

G. A. SOLLY—President, 1919-21.

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

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## RULES.

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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 10/- per annum plus an entrance fee of 10/-. Subscriptions shall be due on the first of November in each year. Members may become life members upon payment of one subscription of seven guineas.

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

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

9.—An Annual General Meeting will be held in November of each year, or at such other time as the Committee may determine. A copy of the Balance Sheet made up to September 30th, together with agenda of the business to be transacted, shall be posted to each member seven days before the Meeting.

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

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

12.—An Extraordinary General Meeting of the Club shall be called on a requisition in writing, signed by any eight members, being sent to the Hon. Secretary, who shall call such Meeting within ten days.

13.—Books, Maps, or any other articles which the Club may provide, must on no account be removed from the quarters where they are kept.

Bookcases have been provided at Thorneythwaite Farm, Borrowdale; Buttermere Hotel, Buttermere; Wastwater Hotel, Wasdale; Sun Hotel, Conistoun; 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.

## CLIMBING IN THE NORTH-WEST HIGHLANDS.

By T. HOWARD SOMERVELL.

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During the month of June, 1920, my brother and I spent a glorious three weeks in Scotland, with a Morgan three-wheeler and a length of rope. Starting at Kendal, we arrived at Lochearnhead the first evening, and went on to Glencoe, where we stayed for two days of pouring rain. Fort William was the next objective, and the first day there was spent in an ascent of the Tower Ridge; including a new way up Douglas' Boulder (also in rain). This so-called "Boulder" sounds by its name firm and stable, but in actual fact contains in its upper part the most dangerous loose rock I have ever come across, and is a place I am not over-anxious to revisit; still less so is my brother, who was usually in the line of fire. A philanthropist on the look-out for a new sphere of activity would do well to provide many tons of Portland cement and dump them on the top of this poor old decaying piece of rock.

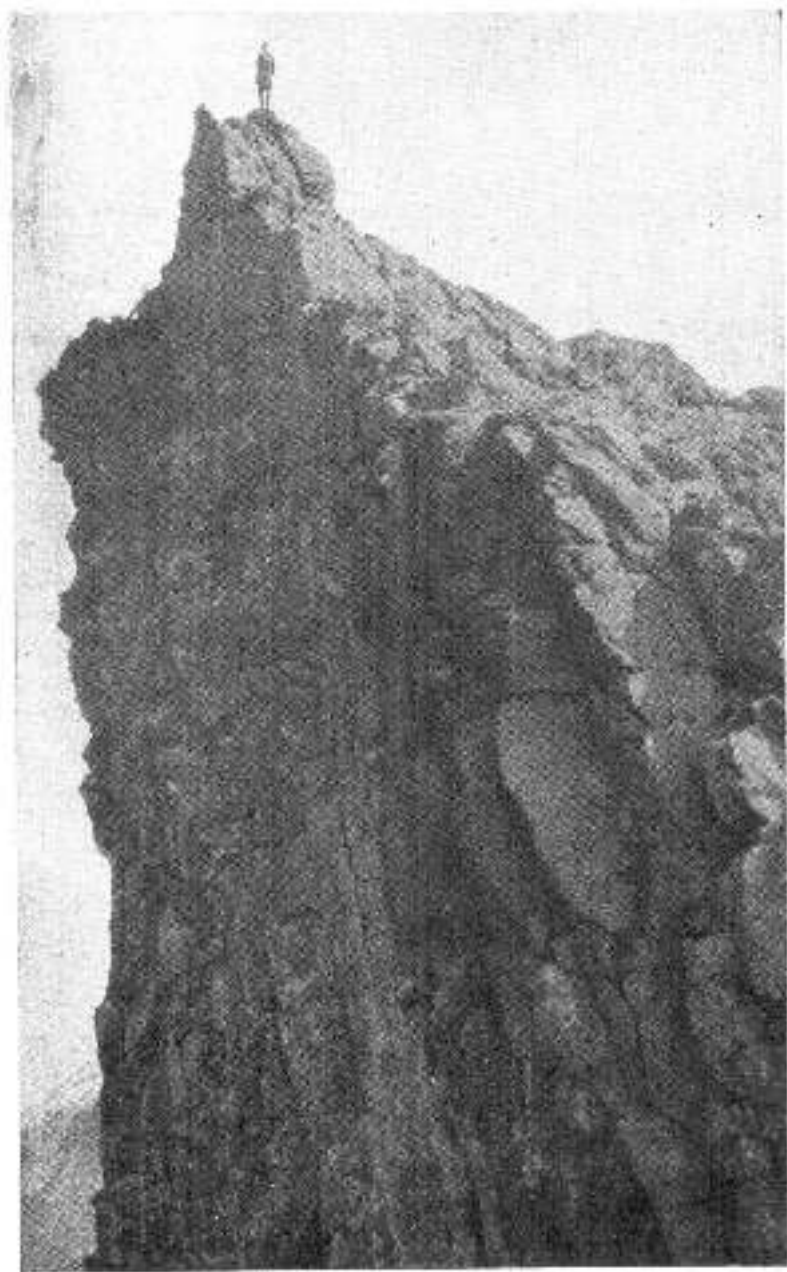
The next day was splendidly fine, with a gentle northerly wind, and we had a delightful climb up the Castle of Carn Dearg, direct, including a distinctly difficult chimney near the top. The view from the top of Ben Nevis was the most magnificent I have ever seen in Britain; one could simply see everything within a hundred miles.

The day following we went on to Ullapool, which we voted the most charming place we had seen hitherto. Within easy reach are the fantastic sandstone hills of Sutherlandshire, which must provide an infinite number

of climbs, and which are, from any point of view, of fine and vigorous outline. Sullven is perhaps the most beautiful of all, like a gigantic cathedral rising straight from the low-lying country around it. We attacked the Western Buttress of Cuil Beag, the most southerly of these sandstone peaks, and found a good buttress climb of over 1,000 feet. Starting at the foot of the highest mass of the precipice, up several fifty-foot pitches divided by broad heather ledges in true Torridonian fashion, we finished up a long gully which provided some interesting climbing and led out onto a short arête near the summit of the mountain. Just below this gully is an entertaining little forty feet which defied us until we had both tried it several times. This pitch, as most others, can be avoided owing to the formation of the broad terraces. We left a few cairns on the way up, marking a delightful and not too difficult climb; but it is scarcely likely that subsequent climbers will follow our route exactly, as so many alternatives offer themselves.

After leaving Ullapool, we turned our attention to the exploration of An Teallach, the fine outline of which had attracted us while on the road two days earlier. We stayed at Dundonnell Inn, and unhesitatingly recommend it as a first-class place of its kind. An Teallach rises just behind this isolated hotel, and we spent a day of perfect weather exploring its ridges. These are of Coolin-like aspect, but the gabbro of the Skye peaks is replaced by red Torridonian Sandstone, which renders the place either too easy, too impossible, or too dangerously loose for the rock-climber. But the two main ridges, with their colossal buttresses and snow-filled gullies, crowned with fantastic pinnacles and capped at the eastern end with white Quartzite, provided one of the finest bits of mountain scenery in Scotland.

From the picture of one of the teeth on the S.E. Ridge, which was taken with an untilted camera, it will be



*Point.*

*Harold Somersell.*

THE TOOTH OF TEALLACH.

seen that Teallach provides places which even Kelly would find hard.

The coast road by Gairloch, passing by many rocky promontories and sandy inlets, brought us next day to Loch Maree, and after a comfortable night at the hotel there, we set off for the buttresses of Coire Mhic Fhearchair. Leaving the Morgan half-way between Kinlochewe and Torridon, we walked up the valley between Liathach and Ben Eighe, and rounded the western wall of the Coire. In just two hours from the road we arrived at what is surely the finest sight in Britain; the three great buttresses of Ben Fighe, whose heads are crowned with pearly grey marble, while their feet of sandstone rest in the waters of the mountain tarn.

After an hour or so devoted to sketching, photography, and lunch, we decided to attempt the direct ascent of the Eastern Buttress, without starting from the left-hand end of the sandstone portion as previous parties had done. We made several attempts at the Buttress, but without avail, the rock being almost unscaleable when one gets about 40 feet up. We finally had to start fairly well on the left, up a difficult chimney not unlike some of the harder chimneys on Almes Cliff near Leeds. Easier slabs led to the broad ledge below the Quartzite, and thence the climbing became less difficult. Interesting pitches can constantly be chosen, however, and we felt when on the top that the buttress had yielded a really good climb for 1,500 feet. The rock scenery, both in form and colour, is marvellously beautiful.

Crossing the top of Ben Eighe, we ran down the screes on the Torridon side—a long and most satisfying scree-run.

Next day saw us in Skye, where we followed the time-honoured custom of doing the Pinnacle Ridge for the first day's work. We included the Black Chimney, near the top of which there must have been a fall of rock,

as the last pitch is not so hard as previous accounts lead one to expect. The direct route up the Cioch, the South-West Crack on Sgurr Dearg, the Waterpipe Gully, and other climbs all done in perfect weather, combined with the views from various points along the ridge to complete one's enjoyment. We both felt it was the finest holiday of our lives.

After the departure of my brother, I joined Cain, Chant, G. Wilson, and Walker Jones at Glen Brittle. We spent several delightful days, and the weather continued to be perfect.

In view of the fine weather, and as I was in fit condition, I felt anxious to do the round of the main ridge of the Coolin from Gars-bheinn to Sgurr na h'Uamha. Graham Wilson started with me at 7.11 on June 20th, from Glen Brittle, and we reached the top of Gars-bheinn to our surprise at 9.16. Sgurr nan Eag was passed at 9.58. Between this peak and Sgurr Dubh na Dabheinn (10.41) we lost some time through ignorance of that part of the ridge. We climbed a rock that proved to be but a subsidiary tower, the descent of which was rather awkward. Thus far boots had been worn, but at Bealach Coire an Lochan we changed to rubbers, and kept them on for the more rocky part of the ridge to come. Alaisdair was reached at 11.43, Tearlach at 11.50, Mhic Choinnich at 12.18. We climbed Mhic Choinnich by King's Chimney thus saving a quarter of an hour on the time recorded by Shadbolt and Maclaren.

We put on boots again for the weary scree walk up to the Inaccessible Pinnacle, the top of which we gained at 1.17. The Western climb brought us to the Sgurr Dearg cairn at 1.25. Here we had some of Mrs. Chisholm's sustaining bannock and a piece of Kendal Mint Cake, and rested for three-quarters of an hour. Cain and Co. came to meet us from Glen Brittle by way of the Banachdich Gully, and cheered us on our way. We





*Photo.*

*Howard Somerville,*

**THE CLOCH FROM SGUMAIN BUTTRESS.**

declined their offers of food and massage, as we were determined to have no outside aids, but to carry all our requirements ourselves.

Starting from Sgurr Dearg at 2-11, we reached Banachdich at 2-40, and here Wilson, who has a rheumatic heart (or says he has, but it seems a fairly efficient organ), said he was "done." After a few words of mutual encouragement we parted. I confess to some misgiving as to the advisability, first of leaving a companion, and, second, of going on alone. It was disappointing, too, not to do the thing together; nevertheless I continued the walk, reaching Thormaidd at 2-55, and Ghreadiadh at 3-20. Here the excessive heat and a parched throat persuaded me to go down to some snow, with which I filled my pockets and my mouth. Ghreadiadh summit was regained at 3-32, Mhadiadh was passed at 3-50, and on the top of Bidein I rested from 4-42 to 5-0.

The troublesome dip in the Castles made going rather slow, and Bruach na Frithe was reached at 6.7, Sgurr na Fhionn Coire at 6-13, and Bealach nan Lice at 6-20. Here, following the good example of the first party to do the whole ridge, I rested for half an hour, occupying it by the sucking of snow, and by the feeling of misgivings at the idea of tackling Naismith's route, which I had never seen before, alone. However the verticality of the Tooth is more than compensated by the size of its hand holds, and when once on the climb one felt quite happy. For the traverse from the Bhasteir Tooth to the Bhasteir I failed to spot the way which Cain had described to me, but adopted an easy though somewhat circuitous route on the Lota Coire face. Having left the Bealach at 6-50, I arrived on the Bhasteir at 7-21.

By this time the snow eaten on the Bealach was beginning to be digested, and I was feeling much more fit and less thirsty. Sgurr nan Gillean summit was passed at 7-45, and Sgurr na h'Uamha reached at 8-5,

after 10 hours 49 minutes had been spent on the ridge itself ; I returned to the south ridge of Sgurr nan Gillean and came down the Tourist Route, arriving at Sligachan at 9.29, fourteen hours and eighteen minutes after having left Glen Brittle.

The chief difficulty of the walk was thirst. If one had taken a water bottle, time would have been saved during the hot part of the day. Ignorance of parts of the ridge necessitated the wasting of some time in finding the right way. I feel sure the whole Main Ridge, including also the other Black Coolin, Blaven and Clach Glas, could be done in one stretch. But it would be hard work, and a companion would be desirable for the climbing on Clach Glas as also for the Tooth. The alternation of boots and rubbers saves the feet tremendously, and saves time also. As for food, there is nothing like Mint Cake for a hot day.

The day after we had done the ridge walk we walked over to Glen Brittle by way of the Slanting Gully, led by Chant, including the top pitch, which looks much looser than it is. Next day saw us again on the Cioch, and Wilson and I spent a pleasant half hour climbing the Crack of Doom, which is a delightful climb, if the second man be brought up to the penultimate chockstone. At the end of a long run out, however, it might prove rather too exhilarating to be pleasant.

A day or two later Walker-Jones and I, looking for Abraham's new route up Knight's peak, but being unable to find its start, did a new climb up the N.E. face of that pinnacle, with some good slabby climbing at the lower part, and leading in an almost straight line to the summit. We crossed Abraham's route several times, to judge by the nail-marks, and our route is probably only slightly harder than theirs.

Soon our time in Skye came to an end, and the return journey was made through Clunie Bridge, Tom Doun,

Invergarry, and Dalwhinnie, to Kinloch-Rannoch. Walker Jones and I walked up Schichallion for the sake of the view, which was very fine. The run to Stirling, where W. J. left for Edinburgh, and on to Kendal, was soon accomplished owing to the good quality of the roads.

The Morgan ran all the time without a hitch, except for tyre trouble, the total distance being 1,100 miles. All the roads north of Perth are poor, some of them atrocious, even main roads being loose and pot-holed; but the Morgan did excellently, and even went from Sligachan to Glen Brittle in faster time than did a Rolls Royce.

For any readers who possess a light car, a tour on similar lines would afford as attractive a holiday as could be desired, especially if, as was our good fortune, the blessings of fine weather are added to the other joys of a mountain holiday.

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[The following note on a new climb on Aonach Dubh by T. H. Somervell is of interest.—*Editor.*]

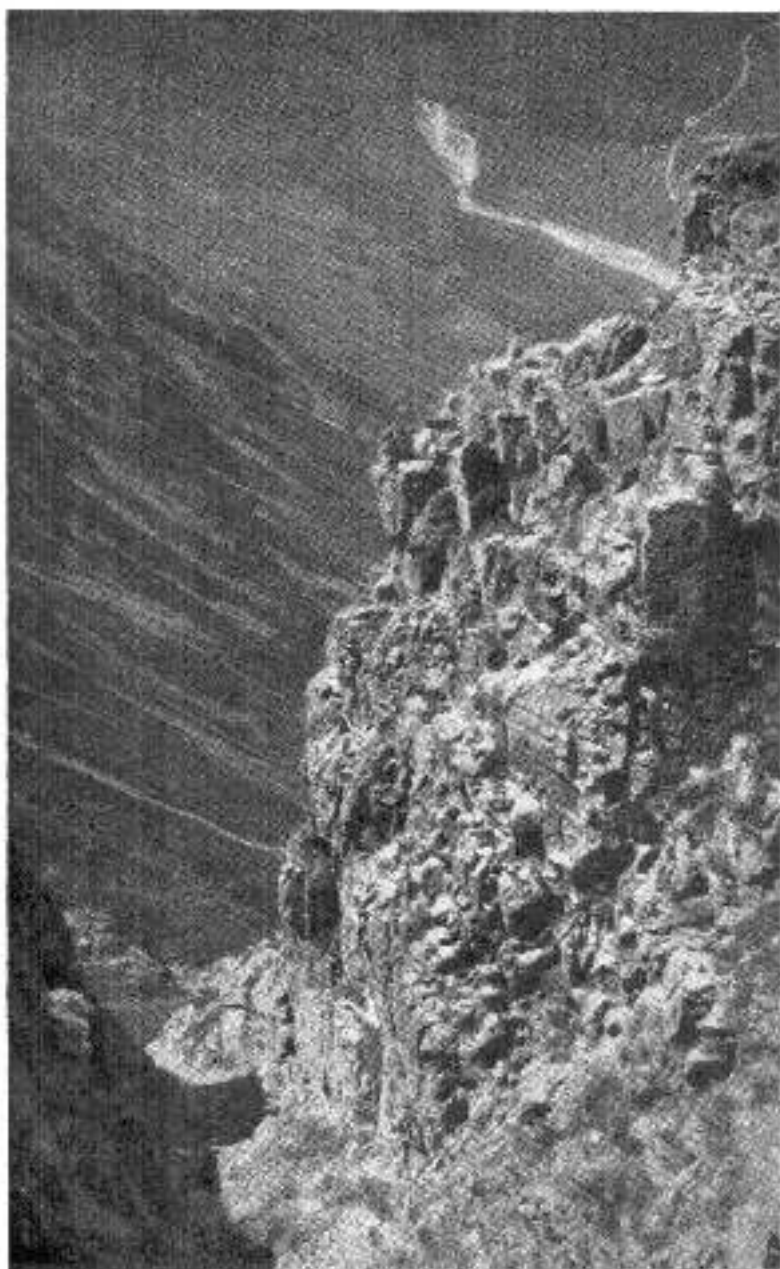
After staying the night at Kinghouse we went over the pass to Clachaig. The inn there is delightful; though small, it provides comfort, excellent fare, and a very reasonable bill. Opposite the inn towers the splendid western cliff of Aonach Dubh. This is divided into several buttresses by well-marked gullies which look slimy and mossy. Horizontally the whole cliff is divided into four layers. The first is steep, loose, unattractive, vegetable-covered stuff, for 200 feet or so. Above this is a similar thickness of very steep, bluish rock, in many places quite free from vegetation. Next comes some rough, delightful rock for 150 feet; easy and broken rocks constitute the final 250 feet.

We were attracted by the large central buttress, the widest of them all, up which no ascent had apparently been made except that of Maclay, who, however, is

reported to have traversed into the gully on the right in order to finish the climb. We desired to find a way up which kept to the buttress ; this only looked hopeful at one place, where a definite scoop runs up the buttress from bottom to top.

The start was made at the extreme right-hand side of the buttress, up the loose and mossy rocks already mentioned. There are two 70 foot runs-out ; each is surmounted by an ideal belay, and the second slants upwards to the left and lands one on a grassy ledge. This is never more than two feet wide, and extends right along the face of the crag. Directly above this the rocks of the second section are very steep and apparently impossible, so a traverse of nearly 100 feet was made to the left until the shallow scoop visible from below was reached. The traverse is sensational throughout, but difficult at one point only, where there are some small belays available to safeguard an awkward, long step, rendered necessary by the disappearance of the ledge for a few feet. Just before the scoop is reached the vegetation ceases and the rocks present a clean surface. Leading up this I came to an obstacle which bade me return to the ledge and admire the scenery. Hoyland then led up, and after a brief struggle surmounted the obstacle, by virtue of his longer reach (and also, shall we say, his greater courage). The mauvais pas is a rounded knob of rock, on which one's hands, elbows, knees, and feet have successively to be placed. This sounds quite easy, but the facts that (1) there is no handhold for 5 feet above the knob ; (2) nor foothold for a similar distance below ; and (3) that the position is sensational in the extreme, make this section distinctly severe.

Once up this piece the angle eases off, and the next hundred feet are simpler to climb and not devoid of refreshment in the form of bilberries. The second ledge which is now reached is much wider than the first ; the



*Photo,*

*Howard Savornin.*

**CENTRAL BUTTRESS—AONACH DUBH.**

scoop above it assumes the dimensions of a gully, and at this point it is obvious that the climb will "go."

Thus a third section of the climb is reached—rough porphyritic rock, such stuff as Napes ridges are made of. The gully is entered from its left wall by means of a tiny ledge for the feet with good large holds for the hands. After a forty-foot run-out the bed of the gully is entered, and this is climbed to the top. On the whole it is fairly difficult, but not severe.

The upper section of broken rocks is now reached, and the obvious route leads straight ahead up a loose, easy gully to the summit of Aonach Dubh. This part of the climb forms the subject of the illustration.

The course described has the merit of providing continuous climbing for 600 feet or more before the easy scrambling begins. It is, moreover, I believe, the only way up the buttress, at least for ordinary mortals. In addition the climbing is varied, containing slabs, a scoop, a traverse, a gully, and vegetables. If only a few who read this will do the climb, the latter may diminish in quantity, and the climb correspondingly improve.

When cleared a bit, I am convinced that the route will make a first-rate climb. One would class it among the "difficults" if it were not for the one hard pitch, which is certainly severe; it seemed to us to be harder than anything on the Crowberry ridge, but the uncertainty as to whether it would not soon conduct a couple of vanquished climbers ignominiously downwards no doubt enhanced its apparent difficulty.

Continuing from the top of the climb we traversed over Stob Coire an Lochan and Bidein nan Bian: the views were wonderful, extending over the whole of the Highlands, and the anatomy of this fascinating peak, which is an intricate little mountain range itself, is unusually interesting. Tea at Clachaig was ample, and altogether excellent, and it was with great regret that one had to hurry southward at the call of duty.

**MORE MEMORIES OF J.W.R.**By W. P. HASKETT-SMITH.

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Mr. Hall's whole article\* is very sympathetic and happily inspired in that it is cast in a form which is very much that which Robinson himself would have employed if he had been called upon to write recollections of some dear friend of his own. That is to say, it is very largely anecdotal and in great measure leaves the reader to draw his conclusions for himself.

Here and there Mr. Hall mentions a fact or a date which calls up one of John's innumerable yarns. As a rule he poured them forth in a copious stream, just as they came into his head, yet was very well aware which of them were most effective and in telling the really good ones felt all an artist's joy. Sometimes, however, a story did not quite answer his expectations and was a greater favourite with him than with his hearers. For example he was fond of telling how he had promised a fell-walk to a friend whose interest in rocks was somewhat lukewarm. To induce him to go to the Pillar J.W.R. produced from his pocket a dynamite cartridge and announced his intention of using it for the purpose of blowing up a portion of the rock. At that time only three ways up the rock were known and two of them were half-forgotten and supposed to be very difficult. It was therefore commonly said that, as the crack across the Broad Slab was the only access to the Easy Route, it would be a simple task so to tamper with the lower part of the Slab as to render it impassable and thus exclude from the rock all but really capable climbers.

