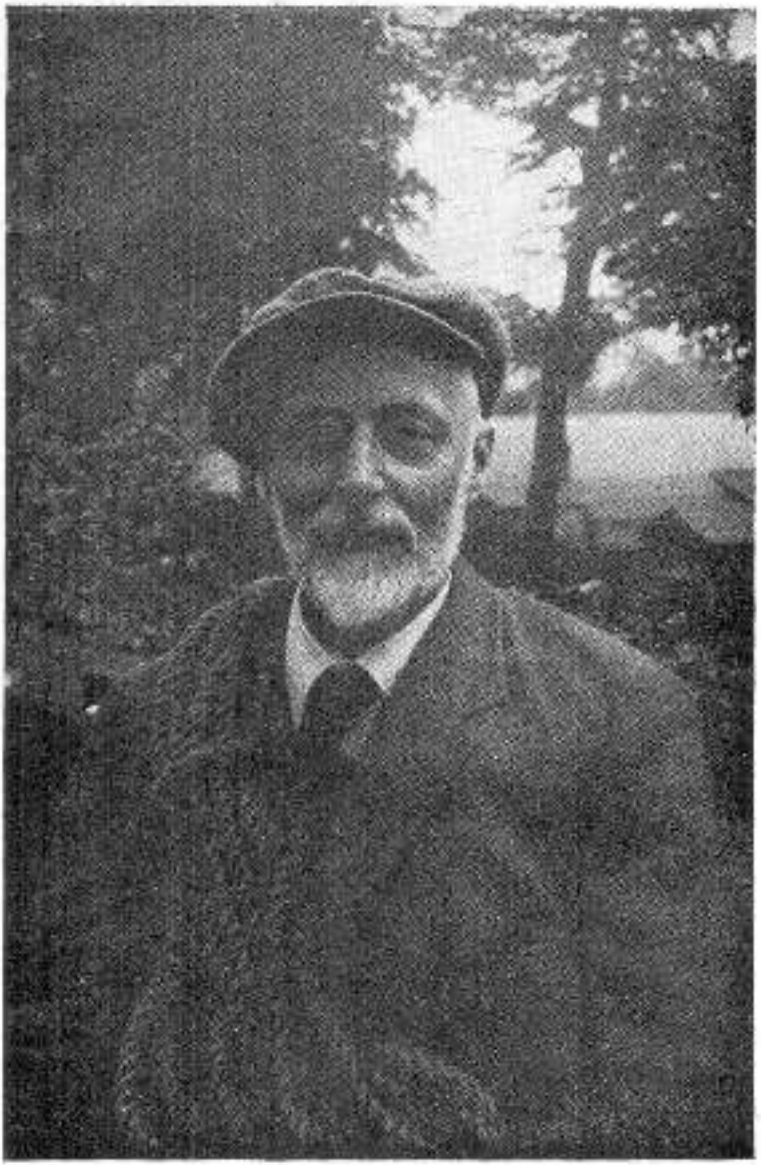

P. S. MINOR, President, 1927-29.

THE JOURNAL OF THE

Fell and Rock Climbing Club

OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

VOL. 4. 1919. No. 3.

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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 September 30th, 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 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 3/- net, (extra copies 2/- to members) and is sent out gratis and post free to all members *who have paitd heir subscription for the past year ending October 31st.*

Photo. by Messrs. Abraham, Keswick.

PORTRAIT OF EDWARD WHYMPER,
taken at Zermatt in 1897.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A GREAT MOUNTAINEER AND HIS MOUNTAINS.

By George D. Abraham.

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

It seems fitting that lovers of the humbler homeland heights should have in their *Journal* some notes of a great mountaineer, whose tribute to the world-wide knowledge and popularity of our sport is unsurpassed by any other pioneer. Curiously enough the death of Edward Whymper in 1911 has attracted little attention in our club but doubtless this was due to the fact that he never undertook any modern rock-climbing on British mountains. His really active climbing days were in years before cragsmanship developed to its present intensity. Certainly he visited Lakeland several times and Wastdale more than once, but these visits were mostly in the course of his work as an artist, engraver and book illustrator.

Edward Whymper was attracted more by the bigger mountains and his name is inseparably connected with the Matterhorn. The great climber has gone, but the huge, ice-fretted obelisk still defies the ravages of time; it stands as a glorious and perpetual monument to his name. What climber who literally rubs shoulders with the great peak, and shakes hands, yea, and even nerves, with its immensity can fail to recall the awesome story of its first conquest? Few men can struggle up that lofty buttress below the summit without an unpleasant glance down into the gruesome abyss, four thousand

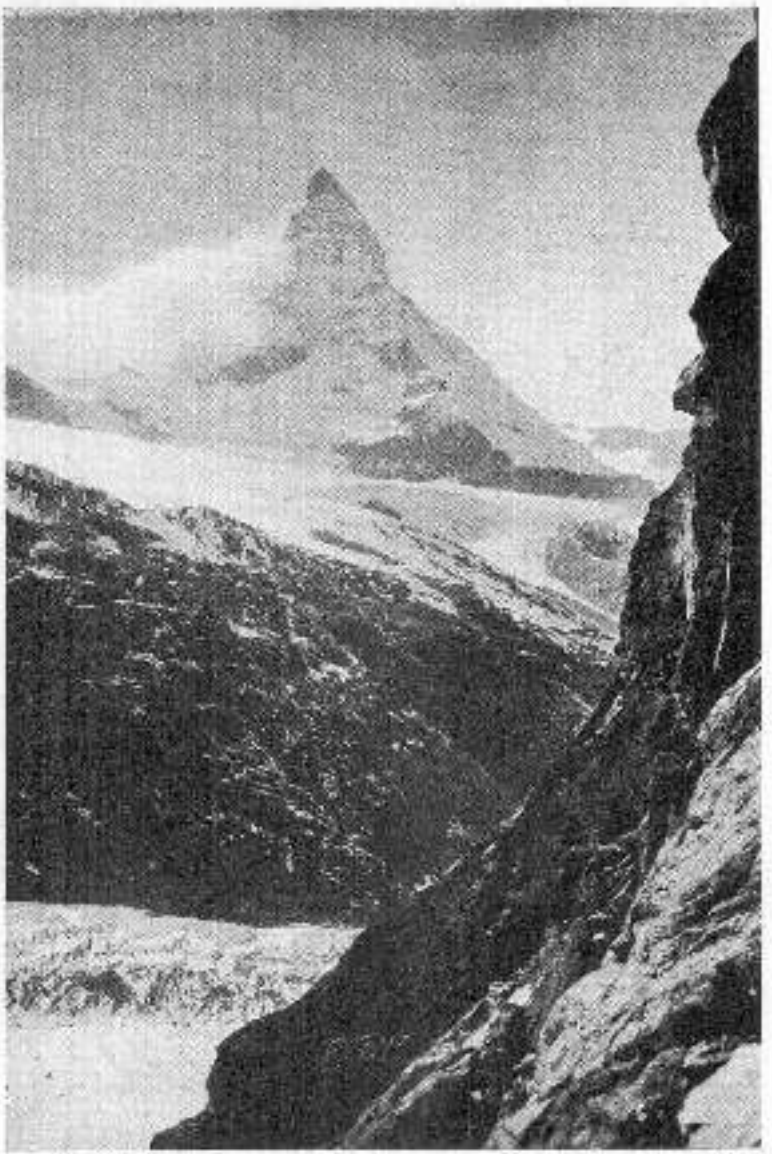
feet deep, where some of their earliest predecessors perished.

My first meeting with Edward Whymper and the Matterhorn, one October day in 1897, seems weirdly intermingled with this impression. A party of three irresponsible, guideless enthusiasts, we had attacked the great Zermatt peak under practically impossible conditions. After hours of fierce struggle with icy rocks we gained the crest of the "Shoulder." Though the final 500 feet must have been absolutely impossible at such a time youthful enthusiasm was all for attack. As we sat and gazed up the almost vertical wall a small mass of snow slid away, and, gathering a few rocks in its descent flung wildly over the 4,000 feet precipice at our feet. Thoughts turned instantly to that human avalanche which had taken the same course a few years previously.

Small wonder that those who nowadays visit the Matterhorn become thoughtful, despite the artificial aid of fixed ropes, as they climb above the fatal spot, and we were no exception that chill October day when the great peak gave us tardy welcome. We did not wish to be "handed down to posterity," even from the crest of the grandest peak in the Alps; so the descent was begun and safely accomplished.

Six hours later when all was gloom below and all aloft afire with a wonderful Alpine afterglow, we were striding down the last steep slope into Zermatt. A tall, elderly gentleman, straight as a dart and with that easy, swinging gait of the athletic Englishman was coming up towards us. His face scarred by Alpine sun and clothes to match made us recognize a fellow mountain man, and we took off our hats in passing. Then a deep voice stopped us. It was Edward Whymper.

"I've heard of you" he said, "been up on the Matterhorn I guess." Then he added, with a peculiar smile



Photo, by Messrs. Abraham, Keswick.

THE MATTERHORN FROM THE RIFFELHORN ARÊTE.

From **x**, where the hut for sleeping purposes stands, to the summit gives about 4,000 feet of rock climbing of the easy variety if conditions are good. In bad or treacherous weather the ascent may be very difficult and dangerous.

"But not to the top, eh!" Our failure was quickly told.

"Ah well!" came the reply "you'll live to fight another day, but you can't treat the Matterhorn like Scawfell. You won't get up this year. If you do you shall have a *de luxe* copy of my Scrambles." To cut a long story short the reward was never claimed.

That same evening we spent a thrilling time in the smoke room of the Monte Rosa Hotel. The veteran re-told us the story of the Matterhorn accident, not as given in the book but as between men who understand mountain-craft. I shall never forget the old man's almost uncanny, convulsive grip on the corner of the table, and the fierce flash in his eyes as speech suddenly failed. Unconscious of the tragedy of it all, he stood up and pointed downwards as though once more he saw his trusty companions disappearing to their doom.

Many strange questions arose concerning the Matterhorn calamity. It was the first, alas! not the last, accident of its kind, and the press of the whole world was roused at the time to most frantic flights of fancy. A German paper openly accused Whymper of cutting the rope. The ridiculous charge latterly shifted to the shoulders of the older Taugwalder and the accusation is still adhered to in some quarters. This resulted in the Taugwalders leaving their native valley, the father died in Canada and the son lost his reason.

Those familiar with the place and other details know how utterly impossible it must have been to cut the rope, but there is one serious question that cannot be answered, "How came it that the rope between the elder Taugwalder and Lord Francis Douglas consisted of an odd length, old and of an unsuitable make. It was simply a piece of sash-line, and only intended for use in case of emergency. Whymper did all in his power to solve this problem at the official enquiry and otherwise,

but in vain. Yet one fact is absolutely certain, had the rope not broken, all must have been dragged down. In discussing these matters with Whymper his concluding remark was "Ah! If Hudson had only held the rope tight, Hadow could not have fallen." This was the true cause of the accident.

During Whymper's many visits to Zermatt in later years the walk up to the Schwarz See was his favourite excursion. On one occasion a friend of mine sat next to him at lunch in the little hotel where, as usual, the cosmopolitan crowd fell to discussing the accident. No one recognised the silent, solemn gentleman at the head of the table. Strange theories were propounded. Matters bordered on embarrassment when arguments of a personal nature arose. Suddenly an elderly lady bent forward and asked the old mountaineer point blank "Do you really think that Mr. Whymper cut the rope?" "Most likely he did," was the courteous and, to some present, amusing reply. The matter was treated as a joke.

Other encounters took place which received different treatment. One of them is typical of the man. It may be remembered that the body of Lord Francis Douglas was never found, in fact the others were only tardily recovered. Whymper never forgave the curé at Zermatt who, on the Sunday morning refused the guides leave of absence from mass in order that they might recover the remains. This was not accomplished until the following Wednesday although the accident happened on Friday morning. Thus, forty years later, when some mistaken authorities reckoned that the remains of Lord Francis Douglas would appear in the terminal ice of the Matterhorn Glacier, Whymper showed scant courtesy to the officials who asked him to help in their discovery. A friend tells me that the answer came straight and to the point. "My name may be Whymper, but I am not such an

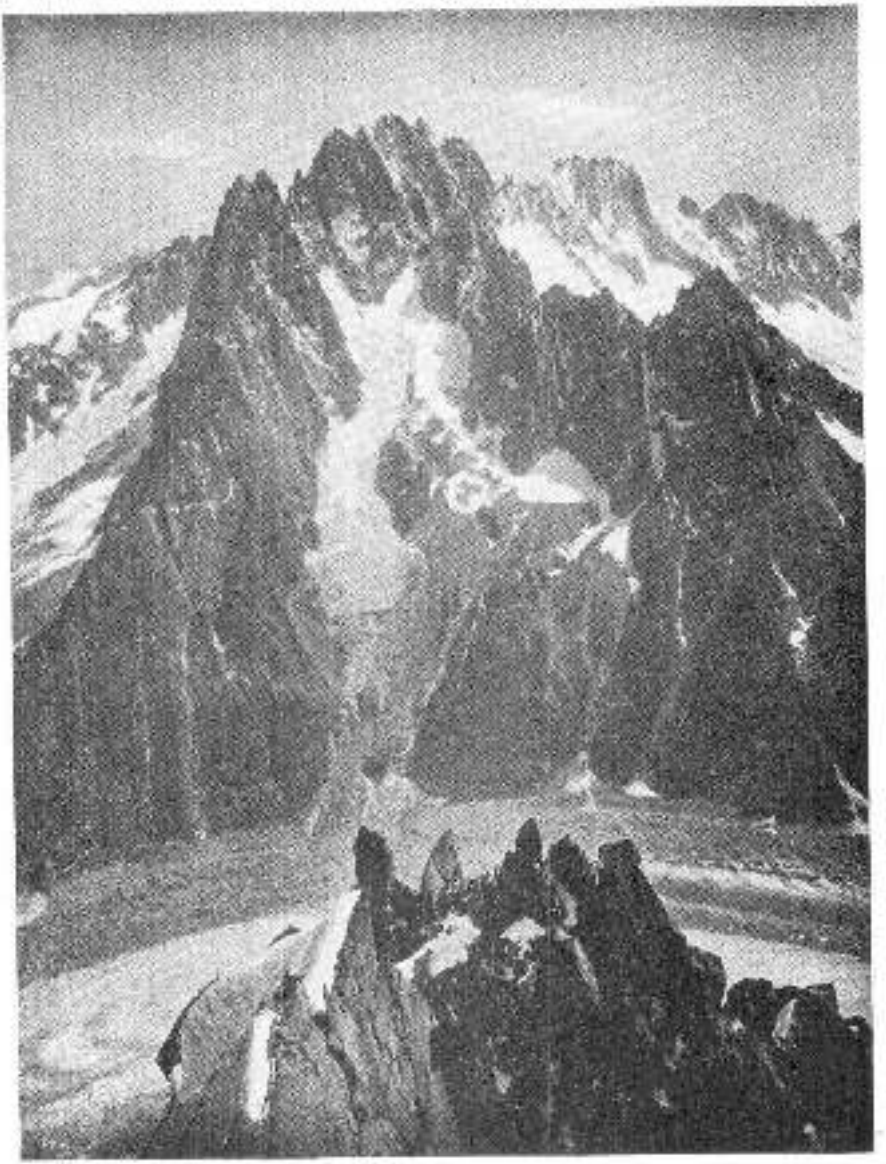


Photo. by Messrs. Abraham. *Keswick.*

THE AIGUILLE VERTE FROM THE TOP OF THE AIGUILLE CHARMOZ.

The big snow gully to the right of the highest point was the original route and the same is practically followed to-day.

idiot as to undertake this errand." Such a reply was doubtless justified by the excessive danger of the undertaking. The end of the Matterhorn Glacier at this point overhangs a cliff which is constantly swept by falling masses. No traces were found and most probably the remains of Lord Francis Douglas rest on some ledge high up on the face of the peak.

The outstanding feature of Whymper's character was his stolid determination. A man of deeds rather than words, he was fortunate to find outlet for his energies in conquering the grandest of the Alps in the days when human foot had never trod their virgin summits. How he laid seige to the Matterhorn year after year making over a dozen attempts before success was achieved, has become almost a popular saga. Many rivals appeared, but all fell away, some literally, excepting the indomitable Italians, headed by Jean Antoine Carrel. Much has been heard of Whymper's story of those days, but that of the Italians is practically unknown.

In 1865 the plans of the wealthy and influential Italian Alpine Club matured. They decided to celebrate their formation by conquering the Matterhorn. To this end Felice Giordano was deputed by the Italian minister, Quintino Sella, to engage all and everyone; no expense was to be spared in making the conquest of the Matterhorn a sort of national trophy. Giordano was at the base of the Matterhorn superintending matters, and Sella away in Turin anxiously awaiting news that the ropes had been fixed and everything ready for the ascent. Then Whymper appeared and some extracts from Giordano's letters show how our countryman fared. He wrote "I have tried to keep everybody quiet, but that fellow, whose life seems to depend on the Matterhorn is here suspiciously prying into everything. I have taken all the competent guides and men away from him and yet he is so enamoured of the mountain that he may go

up with the others and make a scene. He is here at this hotel and I try to avoid speaking to him." A later letter concludes " I am head over ears in difficulty here, what with the weather, the expense and Whymper."

Thus our countryman, deprived be it noted of the guides, was at his wit's end; he seemed robbed of final victory and made all speed around the mountain to Zermatt. Thus we see why he gave up the oft-tried Italian side and attempted the Zermatt ridge, even with too large a party and one consisting of untried companions. Yet he beat the Italians, but only by a few hours. It is an impressive fact that to-day, of the two summits only a few yards apart, the lower one belongs to Italy the loftier to Switzerland. And this in name only, for the spirit of our countryman seems to linger round that fragile peak of the eternal snows; in sentiment, at least, it is ours.

Amongst other great peaks first climbed by Whymper, the Pointe des Ecrins, the loftiest of the Dauphiny Alps, undoubtedly holds pride of place. It's ascent is even more difficult than that of the Matterhorn. In these days the route followed by the pioneers is scarcely ever used for the ascent. However, the great rift now known as the Couloir Whymper provides the usual way down. It is a terrific, icy slope, 1,000 feet long and of appalling steepness. Sharp rock-splinters protrude at places. These form anchorage for those who carefully zig-zag downwards, thinking meanwhile how true were the immortal poet's words:—

> " He that stands upon a slippery place
> Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up."

