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Fell and Rock Climbing Club

OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

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RULES.

1.—The Club shall be called "THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT," and its object 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, and twelve Ordinary Members, with power to add to their number. Four 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 four 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.—Every candidate for election as ordinary member of the Club, shall be proposed and seconded, in writing, by members of the Club, both of whom must have a personal knowledge of such candidate. The candidate shall state, for the information of the Committee, a list of his or her expeditions in the Lake District, stating the month and year in which such expeditions were made. Such list must be signed by the candidate. The election shall be absolutely under the control of the Committee, who also shall decide upon the sufficiency or otherwise of the candidate's qualifications.

6.—New members shall pay an entrance fee of ten shillings. The subscription shall be ten shillings per annum. Subscriptions shall be due on the 1st November each year. Members may become life members on the payment of one subscription of seven guineas.

7.—No member shall vote or enjoy any privileges of the Club until his or her annual subscription is paid. The Committee are empowered to remove the name of any member not having paid his or her subscription within three months from the date upon which it became due, but may re-admit him or her 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 October 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 14 clear days before the meeting.

12.—An Extraordinary General Meeting of the Club shall be called on a requisition in writing, signed by any twenty 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.

14.—The Committee shall have power to call before them any member guilty of any conduct which is, in their opinion, detrimental to the interests and status of the Club, and subject to the right of appeal to the Annual General Meeting, to expel such offender.

15.—Every notice to a member shall be considered as duly delivered when posted to or delivered by hand at the registered address of that member.

——:o:——

New members joining in July and later, receive for the first subscription all privileges of the Club up to a year the following November, except the Journal, due in November of the year in which they join. This will be posted on publication by forwarding the price (at present 4/-) to the Hon. Treasurer when remitting entrance fee.

Book-cases have been provided at Thornythwaite Farm, Borrowdale; Buttermere Hotel, Buttermere; Wastwater Hotel, Wasdale; Sun Hotel, Coniston; and at the New Hotel, Dungeon Ghyll. The keys may be obtained from the proprietors.

The Journal is published early in November, and is sent out gratis and post free to all members who have paid the annual subscription for the past year ending October 31st.

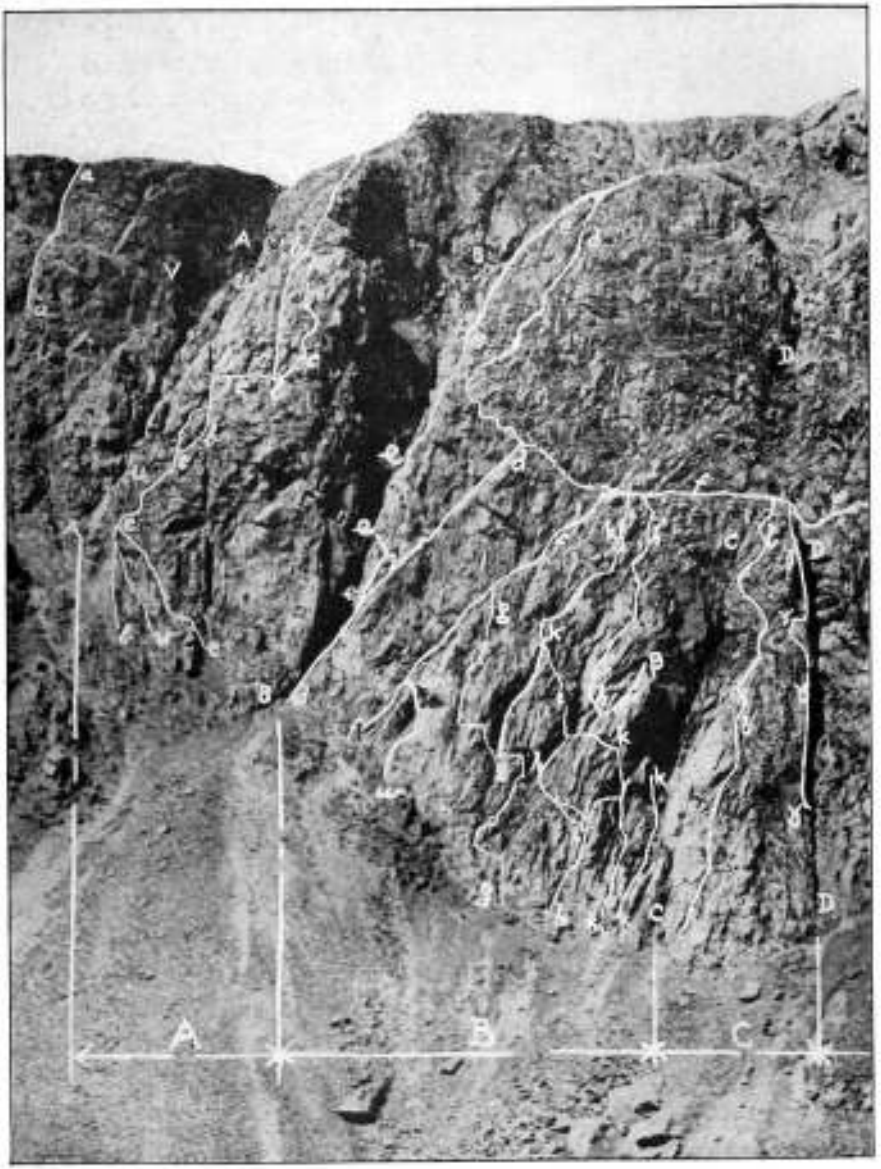

Photo by *H. S. Gross.*

DOE CRAG.
A, B AND C BUTTRESSES.

DOE CRAGS AND CLIMBS AROUND CONISTON.

By George S. Bower.

There is no need to describe the situation of " The Crags " to any member of the Fell and Rock Club.

They face the east, for which measure of graciousness the winter climber is duly grateful. The rock is volcanic, of the best quality, and rough in texture, except where water or nail worn.

Goats Water, chilliest of tarns, reflects all the weather's passing moods, and gives life to the views enjoyed by the climber during the interludes of his contest with the cliffs.

Climbs are there in profusion, and of all degrees and types of difficulty, from the secluded security of Real Chimney to the drastic realism of the Black Wall Route, whilst the highest ideals of exponents of " Scotch navigation " are realised in a certain gully of which it is unnecessary to give the name.

In the following notes ascents are described in all cases, and the terms " right " and " left " refer to the two sides of an ascending climber facing the rocks. Lengths of rope quoted at heads of descriptions include waist rope, and are suitable for a party of two. Lengths of rope quoted elsewhere are free lengths. The wise leader will, especially on the more difficult routes, allow himself plenty of rope. The climbs are described in order from left to right, beginning with Easy Buttress at the southerly end of the crags.

Best Route to the Crags from Coniston. Branching off to the right from the Walna Scar track, a short distance before the bridge, is a fairly well marked track crossing the south-west slopes of the Old Man, passing a fine white cairn just below some disused quarries, and thence bearing up to a shoulder slightly above the outlet from Goat's Water. Crossing the hidden stream as near as possible to the tarn, and passing

"Mount President" on the other side, a very well defined track over the boulders is followed up to the Cave, the customary base of operations.

EASY BUTTRESS.

This provides a favourite means of descent. The usual route diverges to the left from near the foot of Easy Gully, and contains nothing more than very simple scrambling.

Woodhouse's Crack is the steep, black looking little cleft of some 30 feet, high up on the face of this buttress. Having shed superfluous garments, the climber faces right, and proceeds to force his way up, experiencing most difficulty just before the chockstone. The branch on the left at this level is unworthy of attention.

Slingsby's Pinnacle is situated high up on the right of this buttress, overlooking Easy Gully. It is usually climbed by means of an 18 foot groove in the south-east side, just to the right of the true arête. The rock is somewhat quarry-like, and tends to be greasy. The side diametrically opposite can be climbed when dry, but with considerably more difficulty.

Easy Gully contains only one short pitch, of moderate difficulty, but gives a pleasing climb under snowy conditions.

"A" BUTTRESS.

The mist wreathed, dome shaped outline of this buttress lingers long in the memory.

Trident Route—Severe; rubbers desirable; 80 foot rope. An inconspicuous cairn marks the start, where the buttress begins to bend round from Easy Gully. An interesting traverse to the right leads to a recess and, a few feet higher, to a ledge with good belay, 30 feet from the start. Leaving his assistant here, the manager traverses along a grass ledge to the left for a dozen feet and then, bearing to the right, climbs the quartz marked slab above by way of a crack near its right hand side. This gives pleasant climbing for about 40 feet and, with 55 feet of rope a good belay is attained just before the point of intersection with Abraham's Route (infra).

Crossing the lush grass of the latter course, and bearing to the left, easy turfy slabs are climbed for about 35 feet to a small cairn of quartz-marked stones. The way lies immediately above this cairn. Some 15 feet higher a grassy recess, with doubtful belay, is reached. Thence, moving to the right and stepping back to the left on a doubtful looking flake, the leader reaches the foot of a short corner, which is climbed to a grassy salient with belay above. Continuing up the broken ridge ahead, which gives pleasant scrambling for just over 100 feet, the party arrives at the third " prong," consisting of the steep wall on the left. This is approached by a turfy traverse to the left to a point below a spike of rock, which will be seen on the left hand profile of the wall. Ascending to the spike, and using its doubtful anchorage, or that of a very small belay above on the left, the leader is joined by his companion. He then climbs the almost vertical 25 foot wall above. After the first few feet a crack provides excellent hand holds, and the rock is remarkably rough. With 45 feet of rope the leader arrives at a belay hard by the terminal cairn.

Abraham's Route—Difficult ; traditional footgear ; 40 foot rope.

The first section lies up easy rocks for perhaps 50 feet from the side of the buttress near the foot of Easy Gully to the top of the quartzy slab forming the second pitch of the Trident Route. Thick grass is then waded through to the foot of the only real obstacle, a 15 foot cave pitch climbed, with some difficulty, on the right wall. Above, a tandem type gully pitch is avoided on the right. The grass lined gully continues until another short pitch brings the patient climber out level with the traverse to the top pitch of the Trident Route. Thence easy scrambling. An unattractive climb.

Arête, Chimney, and Crack—Severe ; any footgear ; 80 foot rope.

This very popular course begins at the lowest point of the left hand side of the buttress. The route lies, at first, up the face to the right of the obtuse angled crest of the arête, and no serious difficulty is encountered until the leader

is within about 15 feet of the floor of a shallow "cave." This last section, up to the cave, requires care, as the holds are somewhat small and rather awkwardly placed. A trusty and trustful second will be brought to the cave and left there, safeguarded by a belay of medium quality, whilst the leader either climbs the vertical rocks immediately above or preferably, and with less difficulty, makes an exposed step round a corner to the left, and finishes up a difficult little indefinite crack. Massive bollards are reached about 20 feet higher, level with the top of the quartz slab on the Trident Route. Here the Gordon and Craig Route is joined, and followed until within 10 or 12 feet of the far end of the long upper traverse (for description of this section see G. and C. Route).

At this point (belay) a steep conspicuous crack cleaves the face of the buttress. In the lower part will be found most of the difficulties. After about 25 feet a belay is reached, and about 15 feet higher it is possible, if the leader so desires, to leave the crack and climb its left wall, an exhilarating and not too difficult variant, with quite good holds, if the conditions are favourable. At 70 feet from the traverse a good ledge is reached, with a belay on the left. The crack itself is consistently interesting, despite good holds, for about the same height above the traverse, and the outward views are very striking.

The leader with rather less than 80 feet of rope is able to reach good anchorage at its top, from which the party scrambles easily to the summit of the crags.

Gordon and Craig Route—Very difficult; any footgear; 80 foot rope.

The start of this route is some 40 feet to the right of the Arête. Broken rocks are utilised to reach the right hand end of a shallow trough-like ledge, which slopes up easily to the left, abutting against a steep, exposed little pitch. For the first move in the conquest of this, holds are very poor until a good flake can be grasped with the right hand. This, combined with a press-up on turf, enables an undignified landing to be made on the latter. Continuing his progress

to the left, the leader arrives at the top of the Arête, and, a short distance higher, at the grove of bollards.

An upward course, bearing to the right, is now taken for about 70 feet over turfy ledges requiring care but presenting no particular difficulty. The leader thus arrives at a rocky ledge, with a large belay Immediately above, on the right, is a mass of rock which is surmounted and traversed to the right into a chimney. A few feet higher the leader enters a cave in the chimney, just below the overhanging finish of the latter. The stance in the cave is rather cramped, but a leader to whom the climb is strange will probably prefer to bring his second here, safeguarding him with a belay well inside the recess. The section of the chimney immediately above is about 10 feet high, and is climbed by bridging, facing left, until an excellent spike for the right hand can be grasped. The spike is loose if lifted upwards, but appears to be quite firm when used in its predestined manner. It should not be tampered with, being of far more use in its present situation than it would be in the rockery of the Sun Hotel.

The leader is now at the start of the justly celebrated Upper Traverse, which leads for quite 50 feet to the right. An alternative to the overhanging finish of the chimney lies about 12 feet to the right of the cave. Although perhaps the correct route, and pleasanter than the chimney, it is seldom done. For the last few feet before emerging on the Traverse itself, fairly good holds are available for the left fingers.

The Traverse is easy, but very exposed, and sensational in wet, windy weather. At its end is a broad wrinkled slab, with a belay to the left at its foot. The slab is climbed and, at its top, a movement made round the corner and upwards to a little niche with large belays. The second is brought up to this point. Above is seen the steep finish of the difficult section of the climb; a steep corner to the left of a nose. From the niche a move, difficult until a knife edge can be grasped, is made up to the right on to a ledge (high above Great Gully), composed of blocks which have long appeared to be of doubtful stability and still call for care. From this point, rounding the foot of the nose of rock to the left, the leader, using a foothold on the left of the steep corner

and a notch in the nose for his right hand, whilst his left finds support in a crack also on the left of the corner, is presently able to kneel on the notch, and to grasp the far side of the flat top of the nose. Careful search discloses a notch belay, which is probably only suitable for Alpine line.

Moving along a grass ledge to the left for about 20 feet an easy slab is climbed, followed by indefinite rocks up to a narrow neck (whence a long, sloping gangway descends into Great Gully), and, past this, up to the summit ridge of the crags.

Variation of First Pitch. This lies up an indefinite groove or fault in the rocks, between the Arête and the ordinary way. The start is just below that of the trough-ledge, and the finish is at the "cave" on the Arête (from which point either of the two available routes may be selected). The most difficult part is near the top, but holds are everywhere ample. The variation is probably intermediate in difficulty between the Arête and the ordinary route, but much pleasanter than the latter.

* * * * * *

The great wall of "A" Buttress, overlooking Great Gully, is as yet unclimbed, and appears likely so to remain until the advent of the future race of climbers, fitted with suctorial digits, or unscrupulous enough to make use of fixed ropes.

GREAT GULLY.

Difficult; any footgear; 50 foot rope.

This is the most conspicuous cleft in the crags, and, from a distance, looks very black and impressive. Its difficulties, however, are by no means serious. An obvious crack, starting from a ledge on the left wall, provides the usual route up the first pitch of 35 feet. Jammed stones in the crack and holds on the small buttress to its right are used until it is possible first to kneel and then to stand in a small recess on the right. Soon after this, and below the top of the crack, it is possible to traverse to the right into the bed of the gully, passing on the way a friendly bollard, which may be utilised as a safeguard for the ascent of the second man, or as a piton for

descent on a rope. Men of muscle, in their prime, may elect to climb this first pitch direct, on the left hand side of the chockstones. With difficulty, a restricted position is attained on top of the lower jammed boulder. Owing to the grudging support given by the available holds during the next movement out and up, the leader will be well advised to thread his rope. This may most conveniently be done by throwing the free end over from the outside until it can be reached from the inside, whence the rope is all pulled through, leaving the climber tied on the outer end, free to continue in perfect safety. It is undesirable that ladies should be in the vicinity during the next few minutes.

For the second pitch the climber moves up into the cave, out on to a jammed stone, and then up the short, smooth cleft above, facing the left. A short man may, at first, use small jammed stones (which should be tested) before reaching good holds on the larger boulders, about 15 feet from the cave. This pitch is very satisfying in wet weather.

Some 40 feet of scrambling up the scree strewn ravine then lead to the third pitch (20 feet). This is climbed on the right hand side, and the protuberant chockstone makes the final movement rather awkward, probably the most difficult bit of the climb.

There follows a lengthy scree ramble, during which nothing of moment is encountered. The party should keep close together here. " B " Buttress loses definition, and provides several easy means of exit on the right, below the top pitch of the gully. This is of about 35 feet, in two sections. For the upper portion a jammed stone is used, followed by holds on the right wall, until excellent finishing holds on both walls are attained.

" B " BUTTRESS.

This is bounded on the left by Great Gully, and on the right by Central Chimney. It is divided into an upper and a lower section by Easy Terrace.

Upper Section.

Broadrick's Route. A severe climb of strong dramatic interest. Should not be attempted in boots, in imperfect

weather, or by an unskilled party ; poor belays ; 80 foot rope, or preferably line.

Fifty feet of scrambling from the foot of the buttress adjacent to Great Gully lead to the belay used for the start of the Giant's Crawl. Thence a traverse to the left of about 15 feet, and an ascent of like amount lead to a poor belay, where the serious business of the day begins. The primary objective is the grass ledge at the top of a shallow crack, which will be seen on the edge of the buttress, roughly level with the top of the first pitch of Great Gully. Climbing slightly to the right, using some holds sacred to the Giant's Crawl (upper route), and then to the left over steep rocks, a very long stride is made to the left across the shallow crack, and the pitch (of about 30 feet) completed by ascending the left wall of the crack to the grass ledge, where will be found belays of poor quality, and only suitable for line. The ledge continues (with difficulty) into Great Gully. From its right hand extremity an upward traverse is made to the right, followed by a pleasing step round a corner to the right on to a turfy ledge immedately above the " thread " at the top of the first section of the Giant's Crawl. Here a rest may be had, but there is no belay.

A movement is now made over the impending rib on the left. Footholds should be chosen with circumspection, but conditions improve after the climber is able to grasp a good handhold, seen on the skyline, and a traverse is made over the slab to a series of ledges, with indifferent belays most suitable for line, about 40 feet above the keenly anticipatory second.

An obvious traverse is now made to the left, and round a corner, on to the face overlooking Great Gully. This is climbed by moving first to the left up to a small shelf, and thence, by means of a semi-swinging movement to the right (using a very poor foothold for the right foot) to a square stance with a real belay, about 60 feet from the previous halting place. Once the step is taken holds improve. Above the stance climbing of a pleasant character continues for about 40 feet, after which the party may scramble up a series of grassy

ledges, or, preferably, attack a conspicuous mass of rock near its right hand side, where a grey slab, with a good crack above, provides a pleasant exit.

Variations of the route described above, which appears to be the easiest, can and have been made, but one of the great merits of the climb is its lack of artificiality.

Giant's Crawl—Difficult ; boots ; 80 foot rope.

The initial and more important portion of the route lies up the long slab, mossy in its lower reaches, grassy in its centre, and quartz sprinkled nearing its top, which lies parallel to and about 60 feet above Easy Terrace. Some 80 feet of scrambling from the foot of the buttress near Great Gully lead to the first belay. Traversing a few feet to the left and climbing a short groove, the leader now has the choice of two routes. He may climb up a fault in the green mossy slabs slightly on the right, or, with considerably more difficulty and interest, he may climb on the base of the rocks forming the impending buttress above, finishing with an awkward step on to the grass ledge where the other route joins. At this point, 60 feet above the belay, he finds an excellent thread behind a whitish grey rock, immediately below a ledge on Broadrick's Route, attainable, with considerable difficulty, from here. From the thread, 45 feet of pasture land lead to the point where the slabs recommence, where will be found a small notch belay on a block above.

Easy quartz splashed slabs are then followed for 100 feet to a massive belay at the junction with an easy traverse from Easy Terrace, near the level portion of the latter. On this section, slips on the part of any member of the party are inexcusable.

Traversing 50 feet to the left, and overcoming an 8 foot pitch, the leader reaches a delightful grassy haven, above which is a fine belay. A 30 foot chimney with munificent holds, just round the corner on the left, conducts the climber above all difficulty, or, alternatively, from the ledge he may find sterner stuff on the right.

Easy Terrace. This extends right across the faces of " B," " C " and " D " Buttresses to the top of South Chimney.

and provides a quick and easy means of descent after doing any of the climbs comprised in this sector of the crags.

Lower Section.

Giant's Corner—Very difficult ; rubbers desirable ; 70 foot rope.

This short but pleasant little climb lies up the left hand side of the conspicuous rectangular recess just below the lower end of Easy Terrace. A cairn marks the start, and the first 20 feet or so, up a fairly steep wall, are the most difficult. The leader proceeds up the slab until arrested by the overhanging wall, 60 feet above the start, and there either extemporises a belay in the crack at the top of the slab, or utilizes a better belay but even less comfortable position in the corner itself.

The final, 15 foot pitch, consists of an ascent of the steep corner, which is garnished with excellent holds.

NOTE.—The slab can easily be traversed to the right at its upper extremity until the climber looks down on the foot of the final crack of Murray's Route.

A junction can be effected by a simian movement of considerable difficulty.

Murray's Route—Severe ; a unique traverse ; 70 foot rope.

Direct Finish—Very severe ; 80 foot rope.

Starting at the first opening (about 20 feet) on the left of the lowest point of the buttress, a 20 foot crack is climbed to a corner on the right of a slab. A trustful second may join his leader here, who thereupon traverses to the left across the slab. A crack high up provides excellent hand holds for the start, but these must be reluctantly relinquished before a fine knob, forming a belay, can be grasped.

(This belay can also be reached by an obvious route on the left, starting from an imbedded flake and working to the right, a variation which is to be recommended under adverse conditions.)

Leaving his companion at the belay, the leader climbs upwards and to the left, round a very awkward bulge, where the holds are poor, considering that the footholds are too much underneath the bulge.

After surmounting some grassy ledges, and running out 55 feet of rope, a belay is reached, consisting of a flake on the right. Waltzing round this and moving upwards, with an amusing stride across an incipient gully, the leader (in 35 feet) reaches the Cave on Abraham's Route, a commodious meeting house, in which future ornithological visitors may expect to discover pelican feathers.

Climbing a short crack rising from the left hand lower end of the Cave, an exhilarating traverse, with perfect hand holds is made to a corner (belays) 30 feet away, and immediately below the Direct Finish. Passing discreetly to the left, an easy 15 foot chimney is climbed, and the pleasant traverse continued without difficulty to the foot of the final crack, 40 feet from the "Direct Finish Corner." Fine belays will be found. The crack is unpleasantly earthy, and requires care, but some rock holds may be obtained on the left wall. Moving to the left from its top, a belay is found after running out 50 feet of rope. A few feet higher is Easy Terrace.

Direct Finish (from particulars supplied by E. H. Pryor).

From the traverse the leader ascends for some 15 feet by easy ledges, to the foot of a vertical crack. Adopting the posture known to some of us as the "lay-back," he grips the left-hand edge of the crack and utilises such meagre foothold as is to be found on the right wall to aid his arduous ascent. From the top of this first section a route up the slabs on the right would be possible after some de-gardening operations. The original leader, however, preferred to climb a steep crack in the left wall. A flake, jammed in the crack, gives good hand hold. Then, traversing to the right under a welcoming overhang, easier slabs lead to the finish, near the top of the second pitch of Woodhouse's Route.

The climb is considered equal in severity to the Flake Crack of Scafell.

Abraham's Route—Severe; rubbers very desirable; at least an 80 foot rope; a delightful climb.

The lower reaches are often climbed by parties which finish up the second pitch of Woodhouse's Route, a procedure sometimes dictated by necessity.

Sixty feet of fairly easy climbing up the turfy fault rising from the bottom of the buttress, and above an outstanding boulder, lead to a shallow cave(not THE Cave),with an excellent belay on the right. A choice of routes is offered here. One may step round the corner of the left wall (treating carefully a doubtful block), traverse to the left, ascend a groove to a grassy ledge, and thence scramble 15 feet higher to a ledge provided with a belay immediately above. Or one may step out on the right wall, cross the chimney above the cave, and reach this same belay by way of a similar upper groove, after a short traverse to the left. In each case about 50 feet.

