later that his famous stride was onto the right wall. Our ledge on the left was a blind, and led nowhere, which was some satisfaction.



## RECENT FIRST ASCENTS.

By J. LAYCOCK

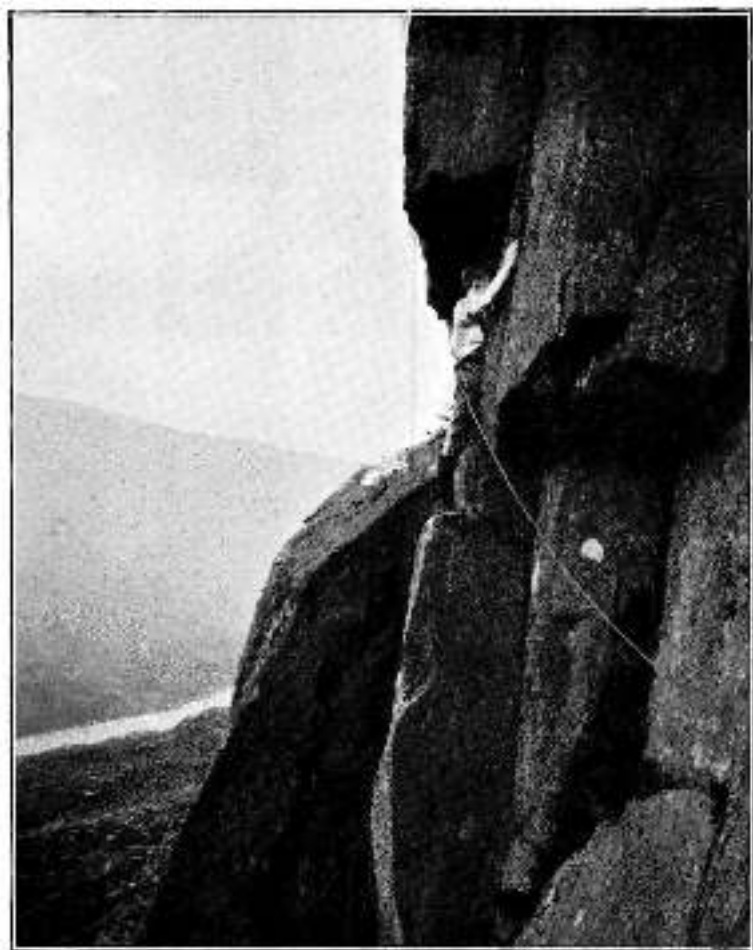
*(Author of "Some Gritstone Climbs," etc.)*

---

Poscimus. We are asked for an article. Not indeed any article, for there is a Skye article written in letters of blood and sweat—but that is another story. Nothing will suffice but an article dealing with new climbs, recent first ascents in the Lake Country. One might well be at a loss. In these late times Herford alone is the man for the job. And Achilles looks down somewhat disdainfully upon the matters which I intend, after this long preamble, to recount. Benevolently indulgent, he regards me, doubtless rightly, as a trifier. From the top of some imaginary Scafell a boulder in the valley with all its problems is to him an insignificant pebble. To me, sheltering in its shade, it is a massive eminence, quite sufficient at close quarters to obliterate his peaks altogether. A question of perspective.

Do not think that I would not rather write of virgin thousand-foot ascents in Lakeland, if I could. I would even write of six hundred foot ascents, and call them thousand-footers. In default of these I have to make this article look as important as I can with the scanty material at my disposal. Therefore, if at some later date I am convicted of that gross exaggeration which is so profoundly objectionable to mountaineers in other people's articles, at least the reader will have had his warning.

The psychology of climbers is curious for its many seeming inconsistencies. One minute I may be struggling up the Brothers' Crack on Great End, with much mental anguish, and doubts as to the stability of a cosmos consisting of shattered rock and a rope above. The next minute, landing on the broad grass terrace at the top, my very sigh of relief becomes a cry of joyfully anticipatory curiosity. Immediately above us—



*Picco.*

*J. Fawcett.*

**GRIBIN FACET, ZIGZAG CLIMB.** (See Journal, No. 6, page 338).

and here I recede into the historical tense—was a crack steeper, more solid and obviously more difficult than the one below. Some friends had been there before us and condemned the place, without a trial, as manifestly impossible, but of this we were ignorant; to their conservatism we owe the honour of the first ascent. At a height of about 30 feet it became necessary to urge one's unwilling body over a bulge, and on to a sloping glacis. Here for fully ten minutes the central part of Herford's frame hung poised in my firmament like a gibbous moon. Then I suggested, requested, and entreated him to descend, selfishly looping my rope round a massive belay. He came down for a rest, and to lecture me on my spineless attitude. The place yielded to the second assault. Above the ledge are two other short passages of pronounced difficulty, and I consider the climb (*THE WAYFARERS' CRACK*) certainly more severe than Kern Knotts Crack; it is moderately exposed, and the rock is delightfully sound and rough.

*THE SLAB CLIMB, MOSEDALE ROCKS*, is worth a passing mention. It is on the Elliptical Crag at its right-hand end, to the right of a short chimney, and to the left of a short easy crack. Without having done all the other climbs, I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best climb there, and if one must go to the Mosedale Rocks, then one ought to do the Slab climb. The rock is very rough, and quite clean, and the holds are exiguous in parts. Nail scratches will not abound, as we preferred the freedom and adhesiveness of stockinged feet.

A couple of years ago, with Herford and H. B. Gibson, I did a climb on the upper west wall of Deep Ghyll, immediately to the left of the Great Chimney. The initial 40 foot slab is very hard, and the second pitch, a short steep wall, is interesting, though not seriously difficult. Above this there is little but scrambling, yet the first slab is enough to confer on this *UPPER WEST WALL CLIMB* a distinct individuality. To emphasise the obvious, a knowledge of Scafell is not complete without it.

My theme now adverts to Doe Crag (why will people call it Dow Crag—cacophonous by comparison?). Last

summer I adventured on an unfamiliar place, and in November came the completion of my labours, when Herford and myself with Mr. Haskett-Smith and two ladies made the FALCON VARIATION on D Buttress. The real 'climbing on this buttress begins at the foot of its steep main wall. The customary way is on the left-hand side, and the Falcon route lies up the centre of the wall some distance to the right. A fairly easy pitch of about 30 feet leads to a narrow ledge, with belays and garnished by the broken up remains of the falcons' prey. Thence one proceeds directly ahead, and about 30 feet up bears towards the left; the ordinary route is soon gained at the top of the well-known narrow ridge, and after an interval of 60-70 feet the usual belay is reached. The route is about as severe as the Abbey Ridge, and is an improvement on the ordinary way in length and attractiveness.

Finding at this stage that I am at a loss for further evidences of my skilfully adventurous spirit, I proceed to violate accepted practice by describing a first ascent in which I took no part. Every true progressive must start by assuming that the accepted order is wrong, and after all I was within 20 yards of the whole climb all the time.

SCAFELL PINNACLE, WEST RIDGE (Woodhead's route direct). Herford on the top of the Pinnacle and myself on Pisgah meditated at the same time the same possibility. The upper part of this ridge seems to and does slightly overhang the lower part. From the belay at the top of this lower part, Woodhead's route traverses to the left to its final chimney. Herford with a rope from above climbed down to the belay, removed much loose stuff, and climbed up again. He went immediately (with S. F. Jeffcoat) and led the climb. The rocks are very steep and overhang in parts. Starting almost above the belay one bears slightly to the right, and then directly upwards. Some distance above, a rather open short chimney leads to the top of a semi-detached mass which looks menacing, but proves sufficiently stable. Proceeding straight ahead an open trough soon threatens difficulty, but is supplied with good handhold. From the top of the trough a movement is made round a corner on the left, and thence easy rocks are available to the

top of the Pinnacle. 120 feet of rope were in use, and of this little remained when Herford had reached the cairn. It is a sensational climb. I should advise the reader to persuade his friends to do it the while he gently rests on Pisgah. He will find that the experience is quite worth the trouble of making the toilsome ascent *via* Professors' Chimney, and I hope his photographs will be more successful than mine.

[When sending in this article, Mr. Laycock submitted a photograph of one of the climbs described in "Days in Arion," in last Journal. The humour of this method of illustration has appealed very strongly to the Editor.]

## A SETTLER'S REVERIE.

By MRS. ASHLEY P. ABRAHAM.

---

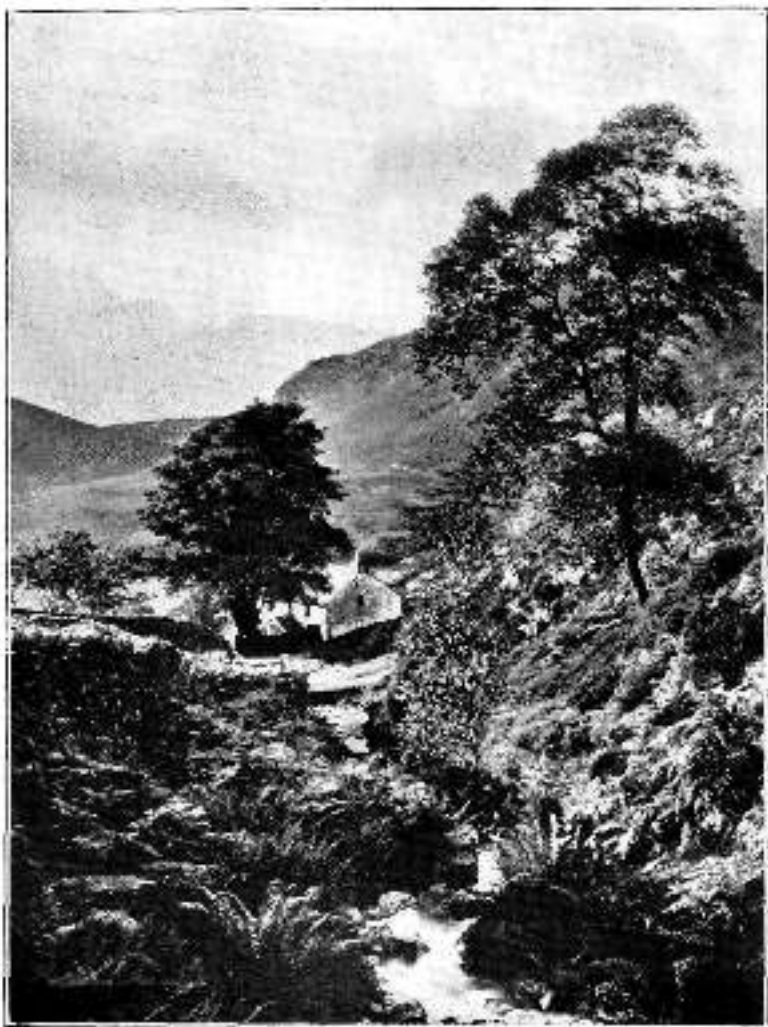
There's a valley in the Lakeland—well I know it, aye, and love it,—  
Where the eye sees nature's beauty, and the soul breathes Heaven's own  
calm ;

Whether glowing in the sunlight, or with clouds hung low above it,  
'Tis a place where Joy meets Echo and regrets find healing balm.  
There's a little brawling river fringed with wild flowers all a-blow,  
Slender birch trees sway and quiver to the waters bending low,  
All the dear delights of summer there are lavished free for all,  
Waving grasses, golden bracken, fragrant breeze and wild-bird's call.  
And at night the silence deepens till so near the Eternal seems,  
One can almost grasp the substance of life's secret, cherished dreams.  
When the storms sweep o'er the mountain, wreathed in mist the vale  
appears

Like some dainty, chidden maiden who would fain conceal her tears,  
But the heaviest storms pass over, and the blackest cloud will lift,  
Mist-wreaths melt upon the mountain, sunlight glancing thro' each rift.

\* \* \* \* \*

Far o'er grey dividing waters, oft my wistful thoughts turn back  
To that quiet Lakeland valley with its bracken-bordered track.  
What though fortune now may proffer gifts withheld in days gone by,  
And though beauty lie around me 'neath a cloudless Western sky ?  
'Till the mountains all be riven, and the sun in Heaven grow pale,  
All my happiest thoughts are centred in my dear-loved native dale !



*Photo by G. P. Abraham de Sans, Kosovick Instavrightly.*

**"A SETTLER'S REVERIE,"**

## AN ITALIAN INVITATION.

By J. COULTON.

---

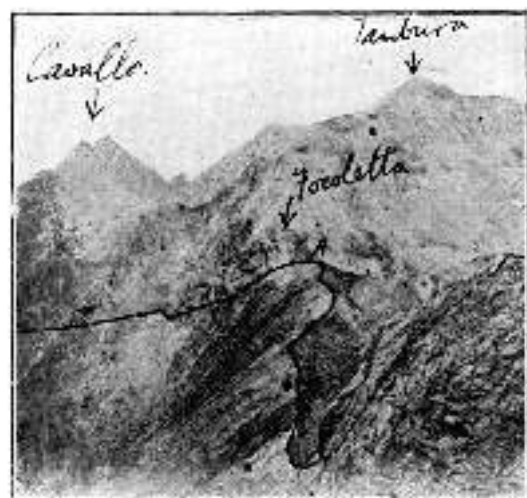
Having been requested by the Editor of the Fell and Rock Journal to write something, a thing of which I am seldom guilty, which any of my correspondents will bear out, I find myself in the heat of an Italian summer, sweltering at midnight on my bed, with a "Zampirone" burning merrily beside me, and nearly poisoning me with its nauseous fumes. For the benefit of the uninitiated, a "Zampirone" is a small cone of some strange chemical composition, which when burnt has the effect of temporarily incapacitating mosquitoes from continuing their nefarious operations, thereby rendering them more ferocious in the early hours of the morning, when they have recovered from the effects of the debauch. They usually, like men, feel the need of a pick-me-up, and unfortunately I serve very well in this respect.