To think of slipping whilst in the act of clinging to such a horrible slope is inexpressibly uncomfortable. One has impressions of whirling over those rocky spikes, of being " cut and quartered," and finally deposited out of human sight in the huge crevasse that yawns far below.

The pioneers did not descend by this route, they deemed it inadvisable and really made a way down the north ridge. Whymper's drawings and description of the *mauvais pas* are thrilling. Two huge projecting boulders seemed to have been poised on the narrow ridge with an impossible gap between. The whole party leaped one by one over the abyss. The description of this roused some of the early literary alpinists, and a distinguished member of the Alpine Club, in an unhappy phrase, questioned Whymper's veracity. This ended in a special meeting and enquiry at the Club; but all ended peacefully. The affair showed up Whymper's character splendidly; after all the bitterness he showed no ill-feeling to his opponent, and said "Let us bury the hatchet."

His books, the popular success of which probably aroused slight petty jealousies, are models of exactitude and he took pleasure in saying that "after 25 years there is not a line I would alter." On some occasions the guides told slightly different tales and one of these regarding the Dent Blanche reveals another phase.

The party, dashed by the storm and half-frozen with the cold, were proceeding along the final arête. Suddenly they perceived a cairn built on the summit by Kennedy. They had been forestalled. "Useless to go further," cried Whymper, "back at once." To us this spirit seems open to criticism, but in those days it was "first or nothing" in the conquest of the Alps.

In the Mont Blanc district the Aiguille Verte, the highest of its group, was Whymper's chief prize. He had small respect for modern climbers who spend a holiday on the lesser but infinitely more difficult and interesting Aiguilles, which cluster around the "Great White Mountain." "Pshaw!" he once said on returning from the Aiguille Charmoz "Why don't you climb a mountain, not a splintery bit of Mont Blanc.?"

Big mountains always appealed to him and in 1880

came the call to the Andes, where Chimborazo, Cotopaxi and six other mountains all between 15,000 and 20,000 feet were climbed. The scientific results of the expedition were its best features, notably the study of aneroid barometers at high altitudes. Whymper made his own special instruments and put a high value on them. His old rival on the Matterhorn, Jean Antoine Carrel had special charge of these in the Andes, and the brave guide carried them " as a babe is carried by his mother."

In later years much time was spent in the Rockies and two trips to Greenland were undertaken to study, amongst other things, details for an attack on the Pole. Unfortunately the enormous expense seemed insurmountable and it was against Whymper's nature to ask aid from societies or private friends. But for this the guides who know say that England would have been first " up the Pole."

And now after 71 years of busy life he sleeps in the little God's acre at Chamounix, with his own beautiful peak of the Aiguille Verte towering overhead. He sees not the rosy dawn of sunrise on the frozen dome, nor hears the thunder of avalanches fill the valley, but generations of climbers to come will feel his presence in that mountain land as they follow in his footsteps.

THE HAREBELLS OF THE MOSEDALE.

(DEDICATED TO 'W. W.')

Deep in the gloom of the valley,
Down on the 'Black Sail' pass,
A score of dainty harebells
Bloom in a tuft of grass.

Only a score of harebells,
Stuck in a tiny mound.
There in the chaos, the wildness
Of a wilderness profound.

Nursed in the lap of the giants,
Hoary, unreconciled,
Twenty delicate harebells,
Hugged to the heart of the wild.

Snipped from the veil of heaven,
Spread in the skies afar,
Each little azure harebell
Adds to the night a star.

Moulded on angel fingers,
A dual task they ply,
Tinkling bells for the savage wild,
Lamps for the evening sky.

There in the æon'd fastness,
There where the storm fiends hide,
Chanting their ancient dirges,
In Mosedale's garrulous tide.

Storm fiends that rise to battle,
Rise in their power and might,
Blazing their guns on the cloud rack,
Shrieking across the height.

Lashed by the raging tempest,
  Out on that lonely pass,
Twenty trembling harebells,
  Weep in the sodden grass.

Silent the hosts of heaven,
  Flashing their swords of light,
Scatter the fiends of darkness,
  Slaying them in their flight.

Twenty jewelled harebells
  Swing on a tuft of grass,
Jingle their joy in the sunlight,
  Out on that mountain pass.

Legion, in yellow glory,
  Playing a merry role,
Spilled a golden laughter
  Into a pensive soul.

Twenty desolate harebells
  Playing a modest part,
Chime a tender sweetness
  Down in a climber's heart.

Climber, the tender emotion
  'Whelmed in a passioned flow,
Standing there in a region wild
  Watching the harebells blow.

Deep in the life of a climber,
  Wayward, unreconciled,
A score of fairy bells peal out
  Across the inward wild.

Chiming amid the tumult,
  Down in the vale of tears,
Ringing a melody of peace,
  Over the pliant years.

GEO. BASTERFIELD.

FELL WALKING.

By J. B. WILTON.

It is with some diffidence that one writes the above as the heading to an article for the Club *Journal*; for the walker, as such, is often treated with amused toleration by the rock-climber who has not gone out of the way to get his climbing. The endeavour is, without disparaging climbing or unduly lauding fell walking or indeed comparing them in any way, to show that there is "something in it" and that fell-craft is an art which may be acquired in some degree by anyone capable of normal locomotion.

We will suppose our tyro is starting out with the idea of taking the subject seriously, naturally dress is the first consideration; of this the boots form the most important item. They should be strong without being unduly heavy, ordinary heavy boots with an extra thick sole nailed with square-headed wrought iron hob nails are ideal for the purpose. The socks will receive careful consideration, none but those in perfect condition should be worn, the luxury-lover may wear silk beneath wool or cashmere; any repairs must have been carried out with the highest skill. Puttees are recommended on all occasions; by their use, loose stones are kept out of the boot tops, support is given to the calf of the leg which seems to prevent wasteful internal work, becks may be forded more comfortably and protection is afforded from rough rocks. They are not so hot in fine weather as their appearance would lead one to suppose. For the rest a comfortable tweed suit of light weight will suffice, or again the luxurious one will indulge in a "Burberry"

proofed gabardine knicker suit with light wool lining; a waterproof hat, normally carried in the pocket, is useful. Nothing else in the way of surface clothing is necessary; woolly caps, sweaters, mufflers will prove encumbrances, the only serious halt being for lunch, for which a sheltered place is found in the sunshine if fine—the lee side of a large rock if wet.

It may have been noticed that the foregoing takes no account of anything in the nature of a macintosh or other so-called waterproofs and at this point one may consider the philosophy of the outer garment. Sooner or later the fell walker will be caught in wet weather and will get wet. If he wears a waterproof that will get very wet, and will be more trouble to dry than his clothes, which will require drying in either case. Also it may be assumed that most of the time spent outside will be fair, as when the day opens very badly one does not necessarily set out, so that the coat is a burden the whole time and when used is ineffectual. Carrying a macintosh on the hills is the hall mark of the " towerist," Cumbrian equivalent to " tenderfoot " or " cheechaquo " in the west.

It is on record that a bowler hat has been worn on standard climbs and that two of us were mistaken for tramps when pointed out by our landlady of the previous night as her guests; these vagaries are recounted, not for purposes of emulation but as an example of what may be done by eccentric members of a privileged class. While the tendency of the ultra-modern climber is to forsake the traditional panoply of the sport, that of the tourist is in the opposite direction and one may see females of the species garbed as the most Alpine of guides in the stock of a magazine illustrator. Even football shorts may be taken into use for the surmounting of well-tracked passes.

Map and compass should be carried and if there be any

likelihood of being caught on the fells by nightfall a glacier lantern in addition. Nourishment rather in excess of the anticipated requirements should be taken, mistakes in this direction being usually traceable to the custom of ordering the sandwiches immediately after breakfast. A saving of time and food is effected by carrying the materials and making up as required, the cutters being usually only too pleased to get rid of one by giving one a half loaf of bread which may be carried in a linen bag or wrapped in a serviette within the rücksac. Any delicacies will be self-provided, the recent system of rationing acting as an efficient reminder in this matter.

Having clothed and equipped our man a comfortable unhurried start may be made from the headquarters. The first stretch comprises a road, more or less rough, then a track with gates and stiles ; a long steady stride is taken which has a decided swing or rhythm and a suspicion of a roll, the body being carried flexibly on the hips. The thighs do most of the work, the aim being to keep the knee loose and free and to avoid unnecessarily contracting the calf. The last gate being closed, the track takes up the fell side and the gradient stiffens, rocks occur in the path and now and then a beck must be crossed. The question of whether to drink or not will present itself about this time and the answer may be given in the words of Socrates on another subject : " Do either and you will regret it " ; the result is to be thirsty all day, so that the balance may be said to be in favour of self restraint since drinking occupies time ; a reservation must be placed upon meal times which on a long day should be made in the vicinity of fresh water. Attention in the early stages must be concentrated on the footsteps, in order to obtain a firm level bed for the heel wherever possible so as to avoid carrying the weight of the body on the toe until the centre of gravity is well forward. The beginner will soon find the step which suits him best

and will acquire the habit of choosing his path several yards ahead without being conscious of it. In crossing a beck there should be no hesitation, with consequent loss in time and energy, but a quick " sizing up " of the best way across and a deliberate carrying out of the intention. As the track rises steeply there will be a great temptation to halt which must be resisted as long as possible, if quickening the breathing rate be insufficient to bring relief a short stop may be made and the walk resumed at a slightly slower rate.

When the stopping habit has been eradicated, attention may be directed to the improvement of pace. Once the ability to keep going has been attained the speed automatically adjusts itself to the fitness of the individual at the time. The Col, our immediate objective on the skyline, being off the track, the latter is left and progress made over unavoidable scree. When this is small and looose, care is necessary or energy will be expended to little useful effect; avoid disturbing it more than can be helped by putting weight on slowly and removing it gradually, if sudden thrusts be made, stones are violently thrown about and the body receives but a poor impulse forward. Larger scree is more easily negotiated and forms a pleasant change from grass, more especially up hill. It is here that the nails in the waist of the boot will be found to be worth more than all the rest put together. It is safer to step on points and edges than on surfaces, as if the latter be uppermost the base is likely not to be firm. Should a foot slip, give attention to the other one, an attempt to recover balance may easily have the opposite effect to that desired; endeavour to preserve what may be described as kinetic stability.

At the Col a look round may be made and unfamiliar fells identified. Following the ridge which offers an easier slope than the first rise the immediate summit is reached where a more extended view may be had. From here

the next top is quite close and there is little loss in height in crossing; the ground being loose, a few long, loose-limbed plunges land us to the stony track previously seen from the top, and as surroundings are rough this is followed to the summit. The mountains in this portion of the walk being popular among tourists the well marked track is followed, a look-out being kept ahead across the pass to judge the best way of covering the fells where no regular path is to be found. Descending to cross the pass a small rock pitch is encountered which offers no difficulty to an ordinarily active person, though when alone it is well to exercise the utmost caution over the simplest place, even a slight sprain being a serious impediment over rough ground. While commanding a good view of the next fell side a pause may be made to gauge the easiest way of reaching the next depression; it is seen that by gaining height at the commencement just after crossing the pass a series of natural grass ledges may be connected up and a gentle coast made down to the hause. Where it is impossible to avoid walking on the side of a fell the boot soles should be placed in firm contact with the slope and the ankle flexed to suit, where the angle is too steep to admit of this it may be better to zig-zag directly up until the slope is easier. The last upward fellside offering a moderate slope is taken in zig-zags with tacks longer or shorter to suit conditions; as the hardest part of the walk is over and it is known that time may be made in the descent, the pace is suited to looking about and conning the views on both sides of the ridge, an occasional glance being thrown backward in order to bear in mind landmarks useful in the reverse direction.

The descent is grass interspersed with rocks which may be avoided with a little care. The courses of incipient or hidden streams offer the most comfortable path, the heels being firmly dug into the mossy turf and progress

made by a series of leaps or long strides which bring us to the head of a scree shoot. A selection is made of the finest, longest run and a plunge made glissading fashion, picking up the rear foot slowly and stepping forward ahead of the rise made by the foot on the scree. By moving slightly laterally the bottom of the valley may almost be reached in this exhilarating manner, and the height laboriously gained in an hour or more may be descended in a few minutes. The remainder of the walk being over a mountain pass no particular thought is necessary; it may be remarked that when tired it is often easier on this account to follow a track even when badly graded and indirect. When descending, more liberties may be taken and existing paths short-circuited to advantage.

If there be a tendency to "legs" up hill it is well to consider when the last meal was taken and to stop in a comfortable position for another, even sacrificing daylight if necessary. When descending a fairly easy gradient some assistance may be derived from the fanciful notion that one is enclosed within a smoothly rolling wheel, six feet or so in diameter, of which the legs form spokes; strides seem to come more readily and selection of foot-steps quicker. If overtaken by darkness it is better to follow the track unless on fells entirely grass; without a light, assistance may be gained by an occasional look-out from the level of the knees.

Perhaps the most satisfactory fell walking is the solitary kind or with a well-chosen companion of as nearly possible the same speed; if there be a party it is to be remembered that the halts are directly proportional to the number and the speed is that of the slowest member. Even with two, mutual forbearance is desirable. Going, for instance, should first be arranged suitably for both; uphill some experience a sense of fatigue so long as anyone can be seen ahead. Sometimes different routes

from which the walkers are mutually invisible until the immediate top is reached may be agreed upon. There is no question of loneliness on a day taken alone, the mountains are company, restful and unchanging; if the weather be fine one may go as one likes without the thought of hurrying another or dragging him back; if misty there is the sense of power through successfully finding the way, all the keener if it be the first time on that particular ground. Castles in the air are built with amazing facility under such conditions, the troubles of ordinary life assuming microscopic proportions or even vanishing entirely. From such intimate and isolated contact with nature there comes an exaltation of soul, difficult to believe and impossible to describe.

A day leaving a deep impression was made in the early part of 1913. After motoring to Patterdale, Tirril was reached by Boardale Hause and Howtown in readiness for the High Street ridge walk, the cherished objective of years. An early start was made in most unpromising weather, rain in the valley, mist on the fells. Very little was visible excepting glimpses of the near fells and it was only after being compelled to notice the striking resemblance between the view forward and the previous retrospect that it was discovered that the direction had been reversed on Kidsty Pike. This was confirmed by compass, and the summit again reached after a loss of three quarters of an hour. At Thornthwaite Crag a sheltered place was found for lunch near the broken wall. When comfortably settled, the mist was suddenly torn apart disclosing a full length view of Windermere with the sun on it, a most entrancing sight, not available for more than a few minutes.

Continuing over Frostwick, Ill Bell and Yoke almost to the top of Garburn Pass, the weather improved and along the minature High Level Traverse to the Col between High Street and Caudale Moor clothes became

dry in the continuous sunshine. The hotel was reached in comfortable time for tea and the ride home.

One day a walk was made in order to climb the Pillar Rock under Coulton's leadership. Breakfast was taken at Coniston in time to admit of an arrival at the hotel in Langdale, by motor-cycle, ready to start at 6 a.m. The route lay up Rosset Gill, across Esk Hause to the gap between the Gables where a short halt was made, the distance having been covered in two hours forty minutes. A contour was then roughly followed to the top of Black Sail pass and Robinson Cairn reached by the High Level Traverse shortly after eleven o'clock. A leisurely lunch was taken and after some difficulty the Old West Climb was found and the summit made, finishing by Slingsby's crack.

Descending by the Slab and Notch our way was made by Black Sail to Wasdale and over Sty Head. When in the vicinity of Esk Hause the question arose whether we should push on and make the most of the remaining daylight or delay for a meal; the food won, which meant that Rosset Gill was descended in the dark but otherwise in comfort; the hotel being reached at 9 p.m. The motor-cycle was brought into use again for returning, a delay being made in Coniston for a further meal, and after an easy ride Barrow was reached at 2 a.m.

Another walk was made in more luxuriant fashion, the rücksacs containing bacon, eggs, Coulton's Alpine kitchen, a cold roast fowl, bread, butter, jam, &c. Coniston was again the starting point, and aroused at 3 a.m. there was time for a first breakfast before setting out at 3-30, to find a blanket-like mist filling the valley. As height was gained on the Walna Scar track there was more light and before reaching the top of the pass we had risen above the mist and could look over it, level as the surface of a lake in the still air. The Duddon was crossed by the stepping stones and breakfast made by

the stream, after which the Harter Fell track was followed to the neighbourhood of Boot. Next the Scafell ridge was taken. In the mist, Scafell seemed to have a travelling summit, the direction of movements being away from us. However, by means of a spurt it was captured and Broad Stand descended to the water needed for our meal. Some time was here given over to the enjoyment of sunshine before continuing over the Pikes, down Rosset Gill and over the usual fell road to Coniston where the motor-cycle was requisitioned for conveyance to Barrow.

The writer well remembers being initiated in what may be described as advanced fell walking. It was the week-end after Easter, 1912, when meeting Pirkis at Middlefell Farm, the ascent of Stake Pass was essayed and it became necessary, in order to prevent bursting of the heart and collapse of the lungs, gaspingly to suggest a halt some distance below the hause. The master's precepts and counsels were assiduously attended to, with the result that the following New Year, after a week of beagling and fell walking, the Borrowdale side of Stake was ascended with the pupil leading. He could not bring his teacher to a standstill, of course, but by acquiring to some extent his guile and possessing slight advantages in the matter of physique and Anno Domini a better pace had been made possible on this occasion. It was very gratifying at the time to know that so much progress had been made, even though it did not represent general form.

There is always something to be learned on the fells, even on ground believed to be known by heart. Steep-passes lose their previous terrors if they be taken with the idea of getting up at maximum speed, with the expenditure of minimum energy; a good fell-walker has not necessarily an extra supply of energy, but what store he has is jealously guarded and expended with great caution, height is not lost without good reason and the

management of an extra inch or so on the stride is worth some pains to acquire.

Should only one reader be encouraged by the above to take up fell-walking, it will be felt that the time in writing has been well spent.

J. B. WILTON.

THE BATHING POOL;
Or The Climber's Dip.

Way up the valley a clump of trees
Shadow a rock-bound pool,
Secretly fronded from the breeze,
Its waters clear and cool.

