THE JOURNAL OF THE

Fell and Rock Climbing Club

OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

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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 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, Borfowdale; 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 4/- net, and is sent out gratis and post free to all members *who have paid their subscription for the past year ending October 31st.*

THE HIGH-ALPINE WARFARE— SOME NOTES ON SIX PHOTOGRAPHS.

By G. M. TREVELYAN.

The Editor has asked me to write a few words of introduction and explanation to these six photographs of the high-Alpine warfare of Italy in the Great War.

The greater part of the major fighting and the largest losses were incurred by Italy on what we may call the subalpine front and in the great plain—in 1915-1917 on the low Carso tableland at the head of the Adriatic, in the vineclad hills round Gorizia, and on the bare and rugged limestone mountains of the Plava gorge and Bainsizza, running up to two and three thousand feet or so above the sea level; and in 1918 on the plain of the Piave, and in the subalpine scenery at Monte Grappa and the Asiago plateau, the latter familiar to our British Divisions. In my service with a British Red Cross detachment attached to the Italian army, from 1915 to the end of the war, I was familiar principally with the places above-mentioned; it was on the Isonzo hills that our friend Mr. Geoffrey Young twice earned the medal for valour, and met with the wound that has partially incapacitated even him as a mountaineer. But we saw a little, in the year 1918, of the high-Alpine warfare proper, round the Dolomite precipices of Monte Pasubio. Of course our ambulances could only serve on the roads at the foot of the *teleferiche* (see illustration no. IV.); we could not get close up to the line itself in the high Alps, as we could in the scenes of subalpine war. But the Alpino officers several times took me expeditions over their trenches, dugouts and fortresses carved out of the

living rock at altitudes similar to those represented in these photographs, and I have at least seen, though I can hardly say I have shared in, the high-Alpine war.

In some ways it was the most remarkable, as it was certainly the unique part of Italy's war achievement—thus to maintain a continuous line running for more than two hundred miles over the high Alps, and to keep it along its whole length manned and supplied, day in day out, for three live-long *winters*, to say nothing of four summers! Without the special corps of Alpini, born and bred to the mountains from childhood, and trained to high-Alpine warfare as specially as our sailors are trained to warfare at sea, the thing would, of course, have been absolutely impossible. The Austrians too had their Alpine troops. Our infantry, when they came out in November, 1917, could not be put on Pasubio or on any ground seriously higher than the Asiago plateau. High-Alpine warfare is a speciality, and the handiest of handy men cannot pick it up except it be taught them by professionals.

Illustration No. I gives a distant view of a characteristic section of Italy's line of defence. Look carefully at the large sunlit slab with the snow on it in the foreground, and you will see the Italian trenches winding along near the top edge of the slab, and at one point going over the edge of a precipice. On the further part of the slab to the right some huts are visible, mixed up with the second line of trenches. The Austrian lines are somewhere among the rocks on the opposite side of the valley above the fir trees. The cloud billows are seen far below.

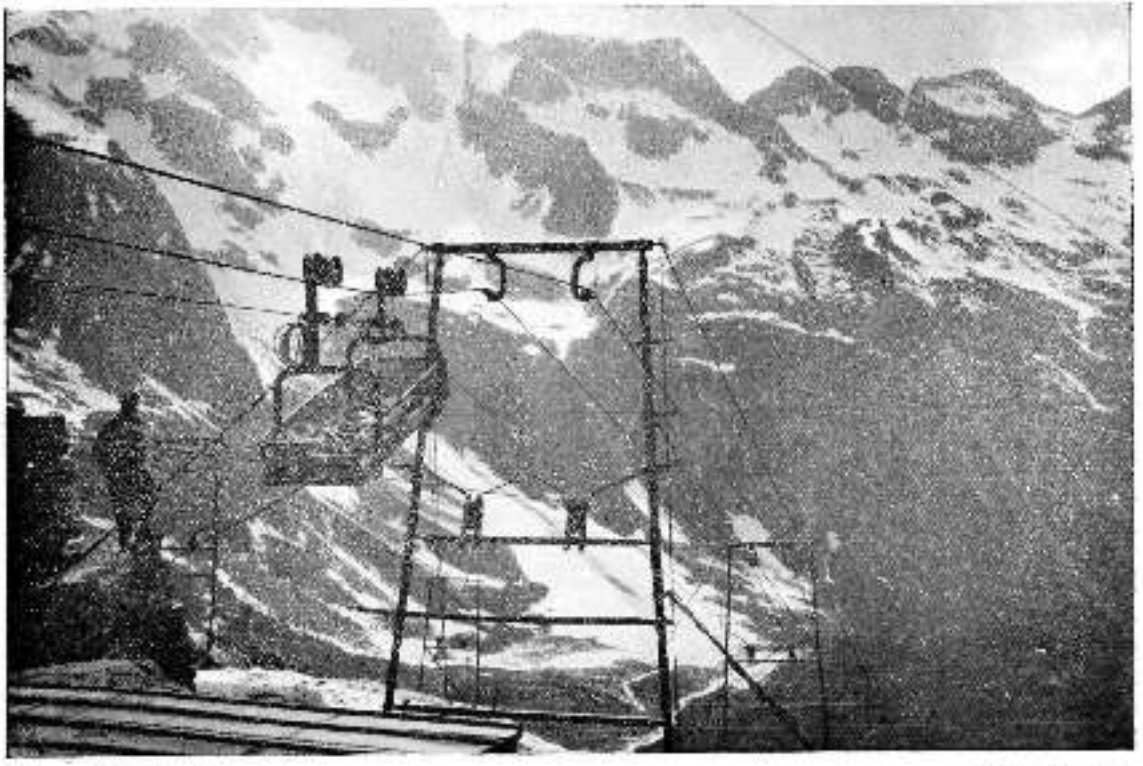
Illustration II.—Here is a nearer view of the Italian line. They kept scores of thousands of men up in places like that for three winters! And they spent the springs, summers and autumns in storming and defending such positions! The original Alpini of 1914 were nearly exterminated in the first half of the war. But more

Sezione Fotocinematografica *Del R. Esercito.*

II.—ITALY'S LINE OF DEFENCE: NEAR VIEW OF TRENCHES.

Servizio Fotocinematografico *Del R. Esercito.*

III. ITALY'S LINE OF DEFENCE: THE BARBED WIRE.



Sezione Fotocinematografica *Del R. Esercito.*

IV.—TELEFERICA (AERIAL RAILWAY).

and yet more men, trained by their forerunners who had perished, were sent up on to these heights as the war went on.

Illustration III. Even up there they had the barbed wire to protect the approach to the trenches. You can see it running across the snow and stones just beyond the rocks that occupy the right foreground of the picture. The photograph is taken from the trench, if that name can be given to the line blasted or cut out of the solid rock.

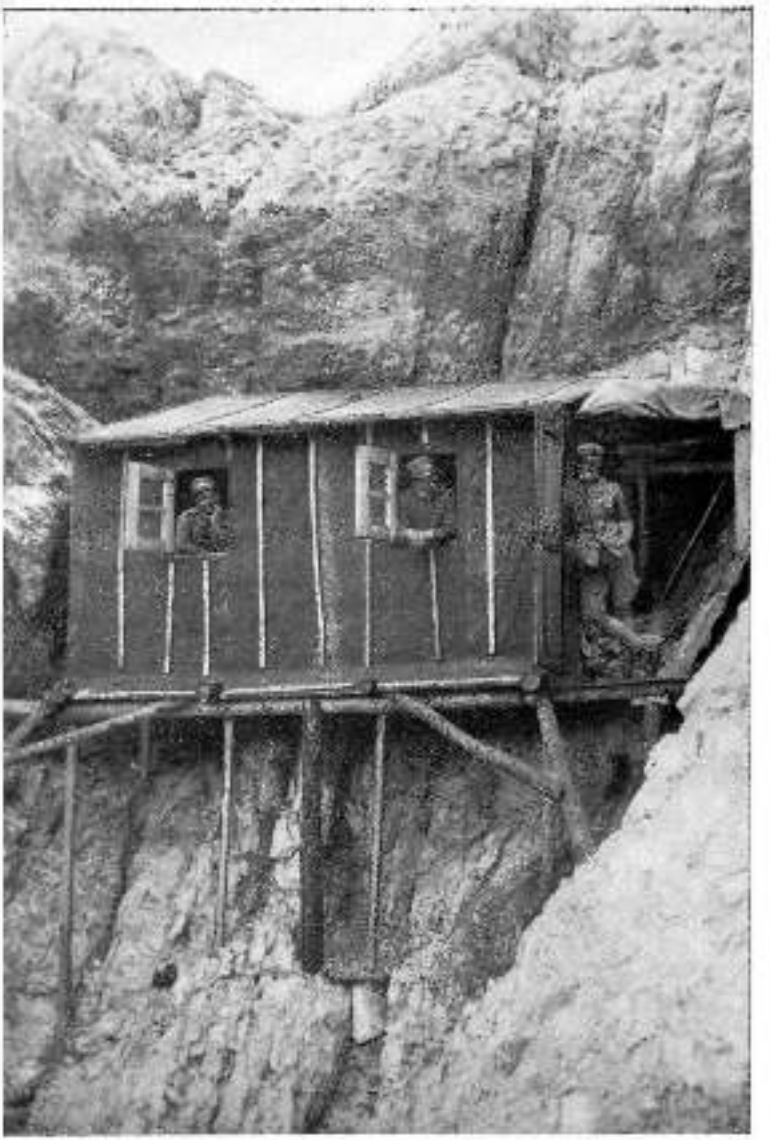
Illustration IV.—You may ask how was this warfare maintained at these altitudes, on the top of Pasubio or even at Adamello? How can troops be fed, armed, housed, clothed, for years together at 5,000, 7,000 or 10,000 feet above the sea? The answer is given largely by this photograph of the *teleferica* or aerial railway. From the roads below, up to the highest occupied mountain tops ran innumerable *teleferiche*, constantly slinging up and down the cradles, laden with ammunition, timber for huts, food, clothes, oil stoves, officers in a hurry to get up, wounded and sick in a hurry to get down. Here is an empty cradle waiting at an intermediate station. The Italian "genio," as fine an engineering service as that of any combatant army in the war, filled the Alps with these aerial railways, and with their aid, and with the indefatigable portage of mountain mules and of the soldiers themselves, performed among the snows and clouds miraculous tasks of engineering, of which the last two photographs give a slight indication.

Illustration V.—Here is one hut out of many thousands, constructed up there with timber first brought up by the *teleferiche* and then carried by hand to its exact destination. The hut is facing away from the enemy, so that any shell coming over the rock on which the hut is suspended must fall innocuously in front of its windows into the valley far below.

Illustration VI.—Last of all, here is a section of the interior of one of their rock fortresses, blasted and hewed out of the living rock of a mountain summit far above the pine trees and the clouds. I went over one such, the Pria Fora, on a spur of Pasubio. It had four storeys of passages like this in the photograph, one above the other, each running for several hundred yards, and connected by an interior vertical tunnel, with a ladder running up from one storey to the next. All this was cut out of the living rock at that immense height, by blasting and machine drills. Here we see a cannon in position, lighted up by the loophole through which it fires; the light at the back of the picture, showing up the figure of a soldier standing, comes through another similar loophole where another cannon is placed, concealed from our view by the rock screen.

It was only in the last two years of the war that they were able to make fortresses of this scale and perfection at such great altitudes. By that time both sides had so far perfected high Alpine warfare particularly on its defensive side that the key positions were almost if not quite impregnable. It is true that in the summer of 1918 the Italian Alpini Arditi (storm-troops) captured the Corno in Vallarsa where we were serving, a rock fortress like this into whose passages they climbed. But such feats could not be indefinitely repeated. By the end of 1918 the high-Alpine line on both sides could no longer be broken by frontal attack. Fortunately the Austrian defeat in the plain and the sub-Alps caused the total dissolution of their army and of their empire.

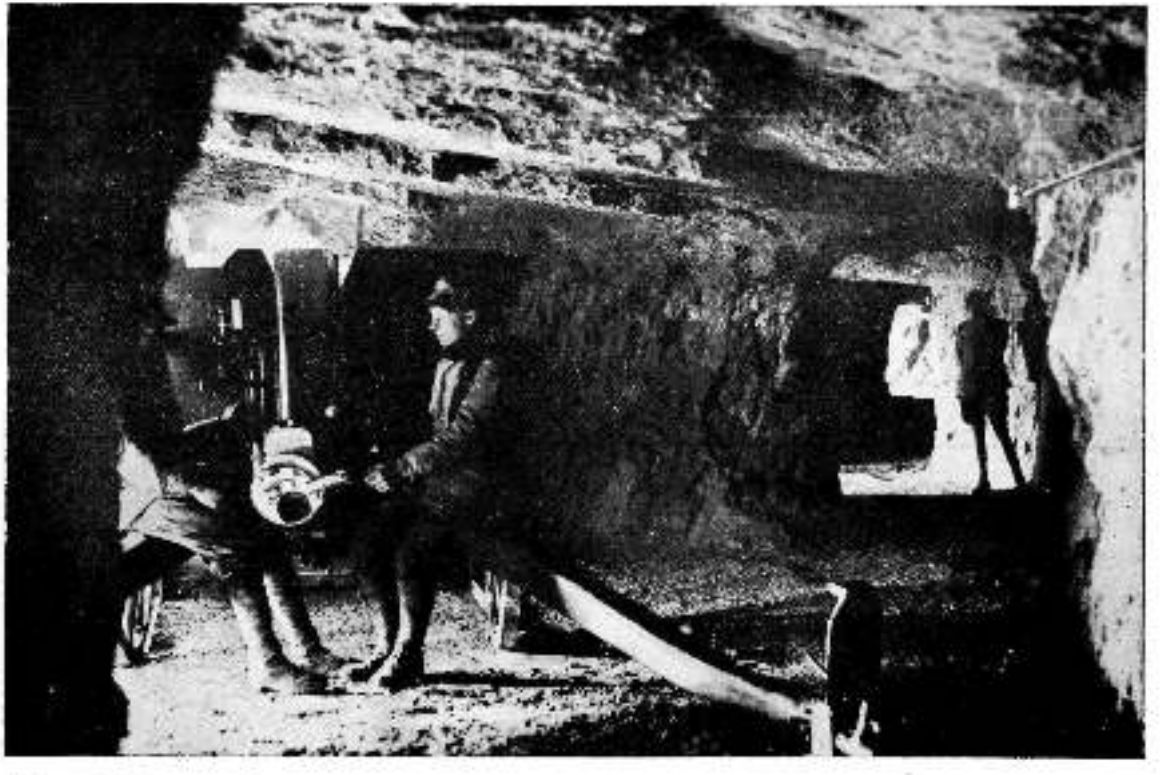
This Italian warfare has been an extraordinary episode in the annals of the Alps, and we hope it will prove unique in the history of the planet! It deserves and will surely receive in days to come the devoted study of mountaineering scholars. It is the history of the art of mountaineering applied to war, on a colossal scale



Sociedad Fotocinematográfica *Del R. Ejercito.*

"Like an Eagle's nest."

V.—HOW THE ARMIES LIVED UP AT THOSE HEIGHTS



Sezione Fotocinematografica *Del R. Esercito.*

VI.—CANNON IN TUNNELS OF A ROCK FORTRESS.

Sezione Fotocinematografica *Del R. Esercito.*

1.—ITALY'S LINE OF DEFENCE: DISTANT VIEW.

And though it was surely a desecration of the mountains, I always felt up there that they were big enough to stand it! Up there man's mightiest efforts seemed puny indeed. The Alps are not a countryside you can "destroy." They are so very much bigger than our Lake District, which could very easily be "improved" away, even in peace time.

The tide of noon is upon the hills. Amid leagues of purple heather, of pale amethyst ling, stand isled great yellow-lichened granite boulders fringed with tawny bracken. In the vast dome of blue there is nought visible save a speck of white, a gannet that drifts above the invisible sea.—*Fiona Mcleod.*

FLOATING MISTS,

By W. T. PALMER

From Wasdale head, after summer rain, one looks up to the mists foaming and wrestling through the Napes ridges and gliding in tattered battalions over the rock-girt horizon; or beneath a dull, ragged curtain of rain dust up the great gap of Mosedale towards the almost invisible crags of Pillar; or upward, over the whispering sycamores, to masses of vapour now white, now pearl, now solid purple against the storm-shadow, crawling, sweeping, slacking, wheeling, rising, dipping, along the broad scree-fans and among the riven buttresses of Lingmell. Everywhere the ruin, the shattered fury, of storm is expressed in this rearguard of floating mists. Over Wastwater the sky may be pellucid, pale turquoise, washed with Nature's tears, or with mighty cloud-cities, domes and palaces steeped in rose or in gold of sunlight; it may have the regal richness which a raven's wing of night adds to a clear firmament, or it may carry the benediction, in silver and ivory, of distant moonlight. In any case it is glory supreme, calm and strength after storm.

Still finer, more personal, are those memories of floating mists associated with the high fells and the eternal crags —dark plumes trailing and reaching into the inner depths of Deep Ghyll, thin cold tentacles thrown over the West Wall rocks from Great Gully heralding a storm of damp, rolling gloom, gouts of mist, grey against the fretted ridges which guard the moderate man's climbs on the face of Scafell. Often there is wind of mighty force behind and beyond those soft trailing curtains. There is shriek and rumble beyond the mountain, and how

often has one drawn up the last patches of Moss Ghyll to be buffeted shrewdly and solidly and enveloped in a pall thick as the smoke from a mighty cannon. How hard, convulsively, one grips at the shattered handholds, how low one crouches to prevent a forcible dissociation and a back-throw down the abrupt line of ascent. By the wise and cunning this feeling may be described as sheer funk; they may prove that even thickened with rain-drops the blast can do no more than hustle one to shelter among the broken rock-crests, that it is only to those who venture on a dangerous day, by meagre holds, up exposed crags and ridges, that there is terror in the whirling mist strokes. It's better to be safe than sorry, and very likely no one witnesses that moment of panic after all.

One must camp or bivouac high to see the best of floating mists in Cumbria. It is at sunrise and sunset that the radiance plays most vividly, impishly, on the slow-moving columns, and strikes out the sharpest glories. Few outlooks however, equal that within the experience of the rock-climber. About the long sweeping summits the cloud-streams trail and curve unbroken; too often the changes are merely between the greater and the less glooms. But down among the rocks the tide of vapour frets and is broken. The constant rents and thinnings give glimpses of the deep dale, the converging ridges, the white steps of the torrent, the dark ruffled shield of tarn or lake. The vista may be ghostly, colourless; it is always fleeting, always splendid though its green and gold may be mutated to soft silver and to deep snow-ivory. When the sun shines on the outer, lower world, there may be haloes of rainbow hue and dazzling brilliance, veritable crowns of gold and gems, shifting, ever changing. One forgets the harsh defiance of narrow ledge and riven gully, the naked buttress and soaring slab. For the moment one is uplifted to the

very threshold of Heaven itself. It is a time to remember, to live for, to call one back to the fells.

From a tent-door or rough shelter among the high slopes and plains one may learn much of the mystery of floating mists. At dawn and sunset and even at quiet midnight the charm is greatest. No one who pauses, with his face toward the primrose night-glow, and watches the delicate films of white pass through the stark gulf of Stye Head to disappear in the brown smother of Borrowdale is likely to forget the experience. A favourite point for mist study is that corner of high Esk Hause which gives a glimpse westward to the Irish Sea without losing the view of Stye Head. Here on a rainy day one may witness the gathering of those wisps which collect into the famous " Borrowdale sop," and make sign that a high-level camp is likely to be wearisome for a good many hours to come. Yet it's surprising how soon one gets accustomed to chill and to beads of moisture inside one's blanket.

A curiosity of night experience on the heights is that not infrequently one has to search for picturesque mists. Sometimes they fly so high that Scafell Pike alone is ladder enough to reach their beauties. I have stood there, with a white chilly spray bursting over and veiling the rose and gold of the east—and then for a moment clear space. The snags of rock, the fog-crystals on the big cairn, and away to the east a veritable sea of glory, here touched with living gold, there catching a glance from a fire-cloud in mid-heaven, anon a shadow of grey where the soft billow made a combe, or a gulf of radiant blue where the floor had been rifted and one looked down the depth of air into the chambers where still slept the summer night. I have searched the western slopes of Bowfell and found mere darkness tinged with purple and bronze yet over the ridge was a moving mass of trailers dove-grey and living ivory. From Helvellyn on another night I found the great doup between Striding

and Swirrel Edges filled with mist, and not another rag visible in the whole mighty expanse of wine-dark earth. More often on a suitable night every river, tarn and bog sends up its white tribute which ere dawn merge together and then, as the golden spears bend down, these mists rise and wander, finally to dissipate far away from their source.