However, this has nothing to do with mountains, and I suppose this being a Climbing Club Journal, it is just as well to at least mention them. It is rather like the man who went in for an Applied Maths. paper, on which he was asked to describe the functions of the common pump. Knowing nothing of it beyond the fact that in practice they very seldom work well, and having "swotted" up to an inordinate degree the "Binomial Theorem," he commenced his answer thus:—"Before proceeding to discuss the functions of the common pump, it is necessary to be fully conversant with the binomial theorem," and proceeded with the exposition thereof until time was called, when he perforce had to conclude with "regretting that time did not permit him to demonstrate the extraordinary amount of information he could impart as regards the pump in question." (Yes, I know it's an old joke, but I'm only gaining time, and well—have a drink and wash it down !)



During the time I've been in Italy, I suppose I have covered in height something like 60,000 metres, but the majority has been of such an easy nature that it is difficult to select anything really worth describing, seeing that most of my yarns would go very much better over a glass of beer and a pipe, at say, Wasdale or Coniston. The one which most nearly fulfils the requirements is (excuse me, gentlemen, one moment, whilst I relight this most useful "Zampirone"); and now I hope we are properly roped up for our ascent of the Alto di Sella (1,729 metres).

One day, in the early summer of this year, I met an Italian Alpine friend of mine, Signor B., who asked me if I were free on the following Sunday, June 1st, as he wished to go off for a day or two in the mountains, not having been able, for business reasons, to climb for something like a year. Propositions of that kind being very much to my mind, I said I was free for Sunday only, but that I would be glad to accompany him at any rate for the day; so we arranged to set out Saturday night. This we did, leaving Spezia at 7-40 p.m., and arriving at Massa at about 9; whence, after the usual bargaining with a carriage driver, we set out up the Frigido valley, well armed with provisions, smokes, etc. We drove up, and rather we went up at a walking pace in the so-called carriage up to the junction of the roads from Forno and Resceto, where we discharged our conductor, and set off to tramp to Resceto, a village in the mountains situated at an altitude of about 500 metres. I have been up that road several times, but never have I found my rucksack so heavy. (I say that every time.) On the way we decided not to stop at Resceto, but to push on up towards the Alpine refuge "Aronte," and, seeing I had not had the forethought to get the key from the Club, sleep out in one of the broken-down huts near to. We could have wakened up the guide who lives at the village, and has a duplicate key, but we didn't want him to come with us, as he would have been sure to suggest, especially if we had mentioned our intentions for the morrow. So we went as quietly as possible through the stony straggling street, and as soon as we were out of the village lit up our lanterns, it being now close



Monte.

J. Leather.

**VIEW FROM TOP OF ALTO DI SELLA,  
LOOKING OVER N.W. CREST.**

- A. Arrival at main ridge.
- B. Crest nearly cut through by quarry.
- C. Gend'arme.

View from the top of Alto di Sella, looking over the N.W. crest, with Tambura to the right and Cavallo (left) with two tops to the left in the background. The actual climb is slightly higher, being behind the rocks in the foreground.

on midnight. We then arrived at the point where a barely visible track which winds up the mountain side to the left, breaks off from the main marble road or "lizza." Here, seeing that the above-mentioned rucksacks became heavier and heavier, we sat down and lightened them somewhat by eating some of their contents, and discussed the best way to take.

Seeing that it was dark, and we had only our lanterns to show the way, we decided to stick to the "lizza," which we forthwith proceeded to do. The only thing about it was that we didn't manage to stick to the right "lizza," as we missed a fork in it soon after setting out again. Not being aware of this, we plodded on and upwards, without arriving at any landmarks, until we finally came to the conclusion that after all it didn't really matter whether we arrived at the refuge that night or early in the morning, or in fact, whether we got there at all (those rucksacks *were* heavy), and besides, the bally place was shut up and — and — well, I said I was going to have a sleep, and so we stopped where we were, used the ruckers (bless 'em) as pillows, and fell in the arms of Morpheus for about 2½ hours. I woke about 3-30 a.m., and smoked a Tuscan cigar, and had the pleasure of seeing the gradual lighting up of the ridges overhead, and then the valley beneath. After all, there are a few compensations in this foolish mountaineering.

I then prodded B. with his ice axe, who grunted, and evidently thought he was at home, but he soon woke to the stern reality, and after a bit of a snack WITHOUT drink, we shouldered our burdens and laboriously set off again. With the morning's light we soon discovered that we were on the ancient road constructed by the engineer Vandelli to the orders of the then Duke of Modena. It remains as a useless, but splendid monument to a man's attempt to triumph over nature. It is however, only an attempt, because the intention was to pass over the main ridge of the Apuans in a carriage. The engineer was defeated, owing largely to the instability of the rocky slopes over which the road zigzags up. In fact, they say in the district that Tambura, the mountain on the left of the road, throws down so many stones that it claims as its prey at least

one person a year—"La Tambura tutti gli anni ne vuol una." We trudged on and up till we finally crossed through a gap in an offshoot from the main ridge, where the road either ends or becomes unrecognisable, which is the equivalent, and here, "glory of glories," and wonder of wonders for these Alps, we found water. Then we made for the main ridge up a slope which ought to have been easy, but which being all loose shaly rock, tired us somewhat before we reached the top of the ridge, at about eight o'clock, quite ready for a rest. Here we were in glorious sunshine, with the valley of the Gerchio below us at one side, the valley of the Piastriccioni at the other, at our backs Tambura, and in front our intended conquest. From the distance (we were actually on the top or nearly so of Mount Focoletta, 1,672 metres), the crest did not appear to be so very difficult, but I've learnt to distrust appearances, especially out here. We rested about an hour, fed once more, and then, as usual with climbers, discussed whether it were really worth while to bother with that climb in front. After finally deciding, also as usual, that at any rate we would go a little nearer and have a look at it, we set off down to the col below us. Here the ridge is almost severed by a marble quarry, and it is necessary or rather advisable for those who have any regard for their necks to straddle across with a leg on each side of the connecting wall. After this the ridge is easy walking for some 300 yards, until we arrive at the first obstacle, a species of gendarme about 60 feet in height, which it is necessary to climb. I just managed to get to a good belay by taking out the full length of rope 60 feet. There was nothing extraordinary about the pitch, beyond the fact that as usual in this country all the good holds are pointing downwards, and all the "Pendleburys" are loose. Consequently one has only minute cracks and friction of one's tweeds to trust to.

Having overcome this obstacle, we were now arrived at another little neck in the ridge, with a quite respectable descent to the right, which led down into the valley of the Piastriccioni. This was comforting in case the Alto di Sella proved too coy.



*Photo.*

*J. Coulton.*

**AT THE FOOT OF THE GULLY.**

Foot of Gully in the closed-in valley of Equi. The snow is last winter's, and the photograph was taken on a blazing day in August.

Now began the crest proper and, really it looked rather serious. However, coraggio! The first thirty feet were easy enough up to a comfortable position for a belay, so when B. was nicely ensconced I took off my rucksack and set to work to explore.

I had read in the description of this climb that the only solution was slightly to the left of the actual corner, so I went out to a big sloping rock (loose as usual, but safe enough) and examined the rock above. It didn't seem any too easy, and as I dislike hard work, I came down again and had a look at the corner itself. There were two or three promising looking cracks, so I went up a few feet, but soon returned as the rock was vertical and it was a case of actually pulling oneself in, and besides, the cracks didn't seem to lead anywhere. I then descended below B., and traversed out to the left, only to find nothing but nearly vertical smooth rock, so I returned once more to the loose boulder, and with the aid of some good handholds, went up about three feet, and spotted a good hold a little higher up, which seemed promising, so I descended, took a rest, and then made a struggle, with which I succeeded in getting my leg over a projection, from which I arrived at a position, where I could haul up my rucksack, and put it on my back. I then hauled up B.'s ice axe, and stuck it in a crack (where it remains to this day, unless some one else has been up since), and then asked B. to wait till I was in a more secure position, which I found about ten feet up on the right. I had now got all the rope out, so I asked B. to come up with his rucksack on his back, as there was nowhere to place it where I was. He thereupon came along up to the loose boulder, but notwithstanding his undoubted climbing ability, could not manage the pitch above it, owing principally to the rucksack, and being off the mountains for so long. He had three good shots at it, and then decided to give it up. This was serious, as I must say I didn't care much about descending, and the rest of the climb was I thought going to be easy, so I called out to him to let me have the rope. I drew the rope up, and coiled it clumsily about me, in case of emergency, and went ahead, whilst B. prepared to descend by the way we had noted previously.

The next pitch appeared at first glance to be fairly easy, until I got started, when the same peculiarities developed themselves as regards handholds upside down, etc. However, a longitudinal crack turned out to be very useful, and surmounting this difficulty, I once more thought I was on the high road to victory and the top. I went up rapidly the next 80 or 100 feet, and then arrived at a point where I could have wished for friend B.'s shoulder. In fact, for quite a while, I considered whether after all it were not advisable to turn back. But I could now see easy going if I could only get over this little point. The way, the only way in fact, was to arrive on a flat-topped rock, which was about shoulder height, when standing on my toes on the last foothold. There appeared to be no handholds or footholds of any description, but after a considerable search, I found two small hollows in the top of the rock, which gave me the necessary purchase, and after a somewhat violent struggle, I found myself on the top of my "mauvais pas," and heaved a relieved sigh. The difficulties of the ascent were now over, so I went ahead rapidly to the top, and reposed as well as the heat of the sun which was now making itself felt severely would allow me. In fact, the rocks were quite hot to the touch. I rested on the top for a time (luckily I had a flask of water), and then considered about getting down.

After a general look round, trying two or three ways, I started down the south-west slope, particularly, as this would take me in the direction of where I supposed B. would be. This side of the mountain is composed entirely of huge slabs of marble nature, with cracks here and there, and occasional tufts of grass. The slope is just sufficient to slip on and requires a lot of care. What is more, it is absolutely necessary to trust in many cases to the herbage, owing to lack of other holds.

I descended some 150 metres, and then traversed to the right to a ridge which, if somewhat steeper, seemed at any rate safer, and after a further 100 metres of this, luckily struck a semblance of track, which had been made by some quarry prospectors. I was more than glad of this, as the eternal

carefulness, plus the blazing, glaring sun, in time get on one's nerves.

It was now easy going, and after a further 50 or 100 metres, I struck a marble lizza, down which I merrily rattled, to arrive at the shelter of a most lovely wood, where I found B. enjoying himself. We rested, and ate and smoked in this beautiful shade, until quite late, and then set off down the horrid Piastriccioni valley to Resceto. This valley is arid, white, and absolutely desolate, and we were in the face of the afternoon sun, and it brought vividly to mind what must be the horrors of travelling in a desert.

But these things come to an end at last, and we arrived thankfully once more at Resceto where, thinking wistfully of Wasdale shandygaffs, I drank about a couple of litres of water, and then, leaving B., who was staying the night, set off for Massa, about 11 kilometres distant. I did this in  $1\frac{3}{4}$  hours, and just managed to catch the 8-40 p.m. train to Spezia, by taking a carriage from the town to the station. I felt not the slightest shame in taking a cab at Spezia station for my rooms, where I immediately resumed drinking and feeding operations, which lasted for two days after. As another Italian friend of mine is accustomed to say, "After excursions of this kind one doesn't have 'appetite,' one has 'hunger.'"

As regards the climb, I suppose placed against some of our Cumberland rock climbs it would appear somewhat second rate, but it must be remembered that it commences at a height of 1,600 metres, when one is already suffering somewhat from fatigue. Furthermore the rock is such as to require gentle treatment, especially in view of the 1,500 or 2,000 feet at each side of the crest. The descent is as I remarked, not difficult, simply requiring a large amount of care, and has only the merit, if merit indeed it be, that, as far as I can gather, it is the first by that face.

I will now conclude with one regret, that I haven't been able to furnish a new ascent, which, judging by most climbing journals, appears to be the chief thing in mountaineering. Perhaps in a year's time I may be able to oblige in that respect, as we have in hand a sweet little Alpine problem, which up to



the present has beaten us twice, and seems likely to do so several times more.

Should any of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club members wend their way in the direction of the Alpi Apuave, I should be delighted to take them into a completely closed-in valley, semicircular at its extremity, which presents about two miles of rock faces, gullies, crests, etc., varying in height from 800 to 1,600 feet, from which no one up to the present has found an exit. What offers?

## A FELL AND ROCK PORTFOLIO.

---

It has been the custom of our Club to reproduce in the Journal a portrait of each succeeding President. In the succeeding pages will be found portraits of the six Vice-Presidents, in the seven years of the Club's existence, who have not passed the Presidential chair. Mr. Charles Grayson is an original member of the Club, has been its Librarian from the commencement, and was for three years a hard-working Secretary to the Club.



E. H. P. SCANTLEBURY (Hon. Sec. and Editor, 1907-9 ; Vice-President 1910-11).



A. W. WAKEFIELD Vice-President, 1907-8.

## THE SENTINEL.

By W. D. DENT.

---

How often one gets information from an unlikely source, and how frequently a seeming chance event may leave a lasting memory for good or ill in the mind !

