THE JOURNAL OF THE

# Fell and Rock Climbing Club

OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

VOL. 4. NOVEMBER, 1916. No. 1.

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# RULES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

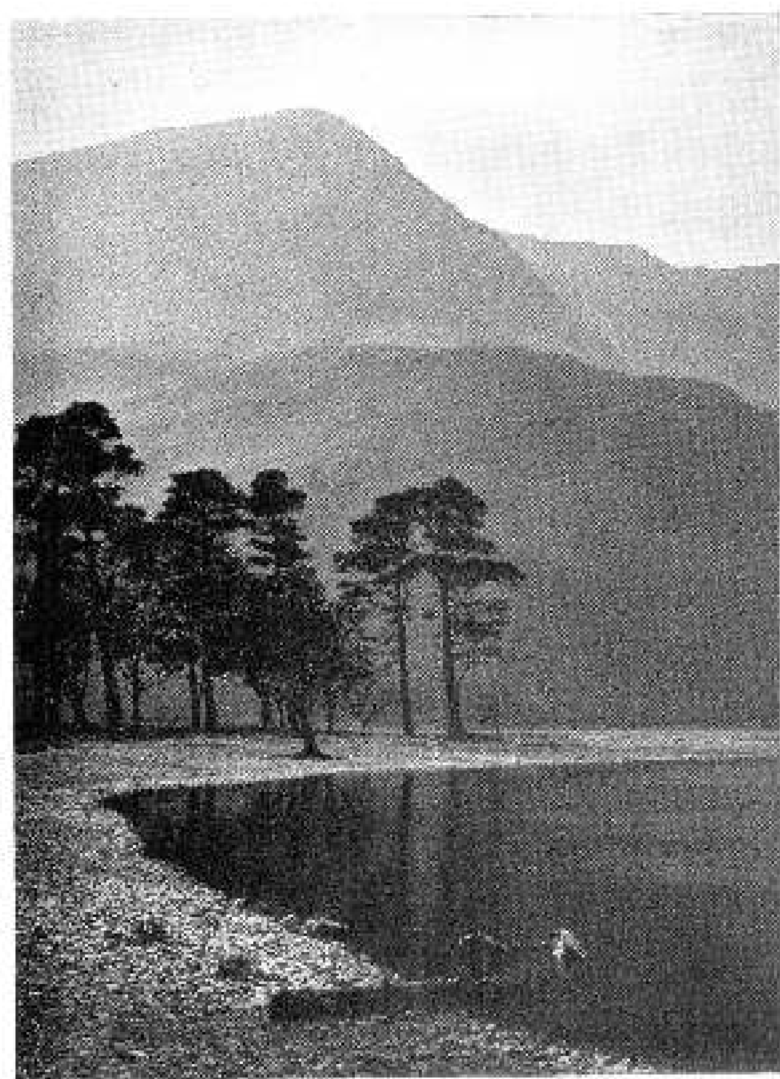
11.—No vote shall be taken at a General Meeting on any motion affecting the rules or finance of the Club, unless notice in writing shall have been received by the Hon. Secretary at least fourteen clear days before the Meeting.

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.*



*G. P. Abraham & Sons*] [*Keswick. Copyright.*

THE HEAD OF BUTTERMERE

## PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

By LIEUT. C. T. HOLLAND.

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As the car sped swiftly along the side of the lake it all seemed like a dream. Before me lay Wasdale with its picturesque little hotel in a nest of trees, the quaint cluster of fields looking more than ever like a jig-saw puzzle, and the surrounding hills asleep in the placid autumn sunshine. The Napes still clung to the side of Gable, Mosedale still preserved that melancholy which makes it a valley apart, with some brooding secret to be kept and mourned over, and the beck still murmured through the valley. Nothing seemed changed and the war was as if it had never been, the two long years since I was last here, with their vicissitudes, training, the journey to a strange land, the endless fatigues and dangers of active service, the terrible experiences, the sorrow of seeing trusted friends suddenly struck down, were as a day that is quickly passed.

In the evening I sat alone and looked at the pictures in the fire, pictures of the " dear, dead days." How it all came back to me! The happy circle sitting round the fire in this very room, the rapid ebb and flow of conversation, talk of past performances, discussion of plans for the future, anecdote and friendly chaff, followed by foolish though absorbing games played with a rope slung over a beam, and attempts at hand balances and other follies fraught with danger to furniture, if not life and limb, until finally someone looks at the time which reminds us that if we would carry out the next day's plans it would be as well for us to get some sleep. And then comes a fall of coal, the flames leap up merrily and a succession of climbing memories passes before me. The

weather changes as the pictures pass in a most amazing manner. At one moment all is delightful, the sun shines, the rocks are dry and warm, and nothing seems too difficult. At another, an icy wind howls over the crags and snow fills every crevice and covers every hold, and now again the rain lashes down unmercifully and appears to be bent on washing us away and down to the bottom. Then in a breath the wind dies down, the rain stops, and the hills are shrouded in a dense mist that hides the crags as if to protect them from the impertinences of those who would pry into their recesses.

And now comes a train of more particular memories of Walker's Gully, encased in ice and very forbidding. I remember how we prepared to spend the night out in its gloomy cavern, our precautions consisting in taking a pair of socks and an extra sandwich apiece. However the giant is conquered and that night the fireside seems all the more delightful for the memory of a truly Homeric struggle, during which Herford comes off, a little contretemps which merely amuses, as being an experience, for him, out of the common. The Pillar vanishes in the mist and now the rocks are covered with snow. We are in Moss Ghyll, and one by one make a desperately difficult traverse on to the Central Buttress, along whose ledges we crawl with the utmost caution till a strong belay is reached when we rope down on to the Progress in rapidly gathering darkness. I am, I recollect, supremely thankful to be off that appalling ledge.

Again I am on the ledge, but this time the weather is warm and bright, and I remain on it for seven hours, sometimes alone, sometimes with companions, and, that awful crack hanging over my head, as bad and awful as anything ever seen in a nightmare. And now the dreaded thing has actually happened and I am trying to climb it, but am soon reduced to confining my efforts to the three ropes that connect me with those above—I refer to my fellow-climbers, not to celestial beings.

And now comes a swiftly moving throng of memories, treading on one another's toes and jostling each other out of the light. The vast slabs of the Pinnacle gleam out in sunlight, but change instantaneously to a vicious crack on Pisgah Buttress and the dull hopeless stare of snow-covered rocks on a cloudy day. The gloom deepens and the Engineer's Chimney gives me a sensation as of one about to be swallowed by a vast shark. Away fly the clouds and the Napes ridges rise up in swift succession, my toes tingling as I feel them wriggling about in the cracks below the Eagle's Nest, and again I wish I had never been born while clinging to minute irregularities outside the Abbey. A wicked slab below the Needle defeats me with monotonous regularity, while I grind my teeth and the flesh off my bones simultaneously, and the Arrowhead reminds me of Mr. Chevy Slyme, the next step appearing to be always round the corner. All this time there have always been two things above me, a rope, and Herford at the end of it, as they are when finally I find myself on a most pernicious and unregenerate buttress not far from Kern Knotts, when after a series of most futile efforts I become entirely helpless and return to *terra firma* in a series of bounces strictly regulated by the tension of a rope and the movements of a pair of arms wielding it. The ultimate bump breaks the spell and all I see now is a face, the face of one who will never again be seen on the rocks he loved so well.

His memory will always live as long as rock-climbing endures, not only as a great climber, but also as a great-hearted gentleman who gave his life for his country. By many of us he will be remembered as the finest and bravest man we ever knew.

May the memory of what he was be a stimulus and an incentive to those of us who are left to play the game both on the rocks and off them.

## SKATING IN LAKELAND.

By George Seatree.

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One often hears a lament for the disappearance of the "old fashioned" hard winters, and true it is, unless my memory is greatly at fault, that a significant change has occurred in the meteorological character of our north country winters during the last few decades. From the early sixties, which is as far back as I can go, down to the end of last century when residing in or frequently visiting Cumberland one can recall many severe and prolonged frosts, when the lakes, tarns and streams were ice-bound for weeks at a time. Ample opportunities were thus afforded for the enjoyment of good skating, surely one of the most exhilarating and health giving of all outdoor sports or pastimes. During the winter seasons of that period it was a rare occurrence for the dark months to pass without at least one or two considerable spells of hard frost, with frequently heavy snow covering the country for weeks together. In early boyhood I took with great zest to the exercise of skating. During far back school winter vacations my recollection is of donning a pair of clog skates—a very primitive variety of skating irons which were hammered into the wooden soles of a pair of clogs. With a few companions I sought out the frozen flood-water from some neighbouring beck, which had formed a float or pond in the hollow of a field near to Penrith, where I lived. Another favourite resort in those days was the neighbouring race-course pond, a small sheet of water sufficiently deep to cause concern when, as sometimes happened, a crowd of us youngsters ventured too early on to the immature surface. Thus and thereabouts began my skating career. Soon after, an

SKATING ON RYDALMERE.

important event was the receipt of a pair of bran new skates with straps to be worn with boots, mark you, all complete.

On the estate of Sir R. Musgrave, Edenhall, there is a remarkably fine sheet of water. Formerly it was known as Whins Tarn, in later times as Edenhall Pond, though it has more the dimensions of a lake. Picturesquely situated amidst sylvan surroundings, two and a half miles from Penrith, this ideal skating resort must be two or three miles in circumference. In parts it is very deep and nowhere very shallow. It is fairly sheltered and thus easily frozen. Edenhall Pond is not without its sad associations, there having been more than one tragic loss of life, but not in recent years. Most of my early memories of skating cluster round this lovely sheet of water. The Christmas and New Year's holidays in almost every year afforded opportunities for long happy days on the ice there; and on many a fine starlight night did I repair thither, after business hours, to drill myself into the difficult "outside edge backwards" and the more intricate "grape-vine" figures.

River skating, if the frost be sufficiently severe, is perhaps the safest of all, because of the absence of springs. The two mill dams (high and low) on the river Eamont at Eamont Bridge were frequently frozen in those old days and afforded immense enjoyment to the youth of the neighbourhood. Once I was the victim of a ludicrous incident on the river Lowther near by. A short distance above the Lodge gates, near Lowther Bridge, was situated Poke Mill (now demolished). During a New Year holiday there was excellent ice and skating on the mill dam and many were there I knew. After disporting ourselves for a time, I sat down for a rest on the ice at a point where the river was not more than three or four feet deep. Soon a friend came up behind,

and others until a half dozen or more crowded around me. Suddenly the ice bent, cracked and finally gave way. In I went up to the neck whilst the crowd who had been standing were barely wet to the knees.

In the year 1866 it was my privilege to spend a long Christmas holiday with friends at Kirkby Stephen. During the whole of the time the river Eden was splendidly frozen, both the fine mill dams affording grand sport, the monotony of those weeks being enlivened by races, torchlight processions and illuminated carnivals.

Before leaving the vale of Eden I record, with interest, a memorable scene. There had been a keen frost for some weeks—I do not remember the exact year, but it was in the late sixties—then a heavy snowfall followed by a rapid rise of temperature and thaw. I was travelling with my brother from the fellside village of Ainstable to Penrith. Just before nightfall we crossed the river Eden by the bridge at Armathwaite. Old Eden, which reaches here perhaps the climax of the scenic beauty of its course, was "brae full" as our Scottish friends have it, but scarcely any water was visible. The surface of the wild stream was a mass of floating blocks of ice, apparently four or five inches in thickness. It was explained to us that a high "sou-wester" was blowing the broken ice out of Ullswater, Haweswater, and the higher reaches of of the three rivers Eamont, Lowther and Eden. Not often has a scene so truly Canadian been witnessed on a Cumbrian stream.

The high altitude of most of the mountain tarns of Lakeland causes them to freeze early when frost sets in but the ice is so roughened by snow and wind that skating is seldom attempted thereon and the surface rarely good. These small sheets of water, which are so attractive in summer, are toilsome to reach when the fells are thickly snow covered. The lowland tarns are ideal skating waters.

The freezing capabilities of the Lakes vary greatly according to the situation, depth and state of the wind. The earliest to bear are probably the shallow and sheltered Rydal and Esthwaite, with Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite good seconds. The bays of Windermere—when not broken up by the steam-yachts—the lower reach of Ullswater when the wind suits, and Haweswater come next. The more westerly Lakes are all slow to take on a sufficient coating of ice to render them safe, whilst ice of any substantial thickness is rarely to be heard of on Wastwater.

The first skating I remember on the larger Lakes was towards the end of the sixties when the ice was good and safe all over the Pooley Bridge end of Ullswater and for some miles up the Lake. One season in the seventies—I regret not being able to recall the exact date—the same scene was well covered with skaters on the 10th of March, the latest Lake skating date I recollect, and there had been very little ice on any of the lakes prior to the end of February. Though there have been exceptional years it has been seldom that the larger lakes freeze before Christmas.

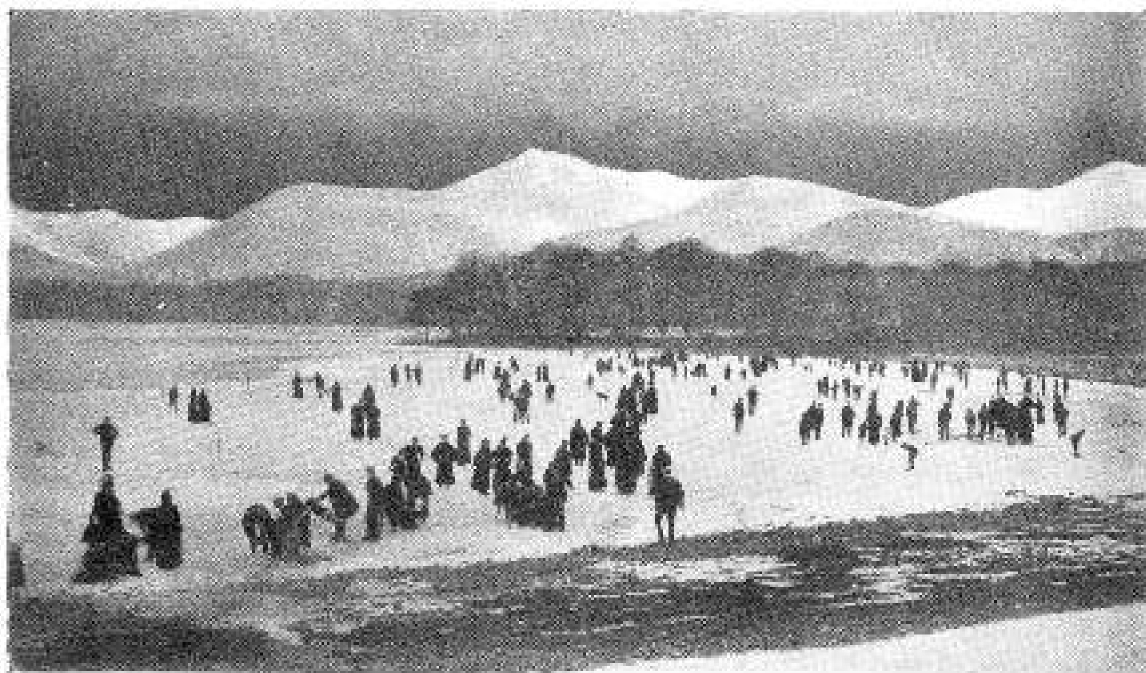
Business journeys to West Cumberland from Penrith afforded me many opportunities for pleasant hours on Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite lake. Often I travelled by an early train to Cockermouth in order to leave the train at Braithwaite and catch the next one at Peel-Wyke after skating the length of the lake. Similar opportunities were given whilst visiting Bowness, Ambleside, Rydal and Grasmere, though for some reason the latter was not a popular skating resort.