Perhaps one should call such as these fixed mists, but they have their own place and radiance. There are few scenes finer than the dark background of Armboth moor with its mist-canopy gently swaying and glowing in the rich morning light which has flooded over Helvellyn. There is another fixed mist which we as devoted lovers of the crags and wilder places know—the steady mass of white which clings to gully and rock-face, apparently in face even of raging wind. The dalesman has a horror for this white mask—it is sinister, a defiance of nature—but we who are more friendly with the hills recognise it as a sign that between wind and rock there is a zone of calm. The wildest meet we have yet held at Coniston was marked by a flat mist in every gully of Doe Crags, where climbing was far easier than on say the hause which led from the tarn to the top of the Old Man.

Perhaps I have more enthusiasm for the mists than for those brilliant, glaring days when every rib and storm scar on mountain near and far is limned into ghastly clearness; when the rocks are hot and there is a torrid air beating round every peat-hag; when shadow dies in the gullies and even the waterfalls seem less cool, less vivacious. But the mists serve the mountain lover well and deserve his hearty homage. It is quite a mistake to study them entirely from below; up and at grips with the heights there is more freedom, more latitude, brighter colour, broader sweeps. Floating or still the broken mists are the most intimate friends of the mountain lover, full of sympathy, breathing life and vigour for his delectation.

THE USE OF THE TONGUE IN MOUNTAINEERING.

By T. AUCARR.

Why not? We have all read articles galore about the use of the foot in this pursuit, the use of the hand—of eye, of nerves—why not of the tongue? In any case the eccentricity of the title is such as to strike your eye and compel you to read.

There are many kinds of tongues, just as there are many kinds of humour. Brown Tongue for instance is never used but it is abused. But I do not mean to dwell on Brown Tongue, nor yet on the tongue of your boot (which so frequently gives you a feeling of discomfort just above the ankle, as though a little stone had got inside your boot—which you find is not the case when you take off your boot to look). No! I write of that noble organ which is the chief glory and support of the human race in this twentieth century.

And first it is certain that the use of the tongue in mountaineering is excessive. Many folks roundly assert that the most pleasant part of climbing is the discussion in the smoke room in the evening because of its opportunities for extruding on public notice the fearless prowess of the conqueror.

I cannot subscribe to this view and have always held that a gentle modesty of demeanour is vastly more becoming, especially in others. Besides being easier to do really well, I have a penchant for the strong silent man and am convinced that there are too many speakers and not enough listeners.

Another use of the tongue is to goad the leader at a difficult pitch. We all know that there are on some climbs pitches of such difficulty that the heart and muscles fail in the mere contemplation. On such occasions quiet encouragement is of no avail and it behoves the faithful second to lash the distracted leader with biting sarcasm until a transcendent state of desperation is obtained and the pitch yields to his onslaught. This proceeding is known as the second man giving a tongue. I myself have nearly been bullied up the Gimmer Chimney in this manner but at the top of the third pitch I pulled myself together and had the strength of mind to descend. Occasionally an erstwhile second man, being promoted to leadership, will forget himself and try these methods on the subsequent members of the party. I am never moved by such tactics; I always ask myself "What is wrong with the rope?"

A friend of mine who has visited the Chinese Pyrenees tells me that the native guides in that district are women and that ropes are unknown but that when occasion requires a guide will uncoil her tongue. I am not taken in by these travellers' tales.

Invaluable but rather unusual is the hold that the tongue provides. I was once in a chimney so tight that I could not use arms or legs and my only possible method of progress was the use of my tongue on the walls. I confess that I found the chockstone rather awkward to deal with. I have never used a tongue as a foothold though I have a friend who has stood on a box of sardines.

A fertile field is open to my pen in the discussion of the use or abuse of the tongue in expletives on climbs. But happily I have no personal acquaintance of this and therefore prefer not to write on the subject.

SCAFELL PIKE PEACE DAY.

By EDWARD H. P. SCANTLEBURY.

The Fell and Rock Climbing Club having been officially requested by the Peace Celebration Beacons and Bonfires Committee to undertake the lighting of beacon flares on Scafell Pike, naturally undertook to do so. Scafell Pike, being the highest point in England simply *had* to be lit up in spite of its difficulty of access for the purpose ; accordingly the Club's sub-committee, who were elected to carry out the necessary arrangements, got very busy.

There was a great deal more preparation needed for this undertaking than one would imagine, and the Secretary of the Sub-Committee, J. B. Wilton, deserves an O.B.E. for the enthusiastic manner in which he made the necessary arrangements and originated various stunts for the better achievement thereof.

The flares that were supplied for this purpose are composed of, I believe, magnesium powder, contained in zinc cylinders eight inches in diameter and three feet in length ; they weigh with wooden crate about 100 lbs ; they burn for seven-and-a-half minutes and give out a very white light, by which it is said one can see to read at a distance of three miles.

The Committee decided to take *eight* flares to the summit, and as it turned out eight was exactly the correct number, for if there had been nine, the ninth would have " also ran " ; even as it was I fancy that the last party who struggled to the top with the eighth must have thought at times that, after all, seven would have been ample.

It was decided that the flares should be taken as far

Photo. by *Daily Mirror.*

STARTING FROM THE NEW HOTEL, DUNGEON GHYLL.

as possible, during the previous weekend, by ponies. We called them ponies, mountain ponies, to be exact, it sounded so much more romantic than charabanc horses, for that is what they really were, poor beasts, and three out of the four we took had never before been on the fells. The fourth really did look like a pony and had actually done the journey from Langdale to Wasdale once or twice, but he was twenty-five years old and was one of the first to give out.

Stake Pass was chosen as the best route, with a long traverse back along the ridge to Esk Hause Pass, in spite of it being three times as far as by Rossett Ghyll; the latter track had been allowed to degenerate into a very bad state during the war and was not feasible to mountain charabanc ponies.

On Saturday, July 12th, a small party composed of Wilton, Huntley, Gibbs, Jackson, Rogers and myself made their way to the Langdale New Hotel and were joined on the following day by F. Rose and R. Bloxam. On the Saturday evening frantic preparations were made for an early start next day. Experiments were made with sledges which proved unsuccessful. Eventually each flare in its wooden crate was lashed at either end with ropes, leaving loops for cross sticks so that they could be carried stretcherwise. After a good deal of difficulty a horse was loaded up experimentally to see that everything was in order. Next morning at 5-30 a.m. Wilton and I arose, watching, as we dressed, a sheep eating the last few geraniums from the three round beds on the hotel lawn.

After breakfast, all the necessary preparations having been made, we loaded up two carts to the merry clicking of cinematography and the snapping of snap-shots and left the hotel in a very merry mood, with the sun shining, the wind blowing and our flag flying from a clothes prop lashed to one of the carts. It is two-and-a-

quarter miles from the New Hotel to the Sheepfold at the far end of Mickleden, where we unloaded the carts and loaded up the pack ponies, two flares to each. I felt a glow of real admiration for those ponies as I helped lift the flares on to them, and looked up Stake Pass. We then started off, so did the rain, just a few drops as we crossed the ford by the sheepfold.

Soon it began to rain fast and we then remembered that we had forgotten the mackintosh sheet and tarpaulin that were to cover the flares from wet until the next week-end!

We made quite an imposing procession up Stake Pass. From the top of the pass we endeavoured to follow a line (there was no track) which had been marked out with cairns by four or five of our members the previous week-end. It was bad going for the ponies, much worse than the stiff climb up the pass, for their feet often sank into the soft places owing to the weight they were carrying. There was a biting cold wind and a driving cold rain, but we plugged on, not even stopping to eat, although it was long past lunch time, for we did not relish the pros pect of having to leave the flares anywhere else but on the Esk Hause track. It was a very anxious time along that traverse but we managed it somehow, although one of the ponies gave in soon after we got on to the Esk Hause route, on the up slope just beyond Angle Tarn. With some difficulty on the steep slope we lifted the two flares up, led the pony from under them and left them lying on the side of the track in the pouring rain, devoutly praying that they would not suffer from the damp. The next pony caved in on the final steep slope to the first shelter near the summit of the pass. So again we unloaded, but this time we commenced the man handling and carried those two flares to well beyond the summit of the pass, about 2,500 feet up, which was as far as the other two ponies could go.

JULY 12th AT THE STAKE PASS

1.—At Top of the Stake Pass.

2. Loading the Cart. (*Photo. by Daily Mirror*).

3.—At the Foot of the Stake Pass.

A dump was made of the six flares under the shelter of some steep rock. A notice was left pointing out that if anyone touched them he would probably be blown clean off the mountain. Meantime, Wilton went down to meet the tarpaulins and returned with them to the dump. Eventually we arrived back at the hotel at about 6-30, very wet, very tired, but delightfully hungry and very pleased with ourselves as we had done more than we had set out to do.

On Friday evening, July 18th, members began to assemble at the two hotels in Langdale valley. The flagpole was taken that evening from Coniston to Langdale in a side-car. The pole was twenty feet long and weighed, with guy wires, forty pounds.

The morning of Peace Day turned out to be fine with the promise of a nice day, a promise which was fulfilled. There had been rain in the night, leaving a beautiful fresh sniffy feeling in the morning air, and the curling mists that wreathed all the fells looked particularly picturesque. There was no occasion to make an early start this time, as we had until eleven o'clock in the evening to have everything in readiness for the flare-up.

The first party composed of Jackson, Yeomans, Cain, Chorley, Miss Huddleston, Miss Anderson and Miss Huntley left at about 10 o'clock to take on one of the flares from the Esk Hause dump. The remainder started an hour later with the cart containing the flagstaff, piled high with rucksacks and other gear.

It was a glorious morning as we set off, like a party of school boys; the air was like wine and seltzer and delicately redolent of peat and bracken, and we greedily absorbed it into our lungs as we rambled along the two miles of Mickleden valley at the terrific speed of two miles per hour.

We were very fortunate in having amongst the party a powerful " tank " named Wakefield, whom we promptly

harnessed to the heavy end of the flagstaff, whilst three others took turns in pretending to carry the other end.

It was getting warm as we started up Rossett Ghyll; it was a good deal warmer half way up, and our rucksacks which contained food to last over until the next day and warm things to wear during the night, persisted in getting heavier. But listen to what Emile Javelle says :—

> To mount, to mount! Ah! what a joy it is when the body being fortified and inured does not make a weariness of it! To rise higher, always higher, to soar above the world, to mount towards the region of light. What a comfort it is for the body, what an expansion for the soul!

Near the top of Rossett Ghyll we halted for lunch. As we munched contentedly from our nosebags, we could gaze downwards with infinite contentment at others who were still struggling upwards.

After lunch we made for Angle Tarn and about half-a-dozen of us bathed, the effect of which was completely to restore the energy which Rossett Ghyll had absorbed.

The two flares which had been left just beyond the tarn were now taken on by their respective parties. We ran into the clouds near the top of Esk Hause and remained in the mist for the rest of the climb, but really we scarcely had time to notice whether we were in fog or sunshine as our eyes were fixed continually on the spot where the next foot was going to be placed. It was rough and strenuous work carrying weights over the chaotic jumble of rough boulders, across which the track winds over the shoulders of Ill Crag and Broad Crag.

Eventually we arrived at the summit with the flagstaff at about 4 p.m., just behind the first flare party. The second flare arrived a little later and we were promptly flattered by an invitation to nip down to Esk Hause and carry up another flare! Now this was where Wake-

SCAFELL PIKE PEACE DAY.

1—Up Rossett Gill. *(Photo. by J. Rogers).*
2—Lunch near the Top of Rossett Gill. *(Photo. by S. J. Hoggett).*
3—The Start from the Sheep Fold. *(Photo. by J. Rogers).*

field came in, he had been waiting for this chance to have more than his share of the work. Very grudgingly we let him go with other zealots, whilst we remained to erect the flagstaff, fix the guy-wires, also to place and fix the flares in position as they arrived. We fixed the flagstaff but forgot the flag, so down came the pole again, and very securely the Union Jack was nailed to the mast. A cheer rang out from the assembled throng, and *immediately the Union Jack floated out over the summit of England the mist began to clear.* Just as, when Britain with the help of her Allies had conquered her enemies, the mists of war, which obscured the beauty of life, began slowly to roll away, making life the sweeter by contrast with the evil which had passed.

Little blue Styhead Tarn, far below, glimpsed through a rift in the cloud mists and surrounded as it was by green, looked like an emerald set in opals. Then Wastwater was disclosed to view for a few moments, then fleeting views down Eskdale and soon we could see beyond Bowfell to the left, the sun shining on Silver How, Loughrigg Fell, and Wansfell upon whose summits flares were to be burned. Then the mists melted completely away leaving an uninterrupted view in all directions with an unusually clear atmosphere.

Crossing the shoulder of Broad Crag like ants below we could see two more flare parties. Says W. S. Blunt:

> To stand upon a windy pinnacle,
> Beneath the infinite blue of the blue noon
> . . . . . .
> Thou and the rocks become accomplices,
> There is no voice, no life, 'twixt thee and them.
> No life! Yet, look, far down upon the breeze
> Something has passed across the bosom bare
> . . . . . .
> [Yes tis another party with another flare.]

The fourth party was composed of Huntley, Stewart,

Harland and Harland, junr.; and the fifth of Minor, White, Ling, Bate and another. Tea was the next consideration so we adjourned to the shelter, a rectangular enclosure of six-foot high walls built by the Ordnance Surveyors; a strong cold northerly wind was blowing, making us thoroughly appreciate the result of their labours. Also we greatly applauded the foresight of Jack Rogers for having arranged for the coal and the bucket and the panikin which enabled us to make tea. With the aid of his *murderous-looking* knife, holes were made in the bucket and a tripod made out of the flare-carrying sticks, and water having been obtained from down Mickledore way, some real tea of a very pallid hue was concocted and made as hot as possible so that people couldn't possibly drink more than their share.

A post box, made out of one of the boxes containing the rocket heads, had been provided and fixed at the foot of the flagstaff, and as some stamps and stationery had also been thought of, several of us spent an enjoyable time after tea, smoking in the shelter round the warm fire, writing letters and postcards.

Number six flare had now arrived, brought up by Goudielock, Milligan, W. Brown and Bloxam; and shortly afterwards the seventh party, composed of Wakefield, Eustace Thomas, Strong and Miss Harland arrived; the last flare, in charge of Wilton, Chorley, N. Brown, Leighton and Markbreiter reached the summit soon after 7 o'clock and everything was in readiness by 9 o'clock.

During the evening Diss wandered around with the visitors' book getting the signatures of all who were present; people were now arriving from Wasdale, Eskdale, Borrowdale and Langdale and altogether just 100 people signed the book.

The flares were arranged in a semi-circle just below the summit to the south, so that the smoke would blow clear of those assembled round the cairn.

A little later commenced the best turn of all—the sunset. Just imagine the most lovely sunset you have ever seen, double it, take away the sunset you first thought of, add to it all that your imagination and memory are capable of contributing and you may get some idea of what we, the fortunate people, who moved in the highest society in England witnessed that evening.

We swarmed all over the cairn, sat on the post box, posted letters and dropped in a penny when we hadn't a three-half-penny stamp, and read the inscription on the flagstaff. This was in raised white metal letters which shone like silver and read :—

VICTORY.
PROUDLY OUR FLAG
FLIES TO-DAY ON
THE SUMMIT OF
ENGLAND.
JULY 19 — 1919.

We could see a really wonderful panorama to the north-west, the Scotch hills were bathed in rosy purple. Clearly outlined was the southern coast of Scotland, the Mull of Galloway, Wigtown Bay and the Solway Firth where on its English shore a little cloud of smoke could be seen rising thirty-five miles away, further west the Isle of Man and Snaefell and to the east Skiddaw with a cloud cap. The Scottish Southern Uplands looked very impressive with that wonderful colour scheme that was being unfolded around them. The sea coast was lined with white foam and southwards, which in the far distance was slightly hazy, we could see the Yorkshire Hills, Ingleborough and all the Lakeland fells.

Gradually the sun sank, in ever increasing splendour,

amongst the clouds which enveloped the mountains of Scotland. It was a never-to-be-forgotten blaze of glory quite in keeping with the occasion;

> I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled on wheels of amber and of gold.

amber and purple, pale gold and rose, and even faint green fading into the deep blue of the heavens overhead; with behind, the dark rocks and distant fells lit up here and there, where points caught the sunlight, with a lovely chrome-pink glow. Just a huge semi-circle of rose-coloured fire remains, . . . now it is gone!

"Hallo! There's the first flare." It was somewhere in Yorkshire, "Fifty minutes too soon." It looked like a bonfire lit early so as to make a good show by eleven o'clock. Soon more lights were seen, some at Barrow.

Shortly before eleven our bugler, Assistant-Scoutmaster Kitchen, sounded the reveillé, and as the last note tumbled down into Eskdale up shot the first signal rocket, bursting in a graceful nose-dive of many rose-coloured stars. Again the bugle sounded, "stand to," and on the last note the fuse was struck, *exactly* at eleven o'clock. Fizz! Bang! Down came the metal lid of the flare-cannister with a jangle on the rocks below and out belched the white glare with a roar!

Upon looking round immediately afterwards I noticed that Skiddaw's two summits and Helvellyn had also gone off to the tick. "Better than bonfires," was the verdict.

Silver How, Loughrigg and Wansfell looked splendid, all in a line to the south-east. A few maroons were heard in Barrow direction, but we were disappointed not to see any searchlight display. Skiddaw looked magnificent with its two lights and a cloud just over the summit, which was lit up on the underside like silver.

Our first flare burned for seven or eight minutes; we

Photo. by *E. J. Mowatt.*

THE FLAG BY FLARE LIGHT.

then sent up several rockets; the parachute rockets looked especially fine as the little parachutes holding their red or green light floated slowly down into Eskdale.

One rather remarkable phenomenon was noticed—when standing with one's back to a flare one's shadow was clearly defined on the slightly hazy atmosphere.

As a wind-up we had four flares burning at the same time and we were told afterwards that from Millom, Wasdale, Boot, etc., Scafell looked like a small volcano for about ten minutes. Yards of film were snapped away by enthusiastic photographers in the flarelight.

As the last flares were dying down the bugler sounded the Royal Salute, and having sung God save the King we all made for our reserved seats in the Surveyors' miniature Coliseum. "Anywhere but the first three rows," was what we expected to hear as we waited in the queue at the entrance. Very soon the cry went forth "Standing room only," and then "House Full," and it *was* full. It was constructed to hold about a dozen "comfortably," yet we got about forty-five stowed away, before you could say "bowie-knife." That shelter never did better service; we had a tarpaulin over the doorway, to keep out most of the wind. The fire bucket was in the centre, stoked by the smoke fiend Perrow, who with a bowie-knife chopped up the firewood from the flare crates and rocket boxes. For those who had omitted to reserve seats, another fire was lighted under the leeward wall outside. The music started as soon as we had tucked away some more food.

Oh wind of the Mountain, wind of the Mountain hear!
I have a prayer to whisper in thine ear:—
Hush! pine tree, hush! Be silent, sycamore!
Cease thy wild waving, ash tree, old and hoar!
Flow softly, stream! my voice is faint with fear—
O wind of the Mountain, wind of the Mountain hear!

But the show certainly was well attended, you see there was only "one house a night."

Several people returned to the valleys by the aid of lantern light, but the majority decided to wait till dawn, and there was the hope that the sunrise would be as gorgeous as the setting, a hope that was unfortunately not realised.

The stars die out, and the moon grows dim,
  Slowly, softly, the dark is paling!
Comes o'er the eastern horizon-rim,
  Slowly, softly, a bright unveiling.

The hills are crowned with glory, and the glow
Flows widening down apace;
Unto the sunny hill-tops I, set low,
Lift a tired face.

Christina Rossetti.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

By G. Basterfield.

I know a valley where vagabonds rest,
Where vagabonds laugh, where vagabonds jest,
And the table groans for the vagabond quest,
  They call it " The Dale of the Yew."

And down that valley, through pastures green,
Threading the woods like a silv'ry skein,
A twisting, twirling, tattling stream
  Winds out of the Dale of the Yew.

The prevalent wind, a playful breeze
Jingles the leaves on a thousand trees,
Mocking the murmur of distant seas
  As it blows through the Dale of the Yew.

And out on the meadows that flank the stream
The grasses are deep and moist and green,
Stretching away like an emerald sheen
  Along the Dale of the Yew.

And cradled sweet in the woodlands there,
A peaceful farm, or a cottage rare,
Snuggles away in that vale so fair,
  That restful Dale of the Yew.

And out in the opal heavens high
The buzzards soar and the ravens cry.
Their home is the crags that jag the sky
  And frown on the Dale of the Yew.

And over the valley the prospect thrills
With its snow-flecked blue and its tree-clad hills
And its milk-white streaks of distant rills,
  In thrills, from the Dale of the Yew.

And out from fern and bush and tree
The birds send forth their melody,
They seem to voice the harmony
That breathes in the Dale of the Yew.

With your playful wind and your meadows green,
Your cottage rare and your tattling stream
That threads the woods like a silv'ry skein,
We long for you, Dale of the Yew.

With your rugged rocks that jag the sky,
Your soaring bird and plaintive cry,
Your songsters sweet and the prospect high,
We love you, sweet Dale of the Yew.

So in that valley we vagabonds rest,
We laugh and jest with vagabond zest,
We lounge and smoke and take of the best
In the Yewdale—the Dale of the Yew.