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\* A paper on J. W. Robinson—see *Journal* no. 13.



Flattered by the invitation to become a fellow-conspirator the friend trudged bravely along ; but when they reached the spot where their proposed crime was to be perpetrated (here Robinson used to drop his voice to the awe-struck tones of a man who describes a meeting with a ghost) they found, apparently waiting for them, Major Cundill, then H.M. Inspector of Explosives. R. could not understand how it was that his friends were not more deeply impressed by this story ; but I could never entirely dismiss from my mind a suspicion that there was something more behind it ; that he had not taken such elaborate pains and incurred such risk as to go climbing with a pocketful of dynamite simply and solely in order to beguile an unsuspecting friend.

J.W.R. had a remarkable memory for words and would report bygone conversations with marvellous accuracy ; though seldom indulging in actual mimicry he would sometimes suggest rather happily the manner as well as the matter of a man's speech. But this only applied to a man, for in the case of a lady he, with a delicacy of which he himself was hardly aware, usually refrained from any attempt to give the actual words. This sometimes resulted in an extremely comical effect, for it led to his seeming to put into the mouth of some fair climber phrases familiar enough to him but almost impossible for her.

In 1884 there was a terrible accident to one of R.'s party on Mickledore. That it did not prove fatal was almost entirely due to the skill with which R. directed the difficult operation of getting the victim off the mountain and to the great strength and endurance which he put into the work. Of all this, however, his own narrative never said a word. The injured man made efforts to vomit. The three ladies present thought that this must be bad for him and it was curious to see how a man, to all appearance absolutely uncon-

sconscious, when firmly ordered to desist, understood the command and obeyed it. What precise words the ladies used I really do not remember, but they were certainly not those which R. put into their mouths: "Give over in a minute!" "Give over" they would have understood, but not used, while the Cumbrian use of "in a minute" for "instantly" would have been quite a puzzle to them.

An example of this use occurs to me. A harum-scarum member of a shooting party was allowing his gun to point in all sorts of directions to the imminent peril of his companions. One solemn individual, suddenly catching sight of the offending weapon pointed straight at his head, was beside himself with fright and yelled "Turn that gun away from me *in a minute!*" The contrast between his panic-stricken face and the wide margin of delay that his words seemed to be prepared to allow was extremely ludicrous. Then again there was a worthy old woman well known to both of us and a famous "fratcher," who after heaping every kind of abuse and reproach on the heads of her unfortunate maidservants would stifle the least breath of excuse or remonstrance with a scream of "*Silence in a minute!*"

There was one case where a little touch of the "Coomerlan' mak o' toak" crowned one of R.'s stories with a quite unforeseen success. He had gone out climbing with a young fellow who had more zeal than skill or experience and at a certain point began to mistrust his powers.

"Well! I hardly thought he was man enough for the job; so I *encouraged him.*"

"Did that help the lame dog over the stile? Did he manage to do it?"

"No. He said he thought he would come down."

"Then your encouragement did not do much good."

"Oh, yes it did. You see I was *encouraging him not to go on.*"

After that John's "encouragements" became almost proverbial.

As to professors, it is quite true that R. had many among his friends. They are a gregarious race and one professor is a stepping-stone to the next. A bunch of them was staying at Wasdale Head and got John to take them to the Napes Needle. One professor and his wife were on the top when the former suddenly recollected that he had a train to catch at Drigg.

"Dear me, dear me, I've no time to lose for that train. Get me down! Get me down!" and once down he scurried along the valley, casting never a look behind him and leaving his wife mast-headed on the pinnacle. The only thing to be compared with it was Lot fleeing from the Cities of the Plain, sublimely indifferent to the fact that Mrs. Lot's progress had been permanently arrested.

Mention of the Napes Needle recalls that Mr. John Musgrave had asked Robinson (who was his agent) as to the value of the property on Great Gable and, not being satisfied with his estimate, remarked: "You can't expect me to sell the Needle at a mere agricultural value." To a surveyor the idea of estimating the agricultural value of the Needle was of course delicious.

The first time that that rock was climbed by a party which included several ladies, an undergraduate at Wasdale Head expressed surprise that there was room on the top for so many; whereupon I remarked that it was the medieval question of how many angels can stand on the point of a needle. A day or two later this same youth came up to Robinson, Jones, and me, and referred to my remark as if I had aptly recalled to his mind something with which he was already quite familiar. At the same time he completely gave himself away by attributing it to a "scholiast" instead of a "schoolman." This last blunder was entirely lost on both Jones and Robinson;

but the latter, who never analysed a joke, but had an instinct which rarely erred, saw and enjoyed the aptness of the original comparison. Jones on the contrary, though he had plenty of fun in his composition, took a severely scientific view of all jests and found no pleasure in one until he was quite sure that he had got to the bottom of it, sorted it out and well-nigh succeeded in packing it into a formula. The result was that only after having asked a heap of questions he finally grasped the idea, chuckled over it heartily and brought it into his next book as if it were a thing which had been familiar to him from his earliest childhood.

Mr. Hall refers to an unknown story about a man who went to an evening party without a dress tie. The story, such as it is, is not lost. The hero of it was Mr. C. A. O. Baumgartner. He came to dine with the mother of a climbing friend, and when he got home discovered to his infinite distress that he was without a necktie of any sort. It really was hardly noticeable as he had an ample beard; but he at once wrote to the son a long letter of apology and when they next met shyly explained that it was so many years since he had last dined out that he could not find a white tie and, while he was wondering whether he could possibly wear a black one, had ended by donning neither. He added

“ Ah! It suited me better when I was trudging up Ennerdale with you. There no one need trouble about the colour of his tie.”

The reply was very prompt :

“ Well. I'm not so sure about that. Even there you might hesitate so long between Black S(a)ilk and White Napery as to end by going for Scarf Gap.” The puns were far from perfect, but they were at least suggestive and were an abiding joy to him and to dear old Robinson.

Poetry was not in J.W.R.'s line, though he carried in his head a vast stock of little rhymes. Verse was to him

just a vehicle for epigram and he valued it in proportion to its success in combining a witty point with smart and concise expression. It is quite likely that if it had been left to him to choose a Poet Laureate he might have rejected Tennyson in favour of his friend Sir Wilfred Lawson. Here again there was a complete contrast between him and O. G. Jones, who revelled in poetry but approached it in much the same attitude as that which J.W.R. adopted towards humour, abandoning all analysis and relying solely on an instinct which usually served him very well.

There was, however, one sort of humour which both of them vastly enjoyed and that was telling the exact truth when it was bound to produce an entirely false impression. A young man interested in rock scenery, but probably not much of a climber, fell into conversation with R. and me and somewhat decried Wastdale, adding

“ Have you two ever seen Dow Crag ? ” On receiving an answer in the negative he went ahead with a description of their glories and presently got a little wrong with his topography. Seeing that we looked surprised at some statement of his he exclaimed

“ Why you seem to know something of the place. Have you read about it? You told me that you had never been there.”

“ Oh, no! We said that we had never seen the rocks. We have only climbed them.”

It was perfectly true. We had made two visits and on both occasions the fog was extraordinarily dense, so dense that when we had felt our way into Easter Gully (then unclimbed) we went up Black Chimney to our right under the belief that we were continuing the main gully.

R. never forgot that little mystification and used to refer to it very concisely in after years by saying pensively: “ Shall we go and see Dow Crag ? ”

Mr. Hall mentions R.'s slide in Central Gully ; but this was not his only experience of the kind. Once he came over from Lorton to the Pillar, by appointment, to meet a party which included Slingsby. These two up to then had, I believe, never met. Each had heard so much about the other that it would be hard to say which of them was most eager for the meeting and each was determined to acquit himself well so as to earn the good opinion of the other. Alas ! On the way from Lorton a tempting slope of snow presented itself, R. made an incautious glissade which ended disastrously and left him with a hand severely cut. Having bound up the injured limb he proceeded to the rendezvous deeply humiliated at the prospect of having to present himself to his new friend positively branded with incompetence. When the party came in sight he advanced to meet them coyly concealing the wounded hand behind his back. Slingsby greeted him warmly but seemed a trifle depressed or constrained and presently R. noticed that he also was keeping one hand in the background. The fact was that both of them had committed the same blunder and met with the same punishment and each was immensely relieved to find that the other was in no position to cast stones at him.

We have seen that Robinson's mind had no tendency towards analysis. He never asked himself why a story was interesting or what it was that made a joke funny. He had an intuitive appreciation of the matter and that sufficed him. In the same way he did not stop to consider why he liked one man more and another less. Of course if he admired a man for some quality or shared his tastes it went a long way ; but what really delighted him was originality, not so much original thought as original character and original expression. Nothing pleased him better than to come across someone who was a little out of the common, a little different from everyday people.

He was ever on the watch for some new word of dialect or some fresh and expressive metaphor. Two farmers were having an argument over "t' bainest rwoad" between two houses which stood at about the same level with the ridge of a hill between them. The ridge, however, was rapidly falling away and the farmer who was in favour of walking round the end of the hill rather than climbing over it expressed the equality of distance and the difference of level between the two routes by saying "Aw! Yan is pan byule and tudder's pan edge." [i.e.—it's the difference between the iron handle of a pail when it is held upright and when it is lying down on the edge.] The metaphor could not be conciser or more convincing.

The mention of dialect recalls another episode which he was too loyal to make into a stock story; but it provided him with much internal amusement. He admired with a generous enthusiasm; but on the little foibles of those whom he admired he turned an indulgent but extremely penetrating eye. A vigorous writer, long resident in Cumberland, intelligent and observant, had acquired a considerable knowledge of the country and some insight into local character. His fluent pen had induced many strangers to believe and almost convinced himself that every trick of the Cumbrian rustic mind and every single word and phrase of the local speech were to him an open book. Well it happened that some worthy people in London greatly excited themselves over a certain famous dog. This dog belonged to a man called Gough who at the beginning of last century was lost in the hills near Helvellyn. The body was found weeks after, gnawed and headless, and the dog was still near it. Much poetry was written round the story.

From time to time there arose rumours that the Patterdale people maintained that the dog had supported

life by feeding on his master's body. The sentimentalists were, of course, scandalized, but the shepherds looked at the matter from a perfectly practical point of view and thought no worse of the dog on that account. They said that the animal had shewn great fidelity so long as the man retained his identity, but when that identity was lost and the dog found wild birds and beasts tearing at a lump of carrion he, by nature a carrion-feeder, had merely taken his share with the rest. At last, more than eighty years after the incident, a determined effort was made to collect local evidence and finally clear the character of the dog. A brilliant lady journalist was to go to the spot, escorted by the local resident above mentioned who undertook to place at her disposal all his influence over the peasant witnesses and all his intimate knowledge of their speech. However, he was a sensible man and saw at once that he had undertaken much more than he could hope to perform and wisely appealed to J.W.R. to come to his assistance.

All three went together and heard a good many interesting details. R. found out all the aged shepherds who were supposed to have special knowledge ; but the chief witness was a man of over ninety whose father had actually found the body. He was very ready to talk ; but the talk of " oldest inhabitants " is apt to run in very deep grooves and here it was almost impossible to make it quit them, so that Robinson had to exercise all his tact to coax out of him any fresh information. After a long interview the old man seemed to tire and Robinson saw that it was time to go. The party rose to their feet and the aged narrator half closed his eyes murmuring in drowsy reminiscence :

" Ay! Ay! Gawf. I mind it a' ; I mind it a'."

Then, suddenly opening his eyes and looking at them with a senile chuckle and an eager smile, he added :

" Ye naw at dawg atted un oop? "



(" Do you know that the dog ate him up ? ")

The lady of course did not understand. The author may not have understood ; but at all events he did not press for an interpretation. The interpreter was too tactful to offer any until it was asked for. The report re-established the character of the dog on a pinnacle from which we may hope that it will never be dethroned.

Mr. Hall asks a question, which admits of many diverse answers, when he says : " Why was J.W.R. so beloved ? "

He had many manly qualities which commanded admiration, strength, courage, and cheerful endurance. He had many social gifts which compelled affection, gaiety, frankness, geniality and unselfishness. On the top of all these came his happy temperament ; he heartily enjoyed life and his greatest pleasure was to see to it that all around him should enjoy it too.

He asked for nothing and he gave much. It was a generous soul !

It is greatly to be hoped that Mr. Hall's delightful article will not stop at giving wide-spread pleasure to his friends, but also revive many half-effaced memories of an extraordinarily interesting man.

**EXILE.**

By A. E. CHADWICK.

Here's a southern water-meadow where the browsing cattle lie,  
And the skimming swallow's shadow dusks the mill-pool, flicker-  
ing by ;

But the river's green and sluggish and he slumbers in the sun :  
O, the headlong beckes of Wastdale chatter, chatter as they run !

Now the nightingale at dew-fall charms the woodland loud and low  
In the drowsy hush of noon-day little fox-cubs come and go ;  
But an echo's rising, falling, and the mellow music thrills ;  
It's the cuckoo-bird that's calling in the brown, bare Northern  
hills.

Southern oaks are tipped with splendour and they ring the woods  
with might ;

The southern hawthorn's dazzling spray makes mid-May darkness  
bright.

But the wind-swept thorns at Wastdale are a stouter breed than  
these.

And the golden oaks at Wastdale shimmer by the purple screens.

The lowland plains at twilight weave a chilly winding-sheet :  
It films the friendly moon and stars and veils the meadow-sweet.  
Down the deep, dark Wastdale gullies step the stately feet of  
Night

And the steadfast, star crowned sentinels keep watch along the  
height.

O, she weaves a powerful magic wrought of mountain, lake and  
sky

And it's there a man may wander while the lightfoot hours go by ;  
And it's there my thoughts go trooping when the day dies down  
the West

To a little Northern farmstead and the slumbers of the blest.

## MY OWN COUNTRY.

By R. S. T. CHORLEY.

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“Every school-boy knows” that Plato wrote the Republic, and more important, every school-boy has been fascinated by the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. I well remember the shudder of horror, as real as that felt by the adventurer himself, when I saw, rather late on a ghostly winter’s night that solitary foot-print on the sands. Yet how splendid to have an island all for one’s own domain—an island full, I used to think, of all imaginable joys, except those which lifted their everlasting heads above the valley in which nestle the grey walls of my native town.

Later, that commonwealth planned by one of the minds at once the most fertile and profound which has been amongst us, Plato, compelled my reverent admiration, and the charming character of Sir Thomas More, jesting so pathetically with death—like any mountaineer—attracted me to a Utopia, in which men dwelt very contentedly one with another, a feat, which, alas, seems rather beyond their poor powers.

Erewhon was in someways more attractive, because I found civil servants there, whose brothers I met daily in Whitehall, professors who had failed to educate me at a university, and a religion, which was practised at half a hundred churches within a league of where I write. But the great thing about Erewhon was the difficulty of approaching it, a mountaineering feat calling for skill and endurance. There were there beautiful snowy peaks lifting their shapely summits out of the many hued vegetation of the lower mountain range. For Erewhon

therefore I have some affection, but it is not a country which I could love, because the people were a mean-spirited race, permitting none, but a few keepers, to approach their mountain fastnesses.

But now I have a land of my own—a beautiful, glorious land full of dashing, bubbling becks, laughing waterfalls, lakes and tarns, and above all mountains in the greatest imaginable profusion—not high mountains, so far as I know them, but very shapely, and of a colouring, which even Constable, if he had painted mountains, could not have reproduced. I don't know a great deal about my own country yet. Not that it is difficult to get to, but because I have only started going to it recently. It is a most unorthodox country though, and when the dirty, grey stuff which passes for snow in London is doing its best to turn into an even more disagreeable slush, the warm sun shines out of a delicate blue sky in my own country.

I am not at all sure which is the best way of getting to my country, but I know which way I like best myself. I call it the "armchair way," and I always like to use it when two or three big lumps of sea coal in the fire have been poked into that desirable state, which permits a drowsily comfortable man to see every kind of wonderful thing in their deep red. I think that I sleep through most of this journey, a sound, unbroken kind of sleep which I throw off with difficulty at the other end, because when really awake I always find myself wandering along a narrow road, which winds its way gradually up and through the steeply rising walls of a great gorge. Its sides are clothed, as it were in mourning—mourning I am sure for the poverty of life outside my country—for dark trees cluster thickly from base to summit, their slender boles, the very definition of a straight line, pointing like fingers to the amethyst sky. They emphathise delightfully also the lines of the great mountain



PLATE

"OF LAUGHING WATERFALLS."

H. F. Huntley.

crag which lifts its lofty towers conspicuously through a gap in the gorge.

The walk upwards through the pine woods is delightful. I sniff up great draughts of characteristic, healthgiving odour : I survey the various patches on the knees of my breeches without any of the commiseration which civilisation no doubt owes to them ; and I feel the weight of the rucksack on my back as nothing—he comes with me as the faithful friend and companion of many a mountain adventure, the carrier of all those woolly articles of clothing which knock the fear out of a night on the tops, and of raisins, chocolate, jam sandwiches, and all those other desirable methods of propelling oneself rapidly up a steeply sloping mountain side. There is nothing but the elixir of life and youth in the air—no dust, and that is because there are no motors on the roads.

I fear that I am somewhat of a tyrant in my own country, but I have always permitted myself the luxury of forbidding motor cars. Not that motorists want to come very much—I doubt if my country would really appeal to them. I remember—the thought still sends cold shivers down my spine—how a huge char-a-banc crowded with adventurous spirits from some industrial district essayed the invasion of my country, but a convenient landslide carried them down into the boiling torrent of the snowy river below, and, as far as I know, carried them out to sea. This is the only tragedy which has ever happened in my country. I call it a tragedy, as it is now happily over, but as I said, I still shudder to think of what might have occurred without it.

There never was a country where a political philosophy was more at a discount than in my country ; but then if a political philosopher ever passed through its gateway he came in the guise of a mountaineer, and the superior excellence of mountains over mortals soon drove away his petty theorisings about governments and politics.

Yet we are in one respect at one with the country of the philosophers in that there is an entire absence of policemen—a type of humanity found wherever motorists venture. From this also I have drawn the conclusion that the natives dwell amicably together. The truth is that I see very little of them. The men are shepherds mostly, but they also carry on a considerable agriculture, and their cornfields are, seen from the mountain tops, among the beauties of the valleys. In mid-summer these form a patchwork of the most brilliant emerald, with here and there the opal of a tarn shimmering among them—as autumn approaches emerald turns to gold, in which the eye, sometimes wearied by the very grandeur of the summits, often seeks relief. The women are large, comfortable souls, whose very appearance makes me feel at home, and who cook rice puddings, among other less important comestibles, to perfection. Who also, O muse, shall recount with what speed and efficiency they dry wet clothes, and produce illfitting, but most comfortable make shifts for the bedraggled wanderer? There are tales too, which I could tell, of cakes and—not ale—but huge cups of tea with cream in't, which would make you gnash your teeth for envy were but this a guide to the care of the inner man.

But the editor of this *Journal* is a hard man, so that if I do not tell you about the climbing in my country, he will cut me out altogether. The mountains in that part which I have so far explored are not exceptionally lofty, they vary from 2,000-4,000 feet, though further inland I have occasionally caught glimpses of snowbound summits, which must rise into the ten thousands. From the gorge, through which I approach, opens out a charming valley from which rise steeply on either hand the walls of the mountain ridges which enfold it. Some five miles up the ridge on the (true) left rises finely, in Falcon Pike, a superbly shaped summit which overshadows by some

3,000 feet the little hamlet of Falconbridge, where first I made my climbing headquarters.

On the first visit we were a party of three. I was most fortunate in companionship, with Jones and Robinson, names which, though not their own, I know they will be proud to take from me. Jones, I expect you know, is a born leader of a climbing party: short as men go but big in the thigh, and with long muscular arms, on which you might think he could hang by the hour. His great excellence as a climber apart from his wonderful nerve and stamina, is his sense of balance—I would have backed him heavily to walk a tight rope. In those days he climbed a trifle slowly, and was apt to be more cautious than was strictly necessary. Robinson was a cheery fellow, whom I ran into quite by accident the previous year at Grasmere Sports, where he was attempting as an amateur, but with lamentable lack of success, to fell the local wrestlers. He was a big, beefy fellow well “above two yards high,” and was, I discovered later, a notable Rugby fullback, which accounted for his nimbleness on his feet. After the sports I took him to Gable, where he added his name to the list of those who have conquered Kern Knotts crack unaided on their first climbing holiday. He never became a leader, but as a second he had all the necessary qualities—substantiality and cheerful patience such as are not given to all men. He wore a coat of many pockets, from which at the miserable moments of failure which sometimes fell to our lot, he used to produce the most exhilarating comestibles imaginable in the way of crystallised fruits, chocolates, mint cake, or something equally unexpected and refreshing.

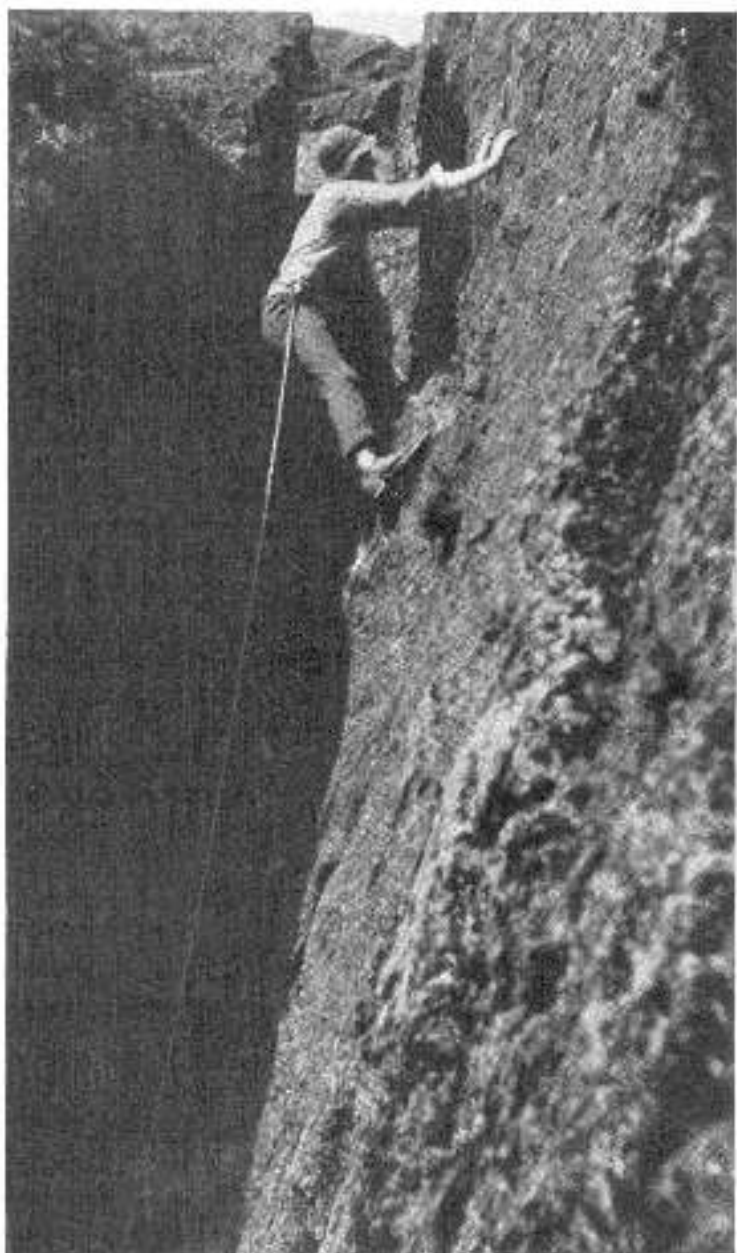
We were strolling along the sweet smelling lanes at Falconbridge, much contented with our dinner, which was just over, and with the world at large, when my eye came upon the south-westerly face of Falcon's Pike, now lit up by the last rays of the setting sun. It rose in



a superb precipice, which looked every inch of its thousand feet, from a wide grassy rake just above Strait Pass which leads—a charming walk for an off day—from Falconbridge into the neighbouring valley. Its three towering buttresses, seemingly unsullied by crack or chimney stood out boldly in reds and browns and yellows from the ghylls, which, in the background, were full of mysterious purple mists. Suddenly, as the sun shifted, before sinking behind Lorisfell, at the head of the valley, the great central buttress appeared to break in various places along a line which stretched centrally almost from base to summit. Simultaneously from the three of us came the shout, "There is a way up there," and, added Jones, "that way is ours tomorrow."