The ordinary route now traverses to the left (to THE Cave), and thence conducts the unhappy climber over a slabby pitch to the " black looking hollow " below the second pitch of Woodhouse's Route.

A distinctly preferable alternative is to scale, immediately above the belay, the steep, rough rocks of the small buttress on the right of the slabby pitch. After 50 feet an excellent stance is obtained in a groove, about half-way along the grassy traverse between the first two pitches of Woodhouse's Route. Easy slabs (the " Pilgrim's Progress ") are now climbed for 60 feet, bearing to the right, to a capstan immediately above Central Chimney. The well scratched wall immediately above the capstan has only recently yielded, in connection with the pursuit of another ideal, and has been given the name of " Giant Grim." It is not used for the route at present being described. Leaving his second at the capstan, the leader traverses downwards to the left for about 30 feet, to the point where the wall is of least height. At this point a long stride, aided by poor hand holds, is made on to the wall above. Climbing continues to be stiff for about 15 feet to a small stance slightly to the left. Thence, bearing to the right up a moss-prankt slab, climbing of an easier character leads to broken rocks above. A belay is obtained after running out about 70 feet of rope, after which a variety of routes is available to Easy Terrace.

Eliminate " B " Route—Excessively severe; rubbers; insurance policy; 80 foot rope; (from particulars supplied by H. S. Gross).

A commencement is made about three yards to the right of the beginning of Abraham's Route. Starting from the top of a large detached block, a good step for the right foot on the wall, together with very unsatisfying small finger holds high up, enable one eventually to reach a good hold, about ten feet above the top of the block, and, thereby to rise to a good foothold. Directly above rises a vertical 15 foot crack. It is best, however, first to reach a small but good stance on the left, to which the second man may be brought. Thus re-assured, the leader enters the crack at the level of the stance, and follows it up to a fairly good ledge. The buttress or arête is now taken direct, an obvious left hand hold, 12 feet up, being used respectfully. A second ledge is thus attained. From this point, still continuing directly upwards, a thin vertical crack gives good finger hold, and small footholds assist, until good finishing holds are reached, enabling a landing to be made on a good platform, just on the right of the top of the first pitch of Abraham's Route.

The way still lies directly upwards for about 30 feet. It is necessary to reach a small projecting block, about 12 feet up. The edge of a slight projecting rib for the hands, and a small foothold on the extreme right, prove useful in the solution of a somewhat awkward problem of balance. The left hand then discovers small irregularities on the edge of the mossy slab on the left, and, by wriggling upwards, the body can be raised until a good right hand hold, high up, can be attained. Ensuite, a good heave, landing one on the slab, and on a fairly comfortable resting-place. The way from here, up the corner, will be found rather easier, but a seductive, pointed block at the top must be avoided.

The climber is now on the grassy landing from the first chimney of Woodhouse's Route, and a good belay is available.

The next 15 feet, straight up, having proved impossible, a move is made to the left for six feet, and then a fairly easy slab, sloping up to the right, lands the faithful one on Pilgrim's Progress, and, in a few feet, at Giant Grim. This redoubtable pitch is forced (for description of this and Central Wall see Girdle Traverse), and thence a worthy finish is made

via Central Wall and the head of Central Chimney (above the Cave Pitch).

Woodhouse's Route—Difficult in and owing to boots; 50 foot rope.

A hundred and twenty feet of scrambling lead to the foot of Central Chimney. A traverse is made from there to the left, behind a large pinnacle, and is followed by the ascent of a 30 foot chimney. This is rather awkward to enter, but higher up has excellent holds on the left wall. Its foot may be gained more directly, and the traverse behind the pinnacle obviated, by a variation start of a somewhat constricting and strenuous character. From the top of the chimney an easy grassy traverse leads round into the " black looking hollow." The second and most difficult pitch is on the left, and consists of a steep slab, with a crack running up its right hand side. The right foot is kept in the crack. Near the top, a small jammed stone, and later on, a jutting rock overhead, are useful for the right hand. One lands on a square, flat, grassy platform. An easy arête above should now be climbed for about 40 feet An easy exit is possible at the top of this, bearing to the left to Easy Terrace, but the climber should mount broad grassy ledges for 30 feet, and climb the liberally scratched crack starting immediately above a " capstan." All the difficulty of the pitch is concentrated in the first 12 feet, and a strong arm pull is necessary. After about 25 feet it is again possible to gain the security of Easy Terrace by moving upwards to the left, but the course may preferably be lengthened by traversing to the right some 20 feet and climbing a short, very steep, nail defiled pitch.

The party emerges on Easy Terrace near to the easy way on to the upper part of the Giant's Crawl.

Variation of Second Pitch of Woodhouse's Route—Severe; rubbers.

This tough problem rises from the " black looking hollow " a few feet to the right of the second pitch, and between the latter and Pilgrim's Progress.

The start, facing right, is very strenuous. At 30 feet easy ground on the left is joined, but a sensational movement

enables the climber to get into an upper section, which may be climbed to a nook 20 feet higher.

Central Chimney—Severe; a strenuous wriggle; an aerial exit; 70 foot rope.

This classic route is well seen from the Cave below the crags as a long, thin crack of forbidding appearance. 120 feet of scrambling lead to its foot. From this point some knife-edged flakes give excellent holding for about 25 feet until a small niche is entered (no belay).

The leader proceeds up the crack using small, smooth knee and footholds on the right wall, and with the left leg jammed in the crack, one left hand-hold being found in the latter. The amount of wedging necessary on this, the hardest section of the climb, varies directly as the square of the amount of moisture present. If dry, rubbers are of distinct service.

An easier but unworthy alternative, by which little merit is acquired, is available on the right wall, starting from the bottom with a 20 foot crack, followed by easy ledges. Both routes lead to a grassy ledge on the right wall, 45 feet from the start, with a belay about 10 feet above.

Re-entering the chimney, the leader climbs a further 45 feet on the right wall, making use of holds which are perfect specimens of their type (the jug handle) up to a good stance in the chimney, with a small belay. The last few feet of this section require care, owing to some apparently insecure blocks. Preference in selection of holds should be given to an outstanding lump of parent rock. A further 45 feet of climbing, for the most part on the right wall, passing and using the lair of a mountain mouse, take one to the cave. The last 20 feet require care in the selection of holds and in avoidance of loose stones. The belay is still in the cave, or rather on the left wall. With his second ensconced therein, the leader now ascends, striding the gulf, facing outwards, until poor holds enable him to land on a small flat ledge on the left wall (left facing inwards). He then proceeds directly upwards over a series of turfy ledges, to a belay immediately under the steep wall above. Good rock holds can be found

on this section. An easy grassy traverse then conducts the climbers to the upper, easy part of " C " Buttress.

NOTE.—From the cave it is possible to traverse without great difficulty on to " C " Buttress just above *the* slab.

"C" BUTTRESS.

This mass of rock is bounded by Central Chimney on the left, and by Intermediate Gully on the right. Its general angle is easier than that of the other main buttresses, always excepting " E," and its " Ordinary Route " is a favourite climb for parties of which the interests are social rather than scansorial.

Southern Slabs—Severe; rubbers; 90 foot rope.

This amusing, if artificial variation, lies up the sweep of slabs forming the right wall of Central Chimney. The climb starts on a quartz sprinkled slab, just below the foot of Central Chimney. The leader takes the easiest line across this slab, bearing upwards to the right to a grass ledge. Then, bearing to the left, still enjoying adequate holds, he arrives at a series of turfy ledges on the right of Central Chimney, and ascends these to the belay used for the first pitch of the Chimney, running out 80 feet of rope. His companion joins him here. Descending some 20 feet, the leader again embarks on the slabs, carefully avoiding any contact with the Ordinary Route (or, in the event of accidental contact, carefully wiping his hands), until he arrives, with a certain amount of difficulty, at a point just below *the* slab, where he halts beside a belay (on Ordinary Route) and is presently joined by his second. For this section he requires 55 feet of rope. A finish is made on the mossy slab just to the left of that portion nailmarked as the Ordinary Route. After 30 feet will be found a fine belay around a block. A suitable conclusion is to traverse to the cave in Central Chimney, and to finish by that climb.

Ordinary Route—Moderate; any number of patient climbers, who may smoke before, during, and after each pitch; 40 foot rope.

A start is made near the lowest point of the buttress. The route is shown by scratches, may be varied to taste, and holds and belays are excellent. After about 80 feet

a terrace is reached from which, on the right, starts the Hawk Variation, at a slightly lower level. This is more easily reached from the introductory portion of Intermediate Gully. Further climbing, of perhaps 100 feet, just to the right of the nose of the buttress, leads to a slab (THE slab) with a turfy finish. A variety of movements is possible when climbing this pitch, the most difficult on the climb. One is now on a good turfy terrace, level with the cave in Central Chimney, and almost level with the top of Branch Chimney out of Intermediate Gully. Moving to the right of the terrace, and then upwards to the left, the leader arrives at a species of cave. Mounting the boulder forming the left wall of the " cave," and moving to the left, he finds himself level with the belay above the cave in Central Chimney. Moving to the right up a turfy ledge, and round a corner, then to the left and upwards, he arrives on Easy Terrace, near to the top of Intermediate Gully.

Hawk Variation—Severe ; rubbers desirable ; 80 foot rope for lower portion ; 90 foot rope for direct finish.

This enjoyable route lies up the slabs to the right of the Ordinary Route, as far as the terrace above *the* slab, and thence up the steep rocks to the right of the ordinary finish for the " direct finish."

Forty feet of scrambling from the lower reaches of Intermediate Gully lead to a cairn on the edge near this gully. The climb commences with a steep,50 foot slab, equipped with good, if rather small holds, and terminating on a good ledge with a bulky bollard. Moving slightly to the left and then to the right, an ascent is made of the wall above, passing on the way a peculiar rock-rivet.

At 50 feet a fair ledge is reached, with a good belay on the left, the section just below this ledge being the most difficult on the lower half of the climb. Moving now upwards to the right, the leader, after 30 feet more of blissful climbing on excellent holds, arrives at a trough, sloping down towards Intermediate Gully, and thence on the large grassy terrace at the top of *the* slab on the Ordinary Route.

Here beginneth the Direct Finish.

This starts just to the right of the wellblazed trail marking the usual way up, and continues on the right, at all costs, all the way.

After the first few feet an excellent horizontal crack enables one to pull up into a recess. The climbing continues to be stiff until a rocky recess is reached. The leader carries on upwards until a belay is attained, just below the finish of the Ordinary Route, running out in the process 75 feet of rope. Being joined by his second, he now attacks the difficult vertical wall directly above, on which the finishing holds are but rounded knobs. He emerges on Easy Terrace, where stands a small cairn.

Eliminate " C " Route—very severe; rubbers; perfect conditions and morale; 100 foot rope; (from particulars supplied by H. S. Gross).

The first two pitches of Intermediate Gully are climbed. A crack on the left wall, under an overhanging leaf of rock, provides an underneath hold, whilst ledges for the feet are small and sloping. Progress is made in this fashion until the crack peters out and necessitates an awkward change on to small finger holds. A fairly good ledge is then reached, overhanging the depths of the gully. Next comes a short, rather difficult traverse on to the arête formed by the corner of the gully, joining it at a small grass stance, which is noteworthy as being the lower junction of this climb with the Girdle Traverse. The corner is climbed direct, the right leg remaining " in " the gully, up to a grass ledge 60 feet above the start, where a small belay will be found. From the belay 20 feet of pleasant climbing, still on the arête, on good holds, bring one to the top of the Branch Chimney, and a good belay. It is now necessary to traverse into the corner overhanging the Branch Chimney, after which a delicate traverse lands one once more on the arête. This provides good climbing until it is necessary to enter a very awkward scoop leading on to a good stance on the ordinary route up " C " Buttress. On this section the leader runs out 80 feet of rope. The final section is up the arête on easy rocks, avoiding some loose

flakes, and the finish is at the cairn marking the top of the Direct Finish of the Hawk Variation.

Branch Chimney—Severe ; any footgear ; 70 foot rope.

This is the misnamed slab, with a crack on its right, which sweeps up to the left from the bottom of the big fourth pitch in Intermediate Gully. With its ascent may conveniently be combined that of the first three pitches of this gully, or the first pitch of " D " Buttress, ordinary route. In difficulty it is just on the border line of the " severes." After the negotiation of the first 15 feet, during which the right wall is useful for the back, some useful holds will be found on this wall. Generally speaking, the climber progresses with his left foot on poor holds on the slab, and his right foot in the crack. After about 60 feet he comes out on " C " Buttress, just above the grass terrace at the top of *the* slab.

Intermediate Gully—Severe ; strenuous ; 80 foot rope.

There are members of the Club to whom " Intermediate " is more than a climb ; rather is its ascent one of the solemn rites connected with the practice of a cult. To one such disciple did I write, asking for a description of the preparations necessary on the part of those who would attain to this *cercle.* The reply came by wire : " Train on Raw meat and Stout, use Bulldog buttons . . . ." In the framing of the following notes, it has been assumed that the would-be climber is suitably prepared.

Eighty feet of scrambling lead to the foot of the first pitch (20 feet) which is climbed facing left. Pulling hard on the jammed stones with the right hand, jamming the right leg, and using a recess in the left wall for the left hand, one is able to pull up into the cavity above, (belay on floor).

The second pitch, of 12 feet, is much easier. The climber backs up, facing right, until good holds are obtained on the chockstone, and to the right of this.

For the third pitch (15 feet) the leader should face inwards until the chockstone can be embraced, after which he faces right, and uses back, and knees, and tongue. In wet weather there is an ominous cessation of the noise of running waters during these operations. A few feet higher is a grassy ledge

leading to the foot of the Arête on " D " Buttress on the right, and level with which, on the left, is the start of Branch Chimney.

The fourth pitch, immediately above, is probably the most serious problem of the climb, especially for a short man. The second may belay over a flake used for the start, or the leader's rope may be threaded behind a jammed stone at the same level. A man of short reach must get his left knee on this stone and make shift with a poor hold for the right hand until this hand is able to grasp a fine hold just above. A sloping ledge for the right foot gives a rest. For the next movement, where the crack is very narrow and smooth, with small jammed stones, it is probably best to face left, and to use a poor hold for the left hand. Climbing is then easier, although the angle steepens to form a sort of pitch (climbed on the left) before a belay is reached, after running out over 70 feet of rope. Leaders occasionally bisect this pitch, using a thread at the top of the first steep section.

The fifth pitch (20 feet) of guileless appearance, exerts a curious influence on certain people. Staid and sober members of the Club have been observed making desperate efforts to stand on their heads, whilst others, apparently suffering from a reaction after the strenuous pitches below, have settled down in a recumbent position, with the left ear on the left wall, and the feet on a smooth wall yards away to the right. Such effects, however, may be warded off by making use of a sharp hold for the right hand, which enables one to rise up, with some pretence of grace, on to the chockstone.

In the negotiation of the sixth and last pitch, a lodgment is first effected on a flat ledge on the right hand side. A stride is then made across to a groove on the left hand side, good holds being found on the chockstone. With 45 feet of rope, the leader reaches a belay near the foot of a dip in Easy Terrace.

The section of the gully above Easy Terrace, being of the nature of an anti-climax, is seldom climbed, although it possesses one pitch of some interest.

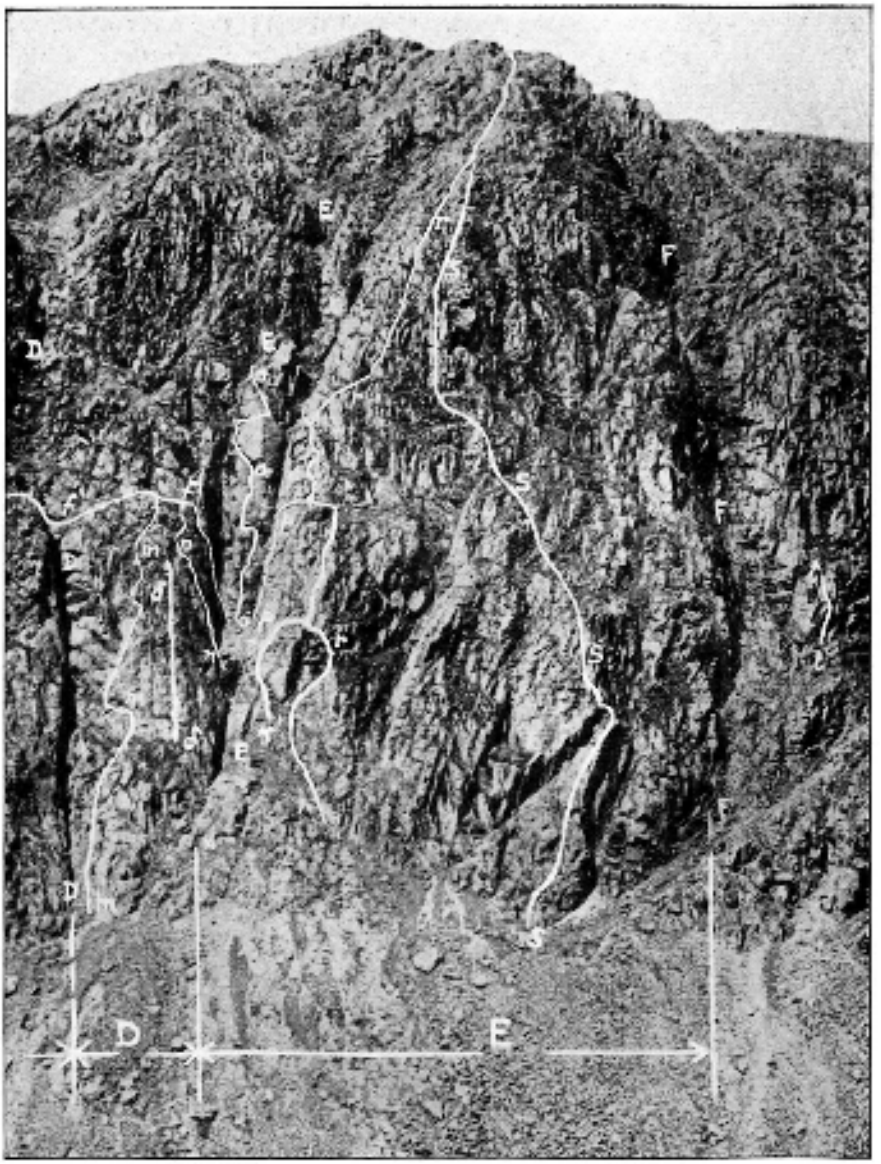

Photo by *H. S. Gross.*

DOE CRAG.
D AND E BUTTRESSES.

"D" BUTTRESS.

Lying between Intermediate Gully and Easter Gully, this well defined buttress gives a number of interesting climbs which, however, are of no great length.

Ordinary Route—Difficult; any footgear; 60 foot rope.

This popular climb follows the easiest line, and is the route nearest to Intermediate Gully.

About 140 feet of scrambling, with one or two easy pitches, lead to a 15 foot wall, followed by a traverse to the left, and a short ascent to the gap on the right of an outstanding pedestal of rock: (a ledge continues from here to the foot of Branch Chimney on the left).

The pedestal is used as a take-off for the 40 foot arête, of which the start is awkward, until it is possible to move to the crest of the arête on the left. Slightly sloping ledges are used until it is possible to traverse to the right, ascend a few feet, and then traverse back to the left to a fine belaying pin. The climb now follows the easiest way up the buttress above for 55 feet. It can be divided into at least two pitches, and no serious difficulties are encountered.

The point of emergence is approximately level with the top of Blizzard Chimney, and an excellent belay is available on the right, at a slightly lower level. Easy rocks then lead, in about 40 feet, to Easy Terrace.

Falcon Variation—Very difficult; rubbers desirable for posterity's sake; 70 foot rope.

This pleasing climb commences just round the corner to the right of the Ordinary Route.

Climbing is comparatively easy to the top of a conspicuous block (35 feet), then distinctly difficult, bearing upwards to the left, for about 15 feet, to the ledge at the top of the arête on the ordinary route. The latter is followed to the belaying pin 10 feet higher, and about 60 feet from the start.

Raven Route—Just severe; delightful; rubbers and dry rocks desirable; 70 foot rope.

This climb, which is at once the most difficult and the most delectable on the buttress, starts a few feet to the right of

the Falcon Variation, and lies up the very steep slabs immediately above. The careful student of balance will move steadily upwards, seeking out the best sequence of holds.

About 30 feet up a small belay is passed ; 20 feet higher the angle eases off temporarily, and at 60 feet from the start a " cave " is entered, situated roughly level with the belaying pin at the top of the arête on the Ordinary Route, and connected therewith by a short traverse. A good belay may be found here, to the left of a large block (which is loose).

Twenty feet higher a second recess is entered, with a small but good belay on the right wall. The exit (on the right) from this recess requires care. A finish is made on the right side of the dimpled rock above, the climber emerging within a few feet of the top of the Ordinary Route.

North East Climb—Very difficult ; any footgear ; rock requires caution ; 60 foot rope.

Turf disfigured rocks for 35 feet from the foot of Easter Gully lead to the foot of a conspicuous scoop on the right hand side of the buttress ; (from the top of this scoop a traverse is possible to the top of the first pitch of Easter Gully). A sharp little belay is available on the maternal rock above.

The second then ascends to the top of the scoop, 40 feet above, to secure a belay. The leader steps off on to the buttress from a point about 15 feet above the foot of the scoop. A short vertical section is encountered, on which some apparently loose holds should be used with care. The angle eases off after about 15 feet,and steep slabs are climbed to a rocky recess, about 25 feet above the top of the scoop, and 40 feet above the start of the pitch. A belay, suitable for line, is available here, on the left wall. Thirty feet of easy rocks lead to a little peg in an indefinite crack, forming an excellent belay. Twenty-five feet more, of excellent bubbly rocks, conduct the climber to the belaying pin at the top of Blizzard Chimney.

EASTER GULLY.

This magnificent gully may almost be considered the centre of gravity of the climbing on Doe Crags, containing as

it does at least nine courses, ranging from "easy difficult" to "unutterably severe."

Scrambling leads to the cave at the foot of the first pitch (of about 25 feet). The usual route up this is on the left wall. Starting with an excellent finger crack, and bearing to the left, a move is made up to the right at the top, terminating in a scree-filled recess by the side of the large boulder : (the second man should remain in his shelter during these operations).

A severe variation consists of the ascent of the crack between the boulder and the right wall. A good belay will be found on a ledge about 15 feet up. With the right leg and arm in the crack, and the left foot making futile scrapes on the left wall, the energetic leader struggles up the 12 foot crack. Both routes give access to a large amphitheatre, or "arena" as some people prefer to call it.

The steep rock wall opposite the point of entrance is bounded on the left by Broadrick's Crack, on the right by Hopkinson's Crack, is defied between the two by Great Central Route, and is traversed at a height of about 70 feet by the ledge known as the "Band Stand."

Blizzard Chimney—Difficult ; any footgear ; 60 foot rope.

The start of this climb is just above the top of the first pitch of the gully, and it leads out on to "D" Buttress. The first movement is the most difficult. Holds on the right wall are of some use, but a white stone can soon be grasped, and a good stance, with a belay 10 feet above on the left, is subsequently attained, at a height of about 45 feet.

Most leaders will then prefer to climb the left wall of the "Chimney," a slab with fairly good holds, and terminating 30 feet higher in a stance with excellent belays, near the exits from the various routes on "D" Buttress.

South Chimney—Difficult ; any footgear ; 40 foot rope.

This is the next opening on the right of Blizzard Chimney in the south wall of the Amphitheatre. It may be mentioned that the face between the two chimneys has been climbed by a burly and popular member, whose attendance at the Crags is almost as constant as that of the ravens.

The first pitch of the chimney requires no special mention.

The second pitch, of about 25 feet, is best climbed facing the left. If gifted with an elastic conscience, the climber may take to the left wall for the last few feet. A belay will be found on the right at the top of an easy scoop, which provides a much simpler alternative to the chimney, and is the easiest means of escape from the arena.

Murray's Crack—Severe ; rubbers ; 60 foot rope.