LIES AND LIARS.

He goeth out in the morning;
He cometh home in the evening;
He smelleth of whisky
And the truth is not in him.

To allay the impending riot I hasten to say that these egregious lines were written of the angler, not of the climber, and I know they are the converse of false. I am a bit of an angler myself. I have known a four pound sea-trout grow to a sixteen pound salmon in the course of an afternoon and evening. That, I may say, was not my fish—at least not that time.

There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river in Scotland, and there is salmons in both. The salmon, however, were of no use to me for the water was coming down in a hurry calculated to stir the most sluggish, and of course the fish were travelling. I might as well have thrown my hat into the water as a fly but I kept on perversely hammering away, till I fouled a log, or a branch, or a tree trunk or something. Anyhow it broke me, and whirling down in swift career went headlong to the sea, taking my fly with it.

That settled my fishing for the day and I returned homewards. A short way down at a bend in the river I found another dejected angler. I told him my tale of woe and he was sympathetic, the more so as he had had a similar experience—only with a fish. On the way to the village I came across more anglers and they too were all sympathetic. Had they not all been the victims of similar misfortunes—always with salmon, and most of them on that very day? Reflection tells me that had aeroplanes been invented and had an airman followed the course of the river that afternoon he would have

beheld the singular spectacle of some half dozen men distributed along the bank at intervals of about half a mile, all fast in fish, at one and the same time. Anyhow I know that by the time I reached the village bridge, I too had lost my hook in a big fish after a prolonged fight. I forget, after this lapse of time, whether a branch had anything to do with the breaking, and I do love to be accurate.

Of course all that happened before I took up climbing seriously. Climbing is the noblest of sports, and its followers are the noblest of men. All members of the F.&R.C. who are of this opinion will signify their assent in the usual way. Still climbers are only human—what saith the bard of Pen-y-gwryd?

And as the drink falls lower
In pewter pot and glass
Taller and taller grow the tales
  Of things that happened here in Wales,
Steeper and steeper grow the climbs
  That people did in ancient times
Till the sound of strong men's laughter
  Is heard at Pen-y-Pass.

But stranger, should you linger
  In Pen-y-Gwryd bar,
Be careful of your countenance,
  Remember what you are.
Let not a sign of doubting
  Escape you—e'en by stealth;
Be eager at believing,
  Tis better for your health!

And when some old offender
  With cheek the hue of brass,
With some wild tale of thwarted death
  Completely takes away your breath
Another pint of cider take
  And silently your exit make;
Whilst the sound of strong men's laughter
  Goes rolling up the pass.

Unlike Ah Sin's cards, however, these romances are not with intent to deceive. A similar apology may be made for the man who, when hopelessly lost in a mist knows perfectly well where he is all the time and goes anywhere from two hundred yards to two miles out of his way to prove it. I think all mountain pilgrims will agree that the best way of dealing with this pest is to brain him with an ice-axe—or, rather would agree, were it not that at one time or another almost everyone of us has filled the title-roll.

Let the galled jade wince. Our withers are unwrung. Some climbers there be whom an honourable modesty, a lack of appreciation of their own powers, generally unfounded, compels to ask occasionally: "Was I on the rope?" or "I was on the rope that time, wasn't I?" These are fair questions and can be fairly answered: "Yes! No!" or "Hardly that, but I admit I did give you a tight rope." More suspicious is the question: "I didn't come on the rope then, did I?" and not improbably suggests something more than a suspicion on the part of the questioner that, but for the rope, he would, instead of being safe at the top of the pitch, be unsafe at the bottom, or somewhere else. A bad feature of this departure from absolute veracity is that it is liable to beget terminological inexactitudes. If you want to make an enemy, tell your man you've had to pull him and pretty hard at that. This consideration, courtesy, &c., &c., tempt you to tell the gentle lie in reply, if lie it can be termed, for it deceives no one, certainly not the questioner, if he is possessed of a tolerable amount of honesty. Nevertheless, what writeth A.P.A.? "This phase of the climber is difficult to understand. After being practically hauled up a place, he will astonish you by remarking: 'I think I climbed that bit well. I should not mind leading up there!' I have known the above incident happen often, with men who are not only

above reproach, but who really believe what they say. The cause must lie in the mountain air."

"Epaminondas was such a lover of truth that he never told a lie, even in jest." I have the authority of a Latin Prose exercise for this amazing assertion. My friend Epaminondas Washington has a hatred for the faintest shadow of deception. It permeates his being: it permeates the rope he holds. There is no need to ask whether you are on the rope when he is above you! You are—all the time. Now I am not a strong man. I climb as much as I can by balance and by engineering my body and as little as possible by muscle. I defy you to climb, however, by balance and delicate manoeuvere with a tug at your waist all the while that would fetch a conger over a gunwhale. In such circumstances climbing becomes a wild mixture of struggle, grab and kick, and that brand of climbing does not appeal to my sense of enjoyment. Behold then the result of falsehood by implication. A super-truthful man, a tight rope, and a struggling, cursing climber.

To deviate for a few lines into seriousness. There is a tendency, I think a general tendency, to understate the difficulty of a climb. The temptation is admittedly great. Modesty, sensitiveness, fear of being thought to swank are potent factors, but it is all wrong for all that. It is possible, it is quite possible that a pitch that proves difficult for a moderate climber may prove difficult for an expert. It is certain that a pitch which proves difficult for an expert will prove difficult for a moderate climber. Wherefore if you, personally, find a climb difficult, say so. It is better to chance being thought a dufter or a swanker than to risk the responsibility, however remote and indirect, of a mishap. In every pastime it is at least unsportsmanlike not to play the game; in climbing it is criminal.

The camera can never lie—at least so I am told—but

it can deceive. Otherwise how came a non-Epaminondas to tell me he thought the most enjoyable bit of climbing on Scafell was swarming up the knife-edge on the Pinnacle. Perhaps, of course, he had mastered the art of swarming up the practically horizontal, perhaps he had only climbed it in the photo. That was not the fault of the picture—it was necessarily foreshortened—but I am afraid there is a certain amount of climbing done that way. Another gentleman, photo in hand, stepped from the Shamrock across Walker's Gully on to the neighbourhood of the Stomach Traverse. Frankly I don't believe he performed that feat in reality.

I knew a very worthy dalesman once who had done all the known climbs and even some I invented—late in the evening, and yet he was unknown to fame.

Magna est veritas et praevalet (misquoted praevalebit). I wonder, as I read over the foregoing article, for which degree I have qualified—D.C.L. or LL.D.

C.E.B.

TWO MINOR POTHOLES.

Some Recollections of a Pot-Holer.

BY J. FRED SEAMAN.

Temperature about 80° in the shade (where there is any) and the sun parching everything on the limestone fells.

A quantity of tarred rope, seven men, and some rope-ladders toiling painfully up severe grass slopes.

Polyglot conversation at intervals.

Strong odour of ropes, tobacco and greasy boots.

* * * * * * *

Sinclair was responsible for all this.

A few weeks before, on one of his mighty walking expeditions, he had discovered a new and promising "hole" in the crust of mother earth, and visiting it later in the company of a tried companion and climbing-ropes, had explored it to the extent of an unknown and variously estimated number of feet. His report that a strong party might penetrate much further and make discoveries, awakened the enthusiasm of his pot-holing friends, hence the aforementioned expedition.

To be doubted has been the fate of all pioneers through the ages, and Sinclair was no exception.

As the steepness of the fell side and the heat of the day increased, Sinclair's account of his pot-hole was discounted in ever-increasing proportion. So that, when the toiling line of burden-bearers arrived at last upon the broad plateau above the limestone scars where the new "hole" was presumably situated, some, at least of the party were firmly convinced that the object of their

quest existed solely in the imagination of Sinclair and his fellow conspirator.

* * * * * * *

And now the narrator must continue his yarn in the first person plural, for he, too, had toiled upward, one of the seven, under the burden of:—

Rope, tarred, scented strongly ..	1. (one).
Candles, paraffin, lbs.	2. (two).
Rucksack, full, heavy	1. (one).

* * * * * * *

The entrance to that pot-hole was small, quite small in fact, when one realised that some proportion of it's total area was occupied by a large chunk of limestone firmly wedged in the mouth. In periods of wet weather a small stream apparently occupied most of the remainder, and even now, after a period of very dry weather a little trickle of water tinkled musically into the aperture. So we sat around the entrance and smoked strong tobacco while we considered the matter.

A preliminary survey gave us some idea of the formation of the entrance. Crawling through the hole, one came into a small chamber about nine feet in circumference and of varying height. A small patch of floor scarred with a watercourse occupied the side nearest the entrance. The remainder of the chamber covered a yawning hole which was the shaft of the pot-hole, the sides of which seemed to overhang on the far side. It was possible, with the aid of a rope to descend a pitch of about twenty feet on the near side, on which the hand and foot holds were covered with that peculiarly soapy variety of slimy mud found exclusively in pot-holes, and first-cousin to the slime on Gillercombe Buttress in winter. Beyond this, there was a black hole, so further progress without tackle was impossible. The tarred rope then came into its own.

A large lump of rock outside the entrance served as anchor, and a rope with pulley attached was run into the first chamber, the pulley being attached to a spar wedged across the mouth of the shaft. Next, a rope was run through the pulley with a " bosun's chair " on the end of it.

Sinclair, as proprietor of the pot, was the first to attempt the descent, and the rope-specialist of the party directed the manipulation of the tackle above.

Let it be here stated that limestone " pots," although all formed by the same agency, viz., water, vary greatly in character ; and this adds to the attractiveness of their exploration, as one never knows what obstacles will present themselves when " doing " a new pot-hole.

The pulley creaked after the manner of pulleys, and the pioneer Sinclair descended, his candle enclosed in a glacier-lantern, gradually going out of sight. In a little while he evidently touched the bottom of the shaft, for he signalled with the life-line for the bosun's chair to be drawn up and the next man sent down.

Then things began to happen. The rope could only be drawn up about half-way, and no amount of shaking, aided by the rumbling echo of Sinclair's remarks from below would ease the situation. So eventually the second man to descend—who incidentally happened to be the obscure writer of this yarn—was tied on to a spare rope and lowered down to clear away the trouble. This consisted of the knot ofthe bosun's chair having jammed in a fissure in the rock, and naturally enough, it was found to be in the path of a miniature waterfall. After this, all went swimmingly.

The pot-hole turned out to be quite an interesting specimen, although not very extensive, for it was only possible to pass along a gallery for a few yards distance from the bottom of the shaft. Beyond this, the roof of the gallery came down to within about six inches of

the floor-level, and further progress was effectively barred. Some very fine stalactites hanging from the roof of the chamber at the bottom of the shaft made an imposing spectacle in the light of our candles, and the colouring and markings of the limestone walls were very beautiful.

Some of the "downstairs" party now ascended, in order that those who had been left above to work the tackle might have an opportunity of being lowered into the "pot," and in due course the whole seven of us had enjoyed the experience of having explored something new underground, which although not sufficiently extensive and difficult to be named amongst the "classic" pot-holes, yet had provided thrills all of its own and a very enjoyable day's expedition.

And so we packed up our tackle and wended our way down to the inn for the night, our only regret being that we had provided ourselves with a rather cumbersome set of rope ladders which had not been necessary.

* * * * * * *

It was just a small hole at the foot of a limestone scar, grown about with wonderful wild flowers and herbage. A watercourse, quite dry on this warm July day, led into it, but the clean scoured pebbles and chips of rock suggested that in rainy weather a roaring torrent would rush foaming into the entrance.

We were a party of four—three men and a rope. In addition, the party naturally brought along it's retainers in the form of candles and rucksacks.

It is always advisable to rope up when entering an unknown hole, as the floor sometimes has a way of coming to an abrupt termination and a yawning chasm taking its place. Also there is some wonderful climbing ranging from easy through the various stages of moderate and difficult to the impossible to be found underground. Pot-holing has been described as climbing reversed, for

in it one's climb finishes with an ascent, instead of a descent, as in mountaineering.

So we roped up, and following out the rules of the game, sent the lightest man into the hole first. Then followed much crawling and scrambling down a gallery tilted at an awkward angle to the horizontal, and which, although it had plenty of width was only two to three feet high. Progress was slow, but soon our passage opened out into a fine limestone chamber with a wonderful formation of stalactites hanging from the roof. The floor of the chamber was covered with a few inches of water, into which drops from the roof fell with echoing splashes. While surveying this chamber for a further outlet, the leader's candle was extinguished by a drop from the roof. Attempts to relight it from the candle carried by number two were not successful and resulted in his candle going out likewise. Number three had not carried a lighted candle, so the chamber was now plunged into a state of darkness so profound that it could be felt. Various attempts to strike damp matches on an equally damp matchbox, also mutual recriminations between the leader and number two were now heard, but the only visible result was a series of phosphorescent splutters. The reserve matches carried in a tin box were now produced and candles relighted.

The next stage of the exploration commenced with the descent of a narrow shaft approached through a hole on the floor level at the far side of the chamber. This was made more difficult by the fact that the leader was climbing down what might be described as a fairly severe pitch of unknown depth into total darkness. Water was trickling down, making the holds slippery. About fifteen feet down, he announced that he had come on to a firm floor, and was able to light a candle, so the remainder of the party were able to climb down in comparative ease and candle-light. At the foot of this

shaft we found another chamber, much smaller than the one which we had just left. Progress was now impossible, for there was no outlet to the chamber, the water sinking down through a patch of loose stone and mud; so the return journey to the open air was made without further incident.

* * * * * * *

There are scores of caves and pot-holes in the limestone districts of Yorkshire similar to those described above. Many are known, but many more have never been explored. Penetrating to the limits of these "minor pot-holes" has an attraction all of its own, for one never knows when one may find an extensive series of caverns which would rank with the great classic "pots" known to all followers of the sport. Adventures and thrills abound, and an unlimited amount of enjoyment may be obtained from the exploration of these caverns, but one word of warning should be added for the benefit of those who have not had experience of the sport. It is advisable never to attempt the exploration of even an apparently simple pot-hole unless the party includes at least one who has had experience of this kind of work, for the characteristics af limestone are peculiar, and large masses of rock which may look perfectly safe to the gritstone expert, may be liable to come away with the least touch.

In addition, the floors of limestone caverns are often insecure in places and are merely thin coverings of further chambers at a lower level. It is therefore advisable for the party to be roped when exploring an unknown cave, to minimise the risks attendant on a collapse of the floor.

NEW CLIMBS IN THE WASDALE DISTRICT.

By C. F. HOLLAND.

It had always been the chief article of my climbing faith that there were plenty of new climbs in the Wasdale district, in spite of the frequently expressed opinion that the possibilities were exhausted. The region I imagined would give the happiest results was that of the great wall of cliffs on the west face of Pillar between the West Jordan Gully and the Old West; the only known routes here being the New West and the South West, which latter joined the New West after a while. There was firstly the possibility of a new climb between the two and of an independant finish to the south-west, though this looks hopeless from below. The expanse of untouched rock to the north appeared to afford more scope since there was more of it. The crags however teemed with overhangs which would obviously give trouble, as indeed we found was the case when we came to investigate them more closely. In fact the chief fascination of the new routes we discovered hereabouts was due to the succession of apparent impasses caused by these overhangs.

The crags in the neighbourhood of the first pitch in Steep Ghyll also excited my imagination, and in fancy I frequently climbed at least two very steep arêtes on Pisgah, and made two new approaches to the upper delights on the Pinnacle. Also I still cherished a belief in the fact that the Central Buttress could be climbed by way of the grooves slanting out of Moss Ghyll, my fancy inclining with blind optimism to a most exposed line on the extreme left which would reach the easterly end of the V ledge.

On the Napes only one definite idea presented itself, namely that of climbing the ridge on the right of the Arrowhead branch gully, which is very noticeable from the Arrowhead. Kern Knotts seemed to offer one extra course on the left of the West Chimney, since then done by Kelly who named it the Flake Climb.

The successful accomplishment of most of these routes emboldens me to mention a few more as yet not attempted. The Shamrock looks as if it had a good buttress climb on the right, finishing near Walker's gully, also perhaps another on the left of the Shamrock Gully. The rocks on and near Steeple are worth a visit, with particular reference to the flanking buttresses of Haskett gully. If anyone is desirous of adding an eighth to the Jordan climbs on Pillar let him examine the rocks above the slab of the "Slab and Notch," especially the arête. No one, by the way, seems to know the whereabouts of the original East Jordan, and it would be most interesting if Mr. Haskett-Smith gave an authoritative statement to clear up this point.

The High Stile crags in Birkness Combe possess some of the finest rock in the whole of Lakeland, with many new routes to be made in addition to the fine ones already in existence; such as the Mitre buttress, the Slab Climb, and the Arête. The explorer can indulge with equanimity in the pastime of avoiding scratches. Also new buttress climbs, presumably of great severity, are waiting near Birkness Chimney. The joys of exploration may also be tested by making a way to the Low Man Pillar, from above the waterfall; here the route taken can be varied in any number of ways.

The summer of this year gave me the long sought for opportunity under especially favourable conditions of weather, leisure, and suitable companions, without whom indeed most of the new climbs would not have been done. The two companions to whose skilful leading most of

these climbs are due were Messrs. H. M. Kelly and C. G. Crawford. (Until the latter ceases to address me as a reverend gentleman I shall omit his title of "Captain.")

I will deal first with the two climbs in which they had no hand. One is the ridge on the Napes already mentioned, and may be dismissed in a few words. Its length is about eighty feet, it is steep and fairly difficult, and is to be recommended mainly as a way of descent late in the evening when a short climb to finish with is wanted. I may say that it is considerably harder in the descent, and that a loose block near the top needs careful handling. The other is a new finish to the south-west, subsequently added to by Kelly.

It struck me on my first ascent of this climb that after all instead of breaking off into the New West it might be possible to continue in a line straight up and thus have a climb direct to the High Man entirely distinct from any other. I decided to put it to the test at once and found the rocks for some way most amenable, but they soon steepened considerably and the difficulty began to become rather too great for the exposed situation. Accordingly I traversed to the New West and brought the second man to the big belay below the final slabs on that climb, and then returned to the attack. The next thirty feet or so seemed very difficult indeed and I was much relieved to reach a good stance and belay just below the final section of the Far West Jordan, by which we finished on this occasion.

A few days later Kelly led an independent continuation on the left by the steep arête which is a conspicuous feature of the summit rocks. The arête is emphatically sensational and overhangs slightly at one point, but the holds are excellent, and the edge is narrow enough to be gripped between the knees. Kelly and I agree in thinking the climb the best on Pillar, and while harder than the North West nevertheless a safer one for the leader.

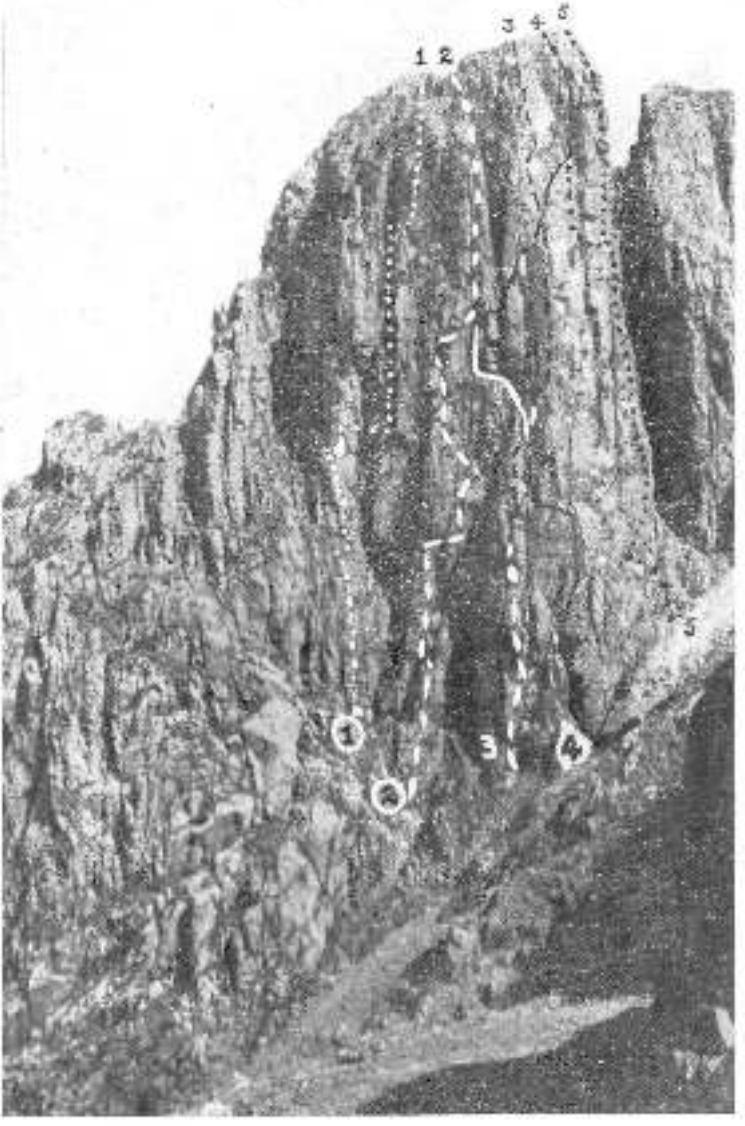


Photo. by *L. J. Oppenheimer.*

PILLAR ROCK (WEST FACE).