The morrow, as early as befits a party of rockclimbers new from the shackles of business life, saw us mounting steadily the Strait Pass. It is a good pass, not covered with those nasty, loose stones which wear the nails out of your boots and the temper out of your soul; also it is protected from the rays of the sun during the early part of the day so there was really no excuse for ninety minutes and several rests during the 2,000 feet to our starting point. I pointed this out very clearly to Robinson, when he took his second rest, but he is pachydermatous to any kind of irony, and had the bad taste to quote my remarks verbatim when I tied up my wretched boot-lace for the fourth time.

However, we took our last rest and a sandwich at the foot of the central buttress, which Jones had reached some minutes before and was now examining carefully. The rents of the previous evening were there right enough, a wide chimney beginning about 50 feet up, and rising at least 200 feet, a crack, a narrow ugly looking brute of 40 or 50 feet, somewhat higher and to the right, and a second narrower chimney about 100 feet directly above the first one, and some 150 feet high. Above this the



*Photo.*

**ROCK FOR CLIMBING.**

*H. V. Husley.*

way to the summit seemed more broken and feasible. The problems were to gain the first chimney, reach the crack and climb it—once climbed there appeared to be a good ledge for the traverse back to the second chimney.

After a few minutes Jones decided it would go, but took nearly eighty feet of rope between himself and his second, advising Robinson to give me sixty. Getting on to the wall of the buttress was a matter of great nicety, and for long it baffled us. There was a narrow ledge affording a good stance some 15 feet up—how to get it? There lies the rub. The wall for 15 feet is as bald of holds as the head of the baldest alderman of hairs. Are we to be baffled at the outset? It seems so. Jones doffs his boots and tries to get up by what I have heard called friction, but his hands and feet are not rough enough to give the rock a purchase. After several futile efforts he sits down in disgust, and Robinson suggests that if we stay a great deal longer our problem will solve itself, for says he, his thoughts ever turning to his food, "we shall die of starvation, and our ethereal bodies taking to themselves the necessary wings will reach in due course that climbers' heaven fifteen long feet away." Meanwhile words of avuncular wisdom fall from the lips of one who had watched acrobats in his youth. The plan is taken up at once, and acted upon more quickly. Robinson makes a bridge against the rock; firmly I plant my five feet ten upon his massive shoulders; nimbly the agile Jones climbs me, as often he has climbed the humble mantleshelf above a fire which his landlady does not keep too well supplied with coals. Once on my shoulders the elusive ledge eludes no more, and our leader climbing quickly from it from hold to hold, with a grace and balance delightful to watch, makes his way to the chimney's entrance. Here a good stance and a belay which would hold a mountain or "Robinson for that matter" await him. Up goes the second, hand over hand,

“like one of the city of London police escaping from a fire,” until from the now disconsolate ledge he progresses by more orthodox means. It would be undignified for me, as author, to mention either the means or the length of my ascent, but by the time it was accomplished Jones was well on his way up the chimney.

This proved delightful climbing, though it stood badly in need of a sweeping. Judging by the elephantine grunts which came from the huge mass of Robinson above me I should think that Jones did this very efficiently—that is one of the advantages of climbing after one of these large, stout men, they fill up effectively the widest chimneys which ever graced a mountain. The chimney had evidently “once upon a time” been a good chimney and extended right away up to where we could see the second chimney above us, but a wicked fairy in the shape of some geological fault had crumpled and thrust out the rock hereabout, so that it bulged somewhat and the chimney had been destroyed. The bulge caused an overhang, and the traverse upwards and outwards across it to the right and to the narrow crack which formed the only line of further progress obviously involved climbing of a high order, and some danger. Moreover it was by no means clear that the crack would go when reached.

Jones’ first effort almost met with disaster. The holds for the hands were little more than finger holds; there were two good footholds some six feet apart and between them nothing but a scrape. Hugging the bulge affectionately to his chest Jones moves gingerly out on to the face of the mountain. Right foot in the first hold, hands at a good stretch above. Slowly with infinite care left foot takes the place of right, balance is transferred, hand gropes above the bulge—good! he has evidently got a grip of something. Right foot now moves slowly across towards the scrape; the big clumsy nails

hide it from view. Again he transfers his weight when with an ugly scraping sound, venomous as a viper's hiss, the boot comes from the rock, and only that strong right arm is between Jones and the rake below. In the chimney's top it is too tense for words, but Robinson braces his great shoulders for the shock he deems inevitable. But no; left foot is back firm on its hold, hands interchange again, and Jones joins us once more, breathing a little hard, but no wise disconcerted.

"It will go in stockings," is his terse comment, and, despite the protests of his much more shaken colleagues, off come his boots. This time the scrape suffices, and with graceful balancing the bulge is quickly overmounted and the crack reached. But there is no belay and but little room for rest unless it be by jamming a leg and arm in the crack, that least restful form of rest. Pausing only for such information as a cursory glance may give he tackles that fifty feet of awfulness. Will his strength hold? Ought he to return—hardly; for the way back over the bulge is more fraught with peril than the narrow way to safety. Foot by foot he mounts, making use of every excrescence on the wall, every irregularity in the crack. Now his thick boots would be a blessing, for the strain on the unprotected foot is almost beyond bearing. At last man's triumph over matter is once more enacted before our eyes—that strong arm is linked affectionately round a large chocked pebble near the top of the crack, quickly the rope is untied and threaded and with another heave and a gasp of relief he sinks upon the broad ledge which here marks the path of the fault. Soon afterwards we join him there after many convulsive and unsightly strugglings and not a little of the language of civilisation, intermingled with an occasional blessing on those who make Alpine rope so sound and comfortingly strong. A long rest and a considerable sampling of the contents of Robinson's pockets followed, while we drank in the

glorious vista of mountains, woods and lakes which were spread before us, and across which the sun, the wind, and the clouds between them drove the most delightful shadows, creating one of those charming contrasts of colours, which are seen at their best only amidst the mountains.

The rest of our way provided interesting but not over difficult climbing, which was as well, for our day was drawing to a close when we reached the top. With regrettable swiftness those hardly won feet were sacrificed to the need of a splash in the great, green-flagged pool below, a fitting preparation for a hearty meal, and the sleep which mountaineers share with the just.

Such was the first of my climbs in my own country, and as the red came back into the fire, and the clock on the mantle-piece drowsily struck the midnight hour I decided in a sleepy, but none the less determined fashion that I also had found my Utopia.

Who has the hills for friend,  
Has a God-speed to end  
His path of lonely life,  
And wings of golden memory to depart.

G. W. Young.

## THE HOLLY TREE.

By C. F. HOLLAND.

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To dispel all doubt it may be as well to state as a beginning what the Holly Tree Wall is, where it is, and why it is thus designated. Briefly, it is a mural steep; it is in Wales, on the Glyder Vawr, precisely and directly above the Idwal slabs, and, enriched some sixty feet up, there is a conspicuous Holly Tree of a most unyielding nature.

My friend the philosopher had long had a rooted idea that this abominable tree, abominable that is in the light of subsequent events, could be reached from below and that by this means a new and direct route could be made up the great wall above the slabs. In this idea he was aided and abetted by the Optimist. The Pessimist however, whenever the subject was mentioned, fell into a cold rage truly terrifying to witness, and the following conversation would be typical of the attitude he adopted.

*Philosopher*: "We really must go and have another shot at the Holly Tree."

*Pessimist*: "I will not go near the beastly place again. Every time we go there it snows and you stand on my shoulders for hours trying to lasso that miserable tree. I shall go and spend my next holiday at Brighton where at least there are piers and pierrots."

*Optimist*: "I am ready to go anywhere and do anything. Of course we can do it."

This article is a veracious account of how we did it, of our reaching the tree, of our struggle with it ending in decisive victory for the tree, of how we turned defeat into triumph by turning its flank and thus completed the

ascent of what we have decided to call the Holly Tree Wall.

On the 19th of May, 1918, the sun shed its beneficent and refulgent rays on the hills round Ogwen in general and in particular delighted the hearts of three climbers as they wended their way past Idwal, filled with ardour for the fray and confident of victory. Hot though the morning was, one of them carried an ice-axe, of which more anon. Swiftly and with consummate skill they made their way up the Slabs whose gracious name of Hope was that day to be amply vindicated, stood at length beneath the imposing precipice above, with the Holly Tree flaunting defiantly in the breeze, and the lists were entered.

Our first proceeding was to make a careful inspection of the wall and its possibilities. We quickly came to the conclusion that there were only two possible lines of ascent, and then that the one on the left was hopeless owing to what we imagined would be the excessive difficulty of a steep slab some forty feet up. That on the right looked more promising, consisting of a series of short right-angled corners. Complications ensued immediately. Before the leader started it was deemed advisable to lasso a projection high up on the right and thus safeguard him in the event of a fall. This lassoing was successfully accomplished, but the philosopher found the first corner too hard and only got up with the aid of the axe jammed in a convenient crack and held by the second who had to stand in a position of most unstable equilibrium. I followed him and found the place quite impossible without considerable assistance from the rope. I then tried to pull the optimist up, but desisted on discovering that I was endeavouring to pull up half the mountain as well and that the turf ledge on which I stood was starting to come away, a characteristic form of procedure on the part of turf ledges hereabouts, lying as



they do on outward sloping ledges of smooth rock. So we traversed to the left and found a good though small belay at the other end of the ledge. Here we found ourselves just above the slab that had looked so hopeless from below. From our new point it did not look so bad, and the philosopher descended it without much difficulty and found a stance from which he could bring up the optimist by the alternative route previously mentioned.

We now saw that we could reach the trees, though the first few feet were very steep and by no means easy. After the first ten feet or so the difficulty moderated until the tree was reached, and this proved to be so thickset that it was only after tremendous efforts that the philosopher succeeded in forcing his way through it and entering the recess behind. After a similar struggle I joined him and we inspected the fierce looking crack that now confronted us and which is invisible from below. First one tried to climb it, then the other. We stood on the tree in turn and sweated in vain attempts to ascend ; in turn we fell exhausted into the safe but painful embrace of the tree. It was no use ; the victory was with the enemy ; we could do no more.

## II.

The end of the first chapter left our party scattered over the face of the cliff, the first two sitting exhausted in the branches of an incredibly prickly holly tree and gazing at each other with a wild surmise. Baffled for the moment we had noticed some twenty feet below a ledge slanting up to the left. It had not appeared to lead anywhere, but under the circumstances it was worth exploring, so I descended to it and crawled along until it came to an end on the face of the cliff. One could stand here quite comfortably but there was no vestige of a belay. The traverse itself was not very difficult, though careful

glorious vista of mountains, woods and lakes which were spread before us, and across which the sun, the wind, and the clouds between them drove the most delightful shadows, creating one of those charming contrasts of colours, which are seen at their best only amidst the mountains.

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Such was the first of my climbs in my own country, and as the red came back into the fire, and the clock on the mantle-piece drowsily struck the midnight hour I decided in a sleepy, but none the less determined fashion that I also had found my Utopia.

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And wings of golden memory to depart.

G. W. YOUNG.

these, and found it quite excellent in every way, ending on a broad terrace, with traverses off in either direction. It should be noted that the crack is far better done without boots which are most likely to jam, and jam badly. On a subsequent occasion we added a final pitch of about 70 feet up a steep groove, the start of which is now marked by a cairn close at hand and slightly to the left. This is a delightful section, steep and airy but with holds always in the right place. Incidentally in a descent this is the hardest pitch, though by no means so in the ascent.

Our immediate object, however, was to get back to the start and tackle the first pitch, about which we were in considerable doubt.

Fellow climbers will realize the culminating interest of the situation ; we had done the climb, all except the first twenty feet. If these were impossible our labours were in vain.

The first attempt failed but the second succeeded ; the pitch has character and is not overcome without a struggle. This is one of the places where a short man has a distinct advantage over a tall one. And so we returned to Ogwen filled with the supreme content that comes to one in the mountains at the end of a thoroughly successful day, and the leisurely progress down the slabs watching the evening lights through a haze of tobacco smoke will always linger in my memory as one of the happiest experiences of my life.

### III.

A few notes as to the heights may be interesting. The vertical height of the slabs to the start of the wall is 320 feet. The "Hope" route must therefore give over 400 feet of actual climbing. The vertical height of the wall itself is 230 feet. Directly overhead is a crack originally climbed by the Messrs. Abraham, which gives,

with the slabs above it, about 150 feet. Above these and slightly to the right will be found a highly entertaining lava slab about 150 feet high. At this juncture a comparatively short walk to the right leads to the Upper Vawr climbs, of which the best is probably the Central Arête and the hardest the Western gully.

If the Vawr is ascended by the route suggested, namely Hope, the Holly Tree Wall, the Abraham's crack, the lava slab, and the Central Arête, a climb of some 1,400 feet on irreproachable rock is obtained, an expedition second to none in Wales, as the interest is maintained throughout. The Wall as far as the big recess is certainly the hardest part of the climb and this section, considering the high degree of exposure, is probably worthy of being classified severe as a whole, though no individual pitch on it is severe, especially if rubbers are worn.

Our greatest wish is that other climbers may derive as much enjoyment from the climb as we have had from the original and subsequent ascents.

## A CLIMBING TOUR IN THE HIGHLANDS.

By GEORGE S. BOWER.

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Soon after 6 a.m. on a fine but threatening morning of mid-July, 1919, saw the writer northward bound, mounted on a motor cycle which had yet to prove its mettle. The route lay, first of all, through the Lake District, just awakening after its night's sleep and with its nightcap of clouds over the summit of Kirkstone Pass. An enjoyable run alongside Ullswater in intermittent sunshine terminated at Pooley Bridge, and at Penrith the main north road was joined—that wonderful highway on which wheels seem inadequate. Near Langholm the Border Hills were reached, a fine wild country dotted here and there with dignified looking farmsteads adjoining pine woods, and populated with long-eared, white clad sheep, so different from the homely Herdwick that a friendly "Baa" elicited no reply.

Edinburgh was passed through, but the traffic in Princes Street was such that I was unable to give more than very cursory glances at the crags visible from that thoroughfare. Crossing the Forth at Queensferry after a certain amount of delay, and passing through Perth, the Highlands were entered near Dunkeld. Thence the road led along the sides of tree clad valleys to Pitlochry (where I was hailed by Meldrum) and Blair Atholl, where we lay-to for the night.

Next morning was damp and warm, with intermittent showers, ideal weather, in my opinion, for the next section of the route, along the Highland road to Inverness. To enjoy this road fully, it is further desirable that one should be travelling northwards and commencing one's

holiday. It is then that one gets the most delightful impressions of moorlands blazing with heather, of the scents of bog myrtle and pine woods, of stony rivers in wide open valleys, of distant clouds lying in the lap of the hills and of the great Cairngorms, purple at first and then, when nearer at hand, in sunshine and shadow with patches of snow gleaming here and there. Approaching Inverness we saw the country to the west all bathed in rain, a cheerless prospect belied by events, for the weather improved with the scenery whilst the roads got steadily worse as we made our way westward through lovely tree-filled valleys, and over moorland wastes sprinkled with white rocks, with distant purple mountains all around. Then at Achnasheen we turned north, along the beautiful Loch Rosque and over the pass to Kinlochewe, our objective for the day and base for the weekend.

Some years previously, during a holiday in Scotland, I had picked up a picture postcard showing the cliffs of Ben Eighe, Ross-shire, and had fallen in love with them at first sight. The three grand buttresses, obviously made to be climbed, rising one behind the other from the gloomy depths of a wild and lonely corrie, fired the imagination. The desire to visit them was further strengthened by reference to a statement in "British Mountain Climbs," to the effect that the western buttress was still unclimbed. It was, therefore, with feelings of keen anticipation and excitement that we set out next morning. Our route was a species of spiral, not easy to describe, commencing with the stalkers' path which breaks out on the left from the Loch Maree road, then to the left up a valley of white rocks with a stream flowing smoothly over sandstone slabs—a valley notable for its frogs—over the pass at its head round a spur of Ben Eighe along a deer traverse of the side of a wild and desolate corrie, and across a narrow but sufficient width

of quartzite screes. Then, full of excitement I hurried to the crest of the near-by ridge and saw—nothing but tame, grass-grown mountains, terraced peculiarly but not otherwise notable. Meldrum, the map reader, now came to my rescue and pointed out that we were not “there” yet. A short ridge walk, however, brought us to the col between Sail Mhor and Ruadh Stac Mhor and there, rising from the Corrie Mhic Fhearchair, were the long dreamed of cliffs of the picture. We dropped down into the corrie by an easy route, skirting below a subsidiary rock face practically perpendicular for say 200 feet, but a mere boulder problem compared with the gigantic cliffs beyond. These were soon above us, and, as we made our way across their base, we gazed up in awe at the curiously carved, rounded, and finished looking red sandstone crags, surmounted by rugged quartzite towers, and split by huge gullies in the depths of which one could hear rushing water. The loneliness and grandeur of the place were very nearly oppressive, and one felt a desire to escape.

It was obvious that the easiest start for the western buttress was somewhere near its extreme right, looking up, not far from the gully on that side, and so here I proffered my attack—— and scratched my head, wondered if there was time to do the climb, then took off my boots, put on rubbers, emptied my pockets into Meldrum's, tried again and, with a struggle, got up. This first pitch consists of an open scoop, followed by an overhang on the right, and is very difficult owing to the rounded character of the rock. It finishes on a good grass terrace, which does not continue into the gully on the right, as we were disappointed to find at the time, but pleased to remember when the climb was finished.

The rocks immediately above were tackled on the right of a slight crack or corner, and, some distance up, it was necessary to make a delicate traverse to the left, on

sloping holds. A long stride across the corner led to an easier finishing slab, from which one landed on another grass terrace. This one *did* go into the gully on the right, thus providing an emergency exit in case of need.

The next layer of sandstone, forming the third pitch, seemed to offer most prospects somewhat to the right of the point of arrival, in the vicinity of a slight groove. Climbing up to the right, a small sloping moss ledge or rather stance was attained. The rocks were very steep, and the holds extremely poor and rounded, and, once the first difficult move above the moss stance was made, it was chiefly the skill born of desperation which got me to the top. On this pitch and the preceding one, Meldrum found it necessary to climb in stockinged feet.

Another, much easier, pitch landed us on a broad sloping terrace at which point the sandstone finished and the quartzite began. Here we had a short rest. In the centre of the face above was a square-cut wide opening, of slabby appearance, and our route lay up this, bearing to the left at the top. The change of rock, with its more normal type of hold, was very agreeable. A short distance of scrambling now led us to the foot of the final tower, which presented a fine tapered, slabby face, and looked very imposing. Given sufficient time and energy this would probably yield to a frontal attack by at least two routes, but we were tired and hot and sought out the weak defences. These were found on the right, where Meldrum pointed out a useful looking chimney leading to a crack in the nose of the buttress at the top. We decided to try this first, and then if it would not go, to attempt one of the other routes. The chimney was reached by easy rocks on the western arête of the tower, followed by a traverse to the left, and proved to be of only moderate difficulty, but pleasant. On arrival at the top I hastily inspected the crack above, which proved to be of a very innocent nature, and then shouted



my delight and relief to Meldrum, who joined me. Belayed by him I traversed out on to a horizontal arm of rock, which we called "The Cannon," and which overhung space to a remarkable degree. It marked the finish of one of the proposed routes. Still belayed, I crossed a gap and mounted another big block to take Meldrum's photo in the final crack, but my peace of mind was sadly disturbed by his informing me that this huge block had moved about an inch. Arrived at the summit, we decided that, since we were already assured of being late for dinner, we might as well go the whole hog and traverse the ridge of Ben Eighe over Sgurr Ban to Creag Dubh. This we did, in burning sunshine, over quartz screes and shattered pinnacles, until we arrived at the top of the great scree slope overlooking Kinlochewe and dinner. The scree slope was descended direct, and ere long we had rejoined our old friend the path, and were running towards the hotel, where we did justice to the good things provided.

Roughly speaking, we had taken four hours to get to the rocks, four hours on the climb, and four hours to get back, and had been on the move practically all the time. It will be seen from the photograph that the western buttress of Ben Eighe loses somewhat through the possibility of exit on the right at several places. This does not apply to the central buttress, which is apparently well guarded on either flank, and appears only to have been climbed by utilization of the gully on its right for 800 feet. If done direct from the foot, and if the standard of its western confrère is maintained on the sandstone portion, it should prove the finest buttress climb, well, say north of the Tweed. Unfortunately, our arrangements did not allow of another day in the district, so we had not an opportunity of testing this opinion, but the sight of its photo fills me with wild longings.

Next day, owing to tyre trouble, we made rather a

late start from Kinlochewe, but, driving cannily, arrived at Strone Ferry without incident. Here we had our first definitely recognizable view of the Coolin; a blue serrated ridge, half veiled with clouds. Here also we saw the small boat which was to take us across, and the sight filled us with consternation. However, the ferryman seemed very confident, and, with much labour, our bikes were got on board and placed side by side with Meldrum at their forward end, whilst I sat at the extreme stern, with legs astride the two machines. Fortunately the water was calm, so no untoward incident occurred, but the nerve strain was appreciable! A pleasant ride through woods and under high, overhanging white crags led in due course to the Kyle of Lochalsh ferry, where it was again necessary to man-handle the machines.