An amusing story is told of a skating party on Rydal. It may be a chestnut to some of my Fell and Rock Club comrades but I must take the risk of that. The party hailed from Kendal or Lancaster, and knowing the appetising nature of the sport, a fine "sonsy" hot-pot was

part of the day's equipment and duly cooked at a neighbouring farm. When the luncheon hour arrived the hot-pot was brought down and placed on the ice. The attendant then went off to gather together his party but when he got them to the spot where he had left the much longed for luncheon it had disappeared and a capacious round hole in the ice was all that was visible. Alas! the succulent chops, with the lovely browned and crusted potatoes, had gone below to feed the fishes of Rydal.

Derwentwater is unquestionably the Queen of the Lakes for skating. The high sheltering peaks with which it is surrounded prevent the wind ruffling the surface, thus assuring generally excellent ice. Its comparative shallowness, lovely wooded bays, islands and accessibility, all combine to render it an ideal expanse of water—indeed Lakeland's skaters' paradise. Enjoyable days, often far extended into the night, when the pale light of the moon added a nocturnal splendour to the scene, one has sought the surface of fair Derwentwater over many years. The last occasion being during a brief frost in 1911-12. About forty years ago there resided at Keswick a goodly group of skilful figure skaters. They were mostly men engaged in the building trade—joiners, masons and other artisans. During their enforced idleness, caused by prolonged severe weather, these men practised hard and developed great aptitude in working out beautiful combined figures. They were good fellows, friendly and helpful, and on many a brilliant night the " wee sma' 'oors " found one watching their music of motion or joining in their revels. The C.K. and P.Ry. used to run skating excursions to Keswick and Bassenthwaite. There was a joyous thrill experienced when the welcome handbills appeared announcing " Good skating on Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite—Ice in splendid condition."

Looking back over the fifty odd years of skating on



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SKATING ON DERWENT WATER.

our northern waters, as opportunity offered in the intervals of a busy life, there are three events which stand out prominently in my memory.

The first of these is a business sojourn of two years in Canada, commencing in the autumn of 1870. Both winters were severe even for that frost-bound dominion. "Our Lady of the Snows" held undisputed sway from early November until March. Of outdoor skating there was surprisingly little. My location was the small bush town of Barrie, some sixty miles north of Toronto, situated on the shore of Kempenfelt bay, Lake Simcoe—a small lake about thirty miles wide—which empties its waters into Lake Huron. Real, keen frost set in about the 4th or 5th of November. Two or three days afterwards the bay was covered with a lovely surface of ice safely available for skating. This appeared to be all right, a winter spent on the margin of a beautiful bay covered with smooth black ice seemed to promise a glorious time. Alas! that bay within a week was recovered with a coating of six inches of snow and the lovely black ice, to my utter disappointment, was seen no more that winter. But young Canada was not to be baulked. Within a few days the drill hall was flooded and therein was skating galore all winter. I eagerly became a subscriber at that time rather fancying myself as a skater. Never have I forgotten the eye-opening received on my first visit to that drill hall rink. The building brilliantly lighted, the ice good and crowded. The town's beauty and youth, singly, in couples and in groups, were vieing in executing skilful and graceful figures, whilst I wondered what use there would be for me there. My first thought was to wrap up my skates and go home. However there were good friends present and I donned the irons and did my best. Before the winter was far advanced, by dint of good coaching and much help, I became a passable participator and enjoyed

the revels as well as any. I recall many memorable hours in that drill hall. The surface was frequently re-flooded, whilst competitions, fancy dress carnivals, &c., helped to wear along pleasantly the long winter months. My second winter in Canada was largely a repetition of the first—a few days of open skating, followed by heavy snow and the opening of the drill hall as a rink. It may be mentioned that during the two winters Kempenfelt bay became a highway as hard as the land for team loads of timber. The ice and frozen snow attained a thickness of five or six feet, which took some thawing down in the spring. During several " cold-snaps," as they are called, but which are very transient, the thermometer registered over forty degrees below zero.

The second episode was the skating on Ullswater from Pooley Bridge to Patterdale and back at the beginning of February, 1879, already briefly referred to in an earlier number of this journal. There had been a hard frost the previous month which froze the lower reach of the lake up to Howtown, but owing to snowfall the surface was rough and the going poor. After a slight thaw, a severer spell of freezing set in and during a windless period the middle and upper reaches right up to Patterdale were covered with superb ice, scarcely a ripple at any point. On Saturday afternoon, February 1st, a party of three of us (Penrithians), hearing that some persons had skated down the lake from Patterdale, decided to go and have a look. We traversed laboriously the rough ice to its extremity—a line across the lake from Howtown to near Hallsteads, then without hesitation launched out on to the new black smooth surface. The evening was perfect with scarcely a breath of wind. Over Helvellyn and the Grisedale fells there had been a fine sunset, which had left a brilliant afterglow. Ideal conditions for our purpose. We encountered no difficulties and scarcely a crack. Keeping well in the centre of the lake to avoid

weak ice surrounding incoming streams, Patterdale was reached in safety. A brief stay for light refreshments, then the return journey. All went well. Again those miles of smooth black ice. Past the islands we skimmed along and brought up at Hallsteads, where friends kindly entertained us to a keenly relished meal. During our stay there an unwelcome change of weather had occurred. A high south-easterly wind had risen and darkness set in rapidly. Quickly we had on our skates, made tracks for the rough old ice and struggled over the remainder of our journey to Pooley Bridge in the teeth of a cold gale. This was the precursor of the break-up of the frost and I doubt if the entire length of Ullswater has been skated since.

The third notable experience is a triple one and may constitute a record. There was an exceptionally severe frost in February, 1896. This was ten years after I left Cumberland, but it was still part of my duty to visit the North Country on business periodically. On February 10th of that year, with a party of Liverpool friends, Chester was visited for skating on the river Dee. The ice was sound and good. Without hindrance we enjoyed a fine spin to Eaton Hall (Iron Bridge) and back. Three days later (February 13th), during a journey to Kendal, Windermere, Bowness, Ambleside and Grasmere, it was my good fortune to be able to utilise the upper end of Windermere, then safely frozen, to journey from Bowness to Ambleside and back on skates. Next day my business took me on to Glasgow, where I had accepted the invitation of a friend to stay the week-end. On the day I arrived in the northern city I read in the local press that Loch Lomond was frozen and safe for skating over many miles of its southern end. Having a day to spare (February 15th), and my skates with me, I seized the opportunity and took the train to Balloch. The first two miles was rough old ice with a couple of wide cracks bridged

over by ladders—a poor fellow had been drowned here two days before. To the west of the long island of Inchmurrin there was a fine expanse of newly frozen surface, which I was enabled to traverse by the skate marks of previous pioneers. The tracks led over a devious route amidst beautiful islands to Luss, eight miles from Balloch. The day was bright, spring-like and clear. Ben Lomond, the Cobbler and neighbouring peaks were snow-clad and formed a fine winter picture. After a meal at Luss I fell in with a party of students with whom I gladly joined forces. The return journey was by a longer route on the eastern side of Inchmurrin to Balloch. Thus the river Dee from Chester to Eaton Hall, Windermere from Bowness to Ambleside, and Loch Lomond from Balloch to Luss were traversed both ways within the week and all on good sound and enjoyable ice.

# A LANGDALE STORM.

By Dr. J. O. Tunstall.

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*Storm, born on Scafell and Bowfell, invading the upper Little Langdale Valley and meeting the storm from the Duddon Valley coming over Wrynose Pass.*

Dark lowering clouds above the highest fell;
Pale steamy swathes of mist flung o'er his face
Like homeless ghosts that seek a resting place,
And, finding none, glide on in blank amaze.
A murky pall approaching overhead
—A silent gathering of forces dread,—
Sink rock and scree and fern-decked slope in haze.

Still is the gloom, except for wandering mist;
Tense calm, expectant, fills the chargèd air,
And vague unrest, is hovering everywhere
While heavy Nature travailleth of Storm!
The Gale is born! A thousand clamours leap
Released from gullies throats, and rain-drifts sweep
In noise and strife—confusion multiform!

Here, to the West, the overhanging walls
—Scarred, seamed and furrowed, veined by streamlets bright—
Of sheer Blake Rigg tower in the shifting light.
The headlong swirl beats southward down the vale,
Where Wetherlam as Duddon's sentry stands,
Guides Duddon's storm, and locks conflicting bands
Of wind-pressed rain and gleaming, hissing hail.

Mark how a ghyll, impelled from rock to rock,
When in tumultuous spate her waters pour,
Divides and meets again with angry roar,
Churns, seethes and mounts in clouds of eddying spray:
So clash the Storm-god's armies, fuse and break;
Part onward rushes, part returns to take
On Lingmoor's heathy side what course it may!

* * * * *

Sweet, in the quiet of a Summer morn,
The emerald valley smiles to greet the sun,
Rolls back the filmy night-dress she has worn
And claims from heaven the kiss by beauty won;
Set in an ageless ring of mountain hoary,
Chiefest of lake-land wealth, this gem of glory!

Sweet the clear sapphire of th' embosomed mere,
Where mirrored lie old Nature's weathered hills,
With all the sedge-lipped marge and bogland sere,
And woodland bright, and silver-falling rills;
Burnished its surface when the Zephyr light
Breathing upon its face renews his flight.

* * * * *

Now, where the outbound and returning tide
Of gale-chased rain wage an uncertain fight,
Lashed waters darkly shine in steely light;
Wavelets their spray-capped crests flying far and wide;
The trembling wood no reflex finds beneath,
Shadow to shadow yields—a race of death—
Trunks bend, boughs snap, pines shiver side by side!

Chaos and darkness in the emerald vale!
Clamour and discord in the home of peace!
The word goes forth bidding the struggle cease!
"Let there be light!" The Storm grows pale and dies,
—Flings here a gust, and there a clammy mist,
Shorn of his fury, nerveless to resist,—
As God's first mandate travels through the skies!

Trailing his shroud below the summit-ridge,
Clouds poise, and creep, and stop, and poise again,
Or fray to nothingness in gentle rain;
Dragging it o'er the cols that gap the range,
Clouds fill the space with shapes, eerie and grey,
That grow, and glide, and change, and melt away:
A discontinuous flow of constant change.

The vale is hushed. But now a Spirit moves
—High on the mountains—of the vanquished Storm:
A sense, a tint, a haze, a mystic Form
—Carved out in cloudland—of the very crest,
That looms awhile to mock it, and then fades.
Tempests have ghosts, as dying men have shades,
Called from the realm of wraiths at their behest.

J. O. TUNSTALL,

*August*, 1916.

# CLIMBING FOR WOMEN.

By Mrs. H. M. Waterlow.

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Rock climbing is a modern sport and, for women, very modern indeed. I do not know who was the first adventurous feminine spirit who so far neglected the prejudices of her friends as to put on knickerbockers and tie a rope round her waist; like that of so many pioneers her name is forgotten, though it well deserves to be remembered, for her moral courage must have been great. Even in these days, when women are doing men's work on every side, the old conventions still linger, and we have not yet reached the time when the Alpine Club shall open its doors to ladies and all the climbing clubs in the kingdom be "mixed." And indeed, I think that before that day dawns a new woman must be evolved—as probably she may be—but the women of the present must be content to acknowledge that with all their enthusiasm and courage and intelligence, their capacities are not the capacities of men.

Men climb for the sake of adventure and for the joy of exerting their wits and muscles in difficulties and danger, and women climb also for the sake of these things. But when they climb together the men are the leaders, for theirs are the strongest muscles and theirs is the tradition of physical adventure. And when a man wants to put forth his utmost strength in the conquest of some unexplored land or sea, or rock or mountain, he does not take a woman with him.

One of this Club's most famous young members once said to me that he would never marry a wife who climbed. And that, I think, must be the common point of view of every man who is thinking of his sport purely and simply.

It is not that women do not climb well. In skill and courage they are probably quite as good as men, but there is no getting over the fact that a woman has not the strength of a man, she can neither do so much nor hold out so long. She may pretend that this is not so, she may conceal her inferiority for a time, but she must be a very unusual woman if she is not sooner or later forced to acknowledge it to herself and to pay the penalty for her excess.

And then there is the tradition of protection, of the stronger for the weaker, the man for the woman—a tradition which we would not set aside, even if we could, but which in its way spoils the sport for women just as their weakness spoils it for men. If women wish to get the true salt and savour of climbing, to my mind they must do it by themselves. And this, as far as I know, is done very little.

The very modern young woman climbs with her young men friends, the older generation climb with their husbands, or, if they are husbandless, Alpine veterans, with guides. There is no independence in this, and the very heart of adventure is dimmed, for I think that even the most modern and suffragistical young man in the world would insist upon taking the lion's share of work in a tight place.

All this is no reason why men and women should not be members of the same club, but women must do their own spade work and earn their own laurels before they can meet the men on equal terms. It is better to do a third-rate climb as leader than a first-rate one with a man holding the rope above you, and there is more sport in leading a party of girls through ten miles of mist and blizzard than in doing a forty mile tramp with a man to carry your rucksack.

## A WEEK AT MARDALE.

By A. L. BAGLEY.

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Mardale is one of the loveliest spots in Lakeland, and Haweswater one of the most beautiful of all the lakes. The latter is not so wild as Wastwater, nor perhaps quite so beautiful as Derwentwater, but it partakes of the delights of both. There is an air of peace and repose which is very attractive, and it is free from the hordes of tourists which are such a drawback to Derwentwater. The hills on the western side of the lake are for the most part bare and wild; bracken and grass predominate, but there are stony slopes, and at least one fine crag, the Castle Rock. On the eastern side the hills are more in the familiar Derwentwater style, tree-clothed from end to end, with rocky projections here and there. This is Naddle Forest. At the head of the dale stands Harter Fell, showing his craggy and finest side, and occupying the same position to Mardale as Great Gable to Wastdale and looking almost as fine, though it is very different when one gets on it. On the right, looking up the valley, is the long line of the High Street range, also presenting its best side to your view. Kidsty Pike looks a fine little peak from here, and this side of High Street is quite impressive, which is more than can be said of any other aspect of that hill.