1—North-west Buttress, Peile Mem. Route II.
2— " " " " Route I.
3—Rib and Slab Climb. 4—New West Climb.
5—South-west Climb (Direct Finish).

On mature reflection I find myself rather astonished at the fact that we made no less than three additional climbs to the High Man on these cliffs. Of these three we believe that the Rib and Slab is a useful discovery, that the North West Buttress, High Man, by route 1 is less so, in that it is harder and not so pleasant, and that the same by route 2 is of no use, combining extreme difficulty with much climbing of an unpleasant type. The latter therefore is not described in detail, nor has any cairn been left to mark the start or finish.

The Rib and Slab was due in the first case to a sudden realization that the big slab to the right of the groove about half way up the New West would probably go. At first I merely visualized it as an alternative to the Traverse and Chimney, but when I remembered that I had previously gone straight up the final slabs, almost entirely on unscratched rock, it became evident that if the slab would go, and a new start could be found as far as the groove, a completely new climb would have been accomplished.

A chance of doing this came when a few days later Kelly, Crawford and I went to the Rock on a perfect day. A brief inspection from the screes below showed that a prominent rib on the left of the New West was the correct start since it was in a straight line with the upper slabs and possessed the quality of definition. For about fifty feet the rib was steep but furnished with magnificent holds until a hard slab gave me considerable trouble. The arête on the right is rather easier. Immediately above this a corner above overhanging rocks defeated me and I had to turn it on the right, after which easier rocks led to the groove on the New West about 120 feet up. This corner was climbed by the others and should always be taken as the holds, when discovered, are adequate, and in any case the second is close at hand.

After our successful beginning the look of the magnifi-

cent expanse of grey slabs overhead and slightly to the right was most exhilarating and I started confidently from their lowest point, only to be brought to a halt by a vertical section on which after a few feet I could find no more holds, and a retreat was necessary. Parallel to the groove and on the right of it is a narrow corner or crack and I made my way up this until it was possible to break on to the slab; an operation, to me, of considerable difficulty, though the others seemed to find it easy. Once on the face of the slab direct progress upwards was simplified by the excellence of the holds, though I was gradually forced away to the extreme right where there is now a good belay about fifty feet up. On this occasion I had to go to the big belay on the New West owing to a collection of loose blocks which I dared not dislodge. The last man threw them down and the stance is now a perfectly secure one.

From the belay we kept to the New West for a few feet and then stepped across to the left on to slabs of most marvellous rock, sound as a bell and almost incredibly rough. Gabbro itself is scarcely more destructive to finger tips and rubber soles. It may be observed that the Rib and Slab crosses the New West twice and that the great Central slab is a good alternative to the Chimney on the New West, especially when there are ladies in the party, who I have noticed, often find the Chimney very hard work. Under cold conditions the slab would probably be extremely difficult.

Crawford was unfortunately not with us when Kelly led me up the two new routes on the North West buttress, which, it should be noted, is on the High Man, and has nothing to do with the North West angle of the Pillar. Route 1 starts a few yards along the Old West and the initial stages are up the rib on the left of that which gives its name to the Rib and Slab. For about one hundred feet little difficulty was encountered, but then

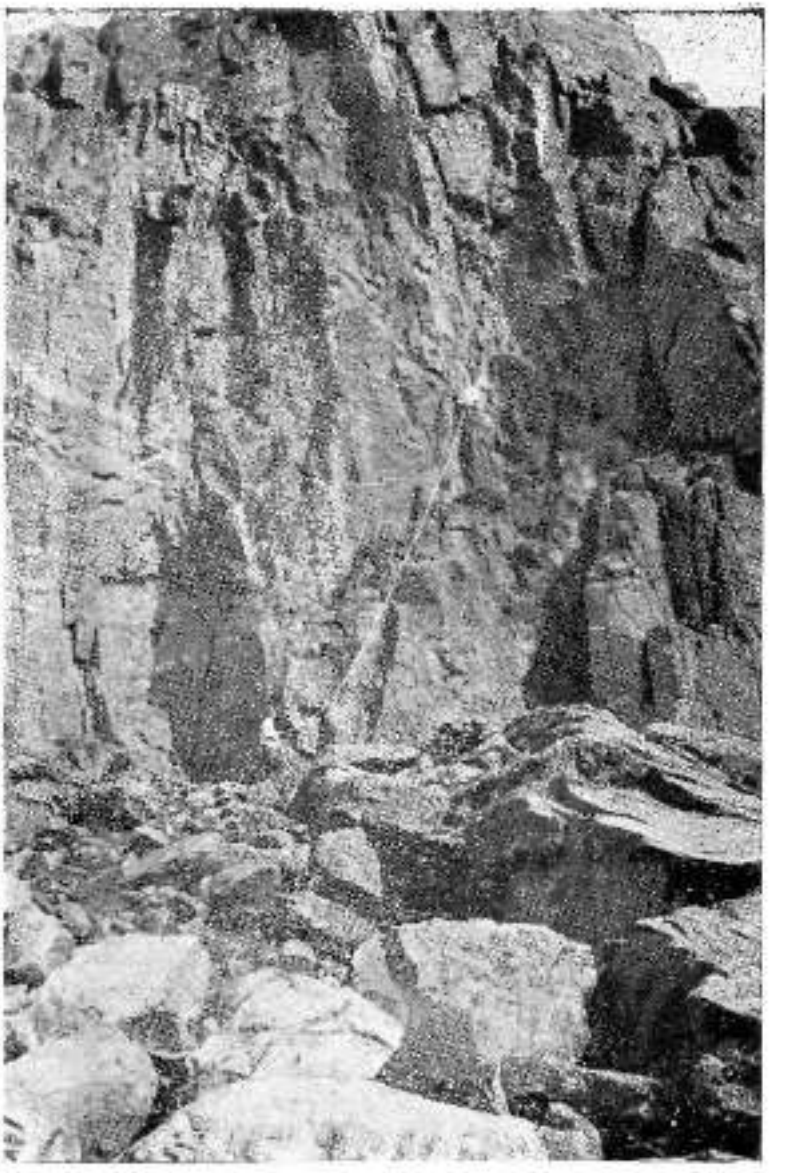


Photo. by *C. S. Bower.*

FIRST PITCH OF CENTRAL CLIMB, SOUTH FACE, KERN KNOTTS.

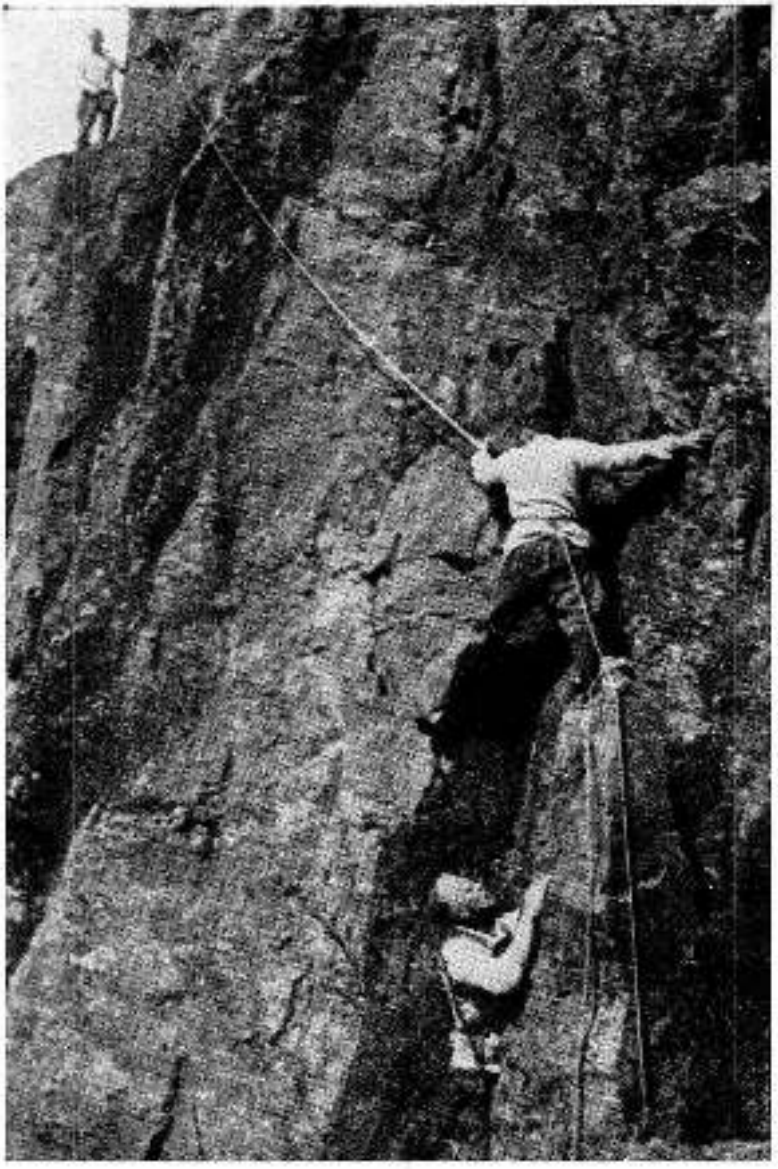


Photo. &c. *G. S. Gower.*

CENTRAL CLIMB. SOUTH FACE. KERN KNOTTS.

Second pitch taken from top of first pitch of K.K. Chimney.

an impasse was reached. The rocks overhead were obviously hopeless. A slab on the left looked possible though very hard, and any progress on the right above a certain point was exceedingly doubtful. Kelly looked at the direct continuation but there was no arguing with the overhang, and he traversed across the open chimney on the right and disappeared round the corner, eventually reaching a stance about sixty feet higher. I followed and found him on a steep glacis of grass with a good though awkward belay on the left. I wish to emphasize the nature of this section. The traverse across the Chimney leads to a very hard swing round the corner and for some thirty feet the climbing is phenomenally steep, the holds are small and unsuitable, lichen and moss are at present abundant, and altogether the whole section seemed to me most severe, and dangerous in addition, as I could see no means of safeguarding the leader. With any moisture about, the pitch would scarcely be justifiable, as the holds when dry are only just adequate.

The next pitch also entailed a lead out of about sixty feet, and the belay was very awkward to use owing to the steepness and the uncertain character of the grass below it. The climb was continued up the rib on the left, traversing well round the corner. The standard of difficulty and exposure was again extremely high, in fact Kelly thinks that it was higher than that on the preceding stretch. One mantelshelf in particular lingers in the memory of both of us, and there is no doubt that the lead is a very exacting one. The belay now reached is probably sound, though we had some doubts on the subject. The customary overhang was in evidence and we had to traverse to the right, finding ourselves after a step of some severity on a platform which led in a few feet to the Chimney on the New West at the point where the traverse leaves it. To obtain an independent finish

our only course was to go up the remainder of the Chimney, after which easy rocks led to the top of the Rock.

We had no opportunity of repeating this climb together as unfortunately Kelly had to leave next day. I felt no inclination to lead it myself owing to the impression of extreme severity the first ascent left in my mind. Comparing it with the others I may say that I do not hesitate about leading either of them, and in any case both offer, to my mind, finer and at the same time less exacting climbing.

I cannot refrain from saying something about route 2. The line we intended following soon brought us up against obstacles of a most uncompromising character and Kelly was forced into a Chimney, or rather a right-angled corner of extreme severity. I found this too hard at one point, and after great exertions to preserve my status quo had the unpleasant experience of falling off backwards and dangling, as Kelly was seated on a projection. Hardly had I re-established myself when the rope most unkindly removed my pipe from my mouth and not long afterwards completed my discomfiture by dislodging a stone which hit me on the head. Our exit also was in keeping with the rest of the climb, which as a whole was one of the severest and most unpleasant I have ever experienced.

So much for the West face. Before leaving the Pillar a few remarks on three new Jordan climbs may be of interest to those who rejoice in climbs of the short but strenuous variety. The South East Jordan was discovered and led by Kelly, who went up a right-angled corner some yards to the right of the Central Jordan emerging on to a platform after thirty feet of most arduous climbing. He then stepped on to a minute ledge on the right whence a big arm pull brought him to another ledge; steep slabs on the left ended the climb which is about eighty feet in all. My impression was that

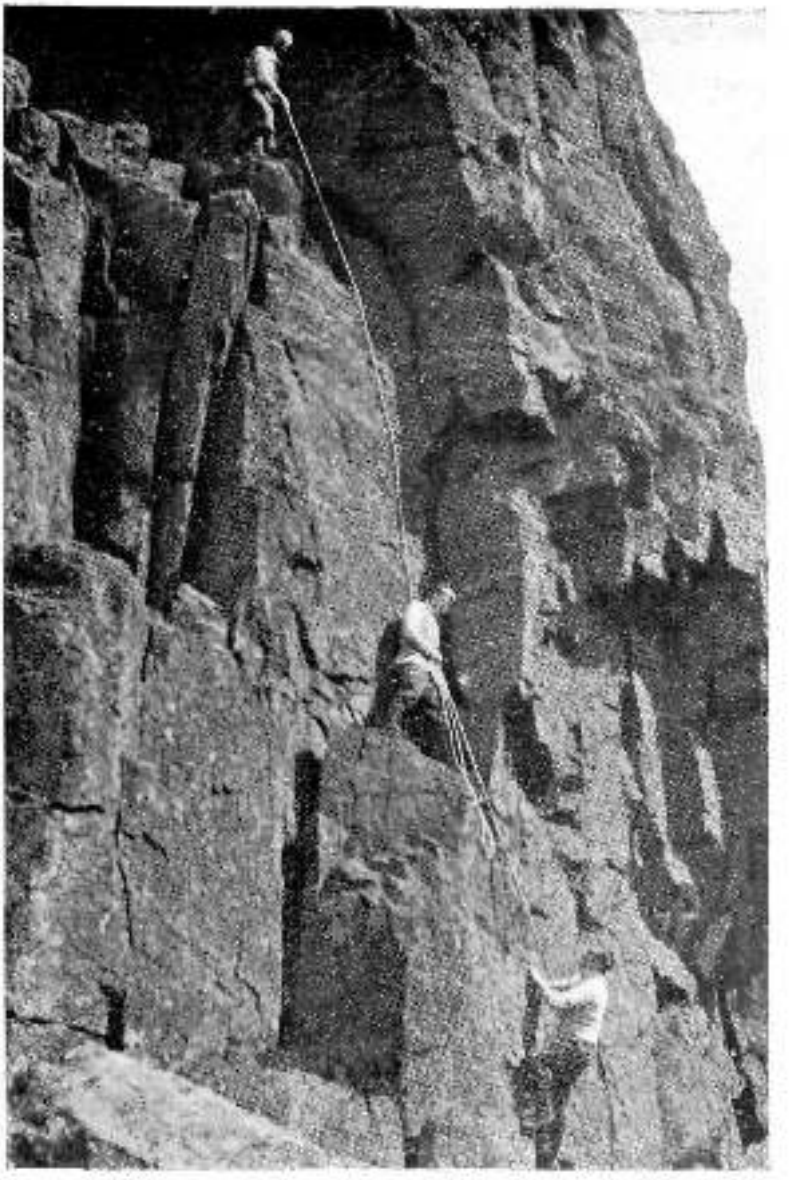


Photo. by G. S. Roger.

KERN KNOTTS BUTTRESS.
(First and Second Pitches.)

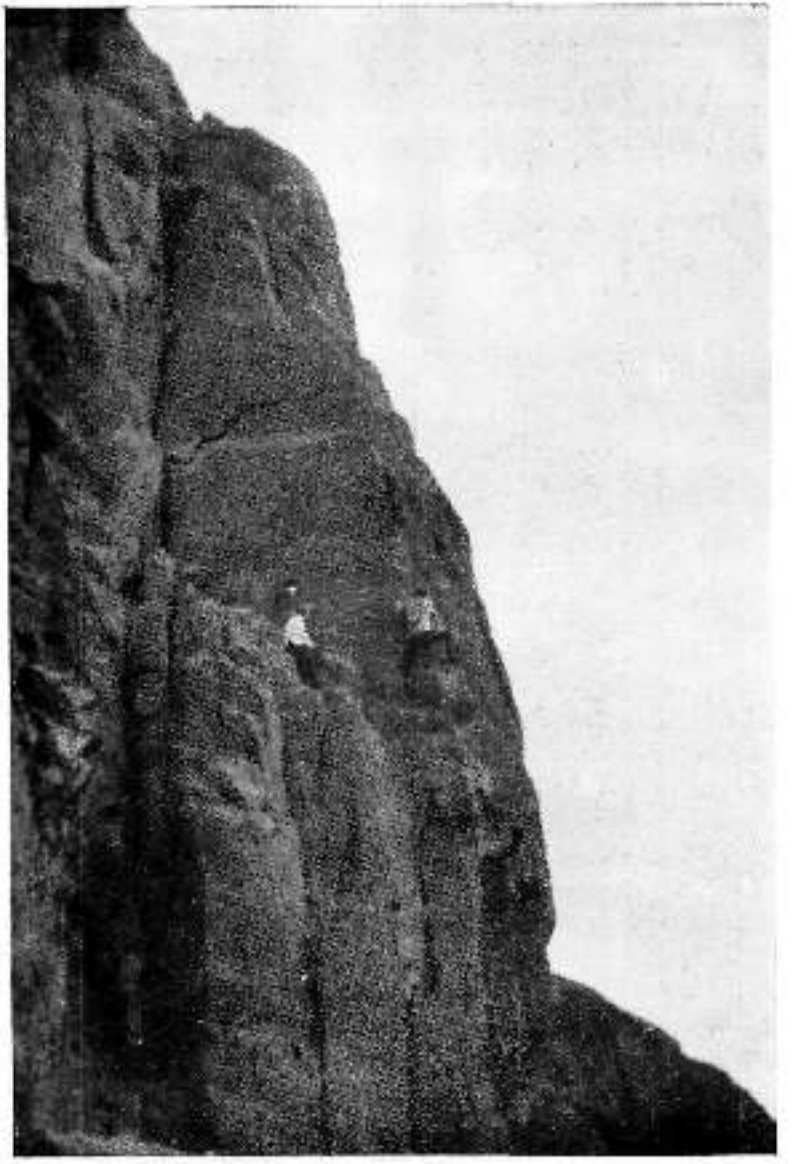


Photo. by *Miss Horne.*

THE SWING ROUND,
THIRD PITCH. KERN KNOTTS BUTTRESS.

a rope from above is most advisable. The East Jordan wall is a few feet away on the right and is shown by a cross marked on the rock. The South East Jordan is marked in similar fashion by the initials S.E.J. The wall is practically vertical and there is some loose rock on it. The route can be varied, but in any case the work encountered cannot be described as either easy or safe, a euphemism for "extremely difficult and dangerous." Crawford led this and also the Intermediate Buttress which lies between the Central and West Jordan and has probably been done before, though never, to the best best of my belief, without a rope from above. A swing up to the left onto a sloping ledge involving a most precarious balancing performance leads to a vertical section following an embryo crack. The holds are good but the strain is severe, and here also a rope is to be recommended.

One seldom visited climb that we did on two occasions was Savage Gully and the remarks about this climb by Messrs. Gibson and Crawford in the Climbers' book are, we found, very true. The climb, though very difficult, is very sound and under dry conditions very pleasant. Over the hardest section the leader can be protected by the use of a belay high up on the right, reached by ascending the first pitch of the North Climb. The leader who has negotiated the first fifty feet will find little difficulty with the rest.

The descent of Waller's Gully under perfect conditions did not give us much trouble, and a doubled rope was run through the hole near the top with the greatest case, thus rendering the descent of the last man extremely safe.

The next effort to be recorded was a failure to work out a route up Pisgah from above the first pitch of Steep Ghyll Kelly got some sixty feet up before being confronted by an obstacle of such severity that he considered

it unjustifiable wihout a rope from above, so Crawford went up Slingsby's and reached a spot directly above him, a hundred foot rope just sufficing. He then succeeded in getting thirty feet higher, though the severity was plainly very great, where the entire absence of hand-holds made further progress impossible, a great disappointment as he was within ten feet of a stance, the attainment of which would have meant ultimate success. Kelly described the climbing as far as he got as being quite first class.

Our other failure was in the attempt to get up the Central Buttress by the grooves out of Moss Ghyll. Kelly made a series of determined efforts to force a way up, but was in every case faced with climbing of such severity that any advance without the certainty of a resting place within a reasonable distance would have been more than risky. As it was he had great difficulty in returning from one point. Kelly's bad luck in twice failing to achieve the impossible was compensated by his subsequent successes on the Pillar and Kern Knotts.