A recess high up in the wall on the left of Broadrick's Crack forms a conspicuous landmark for this course. Scrambling up the lower, introductory portion of Broadrick's Crack for about 60 feet, and then climbing insecure blocks on the left, the leader arrives at a fair belay 90 feet above the Amphitheatre. His trusty second can stand in Broadrick's Crack slightly below this, and may also utilise a second belay in the latter. The leader then steps on to the very steep left wall, and climbs this into a recess, about 20 feet above the belay. For the final movement the holds are poor. From the recess a further 20 feet of an easier character lead to a good belay at the end of a grass ledge, and about 40 feet above the previous belay.

A finish is made up the interesting slabs immediately above. Rather more than half-way up these a step is made to the slab on the left. In 40 feet the leader arrives at a doubtful belay, and, 20 feet higher, at a better one. A way down to Easy Terrace can easily be made, bearing first in a southerly direction.

Broadrick's Crack—Steep and severe ; loose rock near top requires great care ; 70 foot rope.

Sixty feet of scrambling lead to a belay above a ledge on the left. The angle then steepens, and use is made of the left wall in arriving at a doubtful belay 25 feet higher. The next section is practically vertical, but adequate holds are to be found by facing inwards or to the left. After 50 feet a belay is reached in a deep recess (G.C.R. junction here).

From this point the crack may be taken direct over two cave pitches, great care being taken because of loose rock, which makes this section very trying and rather risky. After 55 feet a belay is reached on a grass terrace.

A pleasanter alternative is to finish from the recess by way of the upper portion of the Great Central Route.

Jones' Route—Severe; 80 foot rope.

Sixty feet of scrambling up the lower portion of Broadrick's Crack lead to a rock platform with a belay over on the left. Starting from the platform, a simple 15 foot crack on the right is climbed to a stance (with belay), and this is followed by a further (difficult) 15 foot crack to the Band Stand. During the passage of this crack, a good hold will be found on the left hand boulder, whilst the finishing holds are excellent. A variation of approximately equal difficulty goes round to the left under the boulder.

Leaving his assistant in security on the Band Stand, the leader crosses Hopkinson's Crack, takes either one of two traverses of 20 feet to the right, and climbs a 12 foot scoop. The latter, of which the start is the hardest part of the whole climb, leads to a grass terrace, with a belay above. Should the manager think fit, his hapless assistant may be required to stand by a quartz marked belay, just below the difficult scoop, during the negotiation of the latter by his superior.

Great Central Route—Exceedingly severe; rubbers or suckers essential, together with perfect conditions; best number, three or four experts; 70 foot rope.

From the scree strewn floor of the arena, 40 feet of pleasant slabs between Hopkinson's and Broadrick's Cracks lead, after a short traverse to the right, to the foot of a very steep crack, deeply incut, and facing slightly towards Hopkinson's Crack. The second man's rope may, and should be, threaded on the left.

Approaching the foot of the crack either directly or by an inclined traverse from the right, the confident leader climbs for a few feet Amen Corner fashion, using the flake for the hands and the right wall for the feet until the latter can be placed on a small ledge. In aid of this movement small holds can be found on the face on each side of the crack. Care must be taken to avoid disturbing the repose of some doubtfully wedged blocks, although the once famous "pump handle" has been removed.

It is now possible to wedge the left arm, and obtain a short rest, after which the climber soon can grasp the rounded top of the block on the right, and, with his left leg in the crack, struggle to the top. This pitch is very severe, and requires 40 feet of rope.

The panting climber thus arrives on the Band Stand, but the time for a paean of praise from the instruments of brass is not yet.

About 20 feet above the centre of the Band Stand will be descried a small grass patch, on the attainment of which all the leader's hopes will now be centred.

The way is desperately severe, and starts to the left of the slight nose formed by the buttress. Belayed by the third man, the second steadies the leader's foot, rattles the bag of acid drops, or performs any other service required of him. The leader moves upwards and to the right, to the crest of the nose, and if fortunate, will attain a small pointed hold, and will later be able to draw himself up on to the grass patch. A 15 foot crack follows, up which the climber "Amen Corners," reaching a belay at the top. AFTER bringing his second to the grass patch he makes a very difficult 25 foot upward traverse to the left, and arrives at the recess above the steep pitch in Broadrick's Crack, making use of a small notch in the right wall above to bring up his companion. Using Broadrick's Crack for an instant, the climber breaks out on the right on to a small turf patch and, after perhaps 15 feet (from the recess) of very difficult climbing, lands on a splendid ledge of brown, rough rock, on which repose two stones.

Traversing across this to the right, and rounding a corner, feeling grateful for generous holds, the leader, after an escalade of such marked severity, experiences the supreme joys of the sport.

The face around the corner is ascended without difficulty.

Hopkinson's Crack—Severe; rubbers preferable; 80 foot rope.

Fifty feet of moderate climbing lead to a resting place with a poor belay on the left, to which point the sheet anchor of the party may be brought. A step a few feet higher is one of the most difficult on the climb. Facing left and using

a small hold for the right hand in the crack, with the left foot high up on tiny ledges on the left wall, the body is raised until a good knob can be grasped by the left hand, after which a fairly good foothold is obtained on the right wall. The ensuing 10 feet up to the level of the Band Stand may be climbed facing either right or left, but preferably right. An excellent finishing hold is available.

A temporary visit, for belaying purposes, is paid to the Band Stand on the left. The leader now advances 30 feet up the crack to a fair belay, where the second man may join him. The remaining section of 40 feet to the top of the crack is continuously severe. It is best climbed facing inwards. Near the top, considerable aid is given by a parallel crack, and fairly good finishing holds are available. A belay will be found on the right, 15 feet above the top of the crack.

The climb requires a confident leader, but its severities are honest and obvious, and do not depend on unsound rock, so that, to a qualified party, it is enjoyable.

North Wall Climb—Severe; rubbers desirable; 100 foot rope.

Hopkinson's Crack (or the lower portion of Great Central route) is climbed for nearly 50 ft. The second may join his leader here, safeguarding himself, or pretending to do so, by means of a rather poor belay, or more surely, by threading the rope at the foot of the G.C.R. crack. The leader then launches out on the steep wall on the right, in the direction of a black, mossy recess. Before reaching this, however, he moves upwards and then to the right, finishing on the edge of the wall adjacent to Black Chimney. Holds are everywhere quite good, but perfect steadiness is essential, owing to the high degree of exposure.

Above a number of grassy ledges will be found a fine belay.

Black Wall Route—Exceedingly severe; rubbers essential, together with perfect conditions and good form; inspection on rope recommended; 100 foot rope or line.

This astounding course follows the corner of the wall on the left of Black Chimney with rectilinear precision for about 90 feet.

Difficulties commence immediately, and something of the nature of a " scrim " is necessary before a small ledge is attained, about 40 feet up, and below the darkly ominous overhang.

The passing of the latter is the crux of the climb.

A short vertical crack enables a start to be made. After this, the body must be raised on extremely unsatisfying holds for two or three feet, above which the holds improve very greatly, and the previous route is joined and followed to its belay.

The holdlessness of the overhang appears to vary from time to time, and the climb is, most emphatically, one which demands a high " standard of the day " in its leader.

Black Chimney—Very difficult, but bark worse than bite ; 40 foot rope.

Thirty feet of easy climbing lead to the cave below the forbidding looking chockstone. This is surmounted by bridging, facing right, using smooth, sloping footholds. An excellent left hand hold, immediately below the boulder, is very useful. When the right hand side of the latter can be grasped, difficulties are over.

The third pitch, of about 15 feet, is climbed on the right wall without difficulty.

"E" BUTTRESS.

This is bounded on the left by Easter Gully, and on the right by North Gully.

Owing to its easy average angle, it does not provide any natural continuous courses, and, of the innumerable short problems to be found on this buttress, two " strings " have been selected for description here. The buttress is useful as a ground for the development of rhythm.

Left Hand Route—Easy ; 40 foot rope.

A start is made about 25 feet to the right of the foot of Easter Gully A conspicuous right angled corner is avoided by scrambling to its right. After a traverse to the left, one or two short pitches, immediately above the corner, lead to a ledge about 30 feet above the floor of the Easter Gully

Amphitheatre. Broken rocks above then lead to the vicinity of the conspicuous boulder above Black Chimney. Directly above this boulder an easy slabby pitch of about 15 feet leads to a grassy ledge, which is the arrival platform from Jones' Route, Easter Gully.

Hence to the top of the buttress the path finder need encounter nothing more than scrambling of an easy character.

Variation of Left Hand Route—Easy difficult; 60 foot rope.

This starts immediately to the right of the foot of Easter Gully. An excellent flake provides a means of exit on the left from a small recess. An easy 8 foot pitch follows, and lands the climber on a grass ledge, fitted with an excellent belay, and situated about 15 feet above the Amphitheatre. A pleasurable 12 foot traverse to the right is followed by the ascent of the upper portion of a crack, and the climber finds himself on the ledge on the ordinary route, about 30 feet above the Amphitheatre.

Minor's Route or Right Hand Route—Difficult, if done direct; 50 foot rope.

A start is made at the lowest point of the buttress, on the right of an incipient gully, and easy climbing for about 50 feet leads to a grassy terrace. Rocks on the edge of the gully on the right are followed for 30 feet to a grassy platform, after which easy slabs on the right of the incipient gully are climbed to their evanishment, 50 feet higher up. An awkward step is then made on to the main buttress on the left, and the rocks above climbed for 40 feet up to a cosy recess. To climb directly out of this recess is quite difficult, but a very easy alternative is available on the left, which should, however, be regarded only as an emergency exit.

An interval of perhaps 250 feet elapses, during which the intrepid leader moves, without difficulty, upwards and to the left.

Immediately to the left of a conspicuous, rectangular, dark recess, he then espies a rocky groove, which provides a pleasing means of upward progress for 50 feet to a small rock stance (fine belay on the left).

The remainder of the ascent is in a minor key.

NORTH GULLY.

This secluded yet noble cleft, the largest one at the northerly end of the Crags, provides a worthy setting for a movement of delectable doubtfulness, encountered on the usual, natural and preferable route. First will be described, however (since it is on the left), what the writer presumes to be Broadrick's Route.

Broadrick's Route—Severe; rubbers; 80 foot rope.

This climb starts in an indefinite turfy crack, about 30 feet to the left of the gully, and rising from a grassy ledge about 30 feet below the cave (see " Ordinary Route " for description of ascent up to this point).

A large belay will be seen 15 feet to the left. After an ascent of some 30 feet a thrilling stride is made to the right, in order to round a small projecting nose. Hand holds for this movement are poor, but the climbing thereafter becomes less difficult, and finishes at the top of the traverse on the Ordinary Route, the leader advancing to the belay used for the latter route.

Broadrick's Route, although longer, is inferior in interest to the Ordinary Route, which possesses the further merit, from the point of view of the purist, of being nearer to the bed of the gully.

Ordinary Route—Severe; rubbers practically essential; 60 foot rope.

Something over 100 feet of very easy climbing lead to a damp cave below jammed boulders. Here the rope may be threaded to secure a belay. Thus encouraged, the leader moves daintily along a 20 foot upward traverse on the left wall, for which rubbers and dry conditions are extremely desirable. A rock leaf provides an introductory hand hold. Reluctantly leaving this, a ledge about an inch wide is used for the feet, whilst the body is maintained in contact with the almost vertical face by means of fair underholds beneath the slight overhang until a small stone can be reached by the left hand. Good handholds follow immediately. The movement just before these are attained may be facilitated for a tall man by the use of a small finger hold for the right

hand, high up in a crack. The pitch is analogous to the Gangway on the Pinnacle Face, but is considerably more difficult. In 50 feet the leader reaches a good belay at the foot of a slab on the left.

An exit may be made here, or the gully may be pursued, without further incident, to its ultimate conclusion.

Real Chimney—Moderate; 40 foot rope.

This will be found directly above a tiny grassy buttress on the right of the foot of North Gully. A 6 foot pitch leads to a grass terrace.

The interior of the chimney is reached by making use of excellent flake holds, and a constricted position attained. A way out into the light of day is made up the funnel on the left. At the top the leader swings over on to a grassy platform on the left (facing the mountain).

A way down may be made farther to the left, or one may continue up the buttress—an interesting scramble.

THE GIRDLE TRAVERSE.

A very severe and lengthy expedition of absorbing interest. Irreversible. Best number two, each capable of leading. Rubbers. 110 foot rope, which may also be used for "abseils," or an equal length of line carried in addition. Time, five to seven hours.

The ambition of the pioneers of this, the latest and perhaps the most formidable of girdle traverses, has been to find the line of greatest difficulty from left to right across the crags. Its completion has fulfilled the dying desires of one of the Crags' most ardent lovers.

The following notes are based almost entirely on a description supplied by H. S. Gross, the writer not yet having made the acquaintance of a very considerable portion of the traverse.

A start is made up the Trident Route ("A" Buttress), as far as the top of the first quartz-marked slab, whence the route follows a grassy ledge sloping down to the right to the top of the first pitch of Gordon and Craig's Route. From here a very slightly descending traverse is made for about 40 feet to the right, rounding a corner, where holds must

be chosen with care, on to a good grass stance under a big overhang; a " waiting room " with a belay. Dropping six feet, a 25 foot traverse is made to another grass stance, at the top of a right angled chimney, which must be crossed. A crossing is effected by using the following fittings:— (a) on the left wall a foothold and some very tiny finger holds; (b) on the right wall a good foothold and a good hold for the right hand, enabling one to pull across. An unlovable grass ledge is attained by an awkward movement to the right, round a bulge, after which a further 20 feet, on very sloping footholds, with unsatisfying handholds (Hyacinth Traverse), brings the leader to a good grass ledge on which is perched a large detached block.

NOTE.—The hyacinths grow 60 feet below the traverse, and great care is required to keep them at this distance. A belay can be arranged here, although the big block should be treated respectfully.

From behind the block a hand traverse, on good holds, for 12 feet, brings the leader to the Ravens' Nest, filled with the usual unholy relics, and provided with a fine upstanding belay, which simplifies the descent of a sort of grassy scoop, for about 35 feet to a good, flat grass platform. This is connected by a grass ledge with another large, safe, grass platform round a corner on the right. From this platform it is necessary to execute a very severe " abseil." Avoiding using some small quartz spikes, the doubled rope is passed around a flat topped knob, brownish in colour, and of unprepossessing appearance. To use this with any approach to safety it is necessary to lower oneself over the edge of Great Gully on to a sloping ledge, put the rope in position, kneel, and then get the weight steadily on the rope. Using the thigh method of braking, a height of 45 feet is thus descended. Unfortunately, owing to the uncompromising nature of a plumb line, one lands just at the foot, instead of the top of the first pitch of Great Gully. Purists may suggest a pendulum movement here, but they will have to wait until the knob has grown bigger. At present, any rope thicker than a Frosts' would be decidedly unsafe.

Climbing the first pitch of Great Gully, a turfy ledge on the right is taken to the top of the first serious pitch of Broadrick's Route, and the latter followed to the turf ledge immediately above the " thread " at the top of the first section of the Giant's Crawl. Descending here, and moving to the right, one looks down on Easy Terrace about 50 feet below. A belay permits of another " abseil," this time exhilarating without being dangerous.

Crossing Easy Terrace one descends the top pitch of the Giants' Corner, traverses the slab to the right, and makes the monkey movement to the end of the long traverse on Murray's Route. This is followed as far as the Cave on Abraham's Route, whence the route on the right of the slabby pitch should be taken up to Pilgrim's Progress, and so to Giant Grim. He yields to the following method of attack :—From the top of the capstan climb up on to a good little ledge about five feet above, and a little to the left. Having attained a stance on this ledge, a vertical crack can be found for the right hand. A stride to the right then gives a good foothold, for the right foot, in a recess. The left foot is " jockeyed " up a very sloping face until the left hand can reach a good pointed hold. Pulling up on this, the right hand finds a small slot higher up, and a good hearty pull brings other holds within reach, a finish being made straight ahead. This pitch, of 20 feet, is remarkably exposed. At its top a belay can be found. Treating with care some loose-looking blocks, a movement is made to the right, and on to a large, partly detached pinnacle, overhanging Central Chimney.

Easily traversing this, a good stance, with a thread for the second man, is gained in the crack formed between the pinnacle and what has been named " Central Wall," the passing of which constitutes one of the chief difficulties of the expedition.

A thin crack can be seen sloping obliquely upwards to the right, a wider portion forming a handhold, which allows the climber to swing down to the right until the feet are on a steeply sloping ledge, below a nine inch overhang. The right hand will find a comfortable, vertical side-grip, and a small flat step will be seen farther to the right, and above the

overhang. The right foot must be raised to this, and a pull-up effected until a narrow (half-inch) but slightly incut ledge, high up, can be reached.

After changing feet a long stride can be made on to a good ledge, the right hand reaching round and finding a good crack right in the corner, enabling the climber to reach the latter. Here he may take a rest. An awkward movement along the uncomfortably sloping ledge, which has no supplementary hand holds, brings him to a good spike, and then to the top of the Cave Pitch of Central Chimney.

(It is desirable that the Wall should first be tried with a rope from above.)

The Cave Pitch is descended, and a traverse made out on to "C" Buttress, on good footholds, below the grass ledge. "C" Buttress is descended as far as a good large stance, after which the route lies to the right, descending slightly, using the "rock-rivet" of the Hawk Variation as a hand hold, and then horizontally until further progress seems impossible. A good hand hold will be found round the corner, enabling a swing round to be made, with the feet against the almost vertical wall. A right angled corner is thus gained from which a traverse is made, horizontally to the right, on to a small grass patch on the corner of Intermediate Gully, and on the Eliminate Route of this buttress. The latter route is followed to a point, above Branch Chimney, where it is possible to traverse along a broad ledge into Intermediate Gully, landing at the foot of the fifth pitch. One then descends the gully a few feet until, whilst hanging on the big top chockstone of the long pitch, one descries, where a tremendous overhang on the right joins the face, a thin crack giving tiny finger holds. These are misused to make a hand traverse of eight feet, at which distance the holds improve, and slight foothold enables a corner to be reached (20 feet). One then traverses, with difficulty, for a further 35 feet, joining "D" Buttress Ordinary Route. Crossing this, and dropping about 12 feet, a way can be made, with care, into Blizzard Chimney, just above a fairly large stance about half-way up. Dropping to the stance and traversing out again to the right and slightly upwards, finding a good spike

hold helpful mid-way, the climber arrives at the upper chockstone of South Chimney. The wall between this and Broadrick's Crack, direct, has, up to the present proved intractable. Descending, therefore, one pitch of South Chimney, two weary but elated climbers scramble across the lower reaches of Broadrick's Crack, and past the foot of the crack on Great Central Route into Hopkinson's Crack, thence finishing up the North Wall Climb.

LIST OF DOE CRAG CLIMBS.

(Approximately arranged in increasing order of difficulty.)
Reference letters, where given, denote that route is shown on diagram.

EASY—

ff Easy Terrace.
AA Easy Gully.
rr Left Hand Route, " E " Buttress.

MODERATE—

tt Real Chimney.
(Top marked V). Slingsby's Pinnacle (S.E. side).

DIFFICULT—

r^1 Variation of Left Hand Route, " E " Buttress.
ss Minor's Route, " E " Buttress (direct).
ll " C " Buttress (Ordinary Route)
Slingsby's Pinnacle (N.W. Corner).
E (Easter Gully as a whole). Easter Gully, 1st pitch (ordinary), and Scoop by South Chimney.
aa Woodhouse's Crack.
nn Blizzard Chimney.
South Chimney.
uu (start not visible). Abraham's Route ("A" Buttress).
mm " D " Buttress (ordinary).
BB Great Gully.
kk Woodhouse's Route, " B " Buttress.
dd Giant's Crawl.
cc Gordon and Craig's Route.
vcc Do. with Variation Start.
Black Chimney.
" D " Buttress (Falcon Variation).
" D " Buttress (N.E. Climb).
ww Giant's Corner.

SEVERE—

Jones' Route, Easter Gully.
First Pitch, Great Gully (direct, using thread).
Branch Chimney.
bb Arête, Chimney and Crack.
Hawk Variation, " C " Buttress (lower).
ßß Raven Route, " D " Buttress.
Variation on right of 2nd Pitch, Woodhouse's "B."
DD Intermediate Gully.
Southern Slabs " C " Buttress.
CC Central Chimney.
Easter Gully (1st pitch on right).
Murray's Crack, Easter Gully.
North Wall, Easter Gully.
gg Murray's Route, " B " Buttress.
Trident Route, "A" Buttress.
Hawk Variation (upper, direct).
Broadrick's Route, North Gully.
hh Abraham's Route, " B " Buttress.
ee Broadrick's Route, " B " Buttress.
Broadrick's Crack, Easter Gully.
Hopkinson's Crack, Easter Gully.
FF North Gully (ordinary).

VERY SEVERE—

(These should probably be arranged round-robin fashion, as they constitute a multiple Hobson's Choice.)

ßß Eliminate Route, " C " Buttress.
pp Black Wall, Easter Gully.
oo Great Central Route, Easter Gully.
g-k Direct Finish, Murray's Route, " B " Buttress.
Eliminate Route, " B " Buttress.
Giant Grim marked B. The Girdle Traverse.

OUTLYING CLIMBS IN THE CONISTON DISTRICT.

Trinity Crack—Severe; Any footgear; 40 foot rope. (From particulars by H. S. Gross.)

This will be found in a small outcrop on Yew Crag. It can be seen from the cross roads near " Far End," and lies due north from here. The first pitch consists of a right

angled ten-foot corner, the top of which, a large sloping platform, is attained by means of a route on the right wall sloping diagonally upwards to the left. Stepping off from a detached block into a vertical crack which rises from the corner of the platform, and proceeding up this by virtue of an insecure right leg jamb, with occasional small ledges, a secure position is reached in about 30 feet. The next pitch is up a very tight fitting crack between the main rock and a huge block which has split away. It is almost as hard for a fat man as the Needle would be for a camel. The climb is 70 to 80 feet in height, and is very well worth doing.

A descent can be made by the crack facing south (severe, if the lowest portion is descended direct).

Sunlight Crack—Severe; any footgear; 60 foot rope. (From particulars by H. S. Gross.)

Following the path along the east side of Levers Water, an outcrop will be noticed on the right, about 100 yards from the tarn. It gives a worthy climb.

Starting to the right of a conspicuous arête, the route lies up slabs in the corner until one is forced to the right by an overhang. Underneath holds will be found here. The way lies straight up, as soon as the overhang permits, and then slightly to the left on to a stance (40 feet up) at the foot of a difficult 10 foot corner. The latter is surmounted by means of a stiff pull-up, landing one on a good stance. A finish is made straight ahead, up splendidly rough slabs.

The total height of the climb is 80 to 90 feet.

Grey Buttress—Severe; rubbers; 100 foot rope.

This steep little climb will be found on the southerly slopes of Grey Friar, about north-east by north from the head of Seathwaite Tarn.

The buttress, grey in colour, lies well to the right of and above the lowest point of the straggling crags. It is just to the right of a large outcrop, in which is a dark overhanging corner. On each side is a grass-garnished gully.

After introductory scrambling on gorse be decked ledges, the route starts at the right-hand corner, near a small cairn. An excellent crack for the hands, followed by an awkward

movement, enables the leader to stand on a sloping ledge about 20 feet up. There is no belay here, and he must at once attack the almost perpendicular wall above, on which the finger holds are poor and flat for the first few feet. Higher up the holds improve considerably, and the leader can rest beside an insecurely perched flake on his right. This must be crossed over, from left to right, and to do this, it is best to ascend a foot or so, and then to step lightly on the flake for an instant, until a landing can be effected on the wall beyond.

Difficulties now diminish and, after passing a cairn on a good ledge 80 feet above the start, a higher ledge furnished with a massive block may be used for the reunion of the party.

LOWER HOWE CRAG.

This is situated a few hundred yards north-west of the point where Cove Beck runs into Levers Water. It is the lowest outcrop on the true left side of the open valley occupied by Cove Beck running down from the main ridge.

Thunder Slab—Severe ; rubbers ; 100 foot rope or, preferably, line.

Owing to the weather conditions at the time of its first ascent, the above name was given to a conspicuous grey slab, bounded by a thin curving crack on the left, and by the wall of Sunshine Arête on the right.