Mardale seems to be greatly neglected. As regards the ordinary tourists, the vast majority of them enter Lakeland by way of Windermere, Keswick or Coniston. They keep as a rule to the beaten tracks, which do not lead to Mardale, and Heaven forbid that they should be encouraged to flock thither, and spoil its peace. There is perhaps hardly enough to attract the rock-climber,

although I think the rocks above Blea Water and at the head of Riggindale might be worth more attention than they usually receive. But the fell-walker and the lover of mountain scenery certainly ought to go to Mardale more than they do, if only for the sake of seeing Small Water, which to my mind is the most perfect little mountain-tarn in the whole district, and Blea Water just round the corner almost equals it.

I had never been to Mardale till July of this year (1916). I had had my eye on it for some time, but there are always so many things to do, so many places one wants to see, so many hills still unclimbed, that always it got left. As I drove up from Shap I reproached myself that I had left it so long. The first two or three miles of the drive are not particularly interesting, then a corner of Haweswater lights up a lovely view. Kidsty Pike is conspicuous all along here. After Bampton the scenery rapidly improves and as one approaches the foot of the lake, the view before you has few equals in these islands. I doubt if anything in Lakeland quite comes up to it. Derwentwater in a state of nature might possibly surpass it, but the presence of a town, the numerous hotels, the boats and coaches and hordes of tourists are too great a handicap. Here there is nothing to mar the beauty of the scene. There is a solemnity and a repose about Haweswater, as seen from this spot, that to me was indescribably charming.

It was a lovely afternoon, and they told me it had been fine for several days, but with my usual luck the weather changed in the night, and for two days it poured in the approved Lakeland style, and everything was smothered in mist. Then on the Tuesday a fine morning appeared, and I set forth to explore the High Street range. There was a good deal of mist early, but it soon disappeared, and as I walked down the road to Measand Beck, the sun came out and blue sky, and I perceived it was going to be a hot day. At Measand I turned up the hill by the

falls. I had intended to cross the beck just above the falls and go on up Weather Hill, then turn southward, and follow the line of the Roman Road to High Street. But there was an obvious path on this side of the beck, apparently ascending the hill behind Laythwaite Crags. As a matter of fact, it gave up the struggle for existence long before it got there, but it was certainly my nearest way, and the vast wilderness of green, grassy slopes and peat-bogs on the other side of the beck did not attract me. I got very hot as I toiled up that long grass slope. I felt very aged and not at all in good form. It was a good while since I had been on a mountain, or even had a respectable walk, and I took a long while to get my second wind. I did not get to Low Raise (2465 feet) till 12-30, very nearly three hours from the Dun Bull; wretched time I suppose, but it was far too hot to worry about such trifles, and anyhow I felt more comfortable by then. There is a curious little shelter here; I should think partly natural and partly artificial, enclosing a tiny little pool. It could only be rain-water I suppose, and not a real well, and I do not know whether it is safe to drink such water, but I stopped for ten minutes, and had a sandwich, and just a spoonful of water to help the latter on its downward path.

From here it is only half-an-hour's easy walk to High Raise (2634 feet), which was more like a mountain; no rocks of course, but quite a lot of stones on the summit, and it was quite refreshing to see them after the everlasting green grassiness. There is not much of a dip between this and Kidsty Pike (2560 feet), and it only took 18 minutes to attain the latter. The Pike looks well from Mardale, but the western and northern sides consist of the same old grass slopes. I suppose the great plateau due west of it is a part of the same mountain, and I don't know which is the higher, but there seems no cairn on the plateau, and only two or three stones on the Pike.

Up on the plateau it was rather amusing to find an ancient finger-post, one arm directing to Patterdale, and the other to Mardale.

Then round the head of Riggindale to High Street. Hayes Water deep set on the right is rather striking, Riggindale on the left bare, but might be worth exploring from below. High Street presents to the east quite a fine craggy front, but otherwise it seems to me a melancholy travesty of a mountain. The top is a vast and nearly level plateau entirely of grass; there is no cairn, possibly because there are no stones, except in the big wall which crosses it from north to south, and nobody can possibly say to a mile where the summit is. I walked religiously over what appeared the highest portion of the green-grassy wilderness, then I got over the wall, and began to consider by what route I should descend. First I found the nearest burn, and abode there for a long rest and a belated lunch. Then over Mardale Hill Bell in the direction of the Nan Bield, but soon veered more to the left, with the idea of getting down near the outlet of Small Water. I got a bit too much to the left, and soon found myself among some rather awkward crags, and for ten minutes had quite an exciting time. However I soon reached the path from Nan Bield, and followed it down to the Dun Bull. A beastly, sloppy path it is too, one of the worst I know, which is saying a good deal.

The next day it was again a fine morning, and I started up the Nan Bield path a little before ten o'clock, intending to walk over Harter Fell, Branstree and Selside Pike. Small Water looked beautiful, but I think the vicar (the Rev. T. H. J. Barham) was right when he advised me to see it in mist and storm. However, it is beautiful in any conditions of weather. But it was very hot this morning as I toiled slowly up that endless steep stony slope to the Nan Bield, and it took me nearly two hours from the Dun Bull to reach the top of the Pass. The view on

the other side looked very poor after Small Water. The prim Kentmere reservoir with its encircling long grass slopes is not interesting, and the only redeeming features of the landscape are Froswick and Ill Bell over the way.

After a few minutes rest I turned eastwards for Harter Fell, at first over some craggy little humps, and then up one of those endless grass slopes, which seem characteristic of all the mountains round here, and which are so uninteresting to the climber. The north face of Harter Fell, facing down the dale, is very steep and craggy, and it looks a mountain on that side, but behind that fair front there extends a vast wilderness of grass and bog. I went first to the southern end of the summit plateau, where there is a gentle rise to the Knowe, which just reaches 2500 feet. Then to the summit of the mountain, about the middle of the plateau, where there are a few stones, and a very dilapidated little cairn. Then on to the northern end, where there is a big cairn and quite a lot of stones, which were quite a relief to me after all that grass.

I found it rather farther to Gatescarth than I expected, and did not get there till 1-20, and I was not pleased with it when I did get there. Nothing but grass and bog, especially bog, and I wanted my lunch and some drinkable water, not essence of peat-bog. I wanted water so badly that I made up my mind to give up Branstree, which looked enormous and quite uninteresting over the way, and descend Gatescarth till I found a drinkable stream. Then I would stay there and wallow in it till it was time to go home. However, at the other side of the Pass I came across a tiny rill, a trifle boggified certainly, but with just a little drop of whisky in it, I thought I might risk it, and we have not got Total Prohibition yet, whatever we may come to. Then being duly encouraged thereby I went on up Branstree, which is a perfectly uninteresting grass mound, 2333 feet, no cairn, and apparently not a

stone on the whole hill. About ¼-mile farther on, but quite 200 feet lower, I saw a big cairn amid a few stones, and wondered why anybody should apparently have taken the trouble to collect all the stones from the neighbourhood in order to build a cairn, but I see on the 6-inch map it is marked as Artle Crag Pike. There is certainly something of a crag on the Mardale side, but I saw nothing to suggest a Pike.

On Selside Pike it was quite pleasant to find some stones with a cairn of sorts in the midst thereof. A wide view from here, but the long green slopes in the foreground are dull, and there is no lake visible, Haweswater being hidden by Naddle Forest. Far away the long dim line of the Yorkshire hills looked impressive, and I thought that I could distinguish Cross Fell. I descended to the Swindale path, and reached the Dun Bull about four o'clock.

During the ensuing two days I did nothing but potter about. I did start up Rough Crag one day with a vague idea of going on up High Street, also of exploring some of the crags round Blea Water, but it was excessively hot, and when I got to the col between Rough Crag and High Street, I had already had enough of it. I descended to a little stream just above Blea Water, and found a delightful sort of natural arm-chair upholstered in bracken, where I had lunch, and made myself so comfortable, that I might have been there still, only after some time I suddenly became conscious of a change in the atmosphere, and looking up, saw High Street in mist, and apparently a storm coming. So I went home to tea.

# SOME SPECULATIONS CONCERNING THE LATE MR. JOSEPH BRADDLUM.

By Harold Lee.

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The Club owes gratitude to Mr. Darwin Leighton for more than his work as honorary secretary. Mr. Leighton is not only a secretary; he is a singer, of much natural taste and aptitude. Moreover, he composes songs, not the least characteristically delightful of which is "No. 1." But "No. 1" is more than delightful. It is of peculiar value, for enshrined in its refrain is a reference which has obvious historical importance.

Members of the Club will hardly need reminding of the refrain, or chorus, in question. It runs thus:—

"Rum tum taddlum
Old Joe Braddlum
Eh, what climbing lads are we."

I have no doubt of the source whence Mr. Leighton obtained these lines. I do not think they are the outcome of his own poetic genius. I think that, quite clearly, he has found them in his researches into the great mine of Cumberland and Westmorland folk song, and has adopted them without alteration, having been impressed by their redolence of the essential fell-side spirit and rightly feeling that this would be imperilled by any modification.

Now, it is in folk songs that the historian or antiquarian finds his happiest hunting ground. They suggest clues of the greatest value, by the painstaking following up of which tradition is, so to speak, brought to book, and may be examined and tested, and made to yield up the germ-truth it contains, which otherwise would pass undetected. From this point of view Mr. Leighton deserves the special

recognition of his fellow members. He has rescued a particular and concrete item of tradition whilst it has remained tradition and before it passed into the more shadowy phase of legend and even myth. Had it once reached that limbo the researches of the student would have been rendered extremely difficult.

Thanks to Mr. Leighton, then, we have an interesting and suggestive item before us, as to which some slight analytical study may perhaps be attempted. In the first line

" Rum tum taddlum "

I can detect no especial significance, nor do I think this need be looked for. It seems purely introductory—a mere jingle of words. But note how admirably it serves the purpose of rhyme, and leads up melodiously to the essential figure—

" Old Joe Braddlum."

Here is the crux of our inquiry. Who was he who thus boldly, defiantly as it were, stands forth and challenges attention? What achievements stand to his credit? How came he to enjoy such fame in his day and generation that the mere recital of his name, devoid of all elucidatory context, is apparently deemed sufficient to impress the generations following?

It is an inquiry full of interest, and though I do not feel competent to carry it very far I may perhaps be able to clear at least some of the ground by a collation of inferences—speculative it must frankly be conceded—which appear to be fairly derivable.

In the first place I assume Mr. Braddlum to be deceased, and I do so with some confidence, notwithstanding the objection which may be lodged that I have no proof of this. I am guided by this piece of general experience—that the epithet " old " used in conjunction with the diminutive of the Christian name is seldom bestowed upon anyone until after his death. In life Mr. Braddlum,

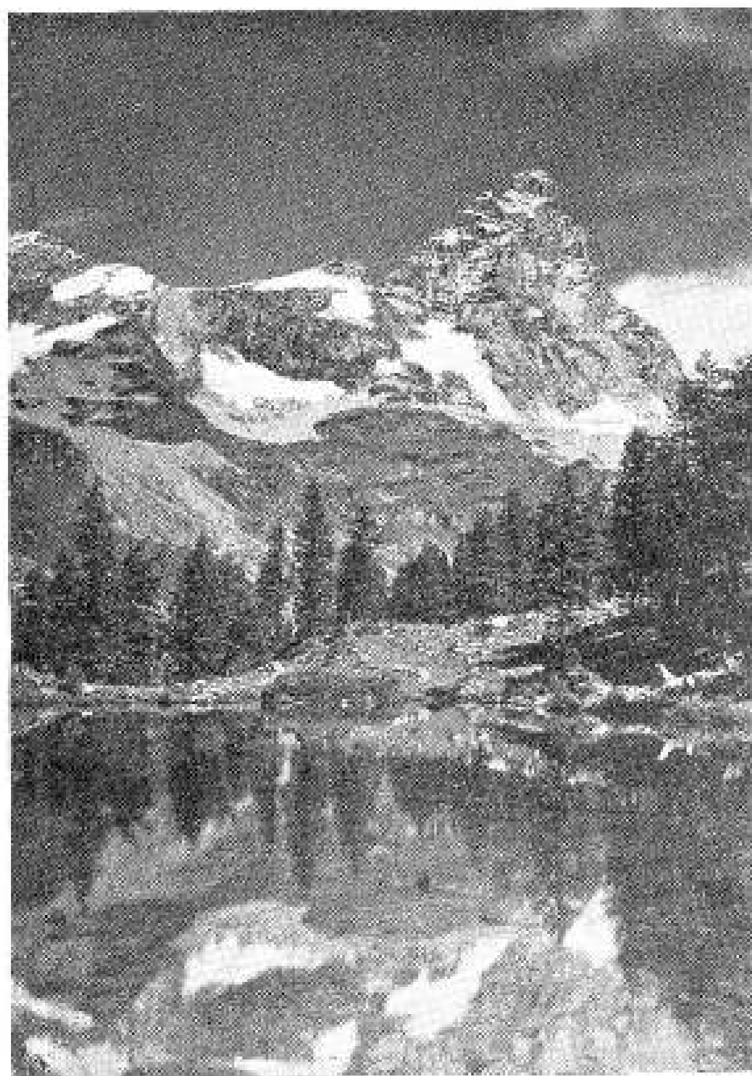
had it been sought to honour him by mentioning his name in song, would hardly have been referred to as "Old Joe." That would be too familiar, too lacking in the respect due to a personage of his renown. He would have been spoken of as "Old Mr. Braddlum," or perhaps "Old Mr. Joseph." But after a man's death comes a difference. The judgment of his fellows grounds itself on other considerations. Was the man kindly, generous, sympathetic? Did he possess a heart that throbbed responsively to the surging appeals of humanity? In that case mere social rank becomes a small thing. It is the man who is remembered, not, for instance, the adventitious circumstance of his having kept a gig. He becomes endeared to the affections of his erstwhile contemporaries. He becomes, in short, in popular parlance "Old Tom," or "Old Bob" or, as in the example before us, "Old Joe Braddlum."

So then it is to a prior generation we must look for information as to this venerable fell-side worthy. He was, I think, associated with pastoral pursuits. The name gives evidence of this. The "raddling" of lambs and sheep with a coloured earthy pigment, for the purpose of identification, is a practice which endures to the present. In older days when the dales of Cumberland and Westmorland were subject to the predatory incursions of wild Scotchmen it was an essential precaution. It served moreover as a safeguard against the thievish propensities of the Dalesmen *entre eux*. The pigment itself is called raddle, the red variety being most usually employed. From the noun the verb (to raddle) would naturally be evolved, whilst the person to whom the duty of raddling was assigned would obviously be known as the Raddler. Now, it is common knowledge that in the evolution of English nomenclature there is no custom more confirmed than that by which a man's surname is directly derived from his occupation. Examples need hardly be given

to elucidate this. Fletcher, for instance, is taken from flesher, a dealer in meat, whilst in the ordinary names of Baker, Mason, Smith, and the like no transitional change at all has been made.

So the raddler of lambs naturally merges into "Raddle-lamb," and by the addition of the prefix Be—one of the commonest forms of adding emphasis in our language—we arrive at "Be-raddle-lam," whence "Beraddlum" or (elisionally) "Braddlum" is a modification not only easy in itself but exactly that which experience would lead us to look for.