The next experiment was that of seeing if we could get to the Waiting Room or Crevasse from a point some way up the first pitch in Steep Ghyll. Near the top of this pitch there are three possible places where the perpendicular rocks above can be attacked. Crawford chose the centre one and made steady progress for fifty feet when he reached a belay. Kelly did not seem to agree with the leader's statement that the holds were good and so I was prepared for something unusually arduous. In fact the holds are not satisfactory and for nearly thirty feet the climbing seemed to me to belong to the first order of desperation and to be much harder than Hopkinson's Gully. Crawford however does not agree with this statement. Eighty feet from the start the three of us gathered on a fair ledge with a good belay; and Crawford proceeded to the right and after rounding

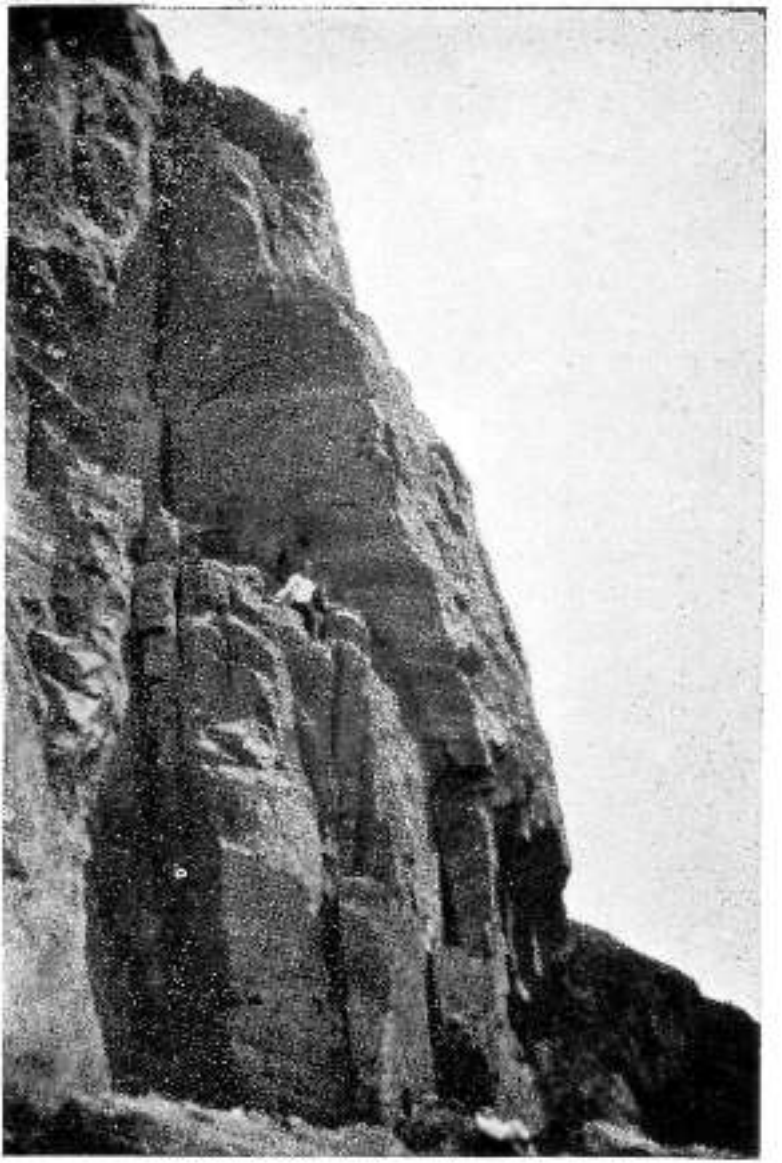


Photo. by *Miss Burne.*

THE FINISH KERN KNOTTS BUTTRESS.

a hard corner and surmounting a slab reached the Waiting Room, on the way to which he indulged in extensive gardening operations. Kelly joined Crawford here and the latter wished to continue straight up by a new route, but this was apparently hopeless and after a short while he took Kelly's advice and desisted, whereupon they returned to me on the ledge below. Crawford then led up sixty feet to the Crevasse up what I will call an open chimney for want of a better phrase. This was too much decorated with vegetation to be pleasant, though Kelly showed that it was possible to keep mainly to the slabs on the left. The Chimney struck me as being both difficult and nasty, and considering the brilliance of the first half, the character of the second was disappointing.

An alternative route was made a few days later from the same point. Crawford again led and traversed to the right for about fifty feet to a difficult step, but not an unreasonably difficult one. A slab then led to a good ledge where I tied myself on to the mountain. Some twenty feet below the Waiting Room Crawford was stopped by a difficult grass traverse, and so we traversed on the right into the upper reaches of Hopkinson's Gully. In my opinion this is the easiest of the four ways on to the Pinnacle from the base, excluding of course Slingsby's route.

Another new variation of interest was made from Hopkinson's Cairn on the right of Hopkinson's and Tribe's, rather harder than the latter climb. Crawford led us up this and went on to the belay below Jones's arête. The final pitch was climbed by the slab on the right of the overhanging corner down which the pioneers of the Girdle Traverse roped. I may say that the slab is of exceptional severity, and was first led by Kelly during Whit week.

Personally, when on the Girdle Traverse, I should always approach Hopkinson and Tribe's by the traverse

discovered by Mr. H. B. Gibson. In addition it may not be generally known that it is quite unnecessary to enter the Waiting Room and leave it by the Mantelshelf on Jones's route from Lord's Rake, as the slab on the right provides a rather easier and pleasanter means of ascent to the Crevasse. In fact the Mantelshelf might be considered the correct continuation of Hopkinson's Gully direct throughout.

Another way of reaching the top ridge of the Pinnacle was found out of Steep Ghyll by taking to the groove on the right above the first pitch. The start is quite obvious and the Chimney can be varied by taking to the slabs on the left of it. At the first opportunity an overhanging mantelshelf on the wall on the right was negotiated and by this means a higher groove was attained, whence we emerged by way of a narrow slab from the gloomy cleft into sunnier regions.

The climbing in the final section can be made hard or easy at will. We took a very difficult slab on the left above which the top ridge was soon reached. In my opinion the course suffered from serious defects, such as loose rock, excess of moisture, an all pervading air of gloom, and lack of definition. Still it must be preferable to an ascent of the Ghyll itself, and is distinctly harder than Slingsby's route though by no means so pleasant.

In conclusion I should like to give a few impressions of the three New Climbs discovered by Kelly on Kern Knotts, having been on the second ascents of these remarkable routes. From left to right they are the Flake Climb, a diagonal course along the wall west of the West Chimney; the Central Climb between the Chimney and West Chimney; and the Kern Knotts Buttress between the Chimney and the Crack. The first two are severe, and the last mentioned is ultra severe. The Flake Climb calls for great arm strength as the strain on the arms is very severe for nearly seventy feet and no help can

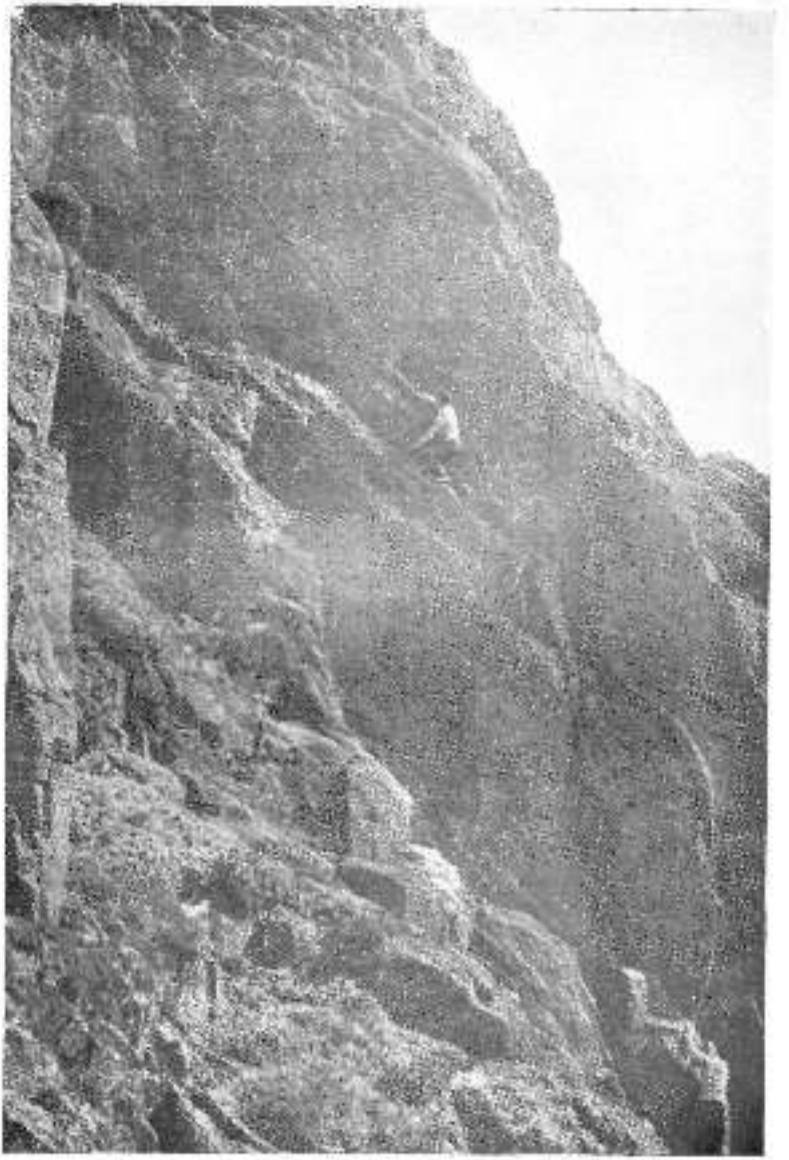


Photo. by *G. S. Hoare.*

THE "CAT-WALK,"

SECOND PITCH, FLAKE CLIMB, KERN KNOTTS.

possibly be given to an exhausted second. The Central Climb is not so tiring, but very delicate balance is required, and again little or no help can be given to any following climber. The final pitch is short, but a problem whose solution will tax the powers of most to the utmost. The Buttress is to my mind easily the hardest of the three and combines the necessity for physical strength with that for powers of balance to an extent I have never seen equalled by any other climb.

I have used the term " severe," or phrases of similar meaning, rather frequently in this article, but never I think, without justification. My difficulty has rather been to refrain from launching into hyperbole. Finally I should like to express my great gratitude to Kelly and Crawford for the magnificent climbing I had with them. I hope the new discoveries will give as much pleasure to others as we had in working them out.

A PAPER ON J. W. ROBINSON FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE F.R.C.C.

By RICHARD W. HALL.

I have before me a card written by a former Editor of the Alpine Club Journal to a Climber who has been President of our own Club, which contains a reference to John Wilson Robinson and reads :—" He was an excellent man and very friendly to me when I was up that way in 96 or thereabouts. He offered to take me with a party up the Pillar Rock by the 'easy way'; but it was pouring with rain, and I preferred to shelter under a rock till they came back; even so, I remember, I nearly missed them. I am sorry that we shall not see him again." This card was written at the time of the erection of the memorial tablet and now after 11 years we are celebrating a Robinson memorial restoration.

This slight reference is one of many such. You have done me a great honour in asking me to give this account of " J.W.R." for which I thank you and will try to tell you a little of what I felt towards him and of what I know of him. First let me say that although I knew him ever since I was a child that only on two occasions was I actually amongst the rocks with him and make no claim to have shared with him in those grand Pioneering days from 1882 to 1896. However, I lived within four miles of him, he was a very frequent visitor at my father's and I was often in his company. We belonged to the same religious Society and it was in connection with the business meetings of this Society that I first remember John. The house would be full of staid, quietly dressed Quakers, some few even then wearing the ancient dress.

A buzz of subdued conversation would cease as the door opened and John Wilson Robinson appeared. How well I remember his well built figure, sandy side whiskers, extremely bald and shining head and his merry blue eyes. His clothes were quite unorthodox, ever the same yellowish-brown tweeds and breeches. He would begin to talk instantly and people listened to what he had to say. There was ever some local news which he had just heard, some good story, some small talk or gossip, but what I remember so well is his often repeated opening to some great yarn " Did I ever tell you about my friend Professor ———. We were in Deep Gill together." I will always remember the deep voice in which he could say " Deep Gill ! " Then would follow some little incident to which I, child like, listened open-mouthed and open-eared ! The end of the story would tail off with one of his curiously humorous endings at which he himself would roar and laugh suddenly and vivaciously and then as suddenly cease and a far away look would come into his eyes as he appeared to return in spirit to some ice cavern, or snow slope or bare exposed rock face among his beloved fells. My father would warn him that some day he would break his neck, and I believe had not much sympathy with his climbing. As a boy I was familiar with many of the names of climbers. To me such names as Haskett-Smith, Wilberforce, Geoffrey Hastings, Owen Glynn Jones, Oppenheimer, Hopkinson, Collie, were like household words and there were many besides, such as Spences, Procters, Corders, of whom he often spoke. I do not know how " Professor's " chimney came to be named, but think that it is an extremely suitable thing that, at anyrate, one climb bears the name so often on " J.W.R.'s " lips ! How many Professors *did* John know ?

But the question is, why was " J.W.R." so beloved ? He was more than merely " popular." Why is it that

his name, that so ordinary surname, mentioned among climbers who have known him brings such a whirl of recollections, tough climbs, jokes, fell walks before them and *something else too*? There may have been better climbers than " J.W.R.", there have been better talkers, men of greater wit, but even so, few have gathered so many friends as he. If one says it may be owing to his living near the hills, that he had a fair share of leisure, that he was a true Pioneer of the art of Rock Climbing, even so it does not quite account for it. I suppose one can only say " it was his personality " and the atmosphere which that personality helped to create.

I remember a delightful evening in spring when John came to my father's house and spent the night preparatory to taking my brother and myself to Pillar next day. We all slept in one room and John told story after story —it was a most unsettled night. A cold start about 5 a.m. and we were soon well along the Lorton Road and "J. W.R." kept looking anxiously at the snow-capped misty hills. At Gatesgarth there were two cousins, strangers, who listened with us to further stories over breakfast. At the end of each story one of these cousins remarked " really, really ! " Up Scarf Gap it was the same. And I only remember part of all those yarns. It went something like this : " one of the men pointed me out as that red-haired young man (that was when I *had* some hair !) "—roars of boisterous laughter from John as we panted up Scarf Gap ! ! The climb that day saw us no further than the top of the West Scree at the foot of which John roped us together. " By thunder but it looks bad " said he, so my brother recollects, whilst I remember his saying " We won't go on, it was like this when poor Walker went over Walker's Gully."

The actual climbs that " J.W.R." accomplished are well-known and many are recorded in our classic climbing books. Perhaps one of the best is the account Owen

Glynn Jones gives of his ascent of the North Face of Pillar Rock with Robinson: page 271 and onwards of "Rock Climbing in the English Lake District," gives the account of that fine climb in 1893 which is exceedingly happy in its style. The curious "J.W.R. humour," which those of us who knew him remember, but cannot explain fully, is referred to near the end. "In a phenomenally short time we were crossing the Leeza stream, and without being allowed to halt, a bee line was drawn for us over to Scarth Gap by our untiring leader. Luckily for his followers, the name of this pass, which is sometimes called Scarf Gap, reminded him of a very good story concerning another climber who went to an evening party without a dress tie. We were told the story and recovered breath sufficiently to continue our journey to Buttermere. I wish now that I had not been so fatigued, so that I might have remembered the whole anecdote and given it here in detail."

"J.W.R." seemed never to tire. He rarely left home for a night, he rarely cycled (in the early days) but would set out from his yeoman homestead of Whinfell Hall at 3 a.m., walk to Gatesgarth and then playfully knock up the inmates with a "You're late this morning Mrs. Nelson!" continue up Wharnscale Bottom and at Beckhead on Gable meet a friend who had left Wasdale Hotel an hour before and do a hard day's climbing, returning home that night the way he came. How many of us have done that? Mr. Nelson of Gatesgarth once told me how at night before going to bed he has seen "Mr. Robinson's lantern on Scarf Gap"—this would be his folding pocket lantern. His endurance was simply wonderful. His whole training had fitted him for climbing. First there was his long yeoman ancestry of quiet living people, then there was his father's love of Natural History and the hills in which he took great interest and was an excellent fell walker (he noticed at

a very early date the Napes Needle), then thirdly there was the outdoor farm work and fourthly the fact of his being a non-smoker and life-long teetotaler.

In a brief notice like this I cannot dwell at length on John's actual climbs, many of which are recorded for all time in climbing literature.

Perhaps September 20th, 1884 was one of his greatest days. It was on that day of thick mist and rain, as his diary records, that he and Mr. W. P. H.-S. climbed Scafell Pillar or Deep Gill Pillar or as we now call it "Scafell Pinnacle" by "Steep Gill" from Rake's Progress, for the first time. He made 50 ascents of this Pinnacle, the last ascent was likewise his last rock climb, on Sept. 29th, 1906—a year before he died.

It is of course the Pillar with which the name of J.W.R. is more associated than with any other particular part of the District. It was on the 28th of June, 1882, when about 31 years old, that his first recorded climb is entered in the diary. His companion on that occasion was J. Edward Walker, headmaster of a Friend's School at Saffron Walden and himself descended like Robinson from a long line of Cumberland yeoman whose homestead was near Fangs Brow, Loweswater. They climbed by the "easy way"—"thick mist and rain came on while on the Rock, crossed Mickledore for first time on the same day," so runs the diary. The second ascent was made on Whit. Tuesday next year "alone up west side in 11 minutes; N. W. Thomas and F. W. Jackson on the mountain." Next Good Friday he met Major Cundill, R.A. on the Rock and so the diary continues till the 101st ascent on August 16th, 1906, with our worthy Chairman of this evening.

The earliest mountain climb recorded in the diary is that of Scafell Pike on June 23rd, 1874. He would then be about 22 years old and went with his brothers Edmund and Richard. Scafell he climbed in 1881, Great End,

June 28th, 1886, Pillar Mountain, June 25th, 1874. Skiddaw he only climbed four times, once from Keswick station to the top in 1½ hours. Helvellyn he only climbed five times, the last time July 26th, 1896 by the Grisedale Tarn side of Dollywaggon Pike by a narrow steep chimney —a first ascent. In 1905 he made his fourth visit to Dow Crag and climbed Easter Gully by Owen Glynn Jones' route. In the diary, hardly any mention is made of the Buttermere climbs—Black Chimney and Green Crag Gully were both first ascents of his and I understand that he spent many hours in the Grasmoor gullies. In all, the diary records 348 proper, sound climbs. The month in which he climbed most was August, 77 ascents, then September 56, June 52; no ascent in February is recorded and only 1 in November and 16 in December, whilst 23 ascents have no month written.

"J.W.R." was one of the most cautious climbers surely. All agree on this point. Painstaking to a degree, whether with a small party of known climbing men or with a large mixed party whose individual powers he could not know. He is a splendid example of the ideal cragsman. Once in Central Gully he had a severe experience on hard frozen snow over which he shot and travelled 30 yards over scree after leaving snow, and it took him four hours to walk to Warnscale Bottom, by Moses Sledgate and Brandreth. Another time he came off the hand traverse on the north face of Pillar Rock and was pulled up by the rope. It was a very cold day.

It is doubtless in great measure owing to "J.W.R.'s" heartiness and genuine kindly help to all climbers, young or old, beginners or tried mountaineers that made him so loved by all who knew him, and another aspect of his character is touched on by Mr. C. A. O. Baumgartner in a letter to the late Mr. F. H. Bowring where he says, "what I most admire in J.W.R. is his entire freedom from any jealousy of rival climbers."

Few of us can call to mind any of his stories anecdotes and jokes which he poured out in a constant stream. It may be said that they consisted in a sort of harmless exaggeration which deceived nobody and at the time had a quaintness which stamped them as " J.W.R." humour.

My friend Canon Rawnsley's verses in the visitors' book at Gatesgarth," after seeing the numerous prizes for sheep adorning the walls.

> "Highly commended" on these walls I see,
> Highly commended are these rooms to me;
> However well to win a prize with sheep
> 'Tis better far to give the weary trav'ller sleep.
>
> With what humility, what rev'rence deep
> We stand before so many first class sheep!
> For whether men or sheep, we love *First* Classes,
> Here only "*Coaches*" are content with "Passes"!

The Striding Edge and bicycle story, which is as follows:— One night in the Inn at Wasdale J.W.R. was telling an exciting story of how a man had walked on to Striding Edge with a cycle and climbed up describing all in detail. Unexpectedly, the very man at that moment entered the room, when all eyes turned towards him, and a tense silence fell! John was the least disturbed of anyone present, and very neatly turned this hair-brained feat on to the *cousin* of the newcomer!! who was many miles away!"] The way he had of telling each separate person the same story under pledges of strictest secrecy.

But I must conclude this brief sketch for which indeed I seem to have little aptitude except a great indefinable love for this man, for as a little boy to whom he gave stuffed birds which doubtless were burnt as being unhygenic and talked of Three cornered Cape of Good Hopes, when a stamp collecting craze was strong, and when he first took me as a child of about nine up

Friar's Gill, the little chimney on Mellbrake it was ever the same—he fascinated me.