That seems rather a moralising way of commencing a short article for the "Fell and Rock Climbing Club Journal," but when a member of that august body gets within a score of years of the biblical allotment of "Three score years and ten," the charms of rock climbing may, perforce, give place to something less strenuous, but perhaps in its way equally enjoyable, to the participant. "The Harvest of a quiet eye" will give him who is attuned to nature and nature's ways a glorious time amongst our Cumberland fells.

Let a member's hobby or inclination be what it may, it is certain he can enjoy it among the lake country fells to the full. Let it be Geology. Surely no district is such a complete book writ in stone as this. Take a seat, say on Castle Head, at Keswick, and look at hoary old Skiddaw, and picture its slates laid down in some muddy sea in the æons of long ago. Look at your feet, and think of the time when that very rock was plastic lava, for it is a volcanic boss which is now your footstool, and the ash ejected therefrom is largely remaining in Walla Crag. See too an excellent example of a perched block on the north end of Swinside, and speculate as to the why and wherefore of its present location, and then look towards Borrowdale and its wealth of slate (which is only altered mud), and think how all the beauty of our lakeland of to-day has been thus moulded in the womb of time to be to us a joy and an inspiration.

Then, again to the student of history, how pregnant the whole district is with meaning. If our Scandinavian and Danish forefathers did not leave literal footprints on the sands of time, they certainly left lingual remains, by which their footsteps

may be traced on hill and dale around in every direction. One can almost picture their very homes as they were, and their daily doings, by such names, and such rude remains or monoliths as have survived to the present time.

Then, where is there a better ground for the study of botany, or any of the outdoor scientific pleasures which make life so full of beauty and of joy, and which lend such zest and inspiration to the very act of living?

And thereby hangs the little incident which was in my mind when I started this short article.

I thought I knew my lakeland—at all events the Keswick district thereof—fairly well, but in the unlikely columns of, I think it was, "The Queen" newspaper, I came across the information that the Dash Falls were one of the chief objects of interest at Keswick. Now where were Dash Falls? Does one visitor in ten thousand know of them, or one in twenty thousand visit them? I trow not. The most we usually know about "dash" is that it is a useful variant to "Tut Tut" on the golf links, and saves anything stronger polluting the air!

A search of the map soon settled the location of the Dash in question, so one fine morning my friend and I cycled off to find these famous falls, which are, as of course all members of this Club know, at the north end of Skiddaw. A pleasant trundle on the road past Applethwaite and nearly to Castle Inn, was most enjoyable, but here we left the main road, and followed a very second class highway to Mirkfold Farm, where we left our machines, and walked along up the glen to find the miniature Niagara, which we had pictured to ourselves.

Alas for the high hopes which had buoyed us up all the way—the falls were nothing out of the ordinary, and not of themselves worth our quest, and to add to our disappointment the sun ceased to shine, the mist came down on Dead Crag, and a thin rain made everything most unpleasant. Exercising an Englishman's privilege, we no doubt grumbled to our heart's content, when suddenly, as we were tramping along, we came on to a gnarled thorn bush growing all alone—aged evidently—and twisted and torn by the winds and storms of winter. But there it stood, cheery and strong, making the



Photo.

Wm. D. Dent.

“ THE SENTINEL.”

best of the circumstances by which it was surrounded. If the mists and storms did come, they would pass (so it seemed to say to us) and the sun would again shine bright, and the rude breezes sink to a zephyr. It seemed to breathe a spirit of contentment, and we know by the old proverb that a "contented mind is a continual feast." Somewhere at any rate the sun is shining, if it isn't here, and there's a good time coming in spite of the more pessimistic saying that "what can't be cured must be endured."

So we thanked our thorn bush for the lesson it taught us, which often recurs to mind.

Our good editor has kindly promised to put a copy of the photograph of our old friend, which I took that day, in the Journal, so that its counterfeit presentment may perchance give courage to some one who is wondering whether life's worth the living.

"It is, it is," be assured of that, says our old friend, and if we only smile at the mirror of life, it will assuredly smile back. Try it, and prove what I say is true.



## THE CLIMBERS' FERNS.

By MR. AND MRS. DARWIN LEIGHTON.

---

“ On our other side is the straight-up rock ;  
 And a path is kept 'twixt the gorge and it  
 By boulder-stones where lichens mock  
 The marks on a moth, and small ferns fit  
 Their teeth to the polished block.”—*Robert Browning.*

It is hardly expected that all who wander through the lake country, and those who seek pleasure amongst the rocks and ghylls, should take delight and rapture in its garden of charming flowers and graceful ferns. Still there are a great many whose interest is keen, yet who are unable to recognise the varied species. The climber has ample opportunity of admiring and studying these wild plants, and perhaps this attempt to describe some of the ferns that frequent “ happy hunting grounds ” may be of assistance and interest.

There are between forty and fifty species of British ferns, the majority of which are found wild in the immediate neighbourhood of our climbs. They deck valley and hillside, carpet the woods, and in their spring green watch o'er wild hyacinth and wood anemone. They grace the innermost recesses of our ghylls, and love to dwell where the cascade tosses its silver spray.

The Common Bracken (*Pteris Aquilina*) is the best known, and is found almost everywhere. It varies in height according to the nature of the soil, its average height being two or three feet, but on one occasion members of our club found one with fronds which measured over thirteen feet. In Autumn the bracken on our hillsides turns to a rich golden hue, and later, when winter has tardily given way to spring, it colours the slopes with patches of rusty red.

There is no better place than the lakeland district to find in such valleys as the Duddon, Eskdale, Wasdale, Ennerdale,

Langdale, and Borrowdale, ferns grow wild in luxuriant grace and beauty. There the advanced pteridologist may hunt for rare varieties, and the amateur may revel in the common species. After a hard day's climbing there is nothing more delightful than to make an easy day, wandering in those enchanting woods of Borrowdale and go ferning. The old bridge is adorned with specimens of the Black Spleenwort (*Asplenium Trichomanes*) small tufts of evergreen fronds, a very common fern, often called "maiden-hair," its stem is jet black, with tiny bright green leaves or pinnae. The Green Spleenwort (*Asplenium Viride*) is very similar to the Black Spleenwort, but is distinguished by having a green stem, and it only grows on high lying limestone rocks. On old walls, bridges, or in crevices of rocks grows the Common Wall Rue (*Asplenium Rutamuraria*), a tiny plant with small triangular fleshy leaves. The beautiful Black Maidenhair Spleenwort (*Asplenium Adiantum-nigrum*) grows in shady hedgerows, and occasionally on old walls. It has fronds four or six inches long, triangular in shape, each pair of pinnae broader than the pair above—it is not very plentiful.

The Common Polypody (*Polypodium Vulgare*) grows on the top of old walls, or in the forks of old oak trees. It is easily recognised by its hairy creeping stem root, or rhizome, from which spring the fronds; the seed or spore cases are rich orange-coloured dots on the back of the pinnae.

The Common Male Fern (*Lastrea Filix-mas*) grows in clumps with large robust fronds, four or five feet in length. Alongside, out of a steep bank, and overhanging pool and boulder, grows the most graceful of all our British Ferns—*The Lady Fern*—(*Athyrium Filix-foemina*). It has a slender and more dainty leaf than the male fern, and is usually of a paler green.

The Broad Buckler Fern (*Lastrea Dilatata*) is found here in profusion, and might easily be mistaken for bracken, on account of the similarity in growth. It has large triangular fronds curved slightly backwards, of a rich dark green. Where the quiet of the hazel wood borders on the ghyll there grows the Beech Fern (*Polypodium Phegopteris*). This plant may be recognised by the stipe or stalk being twice as long as

the leaf, which is triangular, extending into a narrow point, and is usually six to ten inches in length, and of a pale green. It may also be found in beautiful patches on the ledges of some of our well-known climbs.

The Oak Fern (*Polypodium Dryopteris*) a tender little fragile plant, very beautiful, is often mistaken for the beech fern, but has a more dainty appearance. It is found where the tiny waterfalls moisten the shady wooded banks of the ghyll, and grows fairly plentifully, but being delicate, it easily succumbs to early frosts.

In a similar situation is found the Hard Fern (*Blechnum Spicant*), a plant easily recognised by its having fertile and barren fronds growing on the same plant. The fertile ones are tall and erect, having spores or seed vessels on the pinnae, which are further apart than in the barren ones, the latter are short and fleshy, and spread out horizontally. The contrast in the two kinds of fronds make this a very graceful plant. It grows profusely in moist hollows 'mongst tufts of heather.

Another beautiful plant, the Prickly Shield Fern (*Polystichum Aculeatum*) may be found in wood or ghyll. It has tufts of long, handsome fronds, shining dark green, deriving its name from the acute points of the pinnae, as compared to the male fern. In suitable soil this plant grows plentifully, lending grace and beauty to its surroundings.

The Royal Fern (*Osmunda Regalis*) is still to be found—not easily discovered—growing in secluded corners of one of our valleys. It is the most majestic of our larger ferns, and is known by its leafy fronds of large size with its dense masses of flower-like spore cases in a separate bunch, at the apex of each frond. There is a legend that one, Osmund, a Saxon ferryman on one of our lakes, hid his wife and daughter from the Danes on an island in a grove of Royal ferns. His daughter christened the tall fern after her father's name—Osmund.

On many of our hillsides may be seen the Montana (*Lastrea Montana*) growing in tufts, shuttlecock shape, tall, healthy-looking plants four or five feet high. When drawn through the hand this fern gives off a delightful fragrance. Higher up the mountain slopes, amongst stony patches, grows the

Parsley Fern (*Allosorus Crispus*). Its bright green tufts of short fronds are easily recognised, because this plant also has two kinds of fronds, fertile and barren, the fertile ones having the spores spread on the back of the frond. It is never found growing on limestone, but grows profusely on slate rocks, a dainty little plant of exquisite beauty. The climber who lunches at the foot of Gimmer Crag or Pavey Ark would do well to get better acquainted with and examine more closely his little friend the Parsley Fern.

The Film Fern (*Hymenophyllum*) may easily be mistaken for Moss. It frequents inner recesses or caves, and is plentiful in such places as Sergeant Crag Gully, Langstrath, or Raven Crag Gully and Coombe Ghyll. It also drapes the inaccessible rocks near some of our waterfalls. It is the smallest of our native ferns, the fronds are very short, membranous, and almost transparent, the colour a dull, brownish green.

Several other varieties of ferns are found in the more westerly districts, where limestone rocks abound, such as parts of Furness, also Whitbarrow, Witherslack, and Scout Scar near Kendal. Most of these ferns are never found on the slate rocks, so the climber who awaits his turn in the fern-clad gully need never expect any of the following varieties to greet his eye, yet this article would hardly be complete without a short description of them. Where the waters of past ages have worn the clints of limestone, and left deep fissures, quite a wealth of rich vegetation is often found.

The Common Hart's Tongue (*Scolopendrium Vulgare*) familiar to most people by its long tongue-shaped frond, sometimes two or three feet long, finds shelter in these, along with its companions, the Brittle Bladder Fern (*Cystopteris Fragilae*), and the Rigid Buckler Fern (*Lastrea Rigida*). The latter is not very plentiful, but is a very elegant plant, and its leaves, when bruised, give off quite a pleasant odour. On the higher range of limestone fells, often when a long slope of bare scree reaches down to the larch wood, grows the hardy little Green Spleenwort. Even in the driest summer this small plant will thrive quite healthily, and exist where other plants die for lack of moisture. The Black Spleenwort and Common Rue

are generally to be found growing in the same heap of stones. The two latter species also grow in almost any part, whether on slate or limestone.

The Limestone Polypody (*Polypodium Calcareum*) frequents scattered heaps of scree, and in appearance similar to the Beech and Oak Fern, but unlike them it will grow in dry exposed places. The Scale Fern (*Asplenium Ceterach*) is occasionally discovered growing in old walls and ruins and is easily distinguished by its short thick fronds, the backs of which are covered with a brown coating or scale. They vary from two to six inches in length. This species formerly was fairly plentiful, but it has suffered considerably at the hands of the plunderer.

The Moonwort (*Botrychium Lunaria*) and Adder's Tongue (*Ophioglossum Vulgatum*) would not be recognised as ferns by the ordinary observer, yet they are very interesting plants, and may be found growing amongst loam or sandy soil. Both species, though somewhat rare, have been found in the lake country woods.

Most of the species found locally have now been mentioned, but there is still a wide field for study in their many varieties.

In concluding this short paper we cannot do better than refer the rambler and scrambler who wishes to learn more about the varieties of ferns to Mr. C. T. Druery's splendid book on "British Ferns and their Varieties," published by Messrs. G. Routledge & Sons, London, at 7s 6d net. This book is splendidly illustrated by coloured plates (one of which is reproduced in this number), nature prints, and woodcuts. A glance will show the climber at once what he is likely to find. As regards Mr. Druery's text, some of it is naturally not very simple: variations, crossing, selection, and hybridizing being dealt with in short pithy chapters. But "British Ferns as a Hobby" and "The Life History of Ferns" are at once delightful and useful. Mr. Druery also gives us a good chapter on "Fern Culture," emphasising its difficulty, and not forgetting its pleasures. As witness the following hint concerning the parsley fern:—"As regards culture, ordinary pot or pan culture, or simple planting in the open on the flat, is little likely

to succeed. Anyone collecting the fern in its native habitat, on the slopes of loose, stony material, weathered down from above, will note that season after season the plant is apt to be buried by the sliding debris, and, in fact, has been so repeatedly, and that season after season new fronds have pushed their way to the light, and rooted higher up to fit. Soil proper there is hardly any under such conditions, and however moist the rubble may be it is well drained. Studying these peculiarities, we have succeeded in maintaining the parsley fern in a good condition, for years, in a London garden, in this way. Digging a hole about a foot deep in a suitable position, we have filled this with rough brown peat and loam in equal parts, and well mixed with coarse sand and gravel. Upon this we have spread the matted root of the fern, with its growing end toward the North: we have then buried it bodily with a spadeful of gravel, so that it was entirely covered to the depth of a couple of inches. Over the root mass, i.e., on the south side, we have then dumped a large brick burr, about two feet high, and nearly as wide, thus leaving the growing end of the fern tree, save of the gravel. Drenching the whole with water, we have then left the plant to its own resources, and, doubtless regarding this cataclysm as a usual thing, it speedily pushed a host of fronds through the gravel, and grew, thenceforth, season after season, as if at Scafell's foot itself."