The nature of the occupation of the original Mr. Braddlum is thus, I think, incontestibly established. An inquiry fraught with more difficulty is that pertaining to his birth-place, and upon this unfortunately I find myself unable to embark; nor can I enter upon another very tempting field of research, viz., the epoch at which Mr. Braddlum flourished and the achievements which led to the enshrinement of his name in the imperishable temple of Mr. Darwin Leighton's verse. I reside too far from the *locus in quo*, and I have not the intimate knowledge of the district which seems essential to successful investigation. But perhaps Mr. Leighton himself will address his energies to this task, and failing Mr. Leighton I commend the matter to my good friend Mr. George Seatree, the profundity of whose local knowledge has so often been displayed in the stories he tells of fell-side life and character.



THE ITALIAN SIDE OF THE MATTERHORN.

## A NOTE ON PHOTOGRAPHY IN SWITZERLAND.

By Captain C. Thurstan Holland.

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There are many ways in which one may approach Switzerland. When I say this I do not allude to railway facilities and routes, but rather to the intention of the tourist. Some go for health and rest, others to climb, many go merely because a Swiss holiday is the fashion, but there is still another incentive, and that is photography. Even this can be approached from one or more standpoints. There is the amateur who has never been to Switzerland before, and who perhaps has never taken a photograph before ; he has attended lectures on Switzerland (possibly one of mine !), he is struck by the magnificent photographic results (again he has seen my lantern slides ! !). He must go and do likewise. He goes, he sees, he conquers ; and the various photographuc societies in his neighbourhood for some time afterwards have many reasons for wishing that a crevasse on a glacier had cut short his career at an early stage.

There is a good deal to be said for politeness, but when a little plain speaking might stop a bore and his "pictures" at the beginning, it does seem a pity that outspoken, but truthful, criticism should not cut the career of both short.

Swiss photography is at the same time the easiest and the most difficult landscape photography there is. One man can go out with the most primitive and cheapest form of camera—a Brownie—and come home with a series of delightful pictures ; another will go armed with all that Zeiss or Ross can produce, including

telescopic fitments, and at least a dozen different screens, and he, except by accident, will not produce one picture.

What is the reason of this? Putting aside ignorance and assurance, the answer is "Vision." What more beautiful in nature than the average Swiss valley scene. A roaring glacier torrent, bounding over half submerged rocks, the spray glistening in the brilliant sunlight. A foreground of larches and firs, straight lined no doubt, but with ever varying shades of green. A long-distance view of mountains—often many miles away, with their snow-clad crests cut clear against the deep blue sky. This is the view, and this is the pitfall for the normal tourist. The result, photographically, is a splash of white for the torrent, a dark foreground of imaginative trees, and a sketchy outline, very faintly seen, of a snow mountain. The photographer sees in this a thing of beauty, his memory fills in the details; his victim sees a lantern slide which, if he has not been there already, makes him register a solemn vow that Switzerland is no place for him.

I have photographed the Matterhorn from the north, south, east and west; choose your time, get the proper lighting effects, consider your foreground, and it makes a picture from anywhere. I once started up it with a view to a photograph from the top, but early in the ascent my guide, a cheerful philosopher, began pointing out the places where fatal accidents occurred. He even at one spot demonstrated to me blood on the rocks. This for me was the finishing touch. I demanded, forcibly, to be taken back, it became obvious that the mountain was no place for me. The pictorial possibilities of the top of this mountain must remain in abeyance—as far as I am concerned—until another and a better world provides me with flying facilities.

What kind of camera shall I have with me, what plates do you advise, what screens shall I use, what exposures!

shall I give? These, and similar questions, have been put to me times without number by eager photographers paying their first visit to Switzerland. How can these questions be answered? I have been to Switzerland with eight or nine different cameras (at different times of course), I have taken fast and slow plates, backed and otherwise of all makes, lenses galore, 5 to 40 times screens; in future give me a quarter plate Kodak, no screens at all, I will develop my film in a tank, and I will undertake to have as good a lot of negatives, and as large a percentage of successes, as anyone with any outfit he chooses to indulge in.

It is not the camera, plates, screens, and all that paraphernalia which makes for success, but the knowledge of what will make a picture. Given the latter attribute and you *might* even be successful without a camera at all!!! At any rate your results would not inflict hardships on others.

Once in wandering about the mountains I took pity on one of these itinerant photographers, and offered to take him up on a mild mountaineering excursion and give him a little instruction. He brought a whole plate camera and some twelve dozen plates—we took an extra porter; never shall I forget that day. By the time we reached the top the 143rd plate had been exposed and it was about 6 p.m. After the last plate had been exposed on the top he asked for the easiest way down. I suggested a bicycle. Alas! he now passes me in the street without recognition.

It is somewhat curious, but nevertheless true, that artists, as a rule, assert that Switzerland is no good from the painter's point of view. It is difficult to know why this should be the case. Every village teams with pictures, picturesque houses, picturesque peasants. The painter's box does not contain the ever varying shades of brown which the wood of the dwellings reflects; the

choice of human models in quaint garments, with ever varying ranges of colouring, should satisfy all the artists of the world. The lane and valley scenery is unequalled; the flower colouring cannot be surpassed. Why is it that artists are unsatisfied? It seems to me that they must be obsessed with the idea that snow mountains are essential to pictures of Switzerland, and that no justice, pictorially, can be done to these nature monuments from the usual valley aspect. This, I believe, is partially true, if the mountains are to be painted in their simple grandeur then they must be painted from a nearer aspect. The true artist of the mountains must also be a climber, or at any rate must be a mountaineer. Go and see the pictures of Mons. Gabriel Loppé at Chamounix; he knew the glacier and mountain in all their aspects of lighting, he knew them as the true mountain lover alone can know them. In later times A. D. McCormick and E. Harrison-Compton have shown us what can be done with these kind of subjects, and what pictures can be made without necessarily "improving upon nature." Would that I had been a rich man and could have afforded to collect for future generations sketches and pictures of these latter artists. Photographically, I believe that any mountain in Switzerland, with the possible exception of Mont Rosa, can be made into a picture, if only the proper aspect and the correct lighting effects are sought for. In writing this I must confess that I have not seen the Italian side of this mountain.

Some mountains, the Little Matterhorn for example, are best photographed from high altitudes, unrelieved by any other foreground than the rough rocks which match those of their dark precipices.

Others, like the Matterhorn from the Italian side, are so grim and sinister that a few well-chosen trees will help to balance the picture and give a certain degree of beauty to the general effect.

THE PIGNE D'AROLLA.

A mountain like the Pigne d'Arolla is best with no other foreground than that of some of its own ice and snow, and the pitiless line of its 2000 feet northern slope seems to lead the eye straight to the sunlit top.

Softer, late afternoon or evening effects, suit other mountains; and the Pointe du Dragon, with the Za-de-Zan glacier for a foreground, makes a picture which in its simple grandeur should appeal to any artistic eye.

These are merely examples of the pictorial grandeur of Swiss mountain scenery, scenery which should be pictorial either from the aspect of the photographer's lens, or the painter's eye. It is not given to all of us to draw or paint, but the curse of the camera and photography is that though anyone can press a button, few can foretell the result, and still fewer have the courage (or knowledge) to know when to destroy their plates.

## "I WILL GO BACK."

I will go back to the hills again
That are sisters to the sea,
The bare hills, the brown hills,
That stand eternally,
And their strength shall be my strength,
And their joy my joy shall be.

I will go back to the hills again,
To the hills I knew of old,
To the fells that bear the straight larch woods
To keep their farms from cold;
For I know that when the spring time comes
The whin will be breaking gold.

There are no hills like the Wasdale hills
When Spring comes up the dale,
Nor any woods like the larch woods
Where the primroses blow pale;
And the shadows flicker quiet-wise
On the stark ridge of Black Sail.

I have been up and down the world
To the Earth's either end,
And left my heart in a field in France
Beside my truest friend;
And joy goes over, but love endures,
And the hills, unto the end.

I will go back to the hills again
When the day's work is done,
And set my hands against the rocks
Warm with an April sun,
And see the night creep down the fells
And the stars climb one by one.

## NOT A CLIMBING HOLIDAY.

There were four of us. The two hardy ones, the Man-who-twisted-his-knee, and the Invalid.

Sleet and rain were the order of our first day in Langdale, and the Invalid elected to remain indoors. The other three, opining there would be snow on the tops, in place of the sleet in the valleys, started off, armed with the usual impedimenta—ice axe and so forth.

The Invalid embraced her chances of getting to know the domestic side of a Lakeland farmhouse, first taking the precaution of getting to know the house dog. An introduction followed later on to four other dogs, these being two working sheep dogs, an old stager who was past work, and " Pilot," a hound, who had no business there at all, but who, every now and again, left his " pack " and came along to his summer home, just to see how they were doing probably. Then Molly, one of the horses, put her nose in at the kitchen door. Following her, two or three pigs, and some geese and hens ; all the latter visitors making their appearance while the pet dog was doing his day's work—two hours of mousing and ratting in the barn. Lastly came the Thomas cat, the one and only four-footer who would not be friendly. He out-Maeterlincked Maeterlinck in his independence. The Invalid felt hurt ; cats were generally her firm friends. Had it not been for his growling, and spitting and general humpiness, he might have been admired and stroked for his beautiful clean, white coat, and his fine big head. He really was a beauty. But, alas, the cat is not the friend of man, he's merely a hanger-on.

At 5-30 it was quite dark and very miserable outside, and the Invalid wished for the arrival of the others. At

last they came, but instead of the usual impudently-robust swagger, they crawled in, with a glad-to-be-here-again-expression on each face. Then, over a cup of tea, the confession came—they had been carried down by an avalanche at Great End. No. 1 had lost his helmet; No. 2 had got a big bruise; No. 3 had twisted his knee.

Their tale was told at intervals during and after dinner and can be summarised as follows:—On reaching the gully they intended to climb, after three hours plodding in soft snow (which really ought to have told them what to expect) they roped up, and were about to commence operations. The leader had ascended a few feet of the first pitch in Central Gully, when down came a sheet of snow a little to right of them, and was straightway followed by two more small avalanches, which almost reached up to their necks. They were scooping the snow away, when the leader shouted "Look out," and immediately an enveloping weighty mass dragged them down. Asked for sensations experienced while under the snow, the leader said he felt he *must* keep his head up, and he remembered beating the snow with his hands. Was this the reason he came off unhurt? He said his ice axe seemed to be pulled from him, but he felt no pull on the rope. They were just carried together, under a wall of snow, and found themselves in a bunch 200 feet below the foot of the gully. Luckily, they had no rocks to fall over, and the snow lay deep on the screes.

No. 2 only remembered coming down head first, and having a struggle to get "right end up," but was scared a little, and bruised. The last man said he felt suffocated, and what impressed him most was the surprise he felt at landing safely (albeit with a wrenched knee); he was expecting a flight through space and a thud, instead of which three heads bobbed out and three tongues asked the same question: "Are you hurt?"

It was a painful journey back to the farm, a blizzard

was raging on Esk Hause, but fortunately the gale was behind them, and in 3½ hours they reached their goal, weary, and undoubtedly (snow) wiser.

Dungeon Ghyll Hotel was the extent of the next day's outing for two people where, with the aid of the club's library, they climed *in spirit* with O. G. Jones and his merry companions. Rough-going on the fells, and grand views for the others.

This visit was memorable to the Invalid. It was her first visit to that lovely gem of the mountains, " Blea Tarn." Just think of it, Mr. Editor, four times to the Langdales and never a visit to " Blea Tarn ! " So had it not been for the avalanche, which necessitated short walks by the aid of two sticks for the Man-who-twisted-his knee, this lovely spot might never have been memorised and cherished and re-called again and again in the gloomy months which are bound to intervene before we can again see the Real Picture.

## A NEW CLIMBING ZONE—IN FRANCE.

By Captain T. Howard Somervell.

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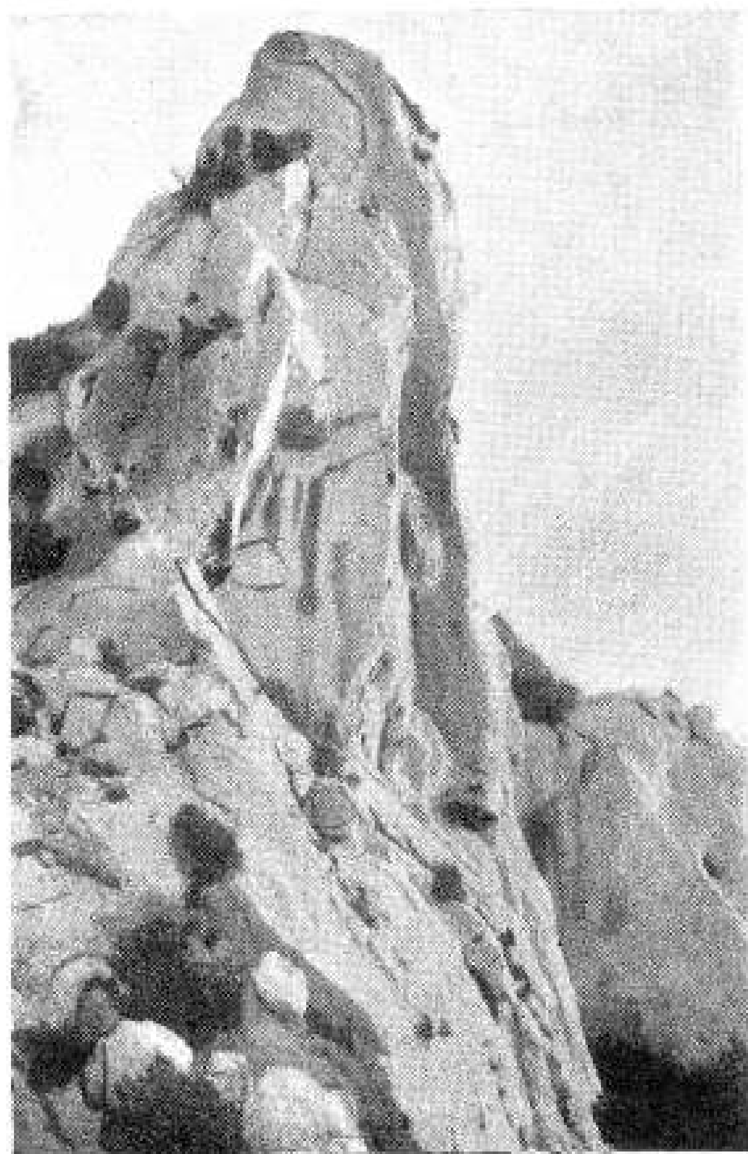
Since going out to France 15 months ago I have carried on divers duties, and these of varying interest. After a "rest" of some weeks in a very muddy camp where the only thing to do was to try to keep warm, we found ourselves at Marseilles, *en route* for ——— (a place in the East where we never arrived). The weather there was glorious, and the district is very beautiful. Besides trips to the picturesque old towns on the Rhone, there were sundry mountains to be climbed, and all within reasonable distance were done, several of them more than once. One in particular is worthy of mention as yielding a good bit of war-time mountaineering. It is a fine rugged bit of limestone, with firm, good rock, and providing as much climbing (if one had had the time and means really to explore it) as Scawfell and the Pillar rolled into one. There is a fine rocky "Pinnacle," shewn in one of my photographs, which provided some real rock-climbing, and had one way up comparable to Gimmer Crag in Langdale, if only I had had a rope to do it with. As it was, I chose a route about equal to the Needle or Arrowhead ridges in difficulty, and got quite a good little climb. I also took a general view of the mountain, which has a dull outline in the view, but a fine precipice 700 feet high and very sheer, of firm limestone, on the side I have photographed. It was very enjoyable to have some rock-climbing while on military service—but one longed for a good meet of Fell and Rockers at the little hotel at the foot of this mountain.