He died in August 1907, at the early age of 55, and was buried at the quiet little burial ground at Pardshaw near the hills he loved so well.

I have not mentioned his many exploits on Napes Needle, the Screes gullies, his walk with Mr. Gibbs—they are recorded in our magazines and climbing books—but I would like if possible to bring before some of our younger members something of the kindly spirit of dear old John at his best. How extraordinarily hard it is to do. One likes to think of him working on his farm at Whinfell Hall, hoping to get his hay in by Tuesday and so get away for a climb on Wednesday with Mr. Haskett-Smith, staying at Wasdale. So he lived and worked among us, taking keen interest in local politics, enjoying a hundred and one country pastimes and labours, recording the daily rainfall and looking at his favourite sky line "Cut cheese," a curious, little and very abrupt dip in the Whinfell hills above his home.

Although "J.W.R." received a good education, he was not highly educated (from a university point of view), yet I have been told by one who knew him well, that he never saw Robinson at a loss in whatever company he happened to be.

As we walk over Scarf Gap to-morrow let us try and retrieve from oblivion the memory of the best in "J.W.R." so that we can in our turn hand it on to future generations of climbers who may read in the climbing books years hence that "this climb was first made by John Wilson Robinson," and so they may feel they know something of that charm of personality which was his.

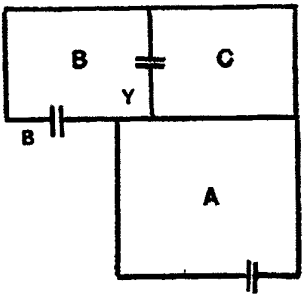
> We climb the hill, from end to end
> Of all the landscape underneath
> We find no place that does not breathe
> Some gracious memory of our friend.

THE TRINITY RANGE, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, TASMANIA.

(From the Fell & Rock Climbing Club's Antipodean Correspondent).

Some apology is perhaps needed for introducing into the Journal of the English Lake District Climbing Club an account of a climber's haunt which lies at the very opposite end of the earth—in fact as far away as it possibly can be from our own Cumbrian crags. But there are dangers in over-specialization ; and apart from the national desire of English climbers to hear about and if possible to see for themselves, the rocky resorts of their brethren from overseas, our own special subject if left singlehanded to provide material for this Journal would inevitably become a little threadbare before many years had elapsed.

The Trinity ranges are so-called—if we may believe geographical experts—owing to the peculiar way in which they are grouped together. Imagine a large square biscuit box with two smaller boxes placed behind it, so:—



Make the sides of the boxes into precipitous mountain-

walls and you have a rough idea of the Trinity group of hills which it is our function to describe. The outflows of the areas enclosed in the squares are indicated by marks || in our sketch-map.

The district can be approached most conveniently by the Hobart Great Eastern Railway Company's Cambridgeshire branch, the terminus of which is about 7½ miles distant from the pass, called the Great Gate, through which flows the famous torrent of the Bluegown River. A road has of late years been constructed through the pass, at a cost of £163,000, in order to open up the fertile but previously almost inaccessible plain within. All round the Great Plain rises the precipitous encircling wall, the Eastern and Southern walls consisting of a comparatively level rampart some 2,000 feet in height, broken only by the towering Laurence Peak, of about 5,000 feet, by the Great Gate. The Western and Southern ridges are both higher and more broken in contour, and it is these which have attracted the majority of the climbers who have visited the district. The exciting passage from Chapel Pillar to Parry's Roof, as it is called, and from there to the jagged dolomite-like Hall Pinnacles must form the subject of another article: for the present we must confine ourselves to a general survey of the topography of the district.

The New Ridges, which enclose the smaller plain (marked B on our diagram) do not contain any very noteworthy ascents, except those of the Twin Towers. But the Nevile Crags, encircling the third piece of plain, are among the finest in the world from the climber's point of view, and the journey from Hall Pinnacles to the Four Statues on the huge Library Bastion will furnish material for a further article.

(To be continued)

STYHEAD PASS.

By R. S. T. Chorley.

The year of grace 1919—in one respect at least it has earned the adjective—has been memorable in many ways. Not least will it be remembered by lovers of the sacred wildness of our own fells, who if they have cause to regret the voracious capacity of their Manchester friends for the consumption of Lake District water, may nevertheless congratulate themselves on the indefinite postponement of the proposed sacrifice to the great god Petrol of the glories of the Styhead Pass.

The project, as far as it was ever practical politics, of building a carriage road over this pass appears to have originated in the last century: it was chiefly supported by the late Mr. Musgrave, at one time mayor of Whitehaven. What were the precise reasons for his advocacy of so unfortunate a scheme I do not know. He seems to have regarded himself as the particular chieftain of the district, and is even said to have referred habitually to Great Gable as "my mountain." The general opposition which he encountered seems but to have fanned the flames of his fanaticism.

Already as long as ten years ago protests were appearing not only in the local papers but in the great London and provincial dailies. I have before me a letter by George Seatree at that time President of the Club which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian*: in which the point of view not only of the climber and lover of nature but also of the thrifty Cumbrian was set out with great force and lucidity.

When Mr. Musgrave died it was found that he had left the sum of £5,000 as a bequest towards building this

road, with a proviso, however, that if the scheme was not definitely adopted by 1921 the bequest should fall.

During the war, as was natural, argument was in abeyance, and the road for the time being ceased to be a matter of practical politics. Peace has her atrocities no less than war however, and with the coming of 1919 the year of peace, controversial warfare over the Styhead road was immediately sprung on an unsuspecting public.

As soon as it was rumoured abroad that the Cumberland County Council would have the matter before them for final consideration during the year a renewed bombardment was opened in the press by those who are jealous for the beauties of the district. The immediate and hostile response with which any scheme for the alteration of the natural or historical beauties of the country is met even if it sometimes prove ineffectual, speaks volumes for the good taste and keen interest displayed in such matters.

The correspondence columns of *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian*, and other papers bristled with hostile criticism, while it was rare to find even apologetic support for the scheme. Among the correspondents whose letters appeared in the *Times* were men distinguished in the history of the nation, men distinguished in the history of our Club, and men distinguished in the literary history of the District.

Lord Bryce, himself a famous Alpinist and a past president of the Alpine Club raised the whole question of the safeguarding of the Lake District which he chose, and rightly chose, to regard as being in itself a national possession, too sacred to be defiled by the hands of private speculators.

Out of this mass of correspondence the following letters may prove of interest; the first from a climber as representing climbers, the second from one whose pleasure and business has at once been the joy of Lakeland, and

the third from one who has found rest and solace often beneath the shadow of the Pass.

STYHEAD PASS.

Sir, *To the Editor of the "Times."*

My friend Mr. C. E. Benson has been writing to you about the proposal to make a road over Sty Pass. I wish to associate myself with his protest, and the 400 or 500 members of the two clubs of which I am this year president are unanimously of the same opinion. Indeed, I am sure that the large and increasing number of those who love the mountains and find their principal recreation there will be of one mind in opposing the scheme. The Lake District hills, and particularly those surrounding Wastdale, are to most of us the finest among the English mountains; and to have their beauties impaired by the cutting of a road over a pass of 1,600 feet high (that is, about half way to the summits) would be a disaster. Even from the point of view of the motorist the road is quite unnecessary. From near Seascale, where the route to Wastdale and over the pass to Borrowdale leaves the coast road, the distance by Buttermere is a very few miles longer, and I venture to think that few motorists who arrive at Wastdale for the night would, when they realize the majesty of the surrounding hills, wish to rush past the scenes spread out before them. The ascent on foot to the top of the pass can be made in one hour or less, even by those who do not make a practice of hill walking; and the view of the hills on each side should induce the walker to explore the surrounding heights. I hope that you will see your way to use your influence against the scheme—which, at the best, is an untimely expenditure of a large sum of money on a project of which the benefits are extremely problematical. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

PHILIP S. MINOR, President of the Fell and Rock Club of the Lake District, and of the Rucksack Club.

29, Fountain Street, Manchester.

THE STYHEAD ROAD.

Sir, *To the Editor of the "Times."*

The aesthetic objections to the proposed road over the Styhead have been represented with such force and reason that it is unnecessary to recapitulate them. That the road will disfigure the scenery very few will have the hardihood to deny. There are

certain points, however, which I hope your indulgence will permit me to submit.

Those who know and love the Lakeland Fells—those in fact best qualified to pronounce—are wholeheartedly opposed to the scheme. Now these opponents, I would insist, are not inferior in respect of public spirit and business capacity to its supporters. I understand that the money required in addition to Mr. Musgrave's legacy has already been found, mainly by a private individual. It may be advanced that a man has a right to spend his money as he likes. This proposition is demonstrably a fallacy, and, in connexion with such schemes, especially futile at a time when money is urgently required for patriotic purposes, instead of being expended on a road which is needed by no one and objected to by many, including those whose opinion is of most value. Whilst giving credit to the present promoters for all public spirit, I would suggest their limitations in this respect. The ultimate benefit resulting from the disfigurement of the wildest scenery in England would be the passage of a few coach-loads of tourists during the summer months and the intrusion *ad lib.* of the monstrous anomaly of the motor into the shrine of mountain solitude. It was far more public spirited of the owner of the Trossachs to close that beautiful pass to motor traffic altogether.

Lastly, the scheme is bad business. Let the road be completed and paid for, and the expense is only beginning. Owing to climatic conditions the cost of upkeep must be excessive. I would commend to the supporters of the scheme the details of the great "wash-out" some 20 years ago, when Seathwaite was flooded and boulders the size of taxicabs were shifted like pebbles. The Styhead road scheme was then on the carpet, but the surveyors, after inspecting the ravages of that one wild outbreak, dropped it incontinently. What happened then may and will happen again. The climatic conditions have not altered. It will be a bitter thing for the subscribers to the scheme to find the road a white elephant, to reflect that they have disfigured the wildest scenery in their country and incurred the resentment of numbers of their fellow-countrymen to no purpose, to realize that, in the teeth of sound and disinterested advice, they have persisted in throwing good money after bad.

Yours, &c.,

CLAUDE E. BENSON, Editor, "Thorough Guide to the English Lakes."

STYHEAD PASS.—A NATURAL SANCTUARY.

Sir, *To the Editor of the "Times."*

I would add my protest to those of the many who seek to preserve this mountain solitude from the intrusion of the dust-raising, stenchy motor and all the modern evil consequences of a high-road through a region marked out by Nature for retirement and the refreshment of the soul-weary worker.

During 20 years past, with scarcely an exception, I have spent Easter in the district, and have often visited it at other times—in autumn, when colour is most profuse; and in winter too, when the wet bracken gives its peculiar tone and charm to the grey fellsides. I have been on the pass in every possible condition of the weather; I have even found it most beautiful when the weather has been worst.

During the war, Lakeland has been a region of real peace; Borrowdale in particular, has been free from motor traffic, so that it has been possible to wander along its roads with complete comfort. Now this quiet interregnum is at an end; the all-assertive car and the noisy, discordant motor-cycle are again occupying the roads, and the pedestrian must perforce seek other ways—an he will not be stifled. Surely we may ask that some breathing space be kept free for those who would enjoy wild nature undisturbed; that some protection be granted against the intrusion everywhere of those whose one wish would seem to be to scurry eyeless through the land.

The whole aspect of the Sty region will be changed if a hard metalled road be driven through it. Coming down upon the pass during the past week from the snow slopes of Great End and from the screes of Great Gable, both heights near upon three thousand feet, in most perfect weather, the incomparable and rugged beauty of the scene has appealed to me, as it always does, but with a new force, as I thought of the threatened interference with the present natural conditions. The stream which flows from the tarn is worthy of worship alone; those who have eyes to see will have noticed the wonderful play of colour—blue, green, grey, red, brown—in its rocky bed, seen through water of crystal clearness, with which the rude path at its side is in complete harmony. Discord must arise if any formal road be introduced into such a situation.

The Styhead Pass is the immediate approach to the Scafell heights, the summit of our England the centre from which Lakeland radiates. As such it deserves special care and reverence

Geologically the region is of peculiar interest, on account of its volcanic origin; topographically it is remarkable on account of the manner in which the numerous mountain ranges are compressed within a narrow area, the steepness of the valley sides, the beauty of the modelling, and the wealth of colour effects it presents. If we were in any way alive to its aesthetic value, we should set it aside as a national reserve; at least let us seek to protect it from defacement at the hands of those who would make it but a mere passage way.

HENRY E. ARMSTRONG.

Borrowdale, April 23.

Memorials of protest to the Cumberland County Council were organised by various bodies and the whole question was anxiously debated by the Committee of the Club on several occasions. Eventually, however, it was decided to wait and see what sort of a reception the scheme would meet with at the hands of the Council before taking any official action. It was hoped that the good sense of the members of that body would prevent the project maturing and so it turned out, for early in August the proposal was definitely and decisively rejected.

So for the time being, and let us hope for ever, the wild grandeur of the Styhead is saved, no broad white ribbon of roadway will defile the bosom of Great Gable, and he who trusts to God-given methods of progress may yet do so without the din of motors for ever in his ear, and the noxious fumes of petrol for ever in his nostrils. Yet must he and all of us remember that the price of freedom, among mountains no less than among men, is eternal vigilance.

A WINTRY APRIL AT BUTTERMERE.

By ROBERT J. PORTER.

If the oft-quoted statement, that the best time for a visit to the English Lake District is any time from 1st January to 31st December, be taken to mean that whatever weather conditions may accompany the holiday-maker, he can, if he know where to look, discover many features of his surroundings to be irresistibly attractive, it is certainly true. What does the casual summer visitor know of the delights of breasting the slopes of Scawfell Pike on a cloudless frosty day in January with a keen north-easter whistling among the crags and gullies and a magnificent black and white outline of hills challenging the eye at every turn? Again, the habitué alone can really enjoy getting wet on a stormy day on the fells in spring—not just ordinarily wet, but a real soaking—if only to appreciate the subsequent bath and change of raiment, and the cosy chat over the crackling pine-logs with a climbing companion after a well-earned dinner. On such days as these the slothfulness engendered by city life drops from the limbs and gives place to an energetic vigour which finds its expression in the ascent of familiar passes or well-remembered peaks.

It was with such an outlook on life that I arrived in Keswick with four companions on the 22nd April, 1919, en route for a week's holiday at Buttermere.

The weather was almost perfect for walking, being cloudless but not too warm. As none of my companions had had previous experience of this district, I had the great pleasure of observing their evident appreciation of the beauty of Newlands Valley, which was finely displayed on such a day. The outlines of Robinson,

Photo. by *R. J. Parker.*

FLEETWITH AND HAYSTACK, BUTTERMERE.

High Stile and Red Pike were splendidly defined and every distant fell showed that peculiar steel-blue shade of colouring so characteristic at such times.

The following morning was almost equally fine and gave the opportunity for an ascent of Grasmoor by Coledale Pass. Taking the grassy track that leads over a spur of Rannerdale Knott, we were soon at Lanthwaite Green opposite to the narrow entrance to the pass which lies between Whiteside and Grasmoor. The latter mountain is seen at its best from the road hereabouts, its craggy front rising over 2,000 feet from the margin of Crummock Water. A fair-sized stream descends the pass increasing in volume to a delightful cascade which is met with a short way up from the start. Beyond this the gradient eases a little, and the path is found mainly on the left of the stream. We called a halt for lunch at the top of the pass and admired the views of Grisedale Pike and the Keswick valley. It was about two o'clock when we sat down by the summit cairn on Grasmoor. The view to the south-east was good—the winter snow lay in large patches on the Scawfell range, which was quite free from cloud. Over the Irish sea the outlook was not so clear, being obscured by mist. As the wind was too cold for a long halt on the top, we descended over Whiteless Pike to Buttermere without going further afield. Rain fell till about 10-30 next morning, when we started along the road to Honister Pass. Just short of the second bridge, on the right of the road, stands a boulder which is probably well-known to many climbers. There are at least five different routes to its summit of various degrees of difficulty. On this we disported ourselves, one of the party, R. W. H., doing all five ascents in good style. By the time this amusement was over, we were ready to return to Buttermere for lunch.

The afternoon continuing fine, we decided to climb Red Pike, High Stile, and High Crag. At two o'clock

we crossed the fields to the foot of Sour Milk Gill intending to take the slanting path through the wood on the side of the fell. On arriving at the stream connecting Buttermere and Crummock Lakes, we found that the tree-bridge, which had been recently broken down or washed away, was still conspicuous by its absence. Removing our boots and stockings, we quickly splashed across and began the ascent. Some distance above the exit from the wood we rested on the steep slope for a time admiring the fine views of Grasmoor and Robinson across the lake. Meanwhile R. W. H. was busily engaged in inscribing his initials on an old tree just above us, about ten feet in height, which appeared to be in the last stages of senile decay. In a frivolous moment, the leader of the party made the brilliant suggestion that the above-mentioned tree would make an effective ornament for Red Pike cairn, and the united strength of several members succeeded in breaking it short off by the roots. As its weight was about fifty pounds, carrying parties in relays of two were detailed off to convey the tree up the remaining thousand feet or so, past Bleaberry Tarn, up to the saddle, and then the last steep bit to the summit. Here the cairn was partly dismantled and our impromptu landmark, adorned with a handkerchief in lieu of a flag, was wedged into the centre with stones.

The traverse along the ridge over High Stile and High Crag was followed by a somewhat rapid rush down the scree towards Scarf Gap, during which performance more than one of us sat down with more haste than comfort. After refreshment by the stream on Scarf Gap, we made the descent to Buttermere by Gatesgarth and Hassness.

The next morning I started with two of our party for the ascent of Great Gable. The weather was cool and misty, and it was doubtful if the top of the Gable would remain clear for long. We took the quarry path up the left side of Warnscale Bottom and got upon the

Photo. by *R. J. Porter.*

NEAR BUTTERMERE.

grassy plateau at the top about mid-day. A halt was called below Green Gable while the contents of the lunch-packets were sampled. As luck would have it, no view could be seen from the cairn on Great Gable which we reached at about half past one, and the cold prevented any waiting for a fine interval. We decided to return to Buttermere via Borrowdale as there was abundance of time at our disposal. We made a quick descent down Aaron Slack, meeting two other travellers on the way, and found ourselves at Seathwaite by a quarter to four. Here tea was ordered and proved a welcome item in the day's programme. The weather now became threatening and showers fell as we crossed Honister Pass. The last remnants of our lunch were consumed at Gatesgarth, and Buttermere was reached at about half-past six.

The following morning provided a foretaste of the Christmas-like weather which was to come—sleet fell heavily till about eleven. Then fine intervals of sunshine appeared, and we took the opportunity for a stroll through the beautiful woods which lie in the neighbourhood of Lanthwaite and Scale Hill. We climbed the latter height, found a sheltered grass slope near the summit and basked in quite a hot sun for some time, obtaining wonderful cloud effects whenever a distant snow shower swept across the landscape. The day became gloriously fine as time wore on, and in the evening we explored Sail Beck, finding a delightful little bathing place about a quarter of a mile up the stream.

Sunday was a day of heavy snow which rapidly whitened the whole landscape. During the only fine interval, we walked out past Hassness to the end of the lake, and got a few striking views of the fells, whose aspect presented a great contrast to that of the preceding evening.

We were held indoors next day by more snow till mid-day, when we had a sharp walk to Rannerdale Point

in a cutting wind. Although the afternoon was still worse, we chafed at inaction and set off for Scale Force in driving snow, and pretended that we liked picking our way along the well-known sloppy track, which was now almost obscured by melting slush. The waterfall was very full and well worth seeing under such conditions. After the return to Buttermere, a change and a general rub-down made a refreshing finish to a stormy day.

Tuesday was our last day, and fortunately for us it broke out fine and sunny, showing off the fells under the new snow to great advantage. The wind was still very cold, but in spite of the conditions under-foot we were at the top of Newlands Pass in half an hour after leaving Buttermere. On the Newlands side the road was deep in drift-snow at many points. Skiddaw made a glorious picture seen from Swindale and from the descent into Portinscale.

Having escorted one member to Keswick station for the mid-day train to London, the remainder of the party visited Friar's Crag, making no response to the blandishments of an enterprising boatman who felt sure we should enjoy the cold wind on the lake.

A few minutes on Castle Head and a stroll round Fitz Park filled in the time before the afternoon train and its load of passengers absorbed us and relentlessly whirled us away from the " English Playground."

CLIMBS OLD AND NEW.

The advent of the rubber shoe has undoubtedly very greatly affected the art of rock climbing, and the number of new ascents which continue to be reported is almost entirely due to the activities of the exponents of the new art, or as it might be more accurately stated, the users of the new weapon.

The scene of the most important exploits has been Wasdale—the majority of the new climbs done in that district are described by C. F. Holland in a special article in this number—and it almost looks as if instead of searching the whole Lake District yard by yard for new crags our enthusiasts will search the Wasdale cliffs inch by inch for new routes.