In a graduated list of Scottish motor cycling "courses" the road from Broadford to Sligachan would, together with Glasgow (direct), probably find a place well on in the severes. We escaped with our lives and were thankful. At Sligachan we made anxious enquiries about the bridge at Drynoch, which rumour said had been washed away. This proved to be so, but we were able to ford the stream and to get to Glen Brittle without further adventure. It was very pleasant to get to the peaceful little haven once more, and, after dinner, to stroll down on the beach and gaze across at the clean, rocky peaks of Corrie Lagan; the lofty cone of Alasdair, the great cliffs of Sron na Ciche, and the curious outline of Mhic Choinnich, getting clearer and clearer as the evening advanced towards the northern twilight.

The following morning was wet and windy, and, as we looked up at the initial chimney of the Ciòch Direct route, we realized that it was not for us, since we were not of the salmon species. Eventually we made our way up to the Terrace by a route on the left, commencing in a bifurcated gully. Some distance up, it was found desirable



*Photo.*

J. B. Meilona.  
TEARLACH DUBH GAP,  
AND SOUTH BUTTRESS OF ALASDAIR.

to leave the gully by the left wall, and this was found difficult under the conditions. The Cioch itself was climbed frontally. No sooner had we arrived at the top than the upper clouds blew away, revealing savage brown cliffs, the sun shone with a curiously piercing brilliance as though it were essence of sunlight, and, below us, we saw the spectre of the Brocken on the swirling mass of cloud filling the Eastern Gully.

As we descended, the rope between us, a thick one, was blown out horizontally, and Meldrum appeared to be in danger of being lifted right off the knife-edge ridge. A finish was made by Archer-Thomson's route up the Cioch Buttress, and this was found quite stiff under the conditions.

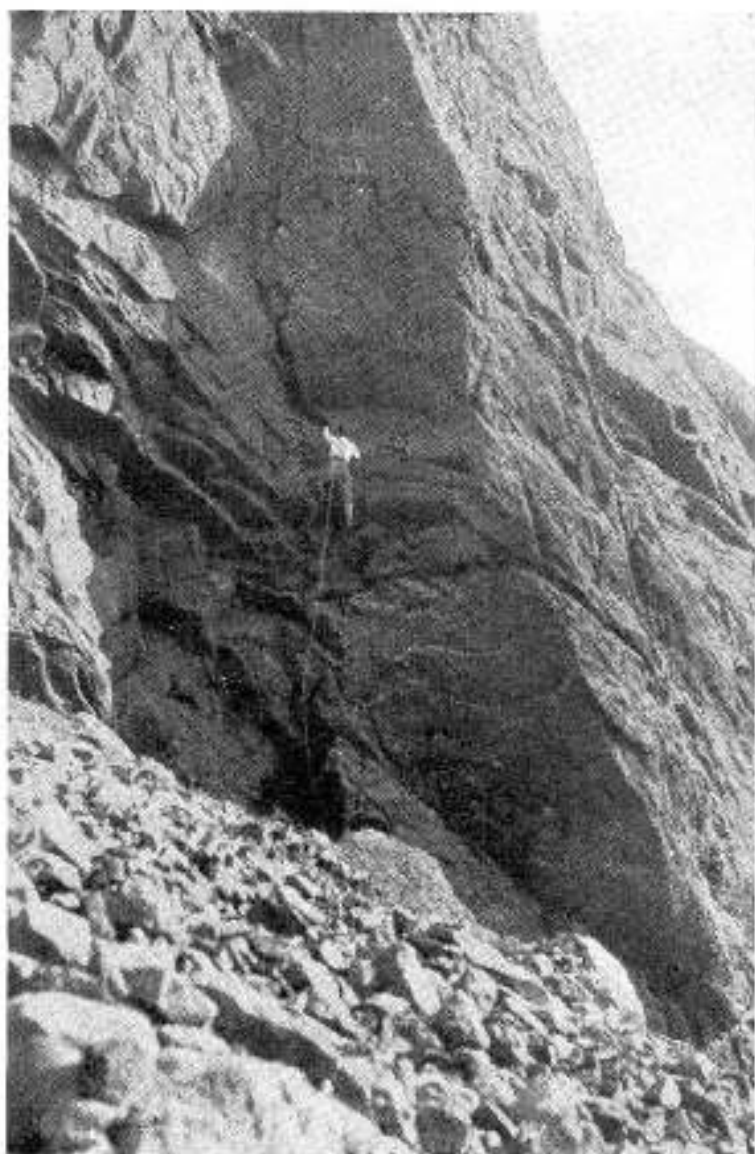
Next morning was steamingly oppressive as we made our way over the heather-scented moor and up through the labyrinth of slabs into Coire a Ghrundha. The clouds were low and conditions seemed very doubtful, but, as we ate our lunch by the lochan, we caught glimpses of a rocky wall through breaks in the clouds. We proceeded leisurely towards what we judged to be the foot of the main face of Alasdair, and waited for the next rift in the clouds. Presently we were rewarded, and, in the brief interval of time accorded us, were able to spot signs of weakness towards the right of the face, guarded, however, by a very steep, and, at the time, wet initial section. This was outflanked by ascending the first, short, easy pitch of the gully slanting up to the Tearlach-Dubh Gap, and then making a very difficult traverse and ascent towards the left, to a point where the face sloped at a more favourable angle, and was more broken. This pitch necessitated a run-out of nearly 70 feet, and stocking feet were found desirable. The open face was now climbed for some 250-300 feet. Holds were plentiful, but care was necessary owing to loose rock. Cairns were erected at the finish, near the head of the

Great Stone Shoot, and at the start, in the gully. The clouds cleared away whilst we were on the climb, the sun shone with brilliance, and we basked in its radiance for some time on the summit of Alasdair before embarking on the descent by the Great Stone Shoot, thankful that on the top was no keeper to order us to "gooa back t'same rooad as yo've cum"—or its equivalent in the language of the country.

Next day was spent on the western side of Sron na Ciche. The beginning of our route was already cairned as was also the end. In the middle we were pleased to discover a curious, pathlike fault which led us out of mischief, and deposited us near the top of the Western Gully.

One of our ambitions in coming to Skye, had been to repeat the remarkable climb made by Mallory's party up the eastern side of the main face of Sron na Ciche, and, the more we looked at the face the more we felt that this was the best route that we, at any rate, could hope to find there. Each day, however, we had noticed that the slabs were glistening wet in the vicinity of the climb. Next morning we decided that it was no use waiting any longer, so; with G. A. Solly in the party, we proceeded to the attack. For a full account of the course, reference should be made to an article by D. R. Pye in the *S.M.C. Journal* for April, 1919. The weather was perfect, a glorious, golden day such as one gets in a good season in Skye, with blue sky, blue sea, and bluer islands, whilst the grim mountains, like giants coaxed by a sun fairy, relax their austerity and even try to force a half-hearted smile.

The climb starts with an imposing corner of some 70 feet, with the most difficult portion near the top, where it is desirable to work as far to the right as possible in preference to tackling the corner direct. This was followed by an engrossing ascent of some very diffi-



*Photo.*

*J. E. Mulholland.*

**MALLORY'S ROUTE SROU NA CICHE.**  
The First Pitch.

cult "elephant-back" slabs, with few positive holds. With 120 feet of line I was only able to reach a very indifferent sort of belay, not quite in the Central Gully, and, from this vantage point, I watched the ascent of my nailed-footed companions with a certain amount of anxiety. We were all relieved when we were able to foregather in the gully, but our enjoyment of bannock sandwiches was tempered by thoughts of the difficulties awaiting us above if these were to be, as Pye said, greater than those below. I started up the crack which cuts the slabs above the gully some little distance up the latter, and all went swimmingly for about 40 feet, when the angle steepened and the rocks became slimy, and I began to invent excuses for not going on. Now Pye's account stated that just above here one made a move to the right, and that, soon after this, one encountered the hardest bit of the climb. Looking at those slimy, steep, uninviting slabs one could quite believe this, but did not feel tempted to tackle them, and the question was whether we were to be forced to retreat now, after having overcome the severities below. It seemed such a waste of moral force. Spurred on by this thought, it was decided to investigate the wall on the left of the crack, which was plainly practicable for some distance. The crack was abandoned about 35 feet above the Central Gully, and the face climbed for about 40 feet to a slabby ledge, with a good belay round a perched block on the left. From here a move was made to the right, and then up a groove, and, in due course, following the line of least resistance throughout, without meeting anything unduly difficult, we attained the luncheon corner of the first ascent.

The last pitch, with its difficult finish, did not take long, and soon we were resting from our labours near the final cairn, with that feeling of being at peace with all the world which only the successful accomplishment of a

have covered Dr. Wakefield's course, adding some of the Dodds of Helvellyn, but he exceeded Dr. Wakefield's time by about 15 minutes.

This brings us to 1920 and a consideration of Mr. Eustace Thomas' record. It will be readily understood that a man of his years (I trust he will forgive my reiteration of a tender subject!) cannot concede anything in regard to the route to be followed. But Mr. Thomas went much further than carefully mapping out and finding the shortest route, he greatly improved upon Dr. Wakefield's ascent and descent of many of the peaks. A scientific training, combined with a personality which rendered his helpers eager and zealous in the furtherance of his project, accomplished wonders. A schedule was drawn up which omitted nothing. Times of arrival at various points, the companion to walk with him, the helper to meet him, the exact amount and variety of food to be taken, and clothing and footgear to be worn, the length and nature of his rests, the place where massage was to be given, and so on, were entered on this schedule and strictly adhered to, except only in the matter of his times, which were more or less dependant upon his fitness at the various stages. A motor-car was chartered for his helpers, and all their movements were carried out to schedule. This started at 5 p.m. on the day before the walk, and from that time reads:—" 5 p.m. try car; 5-30, meal; 6-0, bed; 11-35, get up; 11-45, meal, as per separate sheet, and rest; 12-30, start for Keswick (he was staying at Rothwaite), compare watches. 1-0, Thomas starts, car keeps within call in case Thomas wants to decrease or increase clothing; 2-10, leave road for Robinson summit, milk, 1 minute's rest"—and so on throughout the entire walk.

Too many details would be wearisome, so I will omit more of these and will refer only to a few outstanding particulars. First and foremost of interest to our Club





Photo.

SGURR ALASDAIR.

*J. B. Midstream.*

western end we lingered for some time, absorbing the marvellous view of the mainland mountains, delicately and faintly coloured, and, in contrast to the black and massive savagery of the nearer Coolin, appearing to be unreal, and to belong to some other world. The view, though, which will live longest in the memory was that of the greyish green summit cone of Sgurr Alasdair, flanked by the huge gash of the Great Stone Shoot, and rising from the sombre depths of an invisible corrie.

On the following day, again in perfect weather, we reached the foot of the Cioch Gully before deciding what to attempt. It was then that the suggestion was made: "Why not the Crack of Doom direct from the foot?" the qualifying phrase being an acknowledgement of a number of chimneys which cut the face of the cliff below the crack proper, and which could apparently be reached from where we stood by adopting the method, usual in Skye, of following the line of least resistance. Meldrum, with the sure instinct of a born route finder, was able to point out this line, and it was followed without difficulty as far as the chimneys. One of the latter was climbed, with considerable difficulty, by means of the slab on its left wall, and, thereafter, we regarded suspicious looking marks on the rocks with mixed feelings.

We were soon on the Terrace, level with the Cioch, and here, after satisfying ourselves that we could, if necessary, retreat either to right or to left, we ate a sandwich with as much relish as one might expect to have in a dentist's waiting room. Looking up at that menacing crack, one wondered why Pye couldn't have been content to leave such an unprepossessing brute unclimbed. Then we began.

A lengthy water-worn groove made us re-consider our ideas of what constitutes "scrambling," but an easier route on the right, joining this at the top, may provide an explanation. The climb now bears to the left for some

feet, and, near the top of this, I got hold of some loose stuff, and unloaded it on to Meldrum's arm, fortunately without doing any damage. I brought him up to this level, where a belay was found, and then started up the very steep and narrow crack towards the square-shaped chockstone, which, after considerable exertion, I was able to embrace and finally to stand on. After a rest I proceeded up the crack, expecting to find a comfortable stance about 12 feet higher, as mentioned in the pioneer's description of the climb. When I arrived I could only find a small and very uncomfortable ledge for the feet on the left wall, looking up. With the severest portion of the climb immediately above, and Corrie Lagan immediately beneath, but rather farther away, I began to meditate on the desperation of the position into which I had managed to get. The predominant feeling was one of being trapped, of a wild longing to get out of it, and of a realization that the only method of escape was a risky one, but must be tried soon with all the resources at my disposal. Twenty feet higher and all the joys of life and the satisfaction of accomplishment—but, here I was, twenty feet too low, and should inevitably remain until I made an effort.

It was then that, hearing the beating of wings, I looked around and there, poised motionless on its infinitesimal pinions, gazing at me with startled yet hungry eyes, was a golden midge of the latest type, a post war model, equipped with wire cutting jaws. For fully half a minute the noble insect hung there; then it made off in a series of huge circles for the summit rocks of our mountain.

Owing to the probability of its return with reinforcements, movement was now imperative.

On the left wall was a series of tiny holds which were, according to Pye's account, the exclusive means of upward motion. The lowest of these was at an awkward

height, and could only be attained by the left foot by jamming the right arm and right leg in the crack. With feet wobbling on tiny holds, there was now no rest. A short distance higher was another small hold, a very sharp and painful one for gabbro-worn finger tips; a strong pull on this and presently one could grasp a moist little chockstone at the top. It wobbled slightly, but one didn't care much about little things like that. Then the joy, relief, and thankfulness of grasping a really good chockstone hold and of emerging gasping, whilst incoherently shouting one's delight to Meldrum below.

Next followed a short technical discussion as to the ultimate strength, as modified by curvature of belay, of the Alpine line in use. Such a discussion was only right and proper between two engineers, but quite futile, for Meldrum, of course, came up in fine style from his narrow lodging at the foot of the crack below the chockstone, and very soon we were re-united. Another, and much easier chockstone pitch brought us to the foot of the 250 feet glacia of easy slope, which constitutes the finish of Archer Thomson's Cioch Buttress route.

An attempt was made, but abandoned, to force a way up the crags immediately above the finish of the Crack of Doom. Then we wandered up the glacia and on to the wilderness of boulders above, whence we looked across at the south side of Alasdair and chuckled over the Crack of Doom, whilst paying tribute to the prowess of Pye in making the first ascent in boots, and without previous inspection. We descended *via* the Eastern Gully and the Cioch Slab.

A day was spent in a leisurely farewell to Glen Brittle, and the traverse to Sligachan, and next morning we climbed the face of the Third Pinnacle, and along the ridge to the Bhasteir Tooth, which we descended by Naismith's climb.

In the early morning, we awoke to the sound of the

roaring of wind and waters and the lashing of rain. With the periodic variations in intensity, it seemed as though a giant pump had just been started up. Downstairs, we found that ropes had been stowed away in lavender, and that vast preparations were being made to snare the sea trout, fighting their way up the brown swirling Sligachan river. Sgurr nan Gillean was in torment somewhere in a grey black mass of cloud, and his breast was lined with numberless white streaks. We started to walk up Glen Sligachan, but were unable to ford one of the transverse burns, so went up its valley, and thence to the summit of Marsco. Honour was soon satisfied, and we returned to the hotel wet through, but feeling that our previous spell of perfect weather was well worth all our present discomfort.

Next morning we left Sligachan, bound for Fort William. The first hitch occurred at Kyle of Lochalsh, where no petrol was to be obtained, owing to some strike or other. This was where we reaped the fruits of Meldrum's foresight in carrying a spare tin on his carrier ever since Pitlochry. Using this and adding some paraffin we set out on our long journey through the wilderness.

Our second check came at Dornie Ferry. We arrived, blew our horns, waited, and nothing happened. Then Meldrum began tooting in Morse, with identical results except that odd people on the other side paused in their avocations to cast an indifferent glance at we Sassenachs. An awful thought assailed us. Could it be the Sàwbath? No! Then a nautical looking boy appeared, gave a knowing look at the wind and tide lashed waters and the diminutive boat, and said he would have to take an opinion from the Chief Ferryman as to whether the voyage was justifiable. Fortunately the latter decided favourably; and with much trouble and risk, and some shipping of

water, our bikes were conveyed over, the two of us crossing with each cycle, in order to steady it.

The beauties of Glen Shiel were hidden by clouds, and our attention was fully occupied by the abominable road, with its skiddy centre between the ridges. At Clunk Inn we turned off along grass grown roads for Tomdoun in Glen Garry, thence in due course reaching Fort William, and feeling very glad to get there after our long wet ride.

The ensuing day, after failing on Raeburn's Arête, on the north east buttress of Ben Nevis, owing to the cold, wet, slimy rocks (there was some old snow in the Mhuillin Glen), we ascended the mountain by the easy way from the head of this glen. Full of mist, dripping with moisture, with doors banging aimlessly with the wind, the interior of the Observatory was an eerie place, a suitable venue for a Christmas ghost story.

We descended by the well cairned track, and then packed off to Kingshouse. The evening run through Glencoe was very enjoyable, the mountains looking so grand and peaceful, but truth compels one to add that, after the bare brown cliffs of Skye, they seemed rather grass grown. Nearing Kingshouse the attractiveness of the cone of Buchaille Etive was rivalled by the absorbing nature of the road surface, and the result was a series of sharp side jerks of the head.

The following day it rained everywhere in turn, except where we happened to be. We did the direct route up the Crowberry Ridge and enjoyed it very much; the rock was beautifully rough, the situations impressive, and the "bad step" quite a delicate piece of climbing. We returned ~~via~~ Glen Etive, where we saw a herd of unsociable ~~deer~~ and had a bathe in a brown, sparkling pool, arriving back at Kingshouse just before a heavy shower.

The following morning was wet, and the midges most voracious as I had my bathe, a bathe I shall not soon

forget. After lunch we started our homeward journey. We parted company near Luss ; Meldrum to go on to Glasgow and I to Shandon.

Next day I had an uneventful run to Barrow, *via* Keswick, traversing a sunny, summer Lakeland, full of tourists and of motors.

**SNOWDON FROM RHYD DDU.**

By A. L. BAGLEY.

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Snowdon was the first mountain that I ever ascended. I was not at that time at all interested in mountains, and I do not now quite recall how it was that we were moved to tackle Snowdon. There is no need surely for meticulous accuracy in the matter of dates, but it was certainly a good many years ago. We were staying one Whitsuntide at Penmaenmawr, on the North Wales coast, for a week. It is a very delightful spot, quite the best in my opinion of all the Welsh seaside resorts, although it suffers from the great drawback common to all the places on this coast-line, i.e. it faces due north. It is a very beautiful view seawards, with Llandudno and the Great Orme's Head on the right, and Anglesey and Puffin Island to the left, and a wide expanse of sea between, but I must confess that to my mind it would be vastly improved, if the sun took its diurnal journey across that wide seascape, instead of being at your back, and for a considerable part of the day behind the semi-circle of hills in the rear of the town. Still you cannot have everything in this world. Here you must choose between the sun and that beautiful view. If the sun is absolutely necessary to you, you have got to turn your back on the sea, and be satisfied with the view of the hills, which are certainly very fine, but are not quite mountains. In general I would much prefer to look upon hills rather than on the sea, if I cannot have both, especially with the sun thrown in, but here the seaward view is so beautiful that I think I should prefer to face it, and in summer one sometimes gets a beautiful sunset behind Anglesey.



The dominating feature of the place is the bold and massive headland of Penmaenmawr mountain. It looks much higher than it really is. I suppose on account of that immense, and almost precipitous fall from the top to the sea, where the whole of its height is seen in one long line. But its height after all is only 1,550 feet, and it can hardly claim to rank as a mountain, although it is usual to speak of it as such. It is a terrible pity that it is so gashed and torn up by quarries, bad enough on the Penmaenmawr side, but even worse above Llanfairfechan, whence it is a pitiable object, like some great beast, badly wounded and stricken unto death. It is, of course, a magnificent view-point; it is said that the hills of the Lake district can be seen from it in very clear weather, but I have never had the luck to see them. There are the scanty remains of an ancient British town or fortress on the top, once a very important place, but little is known of it now.

I have just written that Snowdon was the first mountain that I ever ascended, not reckoning Penmaenmawr as a mountain. If it is to be so reckoned, it was the scene of my maiden effort. I was at Penmaenmawr a good deal in my youth, and went up the mountain fairly often. I shall never forget my first ascent. I think I was about 14 at the time. There had been some very fat bacon at breakfast. I never could abide fat bacon, but I was commanded by a stern parent, who had no patience with my fads, as he called it, to eat what was put before me, or else go without. So, being only 14 and hungry, I ate. Then I was told by the stern parent that he was going up Penmaenmawr mountain and that I was to come along. I did not feel the slightest inclination to go up Penmaenmawr mountain, but I went along and followed meekly in his wake, until we were about two-thirds of the way up, then I suddenly gasped out an incoherent excuse, sat down on a convenient stone, the surrounding

hills seemed to dance round me for a few minutes, and then I was violently sick, to the extreme discomfiture of the stern parent. A sense of humour is a great stand by, and often affords consolation for the troubles of this life, and even in that dreadful moment there was joy in the thought of "I told you so."

To get on to our Whitsuntide at Penmaenmawr, I was there with a Dutch friend. In the matter of mountains a Dutchman is badly handicapped. I do not know what the culminating height of Holland is. I suppose there are mole-hills in the interior, although I do not remember seeing any. My friend had certainly seen something higher than a mole-hill, for we had been up the Rhine together. We had had a very successful day in the Eifel and to the Laacher See, whereof I have written elsewhere, and also to the Siebengebirge. The Drachenfels is not an Alpine peak, but it is considerably larger than a mole-hill. Still the Dutchman was much impressed by Penmaenmawr mountain, and we made a successful ascent, unaccompanied by any internal upheavals. Presumably this aroused scensorial ambitions in our bosoms. I do not now exactly remember the sequence of events, but we found out that we could just do Snowdon in the day, going by the early train to Carnarvon and on to Dinas Junction, and then by the narrow gauge line to its terminus at Rhyd-ddu, or Snowdon station they call it now, I expect because nobody could pronounce Rhyd-ddu. Certainly I asked for tickets to *Rid-doo*, and had some difficulty in getting them, not unnaturally since the correct pronunciation of the last syllable is *thoo*.

We had to leave Penmaenmawr rather early, and it was not at all a nice morning; the black clouds scurried over from the west, and there were continual nasty, gusty showers. However, it had not settled down to a steady downpour, and we tried to hope for the best.

And it was the last day of our holiday, so we could not put it off to another day. But as the narrow gauge train snorted its way up to Rhyd-ddu, it became evident that it was going to be a very bad day; the steady downpour had now begun, and all the hills were smothered in mist. The ways of this narrow gauge line were amusingly free and easy. A man got in, who wanted to go to a house that was about midway between two stations, but quite close to the line, or so we understood. There was a long argument as to which station was the nearest. The point was apparently settled in favour of the first of the two stations, and when we drew up there, he got out. Then the argument was renewed. The station-master gave his views, and everybody appeared to join in. We could not follow all the arguments, but we gathered that the distance to his destination from either station was greater than the man had expected, and he was afraid that he would not be able to do his business and catch his return train. Eventually he got in again, and halfway to the next station the train stopped, he got out, climbed over the fence and ran across a field to the house he wanted, and I expect they picked him up in like manner on the return journey.