There, in the joy of the early day,
Fresh from the arms of night,
The climber rouses the silver spray,
Splashing the trellised light.

Out of a warm and friendly bed,
Treading the dewy grass;
A shout, a plunge, and a dripping head
Rising amid the splash.

A trudgeon stroke to the deep recess
Where seething waters rush;
Then out on the rocks to rub and dress,
And off with a healthy flush.

Wine of the wild runs hot within,
Taken on every breath;
And the mountains shout with joyous din,
There's no such thing as death.

Out from the waters cool and deep,
Pacing the jewelled grass,
Life flows quick on the morning leap
In the pool on the Black Sail Pass.

GEO. BASTERFIELD.

SOME PYRENEAN PERSONALITIES.

By W. P. Haskett-Smith.

Up to about half a century ago what little was known of the Pyrenees was known to very few. Every one who went there was in some sense an explorer. The journey to Switzerland was easier, the air cooler and more bracing, the mountains higher and the innkeepers more enterprising.

My earliest visits were made when the transition had barely begun and even the daytrippers to the Cirque of Garvarnie did not do it much under 30s. or 40s. a head. Consequently the old explorers received a newcomer as a recruit and treated him like a brother.

It is no slight privilege to learn a country under the guidance of men who have themselves been among the first to open it up, and few mountain ranges have had abler explorers than Count Russell, Schrader, Lequeutre and above all Charles Packe.

Another man who for a short time worked hard in the same cause passed away within the last few weeks. Maurice Byles is still remembered in the Pyrenees where the guides greatly admired his joviality and love of adventure, his strength and endurance, his swimming and his keen eye for game.

Not tall, but deep-chested and muscular, he was a great help to Packe in the long surveying expeditions made by him as a preliminary to his mapmaking. But the heat on the Spanish side of the chain often tried him sorely. Long hours under a burning sun, scarcity of water during the day and even the native wine at night, wine muddy and unpalatable, but rich in vinous quality,

were all against him, especially as he could not endure the repulsive food. His one consolation was to find a tarn or river pool and refresh himself with a plunge.

One day of fearful heat, descending long bare limestone slopes to the baking Spanish plain, every member of the party was parched, but Byles was almost at the last gasp. Suddenly we caught sight of a distant line glittering in the sunshine ; surely it must be water of some sort and our spirits began to rise. After plodding on for another half-hour or so we made it out to be a largish pond still half-a-mile away. Byles at once revived and, instead of lagging behind, forged ahead, revelling in the prospect of a glorious plunge. Not to lose a moment of the promised joy, he took off his coat, wriggled out of his saturated shirt and, flinging both to the ground, broke into a run and reached the bank about 100 yards ahead of of us and practically naked. Then, instead of plunging in as we expected, he stood still, staring helplessly at the water. Coming up we could scarcely believe our eyes. All round the edge of the pool there was an almost solid mass of snakes, great fat fellows two or three feet long, slowly heaving and slimily crawling in and out. It was a most repulsive spectacle. Two of our men professed to have seen something like it before and said that in times of unusual drought the watersnakes are driven out of the marshes where they are wont to live. Whatever the true explanation may have been, the picture of that naked man standing in the blazing sunshine and shaking his fist at the water in an impotent fury of disappointment is one that will never fade from the memories of the privileged spectators.

Byles did not keep up his mountaineering very long, though he remained a good hill walker and went up many of the Scotch and Lakeland fells. He was a manysided man and did many things well. A capital shot with either gun or rifle, an excellent fisherman, a capable

yachtsman, a scientific cardplayer, a student of medieval architecture, and one of the deadliest pool players in London; he had many irons in the fire and kept a surprising number of them hot. To him I owe many sunny memories. Together we sailed and cycled many thousand miles in and about Belgium, Holland, France and our own islands, and it may be that the war, by cutting him off from his habitual long trips by sea and land, materially shortened his days.

Packe was a much less versatile man, but he had some interesting sidelines. His big subjects were botany and mountain topography, but he was also good at optics and several other forms of mathematics and had a knowledge of precious stones which would have astonished a Hatton Garden Jew. More than once when we were together at the theatre or in a fashionable restaurant a Parisian beauty has come in dressed principally in diamonds, and Packe after gazing fixedly at her till the fair creature hardly knew whether to be flattered or embarrassed, would exclaim to the intense distress of his companions, "What a deformity!" The explanation was that he had not been looking at the lady at all, but at her diamonds and had detected that among a number of genuine stones she was wearing a sham one. Most of us have to take a stone in hand and turn it over and over and try it in every possible light before we can form any opinion for or against its genuineness. Not so Packe. He spotted it at the first glance with the same ease and certainty with which he would spot a rare plant on a ledge fifty yards away.

He was an extremely impulsive man and would sometimes, on what seemed very slight grounds and without any notice at all fly into a sudden fury of anger. It was all over with the same suddenness with which it had begun; but the effect on suave Frenchmen or solemn Spaniards was very startling. However, they put it all down to

the essential madness of Englishmen and were quick to recognise his real kindness of heart and his intimate knowledge of them and their interests. He, too, greatly prized his old friends among them and his heart was instantly touched by any sign of a cordial welcome. On at least two occasions the welcome was almost too warm. In crossing a stream on the south side of Mt. Perdu, Packe had slipped on a slab of wet marble and severely strained his back. It cost us a night out and the labour of almost carrying him up to the Bréche de Roland, a rugged pass in the main chain. Once there we could slide him down long slopes of snow and eventually got him safely to the Cirque de Gavarnie. Alas! It was Sunday and, what was more, it was the day of the annual Fair. The Cirque was nearly full of all the rank and fashion from many miles round and, worst of all, right in our path and impossible to avoid was one of his oldest friends in a state of the most boisterous inebriation. Packe hated publicity, yet that tipsy voice bellowed his name till the great cliffs all around us echoed with it. He was weary and aching with pain and stiffness, yet he had to skip hither and thither to baffle the frequent rushes which his over-affectionate friend made in the endeavour to kiss him. When at last we effected our escape we could still hear bawled after us in stentorian tones what purported to be authentic narratives of bibulous exploits which the orator and his dear friend had performed together in their riotous youth.

The other occasion was after an expedition into Spain with a largish party which included two or three ladies. It was necessary to pass a village which had not the best of reputations for cleanliness or courtesy. However, the schoolmaster was a decent fellow and an old pal of Packe's. Miles before we got to the place the ladies were absolutely tired out and looked longingly at every little cluster of houses, hoping that they would be allowed

to stop for the night ; but no, he forced them on, painting a glowing picture of the house he had chosen and adding : " When he hears who it is you will see the warmth of the welcome he will give us." Footsore and dejected they struggled on and it was not much before 10 p.m. when the miserable party trailed into the dark and dirty village. Silence reigned supreme and it was evident that every soul in the place was asleep. We approached the home of learning and knocked repeatedly till at last an upper window was opened. Our leader joyfully exclaimed —" It is I ! It is Packe ! Old comrade, I have brought some friends to visit you." The window opened a little wider and through the chink was pushed out the bell-mouth of a large blunderbuss, while a hoarse voice proclaimed with a string of horrible imprecations that in ten seconds the deadly weapon was to be discharged. We took cover with an agility of which two minutes earlier we had not believed ourselves to be capable and then discussed with our humiliated leader what we could possibly do. We were just considering whether breaking into a hayloft was worth the risk of more blunderbusses when help arrived from an utterly unexpected quarter. A retired poacher, inebriated but amiable, lurched round a corner and at the first mention of the schoolmaster's name flung one arm round Packe's neck and the other round mine and, with this support, prancing solemnly down the road, led us straight to the door of a house which really was the one we were looking for. He then burst into a roar of laughter, rolled swiftly round the corner and disappeared. We got admission and a welcome, but not much else. There was only one bed and no food beyond a small chunk of terrifically hard bread, which we washed down with very weak tea ; but Packe callously remarked, " I never said anything about luxuries ; I only promised you a warm welcome."

There is one characteristic of the Pyreneans which

Packe, possibly owing to his own rugged truthfulness, never entirely grasped. It is the quick tact with which they divine how you expect your question to be answered and then shape their reply so as to accord in some measure with your hopes. That is for politeness; but they follow it up with the truer politeness of not leaving you in error, proceeding to indicate gently but clearly that under the particular circumstances it might be well for you to do the exact opposite of what you had intended to do.

One day we were ahead of our men and were going up a long and straight valley. The river on our left could be heard, but not seen, several hundred feet below us in a wild ravine, and our track ran along an almost level terrace. This terrace could be seen to continue for at least another mile or two; but the head of the valley curved to the left away from us and it was obvious that anyone walking up the other side of the ravine would cut off part of this curve. Packe was for crossing and asked me if I should not have done so if I had been alone and had to decide for myself. On my replying that in that case it would have seemed to me a pity to quit the easy and safe line on which we then were, he said:

"But can't you see that other side is just as safe and much shorter?"

"Shorter no doubt and safe enough when you've got up again to our present level; but what about crossing the river? It must be a powerful stream and the fact that it does not shew from up here suggests that it has cut itself a pretty deep channel. We might have to scramble for a mile or more along precipitous and crumbling banks before we could find a crossing. Does it not look to you a rather hazardous speculation?"

"Oh! that's all nonsense. We'll wait till the men

come up and then you'll soon see that your judgment's quite at fault."

Presently the guides came up.

" Henri, is it better to make all that round or to cross the valley ? "

" Continuons, Monsieur. Faisons le tour."

" But isn't it shorter to cross ? "

" Yes, Monsieur, but there is no gain in time."

" But which would take longest ? "

" Oh ! pour cela, c'est à peu près la même chose."

" But one way must be longer than the other. Tell me. If you were to make the ' tour ' and Pierre to cross, which of you would arrive first ? "

" J'arriverais le premier, moi."

" And how long would you have to wait for Pierre ? "

At this moment Pierre, who was a somewhat less polished individual, broke out with the unvarnished truth,

" Environ quatre heures, Monsieur."

When Packe realised that his obstinacy had nearly let him in for an extra four hours on top of what was already a hardish day, he gave poor Henri no credit for his politeness ; but covered his own retreat by raising his voice to a yell and demanding furiously, " Is that what you call ' à peu près la même chose ? ' You are not fit to be a guide ! "

Another feature in the Pyrenean character and one which does not often come to the surface is that, though some of them, like most Frenchmen; affect a veneer of irreligion, they have a touch of that superstition from which mountain-dwellers are seldom entirely free. Certain things may be discussed, but not mentioned by name, and, as one example of this, there are many places in the less frequented parts of the range where the peasants can hardly be induced to speak of the bear more definitely than as " the gentleman who wears no shoes."

Many of them too have a belief in what we call " second sight." We had a favourite camping ground called La Glère. There are several places of this name and the meaning seems to be much the same as that of " clairière," in ordinary French, namely a " glade " or " clearing." There is a deep transverse cut across a limestone spur and in this cut lay probably at one time a long strip of lake. Now it is a level lawn of smoothest verdure, edged on the north by the hillside and on the south by a long straight line of cliff about a hundred feet high. The other side of this cliff is a steep slope covered with fine pines and across the cliff-face and about a quarter of the way up it runs a broad, grassy and level terrace, which being well overhung at two or three points affords some very snug sleeping places. To get fuel all you have to do is to go round to the back of the cliff, cut wood as nearly as possible just above the camp, tip it over and, when you have enough, come round again and carry it up to the sleeping terrace. On my first visit to this delightful spot we luckily met a Spaniard who had come up in pursuit of some vagrant pigs and persuaded him to lend us an axe. Our men at once set off to make the round for woodcutting while my task was to fetch water, unpack and arrange the bivouac. This was all done in little over half-an-hour, and then it occurred to me to take a little stroll along the terrace. The cliff was pretty well plumb and there were no gullies, but at one point there was a very strange formation. Three or four pairs of flat, circular bosses projected very slightly from the wall, arranged something like the pips on a double-four of dominoes or the buttons on a giant's double-breasted coat. Each boss was about 18 inches across and 2 or 3 inches thick. Geologically they were extremely curious and moreover it seemed just possible to use them for " bridging," like much interrupted walls in a very sketchy chimney. To pass from each pair to

that above it was a ticklish job, but above the highest boss the cliff set back a trifle and, to make a long story short, though the effort was very considerable, I at last reached the top and drew myself up within three yards of one of our men who was busy felling a tree. He had his back to me and could neither see me nor hear me. When the tree was nearly ready to fall he prudently turned to make sure that he had plenty of room to spring clear and caught sight of my motionless figure. The effect on him was annihilating. His face, fiery red with the efforts of hewing, turned ashen grey, his eyelids leapt upwards, his underjaw dropped with a click and his chest heaved with a despairing gasp. He was absolutely certain that some fatal accident had befallen me and that my ghost had come to bring the news! At last he controlled himself sufficiently to stammer out "Monsieur has not come past me and there is no other way. How did he get here?"

"Oh, up the cliff."

"But where? It is impossible! shew me."

When he saw the place he was still a good deal puzzled, but he recovered his spirits and by a sudden reaction passed to an almost hysterical gaiety. He yelled to the other two men who came running and were vastly astonished to find me there.

"Come here! See the place where Monsieur has ascended. You, Pierre, you the champion climber, what do you think of it?"

Pierre came lounging up, eyed the landing critically, leaned over the edge and said slowly:

"Yes. It is not easy. It would not be quite simple even for one of us."

"Pouf! Not quite simple! I will bet you three *cafès complets* that you cannot do it yourself."

"At the moment perhaps not. In boots it would be difficult and I have not brought my spadrilles."

"Monsieur had no spadrilles. Monsieur has done it in boots. Behold my own spadrilles. Take them and let it be three *cafès complets* that you do not climb it even in spadrilles!"

"Ah, if I were fresh I would do it at once, but it has been a long day and I am already tired."

"Bah! Monsieur has walked as far as you have and has carried as good a load. The climb is too difficult for you, *mon gars*, and you may as well confess it."

At this moment the Spaniard who had lent us the axe appeared on the lawn below about 200 yards away, and to him the ghostseer shouted:

"See here! where the young Señor has climbed up the cliff."

The shepherd gravely bawled in reply:

"He disguises himself well."

"Disguises himself, do you say? Who?"

"El gran diablo. It can be no other."

But if the Pyreneans are nearly always polite and sometimes a trifle superstitious, they are even more remarkable for the strength of their memories. Every tiny incident of a chamois stalk or a bear hunt seems to be indelibly impressed upon them and to stand as clearly before their eyes after twenty or thirty years as if it had happened only yesterday. That is not so surprising because wherever there is intense interest there is nearly always vivid recollection; but the last time I was at Gavarnie I really was astonished. Seeing in the street a guide whom I had not met for 22 years I accosted him by his Christian name and found that he was quite unable to place me.

"You do not remember your old friends. Yet we have been *compagnons de chasse*. What about the Courtalet where we were with Joseph?"

Without a moment's hesitation the man replied:

"I was at the Courtalet with Monsieur, but never with Joseph."

"Oh but certainly Joseph was of the party. You must remember how he dropped his berret into the stream just after leaving Castets."

"As to Castets and the berret Monsieur has reason; but he will not forget that we were at the Courtalet on a Wednesday and when we reached Castets on the Monday before Joseph had received news that his daughter was ill and Monsieur kindly permitted him to go home; so that on Tuesday he accompanied us only for the first four hours and was not with us at the Courtalet at all."

Every word of this was true; yet the whole had taken place twenty-five years before!

Another guide who appeared a few minutes later displayed, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, professed, a memory which was not quite so good. He was an excellent guide and long years of high fees invested with much prudence had given him great weight in his native village, where he had risen to the imposing position of mayor. It was therefore rather tactless on my part to remind him of an exceedingly comical incident of which the principal performers were himself and a number of excited swine. With great presence of mind he replied in his best municipal manner: "What Monsieur says is very nearly correct. It was indeed a droll occurrence. But, pardon, he has made one slight mistake. The animals were not pigs; they were goats."

EASTER ON LLIWEDD.

By G. S. Bower.

The rain descended continuously and mercilessly as the writer travelled down to Wales, forecasting a wet and unproductive holiday (from the rock climbing point of view). This, however, was not so; for nature, in that beautifully inconsistent way of hers, preferred to smile upon us.

Good Friday morning saw our party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, Meldrum and myself walking along the track towards Llyn Llydaw, revelling in the bright sunshine, inspired by the dark and gloomy mass of Lliwedd, which was illumined in places by shafts of light, and admiring the remote, majestic summit of Snowdon, snow-capped, and appearing occasionally through the soft morning clouds, which magnified the height in a wonderful way.

Walking leisurely over the steaming, scented bogs, we discussed the rival merits of Route II and the Horned Crag Route, and eventually chose the latter, appointing Kelly to be leader, acting crane, with grub and kudos attaching thereto. The rocks being slimy, British nailed climbing boots were chosen for footgear. Truth bids me say at once that the climb was not very pleasurable. Loose rock and mud were far too much in evidence, and it was with relief that we arrived at the Horned Crag itself, with its interesting problems, carved out of perfect rock. An arête higher up was referred to subsequently as a sort of standard of looseness.