Mr. Druery's method has been to put the species, and afterwards their varieties, in alphabetical order; always giving a succinct account of the type fern and its peculiarities before descending to details in varieties. One notes with pleasure the large number of entries concerning the lake country, Wasdale, and Mardale, and Duddon, and the like, but not a single climber is in the list, nor are the ferns of the upper regions particularly to the fore, which shows that, given a little study and some energy, here is a field in which original research will be richly rewarded. The woods and lower ghylls yielded a noble harvest to Barnes, Stabler, Whitwell, and others forty years ago. Their records make a good show in Mr. Druery's lists, but recently little work has been done.

## A CAMPING HOLIDAY.

By MILLICAN DALTON.

---

One of my favourite camps is a steep fellside in Borrowdale, commanding a perfect view of a perfect lake, Derwentwater, framed by mountains on each side, with the purple bulk of Skiddaw in the distance ; and I have watched many gorgeous sunsets from that spot, as we cooked over our wood fire and dined in the open. On one such occasion we reclined in our red blankets, gazing on the ever-changing tints of the sky, yellow, orange, crimson, pink, and grey, merging into the blue, purple, and violet of the hills—all these colours duplicated in the lake beneath.

At midnight there was still a lingering afterglow when the full moon rose above the Fells of Borrowdale, behind the three little white tents. A girl in the party proposed a row, so four of us commandeered a boat, and rowed the two miles down the winding Derwent, and on to the open lake. Broken silver-edged clouds drifted across the moon, and as we pulled lazily along, misty, wispy vapours rose from the surface of the water, veiling and unveiling the surrounding wall of mountains.

Landing on one of the wooded islands, we made a big blazing fire of sticks, boiled water in an oatcake tin, put in some slabs of chocolate which one man happened to have in his pocket, dug out some old Swiss-milk tins for drinking vessels, and with some oatcake, had a light impromptu "supper of the Savage Club," and talked of past adventures.

Re-embarking, the star-spangled sky was perfectly clear, with faint indications of the approaching dawn. It was four o'clock when we got back to camp, quite ready for the sleep deferred.

Derwentwater is connected with its twin lake, Bassenthwaite, by a river three miles long. Shooting the numerous rapids in



*Photo by*

**RAFTING ON DERWENT WATER.**

*The late T. J. Kenyon.*



its course, and getting the boat back again upstream, provides as exciting and novel a sport as is to be had anywhere in the British Isles. Our camp crews are the only passengers up that river.

Last summer some of us played potted "Peter Pan" on the lake. I discovered some felled trees lying in a wood on the shore; some of them were 35 feet long, and took five men to shift into the water. We lashed seven of these trunks securely together with an Alpine rope, and found the raft would carry a crew of five. We used branches as paddles, and went a long way out from the shore. I also rigged up a Scotch plaid as a sail.

I would like to tell of many wild expeditions—in Scotland, a three days' "trek" across Rannock Moor, bivouacking in the open without a tent, passing thro' the dark defile of the Pass of Glencoe at midnight. "Over the sea to Skye," we pitched our tent in the savage solitude of Loch Coruisk, walled in by the Coolin Hills, whose rugged ridges provide the finest rock-climbing in Britain; of Kenmare Estuary and Killarney; of Christmas and Easter mountaineering camps by Scafell; and of camps in Switzerland at the foot of the mighty Matterhorn.

The charms of camping are well known and keenly appreciated by a growing number of holiday-makers of both sexes. Camping provides the completest possible change from ordinary civilised town existence; and, being the healthiest kind of life, as well as the jolliest and most unconventional, is the best antidote to the rush and stress of city work. The open-air life has been found by experience to be a *cure*, not a cause, of rheumatism, as it is likewise for consumption and neurasthenia.

Among the many advantages camping has over house or hotel, the chief is that one is in the open air in view of the ever-varying aspects of mountain, lake and river, from getting up to bedtime. Camping also combines perfectly with other open-air sports and pursuits—such as rowing, mountaineering, fishing, swimming, painting, botanising, and the study of wild life.

## TWO NEW CLIMBS.

By G. F. WOODHOUSE, M.A.

---

**I. On the Napes.** I have long thought that there should be some climbing on the Hell Gate side of the Napes, and some speculative scrambling by W. L. Fawcett and myself one Easter strengthened this idea. From the finish of the Needle Ridge we descended slabs, until we came to a break. From here I went further, and peered over into the depths beneath. There seemed to be a small pinnacle some way down, but it looked very steep, and somewhat grassy. On that occasion we did not pursue our investigations further.

Last Easter I was again there with A. B. Cowburn, and discussed the matter with him. We were in Hell Gate, and made out the pinnacle before mentioned. C. started scrambling upwards, and shouted that he thought it would go, so I threw up the rope and followed. It starts perhaps 50 yards from Hell Gate up the screes just opposite the well-known Hell Gate Pinnacle; a small cairn now marks the start. It was steep at first, with a sort of crack on the right like a bannister, and half-way up this there was an excellent belaying pin, by which the leader could secure himself, and which would be useful in a descent. Perhaps 40 feet up the Pinnacle was reached, and I joined C. The next 20 feet looked insecure, and it was now raining, making the rocks greasy. The abundance of grass made it difficult to find the holds, but a large grassy hollow was soon reached. A chimney some 15 feet followed, and then another chimney, and we were now on a ridge, confronted by a gendarme, which we traversed. Turning to the right we scrambled up the previously explored slabs, and reached the top of the Napes. The climb was easier than was expected, and after a little clearing out, would make a popular

means of descent to Hell Gate, and save much scree running. We thought that "The Back Staircase" would be a suitable name.

**II. Eel Crag Gully.** At the head of Newlands, which is, I believe, called Goldscope, some fine crags will be seen on the east side, i.e., on Eel Crag. Years ago R. W. Broadrick climbed a gully in these crags. This climb was repeated in September, 1904, by R. A. Milligan, K. Moorsome, and myself, and we were much pleased with the climb. The new climb is in the right-hand portion, i.e., the extreme end of the crags. This part is rather distinct from the rest, and is very steep, and would, I am sure, give some good buttress climbs.

This gully is quite unmistakable, and is very deeply cut, and quite steep.

The first pitch, some 20 feet, consists of a jammed stone, and is narrow. It was rather difficult to see the wood, for the trees, so to speak at first, but it went well enough. The block was climbed on the right by good holds, but the landing was bad and grassy. The gully is narrow throughout. The next pitch, 10 feet, was simple, but the next was more imposing, and from below looked as if it might be troublesome. It was a 30 foot chimney crowned by two chockstones, one resting on the other. The first 12 feet was ascended by feet on both walls, which were here quite close. It then seemed easier to back up the rest and it went very pleasantly.

The next pitch a 20 foot chimney followed at once, and was backed up to start with and finished up the right wall which gave good holds till the finish, which had to be made on grass and heather. The first ascent was made on September 6th, 1913, by Rev. A. J. Woodhouse and myself

A few remarks (from memory) of the other gully, that climbed by Mr. Broadrick, may also be of interest. It is, perhaps, in the centre of the main crag, and starts with a 15 or 20 foot chimney near a tree. This chimney is very narrow, and rather difficult. The next bit is grassy, and by the help of a shoulder, as the rock was very rotten, we climbed

out on the right, and up 40 feet of very fine face. After this the rock was rather loose for a few feet, and we got into the gully again. Then followed a steep water worn trough, with toe and finger holds. This brought us to a very fine pitch. We climbed it by good ledges on the right wall, which led away from the boulder outwards, and round an entertaining corner. I am rather hazy as to the rest of the gully, as one of the party was in a hurry, so we all hurried.

I think these crags are worthy of attention, and may yield some good climbs.

**And a Note.** In September, 1905, R. A. Milligan and the writer made a route up the Gillercombe Buttress, described in last year's Journal. We started up a gully on the left, which as far as I remember was not easy. About half-way up we got on to the buttress by a long steep slab. From here we worked upwards leaning to the right, a grassy crack and a sporting traverse ending in a tree being the chief points.

**One other Gully.** In Troutdale, a few yards south of Black Crag, there is a deeply cut gully. It has four pitches, all wet and rather rotten. My brother and I first went up it in '02, and had another look at it this year. No one seems to know about it, but they don't miss much.



*Photography*

**MONTE ROSA, AT DAWN.**

*W. T. Aueroff.*

## THE WELLENKUPPE.

By WM. F. ASCROFT.

---

There is a class of climbers who may be described as permanently "moderate," and who, not capable of leading on our English courses and knowing their limitations, would not think of climbing guideless in Switzerland, supposing that their knowledge of the behaviour of rocks and snow sufficed. To these Zermatt, even in these fashionable days, is a desirable place, as the climbs are graduated and the guides on the whole reliable men, with the physical and moral attributes of the climber.

To the class of mountaineer referred to the Wellenkuppe, or wave-capped mountain, is an attractive ascent, and even by the hardened sinner it is regarded as a good training expedition. The peak is 12,830 feet above the sea, it provides a glacier quite sufficiently crevassed, a reasonable rock climb with good holds, and eventually some snow work on the summit or cap.

The night is usually spent at the Trift Hotel, some two hours' mule walk above Zermatt, but if the start is early enough there seems little reason for sleeping out, unless it be the views over Monte Rosa from the hotel at sunset, and again at dawn, as in the photo. Against all rules of the game, and forced on by the almost continual snowfall, we completed our ascent and descent to the Trift Hotel in 6½ hours, against 8½ hours the scheduled time. Shortly, our ascent of the Wellenkuppe consisted of a dreary walk over an endless moraine—an interesting trudge across the Trift Glacier, taking a horseshoe course to meet the direction of crevasses hidden and revealed, and skirting the base of the Trifhorn with its noisy rock falls at a comfortably safe distance—a good scramble up some firm granite slabs and buttresses where the holds were good, and the views superb, across the rock faces of the Obergabelhorn—and finally the ascent of the snow cap on the summit at a fairly steep angle.

If the mist curtains lift, as they did for us, for a few moments only, revealing the precipices of the Trifhorn and Gabelhorn, the climb is worth it—even in a mild snowstorm.

## MIDNIGHT ON THE MOUNTAINS.

By WILLIAM T. PALMER

(*Author of "Odd Corners in English Lakeland," etc.*)

---

Midnight on the mountains, either alone or with companions, should never be a dull experience. It may be that the after-glow, rosy and warm, has crept up the sky, leaving the hills clear and sharply defined—a stage ready set for the drama of a new day. Then the bright starlight shows the giant masses of rock sheering above and around, and one feels to the depth of one's heart the majesty and romance of Nature. Or it may be that the sun goes down in a flurry of crimson, and there comes a night of cloud and storm, when every effort of the rambler is strained to the task of following the dim path, when the springs are spouting floods and the little brooks become unfordable torrents. The air is cold, and even in July one's clothes soaked through with rain too often are frozen stiff. I have experienced a snowstorm on a May midnight—a sinister black-grey whirl in which even a familiar and well-marked track was lost, and one had to trust to the foot feeling the harder and smoother places. And the number of times the sun rises to show a pall of frost-rime on the grass above 2,500 feet is many in every summer. But cut off from view by the night-cap of cloud a thousand feet beneath, the world of dales and lakes knows nothing of this. Sometimes one meets a tempest so powerful that progress becomes impossible, and one has to be content with the shelter of crag or boulder until daylight shows a safe way of descent, or the gale moderates its fury.

From the beginning of June to the middle of August, there can hardly be said to be true darkness, except of cloud shadows, on the mountains of Cumbria. If the light of the west has faded from rose to clear blue, and lost all its virtue, and the eastern glow has not yet risen over the horizon, then a pale primrose band suffuses the north, and gives sufficient light

to see one's path. This near approach to the midnight sun of northern lands, is a characteristic dear to the heart of the night-angler on our lakes and tarns, who by facing northwards, can distinguish and examine the flies he is using.

Night rambles over the mountains are not without adventures at times ; the wanderers losing both path and sense of direction, suddenly come to the edge of a cliff. The clouds are whirling about, and from beneath there is the heavy boom of wind against steep rocks. To go forward is hopeless, and to where should one retreat? For sometimes crags equally precipitous seem to fall on every hand. One August morning we stood thus on a very airy pinnacle, but light was piercing the mists, and after a short wait the blanket was split asunder, and away, deep below, as in a well, one saw a mountain tarn, a narrow rock-girt valley, and a rattling white torrent—enough to give us new direction. And yet we failed to get off the mountain, for in half an hour we were again cut off by precipices, and again, through the cloud rifts looked down on to a rugged valley, with a foaming torrent—but no tarn. We had simply crossed the range and made small progress. On another occasion on straight-forward grassy moors, we failed to make the cairn until an hour late ; doubtless we had made a “ ring ” somewhere on the journey. It is a pleasing venture, however, to struggle up Rossett Ghyll in thick cloud-mist, and at the top of Esk Hause to find clear air around, with the first flush of dawn rising, and being reflected in amber tints along a great sea of moving vapour. Then the chill of the breeze goes unheeded : columns and towers, and palaces of mist, are being tossed up at every touch of the breeze into the golden light, and at last the level sunbeams play along the moving, white tide, striking undescribable glories of rose and pink, and red and gold and silver, the while, steadfast, immovable, grey and brown and green mountains stand around.