A start is made from a ledge (" the pulpit ") about 15 feet above the base. Traversing 12 feet to the left, a difficult scoop, sloping slightly to the left, is climbed to a heather tuft 20 feet above the traverse. From a direct ascent for a few feet the route changes to a delicate upward traverse to the right, to a small ledge 40 feet above the pulpit. Here is a belay suitable only for line. The second man may be brought to this point to support the morale of his leader. Following a traverse on small holds to the right for 10 or 12 feet the climber arrives at a severe scoop. Using two smooth, steeply sloping ledges for the feet, some assistance can be obtained on the face to the left, and from a sloping step in the scoop, for the hands.

Thus is reached a stance below a loose block, wedged into a six inch wide crack, some 65 feet above the start. The angle of the slabs increases, and after a difficult pitch of about 20 feet in height, an overhanging boss of sound rock is encountered. By working to the right, and pulling up on two good holds, the leader reaches a bilberry and heather terrace (at the top of Sunshine Arête). Here a huge belay is found, and the route upwards, although exposed, is comparatively easy.

The whole slab climb is about 90 feet in length.

Sunshine Arête—Difficult ; any footgear.

The " pulpit " (15 feet) is reached either by easy rocks on the left, or by a more difficult crack on the right.

The first pitch slopes up an interesting slab to the right on to the edge of the Arête itself. Here a stance gives a rest before climbing the Arête to a good belay and ledge for two, 25 feet above the pulpit.

The second pitch consists of an ascent of the face on the right of the Arête. It is about 20 feet high, and the most difficult part of the climb. From a belay at this point, a very cautious leader may prefer to run out 80 feet of rope up easy rocks to the finish on the heather and bilberry terrace to which reference is made in the description of Thunder Slab.

Sylvan Chimney and Gouldon Gully.

These verdant clefts may appeal to some climber satiated with the safety of sound slabs. Such a man may refer to the descriptions on pages 85 to 87, Vol. II. (of the Journal) and should subsequently report to the Editor any alterations made to the climbs during his visit.

MISCELLANEOUS BOULDER PROBLEMS.

Directly above the comfortable and almost classic Cave below Doe Crags is a nail-marked face, giving two routes and a girdle traverse.

The right hand route is stiffer than it looks, and the finish has shattered many aspirations. The secret is to use a very small crack in the almost level top.

The left hand route (on the corner) has good finishing holds, used for a strenuous pull.

The girdle traverse is very stiff, on the right of the corner.

" Mount President," passed near Goats Water, possesses a strenuous and safe girdle traverse.

On the right side of the stream flowing from Goats Water, almost on the marshy plain below Blind Tarn, and well beyond the stone dear to the memory of " Fido," is a boulder, perhaps 12 feet high, which at the right hand corner of its southern end, gives an ascent of extreme difficulty.

A boulder between the path and the water at the south-east corner of Levers Water, near the artificial bank, gives several routes, best of which is the direct ascent of the centre of the face remote from Coniston. The difficulty is in the start, for which only one hold is available.

THE BOULDER VALLEY.

This is situated on the east side of the Old Man, immediately below the long waterfall fed by Low Water, and is reached by branching off to the right from the quarries road, a few hundred yards below the quarries.

It is a very pleasant resort for an off day, or even for an " on " day, for some of the courses are near the limit of possibility, whilst the situations are by no means always safe.

The Pudding Stone. This, the largest of the fraternity of boulders, and the one first encountered, is about 30 feet in height, whilst its four sides face approximately north, south, east and west.

(a) **The Arête** (S.E. corner) is a short and easy climb needing no description. It is immediately on the right of the Easy Way, which requires even less description.

(b) **The Crack** (S.E. corner) commences just round the corner to the right of the Arête, with a stiff pull up. The only difficulty is to effect a landing in the crack or groove, and an undignified attitude is occasionally assumed.

(c) and (d). Two excessively steep face climbs on the east side. The left hand route makes for a slight hollow,from which the exit is not difficult, but both routes are severe, and strength and celerity are essential.

(e) **The Face** (N.E. Corner) starts five feet to the left of the corner, with an upward traverse to the nose, a passage facilitated by excellent holds. Higher up sloping holds are somewhat in evidence.

(f) **The Scoop** lies towards the right hand side of the north face. The difficulty of the start is witnessed by the well-scratched rock. A less barbarous form of footgear, together with the utilisation of such finger holds as may be found, enables the climber, working from right to left, to grasp a knob, and thus to stand at the foot of the scoop proper. During the ascent of the latter, the leader need have no puristic qualms regarding the use of ANY holds within reach. All will be welcome.

(g) **North Arête** (N.W. corner). The route lies up the steep arête for 15 to 20 feet, after which a move is made on to the north face. Until an excellent finishing hold (an " angel's hand," to borrow a phrase), can be fervently grasped, very careful attention to balance is necessary.

(h) A severe route has been made just to the right of and parallel with the North Arête.

(i) The west face has been traversed, starting from a boulder near its right hand side.

(h) **The Overhang** (S.W. corner) requires strength and knack. The climber jumps, ape-like, for a projecting tongue of rock, 8 feet 6 inches from the ground, and swings up until it is under his left armpit. Then, assisted by a sloping right foot hold, he draws himself up by means of a right hand hold until a knee can be placed on the tongue. The rest is easy.

It is probably as well to give here a denial of the report that the members of the London Section, having become dissatisfied with the purlieus of Leith Hill, have made efforts to arrange for the conveyance of the Pudding Stone to London, and for its erection in Portland Place.

The Beck Stone is on the opposite side of the beck, and about 20 yards away from its bulky neighbour. A start is made from a smooth rock embedded in the beck, and the climber may ascend direct, or may bear to the left. In the event of failure he cannot expect to escape merely with a ducking.

The Ridge Stone is some little distance higher up in a north-easterly direction. Its well-weathered eastern face gives a few routes of some difficulty, more especially towards the southern end.

The Inaccessible Boulder will be seen on the left, in the bed of the valley, perched on one edge amongst a mass of lesser boulders. As seen from the eastern side, it is roughly cubical in shape, and is split by a conspicuous crack.

(a) **The South East Corner** gives a very interesting and "pully" route. The overhanging base of the crack is outwitted on the left, after which the fissure is followed to the top.

(b) **North East Corner**, a slab with an awkward take off from a boulder, is frequently utilised for the descent. A ministering hand is often useful during this operation.

(c) **North Face,** just to the right of (b) gives a steep little climb.

(d) **The North West by West Corner** should not be lightly undertaken. Starting from a boulder on the west side, an upward hand traverse to the left is followed by a severe pull-up over the bulge, an operation hindered by excessive body friction.

(e) **The South West Corner** gives two courses, the one using the crack being possibly the easiest way of getting on or off the rock, although none of the routes are in any way easy.

(f) **The South Face,** near its centre, gives an interesting exercise in the use of small deviations from an otherwise plane surface.

The Pyramid gives an interesting girdle traverse, of the maypole, or complete, variety.

In conclusion, the writer wishes to record his deep appreciation of the assistance given him by H. S. Gross in the measurement and description of the majority of the courses above described. Without such enthusiastic help in the execution of a rather humdrum task, help given during spring weather appealing to every instinct of the explorer, the work could not have been completed within the editorially allotted span of time.

THE DOLOMITES.

By C. F. Holland.

I feel that no apology is needed for an article on Dolomite climbing, as a comparison with our English climbs can hardly fail to be of interest to cragsmen.

The motif of this article arises out of a conversation I had some years ago with an Austrian at Ogwen, during which he expressed the opinion that it was not possible for English cragsmen to do the hardest Dolomite climbs unaided.

I must confess to having lain under the delusion that Dolomite climbing culminated in the Schmitt Kamin and the Vajolet Towers, whereas these climbs bear somewhat the same relation to the best severes that Moss Ghyll and the North Climb on Pillar bear towards such climbs as the Pinnacle from Lord's Rake, and the Girdle Traverse of Scawfell.

The idea of the easy character of Dolomite climbing probably owes its existence to the fact that the ordinary routes up the better known peaks are little better than scrambling of considerable exposure, described in the guide books as rock climbs of great difficulty, while the genuine severes seem almost totally unknown to Englishmen. On these the standard of difficulty is high, and when their great length, extreme exposure, obscurity of route, and unsound rock are taken into consideration, it will readily be understood that the task of getting up any one of them is a much more formidable affair than the ascent of any English climb, except the Central Buttress of Scawfell. Also the probable necessity of having to find a climbing route off the mountain, possibly late in the afternoon, and certainly with a tired party, adds enormously to the danger of most expeditions.

If no mistake is made in the route the climbing can be done mainly on sound rock, provided absolute care is taken, but this requires the standard of an Archangel, and is humanly speaking impossible; indeed, I doubt whether any really

respectable Archangel would tackle some of the courses hereabouts.

Our party this year consisted of Speaker, Garrick, and myself, and so we were able to sign our names in the books provided for that purpose, as members of the "Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District," to the extreme astonishment of many who had always firmly believed that there were no rocks in England.

We started with a standard guides' ascent, and followed this up with a climb inadvertently performed on the wrong side of the mountain. The difficulties herein encountered inspired us, and we went for one of the really hard things, the Adang Kamin, so fashionable that it has a special entry book all to itself.

A few days later we did the Sudwand Schlucht of the Col Turond, a chimney climb which is supposed to be going to oust the Adang from its proud position as the most fashionable Dolomite climb.

Sandwiched between these chimney climbs we did the Grosser Murfreit Turm, a face climb of some severity, great length, and unusual exposure.

After an unsuccessful attempt on the North Wall of the Langkofel, we proceeded to the Funfingerspitze and did a series of climbs thereon, including the Damenshaṛte route, and the Schmitt and Neruda Kamins.

After a second visit to the Adang, we finished with a couple of days on the Vajolet Towers and a final climb up the third Sella Tower.

Our starting effort was the larger Fermedaturm by the side facing the Regensberger Hut, and there was an undoubted feeling of disappointment as we scrambled up some 1,500 feet of rock, very exposed and tiring, but at one point alone worthy the name of climbing, where a vertical wall seemed quite hard by comparison, though it was scarcely as difficult as several pitches on the Needle Ridge. The vast drop set a distinct cachet on it, however. The descent was made by the same route, and I fear that we all returned to S. Cristina rather depressed after an unsatisfactory climb.

In spite of this we determined to try another in the vicinity, and chose the Vilnoser Turm, a fine needle between the Fermeda and the Gran Odla.

Here it was that we met our first difficulties in route finding, and eventually got so confused with Speaker's translation from the German, concerning a rock tooth, an unclimbable red chimney, a rib, and sundry difficult chimneys, that we ended by making the second direct ascent, entirely on the wrong side of the mountain, and incidentally satisfying ourselves most thoroughly as to the potential severity of Dolomite climbing, as well as its extremely dangerous character when rotten rock has to be tackled.

We found our difficult chimneys all right, the true ones being ten minutes' traverse away to the right, and were brought to a halt by a very severe looking continuation of red and insecure rock which one felt distinctly disinclined to approach.

An awkward corner on the left led to steep slabs of excellent quality, but the severity became too great, and after half an hour of hard climbing, attempting alternately to go straight up and get round the next corner, I had to return to our stance. The chimney continuation was abandoned after ten feet, a most tentative effort, and our attentions were transferred to the wall on the right. Here Speaker found a start on good rock, a very hard pitch, after which I climbed past him and up the wall above, which was unspeakably rotten, and about as dangerous as it could be, though technically not so severe as the pitch below.

Luckily at this point our troubles ended, as a constricting little chimney led to easier ground, four hundred feet of scrambling landing us on one of the sharpest summits in the Dolomites. We were by no means anxious to descend as we had come up, and were most relieved to find with miraculous ease the route by which we had meant to ascend; a mere stroll after the foregoing severity.

After an off day we went up to the Grodener Joch Hospice and tackled the Adang Kamin. We found the chimney in a thoroughly wet condition, and in fact rain fell for three hours during the ascent. We climbed in rubbers, and under the conditions the severity was pronounced.

The Adang consists of a series of chimneys, mostly very deeply incut with tremendous overhangs, the more difficult being turned on the right wall after a long traverse. The chimneys can be climbed direct, but on this occasion Speaker was turned by wet holds above a severe overhang, an almost impossible pitch with rocks slimy. A re-entrant to the chimney led to another pitch that looked rather appalling, so we traversed out again, and continued up the wall, joining the Kamin above to finish by a long chimney of the Hopkinson's Crack type.

Later, under ideal conditions, Speaker and I repeated the climb, this time direct, and found both the pitches we had avoided were quite hard, and increased the severity and beauty of the chimney.

It is a pity that at one point an overhang completely bars further progress without a shoulder; here the second has to tie himself on to a piton and hang out on a loop of rope in a most exposed position.

This pitch has been twice climbed without assistance by ultra gymnastic Austrians, with double jointed fingers, who managed it by jumping, and a supreme effort wholly impossible to the ordinary climber.

There is said to be a traverse to the left at this point, but we failed to find it. Compared with the harder English chimneys, the Adang has no pitch so hard as most of those in Walker's, and the overhang in West Jordan Gully; it is distinctly harder than Moss Ghyll, and more than twice as long, and apart from the shoulder pitch, is a most attractive and beautiful climb.

A few hundred yards further along, on the Col Turond, is the South Wall Gorge, a climb of rapidly increasing reputation, with rock scenery of the utmost magnificence. Here we found an initial pitch that was easily the hardest we met in the Dolomites, but after Speaker had led this the standard fell below that of the Adang, though the great dome shaped cavity, some hundreds of feet higher up, has a most alarming appearance. At first sight it would seem hopeless to think of attempting to solve a problem rather similar to that presented by the inside of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral,

but the solution, when found, is simple, and lies in a traverse and climb outside on the buttress.

The Grosser Murfreitturm was our next objective, by the face route. Our experiences on this occasion illustrate very forcibly the difficulties that beset the path of the guideless climber, even on a route previously judged easy to find and to follow. Indeed, so confident were we, that our food and drink were left with our boots, a little chocolate being thought sufficient for our needs. Probably we were seldom more than fifty feet away from the accepted climb, but undoubtedly what we did was in the main a new route.

Within half an hour alarms and excursions began ; a severe chimney and a hard wall led to a stance, outwardly secure, but inwardly a ravening wolf, since the belaying blocks, weighing a ton or so, began to slide off the moment they were touched. I understood what the thunderous mutterings of my companions meant when I saw the offending stones, which had luckily settled down again. The half hour spent in passing them to safety was enough to turn one's hair grey. Obviously the chimney had not been climbed before, and our task of finding a way up a rocky wilderness of remarkable perpendicularity was by no means a light one. However, shortly after we came to the conclusion that we had regained the route, only to lose it again almost immediately.

The diagram of ascension indicated a traverse somewhere about this point, and after a severe little wall had been climbed, a traverse was found, but not the right one, the passage constituting the most disconcerting combination of danger and severity that we encountered in the Dolomites ; we had entered one of those areas of unsound rock which should be avoided at all costs.

Easier climbing followed, and we accounted the climb practically finished, for as yet we had totally failed to realise the vast size of these rock faces.

I had taken over the lead, and we were doing well, when with amazing suddenness our advance was entirely blocked. Of two alternatives the higher had been taken, and I found myself embarked on a stretch of slabs and ribs at a high angle, and devoid of respectable holds, very similar to the harder

parts of the Pinnacle Face. After about an hour spent in vain attempts to cross a holdless scoop at various points, I had to descend nearly a hundred feet before I could find a way across it. Henceforward difficulties moderated, and we reached the summit, after seven hours incessant climbing.

What followed is an object lesson. Owing to undue precipitancy we missed the easy way down, and let ourselves in for a climbing descent, mainly by the Delago chimneys, which gave us three and a half hours of most anxious and at times very difficult climbing on bad rock. On one occasion I swung on my arms off a dislodged foothold, and on another was severely bruised by a thirty pound block which peeled off after being tested. Just when a night out began to seem likely, we had a lucky decision as to the route, and got off the rocks after ten and a half hours uninterrupted climbing.

Our next effort emphasized the necessity of an early start. Our five a.m. start proved far too late for such a climb as the North East wall of the Langkofel, the Pichler route or waterway, which runs to three thousand feet. Our repulse was complete, but we were twelve hours on the rocks, and had some magnificent climbing. For the first twelve hundred feet a diagonal course is pursued up the biggest sweep of slabs I have seen. Then difficult chimneys lead to a wide, easy gully, and so to a col, nearly 2,000 feet above the screes. Here we lost the way, and after inspecting several severe pitches, abandoned all ideas of reaching the top, still more than a thousand feet overhead, and retraced our steps, getting off in twilight about eight.

Two days later we ran into Kelly, Doughty, and Coates, who joined in a combined assault on the Funfingerspitze.

This fascinating peak gave us first class climbing, and supplied a couple of unusual incidents, at one time involving us in a rescue party, and at another inducing some Austrians to come and look for our corpses.

The first day was spent on the Daumensharte route, one party descending by the Schmitt Kamin. The second day five of us, in two parties, went up the Schmitt and down the Daumensharte. Kelly and I started according to programme down the Schmitt, but a party of Austrians were above us,

and when we discovered another party of two coming up the chimney, we climbed back again and descended by the ordinary way. The Schmitt is no place for a congregation. After tea speculations were rife as to when the parties still out would return. About nine we went out and signalled with whistles, shouts, and lantern, but no answer came, even in response to the devastating wails and shrieks of Speaker's siren, and we organised a search party to reach the rocks at dawn.

Eight of us, therefore, one Austrian, six Englishmen, and one Dutchman, set off about half-past three, with much food, hot coffee and cognac, to say nothing of first aid appliances and splints, and were rewarded by a truly marvellous sunrise, which amply repaid us for a short night and the loss of a day's climbing.

About five we located the missing, and the rest of the story may be omitted, except to mention that the Dutchman, a man of sound ideas, solemnly produced an immense bottle, and dosed everyone with Maraschino by the tumblerful, after which we all floated back to the hut, and ate another breakfast.

The second incident was the finale to a grand excursion from S. Cristina, when we traversed the Funfinger by the Neruda and Schmitt Kamins. The former is an excellent all-round climb, beginning with an easy glacier, followed by about a thousand feet of moderate but interesting rocks where route finding capacity is useful, and ending with the chimney proper and perhaps three hundred feet of first class climbing, abounding in unusual situations. Up this we dragged a rucksack full of boots, legion by name, which was sent down first on reaching the Schmitt. Unfortunately it had not been attached securely, and shortly came adrift with our ice-axe, and wandered off to the valley on its own. Meanwhile there was a party below of whom we knew nothing. These unlucky people had to shelter for at least an hour from our stones, and were shocked to see a cascade of boots, ice-axe, water bottle, pack of cards, compass and various oddments shoot past them. The empty ruck-sack they mistook for a deceased climber, less arms and legs, the

boots they would not examine, as they thought there were feet inside them. So we met a party coming to gather up the fragments that remained. We re-assured them, apologised to the justifiably annoyed climbers, stood drinks all round, and fraternised generally; and so the evening ended in an atmosphere of goodwill and unstable equilibrium, due to excess of tobacco smoke, which made our walk back to S. Cristina a genuine severe. Unable to find a boot, Garrick now returned to England, and Speaker and I went off to the Vajolet Hut, a bleak and foodless place.

Joined by two Austrians, we traversed the Delago and Stabeler. The latter is moderate, but the Delago is severe. There is no outstanding difficulty, but the climbing is always hard and very exposed, the descent by the Pichlriss particularly so. The climb is perhaps comparable to Jones', from Deep Ghyll, preceded by three pitches of Intermediate, and completed by Kern Knotts Chimney, with slabs and a descent by the Crack.

The Schmitt is hardly as difficult as Moss Ghyll, though much longer. The Neruda is about as hard as the Schmitt.

We were much interested in observing Austrian methods and had a much better opportunity of doing so next day, when we did, again in two parties, the third Sella Tower by the Jahn route.

This proved to be a long climb of no great difficulty, but exceptionally hard for a guideless party to find. Alone we should undoubtedly have lost the way repeatedly. The feature of the climb is a ninety foot traverse across a vertical wall; the holds are good and the passage is not hard, though as usual the exposure is pronounced. It is noteworthy that the Austrians did this traverse in one run out, while we found a belay half way.

To an English climber the number of deaths in the Tyrol is amazing. The yearly average of fatalities among those trying to make the first ascent of the North wall of the Forchetta is said to be six, and this suggestive fact could be followed by numerous others of a similar character. Observation of local methods inclines one to believe that this is due to a combination of causes.

The first would seem to be that climbing down is not practised enough, with a consequent loss of skill in footwork and premature exhaustion as a result; the second that too much abseiling is indulged in, and too much reliance generally placed on extraneous aids. Thirdly, that correct use of the rope is unknown.

Incidentally, worn kletterschuhe seemed to me most unsuitable, though new ones are excellent. The former cannot be considered conducive to neat footwork. I am convinced that correct use of the rope would have saved many lives.

If the question is asked, " Why go to the Dolomites when we have the same sort of thing in England ? " I would answer that owing to the enormous length of the climbs, lack of indication as to the route, and the problem of descent, the Dolomites provide mountaineering combined with first class rock-climbing, and so add a new dimension to the English variety of rock-climbing.

The final conclusion we came to is that as to rock-climbing pure and simple we have a higher standard; if the broader aspects of mountaineering are included, our climbs have to take a very humble place.

LAKE COUNTRY INNS AND INNKEEPERS.

(*By permission of the Nineteenth Century*)

BY KATHARINE C. HOPKINSON.

'I always serve t' lads comin' over t' fells.'

Take a Bartholomew's Map of Westmorland and Cumberland, the Half Inch Reduced Survey, Section 3, and a pair of compasses, and with centre Easedale Tarn above Grasmere and radius six inches, describe a circle. It will be a magic circle, for it rings round the great hills of the Lake Country. Yet the diameter of the circle is only some twenty-four miles—a long day's walk.

Sir Thomas Browne says somewhere in his Religio Medici that 'Nature is the Art of God.' If this be so, then it is here as if the painter who was used to work in fresco had curbed for once his hand to paint a beautiful and delicate miniature; as if the sculptor had laid aside his chisels for the cutting of marble, and had carved a cameo. The Artist of the soaring Alpine peaks and vast lakes has modelled a Liliputian Switzerland, seeming on this reduced scale to take a more loving care in the detail and finish of the work, in the subtle gradations of tone and soft, mellow colour, in the curves of the valleys, in the moulding and just proportion of the fells; and yet, in spite of the restricted area, sacrificing nothing of the peculiar awful virtue of mountain scenery, that 'right blending of the sweet and the stern.'

If a man stand on the rough and hilly ground behind Windermere, somewhere on the south-eastern rim of that imaginary circle's circumference, he may behold the mountains extending in a wide arc before him; to the west, Coniston Old Man and Wetherlam, and as the eyes travel northward, Crinkle Crags and Bow Fell and Scafell Pikes, Great Gable and the buttress of Great End looming beyond in the blue

distance; then the Langdale Pikes, rising like the twin-tapering towers of a cathedral; and away to the north, Helvellyn, and to the north-east the broad back of High Street. These are alluring names; they do not perhaps slide from the lips like a Yeats lyric, but there is a fine native relish and a kind of wild music in the speaking of them.

In the winter, the spectator may see the hills clothed with snow, clearly and delicately outlined against a bright sky and with sere, red bracken and black gashes of a bog for a foreground. And on a summer evening he may watch the sinking sun gild summit after summit, refining away the coarse substance of earth and rock so that the mountains appear at length without volume or solidity, shimmering in violet and rose and golden haze. But, if he have an honest love of the hills in his heart, he will not be content merely to contemplate them thus from afar. He will feel their strange, fascinating invitation and understand that they tender their most exquisite gifts only to those who come in person to seek out and receive their bounty.

> 'Wouldst thou,' so the Helmsman answered,
> 'Learn the secrets of the sea?
> Only those who brave its dangers
> Comprehend its mystery.'

And the mountains are like the sea in that they do not easily lower the veil of their mystery and reserve, and their charms are not yielded up to a facile and effortless wooing.

So, if he would learn the secret of the hills, let him turn his back upon degenerate Windermere with its concrete promenade along the lake, settle his stride to a sober three miles an hour, and brace up his body to the conquest of the high places where

> . . . . they
> Who journey thither find themselves alone
> With a few sheep, with rocks and stones and kites
> That overhead are sailing in the sky.