We got into conversation with a Welsh farmer, who appeared to take a great interest in the tenderfeet, which we certainly were as regards mountaineering. When he heard that we intended going up Snowdon, he seemed to be genuinely horrified, implored us to give it up, said we should never find our way, and gave utterance to gloomy prophecies as to our probable fate. Told us interesting tales of men who had started to go up in similar weather and had never been heard of again and so on. I think he was genuine, and meant what he said quite seriously. If not, he was a marvellously good actor, and at anyrate I had no doubt of it at the time, and I must admit that I was somewhat impressed. If I had

been alone, I think I should have given it up, but when there are two of you, neither likes to make the first suggestion of backing out. Probably, if I had made such a suggestion, the Dutchman would have accepted it with alacrity, but he was a good plucked 'un and would not be the first to give in.

When the train drew up at Rhyd-ddu and we got out and looked about us, I really did think we should have to give it up. It was now pouring down steadily, and looked like continuing to do so for the rest of the day. Everything was hidden in a dense immovable mist, one of the very worst I have ever seen. It looked perfectly hopeless. In our hurried departure from our diggings to catch that early train we had forgotten the map. We had no compass, and hardly any idea of the way, and we had neither of us ever been on a mountain before. It *was* perfectly hopeless. I had just come to that conclusion, and was wishing that the stolid Dutchman would see it, and make a suggestion to give it up, and was wondering what we could do as an alternative, when a small boy came forward out of a group of lads, and asked if we wanted to go up Snowdon. He did not look more than 12 or 13, but said he was quite familiar with the way up, and this was corroborated by others on the platform. I looked at the Dutchman, and the Dutchman looked at me, and we fell. It was humiliating, but the only alternative was to give it up, and go back to Penmaenmawr with our tails between our legs. That would be more humiliating still. But I really do not think that we should ever have got to the top, if we had tackled it alone, and what would have happened to us, goodness only knows. All the same it is humiliating to reflect that one's first ascent of a British mountain was made under the aegis of a guide, and such a very youthful guide too. We felt it difficult at first to take him seriously, especially as he wore a cheerful and most engaging grin.

The comic aspect of the matter soon faded, as we crossed the line and disappeared into the mist. We very soon found that we had got to take him very seriously indeed. We were both of us young at that remote period, and I think we were justified in considering ourselves to be good walkers, but the way that kid bounded up the mountain was a marvel, and it took us all our time to keep within sight of him. In a very short time I was blown. I did not want to cry for mercy to a child like that, if I could possibly help it, and I stuck to it and presently got my second wind, but I have never since then gone up any mountain at that pace, and most certainly I shall never do so again. Even the Dutchman was almost beaten; he stopped once or twice to tie up a boot-lace, which apparently was not untied, and once or twice he yelled an enquiry at our youthful guide as to how far we had come, or had still to go, and the boy was obliged to stop for a minute to reply, as there was a gale blowing, and even a shout could not be heard more than a yard or two away. On those occasions I blessed the Dutchman.

There is nothing much to be said about the ascent, and I did not know much about it at the time. The downpour continued all the way up with unabated vigour, and the mist remained impenetrable. All my faculties were concentrated on the necessity of keeping close to the child. I clung to his coat-tails, metaphorically speaking, and the Dutchman clung to mine. But the child was a good kid, and recognised his responsibilities, and once or twice when he was getting too far ahead, and I was beginning to fear that he would vanish into the mist, he looked round, and kindly waited a moment or two for us to catch him up. I fear he thought us poor creatures.

I have some recollection of passing a spot, where the infant told us that a climber had some years before died

from exposure. I suppose he thought that would encourage us. Or perhaps the moral was, how fortunate we were to have him to guide and protect us. Also I remember passing through a wall into a fairly level tract, dotted with big boulders and looking in the dim mist like a cemetery, and being told in a blood-curdling whisper that lots of people had been lost there. I suppose the moral was the same, or perhaps he was merely pulling our legs with the cheerful lightheartedness of youth all the world over. I remember something of passing along a very steep slope, and on to Bwlch y Main, where there seemed a sheer drop on both sides, and I thought the infant looked rather anxiously to see how we comported ourselves. There was a gale blowing, and if we had gone down into the depths, he would not have got his money.

There was, of course, nothing to be seen at the top. The mist had not lifted at all, and it was still pouring steadily. We were all three soaked to the skin, and it was bitterly cold up there. The first thing we wanted was a good meal, and when we went into the hotel to get it, I was surprised to see that there were quite a considerable number of tourists inside; probably most of them had come up from Llanberis, and nearly all of them by train. Probably they complacently regarded themselves as hardy mountaineers, and quite honestly thought that they had done something remarkable. Good people, why do I scoff at them? I suppose after all that they have as much right to be on the top of Snowdon as I. They too are God's creatures, as the Cambridge undergraduate pityingly remarked of the Oxonians. Better to aspire to mountain summits, even if you have to be dragged up to them by a cog-wheel locomotive, than never to aspire at all. Moreover we were nothing but tourists ourselves, and certainly had no right to be considered mountaineers at that time. Nevertheless, the

railway and the hotel, (though the latter was certainly useful to-day and was appreciated, and not for the last time), are abominations, and I would give the half of my kingdom, if I possessed one, if they could be swept away, and Snowdon be restored to a state of nature. Thank goodness at any rate that the idea did not spread, and I hope that there will never be another mountain-railway in Great Britain.

We sent our guide into the kitchen, and told him he could have what he liked. Afterwards we wondered if we had been rash, and whether he would take advantage of the opportunity to have what the Americans call "a mortal gorge." We were also curious to know what his taste in drinks might be. We did not wish to appear mean, but we felt that we ought to have stipulated for non-alcoholic refreshments for one of his tender years. However, he added discretion and sobriety to all his other virtues, for he asked for tea and ham and eggs, and when we met him again outside, his cheerful grin was more expansive than ever. I asked him if he had had a good meal, and he said "Yes," with much decision. Then we took a fond farewell of him, and he set off down the Beddgelert path at a breakneck pace, while we tramped down to Llanberis at a more moderate rate of progress, and when we got to the railway station, found there was no train for two or three hours, so we walked on to Carnarvon.

That was my first mountain ascent, and I think the general impression left on my mind was that the game was not worth the candle. At any rate it was many years before I tackled another mountain. I was always fond of walking, and I did a good bit in various parts of these islands, but I never felt any interest in mountains. Then in the course of a Scottish holiday I found myself at Taynuilt, and having exhausted most of the walks in the district that were worth doing, the spirit moved me

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to go up Ben Cruachan. Since then I have never willingly spent a holiday away from the mountains.

I always meant to go up Snowdon again from either Rhyd-ddu, or from Beddgelert, which is practically the same thing, as the two paths join a short distance up, but I have never done it. Twice I have been at Beddgelert for two or three days, but both times the weather was so bad that I did not care to go up Snowdon, and I was alone with no stolid Dutchman to spur me on.



## RAIN IN THE MOUNTAINS.

By D. E. Pilley.

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Rain falls in the city.

The dust is converted into mud ; motor omnibuses splash by ; taxicabs skid ; the crowd is disconsolate. They spoil their clothes in the deluge ; flecks of mud fly in all directions, stick to them, and the rain ruins suede shoes, feathers, and the flowers in hats.

Rain falls in the mountains.

The wind comes with the rain. Both rush up the valleys, whirl across the fell side, circle in a mad vortex, and mount triumphant to the summit ridges.

Imperishable is the joy of this rain. To surprise it, in solitude over the great spaces of the mountains, is to grasp immortality. White, fugitive shafts of water splash the upward sweeping slopes. In the combs the main movement of the falling raindrops forms patterns superimposed upon the spirals of the rain eddies.

The ground is sodden. Every step sinks deep into the wet turf. There is a well-remembered smell ; the smell of moss, earth, and dead bracken, the smell of the wet fell side. It is good to sit on a rock high on the mountain and to eat damp sandwiches. It is good to tramp all day among the torn ridges, to see them disappear in the sudden whiteness of rain, and come again in clean-cut splendour. It is good to feel the soft rain and then the points of sharp rain. It is very good.

To-day rain falls, and miserable people hurry about in mackintoshes. They carry umbrellas, the emblem of civilization. Gloves cover their hands and show their perfect respectability. They hate the discomfort of wet weather and know not the glory of rain.

Yesterday there was sharpness of rain in the hills and fresh washed mountains in the air.

(With acknowledgements to the *Daily Express*.)

## LAKE DISTRICT FELL WALKING.

*An Account of Mr. Eustace Thomas' Record.*

By ASHLEY P. ABRAHAM.

From the early days of the eighteenth century our Lakeland fells have been the scene of many remarkable exploits.

How much skill, dogged perseverance, and pluck have gone to the accomplishment of these, only those who are true mountain *habités* and climbers of long standing and great experience can possibly know.

To mention only a few, there are the first climb up the Pillar Rock by Atkinson in 1827; the solitary first ascent of the Needle, and the truly wonderful ascent of Eagle's Nest Arête, by two presidents of the Club, Robinson and Gibbs' fell-walk over all our great peaks, except Skiddaw, in mist, wind, rain and snow; Jones' *tour de force* in Walker's gully under similar conditions; Botterill's diminutive figure creeping higher and higher to success upon that exposed slab on Scawfell; Herford and Sansoms' combined tactics which vanquished the Flake Crack and surely touched the high water mark of what is possible to human beings on steep rocks, not to mention some of the deeds done by the rubber-shod rock experts of the present day. But, with even these in one's mind, one cannot but feel that our Lakeland fells have witnessed nothing more remarkable than they did on May 29th of 1920, when Mr. Eustace Thomas, a man turned 51 years of age, repeated Dr. Wakefield's formidable fell-walk in 21 hours 25 minutes, beating Dr. Wakefield's time by 42 minutes. Dr. Wakefield's record has stood for 15 years, in spite of many and strenuous assaults upon it by men in the pink of

condition, men with almost unique local knowledge and enjoying the assistance of the previous records. Yet, it has fallen to a man more than eleven years too old, that is if we are really too old at forty! Surely, Mr. Thomas' feat must put new vigour and ambition into many who have mournfully convinced themselves that strenuous fell-walks and steep rocks are for them no more.

The earliest fell-walk of which we have authentic record was that of the Rev. T. M. Elliot in the early sixties. From Wasdale Head he scaled Scawfell, Scawfell Pike, Great End, Great Gable, Kirkfell, Pillar, Steeple, and Red Pike in  $8\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

In 1870 Thomas Watson, of Darlington, and Wilson, the Lodore guide, left Keswick for Scawfell, which they climbed, afterwards ascending Helvellyn, Saddleback, and Skiddaw, returning to Keswick in  $20\frac{1}{2}$  hours. This was the first walk on the lines of Dr. Wakefield's record. Those are the outstanding peaks of his round, but he has added to them enormously, and packed into his time of 22 hours 7 minutes the following, starting from and returning to Keswick:—Robinson, Hindscarth, Dalehead, Brandreth, Green Gable, Great Gable, Kirkfell, Pillar, Steeple, Red Pike, Yewbarrow, Scawfell, Scawfell Pike, Great End, Esk Pike, Bowfell, Fairfield, Dollywaggon Pike, Helvellyn, Saddleback, and Skiddaw—an almost incredible performance.

After Thomas Watson came Charles Pilkington and his cousins, who added Great Gable and Bowfell, but took 24 hours 25 minutes. H. I. Jenkinson, of guide-book fame, repeated this during very bad weather, in 25 hours. Then came our old friend, J. W. Robinson, with Mr. G. B. Gibbs who, in fearful weather, added Scawfell and Great End to the list, but failed in pitch darkness and a veritable *tourmente* of rain, hail, and

wind to find the top of Skiddaw. They reached Keswick again in 23 hours 25 minutes.\*

And so the merry game went on. R. W. Broadrick; Mr. Charles Dawson, of Manchester, of whom more shortly; Ned Westmorland and his Y.M.C.A. team—Messrs. Johnson, Strong and Beatty—improved times and added peaks until Dr. Wakefield, by dint of adding the Newlands fells, established a record that far outdistanced those of his predecessors.

Several attempts have been made upon it. Many of them have been abandoned before Great Gable was reached—others before even Dalehead was topped. Bad weather played a destructive part in many a carefully-planned attempt. Mr. Eric Wilson, of Bolton, tried twice and on his second attempt was ahead of Wakefield's time on Pillar Fell. He lost his way in mist on Yewbarrow, however, and got down into Overbeck instead of Mosedale, where he retired, having lost about an hour-and-a-half of indispensable time. Mr. Oscar Earnshaw, with a friend, essayed the walk three times, but Wasdale Head was the furthest point they reached. Several other stalwarts, some with knowledge, others with no idea of the immensity of their task, arose and tried to keep up with Dr. Wakefield's heartbreaking times, only, at one point or another, to decide that the walk was not for them. Of different calibre was Mr. Charles Dawson, of Manchester, whose splendid physique, dogged perseverance and intimate knowledge of our fells have placed him amongst the greatest of fell-walkers. But his series of walks form one long tale of ill-luck. Bad weather, disappointments with his pacers, and other factors led time after time to the abandonment of his project. In spite of all, however, he has put up some remarkable performances. Amongst these he claims to

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\* Mr. W. T. Palmer's "In Lakeland Dells and Fells" contains full detail of these early walks.

have covered Dr. Wakefield's course, adding some of the Dodds of Helvellyn, but he exceeded Dr. Wakefield's time by about 15 minutes.

This brings us to 1920 and a consideration of Mr. Eustace Thomas' record. It will be readily understood that a man of his years (I trust he will forgive my reiteration of a tender subject!) cannot concede anything in regard to the route to be followed. But Mr. Thomas went much further than carefully mapping out and finding the shortest route, he greatly improved upon Dr. Wakefield's ascent and descent of many of the peaks. A scientific training, combined with a personality which rendered his helpers eager and zealous in the furtherance of his project, accomplished wonders. A schedule was drawn up which omitted nothing. Times of arrival at various points, the companion to walk with him, the helper to meet him, the exact amount and variety of food to be taken, and clothing and footgear to be worn, the length and nature of his rests, the place where massage was to be given, and so on, were entered on this schedule and strictly adhered to, except only in the matter of his times, which were more or less dependant upon his fitness at the various stages. A motor-car was chartered for his helpers, and all their movements were carried out to schedule. This started at 5 p.m. on the day before the walk, and from that time reads:—" 5 p.m. try car; 5-30, meal; 6-0, bed; 11-35, get up; 11-45, meal, as per separate sheet, and rest; 12-30, start for Keswick (he was staying at Rosthwaite), compare watches. 1-0, Thomas starts, car keeps within call in case Thomas wants to decrease or increase clothing; 2-10, leave road for Robinson summit, milk, 1 minute's rest"—and so on throughout the entire walk.

Too many details would be wearisome, so I will omit more of these and will refer only to a few outstanding particulars. First and foremost of interest to our Club

is the fact that Dr. Wakefield met Mr. Thomas at Wasdale Head, and—although it had been his intention only to go over the Scawfell and Bowfell groups to Langdale—actually accompanied him throughout the entire walk from that point, thus doing all in his power to break his own much-cherished record. No doubt Dr. Wakefield's company and presence heartened and encouraged Mr. Thomas immensely.

It must also be said that never was such a band of willing and efficient helpers co-ordinated in the making of any record. Mr. Harry Summersgill planned the bulk of the arrangements; his wife took charge of the feeding—entirely vegetarian, by the way, and consisting chiefly of eggs and milk—Messrs. Frank Summersgill and N. Friedman accompanied over the first two sections; Mr. Morley Wood cut across various points, to turn up just when required with just what was wanted, and Messrs. Harris, Hirst, Humphry, Manning and Richards all paced and helped at various stages. It ought to be said that one or more of his helpers accompanied Mr. Thomas over every peak and that they all kept a separate time-sheet with full particulars of times, directions and various incidents of the walk. Their watches were checked before and after the walk by the accurate watch of an independent member. It is very much to be hoped that future walkers will be witnessed with the same meticulous care, so that, in justice not only to themselves, but to those who have established past records, there may be no possibility or shadow of doubt of the actual accomplishment.

The weather conditions were, on the whole, favourable, but time might have been saved at various places had there been less mist. Notably on Fairfield and Helvellyn was this much in evidence and, on the former, constant reference had to be made to the compass. On Saddleback, also, thick fog aided approaching darkness; when I saw

Skiddaw Forest about 8 o'clock shrouded in dense mist it seemed possible that Mr. Thomas might be robbed of his laurels. An hour later, however, it had disappeared and many of his well-wishers gathered in Keswick Market Place confident of his success. At 10-26 he entered the welcoming portals of the King's Arms Hotel whence he had departed at 1-01 o'clock the previous morning.

The actual walk was singularly free from incident, and from start to finish optimism reigned supreme. A heavy fall on Yewbarrow, where Mr. Thomas' hand was badly cut, caused a certain amount of uneasiness in Dr. Wakefield's mind when they met at Wasdale, and no doubt the pain of the wound caused a good deal of shock. This wore off as they climbed Scawfell, and Dr. Wakefield tells me that Mr. Thomas was going better and looked fitter at Langdale than when he reached Wasdale.

One of the first questions asked by the general public is, "What distance was it?" The bare tale of miles gives very little idea of the immensity of the effort. It is a very difficult question to answer correctly, but as far as I can personally reckon it up I should put the actual distance covered as 59 miles, over an ascent of about 23,500 feet.

Mr. Thomas is above 6 feet in height, and he would seem to be a standing refutation of the general belief that the little or medium-sized man is the best for sustained effort. Of angular build, big-boned and sinewy, rather than muscular, he looks more like a hurdler than a distance walker. I incline to the belief that his whole performance was a triumph of mind over matter, however, and when one remembers that on some of his previous walks his feet and socks have been literally soaked in blood one feels that his is no ordinary personality, and that his will rises superior to physical discomfort. He has done some remarkable fell-walks in North Wales in the company of Dr. Wakefield, and his level

speed-walking, where he acquired the 'hip-roll' of the expert, no doubt contributed to his success.

It but remains to be said that Mr. Thomas felt no ill after-effects, and that when Dr. Wakefield examined his pulse and heart he was "quite astonished to find how fit he was." The following is a list of times at which the various places were reached, and, as they are not accessible to the bulk of our members, I have placed Dr. Wakefield's side by side with them.

## TIMES ADJUSTED TO A 1-0 O'CLOCK START.

	WAKEFIELD.	THOMAS.
Keswick .. .. .	1.00	1.00
Robinson .. .. .	2.53	2.39½
Hindscarth ... ..	3.15	3.01½
Dalehead .. .. .	3.32	3.18½
Honister .. .. .	3.58	3.33½
Brandreth ... ..	4.25	4.18½
Green Gable .. ..	4.42	4.29½
Great Gable ... ..	4.58	4.48½
<i>leave</i> .. .. .	5.03	
Kirkfell .. .. .	5.31	5.25½
Pillar .. .. .	6.15	6.09½
Steeple .. .. .	6.32	6.27
Red Pike .. .. .	6.42	6.39½
Yewbarrow .. ..	7.05	7.15½
Wasdale .. .. .	7.40	7.34½
<i>Leave</i> .. .. .	8.00	8.03
Scafell .. .. .	9.32	9.37
Scafell Pike .. ..	10.07	10.05
Great End ... ..	10.33	10.33½
Eak Pike .. .. .	10.57	10.57
Bowfell ... .. .	11.20	11.21
Langdale approx. ..	12.05	12.03
(Old Dungeon Gill)		
<i>Leave</i> .. .. .	12.20	12.46
Grasmere .. .. .		1.53
Fairfield .. .. .	3.48	3.08½
Dollywaggon ... ..		3.59
Helvellyn ... ..	5.05	4.26



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		Wakefield.	Thomas.
Thrispot .. .. .			5.03
Threshold .. .. .		7.15	6.09
	<i>Leave</i> .. .. .	7.25	6.45
Sabbatusk .. .. .		8.25	7.40
Slidway .. .. .		9.58	9.25
Kewick .. .. .		11.07	10.25

Intermediate figures are approximate, the end figures exact. Mr. Thomas really started at 1.01 a.m. and all his figures as given above are put back one minute so as to facilitate comparison with Dr. Wakefield's figures.

"No sooner have I ascended a peak than it becomes a friend, and delightful as it may be to seek 'fresh woods and pastures new,' in my heart of hearts I long for the slopes of which I know every wrinkle, and on which each crag awakens memories of mirth and laughter and of the friends of long ago."—A. F. MUMFERY.

## AN EARLY MOUNTAINEERING DAME.

*(Recalled by G. Winthrop Young, for the Toast of "The Ladies,"  
at the Dinner of the F. & R. C. November 7th, 1900.)*

Fell was the peak, and rocky was the Fell,  
When she set forth, the Dame of whom I tell.  
No Chronicles preserve her earlier climb;  
She moved, alas, in "unrecorded times" !  
She was an intellectual: Mountain names  
Must fit precisely into College frames.  
Her mind was economic; made each course  
With just the right expenditure of force:—  
(She never carried matches! When they like,  
Climbers can work; so *must* know how to "strike" !)

From Windermere she went. Its vilas, clearly,  
Led her to dab it Doors and Winders merely !  
She passed, but would not touch, that rocklike fison  
They call, and most improperly, Hel-vellin:—  
No ladies, who *are* ladies, should be willin'  
To Stride its Edge, till its remaned Hill-villain !

She had a stride could Wake fields! Shock on shock,  
It filled the Fells, and roned each slumbering rock !  
She trod one Dome (the Druids knew it well !)  
But trod so stoutly—that the whole Kirk fell !  
No wonder, when that mighty rain began,  
That Dolly Waggon wept, and Lisa ran !  
And now of "Nature's Church," apart from fables,  
The Steeple's left, one Pillar, and two Gables.

And still the rocks they rocked, the Fells they fell,  
Beneath the feet of Her of whom I tell.

Scafell she skirted : Said that first she'd like  
 To know if Pike felled Sca,<sup>o</sup> or Sca felled Pike !  
 And, if Sca fell, who threw the Pike ! And more—  
 Who in the world, and what, and why, was Sca !

Sca fell, perhaps, in battle ; what time Ill Bell,  
 Great Dodd, and Bow, Derwent and Ryd—all fell.  
 And O, the victors' vengeance ! None escapes !  
 They tied such Hanging Knotts about their Napes !  
 The Kerns, they tied those Knotts, in that dark Crack—  
 A fate to make Tom blue and Aaron slack !  
 Hard Knotts and Grey Knotts, tied on all the hills,  
 Round Robin, Rosset, Moss and Piers's gills !  
 No Great End truly ! Though some kindlier ass  
 Waved Saddle back, and let old Sty'e's head pass.  
 Think of poor Barrow's end—shortes' and sternes'—  
 The judge said :—" 's that You, Barrow ? " then :—" Barrow in  
 furnace ! "

And still they felled the rock, and rocked the Fell,  
 Those climbing boots of Her of whom I tell !