We soon left Marseilles, after over a month of pleasant holiday, and since then have been on the Western Front.



A NEW CLIMB IN FRANCE.

We have seen the Somme Push from start to ——— well, perhaps not finish. There are so many things that strike one that it is hard to pick out one. But, as one who has seen thousands of the wounded from this great battle, let me just say that the most striking thing of all is the amazing cheeriness and bravery of our men. It is hard to see, day in, day out, nothing but casualties, casualties, casualties—but there is hardly a wounded man who has not the assurance on his face and in his bearing that we are the winning side (though, individually, the poor chaps one sees may be the losers, perhaps of a leg, or an arm, or an eye). All seem to say " God's in His Heaven ; all's right with the world."

## BOULDER VALLEY.

By J. P. Rogers.

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When it is raining at Coniston (as it often is), when the snow is thawing, giving promise of wet rocks, or when any reason (legitimate or otherwise) exists why the climbing party cannot or does not want to attempt the journey to Dow Crags, the cry is " make it Boulder Valley." Of course this applies to those parties who know where is this open-air gymnasium, and what it contains, and as these consist of more or less local people it is the object of this article to disseminate the knowledge to a wider circle. It is hoped this will enable people from a distance to fill in those off-days which occasionally crop up in a climbing holiday or enable them to get fit for more serious work.

Some ten years ago the writer was introduced to this exercise ground by the late S. H. Gordon, who, along with A. Craig, J. Coulton, E. Scantlebury and C. Grayson, made the first party to recognise its possibilities. Since then it has become, as mentioned before, the gymnasium of the local men and on its miniature climbs many a raw novice has learnt the meaning of the words " handhold," " foothold," and the other technical phrases of the rock-climb.

Boulder Valley is situated on the east side of the Old Man below Low Water, thus being within an hour's easy walk of Coniston Railway Station. For the most direct route proceed to Coniston Falls, from the Sun Hotel, do not cross the bridge there but follow the footpath on the left-hand side of the beck, until it joins the quarry road. Proceed uphill on the quarry road until it branches, then take the right-hand branch. When this road

ceases (as it does a 100 yards or so further on), a foot track leads to the Pudding Stone, which is the first of the boulders. The longer but easier route is to proceed on the Walna Scaur road from the Railway Station, and at the fell gate turn to the right along the quarry road until the point is reached where it branches. From here proceed as previously described.

Having landed the reader into the valley and left him standing at the Pudding Stone, it now remains to describe the courses on this huge stone, before proceeding to mention the other rocks. It is not the intention to describe the courses on every boulder, an almost impossible task, but only on the most prominent ones.

THE PUDDING STONE is a roughly rectangular piece of igneous rock, 33 feet high, with sides approximately 28 feet long. These sides face the four major points of the compass and the courses to the summit vary in degree of difficulty from a walk to such that even a Herford would find it necessary to remove his boots to make "go."

(*a*) THE ARETE (south-east corner) is a short and easy climb needing no description.

(*b*) THE CRACK commences near the foot of the arete and it is necessary to keep to a small crack or scoop which runs parallel to the arete—this presents some difficulty near the top.

(*c*) THE FACE (north-east corner) commences slightly to left of the corner and follows a small crack that presents easy going until a projection or nose is reached. From here the way is straight up. This is considered difficult, owing to the small and usually greasy holds above the nose.

(*d*) THE SCOOP (north face); this looks very tempting but so far as the writer knows has not been done legitimately throughout. The holds are small, few, and nearly all have a downward slope. On

a dry day it might go to a determined attack in stocking feet—if the attacker has more than the average reach.

(*e*) NORTH ARETE (north-west corner) commences vertically; the work is then up an arete 20 feet from the ground, then along a flake crack, where it is necessary to balance, when moving, by tiny finger holds, until the top can be reached for a final pull up.

(*f*) THE OVERHANG (south-west corner) is a pure gymnastic stunt and consists in jumping for a projecting tongue of rock 8′ 6″ from ground and swinging up until it is under one's left armpit. Then with a sloping right foothold to assist, it is possible to draw one's-self up by means of a right hand-hold until a knee can be placed on the tongue. From here the rest is easy.

THE BECK STONE has only one course, but it is extra sporting in that the penalty of failure is a ducking in the beck, over which the boulder projects. The course is commenced from a rock in the bed of the beck.

THE RIDGE STONE has one face that offers a variety of courses. This slopes at a gentle angle and is about 15 feet high, facing due east. The rock has weathered into deep pits that offer good holds for finger tip and one boot nail, but a slip when near the top would make one realise what a nutmeg feels like on a grater. There are two easy courses of a different character on the south end of which a description is unnecessary.

THE INACCESSIBLE BOULDER is roughly a cube in shape perched up on one edge amongst a mass of lesser boulders; it is 16 feet high and 13 feet long. At the south end a section of the cube has at one time parted from the main piece leaving a crack a few inches wide. The surface of the rock is deeply pock-marked, thus providing plenty of holds of the finger tip variety. The formidable name given to this boulder is due to the

difficulty of the courses on it—there being no easy way up.

(*a*) THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER is the most sporting and certainly the most strenuous course on the boulder. Due to the overhang the crack direct is impossible but commencing more round on the face it is possible to circumvent this difficulty. The usual mode of procedure is as follows :—a tiny toe hold exists for the left foot on the face and a very satisfactory " under " hold for the left hand, while the right hand uses the edge of the face straight above. Getting a somewhat precarious purchase with the right foot in the crack, it is necessary to work up on the very meagre holds, until both hands are on the edge of the crack above the overhang. With the aid of some muscle this is used to gain the top. The whole thing gives one the same impression as " Amen Corner " on Gimmer—it must be the excessive sharpness of the crack edge—as otherwise they are in no way similar.

(*b*) THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER provides two courses, both interesting and fairly difficult due to the overhang.

(*c*) GETTING DOWN FROM THE TOP provides some excitement and is usually accomplished on the east side. It is just as well for an average sized man to have a pal below to guide his feet into safety, otherwise it is necessary to make a somewhat blind jump for the top of a small neighbouring boulder, which if missed, might lead to serious consequences in the way of sprains.

THE PYRAMID provides an interesting traverse, with a pool of water below the most difficult part, which serves to add to one's satisfaction or chagrin as the case may be. The boulder is 13 feet high with sides 18 feet by 16 feet and the traverse is 5 feet 6 inches from ground.

The final Boulder of the series is ten feet high with

sides 16 feet by 13 feet and has two courses. The north-east corner requires good balance and some care when making the foot change at the commencement—while the south end bears a somewhat evil reputation for difficulty. C. Grayson is reputed to have made it "go," but the writer has not seen anyone do it, although the route is scratched in places.

This ends the account of the boulders, or it would be better to say, the six most prominent ones, as many more remain with sporting courses on them. Although these miniature climbs are recommended to fill in wet days because of their freedom from superfluous water, they are well worth a visit under any conditions from those of the fraternity, be they novices or experts—keenness only is required. Many of these small problems would prove nigh insurmountable were they met with as a pitch, on a climb a 100 feet or so in height. It is just as well to remind the novice, that, in spite of their comparative proximity to the ground, on the majority of the courses described, a rope is essential.

## AN AVALANCHE ON GREAT END.

The momentous question on the morning of December 23rd, 1916, was—" What about the weather? "

Whilst we were sitting round the cheery breakfast-table at Stool End, the fickle jade treated us to an exhibition of what she *could* do, if she were so-minded. First came a gentle drizzle, so fine as to be hardly perceptible. Then came the unmistakable sound of a heavy downpour of sleet, which gradually decreased in violence till it became just a shower of silently-falling snow.

We could find no consolation in the old saw—" Rain before seven, fine before eleven "—for, (but tell it not in Gath), the hour was undeniably much after seven. It was, in fact, somewhat nearer eleven than seven. At length, having eaten our fill, the weather prophets sallied forth to view the " edge o' beyond " and to discuss the prospects for the day. The forecast issued on their return, and which proved only too true, was not of the brightest—" Rain in the valleys and snow on the hills." This verdict, however, did not deter three of the party from making preparations for a day on the fells.

When finally a start was made, in the midst of a sleety shower—the leader armed with a rope and iceaxe—a second man laden with a rucksack containing comforts for the inner man, it certainly looked as if we were " in for it." We proceeded in the direction of Mickleden and on our way there the ground was just hidden beneath a thin coating of snow, which can only be described as being distinctly sloppy. As we reached higher ground, however, this covering became deeper and lost a good deal of its liquid nature, and by the time we commenced the ascent of Rossett Ghyll, the snow was knee-deep, so

that two of us were glad to follow sheep-wise in the footsteps of the leader. On the descent to Angle Tarn, and onwards to Esk Hause, we had to traverse from time to time, drifts which were waist-deep, so that progress was unavoidably slow. Arriving on Esk Hause, a track was made in the Sty Head direction, but hugging the foot of the Great End crags. Here the snow was quite the thickest we had encountered, and being of a very powdery nature, "going" was more difficult than ever. Deep drifts covered the lower rocks and scattered boulders, so that they assumed strange and fantastic shapes. Unfortunately the clouds were so heavy and the air was so thick with falling snow that a view was impossible. Eventually the foot of the Central Gully on Great End was reached and here we decided to fortify ourselves with the contents of the rucksack. During our short halt the weather conditions became more severe.

That a fierce wind had sprung up, was evident from the showers of fine frozen snow which poured from the shelving rocks into the gully, and with which we were plentifully besprinkled. Lunch over, the business of the day began—the ascent of the gully.

A discussion arose—should we or should we not be roped up? The decision was in favour of the former, and as things turned out later, it was probably better that this conclusion was arrived at. The "tying-on" process being completed, the leader commenced to ascend the gully, we endeavouring to follow in due course. In a few moments a tiny avalanche made its way down the gully, almost immediately followed by a second, and then by a third, each increasing in volume and velocity. The last man had a busy time "scooping funnels," otherwise making channels into which to divert the volume of snow. The third avalanche left all (save the leader, who had arrived at the first pitch) chest-deep in snow, and before we had time to extricate ourselves, another warning was given us. By the time we received it, the avalanche with

all its mighty force bore down upon us. We were all swept off our feet, the snow poured over us, and we felt ourselves being carried along underneath the snow, swerving from side to side, till at last the avalanche spent itself.

As soon as we realised that we were no longer moving, we made efforts to release ourselves from the snow which enveloped us, and when we *were* able to look about us, we found that all three of us were within a few yards of each other, and about two hundred feet below the point where we first found ourselves in the power of the avalanche.

The sensations we experienced would be difficult to describe, as our swift flight took probably only a few seconds. Our thoughts seem naturally to have turned to the question of how, when and where our headlong rush would end, and we were filled with a sense of utter powerlessness.

Should we ever be able to make our way out or were we fated to remain entombed in the bosom of the avalanche till fairer skies compelled it to release its grip?

Should we *all* be capable of getting to the surface or would the fortunate ones have the terrible experience of carrying back the news of the toll of the avalanche?

What would be our condition when we did re-appear?

Should we be able to make our own way back to civilisation or would it be a case of getting help from the nearest point available?

These things, along with many others, flashed through our minds. One member of the party wondered, if like the individual mentioned by Whymper, he might possibly have to breathe a way out. Another was inspired to make efforts, whilst being carried along, to "swim" to the surface by exerting pressure on the snow beneath him.

Luckily no boulders were encountered during the passage through the snow, so that we found ourselves practically unhurt—at any rate with injuries of such a minor description that we were all able to toil homewards un-

aided. When we *did* begin to move (for we remained some little time gazing round us in wonderment, and in trying to recover our equilibrium), we were assailed by feelings of cramp, probably due to the pressure exerted by the volume of snow. The leader was minus his helmet and iceaxe, and despite all entreaties, persisted in ploughing his way up the track of the avalanche in the endeavour to recover his lost possessions. The iceaxe, which had been torn from his grasp during the descent, was quickly discovered, lying on the surface of the snow, some distance up the gully. Not so the helmet—that *still* remains in the clutches of the snow-fiend.

With no further mention of climbing gullies, we turned our backs on Great End and began to plod our weary way homeward. The wind increased in violence and a terrible blizzard was raging in the vicinity of Esk Hause. Our footprints, made only a short time previously, were quite obliterated. The wind gathered up quantities of loose snow, and whirled it round and round us, liberally plastering us over and stinging our faces so severely, that all we could do was to shut our eyes and lunge blindly forward.

By the time we reached the sign-post on Esk Hause the strain on our vitality was so great, that feelings of exhaustion began to steal over us—but, knowing the consequences if we gave way, we continued our battle with the elements and still struggled onwards. When we once more reached Rossett Ghyll, the change since the morning was very noticeable. Vast quantities of snow had fallen and lodged among and over the boulders, so that the ravine looked like a huge, white, unbroken incline. Down this we made our way for a while, then climbing out on our right-hand slope we made our way back into Mickleden. Before long we were sitting round the fire at Stool End, retailing our experiences, over "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates," with a thankful feeling in our hearts that "All's well that ends well."

# A Lake-Country Portfolio.

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PHOTOGRAPHS

BY

J. Stewart,

W. A. Woodsend,

H. F. Huntley,

G. S. Bower,

Denis G. Murray.