Among the grave and tall fells, the 'sinister, laughterless tarns,' and silent valleys, the novice's urban sophistries and acquired civilisation will fall away from him and he may regain his primeval unity with nature. He becomes brother to the springing turf, the streams, the dark-browed rocks, kinsman of the weather, even of the lashing rain. Instead of

shrinking as he does when the north-easter blows dust and dirt along the town streets, he meets him squarely and is braced by the sweeping wind which cuts into his flesh. He draws vital energy almost consciously from the warming, strength-infusing sun. Then, when mist and rain and hail and wind and snow no longer have power to drive him from the mountains, and his Ordnance Map—grown flabby and dog-eared from use and exposure—has become his most cherished possession, he will be able to assert that he has wrested their secret from the hills.

The true walker or climber is an egotist. Like the Jew of old, he believes firmly in the exclusive destiny of his fraternity to inherit the Promised Land, and he would like to wage relentless war against the encroaching Philistines. Progressive people would call him an obstructionist. He took up his pen to sign the petition against the building of a motor road over the Styhead Pass in the same spirit that a devout Moslem might unsheathe his sword to enter upon a Holy War. He still regrets the desecration of Thirlmere by the Manchester Corporation, and he grieves bitterly over the like fate which is hanging over Hawes Water. The lean and weather-beaten shepherd whom he meets upon the fells and with whom he discourses about the weather, the hospitable farm folk, the huntsman and whip, fellows of a splendid endurance whom he may chance upon any winter's day following the hounds on foot, for the country is too rough for a horse, the innkeepers whose houses he frequents: these people make up his world and the position of the last named is that of an autocrat, for one half at any rate of the walker's pleasure depends upon the right quality of his hotel.

From his point of view, there are in the Lake District two perfectly distinct classes of hotel: (1) The hotel which is really an inn; (2) The hotel proper which is anathema.

In extension, as they say in Logic, the two terms are more or less identical, but in intension they are poles apart. The word inn connotes pleasant things, crackling wood-fires, the oldest, softest, whitest linen sheets and good plain food, eggs and bacon, roast beef and the like. We are reminded of the best inn scenes in literature: Mr. Lorry's welcome at

the ' Royal George ' in Dover after his damp, raw drive from London, the too affable waiter who helped poor David Copperfield to consume his ale and mutton chops and his batter pudding, Tom Brown's delight when his father ordered stout and oysters on the way to Rugby.

A romantic flavour goes with the word in the matter of proper names also. When we hear of an ' inn ' for the first time, we know instinctively that it will be the ' Golden Lion ' or the ' Dun Bull ' or the ' Blankford Arms,' whereas a mere hotel is always called the ' Grand ' or the ' Metropole,' or named after some railway line. There is no magic about ' hotel ' ; it is a prosaic word and stands for endless bad, sophisticated qualities. We think of electric lifts, unhomely lounges where one can't get near the fire, and sleek, frock-coated managers with unpleasantly greased hair.

Between these two classes there is a great moral gulf fixed, and though sometimes an inn or an hotel tries to serve both God and Mammon, their respective spheres are as a rule sharply delimited. The sad thing is that most of the members of Group (1) originally belonged to Group (2), but like the rebel angels they fell from grace. They sold their birthrights, not for messes of pottage, but for six-course dinners and plush-upholstered lounges. Some evil, mercenary spirit possessed them, and now they are content to cater for guests who, although they may contribute handsomely to a growing bank balance, make little addition to an ancient and honourable reputation. These traitorous inns take advantage of the favourable position which Providence accorded them, so that they might prove a blessing to the walker, and they lure the Pactolian passer-by in his Rolls-Royce or his Napier with flaunting Automobile Association and Motor Union signs. When he is caught, their landlords ply him with choice, rich food and drink, which he should be ashamed of consuming when he has not exercised one muscle of his body to earn it, and then they add the unforgivable sin of going over a sacred Ordnance Map with him and pointing out the roads and passes over which he can take his car. So, it happens that one evening the walker, never suspecting the metamorphosis his inn has undergone, and swinging home

to dinner as usual with his blended memories of sun and wind, the scent of warm turf and the cold embrace of beck water, is disturbed in his pleasant meditations by a raucous motor hooter. His clean skin and good-smelling tweeds are spattered with dirty mud. The odour of the foul exhaust offends his nostrils. He is angered by the winking brass and glistening paintwork, the faultless chauffeur and the self-satisfied owner wrapped in his rugs. They are out of place, discordant, they remind him of the Iron Age which he had hoped to forget when he turned his back upon its visible sign at the railway station. Later, when he meets the motorist at dinner, the man will still be a source of mental disturbance. The walker marks him down instinctively as the unknown offender who before dinner usurped a place in the scale of bathroom precedence and drained off the hot-water supply. Moreover, how has he worked for it that he should eat his meal so complacently? Has his brow been once moistened to-day by the sweat of honest endeavour? The sight of him sitting there in his immaculate dinner jacket and boiled shirt will take the fine edge off the evening's contentment. He is an alien, an intruder in the aristocracy of the fells, and his advent is the beginning of the end for that hotel which welcomes him. For soon elements of discord creep in and threaten the fast friendship between the walker and his landlady. They begin to eye one another mistrustfully. The landlady suddenly takes exception to the endless demands for wet clothes to be dried in the kitchen, and the walker complains with a point which the landlady does not miss that the hot-water supply no longer goes round. He may even suggest sarcastically that Mr. X——'s chauffeur uses hot water to clean the car. When he leaves, he says to himself that unless things mend, he will not come back and he hesitates before he signs his name in the Visitor's Book below that of the offending Mr. X——.

Notwithstanding the insidious advances of the motorist, most of the innkeepers in Westmorland and Cumberland, although sometimes through force of circumstances they bow down in the House of Rimmon, nevertheless reserve their kindliest welcome for the walker and the climber. No

ill-natured looks from his hostess greet the guest when he comes into the hall after a wet day with squelching boots and clothes dripping little runnels of water on to the floor. On the contrary, she probably has a cheery remark ready and a question as to the success of his expedition. She will bear away without complaint his wringing-wet clothes and he knows that in the morning they will be left ready for him with the tweed warm and crisp after a night before the kitchen range. Through the sitting-room door ajar, he sees a blazing fire before which he may finish his evening in satisfied physical ease, and from the coffee-room are wafted to his eager nostrils odours of the excellent supper that awaits him.

This question of food is very near the walker's heart; it is the one great primary subject which he is never weary of discussing, and when all other conversational springs run dry, this one may be constantly drawn upon. What use has he for views and theories when every inch of him is in accord with the simple, physical life of earth? He has no desire to talk, and even if he had he would not inflict his superficial cosmogony upon the hills, for love of them inspires reverence and awe. Above the 2,000-foot contour line, intellectual discourse is akin to sacrilege. 'Ics' and 'isms' violate every law and instinct of the fells and should be confined strictly to the valleys or at most the lower passes. But the elemental question of food may be argued about without limit of time or space. It is good to find Hazlitt with the walker's healthy outlook in this respect. 'I grant,' says he, 'there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey, and that is what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night. . . . . Every mile of the road heightens the flavour of the viands we expect at the end of it.'

Food! The one pleasant subject! Is there a mile of country in the whole district unconsecrated by the alimentary dogmatisms of the walker: his preference for ham or bacon, his descriptions of never to-be-forgotten teas served to him in kindly farmhouses, his memories of some peerless sandwich consumed during a ten-minutes breather on Scafell or the Gable? For sheer, cheerful, unaffected, unashamed gourmandise, commend me to the walker! He takes an ardent

interest in his diet from the composition of his packet of luncheon sandwiches to the luscious supper of eggs and bacon which would be the coronation of his day. You poor, blasé, London diners who imagine yourselves epicures, what do you understand about a true appreciation of your food and drink? You haven't souls above oysters and turtle soup and champagne, you drive to your dinner in taxi-cabs; how should you comprehend the seductive compelling odour of frying eggs and bacon after a twenty-mile walk? Why, a golden contentment is begotten of the simple contemplation of an earthenware teapot emitting volleys of fragrant steam with the reflection of the coffee-room fire making cheerful arabesques over its glazed surface.

After the walker has dined, if he have good luck and have served an apprenticeship upon the fells, his host will perhaps come in and sit down by the fire and talk. These Lake Innkeepers are talkers worth listening to; many shrewd sayings, the outcome of a hardheaded North Country philosophy, may be gleaned from an evening spent in their company. Their stories have a pleasing, racy savour told in the hazy mental atmosphere of after-dinner contentment, and their hunting yarns are sometimes epic.

Should congenial talk fail for any reason, the walker, with his store of rich memories to draw upon, is perfectly contented leisurely hunting his own thoughts through the evening. He dreams of a tempting April sun overhead and that stinging plunge into a deep, icy pool in the Duddon, and feels still the succeeding delicious glow of health and vigour. He recalls a glittering, crystal-like snow cornice clinging with scarcely a break for two miles along the eastern cliffs of Helvellyn and Dollywaggon Pike, and he remembers how, looking down over the cornice's edge, he was struck by the mysterious aspect of Red Tarn, a leaden, lifeless surface broken in the centre by two icebergs. Or, it seems to him that once again he is gazing overawed upon a December dawn seen behind Elterwater, when the reedy lake took on a fierce crimson reflection and the sky was barred from end to end of his vision by long clouds like streams of blood and charged

with gray ominous clouds, swollen and weighted by their burden of unshed snow.

When the guests in the true inns are of the right sort, absolute trust and friendliness exist between them and their landlord. Once, two walkers came to an inn towards the end of a long day. They were sufficiently tired and thirsty and desired with all their souls a drink before tackling the last rise and the last eight miles of their walk. It was out of hours; however, they appealed to the landlord and were told to go into the solitude of the billiard-room, and presently two tall glasses were brought to them by the landlord's wife. She said, as she put down the tray: 'I don't know who you are. For all I know you may be detectives, an' if you'd been some of those as comes in motors, I wouldn't have given it you, but I always serve t' lads comin' over t' fells.' Could there be a surer expression of trust, or a higher meed of praise?

The walking fraternity do not limit their patronage to the well-accredited inns; they put up sometimes with the farm people. There is a kind of sober, homely romance about the Lake Country farmhouses. It is good to knock at the door of one and pass straight from the windswept and lonely fells into its cheerful kitchen. The smooth stone flags of the floor chink merrily to the tread of nailed boots, and the firelight curves and flickers about the heavy oak dresser and the oak settees which stand against the walls, pieces which would cause a connoisseur to lick his lips with envy and relish. Flitches of bacon and legs of ham hang suspended from iron staples in the ceiling, and above the spacious open fireplace a great black pot, dangling from an iron hook, simmers all day.

Some of the Lake District farms have acquired a reputation as far-reaching and as well-deserved as that of the great inns. The inns are scattered over the whole district, but each and all they are known by experience or repute to the walker. There is one in Eskdale and another in remote Mardale, under sentence of death, alas! for when, in course of years, the waterworks about Hawes Water are completed and the level of the lake is raised some forty feet, the old inn, the few cottages and the little roadside church must be swallowed up and

submerged by the invading waters. A third, perched on the highest point of the road between Buttermere and Crummock and celebrated for a charming hostess and sumptuous teas, stands foursquare to the winds and rain which race through Newlands and Honister, lashing with the sound of a musketry discharge upon the streaming panes of the dining and sitting room windows. A fourth, built of the native slate, stands at the foot of Dungeon Ghyll, and here there is pleasant occupation for a wet day, for the landlord is something of an expert in the literature of the district, and if he be approached tactfully, will bring out his queer old books and leave them with his guest for a morning's entertainment. In Patterdale village, there is another true inn, and the landlord possesses a book of old and rare woodcuts of the hills and waters and valleys of the Lake Country. But the most famous inn of all is Wasdale.

Soon after the Styhead footpath reaches the green valley divided by thick stone walls into squares and triangles of pasturage, it is joined from the right by a narrow lane. Where this lane enters the main road to the coast, past the miniature, whitewashed church in its little enclosure planted with yew trees, stands another whitewashed building, long and low, at right angles to a big, grey stone barn and backed by the stream which tumbles down from Black Sail. It is the Wasdale Head Hotel, the Mecca of climbing-men. In the hall are rows of tremendous hobnailed boots and rubber climbing shoes. A couple of ropes are coiled about the baluster knob. There are ice-axes in the umbrella-stand and an elusive odour of dubbin and wet tweed pervades the atmosphere. The coffee-room is of the old and gregarious type with one long table running down the centre of the room. Round the walls hang photographs of great climbs and renowned climbers, including one specially fine enlargement of Will Ritson, the celebrated landlord who reigned in Wasdale a generation ago. The older climbers have many good reminiscences of Ritson, his well-spiced Northern wit and fine-flavoured stories. 'Eh, mon,' he is reported to have said to a young hunting enthusiast, 'thou maun be lang i' t' legs an' lank i' t' guts ere thou canst follow t' hounds.'

If Wasdale is the climber's Mecca, then his Koran, the sacred writing to which he turns for guidance, is a well-thumbed manuscript book in which are recorded for future generations by the men who first made the ascents, all the major climbs in the district with their variations. This book is kept under lock and key, and is never shown to any guest unless he can produce satisfactory evidence that he has a right to be numbered among the elect. The first sight of it is like an initiation lifting the novice to a plane above his fellows. It means that he has been admitted an equal member in the Free Company of walkers and climbers, and when at the end of his holiday he is bumping down the road to Drigg Railway Station, he will feel, as he looks back for a last sight of the giants of Eskhause, that next year, when he returns to Wasdale, it will be of right and not of grace, for has he not received the freedom of the fells?

"Only a hill: yes, looked at from below:
Facing the usual sea, the frequent west.
Tighten the muscle, feel the strong blood flow,
And set your foot upon the utmost crest!
There, where the realms of thought and effort cease,
Wakes on your heart a world of dreams, and peace."

G. Winthrop Young.

ENVOI.

BY JOHN HIRST.

Air: "The Contemplative Sentry" (Iolanthe).

"Fell and Rock" Meet at Coniston, February 11th, 1922, when an informal dinner was held in honour of Dr. A. W. Wakefield and T. Howard Somervell, just before their departure on the Mount Everest Expedition.

When Wakefield was a tiny boy
Bad habits rapidly he fell into,
His leisure time he did employ
On Scawfell, Gable, and Helvellyn too.
And when he went to Labrador
No peace had he, for he could never rest
To think no human foot before
Had trod the summit of Mount Everest.

Chorus: So let each one rejoice with zest,
Fal lal la, fal lal la,
As Wakefield's hand he proudly shakes,
Fal lal lal, la.
That the Alpine Club, which does its best
(And very seldom makes mistakes),
When it wants to conquer Everest,
Selects a climber from the Lakes,
Fal lal la, fal lal la;
When it wants to conquer Everest,
Selects a climber from the Lakes,
Fal lal la.

Now Somervell, you'll not deny,
Has powers of one among a million;
In fourteen hours he conquered Skye,
From Sgurr-nan-Eag to Sgurr-nan-Gillean.
He's vanquished nearly every peak
In Switzerland, if what they say is true,
And off he goes on Friday week
To polish off the Himalayas too.

Chorus: So let each one rejoice with zest,
Fal lal la, fal lal la,
As both their hands he proudly shakes,
Fal lal la, la;
That the Alpine Club has done its best,
And this time has made no mistakes,
It mean's to conquer Everest,
So it's got two climbers from the Lakes,
Fal lal la, fal lal la;
It means to conquer Everest,
So it's got two climbers from the Lakes,
Fal lal la.

THE PENDLEBURY TRAVERSE.

By Godfrey A. Solly.

On January 1st, 1921, most of those attending the Club Meet at Buttermere ascended the Pillar Rock, and after luncheon descended by such of the various routes as were practicable in the then state of the weather. With Miss Tomlinson and H. P. Cain I came down by the Pendlebury Traverse, and on looking up the reference to it in G. D. Abraham's "British Mountain Climbs," was rather astonished to find the following passage: "The discoverer of this route, a famous Senior Wrangler, originally climbed direct up from the Slab after walking from Keswick in his smoke-room slippers; a most difficult and perchance painful expedition which has never been repeated throughout." I may add that there is a similar paragraph in the Club Journal, Vol. 1, page 158, but I had forgotten this.

A few days later I was calling upon the late Mr. W. M. Pendlebury, then in his 80th year, and in consequence of what he said, I took the book with me on my next visit, and read the passage to him. His remark was, "That is bosh." He said that not only did nothing of the sort happen on the first expedition, but that he had never heard his brother speak of anything of the kind on any other occasion. It was all new to him.

His account of the climb was that he and his brother, who was, as is well known, Mr. Richard Pendlebury, a Senior Wrangler, had a short time before tried to climb the rock, but had been unable to find the way up, and had returned unsuccessful.

On their next visit Mr. Fred Gardiner, of Liverpool, was with them, and on getting to the Notch they were looking for the route when Gardiner pointed out the traverse and chimney beyond, and said he thought it would go. W. M. Pendlebury said he did not think it would, but Gardiner

succeeded in getting up, and the others followed. From the summit they had no difficulty in finding the Easy Way for the descent. As Gardiner discovered the route and first climbed it, the two brothers wished it to be called the Gardiner traverse, but they were better known in the district then, and it is probably for that reason that their name has ever since been associated with it.

Soon after my call, at Easter 1921, W. M. Pendlebury, the last survivor of the trio, passed away after a few hours illness, so it was fortunate that I had gone to see him before it was too late to obtain his account of the climb.

Amongst climbers that I knew, I could not at first get any confirmation of the slipper story, but my friend the Rev. E. Freeman, A.C., now of Whitehaven, who is a native of Keswick, told me that he remembered hearing something of it from his father.

At Whitsuntide I had an opportunity of calling upon Ashley Abraham, who told me that there was no doubt about the origin of the story. Richard Pendlebury, who spent a great deal of his later years at Keswick, had told him the story personally and in detail, and had mentioned it more than once, and this was confirmed by George Abraham. There I think the matter must rest, but I suggest as the explanation that W. M. Pendlebury's story of the first ascent is absolutely correct, and that on some later occasion Richard Pendlebury had started from Keswick in slippers or other unsuitable footgear, and climbed the rock again, and that as his health failed (he died in 1901, at the comparatively early age of 55), his memory was also failing, and that he mixed up the incidents of the two expeditions.

W. M. Pendlebury could not fix the exact date of the expedition, but in the privately printed Memoir of "The Alpine Career of Frederick Gardiner, by W. A. B. Coolidge," there is the following extract from a letter written by Gardiner to Coolidge, and dated October 22nd, 1872: "About a month ago I had a few days climbing in Cumberland, and ascended the Pillar Stone, which is quite the prettiest climb I have ever done in England."

This fixes the date as in or about September, 1872. On September 14th, 1874, Mr. Seatree found a card with the names of the three Pendlebury brothers in the bottle then on the Pillar Rock (v. Journal, Vol. 1, page 39), but this must refer to a subsequent ascent. Gardiner was in the Caucasus in 1874.

It is fitting that our Journal should contain a reference to such notable pioneers as the Pendleburys and Gardiner. All three were very distinguished Alpine climbers. Gardiner was a Vice-President of the Alpine Club in the years 1896-98, and in his long career made over twelve hundred climbs in the Alps. He took part in many new expeditions, particularly in Dauphiné, and was one of the first party to ascend to the western summit of Elbruz, the highest point in Europe.

The Pendleburys climbed in the Alps for comparatively few seasons, but their ascent of Monte Rosa from Macugnaga will always be memorable as one of the finest and boldest expeditions ever made.

With the Rev. Charles Taylor and others they travelled widely in the Alps, and made other first-class expeditions which are recorded in the early volumes of the Alpine Journal. They made many visits to the Lake District, and on one occasion in winter camped out on the slopes of Yewbarrow, in the hope of gaining experience for camping in the Alps, but after a day or two they were glad to get back to an hotel. On another day, when on the top of Scafell with Gardiner, they started down Deep Ghyll, but from Mr. Pendlebury's description I think that they must have left it by the West Wall Traverse above the two well-known pitches. He spoke of having some scrambling there, and of a loose stone nearly causing an accident, but even their party, strong as it was, could hardly have come down over the two pitches without some definite recollection of difficulties which in those days would have been thought very serious, and it was, I think, left for a later party to make the first complete descent of the Ghyll.

EIGHT DAYS.

By R. S. T. Chorley.

The title of this article sounds like that of a novel by a well-known woman writer, or that of a play at the Lyceum. For the happy party who lived every minute of them, these eight days indeed provided all the thrills of sensational drama, combined with a depth of emotional and aesthetic experience which it is reserved only for the greatest artists to produce. Indeed, as Guido Rey observes in that fine opening passage of his "Matterhorn," the most beautiful of the mountains have had the loving work of the greatest of all Artists lavished upon them since the beginning, so that to move among them is to travel through the greatest picture gallery of the world. It is impossible to reproduce the elusive charm of the Mona Lisa, or the easy grace of the Dent Blanche, either by pen, brush or camera. You must go to the Louvre, you must go to the Val d'Hérens—nay, you must rub noses with the high mountains themselves, in order to understand and adore. However, it is an obvious, if unpleasant fact that we cannot all of us do these things, so that wretched authors must do their best to enable others to share in beauties, as it were by proxy, and to scale precipices from arm-chairs, under their not always skilful guidance.

If our narrative requires a hero we can produce one, in the modest yet resourceful personality of Josef George, most skilful of guides. For a villain, however, we shall be at a loss. The battle is against nature, and though she may be at times cruel and relentless, she is never a villainous foe. The position is no better for a heroine, though doubtless the material was to be found at Arolla for a complete series of romances; who knows?

On the eve of the first day a very much overloaded party of climbers might have been, and in fact were, observed (with mingled laughter and commiseration) wending their

way from the amenities of Arolla up to the comparatively Spartan regions of the Bertol hut. Their leader carried dangling from his ruck-sack a monstrous biscuit box, which contained a delightful melange of provisions, ranging from sardines and soup powders, via fruitarian cakes and nuts, to dried bananas, and the now inevitable Kendal mint cake. With what sweet satisfaction does the mind recall those rather shamefaced visits which he pays to his poor and "low" relation, the stomach! Their crampon bedeckt rucksacks bulged in an orgy of shapelessness, and their illbalanced movements threatened instantaneous destruction, or rather, might have done so if there had not been a good track. In a little more than three hours from Arolla, however, the perils of the mule track and the glacier had been surmounted. The bulges were then successfully transferred to another place, and the fatigued adventurers retired to perform those impossible balancing feats on the arêtes of Club hut paliasses euphemistically known as going to bed.

The scheme of operations for the first day was but modest; it involved simply the passage of the Col. des Bouquetins to the Rifugio d' Aosta, which as its name suggests, is across the Italian border. We determined therefore to smuggle in the Central Peak on the Bouquetins, in order that Josef might see us climb—he had never previously done anything but hear us talk, and that could hardly have delighted him, as even Graham's French is not a joy for ever. The sun was high up, and getting hot before we left the hut, and the trudge over the snowfield revealed the fact that a seven days trek calls for a heavy ruck-sack. However, there was no difficulty in getting on to the rocks on the East face, a little beyond the steep snow slope which comes down from the gap between the North and Central Peaks. The rocks proved easy, and of only moderate rottenness, so that very soon we were luxuriating in the magnificence of the view from the summit. 12,600 feet, a fine day, and one of the most central positions in the Alps are sufficient eggs for a very fine omelette, and we feasted, in all senses, with great avidity and enjoyment. For a description of the view I refer you to any other climber

who has ever written about his experiences in the Alps in fine weather (e.g., the author at a later page.—Ed.).

As to the descent, I remember coming face inwards down the soft and slidy snow slope aforementioned, which entitled us, since the descent differed from the ascent, to call the climb a traverse; I remember the negotiation of two spectacular icefalls and a breakneck scamper down one of those long, loose Italian moraines which make one so thoroughly disgusted with life that the Spartan furnishings of a Club hut are " paradise enow' " thereafter. Oh, the joys of wasting hours and hours " pottering about " in and around the hut, drying things, cooking things, washing things, while the shadows of beautifully moulded Italian peaks steal rhythmically across the sun-splashed glaciers, and the whole of one's being feels satisfied to be alive in that strangely quiet calm which precedes the setting of the sun.