Tophet Bastion, Hell Gate, Great Gable. This apparently new climb was accomplished by H. M. Kelly's party on June 13th, 1919. The party consisted of H. M. Kelly (leader), L. E. Pryor, A. R. Thompson, Mrs. Kelly and C. G. Crawford. "It is situated almost at the very end of the Napes about thirty yards from where you turn up into Hell Gate, and can just be seen from the hotel. A grassy gully divides it from the exceedingly steep rocks on the left, and there are slabby rocks to the right.

A start is made on the arête and after some 20 or 30 feet of somewhat awkward climbing the foot of a V-shaped chimney, which is useful as identifying the climb, is reached. This we avoided by striding round a corner on the right. We were then on a steep slab with good holds. After an ascent of 25 feet a fair ledge with just room for three was reached, and another similar ascent of some 40 feet brought us to a small grass plot with

room for three. We then again took to the arête on our left, which is here narrow, and rounded a corner on the left. We then climbed some 20 feet up to a higher notch on the arête. After continuing for a few feet along the arête we had again to turn to the left owing to the extreme steepness of the rocks directly above. After this pitch a few feet of easy climbing ensued, and we reached a terrace where we built a cairn. The ridge continues and was followed by some of the party who found it very difficult; the rest scrambled up by steep grass on the right and soon reached the top of the Needle Ridge.

The height of the climb up to the cairn will be about 200 feet. We all considered it a good "difficult," and well worth climbing. A cairn was built just to the left of the foot of the arête."

Savage Gully. This climb is interesting and sound throughout. It is not necessary at any point to place reliance on doubtful holds or ledges. It is thought advisable that the leader should run out 80 feet to the top of the cave where there is a good stance and belay. The top of the cave can be reached by backing up the crack on the left, and this route is thought to be easier and safer than that on the right, which was followed in the first ascents. The cave itself does not provide a suitable stance.

The only exceptional difficulty is 40 feet from the start, and consists in an upward traverse from right to left. From the top of the cave the route proceeds upwards to the left, but there is no serious difficulty above this point.—H. B. Gibson and C. G. Crawford in the Wasdale Book. [See also remarks in C. F. Holland's article.—Ed.].

Jones' Arete to Hopkinson and Tribe's Route. It was found possible to connect the foot of the arête (at the belay) with Hopkinson and Tribe's route by a direct horizontal traverse of about 35 feet. The traverse proceeds for 20 feet along a succession of small ledges to the N.W. corner of the arête, the chief difficulty being a long step out to the corner. The route continues at the same level for 10 feet round the corner, and thence after descending a few feet joins Hopkinson and Tribe's route. This traverse is an interesting alternative to the Nose route on the Girdle Traverse; or it might be used to avoid the direct ascent of the arête, though it can scarcely be considered easier than the latter.—H. B. Gibson and C. G. Crawford, *ibid.*

Hopkinson's Gully: Scawfell Pinnacle. What appears to be an unrecorded variation was made in descending the Pinnacle *via* the Mantleshelf and Hopkinson's Gully. Instead of traversing on to the "second nest" and descending by the slabs on the right of the gully, the "incipient chimney" immediately below the traverse was entered and descended for about 15 feet until it became too much splayed out to follow. Thence an exposed and somewhat difficult traverse was made along a narrow ledge which runs continuously athwart the perpendicular rock face on the left to the top of the "20 foot pillar" which rises on the left above the exit from the lower chimney, which was descended to the broken ground above the Rake's Progress.

A 60 foot rope was used and sufficient sound belays were found to make it unnecessary to run out more than 30 feet in the descent from the "Nose" to the top of the lower chimney. The removal of a wedged stone disclosed an excellent hitch for a loop 8 feet up on the wall of the "Waiting Room."

This variation gives a route up the face quite indepen-

dent of the route *via* the Gangway and Hopkinson's Cairn.—C. G. CRAWFORD, H. B. GIBSON.

Climbed throughout without touching either first or second nests. C. G. C., C. F. H., and H. M. K.

Walker's Gully. This climb was descended on July 29th by H. M. Kelly (last man), C. F. Holland and C. G. Crawford apparently for the first time.

Girdle Traverse: Scawfell. From Collier's climb the original route was followed in the *reverse* direction with the following exceptions:—(i) Moss Ghyll was merely crossed and Tennis Court Ledge reached directly from Pisgah Buttress; (ii) From Tennis Court Ledge the traverse to the right below the Fives Court was followed; (iii) from the Crevasse the Hopkinson's Cairn Ledge was reached by the direct traverse first done by G. S. Sansom; (iv) the belay ledge at the foot of Jones' Arête was reached by the traverse referred to on p. 274 under date 20/6/19. This traverse taken in this direction was found very difficult and was considered as severe as any other part of the climb (v) from the "firma loca" a higher route was followed to the pile of loose stones but was not considered an improvement on the original route.—H. B. GIBSON, W. A. GIBSON.

Gibson's Chimney: Scawfell Pinnacle. Climbed throughout, chiefly on the right wall. Rock dubious. C. G. C., H. M. K., C. F. H.

Kern Knotts Buttress. Start at the lowest point of the crags. *1st pitch* 20 *feet*: A crack is climbed until one is forced out to a split block on the left. *2nd pitch, under* 20 *feet*: A narrow crack on the right lands one near the top of the first pitch of Kern Knotts Chimney. *3rd pitch*, 30 *feet*: Break out to the buttress

on the right. A small notch on the sky-line provides a precarious hold for a swing round the corner to a high foothold. Steep rocks are descended to a ledge—no belay. *4th pitch*, 20 *feet*: Easy corner ahead is avoided for nose of buttress on right. Holds are rounded. The finish is at the junction of Kern Knotts Crack and the Chimney.

H. M. KELLY (1),
R. E. W. PRITCHARD.

This climb was descended by H. M. Kelly (last man) and G. S. Bower in September.

Central Climb: South Face, Kern Knotts. Cairn 5 yards to left of K. K. Chimney indicates the start. *1st pitch* 45 *feet*: Route goes diagonally to right passing a bollard and finishing at a 10 foot pinnacle and a small mountain-ash. *2nd pitch*, 50 *feet*: Take off from top of pinnacle to left, traverse at an angle of about 60° to small ledges under overhang (mossy slabs hereabouts). Route is then along horizontal line to a large platform: second man joins leader here (no belay). *3rd pitch*, 30 *feet*. Steps are retraced to the immediate left of the overhang mentioned. This is surmounted and a flake-hold in a bilberry ledge 2 or 3 feet above is quite safe for pull up. Easy rocks follow to a cairn.

H. M. KELLY (1),
R. E. W. PRITCHARD,
A. P. WILSON.

Flake Climb: West Face, Kern Knotts. Easy rocks lead to grassy terrace sloping downwards from left. Crack (of flake) at right hand end of terrace is ascended to top of Flake. Movement is now to the left on to a peculiarly sloping "ledge" (cat-walk). This leads to the foot of a short but very difficult deep chimney which finishes the climb. The leader, who can

be held from left-hand corner of grassy terrace, must climb at least 70 feet. The climb is quite 100 feet long.

H. M. KELLY (1),
R. E. W. PRITCHARD,
A. P. WILSON,
G. H. JACKSON.

KERN KNOTTS BUTTRESS (2nd Ascent) A. P. Wilson (leader) and G. H. Jackson.

Bower's Climb: Gimmer Crag. What is believed to be a new climb was made this evening on the western face of Gimmer Crag. Starting from the broad terrace about 20 feet to the left of Oliverson's Variation, easy rocks were followed for say 40 feet to a fruitful bilberry ledge, when the serious climbing begins. Immediately above a crack is seen, but the bottom of this overhangs, and to gain its shelter it is necessary to climb rocks on the right, and then make a very delicate traverse to the left for 10 feet. A good belay and stance is found 15 feet higher. From here the crack is followed to the ledge at the foot of the final crack of the A route. In this section there is one very good belay, but the finish is awkward, one's feet finding poor holds on the face to the right of the crack. A finish was made on a slabby sort of scoop on the left. The climb is severe and exposed.

G. S. BOWER,
P. R. MASSON.

Central Chimney: Birkness Combe, Eagle Crag. I understand that this hitherto unclimbed chimney has been climbed throughout.—W.A.

Fleetwith Gully. The finest piece of climbing in the gully was found in an ascent of the left wall of the big pitch. The rock is beautiful but the leader needs an 80 feet run out. The difficulty is about the

same as the usual direct route. At the top is a heather ledge and a young rowan tree. The slab directly above is hard, the arête on the left moderate, or one may return to the gully by an easy traverse. C. F. H., H. C., H. R. C. C.

High Stile Crags: Buttermere. These undoubtedly provide the finest climbing ground in the valley. We visited the crags several times and found fresh problems and routes on each occasion. Though apparently fairly well known already, more climbing should be done here as there is still much loose rock about. The best combination of routes is thought to be the following. The Mitre Buttress (direct route difficult, chimney route moderate). The slab Climb (ordinary route moderate, variation routes mostly very difficult). The summit arête (difficult; Holland's route by the cracks on the right wall, severe). The three routes must give 500 feet of excellent climbing. The Pinnacle Arête (on the right of Green Gully) gave a pleasant climb of moderate difficulty.—C. F. H., H. R. C. C.

More Records. Burnthwaite, 9-30; Scawfell, 11-40. Pinnacle: direct route to Hopkinson's Cairn and on to Low Man by joining Hopkinson and Tribe's Route. Down Slingsby's Chimney and O. G. Jones' direct route, all 1½ hours. Left crags at 1-30. To Kern Knotts *via* Sty Head by 3 p.m.; Kern Knotts West Chimney in 20 minutes. Left at 4 p.m. after spending 20 minutes inspecting the West Buttress from above; Napes, 4-30; Tea till 5-15; Eagle's Nest direct and down by the Abbey Buttress. Scimitar Ridge: descent by Arrowhead Arête, all in 1½ hours. Left the Napes at 6-50 for Buttermere which was reached by Beck Head, Ennerdale and Scarf Gap at 9 p.m.—C. F. H. and H. R. C. C.

Grey Crag: Coniston. This crag contains Sylvan Chimney and Gouldon Gully. It is situate about 300 yards due west of the Paddy End Copper Works, the foot of the crags being 1,125 feet above sea level. Walking by the Church Beck track from Coniston village, by Paddy End Copper Works, one passes 150 feet below the Crag on the Mill Race path to get to Boulder Valley, which is called " Puddingstone Cove " on the 6 inch Ordnance Map. Although in places there is loose rock on the face, it would seem to afford considerable scope for exploration on an off day.

Kernel Crag: Coniston May I take this opportunity of apologising for being mainly responsible for the mis-spelling of the name " Kernel Crag " which, in my previous articles, has been spelt " Colonel Crag " ?

This crag, on which so far there are two short climbs, lies due north of Paddy End Copper Works. The foot of the crag in 1,200 feet above sea level. The summit of the precipitous part of the Crag is 1,325 feet and the summit of the main outcrop is 1,375 feet, and is marked on the 6 inch Ordnance Map over the word " Kernel."—T.C.O.C.

Dramatis Personæ. The following list of participants in the chief of the new climbs round Wasdale, and the dates on which they were done may be of interest.

13/6/19.	Tophet Bastion— Great Gable. H.M.K., E.H.P., A.R.T., Mrs.K., C.G.C.
14/7/19.	Scimitar Ridge—Great Gable. C.F.H.
*27/7/19.	South West Climb (Direct) Finish Pillar C.F.H., H.M.K., C.G.C., N.E.O.
,,	South East Jordan, Pillar. H.M.K., C.G.C., C.F.H., N.E.O.

* First descent by C.F.H. and H.M.K. (alternate leads), 8/8/19.

28/7/19. Steep Ghyll by Right Wall (looking up). C.F.H., H.M.K., C.G.C.

29/7/19. West face of Low Man, Pillar. H.M.K., C.F.H., C.G.C.

,, Rib and Slab Climb, Pillar. C.F.H., H.M.K., C.G.C.

30/7/19. Waiting Room from First Pitch of Steep Ghyll. C.G.C., H.M.K., C.F.H.

,, Variation right of Hopkinson's and Tribe's Route, including Bad Corner to foot of Jones' Arete (solution to Reverse of Girdle Traverse), Scafell. C.G.C., H.M.K., C.F.H.

Note.—The Bad Corner was done earlier in the year (Whit. Week) by H.M.K., G.S.B., Mrs.K., R.E.W.P.

2/8/19. South Jordan Wall, Pillar. C.G.C., C.F.H.

,, Jordan Bastion, Pillar. C.G.C., C.F.H.

5/8/19. Pinnacle Face from first pitch of Steep Ghyll by Traverse. C.G.C., C.F.H.

,, Kern Knotts Buttress. H.M.K., R.E.W.P.

7/8/19. Central Climb, South Face, Kern Knotts. H.M.K., R.E.W.P., A.P.W.

,, Flake Climb, West Face, Kern Knotts. H.M.K., R.E.W.P., A.W.P., G.H.J.

9/8/19. North West Buttress of High Man :—

Route 1.—Pillar. H.M.K., C.F.H.

Route 2.—Pillar. H.M.K., C.F.H.

H. M. Kelly, E. H. Prior, A. R. Thompson, Mrs. Kelly, C. G. Crawford, C. F. Holland, N. E. Odell, G. S. Bower R. E. W. Pritchard, A. P. Wilson, G. H. Jackson.

† First descent by H.M.K. and C.F.H., 9/8/19.

‡ First descent by G.S.B. and H.M.K., 7/9/19.

THE YEAR WITH THE CLUB.

The Peace Congress may or may not have been successful, but the Club has every reason to congratulate itself on a highly successful Peace Year.

The sun who during the preceeding summers had been inclined to hide his face from a too frantic world, this year shone joyously forth on his votaries the climbers, and a succession of meets full of those bright moments which one bears away to lighten toil in the dismal city, was the result.

CONISTON.—The Annual General Meeting of the Club was held at Coniston in November. The ravages of influenza were responsible for abstentions—some members who had never missed a general meeting being unable to attend. There was no dinner, at anyrate of a formal and official kind, and the meeting devoted itself chiefly to business matters.

Last year's officers and committee were re-elected with one notable exception. W. T. Palmer, whose *Journals* had for many years delighted not only members of the Club but many others who are interested in the literature of the mountains, was forced owing to pressure of his private work to resign the position of editor.

The February meet was remarkably well attended, several members who had recently ceased to have any official use for khaki garments signalling the occasion by turning them into clothing of another kind. This modern kind of beating the sword into ploughshares will long make itself visible in the shape of khaki breeches and tunics where climbers gather together. The weather was delightful; beautifully fine and cold, while the mountains glittered under a vesture of snow, frozen so

hard as to support the boot, but not so as to prevent the delightful crunch which only the nails of a climbing boot can make on hard snow.

The July meet was more or less cancelled owing to the preparations for Peace Night which were going forward in the neighbouring valley. There were, however, three parties on Doe Crag on the Sunday, making the best of what could only be described as a wretched day. Black Chimney was climbed twice—being fairly dry, as befits a good respectable chimney—and Great Gully once.

BUTTERMERE. The New Year Meet—December 27th (1918), January 3rd (1919)—was held here, and despite none too favourable climatic conditions proved one of the most successful gatherings on record. No less than thirty members and friends were present at this the first real meet which took place after the "all clear."

On December 28th the few members who had by that time arrived betook themselves to Birkness Combe, and despite the length of the caravan and the presence of rain and wind in considerable quantities Yeomans succeeded in getting them up the Mitre Climb in excellent time.

The main party dribbled into Buttermere during the day, and the dining room presented quite a festive appearance that night. After dinner, R. W. Hall read a paper on J. W. Robinson which brought very vividly home the exploits and still more the character of that Grand Old Man of the Fells, and is reproduced elsewhere in this number.

On the 29th was accomplished the main object of the meet, namely the restoration of the Robinson records to their position on the Pillar Rock. During the preceding summer the cairn had been desecrated and the records scattered by some of those beings whose humanity

is questionable, and whose little souls not even the awe of the mountains can inspire with decent feeling. Happily hot on their tracks came some members of the Club, who were sufficiently fortunate to rescue the precious papers. A strong brass casket fastened by a stout chain to a heavy iron plate was prepared under the direction of Sheffield members and transported to Buttermere by heroic custodians, Fraser acting as chief dragon. On the Sunday morning, after the records had been placed inside, J. B. Wilton took the whole enclosed in a stout sack to Gatesgarth by motor-cycle and sidecar, and thence by virtue of his own muscular energy to the top of Scarf Gap which was reached at 10-15, sixty-five minutes from the start. Thence to the bottom of Black Sail (at 10-55) the thirty pounds of memorial proceeded by virtue of G. W. Jackson, and so to the top of the pass by R. S. T. Chorley (at 11-30). The Robinson Cairn was reached forty-five minutes later, J. F. Seaman and R. Weeks having officiated. At 12-45 it reached Jordan Gap, chiefly owing to the exertions of W. Goudielock, and at 1-10, exactly four hours out, T. C. Ormiston-Chant bore it in triumph to the summit of the Rock, where Yeomans and Chorley had made the cairn ready for it. Huge stones were piled on to the iron plate and that in great haste as the cold wind was by this time lashing heavy rain across the summit of the Rock.

Three parties reached the summit, and among these Mrs. Ormiston-Chant was the only lady. By mid-day the weather had become so bad that many soon found discretion and the beckoning comforts of the hotel the better part of valour, and those who had accomplished the task were only too glad to join them as rapidly as possible.

On the succeeding days climbing in Birkness Combe was varied with rambles on the fells, and the musical evenings continued to furnish enjoyment. The New

Year received a riotous welcome from those who still remained, and it was not till some days after that the last member betook himself reluctantly away.

The success of this meet was due in no small measure to the kindness and hospitality of the Misses Edmondson and all of those who helped to give us, as our Yorkshire friends say " a right good time."

ESKDALE. The March meet was held at the Woolpack and was so successful that all those present, and they numbered some fifteen, were loud in their praises of Eskdale as a valley for a meet, and of the Woolpack as a place whereat to hold it.

This was in fact the first meet held in Eskdale, a valley full of the most delightful scenery in its lower reaches, while in its upper taking precedence for wild and solitary grandeur. Those present devoted their attention chiefly to rambling, but the remarkable Eskdale Needle benefitted (or should it be suffered) from the attentions of a few enthusiasts.

WASDALE. Meets were held at Wasdale at Christmas, Easter and August. The popularity of Wasdale as a climbing centre with climbers who are not members of the Club causes some loss of the distinctive interests of the usual Club meet. That which was held at Easter was, however, exceptional owing to the number of members who were present, and more especially to the fact that for many who had but recently been demobilised it was the first climbing re-union since the outbreak of war. Among those present were A. E. Field, H. P. Cain, the Woodsends, and H. B. Lyon. The latter had but recently arrived from India where he had been since shortly after the outbreak of war and whither he has since returned to take up permanent residence. Much of his short period at home was spent on his beloved fells and rocks.

LANGDALE. The May meet at Langdale was almost embarrasing in its success from the point of view of getting accomodation. There must have been about thirty members and friends present, and the late-comers overflowed into neighbouring farms and into beds hastily constructed from couches.

Most of the climbs on Pavey Ark and Gimmer Crag received attention. Bower's party accomplished the second ascent of the exceedingly difficult Wilson's Climb on the latter crag—a performance very spectacular to less ambitious climbers amusing themselves on such easy places as Amen Corner.

The main party visited Scawfell Pike, while enthusiastic members of the newly appointed Committee on " flares " spent the day looking for a suitable track for horses up the Stake Pass and behind Rosset Crag. The delightful character of the weather served but to enhance the manifold attractions of Langdale, newly attired in all the freshness of its summer garb.

In July a special meet was held in Langdale to commemorate the signing of the Peace Treaty. This memorable occurrence is the subject of a special article elsewhere. From a climbing point of view it was chiefly notable for ascents of Bowfell Buttress by a party en route for the summit of Scawfell Pike, and of Moss Ghyll by Harland's party, who had spent a restless night in the shelter, and who commenced the climb at 7 a.m., finishing more than four hours later by the direct route in a state of semi-somnolence—one member is alleged actually to have done part of the climb in his sleep.

The most expert cragsmen found the route from Esk Hause to the summit, which they had hitherto treated with undeserved contempt, bristling with pitches of surpassing difficulty and yawning with frightful crevasses in which whole parties with the flares which they carried might easily have been engulfed.

The morning after Peace Night which was seen by a fortunate few was very remarkable for the clearness of the views to the north and west. The coastal plain of Ireland with mountains rising behind was visible for many miles, while the view over Galloway and across the sea beyond was startling in its map-like clarity. Towards Wales, however, the view was smudged by smoke and mists.

The September meet which was held here was not very largely attended, probably owing to the unsettled character of the weather, though Sunday was a most glorious day. Howard Somervell's party climbed Bowfell Buttress, while the Secretary, the Treasurer and others were making their way to the Three Tarns and Eskdale. Wilton and Chorley impelled by the threatened absence of beds started off the night before, about 10-30, with the idea of accomplishing the Helvellyn, Skiddaw and Scawfell Pike walk. Helvellyn they reached about 2 a.m., but thereafter lost their way in the dark and rain, and it was after 5 when they thankfully reached the bottom of the Sticks Pass. Eventually met by a heavy downpour when half-way up Skiddaw they called it off, and retreated to an excellent breakfast in Keswick.