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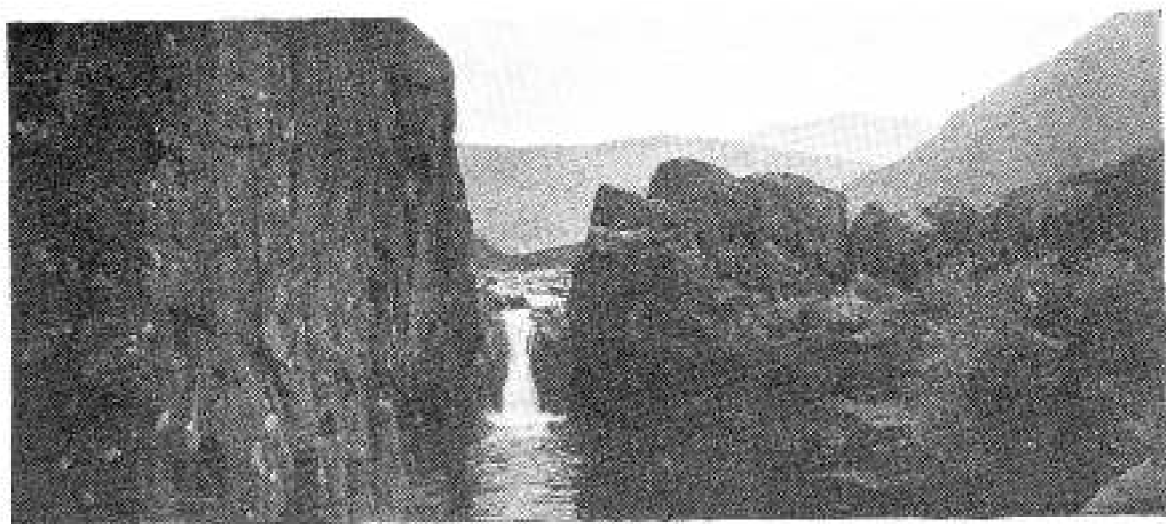
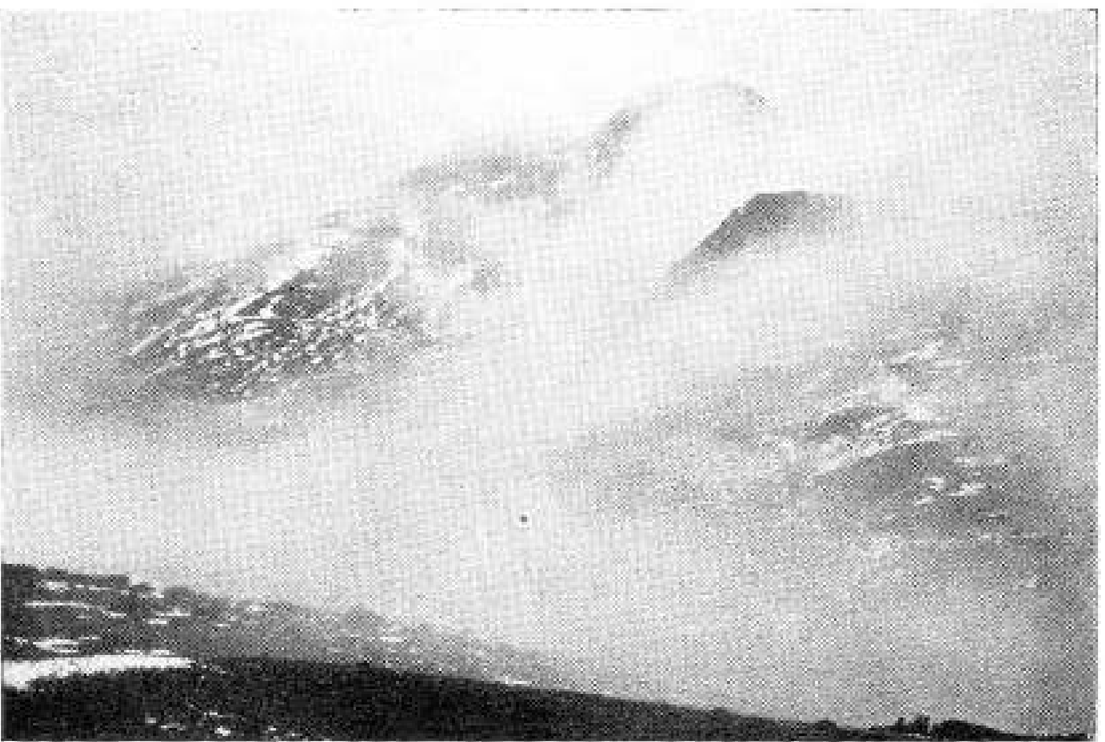
GREAT GULLY, DOE CRAGS (from above).

By J. Stewart.



IN LANGSTRATH.

By W. A. Woodsend.



THE CONISTON FELLS IN WINTER.

By H. F. [illegible].

STONY TARN, ABOVE ESKDALE.
By G. S. Bower.

WINTRY DAY IN A DUTCH FORT.

By Denis G. Murray.

# A NEW ASCENT IN ITALY.

By J. Coulton.

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Easter, 1914. No war on nor even imagined! a holiday! a gorgeous long holiday of two-and-a-half days including Sunday! How to spend it? What better than a trip into the Apennines, to the "passo del Cerreto," where we had never been? Besides there was the Alpe di Succiso (2016M), the highest peak for miles round. Needless to say the proposition was carried unanimously, and ways and means were discussed, with the result that on Saturday afternoon a gleeful party of Inglesi—a party of seven to be precise—including two ladies, who wished to see the country and the chauffeur, crushed themselves with their impedimenta into a car designed for six, and set out from Spezia for a 55 kilometre drive to the Casa Giannini, which according to the guide both offered accommodation to travellers and, what was more to the point, was situated at 993 metres above sea level, and, therefore, presented an excellent starting point for an ascent of the Alpe di Succiso, Monte Acuto or Monte La Nuda, whichever took our particular fancy in the morning. For those who are fond of motoring the drive can be strongly recommended as there is an infinite variety of scenery. First of all one climbs over the low hills between the Spezia gulf and the Magra valley down which on 99 days out of a hundred the water flowing is almost negligible and on the hundreth descends in such volume that the valley appears to be a raging sea. We crossed over the viaduct which spans the river, and continued up on the left bank until we reached Aulla, where the Aulella, draining the northern slopes of the Apuan Alps, adds its quotum to the main river. Here we turned up the latter

river and after 16½ kilometres arrived at Fivizzana, the old capital of the district. The engine having now become heated due to its exertions (Fivizzano is 319 metres above sea level) we gave it a rest and had a walk round the square, and consumed some tea and cakes at a small cafe.

Continuing, the road now proceeds nearly level for some kilometres and then commences to climb in earnest up a series of huge serpentine curves, and seeing there is no boundary to the road on the outer side one gets queer notions as to what will happen if the driver makes a slip or the steering gear goes wrong, etc. However, nothing of this exciting nature occurred, except in imagination, so we finally arrived at the top of this series of curves and coming over the ridge, emerged into another valley, along the side of which the road traverses rising slowly all the time, and after a few more kilometres of this we finally arrived at the Casa Giannini, where we halted and made enquiries with regard to sleeping accommodation, etc. Of course, there were the usual small difficulties to overcome appertaining to the sleeping of such a large party, but these were finally settled by our host taking us across the road and shewing us a dormitory place with a separate room at the far end for the ladies. We presume the stable must have been underneath the dormitory, as sundry moos during the night seemed to indicate the close proximity of the milk producing machine. We dismissed the chauffeur with the car, and seeing there seemed to be very little trace of snow or ice sent back our "ramponi" ("crampons") along with him. I thought of sending the ice axes back also, but we fortunately decided to retain these as walking sticks. We were now ready for dinner, and after a species of wash and brush up (not much of either), we were conducted through a room with a fire burning in the centre of the floor, and so thick with smoke that we were almost blinded. However, the dining room was quite airy and comfortable,

with a balcony facing down the valley, and in a very short time we were satisfying the inner man with the usual repast to be found in mountain districts, and which is not to be despised. Whilst here I should like to comment on the difference one finds between English and Italian country districts in this respect.

In England, in out of the way places, it is nearly impossible to get served with anything except at recognised hours, and then in many cases the repast consists of ham and eggs and tea, if you are lucky, whereas in Italy the conversation may be somewhat prolonged, but one finally obtains a decent feed; that is always provided one is adaptable. Suppose the hungry, tired and thirsty mountaineer descends after a hard day into a village, which appears to be a heap of ruins, he goes to the nearest "osteria" and enters therein, and the conversation proceeds as follows:—

Good day or good evening (as the case may be, the latter more likely).

Good evening—one can eat here?

But yes, sir; what would your lordships desire?

Oh, what there is. What have you?

Well, you know, we cannot make you a city dinner up here in the mountains. Would you like some spaghetti?

Yes, that will do nicely—with gravy.

A grilled cutlet of pork?

Yes.

Cheese? Fruit? Coffee?

Yes.

Very well; have patience for a few minutes, and we will try and satisfy you. In the meantime would you like some "antipasto?" Anyway I will bring some, so that you may eat it or not as you like.

The table is spread with a clean cloth, a 2-litre flask is placed in the centre and plates, knives and forks, etc., appear like magic, and you commence with your bread

and butter, and ham and mortodella and salami, the while the spaghetti is being prepared, and your host engages you in conversation and asks you whether you have been on the Alp. " Ah, but it is dangerous at this time of year to go the Alp. I have been myself in the summer nearly to the summit, but then I had a mule to carry up the provisions most of the way. It is thus that one enjoys the mountains when it is warm and the sun shines and one has provisions and time to eat them and a fine flask of wine—two preferred. But in the winter! no, I leave it to those who have the taste for it."

By the time you have finished your antipasto and drunk a glass of wine the spaghetti comes in smoking hot on a huge dish and you lay in about half a kilo which justs put you right for the tender well-cooked cutlet, after which you feel you can take your time a bit and dawdle over the rest of the repast, especially when the host brings out a bottle of his special wine, and you drink one another's health and finally leave for a few kilometres walk to the nearest station.

However, to return to the Casa Giannini. I forget whether we had quite all the above, but in any case there was no lack of the wherewithal to satisfy the most gargantuan appetite, and we then had a smoke and chat and went to bed and slept the sleep of the righteous, i.e., according to one's qualifications. At an infernally early hour in the morning, Lewis, Stephenson and I are set off for an ascent of Monte Acuto to be followed by the Alpe di Succiso if all went well. We went up to the pass and then cut off to the left up the easy ridge which leads to Acuto. We arrived at the top without much difficulty except that we struck a patch of frozen snow, which required careful negotiation, and then at the top, we basked in the sun, a glorious bask with eyes to heaven and pipe in mouth and forgot we were simple mortals. An hour of this and we started afresh for the Alpe di Succiso,

connected up to Acuto by a rocky ridge, which, however, at the time was almost obscured by snow. It was here that we regretted having sent back the ramponi and ropes, seeing that there were some fine slopes of hard snow down which it would have been most decidedly unpleasant to travel solo. However, it was only a case of using care, so what mattered it? Avanti! At last we arrived at Succiso, which it must be confessed, is disappointing as a peak, considering its height, although there is a fine expansive view of mountain and plain. The descent was made in very quick time, a few reasonably inclined snow slopes giving us the opportunity of glissading safely, and thence back to the Casa Giannini for food and bed. I here take a friend's liberty and proceed with the narrative in the words of my Italian companion, Bagnoli, who arrived during the night, and my only regret is that I cannot give the value in English to his vivid Italian description of the following day.

[Monte La Nuda (1895M) by the south wall and south south west ridge—First Ascent—12th and 13th April, 1914].

Coulton has set out to-day in a motor car for the Passo del Cerreto, together with Mrs. Coulton, Houston, Lewis, Stephenson, and a delightfully fair English young lady whose name I cannot remember. I did not go with them as I could not leave my father to spend Easter alone, especially as my brother is also far away. I shall set out to-day at 4-45, and I reckon to arrive at the Casa Giannini (Passo del Cerreto), where I shall spend the night with the others prior to making an ascent on the morrow of some of the neighbouring peaks.

The way as a matter of fact is unknown to me. All I know is that from Soliera it is necessary to go to Fivizzano, and from there, after about 17 kilometres of ordinary road one arrives at the Casa Giannini, which is a small isolated mountain inn at the Pass.

All morning I have been round Spezia in search of a shop where I could buy a pair of climbing boots, seeing that mine are ruined and could not stand two days work. I have finally been fortunate enough to find some in a miserable little shop, where they made me pay a third more than the ordinary price.

At 4-45 then, tremendously loaded with rucksack, ice axe and rope, I set out for Aulla.

It is not so bad travelling by day, especially as ignoring my duty as a perfect mountaineer, I travel in second class to the great scandal of my travelling companions, who cast looks of disdain at my nailed boots and the pointed iceaxe.

At 7 o'clock I arrive at Soliera, where I am lucky enough to get the diligence for Fivizzano thus saving 7 kilometres of detestable carriage road and at 8 o'clock I get down in the town amidst the stupified looks of a group of delightfully bright and ruddy-faced girls with whom I commence a conversation by the usual method of throwing a compliment here and another there. Two or three of them accompany me for a couple of hundred metres, and then turn back to the extreme displeasure of the writer who, let us confess it openly, feels a greater desire of staying and sleeping here than putting on his shoulders another 17 kilometres of these cursed main roads.

After half an hour's walk I arrive at Verrucola, a village all quiet and silent, nestling almost fearfully under the shadow of its turreted castle, to which the last glimmer of the dying day gives an aspect harsh and savage, then I plunge resolutely along a mule track, which leaves the main road to cut its way straight up the hill. The conductor of the diligence had told me that the telegraph line passed the Casa Giannini and seeing that the line left this main road to follow the path, I concluded that it would be the shorter way.

Night commences to fall by now, and in a little while

it will be difficult to distinguish the telegraph wires, but there is no need to worry. I will climb up as long as I feel inclined and as long as I am sure I have not mistaken the way, and then—a snug shelter from the wind, a cup of tea, pipe in mouth, and, lastly, an excellent bottle of Barolo, which I had the sense to put in the rucksack—How could one pass the night more cheerfully? The mule track still rises and at about 8 o'clock I strike Turano, a hamlet clinging to the sides of the mountain, which has hastened my ascent by a festive ringing of bells. I don't know why my rucksack seems such a deuced weight to-night, but I strike a fine idea. I call a youth who is enjoying the peace of the glorious evening, and propose that he should carry my rucksack until the track rejoins the main road. For a small recompense he accepts, and I load him up with the rucksack with a decided joy.

It has been a providential idea in other senses also, because by now it is very dark and the telegraph or telephone wire, whichever it may be, is only to be distinguished now and then with difficulty.

I walk rapidly, now that I am lightened, and there is reborn in me the hope of arriving safe and sound at the Casa Giannini, where I can rest my tired limbs and re-prime myself with an abundant supper. I stop now and then to let the poor youth rest himself and finally at 8-40 we rejoin the road. There is an osteria still open near by and I stop for a drink. My porter for an added tip agrees to accompany me a little further. There is no more fear of making a mistake seeing that they tell me that the first house I shall come to will be the by now famous one of Giannini (there are still 7 kilometres however).

I go ahead singing cheerfully, gripped by the necessity of breaking the silence and the shadows surrounding me, by the sound of my raucous voice, which this evening, however, perhaps because of my peculiar psychological

state does not seem quite so much so as usual. Before me, against the deep purple of the sky, there leaps forth from the shadows the imposing mass of the Nuda, with its broken ridge and the massive terminal tower, all black in the profundity of the night, and only here and there streaked by the glimmering whiteness of snow slopes which climb up its sides like silent phantoms, lying in wait to slay the invader who would contaminate the virgin purity of its clothes.

The valley stretches itself at my feet silent and dark with an intense darkness, which a few feeble lights in the scattered villages seek to break almost as if some of the small stars which adorn the heavens had descended down there to hide amongst the mysterious silence and the thousand whispers of the flowers caressed by the wind.