The afternoon of the second day saw us at Breuil, which, all things considered, was rather lucky for it. We left the Aosta Hut about 2 a.m., and reached the top of the Dent d' Hérens soon after 6 a.m. I remember chiefly the wonderful glow of the sunrise on the Dent Blanche—Dent Rose for the nonce—and the execrable nature of the material out of which the Tiefenmattenjoch is composed. It looks like rock before you step on it, but thereafter becomes a kind of fuller's earth—it ought to wear down level with the glacier when a few more parties have plunged up it.

The summit of the Dent d'Hérens is only about a yard square, but we did not stay to measure it in the thin wind. Two rock faces, the rotten character of which increased in a kind of geometrical progression, had to be descended, before, over the Col des Grandes Murailles, we could reach the steep snow slope leading down to the Mt. Tabor glacier. It was by now nearly ten o'clock, and the sun had been preparing a warm reception for us since an early hour by heating up the loose rocks on the Jumeaux above. Steadily we were moving, face inwards, and zig-zagging like minesweepers, when with a dull roar the artillery opened fire, the first salvo consisting of a large boulder, which penetrated our lines without any difficulty. Before we had really bid good-bye to his wife,

a much over-developed creature, and their numerous progeny, we were already retreating, not without such speed as is possible on snow-covered ice, into the shade of the cliff to our right. From here it was fascinating to watch, for a few moments, the boulders hurtling down the steep slopes in ever-lengthening bounds. When we had to move under fire again the enjoyment diminished. There are three ice-falls on the glacier, which can only be passed on the right under the wall of the Grand Murailles, where a way has been constructed by the continuous fall of rock avalanches. It would have been more pleasant to have been present when road-making was not going on, but the passage was full of varied incident, and demonstrated the remarkable capacity and coolness of Josef, who had never made the traverse before—even when Wilson knocked off his hat on the steep snow slope he remained unvociferous and unperturbed.

We found Breuil full of week-end trippers, and departed the next day for the Matterhorn Hut. Before we left we were (to our secret pleasure) informed that no descent of the Mt. Tabor glacier had been made since before the war. We reached the hut towards evening, having run a dead heat with a thunderstorm which came up from the direction of Aosta. It was strange work hauling oneself up an eighty foot pitch in the half darkness by means of a stout cable, while one's axe-head sizzled in the charged atmosphere like bacon before a hot fire. After a time the fury of the storm passed over, and thereafter the view from that little platform, perched 12,500 feet up under the Great Tower on that famous ridge, made the breath catch in one's throat. The great dark clouds which still clung to the lofty ridges on either side of the Val Tournanche framed the picture in a kind of heavy purple. Down below, as if one could pitch a stone into them, the fields of Breuil shone an emerald green in the mysterious light, as it were enamelled to make them more vivid. The eye travelled down the valley into the dark swirling mists above Aosta, and beyond to the hard, silver grey of the snow-capped Paradis group, dull in the evening light, save where one last magnificent beam of the departing

sun picked out the graceful pyramid of the Grivola for a benediction of warm, yet delicately rosy light.

During the night the wind got up, and the fierce snow squalls seemed almost to shake the little hut on its foundations. Soon after sunrise the three parties of vociferous Italians, with whom we had hitherto shared the place, departed for Breuil, after leaving us their spare provisions, and assuring us that the weather was thoroughly broken. Certainly very little could have been said in its favour during that day. The wind gave us excellent imitations of modern music, and the swirling mists were about as depressing as the music. The temperature remained about freezing point, for we had soon used up all the available firewood, which was a good riddance, for the wind blew all the smoke back down the chimney and into our eyes, until we had recourse to snow goggles, or even to retreat under the blankets. The shortage of provisions threw us back on the bread which decorated the shelves of the hut, left behind by previous generations of climbers. It could be traced back through various geological strata, and by the time we reached our evening meal, the more recent ages having been consumed, Josef had a tough job breaking into the Silurian epoch. For breakfast we boiled it, and mixed it with chocolate—that was quite a passable meal. Luncheon was " pain aux raisins secs." For supper we made what we hoped would be a thoroughly good melange of dried bananas, figs, raisins, and condensed milk, again boiled with that wretched bread—but for my part, after disconsolately picking out of my mess all the bits of banana, fig and raisin I could see, I retired to watch the sunset, which was thoroughly cold and uninteresting. I defy any normally constituted individual to appreciate a sunset after his third meal of month-old bread. However, I had three sheep skins, six blankets, and slept in every stitch of clothes I had, which was very " piggy " and comforting.

The fifth day dawned cold but fine, and the hot Italian sun soon began to make quick work of the snow and ice on the sheltered side. Soon after seven we missed Josef, but just as we had begun to think of the perils of solitary scrambling, he turned up with beaming countenance, and the news

that he had been up to the first ropes, and thought that the mountain would go. Just before nine, therefore, having donned our crampons, which we were not to remove until twelve hours later on entering the Hornli Hotel, we started out to make the attempt. It was difficult work, as there was a good deal of ice on the rocks, and the ropes were all hard and icicle bedeckt—however, three Lakeland climbers were only too pleased to put their pride in their pockets, and pull themselves up like any tourists. The day was one of those very clear ones which often follow a storm, or accompany a north-west wind, and the view from the top, which we reached after about five hours of struggle, was one of great panoramic magnificence—in range stretching from Tyrol to Dauphiné, from Monte Viso and the dull Mediterranean line—I swear it was—to the Oberland with its forest of snowy heights. What a rich casket to hold the glowing jewels of all the Valaisan peaks! The Weisshorn competed with the Dent Blanche, the Dent d'Hérens vied with the Taschhorn for pre-eminence in beauty of form and in the immaculate grandeur of their dazzling robes, newly furbished in the snow storm of yesterday, while the graceful Grivola seemed to protest for Italy, that she too could enter the great beauty competition, not without hopes of prize.

We were alone on that great mountain, thanks to the difficulty of the conditions, and for once were the subject of almost universal interest. The telescopists of Breuil and Zermatt had to be content with our short appearance on the summit ridge. Breuil indeed turned its flashing mirrors upon us, signalling compliments for success, which Wilson answered back by means of his binoculars. What a glorious feeling to be on the top of this manacled giant on a day when no other party had thought fit to tackle him, and the difficulty of the conditions made us less unworthy followers of Whymper and Carrel than otherwise we should have been.

But the inexorable Josef, supported by the implacable Graham, soon drags us from the photography of mind and camera, for the time is late, and soon we are sliding down the frozen ropes past that dread spot whence the ill-fated pioneers

were hurled from the rocky shoulder of the mountain on to the glacier thousands of feet below. It is a long way down, and not till the final light of the sun has left the Rothhorn—red indeed—do we reach the little hotel, at the Hörnli, which at 10,000 feet, is one of the highest in Europe. Soon we are finding the large steaming omelette much too small, crying for more jam, de l'eau chaude du lait; until the smiling maid begins to wonder whether distinguished visitors cannot be purchased at too high a price.

The sixth day had dawned, and several parties had reached the top of the Matterhorn before we had even considered the question of breakfast. Thereafter there is much discussion with Josef. That prince of guides is very pleased with his messieurs; they have made "des bonnes courses"—we beam all over. There is, after all, he says, that difficult ridge on the Dent Blanche, "les quatres ânes," as the first party to climb it christened themselves and it, when they had come to grips with its difficulties. It is Josef's ambition to take a party up this ridge. No one of his colleagues at Arolla has climbed it. Once he himself, and another guide, with a porter, had taken a monsieur some little way. Hélas but a little way, for the monsieur becomes malade and they must retreat. The English are not used to become malade in this way. Shall we not crown the glories of this glorious week by the season's first ascent of the Dent Blanche by the Viereselgrat? Moreover we are four! This flattery is too adroit, of course we shall!

We spent the day lazily getting to the Schoenbuhl Hut, went early to bed, and we slept little, rising at midnight, and being out on the glacier before one. Long before the first light of the dawn had turned the beautiful summit of the Weisshorn to an eerie grey we were scrambling up the first steep rocks of our ridge. Long after the pitiless mid-day sun had softened the once crisp snow till it avalanched away down the precipices on either side of the knife-edged parts of the upper arête, we were still stamping our heels into the sludgy, squdgy snow. The lower part above the Col de Zinal consists of a series of somewhat indefinite arêtes, very loose and rickety, and calling for careful movement. One

huge gendarme, the Red Tower, we turned by a delightful, though somewhat exposed traverse over steep ice. After the Mountet arête has joined the true East arête the rock becomes much finer, and the ridge much narrower—rock alternating with snow. Under such favourable conditions as favoured us, the climb, though always difficult, is nowhere of exceptional severity, though its extreme length—we were climbing on the ridge continuously and fairly rapidly for ten hours—makes it a distinctly formidable expedition.

Suddenly the summit, long hoped for, and as long deferred, is, almost unexpectedly, under our feet. Josef's ambition is achieved. He salutes his messieurs with empressement, and produces a magnificent tin of peaches from his ruck-sack, doubtless hoarded against a victory. We, with the exuberant enthusiasm of the English, inform him in excellent French that it was "une très belle course," and each other that it was a "good climb." And so after doing justice to our provisions, and the view, simultaneously, we rapidly descend those hardly gained thousands of feet, and trudge wearily over the soft snow on the Col d'Hérens to the Bertol Hut once more. Here, fanned to warmth by the veneration of all present, and by hot tea and soup, we sleep the sleep of the self-satisfied, which is much sounder than that of the just.

So sound, indeed, that Josef had left to place his brilliance at the disposal of other members of the Club long before we threw off our blankets. Our thanks and francs went with him, and we were left to spend the eighth day by ourselves. We did so in sleepy fashion by descending the Aiguille de la Za to Arolla. It was sometime after mid-day when we left its picturesque summit, and deprived of George's skilful eye, we had difficulties with the route, and the inevitable fall (fortunately only a metaphorical one) followed our pride of the morning. The sun had set before we finally left the rocks, and we had to thread our wretched way down the forest-covered mountain side with a glacier lantern, arriving at the hotel long after dinner had been cleared away. However, Josef had left a flattering tale behind, and our spirits were soon exuberant again. Food and to bed—so end all days, beautiful or ugly, good or bad; but memories live on.

THE PUIG MAYOR, MAJORCA.

By Robert J. Porter.

During a three days' visit to Palma in the last week of April, I decided to make the ascent of the Puig Mayor*, 4,740 feet, the highest peak on the island.

The mountain-system of Majorca is mainly confined to the north-west, on which side the slopes descend abruptly to the shores of the Mediterranean. The best point from which to make the ascent is the lovely town of Soller, finely situated in a deep hollow about three miles from the coast, and connected with Palma by seventeen miles of railway, which crosses the watershed about four miles from Soller at a height of 1,700 feet.

Rising to the north-east of Soller, the Puig Mayor is almost hidden by its neighbour, the Puig de Torella which is nearly as high, and is very steep on three sides. Geologically the mass is of liassic origin, and, when the western sun lights the upper portion, presents an almost Dolomitic aspect.

The ascent from Soller takes 4½ hours, and the descent by the same route not less than 3 hours.

The road is first followed to Biniaraix, which is almost a suburb of Soller; here a sign-post erected by a touring association indicates a cart-track which climbs in short zig-zags up an interminable series of olive-terraces to the village of Bonnaba, which, as far as I could judge, is at an altitude of about 2,800 feet. The lower part of this track passes through orange and lemon groves; higher up it climbs to the right, discovering most effectively the village of Fornalutx on the the opposite slope.

Straight ahead above the few buildings in Bonnaba rises the Puig de Torella, separated from a massive ridge on the right by the Col de Son Torella, which cannot be far short of 4,000 feet above sea-level. The ascent to this Col from Bon-

*Pron. "poodge-mah-yor"—lit. "the greater peak."

naba is the steepest part of the whole journey; at the base of a huge rock tooth which nearly blocks the very narrow pass, I halted for a first lunch near a convenient stream, the only one met with on the ascent. The retrospect towards Soller is very fine indeed. The face of the Puig de Torella which forms the left wall of the pass (looking up) is a grand cliff which looks as if it would provide some respectable rock-courses—buttresses, cracks, and steep faces abound everywhere. The angle of slope appears about equal to that of Honister Crag, and the altitude rather greater.

At the Col the track passes through a wall and affords an immense view to the south-west, the bay of Palma and the cathedral being plainly visible. The path then leads on a slight up-gradient along the flank of the Puig de Torella, and the Puig Mayor itself comes into view, some 120 feet higher than the former, but separated from it by a small depression, from which a most magnificent view of the Mediterranean is obtained to the north.

The summit of the Puig Mayor is a short ridge, rather reminiscent of parts of the Coolin (except as regards colour), the highest point being ornamented by a cairn-like structure of roughly-hewn rectangular blocks. From here the Puig de Torella shows an outline not unlike the Pap of Glencoe seen from Loch Leven, but the grandest sea-view is obtained from the other end of the ridge, about a couple of hundred yards further. From this point the mountain falls away in tremendous craggy slopes and gorges to the coast cliffs, upon which can be seen one or two of the ancient round watch-towers which still exist in Majorca. Below on the right a plateau of rock and grass separates us from the Puig de Massanella.

It may be noted that hardly any good maps of the mountains of Majorca exist; most of them do not name the Puig Mayor at all—this was the case with the largest scale ordnance map I could find, on which the Puig de Torella only was shown. Another had Torellas, apparently including both peaks under the one name. Although the expedition offers hardly any difficulty owing to the presence of a more or less definite path, it is well worth making for the sake of the marvellous

views it affords, the whole of Majorca and Minorca being visible. On the present occasion the summits were in cloud at the start, but by mid-day every vestige of mist had disappeared, and the two islands lay in an ocean of the deepest blue.

Me the snows
That face the first of the morning, and cold hills
Full of the land-wind and sea-travelling storms
And many a wandering wing of noisy nights
That know the thunder and hear the thickening wolves
* * * * * * * * *
Me these allure, and know me.

A. C. Swinburne.

A LAKELAND FELL CIRCUIT.

By Eustace Thomas.

The word " mountaineering " suggests adventures in which one deliberately faces danger, difficulty, and discomfort, and may have to subject himself to long continued stress. And all these call for the qualities of courage and endurance. In the comparatively recent past there were many peaks in the great mountains which had not been ascended, and to be the first on any of these ranked before anything else. To-day there are no great mountains near us offering first ascents ; but there are still in less accessible positions—as in Spitzbergen and in India—some of the greatest adventures open to those who can take them. Apart from these, mountaineers, who would do more than repeat old courses, must be satisfied with new routes, guideless climbing, or longer courses, which all call for some of the essential qualities of the greater mountaineering.

In our own country there are occasions when we can experience something of the same spirit of adventure and make great calls at least upon our endurance, by traversing our smaller mountains in cloud, snow, or in darkness ; and by including many peaks in the one traverse so as to bring the height ascended to a considerable aggregate.

The Editor has asked for some notes of a long circuit of the Lakeland Fells made on June 10th, 1922. There have been many such efforts in the past, carried out by such men as the Pilkingtons, Robinson, and Wakefield, and more recently by Dawson and the writer. It should be noted that the writer's walks, both of 1920 and 1922, were modelled exactly upon the lines adopted by Wakefield in 1905, and described in the Climbers' Club Journal of 1906. Exactly similar dress, similar relays of companions spread over the same divisions of the course, who carried all food, extra

clothing, etc., and the same peaks, with certain additions. There was nothing about the 1922 arrangements that differed from Wakefield's of 1905, except that at Wasdale, Langdale and Threlkeld, a longer rest was taken in each case, and a good wash and rub-down; and of course the food chosen was different, but was carried, as in Wakefield's case, by the companion for the time being. The difference in the course consisted in the inclusion of the Dodds, Clough Head and Great Calva. The total number of feet ascended in Wakefield's case was rather under 23,500 feet. In Dawson's, which added the Dodds, it was approximately 24,500, and in the writer's 1922 course it was increased to 25,500 feet as near as can be estimated. The attempt was definitely made to do the course quickly, regardless of a 24 hour limit, and the total time taken, including all rests, from Keswick to Keswick, was 21 hours, 54 minutes.

The mountaineering difficulty, apart from the distance covered and the height ascended, was increased by deep clouds which limited the range of clear vision on most of the peaks to a few yards, and which completely cut off the moon during the night.

The term "Fell Record" has frequently been used. It has no official recognition, and it has led to some undesirable controversy. The writer would be willing for this term to be dropped out of use altogether. Performances might well stand on their own without comparison, unless, of course, directly modelled on previous ones. In such case, since distance, height ascended, and speed, all necessarily play important parts in mountaineering, he would definitely reckon that to do the same course in less time instituted a better performance, but he would not consider it a better performance to take a considerably increased time for a slight increase in the height climbed.

In many cases comparison is difficult, and might well be discouraged, each performance standing by itself.

After some solid food had been coaxed down in Keswick, the course was continued, and an old dream—to carry on till 30,000 feet had been ascended—was at last realised. At the commencement it was agreed not to hurry this last stage.

All the peaks of the Grassmoor Group were visited in turn, and the last one, Sail, was reached 28 hours 35 minutes from the start. The total height ascended to this point appears to be slightly over 30,000 feet.

Numerous enquiries have been made as to the exact course followed, and this is described in some detail below. But the same route would probably be arrived at by anyone doing a little careful preliminary prospecting. Leaving the King's Arms, in Keswick Market Place, at 1 a.m., the Newlands Road was followed to about three-quarters of a mile from the top of the Pass, where it was left for the near flank of Robinson. Robinson was very deep in cloud, which also completely cut off the moon; but with Arnfield and Gilliatt, the cairn was found after a few anxious minutes at 2-38. Starting with compass course 150, and finishing with 90, Hindscarth was reached at 3-3. Dalehead was made at 3-19, and Honister Hause at 3-35. Keeping to the left of the fence, Brandreth was reached at 4-10, Green Gable at 4-26, and Great Gable at 4-38½. Here Arnfield and Gilliatt left, and Freedman joined in. Great Gable was left at 4-44½, by compass course 5°. A little delay occurred here through the deep mist, Kirkfell being reached at 5-19½, Pillar 6-11½, and the small cairn on Steeple at 6-23½. A course of 180° was made for Red Pike, 6-39. Yewbarrow Cairn was reached by Dorehead and Stirrup Crag at 7-13¾. Doubling back obliquely on course 65°, a good run of small scree was struck, and Wasdale Head was made at 7-30½. After a bath and a good rub down, with Ping and Hirst as companions, at 8-5½ the lower track round Lingmell was taken to Brown Tongue. After the third iron ladder a turn was made to the right across the stream, and the steep hill-side ascended through the hollow at the top. Above this first steep ascent a straight line was made for where the top was believed to be in the mist, taking the ground as it came. The cairn was struck exactly at 9-26. After some food the descent was made by Broad Stand to Mickledore, but one of the party was lost in the mist on the way. After some shouting, with Ping, and with Gilliatt, who had turned up on Mickledore, Scafell Pike was reached at 9-56½, and Great End far cairn at 10-21½. The track was

then returned to, via the old shelter. On Esk Pike, 10-43, Scott, Slack and Walker were waiting in the mist, having come up from Eskdale ; and on Bowfell, 11-1½, Pickstone was found. The descent was made in a steady jog trot via Three Tarns and the Band, and the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel was reached at 11-44½. A considerable party had driven round from Keswick, and now learnt for the first time that all had gone well in spite of the very unfavourable conditions.

After food and a good rubbing down by Laughton, the Hotel was left at 12-41 with Humphry and Richards, and a route taken via Pye Howe, Easedale and the fields to the "Travellers' Rest," at Grasmere. Thence by the Helvellyn track up Tongue Gill to the Col and Fairfield, 2-58. Fairfield was in mist, but thereafter the tops cleared. As so much of the course had been successfully negotiated in cloud, the change was rather unwelcome. The remaining hills of this section would have presented no greater difficulties, and any risks would have been taken willingly, as the effort would have been more sporting. Rapid progress was made over Dollywaggon 3-38, Helvellyn 4-3, Low Man 4-12, Whitesides 4-23½, Raise 4-32½, Stybarrow Dodd 4-50, Watson's Dodd 4-58, and Great Dodd 5-9. Freedman joined in again at Helvellyn. Great Dodd was left on compass course 297. Clough Head Cairn was reached at 5-36½, and the Salutation Inn, Threlkeld, at 6-0.

After a further rest, rub down and food, a start was made at 6-54. Manning, Knight and Burton were the official companions for this last section of the circuit, but Arnfield, Gilliatt, Humphry and Ping joined in, too, in spite of all they had already done. Saddleback was again in mist, but when the top was gained at 7-49, not much anxiety was left as to a successful issue. The new Peak, Great Calva, 8-50, was visited for the first time by most of the party. From here the course to Skiddaw is over rough, difficult ground for a tired man, but the summit cairn was reached at 9-59. The Pony Track was then taken, and the circuit was completed at the King's Arms, at Keswick, at 10-54, having occupied 21 hours 54 minutes.

Every section of the circuit had been covered in less time than in 1920, except the last section, which now included

Great Calva. In particular, from Langdale to Threlkeld, over the Dodds had taken less time than without the Dodds in 1920.

There was a strong desire to continue and to capture the 30,000 feet. But the writer had taken little food during the last few hours, and had at first no appetite. This returned presently, however, and after some cheese sandwiches, a start was made at 12-54 for the peaks of the Grassmoor Group. Other members of the party were Harry Summersgill, Manning, Ping, Richards, Humphry and Burton. It will be noted that this made the third section for both Ping and Humphrey, and the second for Manning and Burton; and Humphry's three sections were consecutive. The section was started in prudent fashion without hurry, and could have been done more quickly. In fact, the last part from Grassmoor to Braithwaite was taken more quickly than the earlier part. The ascent of Grisedale Pike was commenced from a little way along the Whinlatter Road. The whole course is very obvious and inevitable when the order in which the peaks were taken is given. Grisedale Pike 3-11, Hobcarton 3-47, Grassmoor 4-46, Wandhope 5-6, Eel Crag 5-21½, Cray Hill 5-26½, Sail 5-35. The sharp descent direct to the mine was chosen, and Braithwaite was reached at 6-30. Here the party got on board the ever trusty Ford, and drove home to Rosthwaite. On the way most of them had naps, including the driver, and at 7-30 came—bed.

To the writer the technical side makes a strong appeal, and he has been encouraged by the Editor to add some notes on this.

The height ascended was estimated in the following manner. Six inch ordnance maps were obtained for the whole district, and the heights given on these were used. But there were many rises, some of a few feet, some of some hundreds, which are not shown on the maps. These were determined by means of a Surveyor's Aneroid, checked and certificated by the National Physical Laboratory. It was quite interesting, and was done so conscientiously that, although there must be some errors, the writer believes they are small, and cannot guess whether the figures given are above or below the truth.

Some question has been raised as to the dress, the food, and as to whether food and extras should be carried for one; and also as to whether massage or rubbing is allowable mountaineering. In the first place, in most of these things precedent was already established. But, on broader grounds, it is good mountaineering to make the expeditions, the equipment and the methods, those best suited to local conditions. On Everest these have included special dress against intense cold, gangs of coolies, huge preparations, tents, and oxygen. In England a sort of Boy Scout's dress and rubber shoes are more appropriate, and are the standard dress of a number of ardent mountaineers. Porters are used on Everest and in the Alps, and Wakefield was justified in having them. Everyone believes in the rub down, and it is only a matter of a riper experience and knowledge to develop this till it becomes massage, practised by oneself or by companions on one another.

As far as the writer can ascertain, most of those who have made long Fell circuits in the past have had cast iron digestions. His, on the contrary, has always been weak and troublesome. In the last few years analytical methods have made considerable development, and it is now apparently possible to say with some exactness what is the nature of a man's digestive troubles. These methods were applied to the writer, and he was informed that he was loaded up with certain by-products due to excess of three different elements of food. It was considered impossible to get rid of these products quickly, and the advice was given that the effort be postponed for a year. However, the writer went to Borrowdale for seven weeks with his friend, Mr. Light, and subjected himself to a very severe vegetarian diet. By partial starvation he lost about seven pounds, but regained these later. A moderate amount of exercise was taken each day, and plenty of rest. The methods were so drastic and successful that the poisons must have been very largely eliminated, and at the end the writer approached more nearly to the condition of tirelessness than ever before.