Midnight on the mountains—a night on the mountains, long hours of communion with nature at rest and at peace. The woodcock's peculiar we-esp, the night jar's churring plaint, the wood-owl's fearsome shriek, the barn-owl's melancholy



cry, the corncrake's rasping call, mingled with the rattle of cascades near and far, and the sougling of the breeze in the larches.

Up the stony path, here wet, there spongy with moss, the open fell was soon reached. Through knee-deep bracken, over ledges of parsley fern, by the edge of gullies where the dark water rumbled unseen, along ridges of scree and among big blocks of stone, avoiding the great grass-crowned boulders, slipping on flat invisible slabs, the way went pleasantly, if not particularly easy, and soon the great rift of the valley, filled with the exhalations of marsh and stream, was cleared, and one's eyes had regard to the few stars dotting the blue fields of sky. In the west the moon was endeavouring to pierce a fleecy cloud pack, but without success, though now and again a bright silver rag showed where the planet hid. A few sheep were feeding among the stones, and now and again one of these, alarmed at the clinking of nails against rock, would bleat, and in a thin voice its lamb replied, ere both scurried further away.

Mountain sheep feed the summer night through, gradually climbing until they greet the sunrise from the highest slopes. One point in night climbing ever remains puzzling; the tremendous distortion of ascents and descents, of levels and bogs. One is amused at daylight to find that the corner which was warily passed, cliff sheering above and a precipice with a wide deep pool below, is almost unrecognisable—a turn in the path with a short easy slope down to the foot-deep stream, and a few broken fragments about and above. The waterfall in the ghyll to the upper fell is by day a pretty sight—at night the impressionable mind harks back to that much-worn phrase, "Beauty lying in the lay of horror," the great cliff, the foaming streams, the placid pool—all suggested rather than visible. But a few steps and the waterfall was behind and below, and another great rock-steep impended in its place. After a long half-hour of such difficulties, formidable until approached, the ghyll opened out on both sides, and the level of the tarn was reached. And here was the presence of real mountains; to right, to left, in front, sharp against the cloud-flecked sky—

behind, over the abyss of the dale, indefinite, huge, mysterious, as the night mist hung to shoulder and summit. The great crag across the rock-basin was a black wall, its featureless front with a wee, wee bit of clear sky being reflected in the tarn. For a while I walked along the margin of the water, and again and again paused to watch the faint breeze, so faint that its draught could not be felt, ruffle the surface. A sand-piper called sharply and loudly from the dusk beneath the great crag, its mate, somewhere on the level bogs beyond the tarn, answering with a scale, a snatch of song. The trout were rising freely—no doubt goodly store of mayflies large and small, or bracken clocks, were on the water to be sucked down. Our mayflies and craneflies and other lures of the meadow pools are regularly found at these higher levels.

My route was now clear ; up scree and stones and grass to the ridge between two hills. The light improved every minute, and if there was no definite track, there was little difficulty in tracing an easy line. At the top of the col many mountains to the west leapt into view, but on all there the haze was persistent, and for two or three minutes a wisp of low flying cloud trailed past, and away over the rocks about me, to lose its entity in the grey bank to southward. From the summit of the mountains one might expect a glorious view of dale and lake, and lowland, and sandy estuary, but this morning only fingers of grey white groping between and below the rugged fells. Yet this half-seen, half-guessed panorama had its charms ; the hills waxed great and high, and the dales deep, gloomy, mysterious. Here and there a patch of black woodland, a knoll of rocks stood up, and thicker grey even to white was the canopy over lake and tarn and marshy river side.

I did not wait the coming of the sun, for a dense cloud hung on the eastern horizon, but as soon as the dawn-light was full returned to the boulder by the tarn at which my rucksack had been left. Here, what a change ! The ruffled waters and the smooth, the great crag shadow showing deep clefts of ghylls and broad buttresses, splintered rock-spires, and great solid towers—most of the detail of the great rock was visible in its mirror. Long ago the meadow pipit and the

stonechat, the skylark and the titlark began to move about, and to sing, while the querulous sandpiper continued its complaint. High over the crags a buzzard was sweeping, its mewings coming clearly to the ear though the bird was a mere speck in the air, but a curlew whistled wild and carefree from a greater height.

My descent of the ghyll was rapid. At about the 1,000 feet contour, I dropped through the clammy mist now rising from the valley, and in a minute the world of the uplands was lost to my view.

**SOME CLIMBING SONGS**

## I.—A Novice's Climbing Song.

By B. & D. LEIGHTON.

---

- Number one, number one, I've been for a climb, so I'll sing you a song,  
With a rum-tum tad-d'lum, old Joe Braddelum, Eh! what climbing  
lads are we.
- Number two, number two, my right hand a boot, my left hand a shoe,  
With a rum-tum, etc.
- Number three, number three, over the Sty, over the scree,  
With a rum-tum, etc.
- Number four, number four, they roped me up a-top o' Mickledore,  
With a rum-tum, etc.
- Number five, number five, I had my fears if I'd get back alive  
With a rum-tum, etc.
- Number six, number six, *they* call 'em handholds—I call 'em nicks,  
With a rum-tum, etc.
- Number seven, number seven, I always heard it's a hard road to heaven,  
With a rum-tum, etc.
- Number eight, number eight, they yelled "come along," but I begged em  
to wait.  
With a rum-tum, etc.
- Number nine, number nine, spinning round and round at the end of a line,  
With a rum-tum, etc.
- Number ten, number ten, once get me out and I'll never come ag'en,  
With a rum-tum, etc.
- Number eleven, number eleven, back to the farm and dinner at seven,  
With a rum-tum, etc.
- Number twelve, number twelve, if you want any more you must sing it  
yourselves,  
With a rum-tum, etc.
- (With profuse apologies to a Berkshire Folk Song.)*

## A NOVICE'S CLIMBING SONG.

By B &amp; D LEIGHTON.

*Briskly*

**PIANO**

**VOICE**

Num-ber one Num-ber one, I've been for a climb wit' says a song wit'  
 Num-ber two etc.

a rom-bun-lid d'lan old Joe Bow-de-lan Oh! what climb-ing lads are we'

## II.—A Lakeland Lyric.

By "A CROCK."

(From "The Climbers' Club Journal.")

Urge me no more. Moss Ghyll I will not climb,  
Where deuce is called at tennis on the ledge,  
And steps are collied on the very edge  
Of nothing, while each exit than the last  
Is Collier or more Collie. Lest cragfast  
I agonise, Moss Ghyll I will not climb.

These are no climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,  
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

Urge me no more. Others may climb, not I,  
Thy pillar, Scaffell, from ghyll deep or steep,—  
Others who steeped in guilt than I more deep  
Court suicide, their lives within their hand,  
(And little else and nowhere firm to stand).

Such breakneck rocks others may climb, not I.

These are no climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,  
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

Urge me no more. Not mine that northern face  
Of Pillar Stone to scale, and at the Nose  
To drivell foolish (while my leader goes  
To drink and smoke in gully out of sight).

Then bogging yell "Confound you, man, hold tight!"  
Another's climb, not mine, that northern face.

These are no climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,  
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

Urge me no more. I do not want to see  
The eggs in Eagle's Nest. The Arrow Head  
I hold a pointless thing. Nor will I thread  
At needless risk the Needle, nor (Kern) Knotts  
Will tie in cracks and western chimney pots.

Cracks and cracked skulls I do not want to see.

These are no climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,  
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

Urge me no more. Rather I'll face Blacksail,  
With sun and knapsack full upon my back,  
Or up Esk Hause pursue a well-cairned track  
To "England's summit," or with aim less high  
Trundling a bike inglorious up the Sty,

"Escape to Keswick down through Borrowdale."

These are the climbs for Smith, Jones, Robinson,  
(Save Haskett, Owen Glynne, and John).

With apologies for many plagiarisms.

### III.—Lines written in depression near Rosthwaite.

(Air : " *Tramp ! Tramp ! Tramp ! the boys are marching.*")  
(From " *The Scottish Mountaineering Club's Journal.*")

When I climb upon the rocks  
I suffer horrid shocks  
As up gully, crag, or chimney I am led.  
I scramble and I tussle  
Though I haven't any muscle  
And am sadly inefficient in the head.

*Chorus* :—

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

On the Pillar Rock sublime,  
In essaying the North climb,  
I found the Stomach Traverse very tight,  
And when I reached the Nose,  
To add unto my woes,  
Fell and dangled on the rope and got a fright.

*Chorus* : Haul ! haul ! haul ! etc.

On the Eagle's Nest Arête,  
I got in such a state,  
That to use the stirrup rope I was compelled.  
But I could not get the knack,  
So was hauled up like a sack ;  
And my knuckles on the rocks contused and swelled.

*Chorus* : Haul ! haul ! haul ! etc.

When we went with Haskett-Smith  
My climbing was a myth,  
For he always pulled me up upon the rope.  
But I fear I didn't grumble,  
For without it I should tumble,  
And, 'twas better than to sit below and mope.

*Chorus* : Haul ! haul ! haul ! etc.



In a gully on Great End  
 My foothold did descend,  
 And I descended with it down the pitch,  
 Green with fear and moss and mud  
 And the sight of Haskett's blood,  
 Whose hands had drawn up sharp against the hitch.

*Chorus* : Haul ! haul ! haul ! etc.

Even in my bed, asleep,  
 About the rocks I creep,  
 With my nightclothes whirling in the gale,  
 With the rope around my neck,  
 And my nerves a perfect wreck,  
 And loose boulders falling down on me like hail.

*Chorus* : Haul ! haul ! haul ! etc.

#### IV.—Oh ! the Climbers.

*Tune* : *Clementine*.

O'er the grass slopes, over boulders,  
 Weary grinding all the time.  
 Why this hard and heavy labour ?  
 Only going for a climb.

*Chorus* : Oh ! the climbers. Oh ! the climbers,  
 Oh ! the men who go to climb.  
 I'm so happy when I'm climbing.  
 For the sport is so sublime.

Light some are, they might be fairies,  
 Others may be twelve stone nine.  
 We've all sorts in Fell and Rock Club,  
 But you just should see them climb.

*Chorus* : Oh ! the climbers, etc.

Up the chimneys, cracks and ridges  
 Anything that man can climb.  
 Traversing by tiny ledges,  
 Never back till dinner time.

*Chorus* : Oh ! the climbers, etc.

Ashley, George, or Lyon leading,  
 Oppenheimer, fills the line.  
 When they're seen at eve returning,  
 Sure they've been up some new climb.

*Chorus* : Oh ! the climbers, etc.

## V.—Palinodia.

By PRAED, Jun., A.C.

(From "*The Climbers' Club Journal.*")

---

There was a time when I could feel  
 All Alpine hopes and fears ;  
 When I was light of toe and heel,  
 Like other mountaineers.  
 Those days are done ; no more, no more,  
 The cruel fates allow ;  
 And, though I'm barely forty-four,  
 I'm not a climber now.

I never talk about the clouds ;  
 I laugh at girls and boys  
 Who do the Matterhorn in crowds ;  
 I've done with childish joys.  
 I never wander forth " alone  
 Upon the mountain's brow ; "  
 I weighed last winter sixteen stone—  
 I'm not a climber now.

When guides at midnight shout " Away ! "  
 I'm deafer than the deep,  
 Just when they're " eager for the fray "  
 I'm eager for a sleep.  
 Climb, beardless boys, with boyish zest,  
 I don't care where or how ;  
 But let me have my proper rest—  
 I'm not a climber now.

The rocks that roughly handle us,  
 The peaks that will not " go,"  
 The uniformly scandalous  
 Condition of the snow.  
 All these have quenched my ancient flame,  
 And climbing is, I vow,  
 A vastly over-rated game—  
 I'm not a climber now.

I see no point in " first ascents,"  
And " variations " pall ;  
It's grinding toil, at huge expense.  
Why do men climb at all ?  
Ah ! all too soon will " snows " be seen  
Upon my " frosty pow,"  
But—seek them ?—no ! I'm not so green—  
I'm not a climber now.

I've long been shaky in the houghs ;  
Uphill I'm very " cheap,"  
And now the chimneys and the rocks  
Are all made much too steep.  
They charmed, with " pleasure at the helm,"  
When " youth was on the prow ;"  
To-day, they almost overwhelm—  
I'm not a climber now.

I don't dream now of wild alarms,  
Of overhanging slopes,  
Of " Cols," " Arêtes," " Seracs," " Gend'armes,"  
Of axes and of ropes.  
At that most unattractive " grub "  
I soon should make a row ;  
I miss the comforts of my club—  
It's not the " Climbers " now.