She would not visit Wasdale, then, because  
 There is no climbing in a dale that " was " !  
 And Borrowdale ? The hardy Dame turned pale !  
 She'd eat Cold Pike, but not drink borrowed ale !  
 On Wetheriam she cast her weather eye ;  
 " This hill," she said, " I think I will not try !  
 For whether it's a lamb ; whether a wether ;  
 Or whether it is one or both together ;  
 Whether the weather's lamb-like there ; or whether  
 Some climber's sworn he'd like to lamm the weather !  
 —In any case, no maps shall state, I am  
 An If, or But, or Why, or Whether lamb ! "

And still the Fells they rocked, the rocks they fell,  
 Beneath the feet of Her of whom I tell.

And so to Coniston Old Man she came ;  
And, like us all, inquired " What's in that name ? "  
If in discourse familiar it began,  
When some one cried " That's Connie's stone, old man ! "  
Or if some grandsire lived so long a span  
As to be known as " Connie's stone-old man ? "  
" But, young or old " she said, " its all the same ;  
I'll not dispute another lady's claim !  
Whatever later nail or fell-pole spikes him,  
That Old Man's *Connie's* : and I hope she likes him ! "

Lastly, she viewed The Crag ! She spoke :—" And now,  
Pray tell me, is it Doe, or Doo, or Dow ?  
I don't like Dowagers ! And, surely, " stag "  
Not " doe " 's the thing that climbs—and rhymes with—Crag !  
*Do* call it *Doo* ! "

They did ! No climber fights  
That soft " Ah, do ! " which calls him to those heights !  
That day the Do Crag (and the Dame) were done.  
Darkness descended : so she sought the Sun !  
" I've heard " she said, " Warriors and Dames combine  
From Fell and Rock, to rest them here, and dine !  
I'll taste their " moderate courses " : share their cellars :  
I *love* good Rocks ; and don't dislike good Fellers ! "

## OUR CLUB IN 1920.

By H. P. CARN.

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The past year is one of which every member of the Club may legitimately be proud. Since 1914, the Club's activities have been, very properly, greatly curtailed. The absence of service members, the difficulties of travel and accomodation and the lessened leisure of everyone necessarily reflected themselves in decreased attendances at Meets and this was, of course, particularly noticeable at the Annual General Meetings as it was felt that any formal dinner would be sadly out of place and therefore, instead of the usual happy and hilarious throng only a few, who lived near at hand or happened to be on leave, were able to attend.

November, 1919, therefore, marked the return to normal conditions and the result showed how keen was the interest of the members. Some were lucky enough to reach Coniston on the Wednesday and enjoy two days of beautiful weather with sunshine and warm rocks and the numbers increased each successive day, culminating in the Furness Railway Company's accomodation being taxed to the utmost on the Saturday. One enthusiastic party of three—two of them of the misnamed weaker sex—travelled all night from London, arrived at Windermere with the milk on the Friday morning, motored to Coniston, bolted breakfast, and were on Doe Crag about eleven, leaving Coniston on the Monday night with another all-night journey in prospect. It is thought however, that this party look upon these jaunts as training preliminary to more serious night work; as some of them make a hobby of staying out all night on a crag face, generally in Wales, and preferably in winter!

The Annual General Meeting went along with the usual haste, everybody desperately afraid of being too late for dinner. A suggestion was made that it would be a good thing to hold the dinner where accommodation could be obtained for all members under one roof, and Windermere was whispered, but at this a howl of execration issued from the Meeting. "We're the only Climbing Club in the Kingdom that has its dinner at the foot of the Crag," "Never mind if it is wet outside, and muddy, and we lose our way, its worth it." "Windermere, ugh!" These were only some of the remarks passed and it was made quite plain that Coniston it was and would be. By way of an aside let us not forget that even Coniston would be a "wash-out" but for the willing and arduous work of Wilton and Scantlebury, the dinner sub-committee. They are, in fact, the only people who have ever been known to get a quart in a pint pot. The following Officers were elected or re-elected at the Meeting:—

President	-	-	-	G. A. Solly.
Vice-Presidents	-	-	-	T. C. Ormiston-Chant. C. H. Oliverson.
Editor	-	-	-	R. S. T. Chorley.
Secretary	-	-	-	Darwin Leighton.
Treasurer	-	-	-	Wilson Butler.
Librarian	-	-	-	H. P. Cain.

Then followed the dinner, or rather, DINNER, attended by 107. As a sheer feat of packing (of members, not by members) it must be unique. If one member so much as lifted his or her elbow the occupier of the seat at the far end of the row promptly fell on the floor. The Menu read "The Climb": the courses were designated "Roping up," "The Wet Pitch," "The Cave Pitch," "Stomach Traverse," "Lowering into Savage Gully," "Rounding the Notch," "The Easy Pitch," "The Last Pitch," and "The Easy Exit." "What did we actually eat?" "Wouldn't you like to know?" The club is not composed

entirely of Aldermen and to tell would only make you jealous. Anyhow, it was worthy of the Toast List and of the attendance.

The heroes of the golden age of other sports apparently lived sometime in the eighteen thirties but many of our heroes are still with us. What would cricketers give to collect together now a side comparable with Harland, Hastings, Minor, Raeburn, Slingsby and Solly? (N.B.—The order is strictly alphabetical).

The speeches: Well, one has memories of a polished speech from Winthrop Young, neat little ones from Miss Dutton and Miss Dorothy Pilley, one from Basterfield which convinced one that he had large interests in a rubber company that was having a bad time, and the usual speech from Scott—full of laughing-gas—the result of which was to make one feel weak and helpless. Solly, Slingsby and Minor each spoke as one knows they can and were listened to not merely with attention but with affection, and the last memory is that of Ormiston-Chant rising to propose the health of the President in the strictly morning dress of a once-white sweater, wet breeches and climbing boots, his landlady having apparently locked him out while she went to the pictures at Cockley Beck.

And so to bed, to wake up to soft snow on the fells and a general opinion that a fell walk was the proper thing. Wet snow and greasy rocks did not deter the Ultramontanes however, and a good many climbs were done but the majority wandered over the Old Man and his family by many and devious routes.

On the Sunday evening many members attended in Coniston Church the Memorial Service to those of our number who, during the war, had climbed the last great pitch of all, and by Monday evening nearly all had left and Coniston and the Craggs resumed their wonted

quietness and peace and only memories of one of the best of Meets remained.

Christmas and New Year Meets took place at Wasdale and Buttermere respectively. The President was warmly welcomed at the latter place; and on New Year's Day led a party from that centre up and down the Slab and Notch on Pillar under very icy conditions.

The first party actually on the summit of the Rock was composed of Milligan and Goudielock, plus a clothes-line, who, by means of a fell-walking motor (since sold, "owner having no further use, etc.") enjoyed alike the fleshpots of a well-known hostel on the shore of Bassenthwaite and the joys of forestalling the Buttermere contingent. Their grins of triumph were hideous to behold! It is understood that the western slopes of Skiddaw hold no secrets now from that intrepid pair. The brilliant sun and the dazzling snow made New Year's Day a memorable one, and not the least interesting sight was the close view, on the homeward path, of a fox and hounds on the High Level, all going strong. The hounds were heard for a long time, apparently on Steeple, in the dark.

The Coniston Meet in February was fairly well attended but the weather prevented serious climbing.

The March Meet in Langdale was marked by the presence of the President and both Vice-Presidents. Wintry conditions prevailed and fell walks were more popular than climbing, but the bright sunlight, deep snow, and lengthening days made this Meet a very enjoyable one.

Easter and Wasdale are, of course, synonymous and a well-attended Meet was thoroughly appreciated. The weather conditions might have been better but the news that friends at Ogwen were practically weather-bound made the members present very glad to be out even on somewhat damp and misty days. A notable achieve



ment was the visit of one party to the same rocks twice in one day. A large party had successfully accomplished "B" and "E" Chimneys at Overbeck and descended to Bowderdale for tea and such were the stimulating effects of that meal that half of them promptly went up again and did "C." The President at Carnaforth "flattered only to deceive," as the lure of the Scottish Mountaineering Club at Fort William proved too strong.

Coniston was revisited in May and a good Meet was held. Among those present were Wakefield and F. W. Walker-Jones, both of whom were warmly welcomed after years of absence abroad and those who have attended Meets this summer realise how much pleasure and enjoyment the presence of these two has added. Wakefield has been concerned in ascents, new and old, of exceptional severity and set a high standard of sportsmanship to the Club when he did so much to help Thomas to break his own (Wakefield's) fell record. Walker-Jones, not content with a long list of climbs, has done practically all Ordnance Points over 2,400, of which there are over 80. Truly did these two "scorn delights and live laborious days."

Whitsuntide can only be spelt Borrowdale as far as this Club is concerned and 47 members and friends spent this holiday in the valley. Luckily we had "weather," as opposed to the climate which this alleged summer has inflicted on us and most of the climbs from Mouse Ghyll to Scafell Pinnacle and Pavvy Ark, but omitting Pillar, were visited. The Pavvy Ark party, who arrived back at midnight, now agree that Langdale is nearer that particular crag.

June at Langdale: enter Vice-President Coniston-Ghaat—direct from Skye—rampant. Between June 21 and 26 he raged through the district accomplishing all the known alphabetical routes on Gimmer as well as all

those other climbs usually ascended by more ordinary human beings. He forgot the Oak How Needle!

With others Slingsby did Bowfell Buttress and the Meet was also noteworthy for the leading done by some of our lady members.

The Buttermere Meet in July was poorly attended and little or no climbing done, but the Eskdale Meet was an agreeable surprise with the President, A. E. Field, and Colin Phillip present. The weather was, however, much too bad and only one party managed to get as far as Scafell.

The October Meet in Langdale was very well attended and we were glad to find Winthrop Young, one of our honorary members present. A good deal of climbing, on Gimmer and Pavay Ark, was done in spite of a strong wind which made its presence felt on Gimmer. The rain kindly held off until the Sunday night but on the Monday morning the road was under water and the Hotel isolated, at anyrate, from motor traffic.

Apart from incidents already recorded the Year has been noteworthy for Thomas' wonderful Fell Record, Howard Somervell's magnificent performance in the Coolin, the length and earnestness of Committee Meetings, and the presence, at so many Meets, of our President and others of ripe experience and matured wisdom whose enthusiasm and delight do so much to make younger members realise what an inexhaustible treasure our wonderful district is.

"He who can draw a joy  
From rocks, or woods, or weeds, or things that seem  
All mute, and does it—is wise."

## CLIMBS OLD AND NEW.

Compiled by

T. C. ORMISTON CHANT and R. S. T. CHORLEY.

*The remarkable standard of last year's climbing has been maintained in all parts of the District and the following account is by no means complete, owing to the difficulty in communicating with the various members concerned.*

**SDRROWDALE:** On May 25th, 1920, about one hundred **Gillscroabe** and twenty feet of good climbing was **Buttress.** added to the original route on the buttress by keeping straight up above the last severe pitch. It does not show signs of ascent by a previous party, but perhaps had been climbed before. About forty feet is on an exposed face and is severe.—T.C.O.C., D.E.P.; also J.H., R.L.I., J.A.G.

**BUTTERMERE:** H.P.C. and F.W.W.J. have reported many excellent boulder problems at the foot of Honister Pass.

**Mellbreak.** In May, 1920, R.W.H. found a chimney on the left of the little gully which springs to the right of the fan of screes falling nearest Crummock Water. The gully itself has a difficult final pitch.

**Birkness Combe—** In No. 12 of the *Journal* some doubt **Arête Climb.** was expressed by myself as to the severity of the final pitch. This was owing to confusion with a pitch on the Mitre—it is undoubtedly exceptionally severe.—EDITOR.

**ORMISTON:** What is perhaps one of the severest **Eastern Central** British Climbs was made in September, **Route, Dee Crags.** 1919, when a route was made, by J.I.R. (who led), G.S.B., G.J., and A.P.W., separating Broadrick's and Hopkinson's Cracks.

" The climb begins at the foot of the roundly terraced slabs rising from the bed of the gully midway between the foot of Hopkinson's and Broadrick's. The first 20 feet is good going until the foot of a conspicuous crack is reached. The rock here has the appearance of a huge detached flake and the ascent is made between the flake and the main body of the rock. A belay can be arranged at this point by threading the rope between the pointed base of the flake where it joins the main rock. The crack is very narrow and only the left leg can be used for jamming purposes, until a loose small pinnacle embedded deep in the crack provides a hand hold. It should be grasped near its base as a heavy leverage on its point might dislodge it. A hold can now be reached on the right wall of the rock, and after the right foot has found a lodgement there the exit from the crack on to the 'band-stand' is good. A vertical wall is the next difficulty, and a small grassy ledge the immediate goal. The holds on the wall are all in miniature, and this pitch provides the greatest difficulty of the climb. On both occasions it was climbed on the left of the grassy ledge, though at first view the right side of the grassy ledge appears to provide the best route. The get-away from the 'band-stand' can be facilitated by the second man holding the leader's foot on a very tiny knob on the rock, until a very unsatisfactory finger hold is grasped. The next two holds en route for the grass ledge are very small and must be grasped and passed quickly, as the vertical character of the rock gives the body and feet no effective purchase. The route now inclines slightly to the right to a corner immediately below the overhang. A small flake here provides a belay while the second man climbs to the grass ledge. From the belay the route goes now to the left keeping close under the overhang. It is in the nature of a hand traverse, though occasional holds for the feet will be found. To rise from the semi-crawling

position under the overhang to an upright position where the overhang merges into the more vertical mass of rock, provides a delicate test of balance, but once accomplished, a step for the left foot a yard to the left becomes possible and a pull up on fairly good holds brings you on to a ledge close to Broadrick's. About 10 feet higher, somewhat to the right, a considerable grassy ledge is reached which merges into the rock to the right below the final pitch, a conspicuous and aerial arête. To get from the ledge and round the corner necessitates a step down with the tiniest of finger holds for security. As there is no belay at this point it should be taken carefully, though its terror passes once the step down has been taken. Round the corner at the base of the arête there is a good hold, and the ascent of the final arête is more spectacular than difficult. The climb is estimated as the most difficult on Doe Crag. The crack is exceedingly severe, and the section from the 'band stand' to the foot of the final arête provides no effective belay on any part of the course. Rubber shoes must be used."—J.I.R.

**Trinity Crack,** In August, 1917, W.W. and G.B. Yewdale. climbed this crack, which is on a small outcrop approached by the obvious track behind Far End Cottages. The whole climb is about 70 feet in height.

**Boulder Problems,** G.B., in 1917, discovered two good  
**Wains Fear.** ones. See pp. 145 and 146 in *Coniston Book*.

**Slant's Corner,** 1st ascent, April, 1920: G.S.B., A.W.W.  
**"Bill's Buttress,"** Course starts just below the foot of  
**Doe Crag.** Easy Terrace, where a cairn was built. Slabs, steep at first, but, after the first 20 feet, at an easier angle, are climbed to the steep corner on the left. A belay can be extemporized here, utilizing the ~~rock~~ at the top of the big slabs. With the second man

at this point the leader moves to the left, using good holds at the top of the blocks, and passing his rope behind these. He then ascends the corner, facing the right. Good holds are to be found for the final pull-up, once one has attained a standing position on a ledge on the left wall. Rubber shoes were used. The first descent was made on September 19th, 1920.

**North Wall Climb,** This name has been given to the **Easter Gully,** course between Black Chimney and **Dee Crags.** Hopkinson's Crack, climbed by D.G.M. with a rope from the belay in the Crack. It was climbed direct on June 6th by a party consisting of G.S.B. and A.W.W. One climbs Hopkinson's Crack or the lower part of Great Central Route for the first 30 feet or so until level with a scoop or hollow in the face on the right. This scoop is marked with black moss. A traverse is made out to this and continued up the face, the holds improving greatly higher up. One gradually works to the right and finishes adjacent to Black Chimney. This climb cannot be considered at all unjustifiable (in rubbers at anyrate), its chief characteristics being its steepness and the length of run out necessary (about 90 feet). The upper portion coincides with the route later made by Roper, close to Black Chimney throughout. The latter climb is infinitely harder.—G.S.B.

**Black Wall Route,** This new climb runs parallel with **Easter Gully,** Black Chimney in Easter Gully. It **Dee Crags.** commences immediately to the left of the former, up the front corner of the wall that faces South Chimney. The route is not obvious, the wall, to the observer, being apparently almost devoid of holds. In fact, the route is unbroken, except for a deep undercut about half way up; the overhang above being the crux of the climb, although the going is good all the way.

Owing to the unsatisfying nature of the holds, fingers and toes, to accomplish a safe passage through this hundred feet of vertical suspense, are entitled to a warm, dry, windless day, and a pair of rubbers thrown in, for the security of restive feet on small footholds.

On Thursday, June 24th, 1920, conditions were not favourable, owing to a cold wind that was blowing up Easter Gully, but it was decided to make the attempt. J.I.R. volunteered to lead and was successful.

The first twenty feet is interesting climbing, the difficulty being to surmount a bulgy rock that is quite bald of satisfactory holds. This is accomplished by "jockeying," until a small left hand hold is reached, immediately below the overhang. Extreme care is necessary here, the foothold being of the slightest, and the balance precarious. A purchase can be obtained by pressing the right shoulder against the roof of the overhang, whilst the left arm is worked outwards and upwards, ~~over~~ the overhang, to a small crack, which provides a grip for the left hand. Now the body can be straightened. Movement here must be fairly rapid as the fingers are under strain. At more than arm's length there is a vertical flake to the right. Leaning over to grasp it is one of the most delicate touches of the climb, but the greatest thrill is when the flake is grasped, and the right foot is swung out to the upper edge of the overhang.

A pull on the flake with the right foot as a fulcrum, brings you above the overhang, but it also tends to swing you away from the frontal position to the rock. A sharp grab with the left hand to a crack about a foot higher than the flake is the means to recovery. Half way up the upper part of the climb there is a delicate knee-balance, somewhat reminiscent of the famous "Mantle Shelf" on the Needle, but otherwise, if treated with respect, the upper portion presents no special difficulty. The finish is good, onto a conspicuous grass ledge; about thirty feet above Black Chimney.

The effort is purely individual, no effectual belay being possible. A.W. was the first to suggest the possibility of a break through, up this wall at this point, and demonstrated by going through on a loose rope. Later G.S.B. and J.I.R. experimented with the moral help of the rope. A week after the first ascent the second was made by G.S.B. and R.S.T.C., the first named leading. I would recommend all who wish to make the attempt, first to seek an introduction from the rope.—G.B.

**Great Gully,** On July 4th, 1920, G.S.B. and R.S.T.C.  
**Dee Crags.** climbed on to "B" Buttress from just above the third pitch of Great Gully, by means of steep alanting grooves. They then descended the buttress by means of Broadrick's route, an interesting and rather difficult climb.

**North-East Climb,** First ascent, July, 1920. G.S.B.  
**"D" Buttress,** and A.B. This climb was one of the  
**Dee Crags.** few new ones done in boots, the rocks being wet in the lower and harder section.

The course proper starts from just above the foot of a grassy furrow which continues almost into the Amphitheatre of Easter Gully. Very steep rocks are climbed, first upwards, and then to a little shelf on the left, where the angle is slightly easier. It is advisable for the 2nd man to go to the top of the grassy furrow to belay the leader during this movement. The route continues upwards, keeping close to Easter Gully, to a good little ledge, with loose debris and belay. The finish is straight up the rough, "bubbly" rocks above, emerging at and using the belay at the top of Blizzard Chimney.—G.S.B.

**Southern Slab,** First ascent, June 6th, 1920, G.S.B.,  
**"C" Buttress** A.W.W. and G.B. This lies up the slabs  
**Dee Crags.** to the right of Central Chimney. It is a somewhat artificial climb. Interesting slabs lead to



the final section where one is forced to the right until only a very short distance to the left of the ordinary route up the final slab. This section was quite difficult. A finish was made by traversing into the Cave of Central Chimney and climbing out of the latter. The traverse was not very difficult.—G.S.B.

**Bank Variation.** First ascent, G.S.B. and W.J.B.  
**"O" Buttress**  
**Doc Crags.** This course lies to the right of the ordinary route throughout. Breaking out from Intermediate Gully, the introductory portion of the climb (marked with a cairn) starts with a steep slab provided with fairly good, but small holds. The slab finishes with a short crack, leading on to a good ledge. The open face above is then climbed. There are two or three ledges where a halt can be called if so desired. A finish is made by moving upwards and to the right, landing in a groove which leads to the ledge above the slab on the ordinary route of the buttress. It is an artificial climb, but well worth doing.—G.S.B.

**Trident Route** First ascent, October 10th, 1920.  
**"A" Buttress,** G.S.B. and J.B.W. This course lies, **Doc Crags.** throughout, just on the Easy Gully side of the crest of the buttress. It possesses three points of interest; hence its name. The first point is a distinct little steep buttress, just at the foot of the Gully. One starts from a small cairn on the left, and, after climbing upwards a few feet, traverses to the right into a small recess and up to a small shelf, where a belay can be found. From here one traverses to the left, under an overhang, and then up the slab above. The easiest route on the slab will be found to the right of the right hand crack. Here it possesses good holds. Crossing the lush grass of the easy way up the buttress, one climbs some slabs on the left, and then up a wall, on which the climbing is

very difficult. This pitch could be made much easier or avoided on the right. Easy scrambling supervenes until nearing the summit, when a steep wall is seen. The true mountaineer will here move off to the right, but the rock climber will traverse to the left along a turf ledge and attack the steep wall above, the route being indicated by an outstanding but loose flake and sufficient holds being provided by a crack slanting up to the right. A cairn marks the finish, which is near the top of the crags.—G.S.B.

**Abraham's Route,** Doubts exist as to the route taken by "B" Buttress, the explorers of this climb. After crossing Doe Crags, ing Woodhouse's Route a way must be made to the left off the slabs which end in a cul-de-sac overhanging Central Chimney. The original exit is up a very exposed arête, on adequate footholds. On September 19th G.S.B. and R.W.S. made a way hereabouts and thought it new. They have probably followed the original route, however; which had not been climbed for years, apparently, until 1919, when C.F.H. and T.C.O.C. descended it. Their description is as follows:—

"On September 19th, 1920, accompanied by R. W. Strong, a successful attack was made on the reputed finish of this climb. From *British Mountain Climbs*, etc., it appears that Abraham's Route joins Woodhouse's Route at the "black looking hollow," and that this section is therefore probably new.