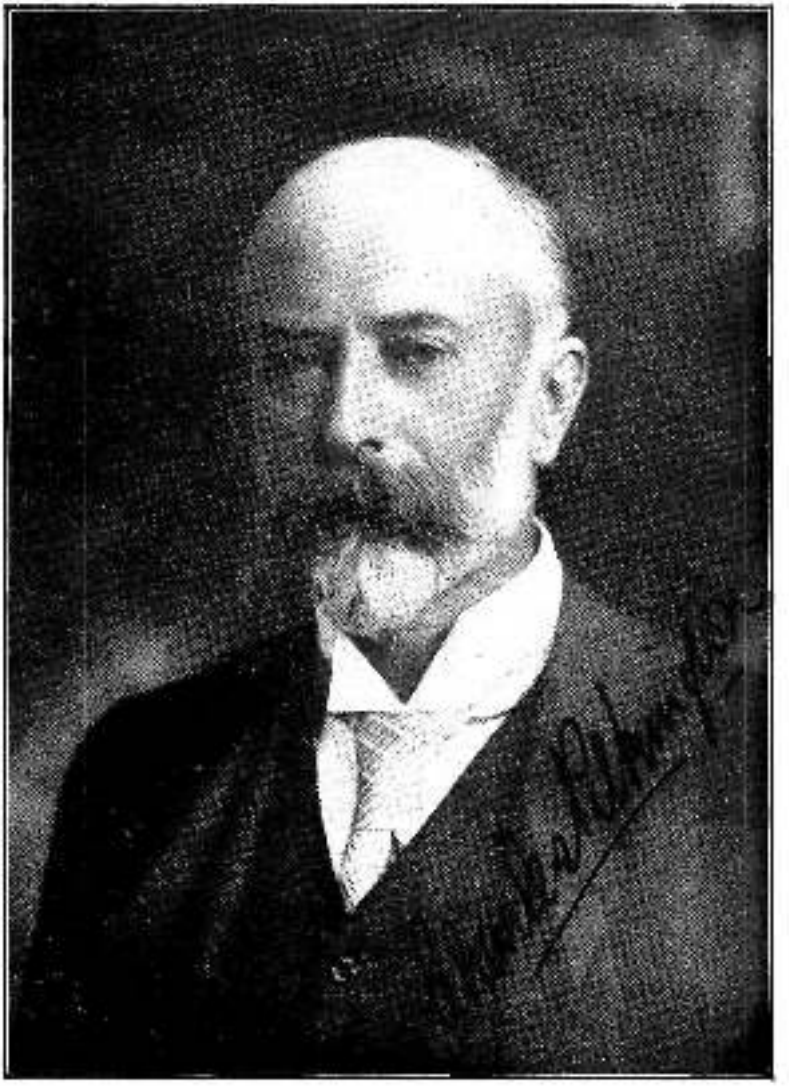
Immediately afterwards the sun broke its way through the clouds, and shone benignly on them all the way home to Langdale which they reached about 3 p.m. By way of demonstrating their unquenchable valour (and showing off to some toiling " towerists ") they ran up the Stake Pass in twelve minutes—resting a good deal longer than that at the top.

BORROWDALE. The valley seemed hardly to contain anyone but members of the Club at Whitsuntide; all the hotels and farms from Rosthwaite to Seathwaite furnishing their share of accommodation. The main mass of the meet fared nobly at Thorneythwaite.

Altogether there must have been forty members present, and while the President had the pleasure of presiding at crowded and delightful impromptu concert parties during the night, he was not less felicitous in the choice of climbing areas for the day. Each day seemed more full of sunshine then the last, but a cool breeze, and heavy showers during the night made exertion a pleasure.

On the Sunday Scawfell came in for attention, several ascents of Moss Ghyll and Slingsby's Chimney were made, while Kelly's party who were staying in Wasdale accomplished the Girdle Traverse, in one place doing a new and improved variation. On Monday no less than five parties climbed Sergeant Crag Gully—the fourth pitch in which is now no more than difficult—and on Tuesday the Napes ridges were regularly festooned with strings of climbers. Those who stayed on to the end of the week had the pleasure of assisting Eustace Thomas of the Rucksack Club in his great walk round the chief summits.

BOWLAND BRIDGE. The October meet was again held at Cawmire Hall, and though thinly attended—there were some eight members present—was voted a great success. As there is no rock climbing in the neighbourhood Sunday was devoted to a pleasant ramble.



CHARLES PILKINGTON.

IN MEMORIAM.

Charles Pilkington.

One of the most distinguished and most lovable of the Club's Honorary Members has, in the person of Charles Pilkington, left us to find new climbing grounds.

From his earliest days he had been familiar with the hills and mountains of his native land, and he made his first ascent of the Pillar Rock as far back as 1869, and though not foremost among the pioneers he continued during the succeeding years to visit the Lakeland Crags in company with his brother Mr. Lawrence Pilkington, the late Mr. Horace Walker and other members of the Alpine Club. On one historic occasion he was certainly present and that was when Mr. Godfrey Solly led the Eagle's Nest direct.

More notable were his exploits in Skye. Here he was probably the greatest of all the pioneers. He and his brother made the first ascent of the Inaccessible Pinnacle in 1880, and during the following years he added Sgurr Mhic Coinnich, Sgurr Thearlach, the Pinnacle Ridge of Sgurr nan Gillean and the traverse of Clach Glas to his list of first ascents. His map of the Cuillin was for long invaluable to climbers, being in its time the only one with any pretensions to accuracy. In the Alpine Journal he revealed the wonderful beauties of that wild and romantic island, under the spell of which he attained a poetic and descriptive power which attracted many—to their ultimate delight—to follow in his footsteps.

As a mountaineer he achieved his highest distinction among the Alps, where he was perhaps the first to show how the experience won at home could be turned to value in guideless climbing. Equally good on rock or ice, he stood out second to none among his contemporaries,

and achieved a place which will always be distinguished in the annals of mountaineering.

Of the man himself all who knew him speak in those terms of affectionate regard which are higher than cold praise. His activities were many-sided: in sport he not only climbed but was a notable fisherman and deer stalker; as a captain of industry he was noteworthy in his regard for the welfare of those who fought under him and to whose interests he devoted much of his unremitting energy; as an officer of the various Clubs, which were proud to name him President, he never spared his time or own interests to their work and welfare. He was vice-president of the Alpine Club in 1887, and was its president from 1896 to 1898; he was also president of the Ruck-sack Club. His relations with fellow-members and fellow-officers in the various clubs appear to have been of the happiest imaginable, and all who came in contact with him will long bear him affectionate remembrance. There was nothing which he touched which he did not adorn, and no one who knew him but loved him.

Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith writes:—"Probably not many of the present generation realise how much Charles Pilkington did to advance the sport of guideless mountaineering. He not merely improved it by his skill and courage but he made it into a respectable pursuit. He shewed that it was not an affair of mere physical prowess and reckless courage, but a legitimate sport which by foresight and due preparation could be fairly undertaken by a responsible citizen. Of course he had exceptional qualifications of strength, skill and judgment, while his temperament, evenly gay but ever prompt to treat a serious matter seriously, made him an ideal comrade on the mountains. With his keen enjoyment of life, his unselfishness and freedom from all petty jealousies, he inspired personal affection to a degree which falls to the lot of very few."

THE SPIDER ON THE OVERHANG: PUDDING STONE, BOULDER VALLEY.

Westgarth Whinnerah.

Westgarth ! warm on the pleasing sound
There floods, in tender turbulence,
Glad memories profound
Of days when wild feet trod live hills,
When glistening flesh from cleansing rills
Sprang ruddy, glowing ;

Of slender ragged youth poised high,
Adrift, on some rare loftiness,
'Twixt grasping gulf and beck'ning sky ;
Of rampant figure, arms a'sail,
Striding the scree swift to the vale,
No danger knowing.—GEO. B.

On November 18th, 1918, the Club lost, through influenza, one of its most promising members. In "Garth" Whinnerah was to be found, in full measure, the spirit of the mountaineer who worships the hills at all times and under all conditions. Climbing was not to him a mere exercise ; one might probably say that it was the chief aim of his youthful career. Although in some respects he took life seriously, yet, when amongst his well-loved mountains, he was always full of enthusiasm, like a boy at play. That was his chief characteristic ; no matter how bad the weather might be, he always found something good to say about the hills, and was the life and soul of a rain-sodden party, for his love of Nature was equalled by his ideals of good fellowship. Naturally, such a personality, gifted moreover with exceptional natural ability and daring, was led to express its mountain love in severe rock climbing, and with his characteristic style and his slim build, he became known amongst his friends as "The Spider."

Such climbs as Walker's Gully and the Eagle's Nest Arête were taken in his stride, and the Engineer's Chimney under slimy conditions, was one of the many classic courses which he had to his credit.

But Doe Crags was his happy hunting ground. Here he had done all the standard climbs, and was beginning exploration, in which he would have excelled, for anything unclimbed was, to him, a challenge not to be declined. To his faith and foresight was largely due the recent conquest of the "Great Central Route" in Easter Gully. Only a fortnight before his death he made the first descent of Central Chimney, under very bad conditions.

In the delirium of his final illness he was, in the spirit, on Doe Crags. Once he had expressed a wish to die climbing. How tragically was it gratified!

G.S.B.

There's "Garth," long "Garth,"
"Garth" of the narrow gauge;
"Garth" of the dark and wistful eye,
Of the coal black hair, of the teeth that vie
With dusky Ethiope;
"Garth" with his joyous boyish laugh,
With his grip that speaks,
And his harmless chaff,
He is the boy.
With arms and legs thrust out of his rags,
He is the boy to face the crags;
'Easy,' 'difficult,' 'severe,'
What has a lad like he to fear,
With his slender frame, and his long, long reach,
And a clinging grip like a hungry leech,
Chimney, buttress, traverse, or crack,
To heaven or hell, with a pal at his back,
He is the boy.
We like that lad with his rope and his rags,
He is one of the four of the Yewdale Vags.

GEO. B.

Claude Swanwick Worthington.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. S. Worthington, D.S.O. (and Bar), T.D., commanded the 1st/6th Battalion of the Manchester Regiment intermittently from 5th May to 20th September, 1917, in Gallipoli, Egypt, Sinai and France. He also commanded the 8th Battalion of the Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment in 1917-18, the 3rd Entrenching Battalion in 1918, and the 5th (Service) Battalion of the Dorset Regiment. It was with this last-named battalion that he was fighting when he was wounded, on October 3rd, 1918. He died on October 14th.

It is not the function of this Memoir to be an account of his wonderful military service, but a brief reference to his distinguished career as a soldier must be included. He was Gazetted to the 2nd (Volunteer) Battalion of the Manchester Regiment as a Second-Lieutenant March 28th, 1900; Lieutenant, September, 1900; Captain (6th Territorial Battalion, Manchester Regiment), February, 1906; Major, February, 1914. He was made a (substantive) Lieutenant-Colonel on November 24th, 1917. He received his D.S.O., February, 1916*; Bar to D.S.O., April, 1919,* the Territorial Decoration, July, 1919,* and was mentioned in Despatches three times. He was wounded three times, and only three times during the War did he come home on leave.

Worthington started serious rock-climbing between 1898 and 1901. He and P. D. Swanwick spent Easter of 1899 tramping the Lake District, and his note book records many attempted climbs during these four days of very wet weather.

I met Worthington at Easter, 1907, the day after the Club's first Meeting at Wastwater Hotel. It was on the summit of Pillar Rock just after he and J. D. Gemmell,

* Dates of *The Gazette* in which the decorations were confirmed.

who was leading, had made the third strict ascent of the North West Climb. The successful party were assisting many unsuccessful ones with 200 feet of rope lowered down the climb. But for the lateness of the hour it would have been the lot of myself and companion to have tied on to the "200-footer." We preferred to descend, however.

Next day I lost my axe when half-way up the Keswick Brother's Climb. It was nearly dark and Scantlebury and I spent a weary hour in chipping steps with a wedge of rock in a huge fringe of ice above Botterill's Slab, hoping to avoid a descent. A cheery hail from Hollow Stones brought two good Samaritans to the top of the climb, and the ring of their axes in the hard ice kept us company for another hour whilst they cut down to within the rope's length of us. The rescuers were Worthington and Gemmell. During this Easter Holiday the two men did nearly all the severe and very difficult climbs in the Pillar, Gable and Scafell Crags. A notable climb was Engineers' Chimney with a considerable amount of ice in it.

Worthington did not visit Doe Crags until 1909, when I volunteered to pilot him and Gemmell there in an autumnal downpour. I landed them at Seathwaite in Duddon in time for tea. I have never determined how near we were to the Crag that day.

Next year was an excellent record of rock-climbing :— Easter, Langdale and Wasdale; Autumn, Wasdale. Thinking he was on unclimbed rocks, he made the second ascent of Giant's Crawl. However, it is certain that he had ascended or descended all the climbs known on Scafell, Pillar and Great Gable in Langdale, Borrowdale and Buttermere, with very few exceptions.

It is unfortunate that his notes on most of his earlier climbs cannot be found, but an attempt has been made to summarise his expeditions as far as possible; these

will be placed on the Club's records in due course, with those of other members who lost their lives in the War.

It is interesting to note that he left Switzerland for the last time a few days before the outbreak of War, and that he had probably secured during that season his qualification to membership of the Alpine Club.

He was born at Broomfield, Alderley Edge, Oct. 7th, 1877; educated, Ryley's School, Alderley Edge; Sedbergh; Owens College. He entered business in Manchester in 1895. Being mentally alert, of splendid muscular development, with unlimited courage and fond of all athletics, he was bound to go far as a rock-climber and mountaineer. His buoyant nature and consideration for less able companions made him the ideal leader on the mountain as in battle.

T. C., O-C.

Reuben Brierley.

I have been asked by the Editor to write a short notice of our member Reuben Brierley who died this year at the age of 58. He had not been a member for more than a few months but this does not mean that he was not a mountaineer, for he considered that mountains came first and Clubs next. This Club was the only one he ever joined as an ordinary member though many years ago the Rucksack Club elected him to honorary membership, his qualification being that he was the man who taught that Club to climb.

Like many other climbers Brierley was a schoolmaster by profession and thus enjoyed longer holidays than most of us. He was a graduate of London and was for years the Head Master of one of the most successful training schools in the North of England. He also did journalistic work, being for many years assistant editor of an Educational paper and his few papers in climbing journals were always interesting and written in excellent style.

Brierley had over 25 seasons in the Alps climbing (often guideless) in France, Italy and Switzerland, and his seasons usually lasted for about 6 weeks, so that his knowledge of the Alps was considerable. He also knew well the hills of the North of England, particularly Yorkshire and the Lake District and I believe he had stayed in Langdale for about 30 or 40 years running at the New Year. Many of our members know Langdale well but I doubt whether any of us have the same exact knowledge of that Vale and the surrounding hills as Brierley possessed.

Gimmer Crag was his original discovery and the Langdale pillar was his by right of first ascent.

When I first met Brierley (about 15 years ago) he preferred to be second man on the rope particularly if he was climbing with younger men, but in his younger days he had done more than his share of leading, and if his lead found any difficulty in getting up a pitch it was usually found that Brierley came to the front and led up the pitch ; afterwards dropping again to second man.

He was an excellent companion on the hills, always cheerful and on the look out to give aid when necessary, and his powers of entertainment in the evenings after the days work was over always added a charm to the holidays spent with him, and one could always rely on him for a song or story when called upon.

I don't know whether it was a defect or not that resulted on many occasions in his being benighted. It was probably that he always wished to do a little more than could reasonably be done in daylight. His party spent the night out twice on the Alps at over 10,000 feet, and on another occasion he and another man were on Scawfell Pike in bad weather and had to make the best of it till daybreak and in addition he was always ready for an all-night walk.

Several times I have been with him when we have just

managed to find our way down about midnight after losing ourselves when the short winter day had passed, and if one must miss ones way and be wandering about in cold and wet, no better companion could have been found for the purpose.

The Rucksack Club men will miss Reuben sadly and if he had lived longer the Fell and Rock Club men would have also have learnt to love and admire our friend and companion.

P. S. M.

J. H. Burman.

Mr. Burman, though his name does not appear in the list of original members was a very early member of the Club, and his death will be mourned by his many friends.

G. Holmes.

Sept. 1917-1919.

RECORD OF WAR SERVICE.

Adam, Allan, Lieut. R.E.
Aldous, F. C., Lt.-Col. M.G.C.
Allsup, W., Lieut. Loyal North Lancs. Regt.
Arnold, H. A., 2nd Lieut. 19th Manchester Regt.
Ashcroft, Wm. F., Capt. Loyal North Lancs. Regt.
Bainbridge, J. S.
Balfour, G. B., Lt.-Col., D.S.O., 4th K.O.R.L. Regt.
Bean, J. Gordon, L/Cpl. King's (Liverpool) Regt.
Blair, H. S. P., Lieut. 2nd D.C.L.I.
Bodell, G. W., Eng. Lieut.-Com. R.N.
Boden, Gordon, Sick-berth Attendant R.N.
Bowdler, W. A., Major R.F.A. (T.F.)
Boyd, A. W., Capt. 1/7th Lancs. Fusiliers, M.C.
Cain, H. P., Capt. 5th East Lancs. Regt.
Campbell, J., Corporal R.E.
Carr, H. R., Lieut. R.N.V.R.
Chorley, R. S. T., Cadet R.A.S.C. (M.T.)
Clay, A. J.
Cowburn, A. B., Capt. 5th Border Regt.
Cowley, J. C., 2nd Lieut. M.G.C.
Diss, H. C., Lieut. 8th London Regt.
Fletcher, J. H., Corporal Northumberland Fusiliers.
France, W. H., Capt.
Gourlay, W. B., Capt. R.A.M.C.
Grosse. W. H. B.
Hardy, Len., L/Cpl. R.A.S.C., M.T.
Hartley, Edmund, Lieut. 2nd Lancs. Fusiliers.
Heelis, R. L., Pte. R.A.S.C., M.T.
Herford, S. W., Pte. 24th Royal Fusiliers.
Higgs, S. L., Surgeon R.N.
Holland, C. F., Lieut. Gloucestershire Regt., M.C.
Hopley, C. F. C., Corporal Special Brigade R.E.
Huntbach, W. M., Major 4th King's Shropshire L.I.
Jeffcoat, S. F., 2nd Lieut. Royal Fusiliers.
Lees, R. B., Major West. and Cumb. Yeomanry.
Linsell, S. J.
Lyon, H. R., 2nd Lieut. 5th Cokes' Rifles.
Martin, R. L., Pte. Artists' Rifles, O.T.C.
Masson, P. R., Flt.-Sub-Lieut. R.N.

McCullagh, A. B., Lieut.-Commander R.N.
Milligan, G., Pte. Tank Corps.
Morrison-Bell, A. C., Major Scots Guards.
Murray, D. G., Flt.-Lieut. R.A.F.
Norman, R. E., Lieut. Oxford and Bucks. L.I.
Oppenheimer, L. J., 2nd Lieut. 2/23rd London Regt.
Ormiston-Chant, T. C., 16th Royal Irish Rifles.
Pritchard, A. J.
Purkis, G. C. L., Capt. Yorks. and Lancs Regt. and M.G.C.
Quick, H., Eng. Lieut. R.N.
Rimer, A. W.
Rowland, S. C., L/Cpl. 2nd Batt. Artists' Rifles.
Sanderson, R. B., Lieut. R.G.A.
Simpson, Hugh, Major R.F.A.
Slingsby, H. L., Lieut. K.O.Y.L.I., M.C.
Smith, Rev. J. H., Pte. Inns of Court O.T.C.
Somervell, T. Howard, Capt. R.A.M.C. (T.F.)
Stables, J., Pte.
Thompson, P. S., Capt. 130th (St. John) Ambulance.
Turner, G. C., Capt. West Yorks. Regt.
Wakefield, A. W., Capt. R.A.M.C.
Watts, G. H., Lieut. Motor Machine Gun Corps.
Whitley, B. H., 2nd Lieut. Royal Scots.
Whitworth, J. H., Major 2/6 Batt. Manchester Regt., D.S.O., M.C
Wilson, Graham, Sub-Lieut. R.N.V.R.
Woodhouse, G. F., Capt. T.F. (Unattached List).
Woodsend, J. C., Pte. R.A.S.C., M.T.
Woodsend, W. A., Pte. R.A.S.C., M.T.
Worthington, C. S., Lt.-Col. Manchester Regt., D.S.O., M.C.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

J. Gordon Bean
H. S. P. Blair
A. J. Clay
J. Neville Fletcher
W. H. B. Grosse
Edmund Hartley
S. W. Herford
Stanley F. Jeffcoat
E. B. Lees
S. J. Linnell
L. J. Oppenheimer
A. J. Pritchard
A. W. Rimer
R. B. Sanderson
H. L. Slingsby
G. C. Turner
B. H. Whitley
J. Haworth Whitworth
Claude S. Worthington