This is written essentially as an encouragement to others with similar weaknesses. It is not necessary to sit down under

these weaknesses—they can be conquered. Most people who lead a sedentary life during the week, are wise to get into form before starting for a strenuous time in the mountains, whether of England or of Switzerland. In most cases scientific and very restrained feeding for a week or two, combined with perhaps ten miles sharp walk each day—say to and from business—will bring a man quickly to his very best condition.

The question of pace is very important on long mountaineering days. The mountaineer is a very willing horse, and requires the curb rather than the whip. The great danger is in going too fast, and thus failing to last out. In 1920 Wakefield did the writer a great service in this respect by setting an exceedingly well judged pace, when the writer was inclined to go too fast. In 1922 he had learnt to judge his own pace better, and depended entirely upon himself. At the most, his companions for the time being would warn him only if they thought he was too eager.

"Courage climbs and conquers; cowardice measures the height, is filled with despair, stops short, and, lo and behold! so many efforts which have resulted in nothing but the shame of defeat.

Emile Gavelle.

OUR CLUB IN 1922.

By Herbert P. Cain.

The decision to hold the Annual Meeting and Dinner in October instead of November has proved a wise one, and everything combined to make the experiment a success. Not only was the weather at Coniston kinder than it usually is a month later, but mid-October is perhaps the time to see Lakeland at its best (Oh yes! I know Christopher North's remark, thank you!). The Annual General Meeting passed off happily, and though we parted with great regret from Solly as President, his prompt election on the Committee made his counsel and experience still available, while Darwin Leighton's acceptance of the office of President gave all members present an opportunity to show their affection towards, and appreciation of, one whose work as Secretary for many years has contributed very largely to the strength of the Club and its position and standing in the climbing world. The filling of the vacant Secretaryship by the election of Wilton was but another instance of the good fortune the Club has enjoyed in having willing, enthusiastic, and efficient officers. Long may such fortune continue.

To describe the Dinner is at once unnecessary and impossible. It needs no description to bring memories of it back to those present, and no words can conjure up the sense of jollity and friendliness, for the unfortunate members who were absent. "A great and glorious 'DO,'" is the note in the writer's diary, and will perhaps serve better than a longer account.

It must, however, be recorded that we were honoured by the presence of Prof. J. Norman Collie, President of the Alpine Club, and also, which is of greater importance and pride to us, first conqueror of Moss Ghyll, and discoverer, inventor and patentee of the Collie step and the Collie exit therein. His

speech dealt chiefly with the absorbing topic of Everest, and his explanations and remarks, backed as they were by references to magnificent photographs which he had been good enough to bring, were followed with rapt attention and keen appreciation. Mr. Laurence Pilkington, the present " Patriarch of the Pillar," delighted us with his witty speech, and convinced many of us that the Jews were the real pioneers in the mountaineering world, and that Aaron was probably the first President of the Alpine Club of Israel.

The weather was, as indicated before, kind to us, and the fells and the rocks received their full share of attention.

New ground was found for the November Meet in Troutbeck, and the Ill Bell range visited under depressing weather conditions. A stump speech from the top of Thornthwaite Column—the first recorded ascent—enlivened matters considerably, and helped us to thaw. The President was escorted to High Street on his homeward way, and then tracks for the " Mortal Man " were made. Troutbeck and its vicinity repay exploration.

The second Annual Dinner of the London Section was held in December, and was a great success. The section is going strong, and constantly ascending the most difficult peaks in the Home Counties. Its finances, too, seem to be in a healthy condition, and one hears of boasts that the London Section subscriptions come in better than those of the parent Club. Dilatory members please note !

The Wasdale Meet at Christmas was but thinly attended, but a strong contingent turned up at Buttermere for the New Year. On New Years' Eve the Red Pike—Fleetwith round was done, the party shedding members at such convenient spots as Scarf Gap and Warnscale Head until only two were left to finish Fleetwith in something approaching a blizzard. New Year's Day is, of course, sacred to Pillar, but, though all started out, few reached the summit of the Rock. The majority reached Robinson Cairn, but two did not resist the lure of Wasdale, afterwards returning via Sty Head and Honister. Heavy rain made the head of Borrowdale a fine sight—foaming milky becks rushing down the fell sides at

intervals of but a few yards. At Seathwaite at 4 p.m. these two let in the New Year (Both dark—fortunately !).

On the following day Birkness Combe was visited, but the weather conditions were not encouraging.

The outstanding event in the Club's history during the year under review has been its close association with the assault on Everest. The selection of Wakefield and Howard Somervell as two of the climbing party was received with joy. Wakefield was our first life member. Both are Lakeland men, born and bred, both record breakers in the British Isles, and no happier choice could have been made. Fell and Rock men through and through, our members have followed their achievements this summer with pride and affection, and how well they bore themselves is now history. As guests of the President they attended the Coniston Meet in February, when all members present dined together at the " Sun." It was a family gathering, to pay honour where honour was due, and will not be readily forgotten by the thirty-five present.

Langdale, in March, was a well attended Meet, and both Pavey Ark and Gimmer were visited.

Easter, at Wasdale, provided the usual cheery crowd, and much fell walking was done, in addition to a fair amount of climbing. Deep Ghyll presented a very unusual sight, both pitches being completely buried in snow.

To the great grief of our members, the Club had to mourn at this time the loss of F. W. Walker-Jones and Mrs. Kelly, the former dying in Malay, the latter being the victim of loose rock when walking down Tryfan after a day's climbing. Walker Jones, when in England, was one of the mainstays of the Club, while Mrs. Kelly was one of the first women elected on the Committee. Both were loved by a wide circle of friends, and happy days spent in their company are part of life's memories to many of us.

In view of the threatened transformation of Haweswater into a reservoir to supply those who " toil for gold in Manchester's foul gloom," Mardale was visited in May. The weather was unkind, and no exploration was done, unless the unwitting descent by one party—led by the writer—into an unrecognisable valley well on the wrong side of High

Raise be included. Swindale was also visited, and opinion was general that the Meet was well justified.

Writing at the end of a cold and cheerless summer, one is apt to forget that Borrowdale lived up to its reputation in the Club's annals, and provided, at Whitsuntide, the best weather of the year. The usual happy crowd assembled, and more or less filled the valley. Much climbing, walking, bathing and sing-songing were indulged in, and much visiting in the evenings, a notable occasion being the visit of the roof dwellers to the campers out—" please bring your own mugs for the coffee." Raven Crag gully was so dry that it would have gone well in rubbers, while climbs as far distant as Pillar, Bowfell Buttress, and Scafell were visited. The Napes, as usual, were the great attraction, and were climbed leisurely and lazily, but with rapture in hot windless sunshine.

Buttermere in July was attended by but three, but Wasdale in August drew some twelve or fifteen, who had a good time as far as the weather would allow. Eskdale in September, sorely overtaxed the accommodation in the valley, and several members had to go to Wasdale, meeting together on Scafell on the Sunday. The weather was glorious, and the Meet appreciated to the full.

Mention must be made of two enthusiasts who, on the Sunday, walked from Coniston, climbed Moss Ghyll, had tea at the Woolpack, and walked back.

So the year under review closes with gains and losses, with nothing spectacular to report, but with a record of steady progress and happy hours spent healthily in the playground of England.

THE ANNUAL DINNER, 1921.

TO LAURENCE PILKINGTON.

Time was when I unleashed my errant fancies
  In Church on Sundays, when the Psalms were done,
And turned deaf ears to all those old romances
  Unmoved, like Joshua's moon in Ajalon.
    With "Kings" and "Chronicles" I did not hold,
    And "Patriarchs" left me cold.

But all that's changed; for when I heard enraptured
  Your magic words of after dinner wit—
That speech you said could never be recaptured—
  It seemed a veil that bound mine eyes was split.
    And surging sympathies rose in my breast,
    For Moses and the rest.

You showed us we with them in tenderest tether
  Of shared pursuits were linked, you showed us that
The earliest climber known to curse the weather
  Was Noah, standing on Mount Ararat.
    Henceforth, when storms our climbing prospects blight,
    We'll think of Noah's plight.

Moses, you said, made popular the practice
  Of bringing trophies from a mountain's crown,
And those who rifle cairns may feel their act is
  Condoned by him who brought the "tables" down.
    And further, Sinai's seer, I wist,
    Like us, was lost in mist.

Joseph's adventure was the first recorded
  Of man descending "potholes" dank and chill,
And you believed that Joseph's pit afforded
  A model for our modern "Gaping Ghyll."
    What lustre "Yorkshire Ramblers" have been lent,
    By this famed precedent.

Now, when I hear those ancient Bible stories,
  Forward I lean intently, lest I lose
One single word of their departed glories,
  Those grand old men, the mountaineering Jews.
    The Pentateuch I've lately learned to love
    All other books above. K.C.H.

NEW CLIMBS AND OLD.

Copied from the Club Books and elsewhere.

BY THE EDITOR.

WASDALE : Central Buttress, Scafell A third ascent of this climb was made at Whitsuntide by A. S. Pigott (Rucksack Club), Morley Wood (Rucksack Club), and J.B.M. Now then, Pinnacle Club !

Lower Kern Knotts, West Climb. This climb, which appears to be a first ascent, is about 90 feet in length. The start is round a corner some distance to the right of the crack. Climb the crag straight up from the cairn, or better, diagonally to the right to a corner, whence a step back to the left regains the route. Here there is a heather ledge (about 40 feet up) with a landing to the left of a block. From this point continue straight up the face to another ledge, traverse to the right, and climb a small rib, followed by a short corner and a buttress on the right. Thence a projecting block leads to the top. The first 15-20 feet are artificial, as they can easily be avoided on the left. F.G.

Napes : Chantry Buttress. This is about 90 feet. It starts to the right of the Needle, at the end of the short south east branch of the Needle Ridge. There is a short buttress to a heather platform (20 feet up). Then take the slab to the right, which is followed by a steep face, with a crack on the left. Here (30 feet up) is a belay. Now traverse to the left to an edge, climb the arête to the right, and then traverse to the right below a nose of rock. Afterwards the rocks are easy. This is thought to be a first ascent. F.G.

Napes : Buzzard Wall. This climb affords about 100 feet of climbing on the slabs just above and to the right of Chantry Buttress. The start is several feet to the left of the

right edge, and goes diagonally to the right, and then straight up a slab to a recess. Here there is a belay (30 feet up). Break out to the right on to the right edge, which is soon after quitted slightly to the left side. Straight above this there is a good ledge. A block to the left of this is then climbed, the finish being reached in a few feet.

A combination of this with the Chantry Buttress gives an interesting climb. F.G.

Napes : Cutlass Ridge. A 100 feet of apparently new climbing on the east wall of the Arrowhead Ridge, just to the right of a grassy chimney some distance above the Arrowhead Gap. The route keeps to the left of a crack that runs up the middle of the buttress. This looks artificial and loose, but proves on closer inspection to be quite good. Start slightly above, and to the right of a cairn, and go straight up. After 30 feet a little mossy groove offers resistance. Above this the rock steepens, but there are excellent holds. The climb finishes at the strid. F.G.

Napes : Rainbow Ridge. This is between the Sphinx and the Scimitar. At the foot a large detached mass forms a crevasse. Start to the right of a cairn, and just to the left of the grassy beginning of this crevasse, and go up till a stride to the left is taken, and a ledge above reached. Move further to the left, and upwards till a stance 10 or 12 feet higher is reached below a block, which might be used as a belay. About three feet above this stance, a traverse on small holds leads to the arête on the right, which is followed to the top. There are one or two loosish blocks near the top. F.G.

Kern Knotts : The Buttress. H.S.G. led this on 10th August, 1922, without previous inspection.

Pillar Rock. "About the Pillar Rock in 1877. We were, besides my brother and myself, a cousin, E. J. Wingfield, and Gerald Clark—all three now dead, alas. I went up twice, the first time on 9th August, with Clark and Wingfield, the second time, on 16th August, with my brother only. Keeping to the right coming down from Pillar Mountain,

we traversed along the slabby south east face of the Rock, and went up by the Cleft. On the second occasion I left my brother sitting on the top, and descended directly towards the north east, circling round as I got lower, to the left-ward. My brother was rather startled to see me again on the top, as he had not noticed my departure. There was no particular difficulty as far as I remember." H. G. WILLINK.

From this description and from two small sketches accompanying Mr. Willink's note, it would appear that the ascent was made by the Slab, round the Notch, and up the top part of the Great Chimney, and the descent by the Old West Route.—EDITOR.

CONISTON : DOE CRAGS : " B " Buttress. Murray's Route : Variation. D.G.M. and T.H.S., with a rope from above, descended and ascended the steep crack at the end of the first traverse on Murray's Climb on " B " Buttress. They both agreed that the first 20 feet are very steep and difficult, but leadable with comparative safety. The first satisfactory foothold is then found, a small triangular stance on the face three feet from the containing wall. The next ten feet are steep, but not difficult, until an overhanging chockstone is met with. From here a traverse can be made to the right, ending in a vertical crack with plentiful holds, which leads to the bottom of the arête pitch on Woodhouse's Route.

The climb is very steep, but, except at the start, not exceptionally severe. It certainly makes the correct finish for the " B " Buttress climb.

This exploratory work was done during the Dinner Meet, 1921 [E.H.P. and J.B.M. made the first acent during the Dinner Meet, 1922].

Easter Gully : Black Wall Climb. H.S.G. and D.G.M. inspected this very difficult climb (which lies to the left of Black Chimney—see Journal No. 14) with a rope from above. D.G.M. found it was more simple to tackle the left side of the overhang, following the small crack, and then moving to the right above the overhang. By using this route two good handholds can be reached, and also a fair foothold (for rubbers).

The following new climbs are described in G. S. Bower's article in this number :—

Girdle Traverse. H.S.G. and G.B.

Eliminate Route : " B " Buttress. H.S.G., G.B., and R.S.T.C. The first two had previously worked out the route.

Eliminate Route : " C " Buttress. H.S.G. and G.B.

Trinity Crack : Yew Crag. H.S.G. and G.B. This is believed to be a second ascent. The late W. Whinnerah and G.B. made the first some years ago.

LANGDALE : Scout Crag. Two short climbs of moderate difficulty were done on a buttress a little way up the fell side beyond White Ghyll, and which appears to be called Scout Crag. It can be seen from the hotel, from which it is only about ten minutes distant. At the top are some rounded slabs crowned by a small tree. There were no traces of previous ascents.

One route (cairned) starts at the bottom of a 12 foot wall below a conspicuous arête. This wall, followed by a small slab on the left, and a little arête, takes one more or less to the foot of the main arête, which is followed direct to the top. A short easy traverse to the left and a slab completes it.

The other route starts to the left of the former on a grass terrace. A short buttress leads to the left of the foot of a narrow, rough slab, which is climbed to the junction with the other route. Both about 130 feet with very good holds. F.G.

Gimmer Crag : Juniper Buttress. This climb starts at the foot of the Western Gully and lies on the right wall. 40 feet of slabs lead to an impending mass. Traverse 30 feet horizontally to a pedestal. Then take a wide step into a chimney, followed by 20 feet of climbing on the right wall. A 30 foot traverse to the left brings one on to the edge of the gully again. A stiff overhanging corner then finishes the climb (cairn). Classification : difficult. Denudation has not yet quite completed its task, and the rock needs careful handling in places. C.F.H.

An energetic party staying at Langdale in July succeeded in visiting for rock climbing purposes the Pillar Rock, the Napes (twice), Scafell Crag, and Gillercombe Buttress.

Bowfell Buttress : Flat Crags. A climb was made on the steep, somewhat broken crag, perhaps 400 feet high, between Bowfell Buttress and Flat Crags—rather nearer to the latter. It begins at a small cairn eight or ten feet up from the bottom, on the Flat Crags side. A slab bears up to the right for 45 feet to a stance where there is no satisfactory belay. This is not particularly difficult, and showed some traces of nail scratches. The next move is up to the right round an exposed corner, which proves surprisingly easy, as the holds for hands and feet are good. Some small grass-covered ledges are now surmounted straight above; and a final pull-up, on just sufficient holds, enables the first belay to be embraced; a narrow, grassy ledge beyond it, just under an overhang, gives a good resting place while the second man is coming up. This pitch is about 30 feet.

A traverse is then made to the left for 15 feet over a steep slab, and grassy ledges. The little chimney which rises just beyond the slab is very difficult, and the stones at the top are dangerously loose; it is better to keep to the left, and enter a shute with rough but steep walls. About ten feet up it steepens very considerably, and an exit is made on the right. This short piece is the hardest on the climb, and the second man is too far away to be of much assistance. When a position astride a leaf of rock has been gained, the slightly overhanging boulder above can be clasped, and easily surmounted. It looks (and sounds) insecure, but appears to be immovable. If desired the leader can belay himself over the boulder before ascending.

Ten feet of easy grass (with a walk out to the right) lead to the left branch of a longish chimney, which is pleasantly strenuous; the final 15 feet (another exit to the right being avoided) prove quite difficult. A large grassy platform nearly 200 feet above the foot of the climb is now reached; on it stands the "First Cairn"—an easy chimney descends on the right to the "Broad Rake."

Straight ahead is a smooth, greasy, open chimney, flanked by steep rough buttresses. To the right of the right hand buttress a steep corner gives access to a difficult chimney, at the top of which stands the " Second Cairn," quite 50 feet above the first. Hence an easy scramble, preferably up a smooth corner set at an easy angle, leads to the top of the lower buttress, where it is joined by the Broad Rake. Easy rocks now lead to the summit, with numerous pleasant little pitches, which may be taken *en route.* One such leads up behind an isolated rock with a flat cairn-crowned top, which was christened " The High Table."

The climb throughout is on remarkably rough rock, with sloping holds; if climbed as described it will yield 250 feet of good continuous climbing, about equal in difficulty to that on Bowfell Buttress. Suggested name, " The Cambridge Climb." W.T.E.

BUTTERMERE. R.W.H. ought to be made " guardian " in this district. It is certainly refreshing to find that someone takes an interest in keeping up the records in the Club Books.

R.E.N. draws attention to the high level route—very convenient for Buttermere walkers—from Styhead to Scafell, via the Col, between Lingmell and the Pike; a route, which, as he points out, is but little used. It is certainly a good track, and takes one through magnificent scenery. Care should be taken to keep well up to the left, however, or difficulties will be encountered among the ghylls.

Green Crag. R.W.H. draws attention to pleasant climbing at the back of Green Crag, looking on to Black Beck Tarn—there is about 30 feet. He has also experimented on that part of the Haystacks overlooking Scarf Gap where the rock is good and sound. My recollection of these places is that there is nothing sufficiently continuous to make them worth a special visit.

Green Crag Gully. R.W.H. climbed this in June, with W. A. Wilson, a non-member, who accompanied J. W. Robinson on the first ascent in 1889. They also climbed Grassmoor

Gully, Buttermere, of which Mr. Wilson made what was apparently the first ascent forty years ago.

Yew Crag Gully. H.B. led R.W.H. up the difficult and (?) hitherto unclimbed pitch of this gully in August. It requires a 50 foot run out over fine rock, part of which consists of a crack.

Pillar Rock : 11-9-22. This day did Yeomans and Fraser, with Walter (non-member) take W. T. Wight (non-member) and myself by " Slab and Notch " to the top of the Rock called Pillar, to our great content, and brought us down safely, which pleased us mightily.

WILSON BUTLER, (Vice-President).

BORROWDALE. Gillercombe Buttress. What is believed to be a new climb was made by H.S.G., J.W., E.O.H., H.H., and E.F.H. It commences with a 20 foot slab a little to the left of where the wire fence joins the rock-face (cairn) ; this pitch can be avoided by a grass ledge from the right hand side of the fence. From the top of the slab traverse on a heather ledge about 30 feet to the right, and then up a small chimney formed by a partly detached pinnacle of rock. At the top of the chimney come out on the left to a small domino stance. This corner was named " Prayer Corner " by the leader, owing to a very delicate knee balance with rather unsatisfying holds. A good belay will be found immediately above this pitch (about 40 feet). The next pitch starts straight above the belay, and works very slightly to the right on ledges and slabs to a heather ledge 50 to 55 feet above. From this ledge another chimney is entered (marked by a cairn at the foot), at the bottom of which is a large patch of bilberry bushes ; this chimney is followed for only half its length, and is then left by some broken blocks on the left. Continue straight up over slabs to a rather good belay about 50 feet from the foot of the chimney. Another chimney was then entered, but deeper, more definite, and easier than the others. This leads to the foot of the chimney at the finish of the original climb, and it is doubtful whether it is absolutely a first ascent. The climb could be finished

at the bottom of this chimney on a grass ledge leading into the gully on the right. This party, however, took the slabs on the left of the chimney on the original route, much of which had previously been climbed, but which was found to be very interesting by keeping well to the left, and finished at a cairn which was thought to be the top either of Chant's or Chorley's route. The leader used rubbers, and advises them. Classification, severe.

The following is a key to the initials used above :—

J. B. Meldrum	W. T. Elmslie
F. Graham	R. W. Hall
H. S. Gross	R. E. Norman
D. G. Murray	H. Booth
T. H. Somervell	J. Wray
E. H. Pryor	E. O. Harland
G. Basterfield	H. Harland
R. S. T. Chorley	Evelyn F. Harland
C. F. Holland	

MACAULAY, THE POET GRAY, AND THE STY HEAD PASS.

By G. M. Trevelyan.

When I first knew Borrowdale, in the reign of the good Queen Victoria, I was intrigued and amused by the following sentence in the famous Third Chapter of Macaulay's History of England, describing the state of England in 1685. It runs as follows :—

" The geography of that wild country was very imperfectly known. Even after the accession of George the Third, the path over the fells from Borrowdale to Ravenglass was still a secret carefully kept by the dalesmen, some of whom had probably, in their youth, escaped from the pursuit of justice by that road."

But it was only this year that I took the trouble to verify the reference that Macaulay gives for this statement. The reference is to " Gray's Journal of a Tour in the Lakes, Oct. 3rd, 1769." On looking at this work I found that the poet Thomas Gray went up on that day to Grange in Borrowdale. But " he went no further up," and all that he reports of the head of the valley was heard by him at Grange. He tells us, " the dale opens about four miles higher, till you come to Seathwaite, where lies the way, mounting the hill to the right, that leads to the wad-mines ; all further access is here barred to prying mortals, only there is a little path winding over the fells, and for some weeks in the year passable to the dalesmen ; but the mountains know well that these innocent people will not reveal the mysteries of their ancient kingdom, the reign of chaos and old night, only I learned that this dreadful road, divided again, leads one branch to Ravenglass and the other to Hawkeshead," viz., the Styhead to Wasdale, and Ravenglass, and Eskhause to Langdale and Hawkshead.

Gray, in fact, was told of the existence of the Sty Head route while he was down at Grange, and he made no effort to follow it out. I suspect, therefore, that his talk about "not revealing the secrets, etc.," is little more than a poetical flourish, perhaps to cover up his own laziness. But Macaulay, who was not accustomed to hill walking, and who indeed regarded a walk chiefly as an opportunity for some light reading, took these remarks perhaps too seriously, and read into them a smugglers' conspiracy to conceal the Sty Head route. Perhaps Gray meant to imply as much with his "innocent people, etc.," but if there had really been any such conspiracy in Borrowdale, would the inhabitants have told him about the Sty Head and Eskhause routes when he was down at Grange ?

"Full many a spot
Of hidden beauty have I chanced to espy,
Among the mountains."

Wordsworth.

SOME CLIMBS ROUND KENTMERE.

By Gilbert Wilson.

I spent last August at Overend, Kentmere, and wandered around the district quite a lot, climbing with my two brothers. As we were all beginners, and our powers very limited, the standard was not very high, but I will try and give an idea of what there is.

Going up Kentmere, keep to the left hand side of the valley after the village (cycles could be dumped at the Bindloss' Farm, or at the cottage at the quarry). There is a bridge opposite the Bindloss' Farm that leads straight on to Nan Bield. There is a very interesting boulder about half a mile from the Church, just off the Garburn Pass track. It is very well scratched, and has about ten climbs up and two traverses. The Chimney on the West Face is very good, and another route just to the left of it up an overhang goes very well, and is difficult.