After traversing to the right from the aforesaid hollow, the overhanging wall was attacked at its lowest convenient point. A difficult ascent landed one on a little stance with no belay. The finish was by way of a slab sloping up to the right. The pitch was (of course!) done in rubbers, and was decidedly stiff. No signs of previous habitation were observed.—G.S.B."

**Broadrick's Route** On September 19th, 1920, G.S.B. and "B" Buttress, R.W.S. descended this climb, which has **Doe Crags** not been done for some years, so far as record shows. It is severe, however, and not as classified in 1910 (*F.&R.C.C. Journal* No. 1, vol. II.). The large rock-fall from the foot of Great Gully altered the climb considerably. The following is a description:—

"As the only published accounts of this are somewhat vague, and the climb, although little known, is one of the finest on Doe Crags, a few notes may be of interest. Above, and to the left of the start of the Giant's Crawl, a steep groove or scoop is noticed. This is climbed by the rocks on the right, and a step made across to the ledge on the left, which would probably provide an exit into Great Gully. Above the R. H. end of this ledge is a somewhat similar scoop which, again, is avoided by the rocks on the right. (During an ascent two years ago I went still more to the right). This pitch can scarcely be described as being "sensational, but not particularly difficult." I found it decidedly difficult. Above it one makes a move round an alluring corner to the left, and then upwards on the side of Great Gully, with interesting climbing, and fine views of the wall of A. Buttress across the Gully. It is also possible to keep on the crest of the buttress, instead of rounding the corner to the left. This course was adopted on the occasion of the ascent referred to above as having been done two years ago. G.S.B."

**North Gully,** In a note on June 27th, 1920, T.H.S. **Doe Crags.** emphasizes the great severity of the one short pitch of this gully. Perhaps most will agree with his statement that it is harder than any single pitch in Central Chimney, Broadrick's or Hopkinson's Cracks.

**Descents.** Descents have been made of the following climbs. Names of members of parties are given in their

order on the rope, the last man being entered first. This is following a similar convention to that used in describing ascents.—G.S.B.

Murray's Crack, Easter Gully	G.S.B. and A.W.W.
Broadrick's Route, B. Buttress	„ „ R.S.T.C.
Giant's Corner, B. Buttress	„ „ R.W.S.

**LANGDALE:** W.P.H.-S. says that the gully to the **Bowfell Buttress**, north-west of Bowfell Buttress has at least one good pitch. No record of this gully appears in any publication. It is a loose stony gully, and the only pitch worth climbing is formed by huge jammed boulders, and is severe, especially owing to the difficulty of the get out which is on to loose scree. On September 20th, 1919, T.H.S. and L.S. climbed the chimney just to the right of the crack leading from the terrace direct up the buttress. It is very difficult, but can be backed up until it joins the usual route up Bowfell Buttress.

**Gimmer Crag,** This magnificent climb does not seem  
**"C" Route.** to have been ascended much since its discovery on August 3rd, 1918. It is exposed and steep, but on the whole not markedly more difficult than "A" Route, which, it is good to notice, is being continually visited. "C" is, however, not suitable for boots.

**Gimmer Crag,** This is now the longest climb on  
**"D" Route and Gimmer Crag** and has been named "D"  
**Ash Tree Slab.** Route at the request of its discoverer. The first ascent on May 31st, 1919, by G.S.B. and P.R.M. was taken from the broad terrace to the left of Oliverson's Variation (see F.&R.C.C. *Journal* No. 1, vol. v., p. 76) and the second ascent on April 18th, 1920, followed the same route. However, on June 20th, 1920, G.S.B. and A.W.W. succeeded in adding fully 160 feet to the climb by ascending the great "Ash Tree Slab" on Gimmer's lower face.

An ascent of the whole climb was done on June 24th by T.C.O.C., J.A.G., and L.M.D., who consider it the most difficult of the Gimmer climbs—not only on account of its length. The following is a description of the Ash Tree Slab section :—

“First ascent, June 20th, 1920, G.S.B. and A.W.W. This is situated on the west side of lower Gimmer, below the terrace from which start most of the routes, and is immediately below D. Route. There are two mountain ash trees near its foot. An unpleasant looking crack runs up its right-hand edge, and the route lies, for the most part, up its left-hand edge, being similar in these respects (only) to Botterill’s slab on Scafell. Starting near the right-hand side at the foot, and climbing upwards and to the left, one is forced out to the extreme left-hand edge, where good holds permit of landing on a ledge (belay) about 50 feet above the start. Another ledge is soon attained, and one is confronted by the hardest section of the slab. A run-out of about 40 feet lands one at a point where it is possible to escape to right or to left, but the conscientious climber will continue up the steep, rough slabs ahead to the grass terrace, where a baby cairn was built in the grass.—G.S.B.”

**Northern Variation** First ascent, June 20th, 1920, of “A” Route, G.S.B., A.W.W., A.A. and G.A. **Gimmer Crag.** This course lies well to the left of Oliverson’s Variation, and joins A. Route exactly at the foot of the Lichen Chimney. An obvious ledge high up, provided with a belay, is first attained by not very difficult climbing. This ledge had previously been reached by P.R.M., and continues to the start of D. Route on the left.

A severe ascent, followed by a traverse to the right is now made to the foot of the Lichen Chimney. On a later occasion it was discovered that the “severe ascent”

could be obviated by a route just to the left in a sort of corner, with an excellent belay at the foot.—G.S.B.

It is shorter than "C" Route and much easier than "D." The second ascent was made by T.C.O.C., on June 24th.

**Crescent Slabs,** These were first climbed several years ago, by Zindal and Sanderson, who left no record of their exploit. The climb was repeated on June 19th, 1920, by G.S.B and A.W.W. The first pitch consists of an upward traverse to the left to a ledge under a holly tree, and with only a poor belay. This pitch is fairly difficult. It is believed that the first party tackled the slabs to the right of the holly tree, but these appeared very uninviting and unnecessary, and a way was made up a short steep wall to the left of the tree, followed by easier sloping slabs up to a belay. Comparatively easy rocks were then followed up to a wide grassy ledge below the upper series of slabs. No adequate belay could be found here. The route taken started up a steep wall a few feet to the left of a large, unsafe looking block. The angle soon became easier, but the climbing continued to be absorbing until the east end of the Crescent was reached by way of a final scoop, after a run-out of probably over 70 feet.

The climb is the most "repaying" on Pavey Ark, but can only be tackled with safety after a spell of good weather, as the Crescent appears to form a reservoir.—G.S.B.

[Note:—It is probably slightly easier than "D" Route on Gimmer Crag. The ascent made by G.S.B. was well to the left of that made a few days later by two others.]

**Pavey Ark,** This buttress is that separating Crescent  
**Stony Buttress.** Climb from Great Gully. It must not be confused with that separating Little and Great Gully,

than which it is incomparably more difficult. A special note to this effect has been placed in the Langdale book, therefore.

Until it has been cleaned down, the climb is best undertaken by small parties prepared to spend a lot of time in "gardening." It should be climbed without boots, although perhaps not more difficult than "A" Route, Gimmer Crag.

A cairn marks the start over easy heathery slopes, but a second cairn marks the sudden advent of difficulty. The route is on the buttress crest to the left of the prominent groove about level with the Crescent traverse, and the easier part is reached after perhaps eighty feet of seemingly insecure ledges on the convex part of the buttress. G.S.B. and A.W.W. made the first recorded ascent on April 18th, 1920.

**Descents,**

C. Route, Gimmer	G.S.B and A.A.
D. Route and Ash Tree Slab, Gimmer	" " A.A.
Northern Variation of A. Route	" " A.A.

**WASDALE.** [All the new ascents from this Centre do not seem to have been recorded. It is hoped to publish an article on them in the next number of the *Journal*, meanwhile the following notes are inserted].

**Esk Buttress.** This name has been given to the climb made up the imposing crag known as Dow or Earn Crag, situated north-east of Cam Spout in Upper Eskdale.

The first ascent was made, May 16th, 1920, by a party consisting of G.S.B., A.W.W. and P.R.M. The route starts from a cairn on the right-hand side of the buttress, near the top left-hand side of the scree fan, and just below where the rocks steepen. The 1st pitch is up 60 to 70 feet of pink, Gimmer-like slabs to the Bilberry Shelf. An alternative is by way of heathery ledges

on the left, and, from the Bilberry Shelf, an exit can be made to the gully on the right. Thereafter no side exit is possible, and the climb follows the easiest line.

A move is made upwards and to the left, until stopped by impending slabs forming the backbone of the buttress. Then traverse upwards to the right, along turf, at the foot of the Central Slabs, until a corner and ledge are reached (belay), at the foot of a thin steep crack, well seen from below. This crack is the "gate" of the Central Slabs, and is ascended until exit is possible on the right wall, which is then climbed, working to the right. At the top is a belay. The angle for a time is now more favourable, and one lands in due course, in a sort of waiting room near the Vertebral Slabs on the left, which prevent motion in that direction. Of two cracks, a thin overhanging one on the left is rejected, and a wider vertical one, with a turfy bed, is chosen. This crack is severe, and of a rather open type. There is an excellent belay at the top. One is now in a chimney conspicuous from the foot of the crags as cleaving the sky line. A short but stiff pitch in the chimney, and then one breaks out on the right, landing on a perfect rock ledge. From here, easy slabs lead to the finish, where another cairn was built. The length of the climb is about 400 feet, and the average angle is fairly steep.

**Upper Deep Ghyll** H.M.K., R.E.W.P., and G.S.B. made  
**Buttress, Seafell.** the first ascent of a new route up this  
buttress on May 23rd, 1920. It starts with about  
eighty feet of extremely steep ascent of a slabby  
groove. A good ledge covered with shattered blocks  
was reached by means of a chimney, but the ledge  
can easily be reached from the upper part of the ghyll.  
To avoid the overhang a traverse to the right is made to  
a good ledge, hidden by a corner and acting as a take-off  
on to a steep wall which is surmounted by means of a



steep block "impending on the right." A difficult traverse to a recess on the left, a difficult but short slab leading to a stance with a belay on the edge of the buttress and a finish over somewhat easier mottled, groovy slabs bring the climb to a close on the summit of the crags, where a cairn has been erected. Rubber shoes were used.

**Pisgah Buttress.** A severe direct ascent of this buttress has been worked out by C.D.F., **Sea-fall.** who, with W.V.B. on April 6th, 1920, climbed from the Rake's Progress at a point 10 yards south-west of Moss Ghyll for about 200 feet on good rock with platforms at intervals of about 70 feet, to a large detached block 30 feet to the right of the Fives Court. [Note—This block is mentioned in the account of Jones' first ascent]. From here a charming horizontal traverse leads to the Fives Court, after which the ordinary route is followed. This climb was done after a heavy fall of snow.

**Pillar Rock.** In reply to Mr. Holland's question **East Jordan Climb.** the original route is very easily found. You mount to the foot of the crack which is the key to the Centre climb and then pass away to the right along a broad sloping ledge which we used to call the Penthouse. Near the far end of this you see in the wall above you a funnel-shaped gap which at that time held a quantity of grass. The last time I saw the place some 5 or 6 years ago someone had cleared out the turf, thus lowering the floor of the recess and exposing a few small holds. There is no difficulty when once you are on your feet in the funnel; but it was by no means easy to effect a lodgment and even when you obtained a "stomach hold" the feet were curiously shy of following it. Mr. G. H. Craig is said to have been the second to take this route and no doubt his exceptional length of reach would come in very useful here.—W.P.H.-S.

**Hackett Gully.** Some time ago a question was asked about this. The enquirer thought that either the climb was overrated or that he had climbed a different one. Possibly both are true. Certainly his description in no way suggests the salient features of the gully to which Mr. Oppenheimer gave this name. Anyone coming from Gillerthwaite is faced by a wide, open gully, only remarkable for the fact that it sometimes remains full of snow weeks after the fells around it. It is a regular trap for the drifts from the north and the snow, once inside, is (as the Scots say) "back of the sun" and hardly melts at all, turning slowly to fantastic masses of ice.

The real gully lies to the lefthand. There is no difficulty till the head of it is overhung by a wall of vast blocks and it becomes necessary to get out to the left. There is a general resemblance to Mouse Gill with the proportions all different. There, however, the getting up is simple and the landing nasty; here the landing is easy and reaching it quite a problem. We could not see any alternative way of dealing with it and the big block behind the climber's back is too far off to be of any help. The pitch is perhaps about a dozen feet. Oppenheimer climbed it brilliantly, yet strange to say on the steep easy bit which comes above it he was far from being comfortable and had some difficulty in following. However, he had never seen it before and there was blinding snow.—W.P.H.-S.

### **Kern Knotts.**

- 24/5/20. Central Climb, Kern Knotts. First descent, G.S.B., R.E.W.P., H.M.K. (last man).  
 " " Flake Climb, Kern Knotts. First descent, G.S.B., H.M.K. (last man).  
 30/5/20. Slab Climb, Lower Kern Knotts. First ascent, H.M.K., G.S.B.

30/5/20. Slab Climb, Lower Kern Knotts. Second ascent, G.S.B., H.M.K.

*Description* :—Route starts to the right of crack. First problem, a severe overhang, which is followed by an exposed slab. If necessary, the leader can be held for the latter from the chockstone in the crack.

28/8/20. Tophet Bastion, Great Gable. First descent, C.F.H., G.R.S., H.M.K. (last man).

#### **The Napes.**

30/8/20. Sabre Ridge, Napes. First ascent, H.M.K., R.E.W.P.

„ „ Sabre Ridge, Napes. First descent, R.E.W.P., H.M.K. (last man).

1/9/20. Sabre Ridge, Napes. Second ascent, R.E.W.P., C.F.H., H.M.K.

*Description* :—100 feet. Difficult. Splits Eagle's Nest Gully well above a huge chockstone.

#### **Seafell.**

29/8/20. Central Route, Deep Ghyll, Scafell. First ascent, H.M.K., G.S.B., R.E.W.P.

*Description* :—140 feet. Very difficult.

#### **Pillar Rock.**

31/8/20. West Wall Climb. Second ascent, C.F.H., H.M.K., R.E.W.P.

West Wall Climb. First descent, R.E.W.P., C.F.H., H.M.K. (last man).

*Description* :—210 feet. Very difficult. Short pitches and splendid belays. Safe climbing. Starts about the same height as the top of the waterfall.

11/9/20. Nook and Wall Climb, Low Man Pillar. First ascent, H.M.K., C.F.H., R.E.W.P.

*Description*:—Severe in places. To the left and lower down than West Wall Climb. 280 feet long. Starts at a grass ledge. Cairned.

The key to the initials given in the above article is as follows:—

D. E. Piley.	G. S. Bower.	R. W. Strong.
J. Hirst.	J. Nicholls.	C. F. Holland.
R. L. Ibbetson.	G. Basterfield.	T. C. Ormiston-Chant.
J. A. Garrick.	W. Wimmerah.	T. H. Somervell.
H. P. Cain.	A. W. Wakefield.	L. Somervell.
F. W. Walker-Jones.	D. G. Murray.	P. R. Masson.
R. W. Hall.	R. S. T. Chorley.	L. M. Dydynski.
A. Abraham.	C. D. Frankland.	G. Ackerley.
G. Abraham.	W. V. Brown.	A. Ackerley.
A. P. Wilson.	A. Brundrit.	H. M. Kelly.
J. Roper.	W. J. Borrowman.	R. E. W. Pritchard.
G. Jackson.	J. B. Wilton.	G. R. Speaker.

"Whoever climbs for climbing's sake does not for an instant lose sight of his end or his means; for him climbing is an art, and, like all artists, he devotes jealous care to the execution of his task."—ÉMILE JAVELLE.

**To the Members of the Mountaineering, Climbing,  
and Rambling Clubs of Great Britain.**

BY G. WINTHROP YOUNG.

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We may assume that all the Climbing Clubs of Great Britain were formed with four primary objects ; firstly to encourage mountaineering by pooling information and securing general facilities ; secondly, to promote fellowship by social intercourse ; thirdly, to procure for ourselves the strength of combination in protecting the mountain districts we severally frequent ; and, lastly, to maintain a Journal which should serve us as a voice to give expression to any or all of these objects.

In their second object, the encouragement of social fellowship, our Clubs have achieved a gratifying measure of success.

Their first object, the rendering of mountaineering and of its Clubs attractive by circulating information and securing facilities, has only been partially attained, and in an unequal degree, owing to the non-local character of certain of the Clubs. This character is a fact that must be reckoned with, since large towns are the proper centres for social Clubs, and most of them in our country are remote from our few mountain regions.

For the attainment of their third object, the effective interference to protect the hills from various forms of injury, it has been often apparent that the separate and localised power of our individual Clubs has been far too weak. For the public the Clubs, as an influence comparable to that which the Alpine Clubs represent in the Alps, do not exist. In so far, the position of our British Clubs in our own island is manifestly inferior to

that of similar Continental organisations in their own countries, or even to that, say, of our Alpine Club in Switzerland.

Their fourth object, the maintenance of a clear-voiced organ for the united expression of mountaineering opinion as between mountaineer and mountaineer, or as between mountaineers and the public, our isolated and only slightly representative Journals have not attained, and cannot under existing conditions attain. Year by year it must have been plainer to close readers of all our Club Journals that the very devoted editors were finding it always harder to collect new material and new writers sufficient even to "go round" among ourselves; while as a means of reaching the public ear, no energy or capacity could make their unauthoritative protests permanently effective. Again, although I am not touching here upon financial questions, we must face the fact, incidentally, that the immense increase in the cost of production is certain to make the publication of our numerous Journals a very serious problem in the near future.

Many of us may have been conscious for a long time past of our comparative ineffectiveness in all but our social aspect. The present time is one of new beginnings and of general "reconstruction." We are all scrutinising our former and long dormant activities, and selecting only those for revival by our returning energies whose importance to our lives justifies the expenditure. It is therefore an occasion, such as may not recur, for endowing our Clubs at their re-birth with a greater economy of machinery and a more united and vigorous vitality. They deserve it, on any estimate, for they serve us as a cheerful centre of communication in pursuing an interest which may be made of incalculable value to many lives besides our own during these years of rather shadowy stress.

It would be premature at this stage to make specific proposals. They can only be made as the result of a careful, collective consideration of our Club problem by the representatives of all our British organisations.

But to advance this consideration a step further, I will venture to make three suggestions :—

1. That each Club, without prejudice to any action, or inaction, upon which it may subsequently resolve, should select a representative, or two representatives, to serve on a Joint Committee ; the Committee to assemble at some convenient time and place.

2. That the members of this Committee should be asked to draw up Reports, or if possible a Joint Report, to be afterwards considered by the Committees of the several Clubs, and submitted by them, with their recommendations, to the members of their Clubs.

3. That this Committee should be asked to consider—

- (a) The advisability of introducing some form of general *affiliation* among our Clubs, similar to that existing in other countries, or in other sports, among organisations which are formed for a common purpose, but in different areas.
- (b) The possibility of combining the Club Journals into one *joint Publication*, under a General Editor ; leaving to each Club the selection of its sectional Editor, who might be responsible for a certain proportion of the contents of each joint Journal.
- (c) The question of the *financial* relationship of the separate Clubs to such a central machinery or organisation ; an adjustment which would become necessary upon the adoption of any system of affiliation or upon the institution of a joint Journal.

By the election of members to act upon such a consultative and temporary Committee, no Club, of course, would pledge itself to more than a serious consideration of any Report the Committee might present.

It will be seen that such a scheme, if adopted, would in no way prejudice the autonomy of the individual Clubs ; nor would it interfere with their present successful social independence, their separate administrations, or their local activities and identities.

Its purpose would be to strengthen the position of the Clubs, individually and collectively, by instituting a simple machinery for taking joint action in matters of public or general mountaineering importance ; and for increasing their capacity to offer facilities, to disseminate information, and to encourage climbing, both within and without the Clubs.

Finally, I would make a very earnest appeal to all members of British Clubs to recognise that the renaissance of our Associations gives to our generation a possibly unique opportunity. Some of our Clubs have local and climbing advantages, others have civic and social advantages. All have a legitimate pride in their own flourishing independence. But it is our responsibility to think now not only of our exclusive amenities or of our local interests, but of the future of mountain climbing in this country as the finest, sanest tradition which we possess, and which it is our privilege to hand on to the next, very different, generation. Our organisations might, and should, combine all the advantages of fellowship, of facilities, of vigorous combined action, and of authoritative expression; which at present we either lack or enjoy apart in uneven distribution. We may well aim at making our Clubs separate meshes in a single wide net to catch all coming climbers and sweep them comfortably about, among and up our hills ; and, far more, meshes in a net to draw a larger and still unconverted number within the circle of



attraction of the health and delight that mountains may bring into their lives.

We need no reminder that, below our Club designations and above our wholesome rivalries, we are all fellow mountaineers, united by a bond that gives us an almost affectionate responsibility not only for the members of any small community to which we may belong, but for all other climbers or potential climbers, however distant from us in space or time.

G. WINTHROP YOUNG.

1st *March*, 1920.

#### RECORD OF SERVICE.

The following names should be added to the list given in *Journal* No. 13.

Wingfold, C. B., K.S.L.I.

Witty, B. H., Lieutenant R.E.

## THE CLUB'S WAR MEMORIAL.

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Dear Mr. Editor,

I understand the Committee of our Club decided some time ago to promote a memorial to our comrades who fell in the War. With that decision I feel sure the entire membership of the Club are in agreement.

What form or character the memorial shall take may not be settled with the same unanimity. In Clubs and similar institutions there is generally a difficulty experienced in reaching agreement on questions of this sort. It is almost impossible. If, however, in this case each person be tolerant of the views of others, by the exercise of a reasonable amount of give and take an approximation to unanimity may be arrived at and a practical scheme or schemes evolved and acted upon.

Amongst many reasons which actuated one in attending the Annual Meeting of members on the 8th inst. was the knowledge that this really important question was down on the Agenda for discussion. The subject was not reached in any form nor was any official statement forthcoming, whether for lack of time or by intention did not transpire. Members would have been glad of information concerning the fate of several of the schemes which have been mooted. Has the famous but grossly mis-represented "climbers' shelters" plan, passed by the Committee at Buttermere last year been definitely abandoned? What has been the fate of my friend T. C. Ormiston-Chant's elaborate scheme (vol. iv., page 257).

In your article (vol. iv., page 230) other suggestions are mentioned, but as they appear to be in a somewhat nebulous state they can be passed over in the meantime. Presumably they are in abeyance pending the outcome of the Great Gable negotiations.

Referring to the latter considerable proposal, permit me to express the reasonable hope that the Club will not be committed to what might prove this very heavy inroad upon its financial position without the members generally being given an adequate opportunity to examine and discuss the terms of the transaction.