My voice dies away in my mouth and I continue to advance rapidly and in silence, entirely subjugated by the profound peace which wings me around, and which I breathe with the cool wind which I now begin to feel through the throat of the pass, making me shiver but carrying with it the thousand harmonious voices of the smiling Tuscan country which sleeps nestling beyond the Alps in the sweet silence of this enchanted Easter night.

I walk fast, holding in my left hand the Alpine lantern which I have lit, and which tries in vain to pierce the darkness, tracing a short luminous strip of road, which the shadows immediately re-invade and I look ahead at every curve in the road to see if I may distinguish a light, a noise, something in fact that could suggest the presence of a house.

My porter is tired, and thinking about the distance he will have to return, so I pay him and let him go back with a handshake and good wishes.

Now that I am alone, the peace and silence which seemed so sweet but a short while back commence to give me a sense of oppression which I seek to dispel by

shouting to hear my voice echoed a hundred times, but I arrive finally at a group of tumbledown houses stretched along the side of the road.

Is this the Casa Giannina? I ask.

All is dark and silent, but I respect no one, and I commence to shout. No reply.

Great Scott! Hey there, cooks, waiters, shop, will you reply or not? Silence still, only a cow in a stall commences to low its lament and a dog makes the echoes ring with a furious barking, which says no good for my calves. I start knocking with the iceaxe against the door, and at last I hear someone awakening and opening a window.

Who is there?

I am a poor pilgrim—the Casa Giannini, is this it?

No! Further on! the first house you come to.

A thanks and I recommence the search whilst the poor unfortunate goes back to bed, consigning to the Devil in his heart (I am sure) all wandering bores of pilgrims.

Instead of one house only I find another group of cottages, where I repeat the same performance, collecting at the same time a couple of curses which I hope will not come to roost, then at last! as in children's fables I see a far away light and I hurry and arrive at the CASA GIANNINI.

It is 9-45.

Coulton and his wife, then all of them call out from the windows that they are going to bed, and warn me that to-morrow morning some are going at half-past five for an ascent of the Nuda.

I follow mine host, who had awaited me at the door of the inn, and who introduced me into the "salle a manger," on the somewhat dirty pavement of which were snoring four or five grubby little urchins. I have lost my appetite and before going to sleep I only take a couple of cups of milk with an abundant supply of bread. I am then accompanied into the bedroom, which is not of the most

elegant but offers the choice of two monumental beds, which look like catafalques. I consider how I can divide myself so as to sleep half in one bed and half in the other, but cannot manage it, so I content myself by getting into one in the hopes that the maid, whom I caught a glimpse of and who is not bad looking, comes to sleep in the other.

I get up at 4, when it is still dark, and after having awakened the others, I set out for a stride or two alone to see the sunrise.

It is an ever fresh and varied spectacle even for him who has seen it so often ; it is one of the most beautiful that is offered by the mountains and leaves in the soul an infinite sweetness and an immense joy in the fact of living the true ideal life, up there where the sky seems more beautiful and men seem better.

It was half-past six before everyone was ready. The ladies, with Lewis and Houston are setting out later to walk down straight to Fivizzano and Soliera, where they will await Coulton, Stephenson and myself, who are climbing the Nuda. We get on the march immediately up a ridge which starts at the Casa Giannini, and after about an hour of climbing, come to the first snow, and Houston, who has accompanied us up to here, descends to join the others. After an hour and a half we stop for 10 minutes to rest and then resume the easy ridge. We now make a slight turning on the left of the crest to disport ourselves for half an hour in the ascent of a rocky chimney, the bottom of which is deep with snow and ice, presenting quite an alpine character, and notwithstanding its brevity may compare with many ascents about which so much talk is made, then at 10-15, we reach what we thought was the top, but which is, however, only a subsidiary summit formed by the breaking of the ridge. The ridge here descends gradually for 50 metres to a commodious saddle and then suddenly dies away at the foot of an enormous precipice of black rock fearfully steep ; and

which does not appear to present any possible way of ascent.

The peak is there above us almost as if we could touch it by stretching out one's hand, but from it we are separated by difficulties not slight and perhaps insuperable; there are 100 metres of rock with an inclination almost vertical, and completely deprived of holds, with the possible exception of a grassy ledge which crosses the precipice half way up. On the north side it is impossible to think of ascending, as the rocks are overhanging the immense snow slopes that go down the valley as far as the Passo del Cerreto, and as if this were not sufficient, small avalanches of stones fly down every now and then with awful leaps and fearful whistles.

Let us hope that the south side may be better—for the present let us strengthen our muscles.

We all eat ravenously, thinking that every grain we put into our stomachs will be so much less in the rucksack; I even propose to empty the bottle which I have brought with me, and which weighs considerably, but Coulton rightly objects that we shall have need to have our heads clear for the ascent. We will drink it at the top to celebrate the victory—if we gain it!

At 11 o'clock we commence again, descending first to the saddle and the fear of falling stones makes us fly rapidly out of the gully near by, and take refuge under the tower on its south side. Whilst awaiting Coulton I go up a few metres and find a grassy gully which seems to promise well for gaining the ridge above, and once there—well, some saint will give us his kind assistance.

Stephenson and Coulton approve the selection, seeing that the proposal seems to be the only one which offers some probability of success, and after roping up we begin the attack, Coulton first, Stephenson second, and myself last.

Shall we win? I don't know: the route is hard: even

from the first we understand that it will be a struggle and we gather ourselves together in silence, advancing with infinite precautions, trying each handhold before putting our weight on it, belaying ourselves as well as possible whilst one moves. After the rock which forms the bottom of the gully, there follows grassy loose rubble, which shews traces of the recent passage of stones, and which offers insecure holds now that the snow has loosened the ground; the slope is very steep, so much so that in certain places it is necessary to keep one's head close to the ground to prevent the weight of the rucksack making one overbalance backwards. The party is not very secure as the belays are non-existent; I feel that a false step of one of us may result in the death of all, and I climb on slowly without speaking, remaining at times for 10 minutes without complaint, even without noticing it, in a position of perfect immobility, clinging to insecure handholds, awaiting until the others rise up a couple of metres, ready to succour them or to fall with them, careless of the earth and stones that they send down in the ascent, and which strike me on the shoulders or the legs, leaving slight bruises as a remembrance of their passage. Then I move with infinite precaution up to a point where I may remain another five minutes fixed and motionless with a fierce tension of muscle and nerve.

I turn round to look about me.

We have risen up some way or other a pitch of a couple of metres, and now I can no longer see the way we have come, only down there, the bottom of the gully into which there falls a stone or two which has whistled past my ear with a furious hiss.

A stone a little larger striking my rucksack makes me raise my head in time to catch Stephenson's hat which is just following the stone. I place it on my head and do not find it a very serious inconvenience, especially in case some stone a little heavier than the others takes it into

its head to catch me a clout on the head.

How long were we in this gully?

I remember only that I heaved a sigh of relief when we arrived at a little saddle; I felt that I was suffocating there with my breast against the grime and dirt of the gully without being able to see anything except the rugged rocky walls.

The ridge is not the top, and the way which we see from here does not seem very promising, but to go back would be worse than going on so—avanti.

With an orange we try to quench our thirst and we attack the ridge, which is of good rock, and to the difficulties of ascent gives us the advantage of an occasional ledge on which we can take a few minutes of rest. The climb is pretty stiff, but the sound belays permit us to proceed with less danger.

After a short time we find before us a slab of four or five metres nearly vertical and quite smooth which we do not know how to negotiate. To the right and to the left the walls fall down for a hundred metres. But still we must get over it. We consider how it would be possible to form a human column with Stephenson at the bottom and myself on his shoulders, whilst Coulton would climb up the two of us, when the latter strikes the idea of climbing up two rocks which overhang the east wall and which take him up a couple of metres.

He here discovers a slight rounded crack in the slab, which may be sufficient for the pitch—and—tries it—and gets up. Stephenson follows and then myself.

After climbing up the couple of metres it is necessary to throw one's body to the left and with the arms at half stretch grasp the handhold which is only a rounded hollow in the rock, and then let oneself go and carry the feet on to the left side of the ridge where there is a good foothold . . . . then one is safe.

I don't know how I managed this pitch, I don't know

how the others managed, all I know is that I should not care about it again. Another pitch, not quite so difficult, takes us to an easy part of the ridge and then finally to the top.

The top! I should like to yell and cannot. I look on the faces of my companions and on their faces see reflected the joy that must illumine my own. We shake hands in silence. Oh! the joy of struggling and conquering; the bitter sweet of having had our existence entrusted to ourselves alone, and to have been able to preserve this precious gift after three hours and a half of continuous struggle, the joy of having accomplished a climb which few could or would have the courage to attempt, of having snatched a new flower from the magic of the mountain, which whilst it kindles in our breasts a love for its divine beauties at the same time lays traps for our feet at every step. We could have fallen in the struggle and we have conquered! we could have dropped down there in the mists of the morning and we have ascended instead into the radiant glory of the sun! to-morrow again we shall conquer! perhaps! perhaps we shall feel again the same felicity! what matters it if one day we succumb? What matters it? There are instants in which we live a whole life, moments of supreme happiness which a whole existence is not sufficient to pay for.

To ascend about 150 metres we have taken about three hours and a half. It is now 3-20 in the afternoon, we eat a little, distracted by the divine beauty of the panorama which spreads itself at our feet, with its strange contrasts of white and grey, and then at 3-40 look out for an easy way down.

The doubt of finding it commences to penetrate our minds, when there strikes us the possibility of succeeding on the east side. I make an exploration which confirms us in the idea and we commence the descent. In 40 minutes we descend as much as it has taken us 3 hours

to climb up. Coulton takes a photograph of the ridge which we have climbed and of the descent, and then profiting by the superb snow slopes, which are in good condition, we glissade, sitting down, 300 metres in about ten minutes and arrive at the bottom of the valley, and as far as I am concerned, there are now two new pockets in my trousers.

The snow is now rather soft and it is difficult to make speed, but we hurry as much as possible, for the sake of catching the train. At 5-45 we arrive at the main road between the passo del Cerreto and the Casa Giannini and there we knock off the head of the famous bottle, which we drink to the health of the ascent. We have 27 kilometres to do and only two and a quarter hours to do it in.

After having chewed up a few kilometres at a run and having descended at break-neck speed the short cut that I discovered providentially yesterday, we arrive at Fivizzano at 7-5, where we charter a carriage to take us over the last seven kilometres of main road, which separates us from Soliera.

At the station we find the rest of our friends, who are awaiting us, and to whom we narrate the events of the day, and we absorb (at least for my part) with a certain complacency the compliments which are flying.

In the train I make half a meal by emptying the rucksack, but do not succeed in satisfying my appetite before Spezia is reached, where we all sit down at a table in the Rebecchino.

We separate at midnight.

It is the best climb for a long time—we have done well—we are agreed. To-day, at any rate, we have done something worth doing.

BRUNO BAGNOLI.

# THE FELL AND ROCK CLUB'S ROLL OF HONOUR.

## The late Lehmann J. Oppenheimer.

A member, than whom none was more highly respected or greatly loved, has joined that army of noblemen who have laid down their lives for their country. Our club is the poorer by the loss of one who had its closest interests at heart; of one who never tired in his efforts to promote its welfare and who loved the district it covers with an all-absorbing passion.

But it is the richer by the memory of a modest, unselfish and manly record, crowned by the finest act that lies in an Englishman's power. And even those of us who were privileged to enjoy the friendship of Lehmann J. Oppenheimer—or " Opp." as he was affectionately called by his friends—and who sadly realize that this friendship is no more, will agree that the gain far outweighs the loss.

One of our earliest members, one of the Committee from 1910 to 1912, and a Vice-President in 1915, a faithful attender at our " meets " and annual gatherings at Coniston, there were few who were more widely known amongst his fellow-members; and there were few but had experienced something of his genial good nature, gentle influence and lovable personality.

Oppenheimer was born in Manchester and was in his 48th year at the time of his death, which occurred in hospital at Boulogne on November 8th, 1916.

He was educated at a private school in Manchester and afterwards became a student at the Manchester School of Art, where he had a most successful, even brilliant, career, and gained many prizes and distinctions.

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THE LATE LEHMANN J. OPPENHEIMER.

At the age of 21 he visited Italy in order to pursue his architectural and artistic studies. Here he sojourned in Rome, Ravenna, Perugia, Verona and other places where he made numerous sketches, especially of ecclesiastical architecture and of designs for mosaics. The results of this work and study were embodied in his own mosaic designs, a branch of artistic work to which he especially devoted himself. In later years he carried out the whole of the designs for mosaics in Lille Cathedral, and did a large quantity of work in some of the Irish Churches, amongst others, Armagh Cathedral. These designs combined architecture with draughtmanship of the highest order. Later he gave a series of Lectures on general architectural subjects, and contributed papers on "Tuscan Architecture" to the *Architectural Review*.

In his spare hours, he painted many pictures, both water colours and in oils, and had three canvases hung in the Royal Academy. One of these was a painting of his beloved "Pillar Rock."

Such is a very brief *resumè* of his life's work up to the outbreak of war. His natural reticence, perhaps one of his most charming traits, necessarily deprived many of us of a proper appreciation of his real character, but his old friend, Mr. J. Walter Robson, to whose kindness and assistance I owe much of my material for this memoir, has given me a pen-portrait of him, and I append it in full.

"Though he had an eye for beauty and colour in nature, his description of scenery was free from sentimental extravagance. He only expressed his deepest feelings and his most vivid impressions in conversation. These expressions were not often spontaneous, but were made when the immediate occasion called for them, or in the course of a discussion where they were required to illustrate a point he wished to make. On a rock climb he had the faculty of noting little details as the ascent was made,

and his descriptions were models of lucidity and accuracy. His account of any particular part of a climb would be made clear by a reference to a tuft of moss, or a flower, or a coloured patch of rock, or a curiously shaped hold, rather than to a particular pitch so many feet from the start.

"This quality of accuracy was valued by his friends. He was often appealed to by experienced climbers and by men with intimate knowledge of the Lake Country on some point as to the height of a fell, or the first ascent of a gully or ridge, or as to the relative difficulties of two climbs. His knowledge of these details was comprehensive, and his judgment on many matters of doubt was accepted as being just and well balanced. Amongst his beloved fells he was completely happy, but with a quiet and satisfied joy. Never demonstrative, he gave the impression that his was a reverential, but full and complete, joy coming from the heart. Each day was for him a kind of ritual, a service of which each part was happiness more or less intense.

"His conversations on the fells, or on the road, were economical in phrase, but charming in their sufficiency. Often a subject was started, and pursued until the run down the fell side interrupted. After dinner he would revert to the matter discussed, and aid in its development by really useful contribution.

"Poetry was a part of him, not to be declaimed, but to live in his mind and heart. So also with music, which spoke to him plainly or not at all.

"Of social conditions and the future of social and political ideals he had advanced views. He could well defend and justify these, if called to do so, but he never paraded his opinions before anyone, even his closest friends.