Next morning we were joined at breakfast by Pritchard, he of the coat of many colours. He had travelled all

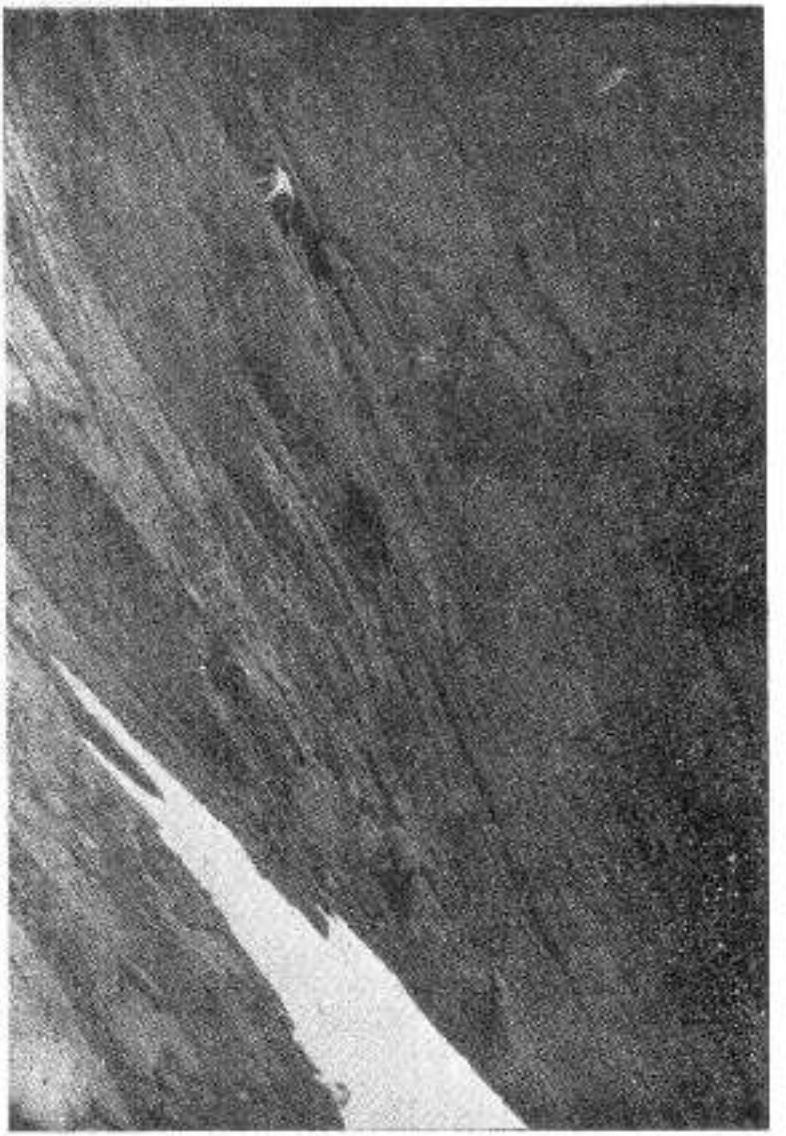


Photo. by *G. S. Bowes.*

RED WALL, LLIWEDD.

night and walked up from Llanberis, so we took him up the Avalanche Route, hoping thus to get to the bottom of his reserves, wherein we did not succeed. The remainder of the party were strangers to Lliwedd, so that I was able to conceal from them the existence of a chimney which is the orthodox method of approach to the Heather Shelf. I must confess to an unpleasant time on the slab immediately above the awkward stride to the left mentioned by J.M.A.-T. This slab was slightly greasy, and I was greatly relieved to find an excellent belay just behind me, over which I could pass my rope, or rather line, or if you *will* have it so " string," for I am sadly unorthodox in the matter of equipment.

The summit was reached via the Terminal Arête, since what we at the time thought to be the Red Wall was very wet. Kelly and Meldrum then decided to " do " the Horseshoe (the former shod with British vulcanized climbing rubbers). Thinking no one was about, they put on the rope to traverse a snow ridge near Snowdon. Scarcely had they done so when they met four Climbers, who looked at them with interest.

Easter Sunday saw the same indecision as to what to attempt. At a meeting of the Big Four and the Little One on the small knoll just above the monument, the sentence " Shallow Gully " was pronounced. No one could find any just cause or impediment why it should not be carried out, so it was duly executed. The crack which is encountered immediately after leaving the lower portion of Route II was found to be quite stiff, owing to the fact that wedging was necessary. Higher up, the crack becomes a chimney of the deepest dye, and I plumbed the depths of misery as I back-and-kneed excitedly up this, emerging from the top with a distinct feeling of relief. In due course we arrived at the Terrace, where one is always certain of finding innumerable stones, of sporting tendencies, willing to undertake the descent

of the Shallow Gully. Here we transferred our affections to the Red Wall, and Kelly took over the lead. Thanks to the somewhat vague description in our "Child's Guide to Lliwedd," the rocks were tackled too near Shallow Gully, and we had the doubtful pleasure of watching our leader, hanging on evanescent holds, pulling out loose stones continuously. In all probability it was the reaction of this stream of stone which kept him pressed against the face, thus enabling him to dispense with the luxury of holds. Eventually he acceded to our prayers and descended. He then found the correct route, farther to the left, and took us up and down this—a trying business, owing to the cold wind, which was intensified by our being in the shadow. We finished up the Terminal Arête, un-roped, and at full speed, in order to get warm.

The following day our aspirations after higher things were satisfied at last. We visited "Paradise." For some time I had been seeking information concerning the difficulties of the narrow way leading to this delectable place. Clergymen and Milton could afford no assistance, but a modern poet contributed greatly to our succes by the assurance that no great physical strength or length of reach was required.

It is not often that one dare postpone a climb, knowing it will be drier on the morrow, but we were specially favoured during this holiday, and the grass was dry and crackling as we sauntered up towards the foot of the crags, making it pretty certain that the rocks would be in perfect condition.

In a moment of enthusiasm, when far away from the climb, I had suggested that I should attempt to lead, but now, as we stood on the Heather Shelf gazing up at the awe inspiring scoop at its left hand end which forms the first pitch, I wondered how I could have been so rash. As has been formulated by a well known climber, one's desire to lead a "borderline" climb varies as the square

of one's distance from it. The rope was at last unwound and tied on, and there seemed no further excuse for delay, so, reluctantly, I mounted comparatively easy rocks for 15 to 20 feet. After considerable hesitation I spied a belay slightly above and on the left, offering prospects of a safe descent should this be necessary, so, making an effort, I reached this and the second man followed. An awkward movement to the right had now to be made to rejoin the scoop, and I was tempted up the latter, bit by bit, by the sight of little knobs which, I tried to persuade myself, would give belays. Then the critical point was reached beyond which I realized it would be easier going on than going back, and I became a sort of dual personality, the one inclined to rush anyhow and get it over, and the other, the reasoning half, saying :— " It's no good losing your head. That foothold is no use at all ; it would be madness to trust it. Think each movement out. I wouldn't attempt to pull up on the turf yet. Push on it, and obtain a reaction which will make the poor footholds on the other side fairly safe."

The finish of the pitch is on a turf ledge, and I was delighted to find an excellent belay, although the position was somewhat cramped. After an indefinite sort of pitch round the corner to the right had been surmounted, we arrived at the foot of a pretty slab of pure rock which reared itself invitingly on the left. Being fitted with beautiful little holds, it did not offer any great resistance. A few feet of easy rocks, and we found ourselves on the ledge known as " Paradise." My enjoyment of this pleasant little ledge was only tempered by the prospect of a chimney ahead. This was reached from " Paradise " by descending a few feet in an easterly direction, and proved to be of the tame variety, wherein one climbs by ordinary methods, and so life still remained worth living. I escaped from the chimney on the right at the top, and this is probably the easier course. From

now on the angle eased off and a number of routes were available. We selected a rather loose arête and, bearing to the right, arrived at the foot of our old friend, the Terminal Arête. We passed this by, however, and the summit cairn was reached *via* the Red Wall. Quite a large party foregathered there, basking in the glorious golden sunshine, admiring the view, and discussing the various climbs. At last we were compelled to tear ourselves away, and descend, for, unfortunately, three of our party (Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, and Meldrum), had to leave that evening. They hurried away down the grassy slopes, Pritchard and I following more leisurely and having a bathe in Llydaw; a bathe, by the way, with a rather sensational finish.

One member of the party had wished to descend "Paradise Route," but we had persuaded him there was not sufficient time!

Next morning, as Pritchard and I were walking to "work," we were overtaken by Holland, whose party had forsworn Lliwedd. He proposed having a climb with us, and then hurrying off to meet his party on Crib Goch, in order to climb the Buttress. This programme was carried through without a hitch, and shows that he does not belong to the "one climb a day, and a pipe after every pitch" school. We selected for our climb a variation of the lower portion of Route II known as "Solomon," because it divides the "Quartz Babe." It is a beautiful climb, on the soundest of rock, is very steep, and distinctly severe. The course starts up a steep grey slab to the left of the rib below the Quartz Babe and the obvious route is followed without excessive difficulty to a good belay on a grass ledge some 60 feet or so up. Here the next move seems very doubtful. One has to make an awkward stride to the left on to an unsatisfying foothold, and then, without rest, climb a difficult slab to a small grass platform. I brought the second man up to here, in order to give me moral support

Photo. by *G. S. Bourne.*

MISTS ON SNOWDON.

for the steep wall immediately above, but it is doubtful whether this is advisable, as the belay is not of the best, and the position very exposed. The final wall of about 20 feet presented some difficulty, but after this the angle eased off, and a movement past some quartz to the right brought us to the Q.B. Here Holland unroped and hurried away to Crib Goch *via* the lower portion of Route II. Pritchard and I followed more slowly, and then decided to do the Horseshoe Walk.

We accordingly went round to the summit of Lliwedd by an easy way at the E. end of the crags, passing there a couple of climbers having a sun bath, and secretly envying them. Just before the ascent up to Snowdon, we were surprised and delighted to find a little stream of rare refreshing water, and the steam generated from this took us up to the summit. Nearing the latter, one had to go carefully, owing to the large percentage of glass in the screes—one of the penalties of greatness amongst mountains. The other "penalties" were half drifted up with snow, and were deserted, somewhat to the chagrin of a tourist we met there.

On Crib Goch we again met Holland and party. He tried to persuade us that we had time to do the Crib Goch Buttress, of which he spoke very highly, but we refused to be tempted, and, as it turned out, we had to hurry to get back to Gorph by the scheduled time, in order to catch the train at Llanberis.

Pritchard stayed another day. It rained.

We all thoroughly enjoyed our holiday on Lliwedd, and hope to re-visit the place. One accustomed to Cumberland climbs finds the vertical fluted ribs, which are the characteristic holds, rather strange, and the rock is, for the most part, unreliable, whilst turf abounds, but there is pleasure in variety, and the greater face routes, with their airy ledges from which to enjoy the view over Llyn Llydaw, are in a class by themselves.

GEORGE S. BOWER.

CAWMIRE HALL.

By R. S. T. CHORLEY.

New ground was broken in more senses than one when the October meet of 1918 was held at Bowland Bridge. Cawmire Hall where stayed the select band which braved the storms of a comparatively unknown country, is richer in historical associations than any other of the places we have visited, so that a short note in regard to it may be of interest both to those who were present at the meet and to those who missed that pleasure.

In the times when men looked askance at the mountains which they regarded as the home of evil spirits, and but a few of the most adventurous shepherds, and outlaws fleeing from Justice visited the high lands, there lived in South Westmorland a family of the name of Briggs. Their earliest origins are lost in obscurity, but about the fifteenth century they became more prominent in local history, and from that time continued in importance until more recently they achieved the height of fame by giving the family name to a Climb (Brigg's Climb on Great End).

However, one of the fifteenth-century Briggs appears to have been responsible for the older part of Cawmire Hall. There is some doubt as to the age of this pele tower. Mr. H. S. Cowper, who first studied the question, is of opinion that the pele, which he thinks is probably the latest of the Westmorland peles so far noticed, was built about the end of the sixteenth century. Now it is well known that the pele type of architecture was evolved for defensive purposes—to protect the rich peaceable English from the raids of the adventurous

Scotch. There are as it happens similar towers in Scotland, but this must have been camouflage, as it must not be supposed that the English of the Border would have attacked anybody. By the end of the sixteenth century, however, the Scotch had either been supressed or found that they could obtain a living in other ways, and there can have been no intelligent reason for building a pele in so secluded a dale as that of the Winster.

Mr. Cowper suggests an intelligible reason when he advances the view that Briggs, the builder, being a "new man," who had just improved his financial position, was seeking to establish his social position by building a tower house such as those inhabited by the neighbouring country families, at say Sizergh, or Levens, among which he (or perhaps it was his wife) desired to take his place. In short being a kind of local profiteer he wished to take up his position with the "best families." Unhappliy the poor man's ambitions came to an untimely end, for his own branch of the family ended in daughters and the name of Briggs of Cawmire disappeared from out of the land.

It should, however, be stated that Mr. Curwen who has recently devoted some attention to the place is of opinion that the pele should be assigned a fifteenth century date. If this be so there is no need for any pretty theory of "swank" on the part of Briggs the builder; for at that time danger from across the Border was by no means over.

In 1675 Cawmire had passed into the hands of the Newbys, another local family, and with the heiress of William Newby it came to Richard, a cadet of the famous house of the Rydal Flemings. By Richard's time the utter discomfort of the pele type of house, in which the whole family with their servants lived in a terribly confined space, had driven the country families to building those extensions which are often a delight to our modern

eyes. He belonged in any case to a family which could afford from its position to prefer comfort to conventionality and we may be fairly certain that no small portion of the wealth of Richard's heiress went to the building of the fine extension which now forms the main feature of Cawmire. Though prolific in daughters he had but one son who died in youth, and Cawmire appears to have got into the hands of another branch of the Flemings. Since the time of Richard, however, there has been no structural alteration of importance, so we may leave its fortunate possessors to the enjoyment of their rural life, and proceed to some consideration of the main architectural features of the building.

Cawmire hall consists, as may be gathered from the preceding narrative, of a pele tower on to which has been built a typical country house of the late seventeenth century type. The pele is small and of a late type. It presents no points of peculiar interest, but has a basement consisting of the usual vaulted cellars, and the two upper floors which are commonly found. The walls at their thickest are between four and five feet, not in any way remarkable in such a building, and the windows even in the basement floor are quite large, as windows of that period go; strong evidence of the late character of the building—one did not present the Scotch with a larger mark for their missles than was necessary. They are all, however, fitted with iron gratings which may have been considered sufficient protection in those rather later times. There must have been the usual newal stairway to the upper floors, but all trace of this has gone, and in its place—probably it was removed for that purpose—has been built a fine broad seventeenth century stair, leading from the later additions.

The windows though comparatively large are somewhat roughly built, with stone mullions and plain round heads. That in the north wall on the first floor is not

CAWMIRE HALL, CROSTHWAITE, KENDAL.

placed centrally in its wall, but some slight distance to the right, a fact no doubt accounted for by a passage from the old stairway, since destroyed. The second floor is furnished with smaller windows of three lights, and is now gabled over and slated in the modern style. Each of the upper floors is now divided into several rooms by partitions almost comic in a thinness compared with the outer walls.

The new house is of that strictly uniform character, which delighted the exponents of the classical type of architecture who held sway at the time of building. Its frontage is 56 feet, and right in the middle is a doorway, on each side of which are two windows: on the first and second floors are more windows, six to each, placed exactly one above the other and all of the same size. Indeed all the windows on this spacious front are of the same size, except the one on the extreme right of the ground floor, which has four lights as opposed to three —one suspects that the extra one was put in at a later date by someone who had an abhorrence of a too rigorous adherence to geometry.

At the back of the kitchen our passionately mathematical architect built out a kind of pantry, and on the other side behind the withdrawing-room he fed his craze by building an apparently meaningless projection to balance. There are handsome old gateposts to a garden which was small and perhaps formal in type. It must have been on a considerably lower level, and indeed a flight of steps is said formerly to have led up to the entrance of the house.

The interior is of that delightful character which so curiously accompanied a too slavish adherence to symmetry. The ground floor is divided into a small hall, a somewhat larger with-drawing-room on its left, and a still larger kitchen on the right. Originally these three rooms were—according to plan—of precisely similar size,

but as the building changed the character of a country mansion for that of a farm house the kitchen won to that place of paramount importance which it maintains in every properly conducted farm house—hence no doubt the extension.

The hall of course though degraded from the pride of place which it held in the mediaeval pele, still at that time contested for a place of importance in the domestic economy, and was far from having declined to that mere passage-way where it maintains in the suburban villa a sadly diminished prestige. It was at that time still the family dining-room and the squire no doubt continued to carouse there with his cronies after the ladies had withdrawn—at any rate out of eyesight.

The servants who had formerly dined with the family, albeit below the salt—one hopes that this was from a sense of community, but it is to be feared that it was lack of space merely—had been banished to the jollier atmosphere of the kitchen by this time. The big window before referred to may after all have been due to the necessity of lighting adequately the long table at which all the servants took their meals—if this be so it must have been with sad heart that our architect sacrificed the needs of his art, to those of his fellow men.

Over the handsome—we have used that word at last—fireplace, in the centre of a stone mantel, is a circular panel containing a shield with the Fleming arms differenced by an annulet. Immediately to the right of this starts up the staircase. Its turned oak balusters and corner posts are extremely handsome—there we are again—in design.

It remains but to say that as many as five different spellings are given; of these Cawmire appears to be the best authenticated, Cowmire is that of the Ordnance Survey, Comer that most commonly in use, none of which correspond to the dialect pronunciation.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Cowper and to Professor Collingwood to whose able papers to the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian Society we are indebted for all the material in this short article. If we have done them justice the next meet at Bowland Bridge will no doubt be largely attended—if not, there should be a goodly crowd, so that members may see for themselves the charms which our pen has proved ineffectual to describe.

" For the rest friendly reader, if you think that a *Col des Paresseux* is a special feature of the *Dent du Midi* you are in error. A similar place will be found half way up most peaks difficult to climb—Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and many others. It is to be found is it not? on the tracks of all moral heights, in the middle thoroughfares of science, of virtue. Courage climbs and conquers; cowardice measures the height, is filled with despair, stops short and, lo and behold, so many efforts which have resulted in nothing but the shame of defeat."

From Emile Javelle's *Alpine Memories.*

A LAKELAND WEDDING.

A wedding was celebrated on " St. Sunday's " day last between Miss " Dolly Waggon " and Mr. " Hindscarth Robinson," respectively of " Grisedale " and " Dale Head."

The ceremony was performed at " Chapel Stile," this edifice being chosen in preference to " The Steeple " on account of its larger size ; a large number of guests was expected and " Chapel Stile " could easily " Seatoller " lot.

The nuptial knot was tied by the " Bishop of Barf," a " Pillar " of the Church, assisted by the " Grey Friars " and " Priest Pot," all of whom are experienced in tying " Hard Knotts."

The Misses " Bell Grange," " Nan Bield," " Liza River," " Greta Falls " and " Lady Holme " acted as Bridesmaids, while the duties of pages were ably carried out by the " Little Langdales."

Mr. " Braithwaite " fulfilled the duties of Best Man in " High Stile."

The Bridegroom has only recently been released from military service and the procession to the Church was of a semi-military character and was ably directed by " Sergeant Crag " and " Sergeant Man " and presented a splendid spectacle as it proceeded up the " High Street " headed by " John Bell's Banner."