Swiss Club over 12,000, and that even the members of the Alpine Club would become so numerous that they would take unto themselves a Club badge. O Haskett, what a falling-off was there!—in order to be able to distinguish each other in the Alps. Every climber, no doubt, likes to call himself a mountain-lover; but it is sometimes said of the rock-climber that he is not a real mountain-lover, only a mountain-gymnast; that he flattens himself on a rock wall or disappears into the depths of a chimney and, engrossed in his climbing, is blind to the picturesque charms of his surroundings. There may be, in fact there are exceptional enthusiasts of this kind; but rock climbing in general cannot be disposed of in this sweeping manner; the rock climber has the same opportunities of seeing and admiring the noblest of views as anyone else. To say nothing of the Swiss Alps and the Caucasus, look at the views seen while climbing the N.W. ridge of the Cimone della Pala, or the south ridge of the Popena, and again the Fünffingerspitze would be worth ascending if only for the marvellous view it affords of the Langkofel precipices—the most impressive view of its kind I have ever seen. It was, by-the-by, on this peak that two summers ago I had evidence of the activity of the Fell and Rock Climbers' Club. Although the Langkofel group is one of the strongholds of Austrian climbers, on gaining the summit of the Fünffingerspitze we found that a few days before the first ascent of the year had been made by two of your members—the Messrs. Abraham. The younger members of this Club have advantages that were denied to those of us who were novices forty years ago. We had to gain our experience as best we could; there was no fostering Club to befriend us and to guide us in the right way. It must be, in many ways, an invaluable privilege to your young recruits to belong to a Club like this, and my best wish to them is that they in their time may enjoy such delightful expeditions as I have had with your retiring President in lakeland, in Skye, and especially in Norway, where he is honoured by the title of "The Father of Norse Mountaineering." It is my misfortune never to have climbed with your new President. I regret this very much, for it is said that the bright stream of humorous anecdote that delights his friends in the valley is not to be compared with the sparkling fountain of merriment that bursts forth when he is on the mountain side. I now give you the toast of "The Club." Its title always seems to me to contain one superfluous word—climbing—, because having formed your Club and taken over the fells and rocks, I cannot conceive what you would wish to do, but to climb them.

In replying, the PRESIDENT pointed out to the succession of great Presidents the Club had had, and spoke of his personal unfitness for the position. (Mr. Slingsby's speech later in the evening disposed of any chance the President had of anyone believing his remarks on this point). However, his predecessors could not claim a greater love for the mountains and for mountaineering. He then read, with humorous

annotations, a poem attributed to Pindar, which gave more or less reliable advice to mountaineers.

After which, when order was something like resumed, the Rev. J. H. SMITH proposed the toast of the "Kindred Clubs." In numbers these clubs run into four figures, their membership must be millions. Of the Alpine Club, one thing we were very proud to say—as a Club we were of its family. The A.C. had shown to the world the reality of the mountains, and the world was in its debt for a great thing. As to the other Kindred Clubs, are not their acts written in the chronicles of their Journals. The spirit of love for the mountains, as inculcated by the Alpine Club, will continue until the race of man is no more, for it contains elements as permanent and enduring as the mountains themselves. Even in the days when we are told competition will be no more, mountaineering will go on and prosper, for there is nothing strained, or artificial, or competitive in the sport. The day when climbing is no more will be the day of the real decadence of the human race.

MR. J. H. WHITWORTH, of the Rucksack Club, was the first to respond. He claimed that his club, undistinguished in many ways, had been the means of popularising the rucksack in this country, and so had added to the possibilities of enjoyment among our mountains.

MISS E. M. ECKHARD, of the Ladies' Scottish Mountaineering Club, made a brilliant speech, justifying the presence of women on mountain climbs, and their clubs. While not so robust and enduring as men, they were equally agile, and could learn as much about mountain craft, although the men had a generation start of them. "The Scottish Ladies' Climbing Club" is only four years old, and has not yet attracted many members, and as yet has made few new ascents. These ladies claim that whilst the Ladies' Alpine Club meets to talk and eat, they meet among the mountains to climb. In strength the average woman cannot compete with the average man. When a man and a woman are out together the man always takes the lead, but for agility or knowledge of the problems in front, the woman is often the equal of the man, yet she never is allowed to take the initiative or even to think for herself. "I am not sure such a position is an entirely satisfactory one," says one of the younger leaders of ladies' mountaineering, "so now we go entirely on our own. We have to find our own way among the hills. The lady out to learn has soon proved to her that when her ideas and the compass vary on direction, she is the one that is wrong. We have to cut our own steps, seek out our own belays, carry our own ropes and ice axes, and rucksacks. Now it has been abundantly proved to us that the climbs men have put into the text-books as suitable for ladies are mere child's play to the serious work on rock, peak, and snow couloir. Such independence has its disadvantages, especially when our members get married. Then it is that if *he* doesn't climb she climbs no more; if *he*

docs, they climb together, and of course he leads, does the thinking, route-finding, bundle-carrying, and all the rest of the real pleasurable work."

[Since the dinner, Miss Eckhard is reported as "married."]

MR. GEORGE SEATREE, of the Wayfarers' Club (and much more of our own) followed. As last year the Editor cut down Mr. Seatree's speech to three lines without any complaint from that gentleman, this year it is given its due:—A long period will elapse ere any of us will forget the graceful and eloquent address to which we have just listened. It has been said that Scotchmen never return to their own country except for the purpose of bringing away a brother. Well, I feel sure we all hope Miss Eckhard will not leave the Fell and Rock Club except to fetch a climbing sister along with her. One of my pleasantest memories of the mountains north of the Tweed is that of a delightful week-end spent at Arrochar, where several members of the Scottish Ladies' Club—which Miss Eckhard so charmingly and ably represents—were of the party, and proved how skilled and capable they were on the rocks, even under very icy conditions. Like Mr. Whitworth, I have the privilege to be present this evening in a dual capacity. Primarily it is my duty to thank your Committee for their kind recognition of the club I have the honour to represent—the Wayfarers of Liverpool—to acknowledge your true north country hospitality and your warm reception this evening of all those representing kindred associations. My other capacity is that of—what I hope I may claim to be—a loyal member of this Club, rejoicing in its continued success, and the enthusiasm of its many young members. The Wayfarers of Liverpool came into being the same year as this Club, and may, therefore, be regarded as a twin brother, lacking perhaps some of the robustness of early youth which the Fell and Rock has displayed, but a healthy young relation, each year showing signs of increasing vigour and determination. The headquarters of the two Clubs are in this county, and we in the south, condemned to live and move amidst the bricks and mortar of city life will not, I am persuaded, look in vain for the support and *camaraderie* which our more enviably situated Lakeland Club can extend to its less favoured town and city brethren. Probably these increasing urban climbing organisations may prove useful as recruiting grounds for such mountain district clubs as our own. The election of my old friend Haskett-Smith to the Presidential Chair adds lustre and increases the prestige of this Club. The event recalls an amusing prophesy regarding him. Some six or seven and twenty years ago, when rock climbing was in its infancy, at the end of our camping holiday, John Robinson and I rambled back to Keswick. On our way we halted at Rothwaite for luncheon, and called upon Jackson, a well-known pedestrian guide. When he was not guiding visitors he was employed in cobbling or shocmaking. He had some notion of crag work, but contented himself with taking tourists to look at them. Addressing

Robinson, Jackson inquired, " Was it your brother 'at com throo 'ere last summer to gang to Scofel wi' a gentleman fra' t' sooth they co' 'Askett-Smith ? " " I have no brother," replied Robinson, " it was I." " Oh ! " said Jackson, " it was ye, was it ? " Then after a considerable pause, he suddenly stopped his cobbling, and said in a very grave tone : " Yon 'Askett-Smith 'll be brekkin' is neck afoore lang." Fortunately for us, our Club and the climbing world generally, Jackson's gruesome prophecy has not been fulfilled. 'Askett is with us to-night fit, hale, and hearty, the honoured President of a thriving Lake District Climbing Club. There are, however, other dangers in the pathway of our esteemed Chief, and a word of warning may not be untimely. Recently there has occurred an epidemic of matrimonial entanglements amongst the high officers of the Club. Two Hon. Secretaries and the Treasurer have taken upon themselves the joys and responsibilities of the connubial state—and most warmly we congratulate them and their good ladies. Is not our President entering a rather dangerous and risky atmosphere for bachelors ? The wedding of a President during his term of office would afford a unique opportunity for rejoicing. Less likely things have occurred in our time. Of course one would not presume to offer advice on a subject so delicate, but in case our President has still an open mind, I ask leave to read the counsel which an old dalesman gave to his son. " Ah wish wi' a' my heart thoo, wad git weddit Willie, but divvent git hod o' yan o' thur feckless dris't up bodies. Thee gang thee ways up amang t' fells an' lait a lass 'ats fit to mak a wife on." Courtship in the lakeland counties does not always occupy a long drawn out wooing time. It is sometimes a very curt and businesslike process indeed. A young " statesman " of Westmorland called upon the lady of his choice quite unexpectedly, and said to her, " Ah just co'd to tell the' 'at ah 've been thinkin' o' gittin weddit, an' ah thowt thoo was as like suitin' ma as 'owt. Noo ah'se gangin' to t' market an ah'll co' as ah cum back an' see what thoo says about it." He gravely rode off, and on his return was accepted. But the course of true love does not always run so smoothly in the dales. Quite recently the following tragic dialogue was overheard between a young farmer and a very estimable servingman. Farmer : " Ah hear Harry thoo's brokken off thee engagement wid Mary Jane." Harry : " No, ah didn't brek't off." Farmer : " Oh, she brak't off." Harry : " No, she wasn't to bleame owther." Farmer : " But it is brokken off, isn't it ? " Harry : " Well, aye, it was this way. She tel't me wat her cleathin' cost an' ah tel't her wat ah was makkin, an' than t' engagement sagged an' brak of its oan weight, just like t' girt airship at Barrow." It may not be known to those of you at the far end of this crowded room, but it has fallen to me to render a very unexpected service at this great banquet. In their wisdom the Dinner Committee placed me between Miss Eckhard and Mr. C. T. Needham, so that I find I have served the useful purpose of a safety buffer between

a Suffragist and a Member of Parliament. What terrible things might have happened had there been no pacifying element between them, who can tell? Ladies and Gentlemen, I again thank you for the kind way in which you have received the toast of Kindred Clubs. I hope the best of relationships will always exist between the Climbing Clubs of the north and south of this great county, and indeed between all climbing clubs. To an early member of the Fell and Rock, who will always be proud of it, and have its interests at heart, it is gratifying to observe the continued growth and enthusiasm of its members and the increasing popularity of this our annual festival.

At this point the interest in the proceedings was transferred to the foot of the table, where Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby, the ex-President, evinced some signs of making a speech of congratulation to Mr. Darwin Leighton, our Secretary, who had brought his bride to make the acquaintance of the Club's membership. Mr. Slingsby presented, as a token of goodwill, a beautiful framed water-colour drawing of mountain scenery, and Mr. Leighton replied briefly.

MR. ARTHUR WELLS next proposed the toast of "The Ladies," pointing out with pride that this was the only Climbers' Dinner in the world where their equality was admitted.

MISS E. C. DOUGLAS-SELKIRK, in responding, said:—It is with great diffidence that I rise to speak, as requested, for I am in no sense a public speaker, and fear I shall be a failure. I am, however, delighted to be a member of the Fell and Rock Club, to which I was introduced by the two Mr. Abrahams, and it is a great disappointment to me that they are not here to-night. It was a great pleasure to me to make their acquaintance last Easter, and I rejoice in the thought of counting them among my friends. I have read your Journals, and have been somewhat amused to gather from them that climbing as a sport began chiefly in the seventies! Well, I climbed in the fifties. Many years of my early life were spent among the hills and dales—and my playground was chiefly Irton, Eskdale, and Wasdale. With my only brother and some boy cousins we spent the summer months either at Wasdale Hall or Irton. The screes were absolutely forbidden, but we were allowed to roam over Scafell. Wasdale Head too, and Auld William Ritson was very constant in prophesying broken necks and an early death. I have been to Switzerland, and think it a great privilege. But no place to which I have ever been is so beautiful as our Cumberland lakes and fells, which are to me, as to so many others, gems of priceless value. I take the greatest delight in being on the mountains, and rejoice to count climbers among my friends. Climbing to me makes for health, strength, and righteousness. It is my joy and privilege to have a home in which I try to make little children happy, children whose lives have been often most unhappy, and too often, alas! through the fault of their natural guardians. I have boys as well as girls, and I try to



inculcate the love of climbing in their minds. The boys are always climbing, and I desire nothing better than that they shall become climbers, and make climbing their recreation. We as a nation owe much to our past, and so far as we are well grounded in the part through the spirit of adventure and sport which is inherent in our nature, and a part of our national character, so we shall grow in the future to greater heights through that same spirit, which has made us in some sense able to people the world. Any greatness we have depends for its proper development in being firmly rooted in the past. Climbing makes for health, strength, and righteousness. A climber represents a man of "clean living and high thinking," and just in proportion to his keeping himself in temperance, soberness, and chastity, in order to be in fit condition for climbing, will he succeed in serving his nation and keeping up the glory of her past. We read much about mountains in the Bible, and always as a means of raising our thoughts into higher levels. "The hills stand about Jerusalem: even so the Lord standeth about His people." Surely a climber as he looks upon the everlasting hills and snow peaks, must of all people remember "That the Eternal God is His refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms." However low he falls the everlasting arms are *underneath*. I must not say more. We are told that speech is silvern, and silence is golden. I can only say once more I love the rocks and fells of our lovely lakeland. They represent home to me. I can imagine nothing better than to live among them, and to die too in their midst. For my little boys I can only teach them to "keep innocency and take heed unto the thing that is right," for that shall bring a man peace at the last. I thank you all for your kindness in listening, and will now retire.