It is true that at present there is no definite proposal before our members, but the suggestion for purchasing Great Gable or

part of it has, I understand, been discussed by the Committee and negotiations opened. All I urge is that a policy so unique for a Climbing Club ought to receive very careful consideration by all concerned before adoption. From time immemorial climbers, mountain rambles, tourists, fox hunters and the public have had the free run of our Lakeland fells, crags and passes. The people have wandered where they willed in some cases over undoubted rights of way, but in a much greater number of cases by favour of the landowners without let or hindrance so long as no damage was being done. Is it not most desirable to leave this happy condition of things undisturbed? Or if disturbance has to come let it be from the owners of the fells and not from climbing men. Is it not to be feared that the purchase of Great Gable or any part of it might open the door to other owners of favourite fells and crags to curtail the aforementioned privileges or claim compensation for their continuance? "Let sleeping dogs lie" is a good old adage applicable in this case. Until we obtain the enactment of an effective "Access to Mountains" law (now long overdue) which would legalise the privileges we at present enjoy by the favour of owners, would it not be wise to leave well alone?

Will the Committee bear in mind the likelihood of legislation of this character?

The part of the scheme providing for the transference of Gable Crags to the care of the National Trust is surely not intended seriously. In what manner would that body exercise their care of the Napes Ridges and Kern Knotts Climbs? Our own two members, H. M. Kelly and G. S. Bower, would be far more appropriate custodians. It is not like Scafell Pike, a purely tourist's mountain.

A few days prior to the Annual Meeting this month I submitted to the Committee an alternative or supplementary suggestion for a bronze or other metal tablet containing the names of our fallen comrades to be affixed to a suitable erection at Wasdale Head, if a site be obtainable. If space permit a second tablet containing the names of those who served in the War might be added. I take it that whatever scheme be adopted this list of names will have to be inscribed and displayed somewhere. Not, let us hope, in some out of the way room or remote fell crag face where it would seldom be seen or read. I have had something to do with other War memorials and can say with certainty the crux of the interest and value attached by friends

lay in the name record inscribed and the method of publicity given it.

As to site. Where more appropriate than the quiet and reposeful Wasdale Head beneath the shadow of the crags of Scafell, Great Gable and the Pillar where many of the happiest days of the men, whose sacrifice we desire to commemorate, have been spent?

It might be urged that a structure of the kind suitable would be an eyesore in the Old Dale Head. If I thought so no advocacy of the kind would come from me, but I admit the reasonableness of the surmise. My reply is the structure would not have to be an eyesore and need not be. I would have sufficient confidence that the Committee of the Club would see to it that no eyesore was erected. No one would dream of advocating a structure which could be so characterised. The home-place erected to contain those honoured names would, I hope, be an artistically designed ornate structure—"a thing of beauty"—which instead of being an eyesore would prove an adornment to the mountain valley we all love so well. If necessary the services of an expert designer and monumental mason might well be engaged to aid the Committee in coming to their conclusions.

One would desire to see a monument worthy of the Fell & Rock Club, of the district in which it is placed and above all of the memory of the score of brave comrades we have lost.

There is, we are all aware, a deep rooted feeling amongst climbers and mountain lovers, both homeland and Alpine, against erecting in the Valleys reminders of sad accidents which have occurred on neighbouring heights. With that feeling one is in full sympathy, but whilst respecting it, I beg to urge the tremendously exceptional character of the present occasion. The question has a national as well as a personal bearing. We are promoting a memorial of a great historical crisis in which our lamented fellow-members fell, alas, in the doing of their part of it. It is not a climbing accident we are seeking to keep in memory, sad as that would be. It is our purpose to perpetuate the memory of twenty brave and bright young comrades who gave their lives to save their King, people, country and civilisation from the most diabolical ring of foes this old Britain of ours had ever to face.

If this memorial is raised it would be a vivid historical witness to future generations of mountain lovers that in the life and

death struggle of 1914-1918 the members of the Fell & Rock Climbing Club bore their full share of risk and sacrifices. Place the names where they can be seen of men, and for local mountain lovers I know of no better spot than some corner of the peaceful and favourite valley where countless generations of climbing people may learn of the brave sacrifice of those loved ones, the memory of whom is all that is left to us.

In my humble view the memorial adopted ought to be the one which would remind this and future generations of members most forcibly of the comrades we have lost and of those who fought to save their country from invasion and an unspeakable tyranny.

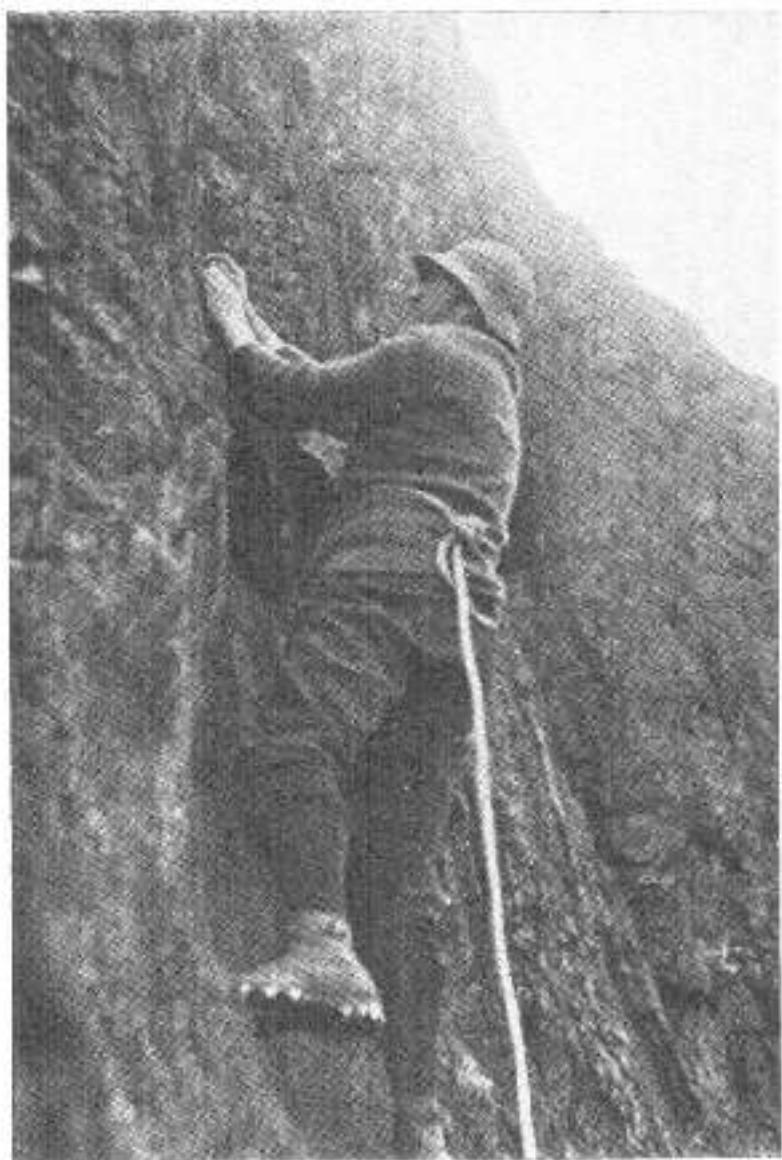
The purchase of a fell or crag or the erection of a Club house, any of which would be for our enjoyment or convenience and that of future members, does not appeal to one's most unselfish instincts to say nothing of financial considerations.

If this partial solution of the problem be turned down, be assured it will not be regarded by me as a vote of censure. There may be better schemes to consider, but surely some sort of a decision is overdue. The War has been ended two years. We ought to be making up our minds. To delay longer might tend to lessen the interest and eagerness with which we, one and all, regard the sacred duty imposed upon us.

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE SEATREE.

Bootle, Liverpool,  
24th November, 1920.



ALAN CRAIG

## IN MEMORIAM.

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### **Allen Craig :**

It is my sacred duty to commemorate in the Club's annals the virtues and characteristics of one of its most worthy members ; and I do so with feelings of extreme personal sorrow that he has been plucked from amongst us whilst still in the heyday of his manhood.

To many of our more recent members Craig represents little more than a name, but to those of us who knew him, he stands for all that is best in the Club's ideals.

It is hardly necessary to repeat that he was one of the founders of this Club of ours which commenced from such small beginnings and has now grown in a few years to be one of the premier and most active clubs connected with the sport of mountaineering.

Like the majority of the early members, Craig arrived at rockclimbing by way of fell-walking, and even when at his best as a rockclimber he always enjoyed a long day on the fells with, or without, a companion ; in fact, of the stretch of country embraced in Lakeland, there were indeed few who knew it in its intimate detail so well as he.

I have no positive records of all his wanderings, but I am sure from the many conversations I have had with him on the subject that there was practically no peak, no valley, no gully, no ridge which he had not at some time or other visited.

By way of this close association with the fells he arrived at the stage when he desired nearer contact with those craggy faces, with which he was so familiar in his ramblings, and it was shortly after taking up the second branch of our sport that he and others of the same turn of mind formed the Fellwalking and Rockclimbing Club of the English Lake District.

From that time onwards he concentrated for several years on the science of rockcraft, and I personally have to thank him and Gordon, his great friend, for initiating me into the mysteries of the art.

He believed thoroughly in the principle of learning rockclimbing slowly, first tackling easy climbs, then moderates, then easy difficults and so on, and I feel it would probably be much better if rockclimbing novices of to-day were to adopt similar methods, instead of being taken for a first climb up Moss Ghyll for instance, or something equally difficult, as so frequently occurs, with the result that they are either scared away from the sport immediately or otherwise treat ordinary climbs with a species of contempt.

The consequence of this slow training which he expected in others and which he underwent himself was to produce a climber in whom one could place the utmost reliance, whether he were leader or second, on easy or difficult rocks, in chimneys or up arêtes, in fine weather or foul, in sunshine or snow.

Only on very rare occasions did he tackle any of the climbs termed "exceptionally severe" as it was a cardinal principle with him not to attempt climbs which he did not feel competent to lead with safety.

He was possessed of no great physical strength and the style of climbing represented by two hands on a "Pendlebury" and a mighty heave was anathema to him. Nor did he use anything of the nature of "Scotch navigation" when tackling chimneys. As a result, he developed into that highest class of climber who has a happy knack of unearthing (both figuratively and literally) tiny fingerholds and footholds in an apparently smooth wall. Craig had this knack developed in a manner which I have never seen surpassed by any other climber of my acquaintances. On an arête or a face climb he was almost without equal.



Being practically devoid of nerves as regards heights he could stand for what seemed hours on minute scratches with muscles almost entirely relaxed whilst searching for the next step in the upward path.

To watch him tackle a straight-up slab for the first time was an education to anyone, however expert he might be ; first three feet up, then four and then a careful descent using exactly the same holds as for the ascent ; then another attempt carrying him a few feet higher on the upward track until finally the pitch was overcome in effortless classical style.

That he was an expert amateur photographer everyone will agree who has had the privilege of viewing his extensive collection of mountain photographs, the pleasure of which was greatly enhanced by his charming little descriptions of incidents connected with each picture.

As one very excellent example of his capabilities in this respect I need only mention the wellknown photograph of Doe Crags, which has never yet been equalled for clarity of outline. On the enlargement of this photograph can be detected even small details of most of the recognised routes including that up A Buttress, with which his name is eternally connected.

Early in 1911 his little coterie of climbing friends was dissolved through various unavoidable causes and, conservative and reserved as he was, this acted as one of the reasons for his gradual withdrawal from climbing meets ; in addition, he was by then in charge of the gun testing range at Eskmeals, where both before and during the war he distinguished himself as might be expected.

Throughout the war he had an exceptionally hard time, and little known though it may be, he was by no means the least of the cogs in the great war machine which ultimately brought the Germans to their knees.

It is quite possible, and even probable, that the exposure and hours of labour to which he subjected himself during

this period were, in part, responsible for his death whilst still relatively so young.

I conclude by expressing the hope that when we others have to answer the last call, we may have as fine a record to shew as Alan Craig, fellwalker, rockclimber and truly gallant gentleman.

JOHN COULTON.

### Hermann Woolley :

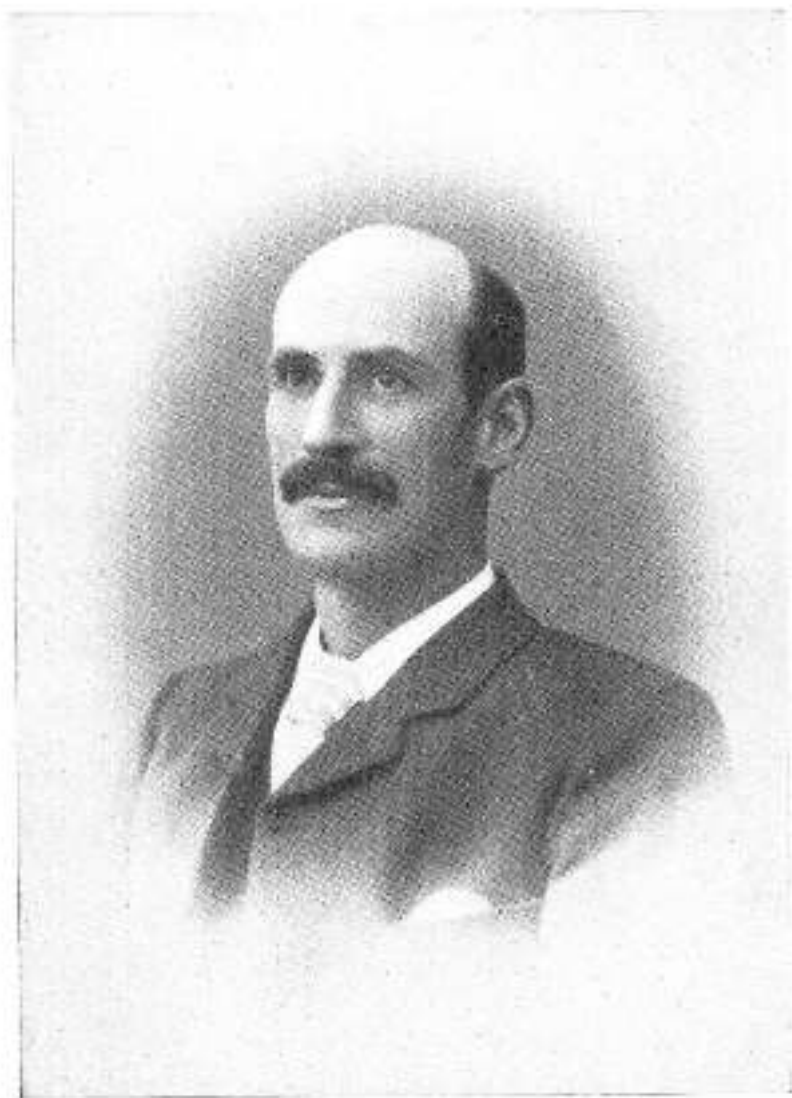
A few short weeks ago the members of the Fell & Rock Climbing Club heard with genuine sorrow that Hermann Woolley, one of their most distinguished Honorary Members, had passed away after a short illness.

He was one of the greatest mountaineers we have ever had. Not only this, but he was an excellent scientific explorer as well. Notably was this proved on his mountain campaigns in the Caucasus. As a photographer he was in the highest rank, and no one was more generous than he in giving photographs and lantern slides to his friends. In this he had the happy knack of trying to make the recipient of his generosity feel that the latter was conferring a favour on Woolley himself instead of receiving one.

He was, during some years, educated at Owen's College. Later, he entered the great firm of James Woolley & Sons, Ltd., who, as manufacturing chemists, have a world-wide reputation.

I am proud to remember that I had the honour of proposing Woolley to the Committee of the Alpine Club as its president, a post in which he fully maintained the great reputation of the two other recent Lancashire Presidents who preceded him—namely Horace Walker and Charles Pilkington.

Woolley was an all-round sportsman and an expert in each sport. It has been my good fortune to have had many a good climb with him in the British Isles, the



HERMANN WOOLLEY.

Alps, and in Norway, and a more delightful comrade it would be impossible to find. He was equally good on rock, ice and snow, and in camp, as we found out in Lofoten. He was full of resource, whilst on the mountains his wide experience and great skill were always of great value.

I share with many old friends of Woolley in most happy memories of one of the greatest mountaineers we have ever known, one whom we feel it a great privilege to have known intimately.

WM. CECIL SLINGSBY.

### **Fred Botterill :**

To live in the memory of friends is not to die, and Fred Botterill will always remain a fragrant memory with those who were privileged to know him. As one of his intimate friends I can avouch that there was nothing which he undertook that he did not do admirably. The only regret is that he did not undertake more, for I am convinced that he had it in him to display as high capacity in other departments of life as in mountaineering—and that is no light word.

I do not propose to catalogue his exploits as a mountaineer and pot-holer. The North-West climb on Pillar, the Abbey Ridge, the slab on Scafell that bears his name are enduring monuments, and the Crescent Climb on Pavey Ark shows that his great powers were not superior to opening new routes to his weaker brethren.

Indeed he was almost too kind. Were a weak party in need of a leader, Fred would go miles—the expression is not used figuratively—out of his way to take them up a course which to him was a simple walk, and he was just as happy, just as keen on the sport in an easy gully as on an exceptionally severe face. As a tutor he was most patient and painstaking and wonderfully tactful: if he had to administer a rebuke, he left the

culprit complimented. His own equanimity was imperturbable. In the most trying circumstances he remained wholly unruffled.

His speed and certainty on the rocks were remarkable. I remember being with him at the foot of the staircase leading to the first cave pitch in Mouse Ghyll. Fred was looking at the rocks and I was attending to a bootlace or a cigarette or something. I noticed Fred turn towards me, and I was by way of listening to some wise words of advice when I saw the rope falling rapidly upwards and, before I could realise what had happened, Fred was smiling down on me from the top of the pitch. His instructions were to face out and just hop up on my palms and heels. I approached the problem as the French did Waterloo (according to Foy) 'almost without hope and without fear.' Without fear. One felt absolutely safe with Fred as a leader.

He was a past master of the art of descent. I am quite sure that he never ascended a place he could not descend with absolute safety, and—what is more—that the whole party under his charge could not descend with absolute safety.

He had a keen appreciation of natural beauty and a keen observation for natural objects. Those who have read that delightful contribution to the *Y.R.C. Journal* "The Log of the Berthol," will endorse this.

His sense of humour was not his least delightful characteristic. Once he announced at Wandale he had made a record ascent of the Needle. "What time?" "Half an hour!" "Half an hour: that's no record." "From the hotel," concluded Fred.

The last time I saw him was in York, as a sergeant. He stopped me and thanked me for his stripes. Naturally I could not understand, and Fred enlightened me. "You told the chief I was in his office." "Well?" "He is as keen on mountaineering as mustard and when you told

him about me, he sent for me and made me a sergeant on the spot." Just like Fred. For some reason he refused a commission.

The cause of his death is attributable to T.N.T. poisoning  
O.H.M.S. C.E.B.

### **Hardwiche Drummond Rawnsley :**

Better known to the general public than perhaps any of our honorary members, the Club and more especially the Lake District at large, has suffered a severe loss in the death of Canon Rawnsley, whose distinguished career had been so much identified with the interests of the country of his adoption.

Of his adoption because he came by birth of a Lincolnshire family, and his connection with the Lake District did not become intimate until his appointment to the living of Wray near Windermere in 1878. With one interval the remainder of his life was spent chiefly in the Lake District. He was canon of Carlisle ; for many years he was vicar of Crosthwaite, Keswick ; and his last years were spent at Allan Bank, Grasmere, for some time the home of Wordsworth, a poet for whom he had a great admiration, and on whose style he based his own not inconsiderable attainments as a poet. It was there he died on 26th May, 1920, at the age of 69.

He had all the strenuous purposefulness which characterised so many of the best men of his age, and he left his mark on many societies carrying on religious and social work. He will, however, be remembered chiefly as the founder of the National Trust for the Preservation of Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty, an institution which during the short period of its existence has accomplished much work of enduring value. The Canon had before his death the satisfaction of seeing the property in the summit of Scawfell Pike vested in

the Trust, and to it also will eventually come, under the terms of his will, his beautiful residence at Grasmere.

Canon Rawnsley was a prolific author on many subjects, and a distinguished lecturer, more particularly on Lake District topics. The best of his books also had Lakeland associations. One might perhaps mention among them, *Sunset at the English Lakes*, *Literary Associations of the English Lakes*, *Ruskin and the English Lakes*, *The Jubilee Bonfires*.

It could not be said that he was a great rock climber, but he had been in his youth a distinguished athlete winning second place in the high jump while at Oxford, and earning laurels on the river. There were accordingly very few parts of the Lake District which he had not explored and which he did not know thoroughly. He took considerable interest in the Club though not often at its meets.

Among the last of the tasks which he accomplished may be mentioned the organisation of the flares and bonfires in the district on Peace Night, which was so great a success—it was at his invitation that the Club undertook the lighting up of Scawfell Pike—and the establishment of a powerful and representative committee for the preservation of the beauties of the Lake District, which one may hope will continue to work long after his death.

Few men have held such a peculiar position and such a well deserved influence in any district, and it is sincerely to be trusted that this will long make itself felt.

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#### C. N. Williamson :

The tidings of the death of Mr. C. N. Williamson, novelist and author, which occurred at Bath on the 3rd inst., after a long illness, recalls the early pioneer days

of climbing and rambling over the Lake District mountains.

Mr. Williamson was a frequent visitor to Lakeland during the late seventies and early eighties of the last century. He was a keen lover of the fells and crags and took a deep interest in recording the verbal and meagre accounts of Pillar Rock and Scafell climbers—easy as the achievements were—in those early days. Like many of the cragsmen hailing from the south who began to explore the district at that time he fortunately made the acquaintance of my old friend J. W. Robinson and together they made many ascents and excursions. On one or two occasions I met Mr. Williamson at Wasdale Head. I found then, and by subsequent correspondence, how enthusiastic he was in all that pertained to the development of the sport in Lakeland, an area which he regarded as having been made for mountain and crag climbers.

Mr. Williamson rendered a great service to local climbing men, especially those who came thus early to scale the crags of the district. He wrote two articles which were published in consecutive numbers of *All the Year Round*, then conducted by Charles Dickens, junr., entitled "The Climbs of the English Lake District." These articles were invaluable and became the textbook—almost the bible—of mountaineers, homeland and Alpine, who began to flock to Wasdale Head.

This was in 1885 when rock climbing, even of a moderate character, was in its infancy.

The articles in question formed the first attempts at classification or published description in detail of the few known climbs of those early days. They were eagerly sought after by that pioneer generation of cragsmen, destined to be the forerunners of the glorious sport as we see it developing to-day. Some twenty years or more afterwards Mr. Williamson kindly gave me permission to obtain the consent of the then editor of this *Journal* to



include them in the first number of our annual, where I am told they are still perused and useful to beginners.

Mr. Williamson was an engineer before he took to journalism and authorship. When I knew him he was on the staff of the *Graphic*. In 1891 he started *Black and White*. Subsequently he married an American lady—Miss Livingstone—who had published several novels. They commenced a joint authorship and published the long series of works by which they became so justly popular with the readers of their type of literature.

GEORGE SEATREE.