The happy occasion was announced by the ringing of " Cat Bells " ably assisted by " Ill Bell " whose sonorous note was heard for miles, every time the " Steel Fell."

Musical assistance was given later in the day by the famous " Bowfell Band " ; the lady from " Helm Crag "

kindly brought her organ upon which she accompanied herself in selections from the " Maid o' the Mountains " and Cumberland Folk Songs. Her rendering of " Down the Vale " was received with vociferous applause.

The Lion from " Helm Crag " arrived rather inopportunely during a spirited recitation of " Mary had a little lamb " by one of the Pages and went round asking the people where the lamb was to be found ; on being asked where his own lamb was he gave an enigmatical smile and looked as if he had inside information on the subject.

The wedding feast was presided over by King " Dunmail," who managed to " Raise " himself up for the occasion.

The party was seated at " Arthur's Round Table," the bride having the place of honour on " Arthur's Seat " ; the groom took " Adam's Seat," the " Lord's Seat " being occupied by King Dunmail, and the Pages finding room on a " Stool End " ; thus everyone had a " Fairfield " for the festivities.

The Bride being a teetotaller and not wishing to " Wast Water " called for a " Small Water," upon hearing which the groom hastily exclaimed " Elterwater " and was served with fine old " Sleddale " in the " Devil's Punch Bowl " ; the beverage most favoured by the guests was " Buttermere " " Sour Milk."

The feast was commenced with " Hawkshead " Broth —followed by many kinds of Pike for which the district is famous, namely : " Cold Pike," " Red Pike," " Whiteless Pike " and " Pike of Stickle " and the guests were noticed to be very " Fleetwith Pike " ; then were served " Raven " and " Dove," Venison from " Martindale," " Wild Boar," " Dun Bull," " Brown Tongue " and " Leven Bread " ; the " pièce de resistance " consisted of " Stakes " from the cattle of " Oxenpark," " Oxenholme," " Oxenfell " and " Oxendale," the slogan of the feast being " Let the ' Stake Pass ' round." A magnificent

meal was concluded with "Bleaberry" Tart and fruit from "Strawberry Bank."

All honour was due to "Willie Wife" who in spite of certain "faux pas" during the day carried out the housewife's duties to perfection; as soon as a guest's plate was empty she "Broughton Moor."

It was thought that this lady had been celebrating earlier in the day because she on coming out of the "Kirk Fell" all her length over some stones which had rather carelessly been left behind by the "Druids."

The presents were of a varied character and included a "Coniston" and "Bowder Stone," a "Black Combe" with "Hogsback," a warm woollen "Ullscarf," some Ruskin pottery, "Garnett" Pendant, a handsome "Ravenglass" with Haematite back, a cheque on "Kents Bank" a "Silver How," some copperware, a "Kirkstone" beautifully set in a stone ring and some antique "Glencoyns."

At the conclusion of the feast Mr. "Harrison Stickle" M.F.H. rose to propose the health of the happy pair in his usual racey "Hunting Stile." They "Kendal" about them. He said that it was typical of the county that the proceedings had been carried out on a (S)"portingscale" and he rose to "Askam" to drink the health of the two most popular well-known members of Lakeland society. To lose them from their midst would be a "Greythwaite" on their hearts and with great regret was the "Glenridding" itself of Miss "Dolly Waggon"; but that after all this did not "Matterdole" because they "Kentmere" than anyone else that the newly wedded pair would "Ambleside" by side through life bringing credit upon the country of their birth.

Certain illbred people had endeavoured to create "Scandale" round the name of the Bridegroom by suggesting that he was a "Low Man" and had been in "Low Water," but he, Mr. "Stickle," had known Mr.

" Robinson " since he was " Buttermere " child and there wasn't an " Honister " man in the Lake District. Everybody knew his " Wordsworth." He reminded the Bride that although she would never be a " Maiden Moor " it was in her power to make this happy event a " Stepping Stone " to a fuller life and a " Great End."

Mr. " Stickle " closed amidst cheers and said he would " Eskdale " to fasten a " Boot " on the door of the carriage for luck.

The proposal was seconded by Lord " Glencoin " who, though " Seldom Seen " turned out for this very special occasion.

It was shortly after this that another unfortunate accident occurred to " Willie Wife." As is well known she is a lady of ample proportions, in fact, anyone could " Seathwaite " of " Willie Wife " ; she in a happy and playful mood, endeavoured to " Aira Force " and " Satterthwaite " on a " Great Barrow " ; this was unable to hold her great weight and she was thrown down " Underbarrow " and received a nasty " Nab Scar " " Whitbarrow" which refused to " Haverthwaite." Poor " Willie Wife " looked up with a " Wrynose " at the laughter of the people and said she wasn't very heavy and that there had been a time when she had " Meerthwaite."

Games became the order of the day, the elder guests settling down to a rubber of " Pooley Bridge," while the young folk enjoyed the local sport of " Catchedicam " round the " Haystack," " Til(lie) Berthwaite " proving very successful in the game.

The guests included many well-known Lakeland families ; the " Head " family were present, Messrs. " Guest," " Stye " and " Dale Head " being observed ; others were the Crag, Beck, Gill, Moor and Fell families. " The Brothers " were also present.

Most of the guests arrived in " Carrs " and as the roads

were greasy " Willie Wife " in her new " Uzzicar " was seen to " Skiddaw "-ll over the road.

The newly married couple drove to their residence at " Loughrigg Terrace," " High Street," " Clappersgate " amid cheering and boisterous crowds. Mrs. Arthur luckily observed " Three Shire Stones " and was in time to warn her husband saying " Look out for the Stone Arthur."

The carriage passed finally from view round a bend in the " Roman Road " leading to the new residence.

" The path was perilous, loosely strewn with crags:
We mounted slowly; yet to both there came
The joy of life in steepness overcome,
And victories of ascent, and looking down
On all that had looked down on us; and joy
In breathing nearer heaven."

TENNYSON.

A LONG WAY FROM WASDALE.

Petrogradsky pr. 142 kv. 2
Archangel, 2 Nov. 18.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Owing, I suppose, to the succession of splendid news lately, culminating in yesterday's, I am moved to write to you. We had a very nice passage, during which I made a discovery—that the misery of sea-sickness is amply compensated for by the utter delight of waking up one morning, and finding that the motion of the ship has temporarily stopped, and that one's appetite has returned. Imagine, under these empty conditions, coming up to a proper steamer breakfast, and reading the menu :—

Quaker Oats.
Kippers
Mutton Chops. Fried Potatoes
Cold Meats
Marmalade. Raspberry Jam.
Tea. Coffee.

and confidentially saying to the steward : " I say, let me have another chop before the cold meat." " Yessir. Certainlysir."

You will be amused to hear that we had a concert on board, at which one item was " Part-Songs by the Porto (name of ship) Quarto. First appearance " as the Chairman read out. And then, by request, and not at my own suggestion, I SANG A SONG !

Absolutely the first time in public, but perhaps through having for the first time in my life tried whiskey (with ginger ale to disguise its beastly taste) I tried to forget what I was doing and all was well.

On arrival, not having quarters, I lived for a few days on the steamer, taking the ferry over to the town every day. These are awful little steamers, with positively sluttish cabins, but on one occasion the captain requested the people to get below off the deck, adding casually, " Top-heavy, the other boat turned over yesterday." So little do things matter in Russia.

In the cabin I got into conversation with a Russian, who shortly informed me that he could tell I had learned my Russian

in Russia from workmen, as I had not only the real workmen's accent, but also the workmen's expressions. I felt non-plussed, as certainly my fault in Russian is the other way, too bookish, as though one were to say in English: "Had I but been aware of that, I should verily have decided to abandon my predetermination" instead of "If I had known that, I should have chucked it up." Try to think of a good reply, and later in the letter I will tell you what some good spirit put into my mind.

Archangel is a Russian town. No further description required. There are lovely dogs here—I think we call them Samoyedes, and I contemplated getting a puppy of 2 months and after training, bringing it over as a little wife for Wuff, but it is too difficult to get dogs into England and it would be heartrending to leave her here, after she got fond of me. Also, we have more than enough now. But they are beautiful, like white chows and most affectionate. I had quite a scene about a poor dog here who had been run over, broken his leg, had internal injuries, and was dying, after having lain on a little patch of grass in the rain all night. I did not know what to do. I got an officer to ask an American sentry to shoot him, but his rifle was too powerful and there was no revolver. It was a long time before anything could be done, owing to town regulations.

The other men laughed at my luggage: we took a tug from the steamer, so that my little lot was not noticed until we came to divide up on shore, when I had to get a lorry to myself, but in the actual result the laugh is on the other side, as everyone is coming to me for things. I brought 10lbs. of cocoa, so needing more jam than my weekly ration, I have been swopping with those who want cocoa badly.

While I have been ill, all the others have been awfully good in coming to see me, but after thinking it over I have come to the conclusion that it is not all personal love, but partly a kind of game. One friend came yesterday afternoon and found me killing flies (being rather fed up) with a so-called "Wasp-gun," and in the evening two others came (apparently after consultation as to what to ask for) with the request to lend them a pair of wire-cutters to mend a cigarette lighter, and they were surprised when I duly produced the wire-nippers. However, as usual I have forgotten certain things: no ruler, no matches, no top-boots, 3 fountain pens but no ink, with the result that on refilling with Russian ink, a kind of convulsion seems to have happened in the pen which now discharges a sort of grey whey containing blobs of black curd.

Well, I settled down very comfortably in the flat of one of the two families whose relations I knew previously—with a Miss Trofimov and her brother and now in addition to a complete English organization in my own room (with the exception of bath or washstand) am living the full Russian life. She is a doctor at the hospital and has her own private practice: she is an intellectual woman and we are exceedingly good friends. There is an excellent servant, who cooks splendidly, does my washing, and goes about in bare feet—of course. I have only seen and caught three bugs, which gives me an anxious life meanwhile, as they always live in pairs, so I am looking for the mate of the last one, who, poor thing, was foolhardy enough to run over my book to inspect me before bed the night before last. In my room there are lots of nimble brown beetles—quite different from our kind, and coming up from the flat below *via* my stove, they run over my table when I am dining in my room. The wasp-gun is not serviceable for them, as they spatter so, but any way they don't bite.

I was most fortunate in getting with these friends: there is a serious epidemic of Spanish influenza here, from which people are dying off like flies, as it is not the flu itself which matters, but its invariable sequel of pneumonia, which of course I had—not badly—together with everything else you can have in the chest except emphysyma. I was really bad, and for three nights was semi-delirious. Did I ever tell you of a friend of mine many years ago, who had a little weakness and unfortunately, as so often happens, combined it with unusual weakness of head (in that respect)? He told me that when he had delirium tremens, he was conscious all the time that what happened was not real: when lying in bed, there appeared a green lizard with red eyes and forty-two legs. He mentioned it with interest to his distracted sister, who was attending to him, and she said: "Oh, Charlie, don't—you're not yourself, you know," and he replied, "Why my dear, it's all right, I was always fond of animals" and he told me that the lizard was so disgusted that it changed at once into a pink rat with green eyes, and no legs at all. Similarly with me, when I put my light out at night, although I was quite myself and conscious, so that when I looked at the window I saw it with the moonlight shining through quite distinctly, when I looked away all sorts of funny things happened: the walls disappeared and I was lying in bed in a vast succession of large halls, containing museum-like furniture,

which moved about. Then strange people came in, whom I do not now remember very well, as they were misty: anyway there was one venerable gentleman with an enormous beard, who simply floated around in an aimless, Russian sort of way which annoyed me. Then my bed slid about, and so on. The fourth night (temperature having gone down) it was a perfect frost: no antique furniture, but merely leather hangings, waving about, and no people. But being conscious all the time, I really enjoyed it as a kind of Maskeylyne and Cooke on an improvised, but larger scale. However, I am quite well now, although not going out yet..

We manage splendidly with the food here. We have arranged thus: instead of living on my British army rations, as the others do, supplemented by personal local purchases at a huge cost, I put my rations into the general housekeeping, and the Trofimovs buy whatever extras are necessay: then I pay one quarter of their expenditure, deducting my own rations. So we are a very comfortable household. Prices here are unimaginable. Fancy £2 10s. per visit for a doctor, medicine 14s. 6d. per bottle, butter. £2 4s. per lb., watchglasses £1 4s. each, and of all things cigarettes —ordinary cheap American—from 2s. to 3s. *each*! Fortunately I am living on my samples which I brought after having reluctantly, with unintentional foresight, accepted the agency of a cigarette firm for after the war. Of course the above prices are the roubles taken at their normal exchange, but as the rate has risen from 10 roubles to the £ up to 45 roubles to the £, it is not so bad for people who get their money from England, butter for instance becoming then only equal to 9s. 9d. per lb., but even then it is bad enough

Well, I replied to the Russian on the ferry: "No, really? I am delighted, but surely you flatter me. I have tried so hard to acquire that difficult tone and those extraordinary idioms of the real Russian people: I feel now greatly encouraged." He was completely flabbergasted. However, I found out the reason. He told me he was an Englishman born in Russia (who, you know, are often awful wasters) and spoke English very badly, also Russian with an accent. Naturally I might have retaliated further by telling him how bad his English accent was, but I never take that line—always the opposite, i.e. "Really? But your English is absolutely perfect, just the real accent and tone of the best English people." That completely finished him.

Life is very pleasant with these little things happening. I

suppose you wouldn't call them adventures, but they are adventures to me.

I practise the viola when I am alone in the flat, with the exception of the maid, who, poor girl, seems to find it more than she can bear, as I have noticed just after I have well started she always opens tins of canned beef. This does not sound much of a revenge, but you must remember that Russians, always having lost their tin opener, or never having seen one, use a table knife and hammer, or as with us here, having lost or never had a hammer, use a pestle, which being made of gun-metal and small and round, misses the knife *nearly* every time and comes down on the tin or table with a loud thwack. They look on my own tin opener as something not quite moral: they have a feeling of sorcery, or trifling with natural forces about it, just as our own common people disapproved of locomotives, matches, and lightning-conductors. You may have heard that with regard to the latter there were actual riots. Then there was the feeling against life insurance, and anaesthetics, not to speak of flying and the equality of women—and Halliday's methods of business, until he got on his own. So there is nothing strange about the tin-opening.

Incidentally the doctor won't allow me to wash all over yet. I am obliged to assent, as it may be for medical reasons, but in view of the regular Russian washstand and the time they occupy in dressing, I strongly suspect it is merely the tin-opener again.

The girl has just come in with my week's rations. Owing to a further swop of cocoa, there is going to be rice and jam. Last week it was porridge and sugar, which I prevailed on her to cook in this way instead of with oil and salt, which always seems so slimy. She is very adaptable. There is a little bird here known as rabchick, which must have been created specially for the table, as it is simply all breast, and tastes like turkey, only nicer. You have it with stewed cranberries, and it is simply splendid. I feel sorry I had so many while ill, as now my first enthusiasm has abated.

This letter is all about myself, but what can I do about it? I don't know when I shall be able to leave. I mustn't go out for a few days: then there is to find a steamer. By the way, I firmly believe that my illness was aggravated by a shock I received. When not feeling well I opened one of my large trunks, and found that a tin of cocoa had come apart and the cocoa had made excursions all over the trunk. You never saw such a mess:

brown collars, brown shirts, brown trousers—everything matched beautifully. However, when I was better I picked out all the articles, and then scooped up the cocoa, which does nicely for swopping. It is QUITE all right, except for a slight admixture of naphthaline, which I put all over the trunk to keep out moth, but I don't suppose you notice the flavour unless you are told, or it may be put down to the Archangel water. I suppose the effect is a kind of Hunyadi-Janos cocoa.

Yours sincerely,

L. HALLIDAY.

" For oh, is it you, is it you,
Moonlight, and shadow, and lake,
And mountains that fill us with joy,
Or the poet who sings you so well? "

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

CHARMER 1911.

By J. P. ROGERS.

When the mist is low down on the hills, the comparative stranger to Dow Crags, making his way there, may have difficulty is sticking to the trail. Especially is this true just where the trail winds below the Powder Magazine on the west flank of the Old Man.

Once off the trail, the stranger is nearly sure to follow the line of least resistance, until he comes to the escarpment running across the valley and forming the natural dam for Goats Water. This he will skirt until he can hear Torvor Beck running beneath his feet (the stream from Goats Water runs below the surface for its first few hundred feet) then he will continue along its course.

Just about here, he may observe, despite the limiting effect on his vision, of the mist, a long roughly rectangular stone, stuck endways in the earth, and on closer examination he will find on the stone a roughly cut inscription "CHARMER 1911."

Presuming he is possessed of a fairly lively imagination, and that from his own experience, either climbing, walking, or fox-hunting in the fells, exciting incidents are recalled by even more insignificant landmarks than this, he will naturally wonder what this stone indicates.

As he wanders along he may recall the yarns told on the last occasion when a number of the fraternity were gathered together and the conditions were propitious.

. . . . . "the blizzard caught us with full force on the ridge just at dark . . . . . eyelids on the windward side froze together . . . . .

. . . . . we got in about 10 o'clock dead beat, togs all frozen stiff."

"Twice that week-end we had to find our way off Dow Crags in the dark . . . . . yes, we struck matches . . . . . got in about midnight.

"He fell 100 feet and the rope held . . . . . a miracle you say? So we thought . . . . . he walked about two weeks later."