MR. J. WALTER ROBSON then proposed the toast of "The Visitors," and Prof. W. G. Collingwood and Mr. C. T. Needham, M.P., responded briefly, the latter giving some reminiscences of a visit paid to John Ruskin at Brantwood, "Coniston and what Coniston stands for has always been very dear to me. I yield to no one in this room in my love for this country. We have seen other mountains, but always come back with a fresh love for the English Lakes." Prof. Collingwood said that he was heartened at sight of so many mountain lovers in this remote village, and hoped that their sport and the fells might be preserved from intrusion as long as possible. The tide of improvement seemed likely to swamp much of the best in Lake Country scenery, the passes, and the mountains.

The final toast of "The President" was proposed by MR. W. CECIL SLINGSBY:—I need hardly tell you how great a pleasure it is for me to propose the toast associated with my name. Though previous speakers have left their true paths, and have spoken pretty fully, impromptu and from voluminous notes, as my friend Mr. Robson has pointed out, on this subject, it is not very difficult to say something about our new President, whom the whole British mountaineering world recognise as the great pioneer of the best type of rock climbing in the

British Isles. I may, I think, safely say that I have had the privilege of close friendship of Mr Haskett-Smith, and his companionship on the rugged mountains, more than anyone else here present. Yes, I could easily give you a list of his virtues. I could, on the other hand, not so easily "tell tales out of school," for this is of course bad form at all times, and as Haskett-Smith has no vices, there are no such tales to tell worth the hearing, as tales of good boys are—shall I say?—dull. To say that the name of Haskett-Smith is a household word in every lakeland, dale, hamlet, and farm garth is as much of a truism as to say that night follows day. Let me, however, lead your thoughts to a few of the doughty deeds done years ago by our friend. Think for an instant how, unaided and alone, he made the first ascent of that ghastly rock, Napes Needle. Forget not his lonely and numerous first ascent of the Pillar Rock, his ascent of the great gully on Pavey Ark, not even knowing whether he could get out at the top if he succeeded in overcoming the great pitch. But I need not enlarge the list. You know much of what he has accomplished. Don't imagine for a moment that lakeland is the only mountain land which knows our President. Have I not climbed in bonny Scotland with him upon the ice-sheathed Tower Ridge on Ben Nevis? Have we not, together with Hastings, climbed many a grisly ridge, and traversed many a hitherto-untrodden glacier in Arctic Norway? Yes, and though we had a stalwart Norseman with us to do the work, was it not invariably Haskett-Smith who lighted the camp fire and made the porridge for us all in the early morning? Yes, he, the Southerner, was the adept in porridge making and cooking in general! Is it not possible, however, that our friend gained in our northern dales, the strength of muscle and dogged determination which made him what he is, from the oatmeal and the haver bread which he had, on his early rambles? Shall I tell you how once in the Alps when he and Solly were stuck by lightning at a height of over 13,000 feet, and on the worst part of a great mountain, he kept up our spirits during a whole night spent tied fast on a miserable down-sloping ledge through the thunderstorm, snow, and keen frost, by his inimitable anecdotes? Haskett-Smith is still one of the great authorities on the Pyrenees. He knows something personally of the Andes and Mexico. He has climbed in Greece, and I believe on the Balkans too. Forget not that our new Chieftain has enriched many a mountaineering volume with racy and erudite papers on Philology and Antiquarian Lore, in prose and in verse too. In Geology too, he has clearly demonstrated the process of mountain growth and mountain decay. He has shown *to me at any rate*, how a stone originally a cube of 1½ or 2 inches, becomes enlarged to one of 10 inches or so. This was a stone which I had the clumsiness to send down upon the geologist's head. The decay of mountains was equally clearly proved to my full satisfaction on another occasion, when I was careless

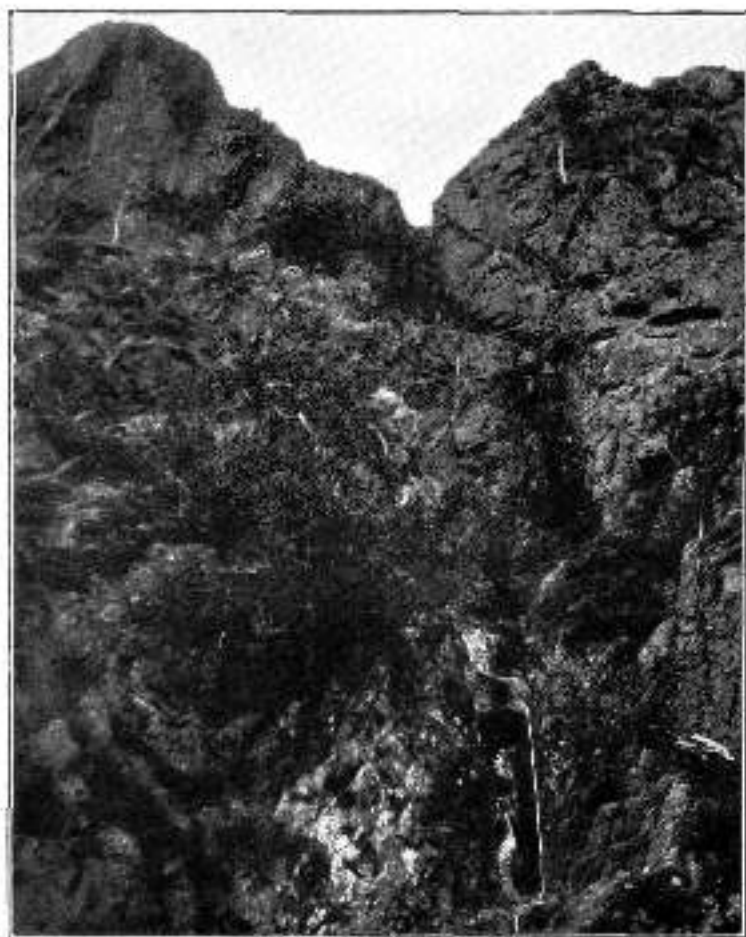
enough to be in the path of another wandering geological specimen, kindly sent down to me presumably for close study by Haskett-Smith. I have already trespassed too much upon your patience, but I cannot sit down without congratulating the Club most truly, warmly, and sincerely upon the fact that my old trusty friend W. Parry Haskett-Smith has, I know well at much inconvenience, consented to take up the post of Commander-in-Chief. By doing this he brings the lustre of his name, and we cannot have any better. I feel certain that the Committee, and indeed every individual member of our Club, will extend to my successor the same loyal support, gentle courtesy, and consideration which, at all times it has been my good fortune to have shown to me. Ladies and Gentlemen, I have the honour to propose to you the toast of the evening, Our President, Mr. W. Parry Haskett-Smith.

The shorthand-writer made no notes of the President's reply, being engaged in a futile attempt to catch Mr. George Seatree's eye. A call for "John Peel" brought the veteran songster to his feet, and shortly the whole crowd were banging at the chorus. Mr. Darwin Leighton appropriately led the Club's chanty.

---

In our Climbers' Book at Coniston is the following summing-up: "The weather for the dinner week-end was exceptionally fine on the Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, being sunny with a slight touch of frost. The crags resembled a busy nest of ants having so many parties on its face." Or, in the prophetic words of H. Bishop, 'I perceive that the whole face of Doe Crags is infested by a seething, struggling mass of humanity; whence issues, at intervals, a long-drawn, fearful sound, as of lost souls in anguish. Can it be — ? It is!—that slogan!!'

The Journal being limited as to size will not attempt, even in its smallest type, to make a list of the climbs accomplished. Even many pages could not give the subject satisfaction, so we will simply say that Doe Crags were climbed, up, down, crossways, edgeways, diagonally, and in every other known direction.



*Photo by*

**IRON CRAG CHIMNEY, SHOULIHWAITE.**

*J. Lupton.*

## 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.]*

---

**Iron Crag Gully,  
Shoulthwaite.** Many cragsmen must have read the exciting account of Jones' ascent of this gully and wondered whether it was worth a visit.

The climber, as he passes the third milestone from Keswick on the Windermere road, will see in front of him the little valley of Shoulthwaite. On the right-hand side of this valley and almost at its head, he will notice a steep and most unpromising looking face of rock, which crowns a rather long slope of grass and scree. Our party of three, on a delightful afternoon early this autumn, were glad to stretch their limbs by an easy half-hour's walk along the pleasant valley of Shoulthwaite. A stiff pull followed, in the course of which our leader's strength and length of limb made themselves apparent, and we found ourselves at the base of the steep cliff round which we traversed for a few feet.

The first pitch of our gully soon confronted us. It consists of a groove some 20 feet high, composed of somewhat slabby rock interspersed with grass and other vegetation. It can be climbed without much difficulty, or easily evaded. We were soon in the bed of the gully, and after ascending a simple rock staircase for some 12 feet, found ourselves underneath the chockstone, which gave the first party so much trouble. Back and foot work for say eight feet brought our leader to the ledge, from which the chockstone could be attacked. Its ascent gave him little trouble. After making one upward movement, he was able to reach a right-hand hold, and the rest was easy. He then proceeded some 30 feet, and intimated that he was well placed. This 30 feet proved by no means attractive to his followers, and the place might rather appeal

to a botanist or a gardener than to a climber. There were holds, it is true, on the left wall, but the bed and right side of the gully were composed of grass, large-ferns, and rock, and the place was so nearly vertical that there was little opportunity of making a deliberate investigation. Some easy scrambling ensued, and we were at the base of the steep though broken wall which constitutes the last pitch in the gully. Here the writer discovered a species of crack, in which he was able to conceal himself while the leader slowly ran out a length of some 80 feet of rope. Occasionally, a stone rattled or hummed by, but it was surprising, considering the nature of the place, how few missiles were discharged by the careful and skilful feet which gradually worked their way up the steep and rotten rocks. To a follower the difficulty of surmounting a place of this kind is trifling. The holds made use of were generally large, though almost always loose. A crack on the right-hand side reduced the ascent of some 20 feet in the middle of the pitch easy and comparatively safe. The finish across a shaley slab required special care.

The place can be recommended to no one except perhaps to a prominent member of our Club who revels in climbing even on mountain limestone, where, as he says, it is advisable to secure six or more points of support in order that the weight of the body may be well distributed.

One may hope that, should he be led to attempt the climb, he may be favoured by fine weather, his eyes will then be delighted, and his senses soothed by the views of valley and hill, which have made this expedition a pleasant memory to those who took part in it on a bright September afternoon.

A.R.T.

**Gladstone Knott**  
**Chimney, near**  
**Crinkle Ghyll.** Crinkle Ghyll in Oxendale is the ghyll running west to east. Keeping this on the right, walk up the grassy tongue, reach a rock mass, with black marked overhanging slabs on its right. In the centre of the rock mass is a chimney or gully climb of about 200 feet, distinguished by red rocks in its first pitch. A short scramble leads to the

first and most difficult pitch, about 40 feet, which is perhaps equal in difficulty to the crack pitch in Doe Crag, Intermediate Gully. Probably it is rarely dry. Good footholds in the left wall are a feature of the lowest part of second pitch. A higher pitch consists of a very short mossy corner. The final pitch is a delightful series of step-like ledges. H. B., C. D. Y.

**Gully on  
Hobcarton Crag.**

Approached from just below summit of Whinlatter Pass up the long valley, with stream coming down. The crags face north by a little west. Walking up the valley the gully is seen a little to the left of the middle of the crags. The length of the gully is about 250 feet. First pitch an easy chimney with a cave. You can foot and back without going into cave at all. Then about 70 feet rough scree, and then a wide chimney about 18 inches wider than an ice axe is long. This pitch is almost vertical, 30 to 40 feet high, rather rotten rock, with a crack at the right-hand side. About one-third of way up is a good chockstone in this crack. I got no further than to hold on to this. The left-hand side is wet and difficult, and no more than one-third of the total height was done on that side either. No belays for rope.

On July 12th, 1912, I got well above top of this chimney by a circuitous route, and threw down an 80 foot rope to another man, who with its help got up. He is the only man I know of who has done the climb, but it is probable the late J. W. Robinson did it. Beyond the difficult 40 foot pitch is steep, easy scree continuing to the top. R. W. H.

**Pavey Ark.** The Crescent climb has been varied by leaving the earthy gully at a point about 25-30 feet below the level of the usual traverse. A horizontal movement to the right was then made for 50-60 feet across the bare slabs, and Herford then climbed directly up to the usual traverse.

**From the  
Wasdale Book.** A fine traverse across the Pinnacle Face was made, connecting Hopkinson's cairn with a point 15 feet below the top of the Crevasse, thus avoiding the more difficult portion of the Face. The

hardest portion occurs quite near the Crevasse, but the difficulty is nowhere great, though the situation is very exposed.

We would once again emphasise the extreme severity of Botterill's Slab under the best of conditions. S.W.H., W.B.B., G.S.S.

**Woodhead's  
Climb,  
Scafell Pinnacle.** From the point where the route leads to the left along an easy traverse, at the top of the second pitch, it was found possible to proceed directly upwards to the top of the High Man, thus forming a direct climb from start to finish. The climbing is very steep and sensational on this upper portion, but not very difficult technically, owing to the good handholds which are available. The route was previously inspected with a rope from above, in order to remove several loose-looking blocks, and it is advisable for the present that the climber should be careful in the selection of his holds. Leader requires 110 feet of rope. S.W.H., S.F.J. (See also "Some Recent First Ascents," by J. Laycock ; page 54.)