"With a naturally kind and generous disposition, his thought for others was constant but unobtrusive. Icy

rocks might freeze his finger tips to their permanent damage, or the rope might crush his bleeding hands, but he would not flinch from the suffering, if a companion's safety was in the balance. And afterwards, no man could induce him to relate his own share in averting what might have been a serious mishap. In fact, his modesty about his own accomplishments was extreme.

"His memory is a fragrant one. Brave, gentle, and faithful, his influence will be present for many years. May it help to make us grateful that we knew him!"

How great a bearing and influence mountaineering had upon his life and character can be gathered from the following extract, taken from "De Profundis" in the *Climbers' Club Journal*—the last article he wrote:—"It has stored up for me happier memories to ponder over than anything in life, except love and friendship, and how many of my friends has it not given me? The remembrance of Alpine dawns alone, and the emotions stirred by them, are worth ten extra years of life. The thrill of struggles on the crags, the grandeur of storm and majesty of might amongst the central ranges, the delight of pinewood and upper pastures, of moorland, beck and tarn, of glittering snowfield gleaming magically through dispersing morning mists, and the memories of comrades who shared these enjoyments with me, surely these in the scales would outweigh death!"

His minute knowledge of our crags and fastnesses helped him to the discovery of routes which for long he alone deemed feasible, and he maintained his belief in the face of all opposition. How well one remembers Savage Gully in this connection!

The north-west face of the Pillar Rock, also, is a standing monument to this tenacity of purpose. His belief that it could be climbed extended over many years before he ultimately shared in the joy of its first ascent. He did not lead in this climb, but his was the guiding hand

and his the discovery of the route: indeed there can be but little question that we owe to him this magnificent course.

What a fascination the terrific lower reaches of Savage Gully exercised on him! For years he enticed his friends to its repulsive shades. Fruitless attempt after attempt, with himself as leader and under the leadership of others, could not damp his ardour or convince him of the impregnability of the place. When at length the Gully yielded, he was one of the party but, over-rating the difficulty, he declined to follow Mr. Peter Thompson across the exposed traverses, only to find later that they were quite within the scope of his powers. The pity of it! "Of course, I was very disappointed at my own failure," he writes, "but it was some consolation to have helped at the conquest." There speaks the true sportsman. He had done more than help, however, for without his optimism and perseverance I firmly believe that Savage Gully would still be virgin rock.

But one could go on multiplying instances. Another strong characteristic was his love of a fight with difficulties—"the thrill, not of having conquered but of conquering, or at least of fighting," as he himself has expressed it. He went out of the beaten track for his new climbs, although he always awarded the palm of excellence to the standard Wasdale courses. Bow Fell Buttress was the scene of one of these out-of-the-way climbs. His chief work as a pioneer, however, lay amongst the fells on the west side of Buttermere. From Fleetwith to Bleaberry Combe; from Stack Ghyll (with what joy one remembers his struggles with that first pitch!) to Birkness Chimney and Grassmoor Gully the rocks are redolent of his achievements and will be always connected with his name. The mention of this locality brings one to Oppenheimer's book *The Heart of Lakeland*.

In this he describes these localities with great fidelity

and poetic feeling. But he has done vastly more than this, for he has left us one of the most delightful works which even Lakeland has inspired, and this, of course, is saying a good deal. A happy intermingling of irresistible humour and poetical æstheticism, and imbued with a real love of the crags and fells he describes with such sure effect, his writing portrays the true atmosphere of the district and the feelings and joys it inspires in the hearts of its devotees. In beauty of conception and in literary style his book evidences the truest artistry. The photographs which adorn its pages were for the most part his own work and many of them are beautiful—two or three of them extremely so.

But one need say nothing further of *The Heart of Lakeland*. We have all read it. Most of us have it on our shelves and many know it well enough for exhaustive quotation.

Oppenheimer spent several seasons in the Alps, and climbed a great number of difficult peaks. Perhaps his best expedition was the traverse of Mont Blanc from Courmayeur by the Dome Hut, and down to Chamounix, without guides. Amongst difficult rock peaks he traversed the Matterhorn from Zermatt to Breuil, and made the ascent of the Weisshorn, Gabelhorn, Dent du Geànt and traverse of the Grandes Charmoz.

As a walker on mountain screes and rough country generally he was almost indefatigable. He had 83 miles within 24 hours to his record on the road.

And now I come to the last phase of our friend's career, and to me the most wonderful.

It must be apparent that Oppenheimer was a man of fine sensibilities, artistic to a degree and of highly-strung, nervous temperament. To him the naked beauty of the grey and lavender ranges; the grandeur of beetling precipices; the wordless, brooding music of the moorland winds; the wholesome tang of the mountain air; the

lash of the rain on his face; the far sweep of ocean-bordered countryside; the transparent blue snow-cornice overhanging space; above all, the peaceful atmosphere of our Lakeland fells, were an essential part of his being. Then how can one reconcile these things with his ardent response to the call of war, with all its sordid and repulsive realism? Whence came the resolve to violate all his artist's susceptibilities and gentler nature? Was it his avowed love of the joy of fighting? Partly; but something greater than that. It was his keen sense of duty, which outweighed all his other qualities. He conceived it his duty to go and, once having done this, there was nothing for it but that he should go, in spite of the fact that he was nine years over the then military age.

In " De Profundis " he has analysed the various reasons which led to the step he took. He weighed in the balance his family ties, his love of the mountains and his art, his friendships and his " Castle in the air "—the retirement from business to "a life full of all the energies I delighted in, amongst the surroundings of my beloved Lakeland."

On the other scale he placed " the wish to follow his son's example; the desire to wipe out the ignominy of inheriting a German name; the disgust of doing such unessential work, day after day, as designing mosaics for churches—fiddling while Rome was burning . . . . . accompanied by the constant thought of duty neglected."

The scales fell on the side of duty.

In January, 1915, he joined the Inns of Court O.T.C. and afterwards enlisted in the Artists' Rifles. Hard, unremitting work, and strenuous and undivided attention to his duties, brought their reward, and in August, 1915, he was gazetted 2nd Lieutenant in the 2/23 London Regiment. Here he had the good fortune to stay for a time with his old climbing friend, Mr. Gerald West, to whom I am indebted for my particulars of his life

in the Army. In June, 1916, after being gazetted first lieutenant, he went, as machine gun officer, with his Battalion to France. He was four months in the trenches and did splendid work. Besides drawing a map of his sector, which was subsequently printed and used by the Staff, he enjoyed the distinction of being "the finest machine gun officer in the Division." "Dear old Opp." writes his doctor, "he was prime favourite with everyone, absolutely fearless and a splendid worker. All his men simply loved him." A severe attack of bronchitis and pneumonia, the aftermath of poison gas from a shell which burst near him in the trenches, resulted in his death.

I have been privileged to read a letter written by his Colonel to Mrs. Oppenheimer—a remarkable document and one that must fill us with pride—and I cannot more fitly close this memoir than with two or three passages taken from it:—"With the most perfect sincerity I can say that we all looked up to him as one of the very finest and most gallant men it has been our good fortune to be associated with. He did more for this battalion by his quiet example, his unfailing cheerfulness, his personal gallantry and his unceasing devotion to duty than I could have believed it possible for any one man to do . . . . . During all the hard times we have been through I have never seen him once either ruffled or put out. One could always be certain of finding him at the post of danger—I have often heard it said of him that it was impossible to be frightened or despondent when he was about . . . . I shall never forget all that he has done for me. It has been very largely the standard which he has set that has made my task an easy and a pleasant one. Would that there were more of us like him!"

ASHLEY P. ABRAHAM.

## In Memoriam: S. W. Herford.

By J. Laycock.

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In November, 1914, he wrote me jokingly: "I'll write your obituary for the F. & R. J. You can do the same for me." He suggested the above title.

Siegfried Wedgwood Herford (son of Professor and Mrs. C. H. Herford) was born on 29th July, 1891, at Aberystwyth. After experience of various schools he entered the engineering school of Manchester University in 1909, and graduated in 1912 at the head of the Honours list with a research scholarship. In 1913-14 he worked at the Royal Aircraft Factory at Farnborough on aerial engineering problems.

On the possibility of war becoming apparent, he applied for a commission which he, unusually competent and a born leader, did not receive. He accompanied Mr. G. W. Young to France as war correspondent, and in November, 1914, served as chauffeur to the Red Cross Society. In February, 1915, he enlisted in the 24th Royal Fusiliers (Sportsmen's Battalion), and on the 28th January, 1916, he was killed by a rifle grenade. He died as a private, he whom many would have gladly followed anywhere, to share the risk with whom was an honour and privilege.

In 1907 Herford took part in an ascent of one of the lesser peaks of the Gross Glockner group. He did a little desultory rock climbing in England and Wales during 1909-1910; I think it was in the latter year that he climbed alone the Great Gully of Craig-yr-Ysfa, the first long climb he ever did. Such a thing would be madness except for one above laws. Herford could do such things, and do them safely.

His first real climbing holiday on high rocks was at

THE LATE SIEGFRIED W. HERFORD.

Easter, 1911. He camped out near Ogwen, N. Wales, and did such climbs as the East Gully and Hawk's Nest Buttress, Glyder Fach; Monolith Crack, Flake Crack, Great Gully Craig-yr-Ysfa; Central Gully Glyder Fawr (direct); Route II, Lliwedd.

Thenceforward all his spare time was spent in climbing. I think it was 1912 when we each did over 100 days (not all *whole* days), of climbing during the year—and without neglect of civil duties. From 1911 onwards, holidays in the Lake District and Wales came fast and frequent. In 1912 he went to the Dolomites with Sansom, where guideless they did (among other climbs) the Winkler and Stabeler Thurm (of the Vajolet Thurme) and the Funffinger Spitze by the Schmitt Kamin. Returning, he spent a fortnight in Skye picking up the Crowberry Ridge, Buchaille Etive Mhor *en route*. Already, in April, 1912, he had made the second ascent of Jones Route up the Pinnacle Face, Scafell, and the first ascent of his own route—up to that time the most sensational ascent in Great Britain.

He was not out of England in 1913, year of the Girdle Traverse of Scafell.

In 1914 he made (after much prospecting) the remarkable climb of the Central Buttress of Scafell and later spent a short holiday in the Alps with Mr. G. W. Young's party. They were not favoured by weather and only climbed a few peaks. The party traversed the Matterhorn, ascending by the Zmutt arete and descending by the ordinary eastern ridge. With the party of five—two guides, three amateurs, the rope was only in use for some 200 feet in the ascent. There is no credit due for this last mentioned fact, but I again emphasise the fact that Herford was nothing if not a safe and prudent climber. In him, valour and discretion marched together, and I can honestly say I have never known him do a single rash act. In view of his record, this may seem a remarkable statement to those who never climbed with him.

That he should have done such climbs with such perfect safety (excepting perhaps the case of the Central Buttress of Scafell), entitles one to say that he was the greatest rock climber England has yet produced.

How much of my own joy in the hills has died with him! Thomson, Holland and myself will indeed look back on that last week-end at Wasdale in August, 1914. What pleasure one always had in searching out some new ascent that we might do it together! He almost always led, because it was his right. From 1911 onwards it has been no easy matter to discover good new climbs in England and Wales; Herford's name in the pages of the Fell and Rock Journal shews that to industry and genius it was at least not impossible. The mountains themselves are monuments to him, their favourite child—though Scafell may rightly grudge to the other hills an equal share of this honour.

To all but his intimates he was rather reserved in manner. To them he was the truest, kindest and most generous of friends, our idol and our pride. For many years there is not a holiday, long or short, which I hav not spent with him and the hills. Before his time it was impossible in the Lake District to escape from the overpowering tradition of an earlier great climber, a previous standard, an earlier cult which defied comparison. Herford has eclipsed that standard and a new tradition has arisen. But all Herford's friends will be, as he himself would have been, the first to welcome the arrival of a greater climber still. However great, he cannot love the mountains more than Herford did. And that is the thing that matters.

THE LATE BENJAMIN HEYWOOD WHITLEY.

**B. H. Whitley.**

We much regret to learn that one of our Ulverston members, 2nd Lieut. B. H. Whitley, " The Royal Scots," was killed in action on the Somme near Longueval.

Heywood Whitley, B.A., was born in Staffordshire, and was the son of the late Benjamin Whitley and Mrs. Whitley, West Dene, Kilner's Park, Ulverston.

He was educated at North Leach Grammar School, near Cheltenham, and at Denstone College.

He was a very keen sportsman in the best sense of the word, as those who met him on the Rugby field or on the fells knew, and also for some years he was swimming master at Worksop.

Heywood Whitley was elected a member of the club on November the 1st, 1910, and was a keen fell walker, but as his work took him out of the district he was unable to spend much time on the hills—except during holiday time—even then his great devotion to his mother often kept him with her.

He was in the O.T.C. long before the war, gained his commission in 1915 in the 3rd Battalion (attached 11th) The Royal Scots Regiment, and was with his regiment in training at Glencorse, Edinburgh, before being sent to France in March, 1916.

He was killed on July 19th, 1916, thus having his dearest wish fulfilled in that he might serve at least three months.

The deepest sympathy of the Club is extended to his family in their sorrow.

This disastrous war is answerable for much but in the destruction that it has brought about there is nothing more sad than the sacrifice of the splendid youths of a large portion of the world. Heywood Whitley was one of the finest types and those who knew him will never forget him.

J.P.R.

It is with extreme regret that one adds still further to the roll of members who have given their lives for their country in this terrible campaign. One feels it right to hope that some day an adequate memoir will be prepared, to show to the climbing public something of the great and noble spirits which have gone before.

The Editor refers to the following :—

H. S. P. Blair.
A. J. Clay.
W. H. B. Gross.
S. F. Jeffcoat.
S. J. Linzell.
A. J. Pritchard.
A. W. Rimer.

He is afraid that this does not complete the list of those who have "gone before."

## THE EDITOR'S APOLOGY.

I cannot lay aside my pen without offering to members of the Fell and Rock Club, and to outside subscribers to this " Journal," my sincere apology for many weeks of delay. In these days of common stress, one need not indicate the cause.

Our Club has passed through months of fierce trial. Some members have passed, all too soon, into the Great Beyond. Many are standing in hourly jeopardy. Duty is being nobly done. The destiny of our Nation is sure so long as its strong men dare the great sacrifice for the sake of its honour. Yet, in this hour of gloom and pain, one cannot but think again and again of the Eternal Fells, of the great sympathies we have found there,—and one looks forward even to the great day when, with Victory, the remnant shall meet again in the shadows of the mighty rocks.

[*At this point my husband has completely broken down. The editing of this " Journal," added to his Recruiting Office duties, has been a great strain. The memories of brave climbers and the apparent certainty of a long farewell (may it prove to be only a short one) to the Editorship of the " Journal," has caused him to lay aside his pen in tears. The seven numbers he has edited represent perhaps more hard labour and anxious planning than Club members generally are aware. He has spared neither time nor consideration, and his heart has been thoroughly in the work. No one feels more than he the tremendous loss of great and good comrades, and he looks forward to the day when his services may, after many rebuffs, be of direct help in protecting the honour of our own England.—Annie Palmer*].