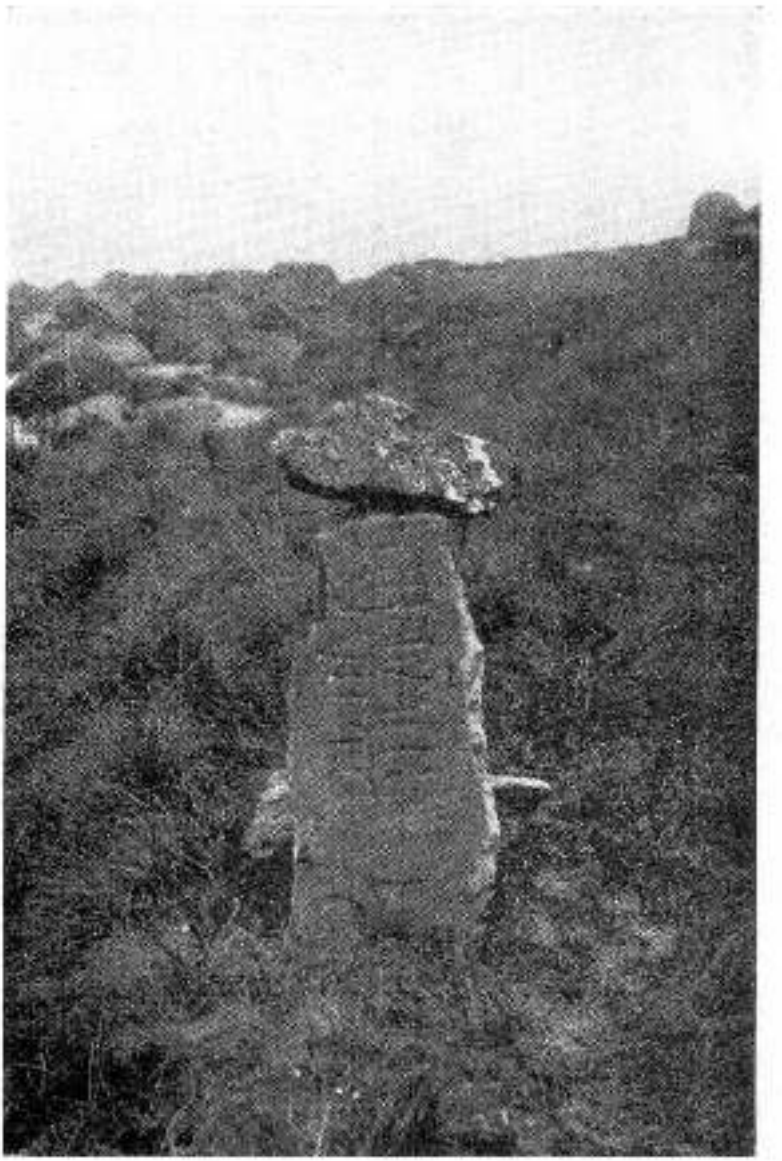
"With the belay a 100 feet away on his left . . . . . there he was clinging to the rock with his left hand, small footholds too, while with his right hand he held the full grown sheep by a back leg, head downwards in space . . . . . yes, we expected him to have to let go . . . . . oh! no, the sheep, not the rock . . . . . about 170 to 200 feet sheer was the drop."

"Just as the last man of our party cleared the top pitch, from high up on the right wall of the gully fell a mass of rocks . . . . the other party took cover, not that there was much to take . . . . . not a touch . . . . we were far more scared . . . . yes, there was a girl in party . . . . . not a bit . . . . . said she thought of stopping one of the pieces with her hand, as it hummed past."

"That new climb you recommended nearly did us in . . . . . as the leader came off and swung pendulum-wise across the face, the big belay started to move . . . . . George actually held it . . . . . a strong man? you bet . . . . . until the leader regained what shelter there was below . . . . . no one touched . . . . . not again thanks."

With his curiosity aroused, and anticipating hearing an account of some "hairy" experience our friend may ask one of the men who frequent the district, its meaning. If he should ask the right man, he will hear something like this:—

"You see 'Charmer' was a foxhound, one of the Coniston Pack, reared at High Yewdale Farm and sister to 'Chanter' (now also gone) reared at the Old



Photo, by *H. F. Huntley.*

STONE ON DOE CRAG BEARING THE INSCRIPTION "CHARMER 1911."

Hall Farm. On March the 23rd, 1911 the Coniston Pack were hunting in the district and the fox took refuge in Dow Crags—the foxes about here have a habit of doing that—and the hounds followed in.

Several of the hounds including 'Charmer' became 'cragfast' and had to be rescued by the followers of the hunt.

Hunting was resumed and later in the day when the pack were being taken down to the temporary kennels in Coniston, 'Charmer' was missing. No anxiety was felt as it was thought the hound had gone to pay a visit to her home-farm.

Early on the following Sunday morning, a shepherd, looking over sheep on the slopes of the Old Man, heard a hound baying on Dow Crags, and later in the day carried the news down to the village. A rescue party was immediately formed amongst the quarrymen, who know where to lay hands on the necessary ropes, chains, etc., and a start was made from the village.

Now you'll remember Parker, T. H. G. of that ilk, now a Captain R.E.? Yes, that's the man. He had been the round of the climbing crowd in Barrow, trying to persuade some one to accompany him climbing, and having failed, that morning took train to Torvor, alone. From there he made his way to Goats Water, where he heard the hound baying. Having located Charmer (she was on the upper traverse of the Gordon and Craig route "A" Buttress) he determined to rescue her, and set off up the scree to the foot of the Crags.

Being a climber, and not having taken part in any similar work, he did not know the danger of a single-handed attempt (or if he did, accepted it), or that, where possible, it is policy to approach from above—on account of alarming or exciting the animal.

'Charmer' had evidently seen him approaching up

the scree as she became greatly excited and commenced frisking about on her ledge.

This was disastrous, because just as P. arrived about the foot of Great Gully poor 'Charmer' missed her footing on the ledge, turned a couple of somersaults in the air and landed almost at P's. feet—dead.

Yes, old P. was upset—he is rather keen on dogs. He told me the neck and one canine tooth only were broken.

P. went on his way and when the dalesmen arrived on the scene, there was nothing to do but bury her, and they had no idea P. had been there before them. That is her grave stone you saw, put there by the dalesmen.

Now, a few days afterwards appeared a paragraph in the *Manchester Guardian* headed 'Suicide of a hound in Lakeland' and which stated the hound, driven desperate by hunger and thirst had jumped from the crag— but you don't find dogs doing that sort of thing—its not natural.

What took her into the Crag the second time?

She was what the dalesman calls a 'reet savage 'un, which means that when hunting she was as keen as mustard on the scent and out for blood (fox's) so she may have gone back on the old trail. Those dalesmen with whom I have discussed the matter are certain she put up another fox and ran it into the Crag on her own."

A NOTE ON THE NAME GLYDER.

By W. P. HASKETT-SMITH.

The late Mr. Archer Thomson stoutly maintained the English origin of this word and supported his contention by a variety of arguments. His first was that it could not be Welsh because people speak of the "The Glyders" and he considered that the use of the English article and plural termination shewed an English origin. If there were any force in this contention it would equally prove, not only that "the Carnedds," the "Arans," "the [illegible]als" are not Welsh, but also that "The Lofotens," "The Alps," "The Pyrenees," "The Balkans" and "The Himalayas" are all really English words.

Secondly he says that the word yields no meaning in Welsh. Assuming for a moment that this is true, it is by no means conclusive. Two or three centuries ago Edward Llwyd, one of the acutest and most scholarly of Welsh philologists, called attention to the fact that many of the names round Snowdon are almost inexplicable and he evidently saw the possibility that they were the last relics of a race which held the country before the coming of the Welsh. Just as the ruggedness of Wales enabled the Celts to maintain themselves there against the pressure of the advancing Saxons, so the most rugged parts of Wales itself may have afforded a refuge to the Aborigines and enabled them, perhaps for a considerable number of years, to resist the encroachment of the Welsh. Glyder therefore is not necessarily English, even if it could be proved not to be ordinary Welsh.

The confident belief that every name must yield an obvious meaning, though better founded in Wales because

of the wonderful gift of the Celts for happily and concisely describing natural features, lies at the root of some of the worst etymologies in the world. One of the few names in Snowdonia which does seem to give a clear meaning is that by which the mountain is best known to the Welsh, Eryri. Yet there is a possibility that even this may not be exactly what it seems. In early times the word is used to describe something much less definite than a single peak, in fact a region of considerable extent, Snowdonia rather than Snowdon. Indeed we seem to recognise this very word in the name which the Romans gave to the camp which they established near Trawsfynydd on the southern fringe of the group, Mons Heriri. By "mons" they often meant, not so much what we call a mountain, as a hilly and rugged district. Many of the names now borne by well-known Alpine peaks have gone through the same stages and were at one time much less definite than they now are. From these facts arises the interesting question whether Eryri itself may not be Pre-Welsh and possibly even embalm the name of that earlier race.

Returning to "Glyder," it will at once strike everyone as extremely improbable that "glidder," a rare provincialism, not current nearer than Devon on one side and remote Northumberland on the other, should suddenly crop up in an intensely Celtic district and Thomson, evidently feeling the difficulty, ends up with the curious hypothesis that the mountain really had a Welsh name something like "Lidr" and that an English surveyor was set to map it who happened to be familiar with the dialect word. This would indeed have been a strange coincidence, yet in support of it, as it happens, he might have advanced the fact that in the same group is a peak called Elidr, which, by the way, many of the natives pronounce without the first letter, so that it sounds practically the same as "leader." It might plausibly

be urged that the dwellers in Nant Ffrancon gave that name to the whole mass and that it has survived in these two summits. It is still regarded by them as the spot where their bad weather is brewed and might well be called a " place of strife."

However these are but speculations and it would be wise not to resort to them until all other means fail and until we are convinced that the word is impossible in or near its present form. That it is not impossible is sufficiently proved by the fact that it is found in other parts of the same country. For instance, about four miles south-west of Welshpool, surrounded by such uncompromising Celtic names as Pant-y-ffridd, Felindre, Brithdir, Wern-llwyd and Trefnant, we have Glydyr-glide. Again on the north side of Cwm Eigiau there is a grassy col which could not have anything to do with screes or " glidders," and it is called Gledr Ffordd. In fact Gledr is only a form of Cledr which is applied to anything flat (a level road—the flat breastbone—flat pieces of wood used for roofing or fencing) and in contrast with the sharp ridges of Snowdon this group might well be described as " The Great Plateau." In the remoter parts with which climbers are less familiar it is quite probable that similiar instances might be found; but these are sufficient to shew that it is unnecessary to postulate any attempt on the part of the Ordnance Surveyors to plant English names among the Welsh mountains. On the contrary, it must be admitted that they discharged a difficult task with extreme care and a remarkable measure of success. They must have taken very great pains to procure the best local information and to check it in every way; but their informants were of course not always accurate and naturally a few mistakes were made; it is wonderful that they were not more numerous. Harry Owen of Pen-y-gwryd used to say that the rocks along the east side of Llyn Cowlyd were

wrongly called Creigiau Gleision. Whether or no Thomson ever heard him say so and thought it a pity that such a sonorous name should go begging I cannot tell; but when he boldly transplanted the name to some rocks which he discovered on the other side of Nant Ffrancon many people thought that he (and the name) were going rather too far. Again, when he found on the O.S. map the fine name of Craig yr Ysfa given to some rather crumbling rocks overlooking Nant Ffrancon, while on the east side of the same mountain a superb cliff had no name at all, he light-heartedly assumed another slip of the surveyors and shifted the name over to the other side of the hill.

Having been myself the first person to notice these grand rocks and having found in him the first to trust my recommendation, I am delighted that they should have a name and that he should give it; but feel, with regard to both this and "Glyder" that, if we have to choose between him and the O.S. men, they were a century nearer to the truth and therefore much more likely to be right.

W.P.H-S.

THE WAR MEMORIAL

A Mountaineer to those that expressed anxiety lest he might have died in vain.

I changed my ice-axe for the bayonet,
Forsook the rocks and snow for Flanders mud
Remembering England, yet could not forget
The peace before the coming of the flood.
Make not my death the cause of further strife :
Peace I love dead no less than during life. Anon.

We print elsewhere a letter from Mr. T. C. Ormiston-Chant containing interesting and valuable suggestions as to the form which the proposed memorial to the members of the Club who fell in the war should take. In commending this to the careful attention of members, it may be of some service to narrate shortly the events which immediately led up to it.

The question of a memorial had received much attention before it was discussed by the committee during the Buttermere meet, New Year, 1919. The suggestion which received favour was one contemplating the erection of shelters or " dugouts "—as they were termed—at the foot of each of the principal crags. This proposal which was accepted by the committee was never worked out in detail, nor was any decision ever come to regarding the precise form which the shelters should take.

Thereafter arose a storm which, regrettable as it may from some points of view be considered, must on the whole be held valuable, proving as it did the keen and vigilant love of members and others for the natural beauties of the district. This very considerable volume of protest took the form partly of letters to the Man-

chester Guardian, and partly of letters to the Honorary Secretary—the number of the latter still make him dream o' nights.

The chief objection raised was to an anticipated unsightliness in the form of the shelters which it was commonly thought were to crown the summits of our mountains. It was in fact intended that the shelters should be placed in each case at the foot of the crag, and as they were intended to take the form of unobstrusive "dugouts" it is not easy to see how they could have become unsightly excrescenses.

It is only fair to say that a number of letters were received in support of the scheme, but as the weight of opinion was undoubtedly against it the committee at a meeting held at Coniston in February decided to take no further action but refer the whole matter to the next Annual General Meeting.

In addition to this and Mr. Chant's scheme several other suggestions have been made, the more important of which it may be useful to mention. Perhaps the most attractive of these is the proposal to establish either by building or by purchasing a suitable building, permanent headquarters for the Club—the locality most favoured for this project is Coniston, owing to its better accessibility. An analogous proposal is that to establish a permanent Club Room at Wasdale Head. More simple is the suggestion that the names of the fallen should be carved on the living rock on one of those crags which in life they loved so well. Finally must be mentioned the ambitious but in some ways alluring proposal that the Club should purchase a crag, and place it in the care of the National Trust—a memorial to last as long as the everlasting hills.

R.S.T.C.

[It should be noted that the above account is purely

personal, and in no sense that of the Committee. The Editor was not present at either of the Committee Meetings referred to, and is himself not in favour of the original scheme. He feels, however, that in view of the misunderstanding which occurred it is right that some account of that scheme and what happened in regard to it should be given.]

FROM
MEMORIES OF HON. STEPHEN COLERIDGE.

"The harbour of Rio Janeiro, which we reached on the 7th of May, 1879, at 1-30 p.m., is one of the wonders of the world; you enter a narrow strait, marked miles away by a towering conical mountain, and discover a glorious island sea, surrounded on every side by abrupt and precipitous mountains, many of them with the most fantastic outlines, reaching twenty-five miles inland and many miles wide. I should imagine that all the fleets of the world might anchor there in safety.

In the early seventies a couple of English blue-jackets in search of adventure, climbed to the top of the pillar mountain that guards the entrance, hauled after them a flag-staff and a Union Jack, set up the pole on the summit and unfurled the flag to the breeze.

The astounded and indignant Brazilians awoke one morning to find this alien bunting flying over their territory from its most conspicuous eminence. Protests were lodged with the English Minister, who with the utmost politeness apologized for the thoughtless escapade of some entirely unknown person or persons who it seemed might probably be British subjects, and gravely told the Brazilian Government that of course he would have no possible objection to the prompt removal of the flag and pole. The Emperor, however, could find no subject in all his wide Empire who would volunteer to make the ascent to the summit of the pillar mountain, which had always been recognised as quite unassailable. In this embarrassing dilemma, the Brazilian Government determined to knock over the staff and flag by shooting at

it. The Brazilian fleet was ordered to shoot the offending pole off the top of the mountain, but whether it was that they could not train their guns to the required angle of elevation, or that the target was too narrow for a successful shot, the flag remained braving the battle and the breeze till it rotted away."

IN MEMORIAM.

Major Eric B. Lees.

We regret that in the last issue of the *Journal* there appeared in the list of those on active service the name of Major E. B. Lees. Unhappily we have to state that Major Lees was killed in action on July 31st, 1918.

Major Lees was elected a member of the Club in November, 1908, and was accordingly among our oldest members. He was well known in the Lunesdale district, living at Thurland Castle, Kirkby Lonsdale, and was highly respected in those parts, taking a keen interest in the welfare of his tenantry, and in the public life of the district.

He had held a commision in the Cumberland and Westmorland Yeomanry since 1909, and was mobilised at the outbreak of war. After a long spell of active service he was invalided home with heart trouble, after which he was for some considerable time in command at the Curragh. Early in July he received orders once more to proceed to the western front, and had only been drafted out some three weeks when he bravely met his death.

Major Lees is the last member of the Club who is known to have fallen in action, and in paying this brief tribute to his memory we cannot but recall those of his comrades who also made the great sacrifice. They found strength in the hills, and breathed in the freedom of the winds. They gave freely of their strength for Honour, and to save for others that Freedom which they loved so well. Their memory will always be held in reverence among those who dwell in the shadow of the mountains, and they will find an eternal monument among the everlasting hills.

A DAY ON HELVELLYN.

By R. H. C. WEEKS.

In the winter of 1916, two climbing friends of mine had come over Striding Edge and Helvellyn from Patterdale to Grasmere under what they called "ideal" conditions, that is, ice and snow. They had talked a good deal about the exciting incidents of the journey, and last winter when the suggestion to try it, starting from the Grasmere side, was placed before a novice and myself, we jumped at the idea.

During the week ending March 22nd, news had come in that there were 18 inches of snow on the Lakeland roads and that the hills were deeply covered, so that the conditions promised well.

As all the climbing impedimenta was at Coniston, J.P.R. and myself, after the usual "Are you taking a collar?" "Your turn for the hair brushes" etc., made our way there by train on Saturday March 21st. We left again for Grasmere at 6 p.m., clothed in the customary semi-rags and well loaded up with ice-axes and ropes, and accompanied by the former's dog.

It was a delightful evening—calm, moonless, starlit—with no sound but the crunch of our nailed boots on the frozen snow beyond Oxenfell; the plough having cleared the roads as far as there.

We succeeded in reaching our destination via the Fool Step in 2¾ hours—which we thought was not bad time considering that we had partaken of a typical Parkgate repast before leaving. The others, who motored up, were fortunately comparatively decently clothed, so that we acquired rooms at the hotel without much difficulty.

We again indulged our appetites, talked about nothing in particular, retired early and awakened at 8 to find the morning brilliantly fine. We really had intended an early (?) start, but the proprietor's staff found it inconvenient to make breakfast before they were up, as it were: so that we were unavoidably detained until 10 o'clock. We set off up Grisedale Pass with the rope and ice-axes, and sweaters were removed by the time we arrived at the small, railed in artificial tarn. The going was excellent, and although the snow was deep in places, it was sufficiently hard to bear the lighter members of the party, but scarcely suited to the "heavy weight" who looked lost without his four-legged friend whom he had perforce to leave behind in a stable masticating his customary weekly biscuit—the rope was enough for four only.