Three cryptic lines occur in the Wasdale book, under date, May 30th to June 2nd.

Scafell Pinnacle from Lord's Rake by Hopkinson's Gully to Hopkinson's Cairn (first ascent G.S.S.).

Attempt on C.B. ('nuf said).

Girdle Traverse of Scafell (second time). This took a party of three five hours (original route).

**Great Gully,  
The Screes.** Found the great jammed boulder which was reported insecure had vanished. F. W. MALLINSON, September 10th, 1913. (For several seasons the Great Gully has been avoided, owing to the dangerous condition of this boulder.)

**Easter at  
Wasdale Head.** A large gathering of climbers, the fells covered with snow and ice, a heavy fall taking place on Easter Saturday night and Sunday. Nearly all rock-work was impossible, but the easy routes (of summer) provided good sport, and plenty of step-cutting





"THE CAVE MEET." AT DUNGEON GHYLL. WHITSUNIDE, 1918.

was obtainable. The following climbs were made by several parties :—Needle and Needle Ridge, Old West Climb, Pillar (requiring from three to five hours), Cust's and Central Gullies, Great End (much snow and also ice in the latter), also Skew Ghyll, Deep Ghyll (pitches nearly hidden by snow)—second pitch passed direct and *via* crack in left wall (easy way in summer) by several parties, finishing *via* Old Professor's, West Wall Traverse, and Ordinary exit, all affording good practice in snow. Broad Stand early on was impossible, but Saturday's heavy fall of snow covered the glaze and enabled two parties to descend, the first after ascending Deep Ghyll in a blizzard and taking four hours to find and descend Broad Stand, the other party after cutting all way up Lord's Rake. Central Gully on Gable attempted by several parties, and once descended throughout (avoiding all pitches, the "direct finish" being encased in ice). Monday was a popular day on Pillar, and was a warm sunny day, the Rock ascended by Slab, Notch, and Arête, Central Jordan, and descended *via* Central and West Jordan, all affording good practice under the conditions, High Level route very fine. North on Pillar was ascended on Saturday by a party of two, a very fine performance under the then conditions, the same two also visited Overbeck Chimneys.

Tuesday was a warm, sunny day, and the rocks were better. Several parties managed Kern Knotts Chimney on the way over the Sty (and K.K.C. safeguarded by rope). Scafell Pinnacle was not possible during the whole time, and no ascents were made by any route.

**A Langdale**      A meet of the Wayfarers' Club is now being  
**"Cave."**      held here, but as the attendance includes a large  
                   proportion belonging to the one true Club, it  
 may perhaps be of interest to note the [existence] of the  
 gathering. Among those present are G. Seatree, J. M.  
 Davidson, Robertson Lamb, J. W. Smiley, H. K. Byrne, S. W.  
 Herford, and J. Laycock. It may seem a thing shameful that  
 so many should desert the official Club meet for the rival event  
 of another organisation. The Hon. Secretary may rest

assured that there is no question of disloyalty, and that some at least of the above will regard themselves in a quiet way as missionaries on behalf of THE Club. Besides, Borrowdale is not easy of access from Farnborough or Runcorn, and it is not supplied with climbs in the lavish manner demanded by the ultramontanes. (Slightly adapted by the Editor from the Langdale Climbing Book.)

**Two Grand Meets.** At Whitsuntide 33 members and friends turned up at Thorneythwaite Farm, and, in August, 16 were present at Buttermere! All the meets this year have been gloriously attended.

**Raven Crag, Gillercombe.** (One hour's walk from Thorneythwaite Farm, via Lead Mines.) Notes on Buttress route. Belay Pin at top of second pitch seems rather loose. After finishing the first and difficult part of the climb, a 30 foot chimney can be reached by traversing round to the left. This is quite worth doing! Two very interesting traverses were used on the final portion of the climb. Away to the right of the bottom slab a crack and heathery ledge offers a possible route to the platform below the C mantel-shelf traverse, but is not so sporting a route as the other.

In spite of much vegetation this gully is well worth more attention than it apparently receives from climbers. Consisting of four pitches, 1st, 20 feet; 2nd (the one on the left), 15 feet; 3rd, 40 feet; 4th, 30 feet. All very good rock, but with bad landings. Last two quite stiff, and some holds at top not very safe. After the gully ends, a good arête finish to the top of the crag can be followed on the right. Particulars of any former visits will oblige.  
H.B.L.

**Dove Nest.** Below lower entrance a way can be made downwards for about 25 feet, and there is a cave at this level, the entrance of which is very narrow and choked with stones. Above the top exit a traverse leads out for 12 feet to the right, and then a shallow groove

can be followed for about 8 feet. This groove contains two loose spikes of rock, which make this route very unpleasant.

H.B.A.

**Another  
Warning.**

The foothold in the difficult pitch of Sergeant Crag Gully is now very loose indeed, and needs using with great care. The bottom chockstone is also loose, but seems fairly sound as yet.

[See also Journal Vol. II, page 272 :—"Sergeant Crag Gully direct, 4th pitch. It was noticed that an important foothold in the severe pitch was very loose, and will probably soon become dislodged. May 21st, 1911." Threatened holds live long.]

**North Gully,  
Doe Crags,  
A variation.**

"We gathered together in the cave, and found a belay behind a large jammed stone, which, though loose, seemed firm enough for the purpose. The only way I could see out of the cave was by traversing out on the left wall, on footholds which were good at first, but later deteriorated. The wall was very steep, and the handholds seemed hardly adequate. It seemed possible, however, that one might climb out far enough to reach a good handhold visible on the edge of the wall. This, however, I did not succeed in doing. I made three attempts, two in boots, and one in stockinged feet, each time getting a little further out. The small handholds were very awkwardly placed, but I still think, as I did at the time, that it was more through lack of heart than because it was not within my powers. Worthington, doubtless from a feeling of generosity, would not make an attempt, so we decided to descend. About 30 feet below the cave is a grass ledge on the left wall, with a belay. The ledge continues away from the gully across the face.

A little to the left of the belay, I started to climb upwards, and was presumably making for Broadrick's step. However, I returned, and traversed straight across on the grass ledge. This became rather narrow, and doubtfully safe, just before reaching the sky line, but the belay is a good enough, safe guard. Beyond this we continued to traverse in a slightly upward direction, and came to a deeply-cut 'V' chimney,

which was very awkward to cross. We would have avoided this by climbing down about 40 feet, but managed to get across with the aid of a foothold on the other wall and a narrow vertical crack on the same wall. Some easy slabs above and on the left of this chimney lead to a broad ledge, where two very large blocks are lying, then easy rocks led to the summit. Wade climbed straight up the chimney, but it must have been exceedingly difficult."—F.C.A. (Copied into the Coniston book.)

**Central Chimney,** The leader considers that the second 20 feet  
**Doe Crags.** contain the hardest technical difficulties, though the 20 feet below the cave are decidedly the most dangerous, owing to the rottenness of the rocks in a very exposed position. It is possible for the leader to belay himself here while ascending. When man reaches the cave he can enable third man to belay *both* round a huge belay at the top of the slab, about 3 feet to the right of the direct route. The party finished up the slab on the left of the cave with a very sensational swing round a nose on to an unstable grass ledge ; the leader had to run out 60 feet of rope before he could reach a safe stance on a big platform. The last 40 feet are certainly unreliable, and spoil an otherwise fine climb.—D.G.M. (NOTE : No traverse was made at beginning, crack kept to till within 50 feet below cave.—W.A.)

**New "Route"** D. G. Murray, with a rope from the belay in  
**near** Hopkinson's Crack, made a "route" up the  
**Hopkinson's** face of the buttress between Hopkinson's  
**Crack.** Crack and Black Chimney. "I scrambled up the buttress between Hopkinson's and Broadrick's Crack, about 30 feet up I traversed across into the crack, and along some diminutive ledges to the foot of a small crack, which can be seen from below. This crack belies its pleasing appearance, but a way can be forced out until further progress is impossible, owing to Black Chimney. A traverse can then be made to the left, and the climb finishes parallel to Jones's route. The climb is far too exposed to be safe, and there are few good holds, and

no belays at all. In fact it is a thoroughly unjustifiable climb without a rope from directly above."—D.G.M.

About the middle of this buttress is a large  
**E. Buttress.** square terrace of grass, about 20-30 feet up. At the left-hand corner (looking up) is a narrow 50 foot crack, which looked difficult from above, and was explored by one of our party to nearly half-way down. The arête to the left goes all right. Two of us descended by the arête to the grass, leaving the other above, and the leader climbed the crack throughout. There is a flat stone jammed about a foot or so from the bottom with a common fern under it and (now) a cairn. The first half is very stiff—at least the leader found it so—with no marks of having been climbed before. Jamming with left knee and foot and left hand and forearm seems to be the proper process, one right finger and inside right boot nail finding assistance in two small holes whence nodules have fallen. The right foot welcomed a moment's pressure against the rock from No. 2. The struggle continues to a good hold (belay on left) rather more than half-way up, thence to the top is easier. As this crack seemed not to have been climbed before, it seemed a pity not to try the lower part of the arête already mentioned. H.S.L. descended and started up the arête (which is about 30 feet), but had to get away to the left near the top—very tiring to fingers. Whether the thing will go he cannot confidently testify, as in trying to lower himself for rest and reconnoitring on to a small patch of grass (one foot square) six feet below him, either the fingers or the grass gave way and he came on the rope and remembers no more! His comrades played the game soundly, and no more damage was done than can be repaired with sticking-plaster and rest.  
 H.S.L.

**Central Chimney.** We found this a charming climb up to the loose blocks composing the floor of the cave, although the leader can make the lower part easier by climbing in stockinged feet. To climb into the cave and the exit therefrom with the finishing steep grass is

dangerous, and decidedly unpleasant, in fact more dangerous than the Devil's Kitchen, if not quite so exposed, but if the leader did slip above the cave, he would certainly pull the others off. We have two suggestions to make :—(1) Below the cave a transverse looks feasible on to the " C " Buttress route above the slab ; this would, if possible, make a very sound and enjoyable route ; (2) If the climb is finished direct, that between the leader and second man a 100 feet length of rope is used, so that the leader can reach Easy Terrace in one run-out.

**Rock-falls on Doe Crag.** A natural avalanche of rocks from off the top of " B " Buttress into the Great Gully provided an exciting experience for the party almost underneath. November, 1912.

While lunching, a big rock-fall took place down Easter Gully, and was seen to come down from above Hopkinson's Crack. Afterwards discovered to have been rolled from the top of the crags by some " sportsmen ! " August, 1913.

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

---

A prominent member has just written me the following :  
 ‘ Never mind whether the Journal is a bit late or not. Simply tell the members—quite truly too—that it is their own fault. It will do us all good to grumble and growl a bit.’ Some members are not in fault, and for their sakes the Journal has been pushed on so that some copies may be ready for the Annual Dinner on November 1st. I wish to thank all contributors of articles and photographs. No Club is better served with regard to these, though the Editor may suffer considerably—and not too patiently—in their search. I wish particularly to mention the kindness of Miss E. C. Douglas-Selkirk in writing her interesting reminiscences of child life in old Cumberland. It is not too much to call her paper a historic document. Also her kindness in presenting to the Journal the heliochrome representation of Mr. W. G. Collingwood’s water-colour drawing of “The Mists in Mickledore, Scafell.”

The line drawings accompanying “Memories of Old Cumberland” are selected from a quaint “Series of Sixty Small Prints,” by the old-time artist and guide-book writer, William Green, and published at Ambleside, in August, 1814.

I have to thank members and subscribers for the first-rate reception given to our last number, about a thousand copies of which have been sold. And I must give warm thanks to those critics who, in kindred journals and the press, so pointedly gave mention to the Editor’s “courage” in printing the epoch marking articles on the Pinnacle climbs, and the Traverse of Scafell. I think the object of both papers has been fulfilled.

The photographs in “A Fell and Rock Portfolio” are by the following:—Mr. Scantlebury, Thos. Fall, F.R.P.S.; Dr. Wakefield, Mrs. Wakefield (taken when “starting on my



thousand miles trip in the North of Labrador last winter ; Komatik ready to start in background " ) ; Mr. G. D. Abraham, Mr. G. F. Woodhouse, M.A., and Mr. A. E. Field, M.A., Messrs. G. P. Abraham & Sons, Keswick. The photographs of Mr. Colin B. Phillip and Mr. Charles Grayson are by amateurs.

Bindings for both volumes of the Journal are supplied by Messrs. Lee & Nightingale, 34, Princes Street, Liverpool. See their advertisement in last number.

### List of Official Quarters of the Club.

---

WASTWATER HOTEL, WASDALE HEAD.  
SUN HOTEL, CONISTON.  
NEW HOTEL, DUNGEON GHYLL, LANGDALE.  
JOPSON'S FARM, THORNEYTHWAITE, BORROWDALE.  
BUTTERMERE HOTEL, BUTTERMERE.

### Proposed List of Meets for 1913-14.

Approved by Committee, September 27th, 1913, and to be submitted to General Meeting.

---

Christmas and New Year .....Wasdale.  
February 21st and 22nd .....Coniston.  
April 10th-13th (Easter) .....Wasdale.  
May 30th-June 1st (Whitsun) .....Borrowdale.  
June 27th-28th.....Dungeon Ghyll.  
August 1st-3rd (Bank Holiday).....Buttermere.  
August 29th-30th.....Coniston.  
September 26th-27th.....Dungeon Ghyll.  
October 31st and November 1st (Annual  
General Meeting and Dinner) .....Coniston.