The top of the Pass was reached in fairly good time and we spent five minutes shouting and cooing to four apparent figures in the distance on a crag—true they had'nt moved for quite a time—evidently a difficult pitch!; but we ultimately discovered, by means of a pair of field glasses, that the figures were really patches of rock, which the snow had left uncovered, whereby we wasted much lung-power and had our legs very severely pulled.

Lunch was taken in a delightful spot by a stream which we found accidentally on crossing a snow bridge, and, after one or two beautiful cooling glissades, we continued the traverse from Grisedale Tarn at the foot of the Crags on Dolly-Waggon Pike. Rounding the second peninsular of rock, we held a conference and unanimously decided that the edge was too far distant to do it comfortably in the time at our disposal, and that the ascent of the arête to our left would be the best thing to attempt. After another hour's really strenuous work, during which time the sun was exceedingly hot and the passage through

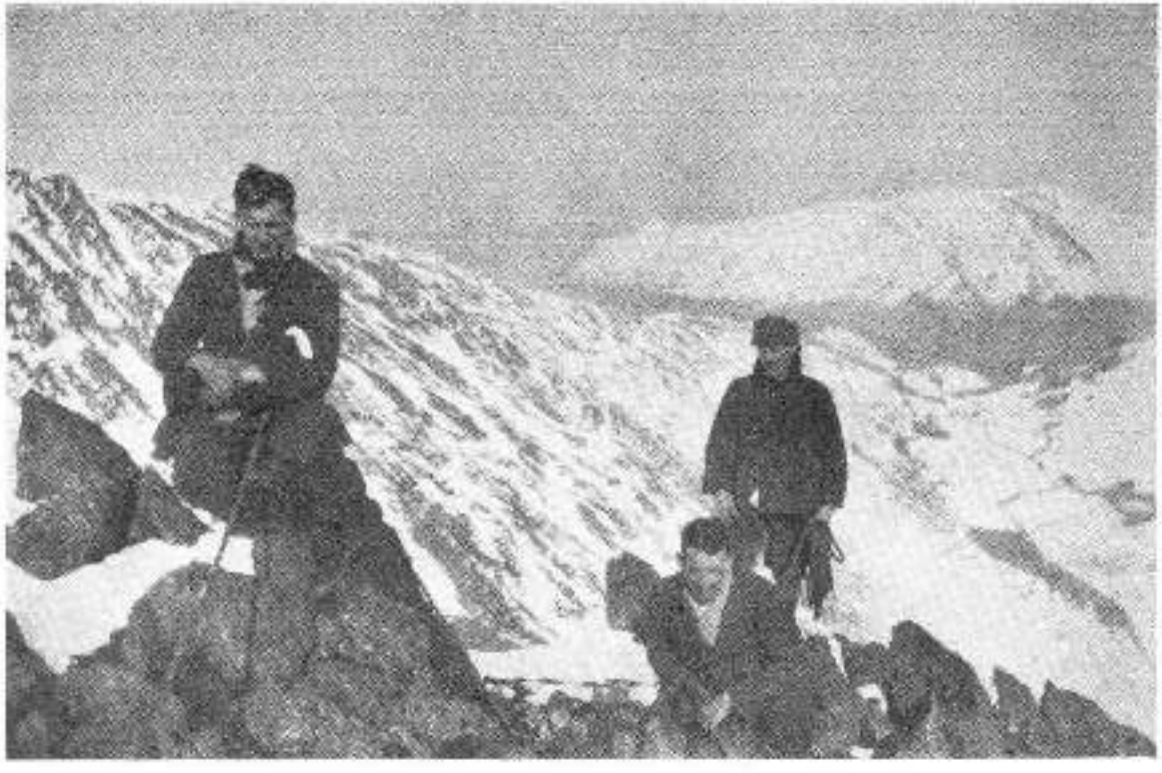


Photo. by *F. G. Milligan.*

THE ASCENT OF HELVELLYN FROM GRISEDALE PASS. LOOKING TOWARDS ULLSWATER.

the snow (which in places was 3 feet deep) very laborious, we reached the snow covered crag and roped up with W.G.M. in front and the novice third.

We did'nt have much trouble, in fact the leader growled semi-audibly: "Disappointed with this, Tom—like going upstairs." "Glad to hear it," said No. 3, who had spent several years unhappily in Austria. "No sense in this business, safer to be a prisoner."

After taking one or two photographs, and giving vent to a few utterances about a fine route for Bower & Co., we reached the summit of Helvellyn. What a sight we beheld! What cornices! It would take a Ruskin to describe the scene before us, snow-covered Lakeland glittering in the summer-like sun, shining from a cloudless sky—the Langdale Pikes, Bowfell, Buttermere Hills, Skiddaw, Saddle-back and behind us High Street were all exceptionally distinct in the beautifully clear atmosphere.

It was with feelings of deep regret that we found it impossible to stop till dark to admire the wonderful views around us, but rejoiced to think that we had been so fortunate in our choice of the day. After "snapping" a cornice view, we tumbled and rolled down the slopes to the top of Dunmail Raise, seeing a good specimen of a fox disappear over Dolly-Waggon Pike on the way.

We did'nt take long to reach the Hotel again and as usual the half-dozen cups of tea each were very enjoyable. After making ourselves look fairly respectable, the four of us and the dog hopped into the two-seater and in what seemed like five minutes J.P.R. and myself were sitting in the refreshing atmosphere of a compartment on the Coniston-Barrow train. If flying gives sensations like that motor ride gave to us who were not driving, we are sure we should not like it.

Nothing much was said on the journey down. We were far too full of our thoughts and experiences for

talking, but were deeply satisfied with our venture and felt repaid for the strenuous time we had had. Like the Village Blacksmith we knew that "Something attempted —something done" had earned a night's repose.

CLIMBS OLD AND NEW.

Somebody remarked quite a long time ago that the rock-climbing capabilities of the Lake District were exhausted—a wise fellow who no doubt thought it was safe to prophesy on those lines. Well, we have learned something about prophets during the War, and shall be sceptical about their efforts for a long time. There are then still more new climbs to describe. 1918 must indeed be considered quite a prolific year. Perhaps the consciousness of victory was already pervading the Fells.

Two of the best of the new climbs—hailing from the Coniston district—have already been described (see *Journal* No. 11), so that we feel justified in stealing the two new Levers Water climbs out of 1919 in order to balance: on the principle that two wrongs can always be made to make a right.

Coniston: Lower Howe Crag. These are formed by an outcrop of sound rock at about 1,875 feet (foot of crag) at the head of the north end of the small valley in which is Levers Water. It is necessary to say that, in places, especially near the top of the crags, limestone is found adhering to the harder rock.

To the west, the crags are broken up into short indefinite pitches, but the southern face is a slab some 100 feet in width and 130 feet in height, flanked on the east by a diverting Arête (The Sunshine). To the east of the Arête, the crags again become indefinite from a climbing point of view.

The crags can be reached (leisurely pace) in 1¼ hours from Coniston Station; the return journey takes about an hour. The foot of the Crag is 470 yards north-west of the point where Cove Beck runs into Levers Water.

Sunshine Arête. First ascent May 11th, 1919.—G. S. Bower (leader); W. J. Borrowman, T. C. Ormiston-Chant.

The foot is a pulpit of rock about 15 feet high, taken either by easy rocks to left or harder crack on right.

The first pitch slopes up an interesting slab to the right onto the edge of the Arête itself. Here a stance gives a rest before climbing Arête to a good belay and ledge for two. The pitch is 25 feet in height from top of pulpit.

The second pitch is an ascent of the face on the right of the Arête. It is about 20 feet high and the most difficult part of the climb, which is not severe.

From a belay at this point the leader may prefer to run out 80 feet of rope up easy rock to the finish at a heather and bilberry terrace referred to in the account (following this) of Thunder Slab.

There is naturally a considerable quantity of small loose rock near parts of the climb, although the climb itself is on sound rock.

Thunder Slab. First ascent May 11th, 1919.—G. S., Bower (leader); W. J. Borrowman, T. C. Ormiston-Chant.

In the following account, all altitudes are taken with the top of the pulpit (referred to in the account of Sunshine Arête) as datum. A start can be made from the foot of the slabs, however, and would be of medium difficulty.

Traverse 12 feet to the left from the pulpit and grassy chimney formed between the slabs and the (Sunshine) Arête.

A difficult scoop slopes slightly to the left to a heather tuft 20 feet above the traverse.

From a direct ascent for a few feet, the route changes to a delicate upward traverse to the right to a small ledge 40 feet above the pulpit. At this point is a belay

SUNSHINE ARÊTE.

Leader is at first ledge at top of first pitch. Second man at first belay place.

SUNSHINE ARÊTE.

Head of leader (almost obscured by balaclava) just above shadow of overhanging slab. He is on the South face of the second pitch between the ridges. Second man standing on the first resting place near top of first pitch.

THUNDER SLAB.

Top of Black Mass Route is seen in the foreground on level with figure. Figure is at the top of the traverse on Thunder Slab.

THUNDER SLAB.

Figure is at the top of the first easier portion above the scoop. Upper part of Sunshine Arête in the background.

holds. The necessary handholds are quite obvious. There has been a big fall of rock since the war, which may have altered the climb.

It appears almost necessary to remove one's boots for the first pitch, and probably it would not " go " in anything but fine weather.

(The party on this climb consisted of Messrs. Wilson, Basterfield and Jackson. We presume this was not the West Wall Route ?—EDITOR.)

Doe Crag: B Buttress. Variation of Abraham's Route. A slight but useful variation of the " conspicuous, black-looking hollow," where Woodhouse's route is crossed. Instead of traverse off to the left from under the overhanging rock, a diagonal movement to the left brings one to the foot of a fine 50 feet slab on which we could find no trace of previous ascents. This offered a delightful and somewhat easier variation of the direct Abraham Route (but harder than the traverse to the left). It should be useful to a leader of moderate capacity.

H.R.C.C.

Doe Crag: Easter Gully. The Cave Pitch has been flooded with debris owing to the fall of the large boulder which was insecurely jammed between the south wall of the gully and the upper stone of the pitch. The boulder came away with a single blow of a small boulder. Unfortunately some of the holds have been damaged by direct hits, and until the extent of the damage is known this warning may be useful.

T.C.O.C. 24/7/18.

Doe Crag: Black Chimney. One of the holds on the right wall of the top pitch (on the same level as the top chock-stone) is loose. It used to be convenient for those who prefer working on to the right

wall instead of keeping close to the chock-stone. Perhaps some persevering member would try to remove it.

T.C.O.C.

Boulder Valley. Puddingstone. There is an article by J. P. Rogers on this interesting problem in *Journal* No. 10. Some new ascents were carried out by the President's party in August, 1918. We are inclined to suspect that these climbs were carried out by unroped individuals, and if that were so we are much grieved that the President should have lent his support to such practises. The scoop formerly described as unclimbed has now been christened Bower's Scoop—apparently in honour of its first conqueror. It is stated to be just possible in boots, but the temptation to use the holds on the left hand arête should be avoided.

The north-west corner is named Murray's corner, and that at the north-east, "Multum in Parvo"—both these are severe, as also are the face climbs on the east, named Wilson's and Whinnerah's Climbs. These last two overhang.

Boulder Valley: Inaccessible Boulder. Two new routes have been climbed on this crag which will soon find it difficult to live up to its name. Wilson's Climb is at the north-west corner, and quick movement is advisable. "Grasp the crack with the right fingers; heave up by jumping, with the left palm exerting a pressure on the obvious corner knob. Then unless the left hand is immediately traversed rapidly up the crack to a good hold, come down and try again." There is another new route to the west of the north-east corner, which is only feasible in stockings or rubbers. T.C.O.C.

Doe Crag: Central Chimney. On November 3rd, 1918, G. S. Bower and the late W. Whinnerah accomplished what is believed to be the first descent of this climb; Whinnerah was last man.

Buttermere. "Mr. Edmondson tells me that his father used to call the point just to the left of Red Pike and up which a little gully runs, "White Pike." R.W.H.

Birkness Combe: Slab Climb. "A large detached block with a loose block on top can be climbed up the north-west corner. There is a ten-foot loose pillar, then the real difficulty is reached. The feet are placed flat on the main block, and the body is held in position by side grips on a flake of rock running upwards. It is necessary to progress in this position for two feet when a good hand-hold can be reached. From here the hand-holds are good, but there is a struggle before foot-holds are reached. It is advisable to have a rope from above.

Directly above the Slab Climb an arête runs up to the top of the ridge. The climb is started at the lowest point and proceeds upwards for fifty feet to a good platform. The next pitch of about twenty feet goes up to another platform, and a movement is then made to the left of the arête. Up to this point the climb is difficult.

From the second platform the arête can be followed or a variation made by traversing to the left. The next fifteen feet of the arête should be classed exceptionally severe, the holds being very minute and the position exposed. Above this the holds to the top are good.

The variation starts from the second platform and traverses directly to the left until a groove is reached. Ascend the groove for five feet, and then use the fine arête on the left wall. After which finish up the groove.

We were under the impression that we had made a new climb, as no signs of scratches were seen or cairns, but we since learn that Mr. Bicknell and others have covered this route.

Both Slab Climb and Arête are very enjoyable, and

combined make a good long route, with the rock good and firm."

(This climb would appear to be different from the slab climb described by H. P. Cain in No. 7 of the *Journal*, yet they must be very near each other. With regard to the difficulty we are inclined to think that this has been a trifle over-estimated—a good fault with new climbs—we climbed the exposed arête on a wet and windy day (with a rope from above) and are disposed to regard it as some distance short of exceptionally severe.—EDITOR).

Chapel Crag: Central Chimney. This climb is referred to in the article on the Buttermere Climbs in *Journal* No. 5. The following somewhat fuller description is taken from an entry by Messrs Burker and Gaskin in the Club Book.

There are two pitches. The first is easy. Keep the back to the left wall facing inwards; there are holds for both hands and feet on the north wall. The second pitch, some thirty feet in height, is difficult. The climbing is on the left wall, except for two footholds on the right wall about half way up. Start on the left wall for about six feet, then step across the chimney with the left foot, and carry the right foot up and out to a flat hold in a little recess. Step up again on the right wall with the left foot, and then straighten up on the right foot and grasp a good handhold on the little pinnacle above the head with both hands. Then draw the body on to the square platform forming a recess on the left wall. Two footholds in a crack to the right of the pinnacle, and a good handhold above make it easy to step upwards."

Langdale. August, 1918. "Mr. and Mrs. Slingsby arrived in perfect weather. Most becks nearly dry. Took many fell walks thus renewing acquaintance with old mountain scenes. Much struck with the ease of the excellent mountain path up to

Harrison Stickle, also with wind vagaries on the Stake, sometimes ahead and sometimes behind, but always with rain. On the 8th with Mr. Joseland, A.C., Mr. Slingsby explored the ghyll by a "baby Harrison's Stickle" and descended another, as well as climbing some of the peaklets between here and Blind Tarn; these ascents were not heroic but good exercise.

Mr. Joseland led the Rev. Cyril Walker and the writer one lovely hot day up Great Gully on Pavey Ark. The writer who had made the second ascent many years ago and several other ascents—but none for a score of years—noticed many changes, especially at the first pitch. The "Brant and Slape Slabs" above also seemed enormously to have increased their approximation to perpendicularity."

W. C. SLINGSBY.

Gimmer Crag: Wilson's Climb. This route which has also been called the C Route was climbed for the first time on August 3rd, 1918, by a party consisting of Messrs. Wilson (leader), Jackson and Brundritt. Wilson first climbed the top portion from "the Lion's Crawl" on a rope, the lower part was done direct. The climb was done in slippers on a warm dry day.

Starting from the centre of Thompson's Ledge the route followed a twenty foot crack. Then about twenty feet of slabs to a ledge overlooking the Gangway and Amen Corner. From there it bears to the left and up to a good belay on "the Lion's Crawl," a sixty feet runout from the start. An overhang can be seen about thirty feet directly above. The route goes straight up slabs to holds directly underneath the overhang. The last ten feet up to here has very few grips, and these on a slight crack. The belay is to the left about fifteen feet away at the top of Lichen Chimney.

The leader then returns to the top of the overhang, on the right of which is a loose flake. From the top of

this the nose is followed to the summit. The final get-out is very delicate, as flat grips are only to be found. A small cairn has been built at the finish—between A and B routes.

The climb is more difficult than either A or B Route, and is continually exposed.

Gladstone Knott: No. Two Chimney. What is believed to be a first ascent of this chimney was made by Mr. H. M. Kelly on October 2nd, 1917. It is situated about fifty feet to the right of Gladstone Knott Chimney—described in *Journal* No. 7—and presents the appearance of a black vertical chasm about ninety feet high. It is divided into three pitches. The first pitch about twenty-five feet in height is up some jammed boulders; ledges on each side can be used. A large recess is then reached.

The next pitch is about forty-five feet in height, and is very difficult: the rock is wet and slimy, and some of the holds are not to be trusted. It is ascended by backing and bridging: in some places the distance between the walls is considerable, and the whole place requires great care and skill. The third pitch is short and does not call for special description.

The climb is very interesting, unfortunately the rock is very wet throughout, even when the weather has been fine for some days. Unlike the original Gladstone Knott Chimney it is practically free from vegetation.

A.R.T.

Innominate Crack: Kern Knotts. Extract from the Borrowdale Book. "At the top of Kern Knotts Crack, Bower and Martin lowered Masson down the Chimney. He then walked round and with the safeguard of a rope from above climbed the face to the right of the Crack by means of a small indefinite crack about twelve feet to the right of Kern Knotts Crack. At

the commencement one or two good holds are encountered, but they become very small and unsatisfactory. A sentry box was entered about sixty feet from the start. The most difficult part is immediately below the sentry box, and it is almost essential to use a turf pullup finally.

It can only be justifiable to lead this climb with a rope from above."

A note by C. F. Holland is to the effect that the late S. W. Herford who is believed to have been the first to ascend this climb also held it to be unjustifiable without a rope from above.

Gable Crag: Central Gulley. In April, 1918, Dr. T. R. Burnett climbing in Central Gully was forced out to the right and found a route leading out through a gap (just above a cleft on the left with two chock stones). In front of this there is a striking pinnacle separated from the main rock by a cleft some fourteen inches wide. He climbed this and regained the mountain from its summit, whence it was possible to ascend to a point just below the Smuggler's Cave.

Gimmer Crag: New Traverse. From Big Gully it is possible to traverse on to the main crag at a point just under a prominent overhang, slightly below the level of Amen Corner. There are two routes: the first which is severe keeps immediately below the overhang, the other goes along indefinite ledges a few feet below and then climbs up to rejoin the first just before it crosses the Gimmer Chimney route. A few yards further along the ledge, which is in reality a continuation of Thompson's Ledge, but before reaching Amen Corner it is possible to make a difficult and somewhat exposed traverse to the left up some slabs, where the holds are small and wide apart. This brings one out just at the beginning of the Gangway, after which the climb continues up the ordinary B. route.

(It is not known how far this variation of the B route is original; we climbed it at the end of June, 1918. The President informs us however, that his party led by Mr. H. M. Kelly climbed the traverse as far as Gimmer Chimney some weeks previously.—EDITOR.)

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CLUB.

Owing to war and other conditions, no accounts of Club meets have appeared in the *Journal* since 1914. It is unhappily not possible to compile a complete record of the official doings of the Club during the period under review, but lest the casual reader or for that matter the future historian of the Club should think that officially we hibernated during the storm, the following notes are given. Being until very recently quite unofficial ourself —we sometimes sigh for our lost freedom—we may perhaps be permitted to congratulate the officials of the Club on the admirable way in which they " carried on." During those short periods of leave from fighting or less dangerous forms of warlike endeavour, alas all too rare, many of us felt deep gratitude to those who kept things going for us.

Parenthetically we may remark that the future historian—who will not be ourself—will have his work cut out to find any history, for in many instances the record books carefully provided by a fatherly Committee bear spaces of virgin whiteness on those pages which should have been devoted to descriptions of meets.

Our encomium on those who kept the meets going must therefore be modified by this stricture on their failure to consider the needs of the said historian, and indeed of those of their fellows who were prevented from attending the meets. We may here add this exhortation: that in future the records may be kept up to date without all this scolding.

CONISTON.—The annual meetings of the Club took place in 1915, 1916 and 1917 during November, at the old rendezvous at Coniston. There is a note in the 1915

Journal of a meeting with no dinner; there may not have been an official dinner, but nobody who knows anything about Coniston and the capacity of the members is likely to be taken in by that story. Why it was before the Famine!

In 1915 there were present the following members and friends:—P. S. Minor, Mr. and Mrs. Domony, Mr. and Mrs. Coulton, Miss Huddleston, J. T. Reed, D. Leighton, H. P. Cain, D. Allsup, W. H. Thompson, Miss Hadden, E. P. Scott, Miss T. Rogers, Miss Rennison, H. C. Jenkins, Miss Coats, J. P. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, J. B. Wilton, Miss Allsup, Miss K. Rogers, C. D. Yeomans, R. H. Weeks, W. G. Milligan, R. Hall, N. Hardy, J. F. Seaman, J. C. Woodsend, W. Butler, H. F. Huntley, F. Blackburn, E. Manning, B. L. Martin, — Stoker, W. T. Palmer, J. A. Garrick and E. M. Elliot.

There does not appear to have been much climbing but the following were accomplished:—Intermediate Gully (twice), Great Gully (twice), Woodhouse Route on B. Buttress, and the Elusive Gully.

There is no record of any of the meets held in 1916 though there were three of them. But there were nine members present at the March meet, 1917. The chief work accomplished was a Committee meeting and an ascent of Wetherlamb in a gale and at a temperature of 27 degrees.

At the July meet in the same year there were ten members present—including several on leave from the army—and among the climbs were Hopkinsons' Crack, Central Gully, Great Gully and the descent of E. Buttress and Black Chimney. The September meet follows with an attendance of a dozen. Among these were experts of the old school and of the new, so that a number of difficult climbs were accomplished.

The Annual General Meeting was held on November 3rd, and we have the record that there was food consumed,

however informally. There was a good attendance numbering forty-three, and including:—Messrs. Pratt, Wallace, Bower, Martin, Basterfield, Brundrit, Jackson, Elliot, Wells, Jackson (G.), Wilson, Stewart, Goudielock, Milligan, Yeomans, Huntley, Coulton, Oliverson, Leighton Minor, Scott, Seatree, Butler, Ransome, Randale, Smith, Blackburn, Palmer, Wilton, Rogers, Weeks, Seaman, Mrs. Minor, Coulton, Wells, Pratt, Palmer, Yeomans; Misses Minor, Huddlestone and Rogers. Officers were elected for 1918 as follows:—President: P. S. Minor; Vice-Presidents: Alan Craig, J. Coulton; Honorary Editors of the *Journal*: Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Palmer; Honorary Secretary: Darwin Leighton; Honorary Librarian: J. P. Rogers; Honorary Auditor: R. B. Domony; Members of the Committee: W. Allsup, H. P. Cain, G. H. Charter, L. Hardy, H. F. Huntley, W. G. Milligan, B. L. Martin, C. H. Oliverson, J. B. Wilton, C. D. Yeomans.

No less than nine climbs were accomplished by various parties on the following day, while the remainder, split into numerous detachments, skirmished across the neighbouring fells, and the President's wife and sister obtained their first view of Dow Crags, and (presumably) watched their honoured relative sailing gallantly up C. Buttress.

There may have been a meet on February 23rd (the card says so and certainly about that time Messrs. Bower and Borrowman did an assortment of nine climbs in one day, so we may perhaps assume that they climbed for all the others). The absence of entries for the June meet is more conspicuous—there isn't one. We remember that this meet coincided with a period of torrential rain so that it is possible that such record as the hardy few who struggled to Coniston left, was washed away.

BUTTERMERE.—The Easter Meet, 1918, was held at Buttermere. There seem to have been no more than eight members and friends present—we were ourself an apostate in Sussex at the time and got very wet for our pains. Those more intelligent members who had contrived to be there however seem to have reaped a rich harvest of fine walks. There was no climbing. Indeed we suspect that the reason Buttermere is so little visited for climbing is the moral impossibility of seeing the fells without going for a scramble over them. Even in a mist they are well-nigh irresistible. Indeed we were told recently of one human who climbed Red Pike on a Christmas Day in bedroom-slippers and pyjamas, thereby outrivaling the famous Dr. Pendlebury. We suspect, however, that there was some more powerful stimulant behind this action than scenery alone.

There is no other entry of a meet, but a very large number of individual notes testify to the growing fascination of this district for members—certain Barrovians must know their way to Buttermere in the dark by now. Yes, we have been made exceedingly comfortable in those parts ourself ere now.

LANGDALE.—There was a meet at Langdale on September 30th, 1916, but the gathering appears to have been small. Messrs. Milligan, Coulton, Wilton and Borrowman climbed Bowfell Buttress, while a number of others walked to the top of Pike of Stickle by way of Gimmer Crag, coming back to Langdale by the Stake Pass.

The New Year Meet, 1918, was held here. Those present being Messrs. P. S. Minor (President), Kershaw, Wilton, Coulton, Weeks, Milligan, Leighton, Basterfield, Pratt, Charter, Stewart; Mrs. Pratt, Coulton, and Miss Huddleston.

On December 30th the majority visited Cust's Gully,

Great End, and found it blocked with ice. On the following day a number of energetic people walked to Grasmere, thence to Grisedale Pass, and after skirting Dollywaggon Pike, finally ascended Striding Edge at its junction with "Hethelvethellyn." The descent was made to Dunmail Raise and the Traveller's Rest, where was found tea. From there our still lusty voyagers returned to Langdale by Redbank, and after dinner made their way to Chapel Stile where they distinguished themselves in the whirls of the giddy dance, with the result that breakfast was very late on New Year's Day.

What happened at the April meet is shrouded in mystery, but in September Barrow was well represented in the persons of Messrs. Bower, Milligan, Weeks and Goudielock, nor must it be forgotten that the county of broad acres also had a look in, in the person of Mr. C. D. Yeomans. The party appears to have divided its time fairly equally between Gimmer Crag and Pavey Ark.

BORROWDALE.—There was the usual Whitsuntide gathering at Borrowdale, 1916 (we almost said the usual crowd). About twenty members and friends were present, and as far as we can judge from the scanty record the Gable climbs were chiefly affected. "The Needle Ridge Climb was varied by a sheep and lamb rescue. The sheep was lassoed in a skillful manner by Yeomans, who afterwards assisted the lamb to climb the ridge in an entirely original manner—tail first." (We are grieved that the poor creature should have been encouraged to do stunt climbs thus early in life, and by a member of the committee too!). "Sundry fell and lowland walks were done by the non-climbers. W. G. Milligan's experiences of fellwalking in rubber shoes (without soles) proved interesting."

There is no record of any of the 1917 meets, and but for a lugrubrious note by a solitary member who arrived

on the last day of the Whitsuntide meet, the record for 1918 is equally blank. As a matter of fact that weekend was the hottest of the whole year, so that it may be presumed that the bathing pool proved more attractive than pen and paper. The Editor was in Langdale and came across to join a party which under the able superintendence of Darwin Leighton and Ashley Abraham spent a hot but pleasant afternoon exploring the fascinating intraterranean climbs in Dove Nest, Combe Ghyll.

BOWLAND BRIDGE.—As successful an issue as the weather would permit attended this experiment in breaking new ground. About ten members were present, and were made very comfortable by Mrs. Carruthers in the old-world house which forms the subject of a separate article in this number.

A sixty mile gale of wind was blowing (" twice as strong as that," says one indignant member) most of the time, but the main party skilfully and without loss of life made the traverse of Whitbarrow Scar from north to south, en route for Grange where trains had to be caught. This is believed to be the first time that this traverse has been accomplised by a climbing party.

WASDALE.—We have it on good authority that there is a Club Book at Wasdale Head, but it is apparently guarded by fiery dragons, which sleep neither by day nor night. Our good pen has not succeeded in piercing this guard in time for any records of Wasdale meets to appear in this number of the *Journal*, but we hope to repair the omission in the next issue. Such is the fascination of Wasdale that numerous parties are said to have struggled through to this " remote and inhospitable region " (as it is amusingly described in an old Guide Book) even during the height of the war, when rationing was at its most exiguous.

WAR MEMORIAL TO MEMBERS FALLEN IN WAR.

The Editor of the Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District.

Dear Sir,

In view of the very strong feeling against any Memorial to fallen Members taking the form of any structure that might mar the beauty of the District, and encroach on the rights of others than members of the Club, I would suggest that, without delaying matters until the next General Meeting, the proposal to form shelters, however unobstrusive and however natural in appearance near to the Climbs, be definitely abandoned, and that instead the Club should arrange to publish Pocket Editions giving useful information for all parts of the Lake District. I do not propose that these should attempt to supplant the complete classic descriptions already published of most of the climbs (but that they should assemble them in a portable form) or that they would be a substitute for a book like, say, Baddeley's Guide.

My feeling is that the book should be in the following form:

Each volume to have a waterproof cover with two press button catches to secure the corners of the flap in a similar manner to that of the (Army) Field Service Books.

To be printed on paper that will stand a certain amount of exposure to rain.

Attached to the inside of the front cover of each volume should be a list of the names of our Members fallen in war, with their regiment, age, date of death, etc.

Six volumes should be issued, arranged as follows:—

1. Scawfell, Pikes, Crag, and neighbourhood.
2. Great End and Great Gable.
3. Pillar Rock and Mosedale Climbs.
4. Screes. Buckbarrow, Overbeck and other miscellaneous climbs round Wasdale, Eskdale, Borrowdale and Langstrath. Buttermere climbs.
5. Pavey Ark, Gimmer Crag, Bowfell, Dow Crag and Consiton district.

6. Southern, Eastern and Northern parts of the Lake District.

A. Each volume should contain Contour Maps, showing :—

1. The position and names of all crags where climbing can be obtained.
2. Paths and (marked by small numbered circles, with a reference table accompanying each section) the position of all cottages, farms and hotels willing to cater for climbers.
3. Tracks and roads, with some indication as to the condition for cycling.
4. Bridges, fords and important high level springs.

B. A list of all climbs should be given, as far as possible in order of difficulty, giving date of first ascent and name of party, with a description of the salient points of the climb, total height of climb, height of pitches, length of "runs-out" for leader, etc., together with full particulars of any variations, set forth in a similar manner to the original climb. (The handbook on Lliwedd and the Ogwen climbs issued by the Climbers Club are an excellent example of concise form and accurate description, but, in my opinion, they do not go far enough in the matter of diagrams, photographs, maps, comparisons of difficulty and miscellaneous information. A space should be left for alterations or additions.

C. A list of all hotels, farmhouses, etc. (with the names of the proprietors or landlords) is an essential to the volume, and the distance by road or path from the nearest railhead or important conveyance centre should be stated. A space should be left for alterations or additions.

D. A list of livery stables, taxi garages and owners of conveyances who are prepared to provide these in cases of emergency. A space should be left for alterations or additions.

E. General information. It would add to the utility of the handbook if approximate times required from centres or villages to the foot of climbs, and vice versa, were given; also the time up and down all the important summits by the usual track.

F. Of considerable use would be accurate average time and description of road or track from one climbing centre to another.

G. A list of the Fauna of the District should be given with Latin and English names, and, in the case of birds, the months during which they frequent the District.

H. A list of the Flora, with Latin and popular names, known habitation and other useful information that should be given for those who are not well informed.

I. A geological map of the District, accompanied by a short historical account of the geology, and a description of the rock formation and structure with scientific and popular names.

J. A list of the F.&R.C.C. centres, with books, maps, etc., provided at each. (This list should be absolutely complete, so that members visiting these centres can also assist the Librarian by checking the stock of books—because it must have been the experience of many members, upon arrival at one or other of the centres, to find that the F.&.R.C.C. bookcase has been left unlocked and many of the books being used by non-members). A space should be left at the end of the list for any alterations or additions to be made from time to time.

K. If practicable, there should be a liberal use of suitable photographs, and owing to the very high standard of rock-climbing on such places as Scawfell, Pillar, Doe Crag, I would suggest that, instead of a general view, large scale sectional photographs should be provided, fronted by transparent sheets arranged in such a manner that the known routes can be lined on the transsparency, and compared by application to the photograph opposite (as is done in the Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal). Photographs showing the details of the climb will add greatly to the interest and value of the book, and I consider that general photographs also should find a place in it.

L. If the following meteorological information is available, it should be included for each centre :—

1. Average number of rainless days for each month of the year during the last ten years.
2. Average maximum and minimum temperatures.
3. Barometric pressures reduced to sea level.
4. Inches of rain per month.
5. Times of sunset and sunrise over suitable intervals.

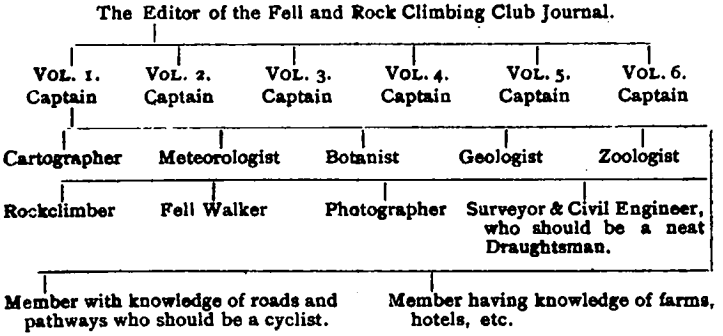
The end of each volume should have several pages of squared paper for notes of new climbs, etc., and this paper should be attached in such a manner as to make renewal possible. A pencil should be secured to the cover in a practical manner.

The information given in each volume (with the exception of the Dedication Page) will appertain to the District which it covers and the Centre to which it relates. This will entail extra work in the case of collating meteorological, botonical and zoological records, but will be worth the trouble.

The work would be carried out best by groups of members assisting the Editor of the Journal. Each group should have a

Captain, who should possess organising ability, wide climbing experience and good general knowledge of the district he is working. He should also be well acquainted with a large number of members, in order that he may know the sources from which he can obtain the information he requires. It would be the duty of this Captain to keep in touch with his colleagues responsible for other districts in order that uniformity may be obtained in each volume.

The following table will show clearly the working of the scheme as outlined above.



The organisation for sections dealing with Volumes 2 to 6 will be the same as set forth for Volume 1.

The most important part of the above organisation is the extent to which the remainder of the Club Members will feed the special members of each group shown above with information suitable for his particular subject, and it will be the duty of the Member to obtain and assemble such information in suitable form for his Captain, who in turn will pass it on to the Editor.

There is no reason why a member possessing special scientific knowledge should not join more than one of the section groups (as although there are many eminent and learned men in the Club, it is possible that we may not have enough Botanists Geologists, etc., to confine their services to one particular district).

All members of the Club will realise that if these volumes are to be a proper tribute to our fallen comrades, every member must take part to the best of his or her ability. The scheme will fail in its object if it is not entered into by every member of the Club.

I am prepared and would consider it a great privilege to act as Captain of the Coniston Group, and if the scheme receives the

approval of the Officers and Members of the Club, I would suggest that a start be made as soon as possible. Members could therefore best assist in obtaining an early decision by sending to you their views, and stating in what manner they are prepared to assist. This is a case where no member should wait to be asked to offer his services, but I think everyone will wish to have a share in this work of dedication to our friends.

In conclusion, I consider that each copy should be numbered, and that they should be circulated within the following limits :—

One to each present member of the Club.

One in each Club Headquarters bookcase.

One for the Librarian of the Alpine Club, the Climbing and Mountaineering Clubs of the Allies, and of the Kindred Clubs in the United Kingdom.

One hundred copies should be kept by the librarian of the Fell & Rock Climbing Club for distribution to future members of the Club as the Committee think fit.

An Edition de Luxe, say, in vellum, with an inscription for presentation to the nearest of kin of each of those members, whose names appear in the Dedication. In the case of a single member being engaged to be married, an additional copy should be presented to the lady who would have been his wife, as well as to the nearest of kin.

The approximate cost of publishing such a Memorial (500 sets of six volumes) I understand would be £2,225. It remains with Members of the Club to consider to what extent they are prepared to draw upon any of the Club's Funds, or whether each Member is prepared to pay about 15/- per volume for such a book.

Yours faithfully,

T. C. ORMISTON-CHANT.

8, Criffel Avenue,
Streatham Hill,
London, S.W.2.