On the Eastern Face is a big sloping slab, with many small holds, and also a narrow crack which is rather devoid of anything to hang on to. The rock is called Brockstone Crag, and must be distinguished from Brockstone Farm (about three miles away). It is just as well to have a rope for first ascents on the Eastern Face.

Further up the valley, just before a cottage called " Scales " on Bartholomew's 1 in. map, is a rocky outcrop forming two big slabs. The slabs themselves are wet and mossy, and have loose grass on them. There are, however, some very good bits of rock, especially at the northern end of the outcrop. A big detached flake (the Pinnacle) has a crack behind it which forms a very jolly climb. There is a chockstone in it, which seems somewhat loose, so each time I have led the crack I have tried to avoid putting undue weight on it. The upper stone, which is a very big wedge, can be climbed on both sides. The top of the Pinnacle forms a large grassy platform.

Two ways lie open now. First a 40 foot traverse (Oak Tree Traverse) which is quite easy, and then up to the top by an easy grassy scoop. The other way is by the Direct Finish. The take off is from the top of the big chockstone, and a spike of rock provides a good handhold. The initial step is the only difficulty; the finish is a few feet to the right. The whole climb is perhaps 70 feet in all, 50 feet being in the chimney. There is a crack in the Pinnacle face which might go if a very good man got on it. The start is in a holly tree; but the rock looks good, and very much inclined to be A.P. at the top. Further round to the right is Ash Tree Chimney. I descended this for a few feet, and the rock at the top is good. The bottom, though, is loose and wet. On the left, below the second big slab, are a few climbs, but we did not find anything we considered justifiable considering our lack of skill.

These were the only two pieces of rock we climbed in the Kentmere Valley, as Rainsbarrow Crag seemed pretty rotten.

Buckbarrow, in Long Sleddale, was investigated also. It is a big piece of rock split by a narrow chimney, and a broad grassy gully. The whole crag is separated from the main mass of the mountain, and at the Western side this forms the "Great Cave Gully" and the Cave Gully Arête. We tried the Gully, first by a route on the left of the cave; I think a good man could make this go.

I next investigated an inside route; light could be seen through the top. After about 15 feet of back and foot work I slipped the rope over a belay formed by a large projecting boulder; I wriggled up a bit more, and put my hand on this stone. Crash! I thought the mountain had collapsed. About half a ton of rock thundered down the gully. Fortunately my brother was well out of the way on one side, and so he was safe. Our rubbers had a very rough house, though. Very great caution should be observed by anyone desiring to investigate the cave. The arête was not tried, but would probably go, and looks fine. The crag itself faces south; the Great Cave Gully north.

Harter Fell was looked at. We intended to try a traverse of the crags from Gatescarth to Nan Bield, along the 2,000 foot contour. We found the rock easy, and grassy, and loose.

Presently we came to a scree gully with an interesting looking cave pitch. We wandered up, and the pitch was climbed on the right (looking up). The gully was then mostly scree in the main bed, narrow and wet chimneys leading off on either side. After a bit of scrambling we came to a biggish pitch. This was a moist slab of good rock leading up to the left, and the right wall converged to form a sloping chimney which had several loose stones in it. After my experience on Buckbarrow I avoided the latter, and went out on the slab. I got up about 25 feet on to a kind of ledge. Here I stuck. A crack ran diagonally across the slab higher up, but I could not reach it. As it was somewhat moist, my elevated position began to get cold, and in spite of urgings from the rear, and the remark that there was still plenty of rope, I came down. The Gully can be seen from the top of Gatescarth, and is the only one in sight.

" Oh! to mount again where erst I haunted;
Where the old red hills are bird enchanted,
And the low green meadows
Bright with sward;
And when even dies, the million tinted,
And the night has come, and planets glinted,
Lo! the valley hollow
Lamp-bestarred!

R. L. Stevenson.

IN MEMORIAM.

F. W. WALKER JONES—"THE HAPPY CLIMBER."

BY HERBERT P. CAIN.

> "Who is the happy climber? Who is he
> That every mountaineer should wish to be?
> It is the mountain lover . . . . .
> Who . . . . .
> With well-known English hills can be content:
> Who, doomed to climb in company with rain,
> Mist, frost or storm, unenviable train!
> Turns his necessity to glorious gain."

L. J. Oppenheimer's lines, written years before the formation of our Club, might well have been founded on Walker-Jones' character.

His love of English hills was part, and no small part, of his being. It was natural, therefore, that our Club should have benefited by his membership and presence at meets, when his too infrequent leaves from Malay permitted. Joining soon after our Club's formation, Walker-Jones in 1910, was leading such climbs as Scafell Pinnacle from Deep Ghyll in days when it was looked upon as probably the hardest, justifiable, climb on those Crags.

It is, however, of his last leave, from February, 1920, to June, 1921, that I wish to write.

He, like everyone else, had had his life chopped about by the war, and returned to England to enjoy a well-earned and very much overdue leave. He divided the whole of that leave between his family at Milnethorpe and Lakeland. In the autumn of 1920 he spent a week-end with me, and it was the first time since landing in England that he had been south of Carnforth. His knowledge of the district, its climbs, hills, and people, was amazing, and it is no exaggeration to say that he could have reproduced practically all the more popular climbing guides with textual accuracy.

We once had a discussion as to the number of " Shoulders " given in " Rock Climbing in Skye." I forget how many I found, but he beat me by remembering one by which the Sligachan Inn was entered by an early morning arrival!

His absolute happiness in Lakeland, irrespective of conditions, was alike a revelation and a stimulus. He revelled in good weather, he was still happy in bad; he appreciated comfort; discomfort did not mar his joy. " Intermediate " would make his soul rejoice; " The Needle Ridge in four hours and a half," gave him equal pleasure.

Walker-Jones had a rough side; it was kept specially for use in cases of slack methods of climbing, or acts which he considered detrimental to Lakeland, our Club, or the sport for which the Club stands.

Then he was terse, to the point, and effective.

We have all impressions of Walker-Jones etched on our memories. Some of mine are:—

A CLUB MEET: enter anybody—" Who's here? " " Walker-Jones," " Good; that's all right then."

THE BOTTOM OF A PITCH—Silhouetted against space, a long arm in a blue flannel sleeve, going round and round like a windmill, restoring circulation.

ANY FELL WALK—A long, deceptively long, stride, a free swing, and both a bit longer, a bit freer, at the end of the day.

SKYE: TIME, 1920—Laid up with sciatica for a whole week, and as cheerful and uncomplaining as if he had done a first ascent every day. Later, his joy and pride in Howard Somervell's achievement, and his way of summing up that eventful day for us all. " The ridge from end to end in 14½ hours! We've done it in 13 hours from side to side! "

Deliberately I have chosen to dwell on the joy of life that Walker-Jones possessed, and not on the unfillable gap he has left in the hearts of his friends. That gap is too big and too recent. He spent his life, as I knew it, bringing happiness and joy to his companions—we who are left can count ourselves fortunate if this can be said of us, with the same truthfulness, when our time comes.

" This is the happy climber; this is he
That every mountaineer should wish to be."

MRS. KELLY.

Looking back in memory on many a climbing holiday, one seems to see her still, moving quietly but confidently behind the scenes, unobtrusively contriving the general comfort. We were always willing to leave all arrangements in Mrs. Kelly's hands; assured that nobody's little fads would be forgotten, that the right people would get on the right ropes, that difficulties would be smoothed over almost before they had arisen. The most intractable and self-opinionated would defer to her, not merely in virtue of the respect which an expert can always command, but because they felt, perhaps unconsciously, the impact of her strong and forceful character.

To say that she was a wonderful climber for a woman would be to do her less than justice. To men climbers who knew her, it somehow seemed quite natural to judge her by their own standards. Endowed by nature with the slightest of muscular powers, she evolved a technique peculiarly her own, and was probably one of the finest exponents of balance-climbing in her time. "Does it involve any pulling?" she would enquire; "then I sha'n't be able to do it." But after seeing her climb with ease, by the help of invisible footholds, the pitch up which you had hauled yourself with prodigious effort, you hesitated before saying that anything on the rocks did really require great exertion.

She began climbing in 1914, and on her first visit to Wasdale two years later, she did (among other climbs) the New West, North Climb, and Walker's Gully on Pillar; Moss Ghyll and Jones' Route from Deep Ghyll on Scawfell; and the Ling Chimney, Abbey Buttress, Arrowhead Direct, Eagle's Nest Direct, Kern Knotts Crack, and West Buttress on Gable. Within the next few years she had conquered most of the harder climbs in the Lake District; and her ascents of many of the severes (such as Walker's Gully, Savage Gully, North West and South West Climbs on Pillar, and the Pinnacle Face Climbs on Scawfell) were probably the first accomplished by a woman. She was in the first party that climbed Tophet Bastion, and made solitary ascents of the Arrowhead Direct, Jones' Route up the Pinnacle from Deep Ghyll, and other difficult climbs. In Wales she had not so many courses of

superlative difficulty to her credit, as most of her visits there were paid in winter-time; but Crib Goch Buttress (Reade's Route) with the Avalanche Route, Shallow Gully, Paradise, and Route II. on Lliwedd, were notable achievements; while she led parties of ladies up most of the ordinary difficults on Lliwedd and Tryfaen.

But it was perhaps on her beloved Derbyshire gritstone that she was most at home. Here you might see her any week end, a slim, frail looking figure, in sober brown and grey that blended with the hue of the rock, gracefully poised on minute holds, or moving with easy effortless progress over some smooth slab, and seeming withal not an alien intruder, but rather some native genius of the crag itself. Here she indulged to the full in her love of solitary climbing, and her devotion to the cause of encouraging and instructing novices of her own sex. From the start she was keen about women climbing on their own. Without being bound by any foolish prejudices on the subject, she held that women, by climbing exclusively in mixed parties, hampered and restricted the development of their own climbing powers. This conviction finally led her to the idea of forming a climbing club exclusively for women; a project which, after many difficulties, she was able to carry out successfully just a year before her death. For this ideal she lived laborious nights and days; for this she sacrificed her own pleasure on many a climbing holiday, deliberately attaching herself to weak parties when she might have had her pick of expert company, in order to stimulate some new interest, or revive some flagging enthusiasm. How much of doubt and discouragement she had to overcome, and with what unfailing energy she pursued her path in the face of every difficulty, are probably known to few; but the result of her labours remains in the Pinnacle Club—an enduring monument.

The end was bitter. That she should fall a victim to cruel mischance on an easy slope of the mountain she loved—she who had so often passed over its most frowning precipices with perfect mastery—this was indeed tragedy. But, as with all real tragedy, some solace can be found. Fate deals

its careless blow, passes on to some other phase of its unfathomable activity, and is forgotten; but the memory of the fine spirit that was its victim remains.

For those who knew the climber only did not know the woman; and those who knew her best retain the memory not so much of her remarkable skill as of her peculiarly winning and inspiring personality. It was a personality that expressed itself in many and varied ways; but if I had to choose one word in which to convey its essence, the word I should choose would be "courage." "I was ever a fighter," she might have said with Browning, for her whole life long she fought valiantly and well, more often for others than for herself. I remember her speaking but a few weeks before her death of a new venture she was contemplating. "I don't know," she said, "how I shall get on, but"—with a quick turn of the head, and a sudden smile, half apologetic and half challenging—"I've never failed yet in anything I've tried." And with that you knew that she would not fail, if grit and determination could command success. Happy may we all be if, when the shadows fall, we can look back on so many battles bravely fought and proudly won. G.H.D.

BASIL HOWARD WITTY.

On January 21st, 1922, there passed away at a nursing home in London, of pneumonia, Basil Howard Witty, of Liverpool, an unobtrusive but loyal member of this Club. Deceased was interred at Woodchurch, Birkenhead, on his 34th birthday.

On January 18th he journeyed to Town with Mrs. Witty, his mother, caught a chill en route, and the tragically sudden end came almost within a few hours as stated.

The death of poor Basil deprives his family, relatives and intimates of a lovable character and friend. To this circle a mournful blank has thus been created in their lives, whilst his many comrades in this Club, the Wayfarers and Mersey Rowing, and a wider circle outside, are the poorer by the loss of a rare companion.

Basil H. Witty was educated at Hutton Grammar School and Liverpool College, with a four years course at Liverpool University. He was holder of the B.Eng. degree, and passed the qualifying examination for M.Eng. degree.

His early professional life began as assistant Engineer on sewage and water works at St. Helens and Burnley, 1908-10. He then joined the drawing office staff of Messrs. Henry Tate and Sons, Ltd., sugar refiners, with whom he remained until the Army mobilisation in 1914.

Mr. Witty's military services were of a very useful kind. When war was declared he was serving as private in the Denbighshire Hussars (Yeomanry). After being promoted to be sergeant, he was drafted to Aldershot, where he specialised in bayonet and physical training. From 1915 to 1917 he was engaged training and drilling squadrons for active service. He was then attached as cadet to the E.T.C. at Deganwy, afterwards receiving his commission (2nd Lieut.) in the A.26 (West Lancs.) Reserve Field Company Royal Engineers, gazetted Lieutenant, 29th January, 1918, from which date he served in France and Belgium with the 55th Division until demobilisation in 1919.

To Mrs. Witty and her brother, J. George Howard, by whom Basil was introduced to mountaineering and to the Club soon after its formation, sincere sympathy will be felt by all members who had the privilege of knowing the deceased, and of enjoying his kind and genial comradeship.

G.S.

G. T. ATCHISON.

George Turnour Atchison, son of the late Arthur Turnour Atchison, M.A., A.M.Inst.C.E., was born in 1877, and educated at St. Paul's School and Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took the degrees of M.A. and LL.B. He was captain of his College Boat Club, and stroked the winning University Trial Eight in 1900.

After a short period in Colet Court Preparatory School, he became an Assistant Master at Bedford School in 1907,

continuing there till his death on July 27th, 1922, from pleurisy and pneumonia.

He was a most capable and devoted Form Master, and also had charge of the First School Eight, and trained many successful oarsmen. He was with his crew at Henley this year, and during that wet week contracted the cold which started his fatal illness.

His chief hobbies were the collection of birds' eggs, and bird photography, in which he became very expert. Several of his photographs were published, including most successful ones of a cormorant feeding its young.

While most of his holidays were devoted to these subjects in Northumberland, South Scotland, the Bass Rock, Cambridgeshire, and the Scillies, he became an expert rock climber, and was an original member of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club. He climbed in Lakeland in 1904, North Wales in 1906, and Skye on two occasions, one of which was in 1911. The Climbers' Club Journal for 1906 contains the account of three new climbs in Cyrn Las, Snowdon, in company with three other climbers. These climbs they named: Schoolmasters' Gully, Double Cave Gully, and Yellowstone Gully.

At the time of his death he was passing through the press a History of Christ's College Boat Club, which will shortly be issued. He also published a short book on Bridge, and a number of his photographs were published in a work on the geography of Shropshire.

O. K. KANTHACK, 1892.

Mr. Kanthack, who was a South African in residence at King's College, Cambridge, was only elected to the Club in June of this year. He died as the result of a fall sustained while climbing in Skye.

F. W. MALLINSON.

Mr. Mallinson was a member of the Club for some years, and was an enthusiastic and skilful climber. He climbed a

good deal with Mr. Ralph Mayson, of Keswick, and also with Mr. Millican Dalton. His health had been much broken by his military service, which was undertaken in the Royal Engineers, but he retained his interest in nature and in the mountains until the last.

EDWARD HOPKINSON, M.P.

Mr. Hopkinson was never a member of the Club. He remained however, full of love for the Lake District, and keenly interested in climbing. How distinguished was the part he and his brothers played in the building up of that sport in our own country is testified by the very names of our climbs.

"No heart that loved the heather and the hill
But lives for us and for all later time.
We hear them hail us from the mist-cap still,
We feel them near us on the resolute climb."

G. Winthrop Young.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

The attention of most members has been concentrated on Everest rather than on the Lake District during the last year. In this no doubt their interest was shared by the mass of their non-climbing citizens, but the fact that Wakefield and Howard Somervell, both of whom everyone loves and admires, were taking part in the expedition, gave us a sense of personal participation which the generality of folk could not have had. Our only grievance was that they did not get up, and this was counterbalanced by the fact that they got so high. The first serious climb resulted in Mallory, Morshead, Somervell and Norton getting up to 26,800 feet without using oxygen, and the second in Finch and Geoffrey Bruce getting some 400 feet higher, this time with oxygen. The third attempt, as we all know, resulted in disaster, and very serious loss of life to the native porters, whose pluck and enthusiasm seem to have been beyond praise. Wakefield acted as O.C. gas during a considerable period, while Somervell, in addition to his mountaineering exploits, photographed and painted to his heart's content.

At home perhaps the best piece of work has been Gross's completion of the girdle route on Doe Crags. This has taken longer to work out than that of Scafell. It appears to have patches of climbing which are more difficult than anything on that severe expedition, though as a whole it does not sound so interesting. The Central Buttress on Scawfell has again been climbed, this making the third ascent of a climb long deemed impregnable.

To Bower belongs the distinction of having written the first of the Club's climbing guides, and done it so successfully that his followers have a high standard to write up to. Arrangements have been made for the publication of the Guide separately. It will be bound in a stout waterproof cloth, and will be cut down in size so as to fit into the pocket. It

is hoped that a map of the Coniston district on the scale of three inches to the mile will be ready in time for issue with the guide. The price of the guide will be announced later. Orders should be sent to Graham Wilson, Town Clerk's Office, Warrington. It is hoped to publish a guide to the Pillar Rock in the next number. This will be by H. M. Kelly.

In September Lady Mabel Howard formally opened the Canon Rawnsley Memorial, which consists of Friar's Crag, Lord's Island, and a portion of Calf Close Bay. Every lover of the district will rejoice to see slice after slice of it pass into the safe guardianship of the National Trust, and will wish that the whole area might come into the same ownership. Canon Rawnsley, that great man, could have had no more lovely or lasting memorial than this spot which so great an authority as Ruskin pronounced one of the most beautiful in Europe.

The Club was well represented in the Alps during the summer. At one time a regular meet could have been held at Arolla, where during August might have been found Mrs. Scott Tucker, Solly, Haskett Smith, Chorley, Bower, Beetham, Meldrum, McNaught, A. B. Roberts, R. B. Graham, S. M. Wilson. In the Dolomites there were Kelly, Doughty and Coates, Holland, Speaker and Garrick. Others were scattered about in districts too numerous to mention. At Easter Miss Pilley and Miss Thompson succeeded in getting to Corsica, and report favourably on its capabilities as a mountainous district.

Unhappily, although the Lake District has been free from them, the season has been marked by a number of fatal accidents in which the Club has lost two of its members. The one, a new member almost unknown to us, Mr. Kanthrack, was killed in Skye; the other, an old member, full of love and enthusiasm for climbing and the Club, Mrs. Kelly, died as the result of an accident in North Wales. She was a rock climber of remarkable skill, with a great love and understanding of the art. British mountaineering has

suffered a great loss in her death, but she has left behind her the Pinnacle Club, which was so largely the fruit of her enthusiasm and industry, to maintain that very high tradition which she set not only to the women, but to all climbers who came within her influence.

Dr. Sophie Bryant, whose death from exhaustion while descending by an unfrequented path from the Montanvert, was in her time an excellent mountaineer, as well as perhaps the most distinguished headmistress in England. She began her career as a climber by fell-walking and rock-climbing in the Lake District.

The Club now owns a valuable collection of lantern slides of Lake District views, chiefly rock climbs, particulars of which can be obtained from the Librarian.

Mr. W. D. Dent has set a good example by paying for the block of his photo of Hardknott—others please follow.

Graham Wilson has been appointed Hon. Assistant Editor, and will be responsible for the commercial side of the Journal.

Since the Annual Meeting, 1922, J. B. Wilton, having left the North of England, has resigned the post of honorary secretary. This is a great loss to the Club, but we are fortunate in that the Committee have prevailed upon L. W. Somervell, Brantfield, Kendal, to take his place.

THE LONDON SECTION.

By D. E. Pilley.

The London Section, in spite of freaks, two poodles and a mascot-umbrella invariably carried by a member of the A.C., flourished. Keenness for the Sunday walks, even among the lazy, increases rather than diminishes ; a result which at first was problematical. One walk a month has been averaged ; 14 members is the average attendance, and 15 miles the average distance covered.

A list of members was published in the last number of the Journal. The following have joined during the year :—

Bodell, G. W.	Long, J. V. T.
Cain, H. P.	Rowley-Morris, R. W.
Coates, H.	Speaker, G. R.
Cox, O.	Stanley, C. D.
Dalton, Millican	Stanley, Mrs. C. D.
Frazer, R. A.	Tucker, Mrs. H. Scott
Fontblanque, Miss B. de	Walker, J. O.
Howard, Miss E. M.	Weeks, R. H. C.
Graham, Fergus	Wilson, M. H.
Howard, G. E.	Wilton, J. B.

The following have left :—Mr. and Mrs. Coulton, C. F. Holland and T. C. Ormiston-Chant.

W. H. France and J. B. Wilton have joined the Committee.

The meets have been held and led as follows :—

October 23rd—HIGH WYCOMBE. A. Godwin.

Heavy rain did nothing to damp the ardour of those who went to explore North of London, part of the country which the leader sternly declared was woefully neglected by the ignorant devotees of Surrey. Two enthusiasts of Buckinghamshire and a veteran of "British Climbing" engaged in animated conversation with the ticket collector while the others caught the train back to London. The three are said to have gone for another walk.

November 20th—WELWYN. G. Smith.

The leader of the previous walk was to have led, and (according to his own account) had worked out a cunning route avoiding all high roads, towns and civilization generally, but whether from overwork on this scheme or other reasons, he was unwell on the day. Consequently at Welwyn Station the Hon. Secretary pounced on an unfortunate, who was alleged once to have passed through the district, and enlisted him as guide. The substitute, hampered by such troubles as the necessity for keeping dry the feet of two poodles, did his best. Passing through Welwyn, the party marched south to Ayots Green along the road and lunched at the Devil's Dyke, in the absence of the owner. Going north to Ayot St. Lawrence, a small but not select party turned themselves into a deputation from the Middle Classes, and with Captain Hetherington Brown as spokesman, waited on Bernard Shaw. To the intense relief of at least one member, the great man was not at home, and must still be mystified as to whom his strange visitors could have been. Footpaths and plenty of mud led the expedition back to Welwyn and tea.

DECEMBER 11TH—DORKING. R. S. T. CHORLEY.

Being the dinner walk, the largest number on record were present, including the President. A touch of colour was supplied by Millican Dalton and party in tartan shawls and shorts; they boiled a billy-can of tea. Whether due to this decoction, or because they had dined so well the night before, certain members were unable to keep up with the leader, who took his own cohort across Holmbury Hill in the gathering darkness, and finally landed them safely at Gomshall Station, where he was somewhat chagrined to find that the goats had already arrived.

JANUARY 29TH—RICKMANSWORTH. R. H. HEWSON.

The route went through the Park and over various commons; lunch was eaten by a pond among beech trees, before reaching the lofty ridge of the Eastern Chilterns above the 500 foot level.

FEBRUARY 26TH—CHINGFORD. DR. HADFIELD.

Almost immediately the party plunged into Epping Forest on the way to High Beach. Tree climbing feats had been suggested, but the damp weather rather reinforced the known discouragement of this sport by the Forest Authorities. Towards Amesbury Banks a decidedly wet lunch was eaten, while the more learned members discussed whether the British encampment was raised by Boadicea or not. At Loughton tea was provided by Millican Dalton, but some of the party were so occupied in discussing oxygen and Everest that they were lost, and only rejoined us later at Chingford Station.

MARCH 26TH—EPSOM. MISS GILL (visitor).

The walk lay over the downs well known to racy members. It was somewhat shorter than usual, a fact which particularly disappointed those who claim the Section never covers less than 20 miles. Such members probably finish up with several vigorous rounds of Hyde Park.

MAY 7TH—OXTED. G. ANDERSON.

The first objective was Limpsfield Common, where Haskett-Smith—quickly smelling Romans—was soon leading the party along their tracks, and so played upon our imaginations with his eloquence that one momentarily expected to see the head of a Brontosaurus appearing out of the scrub. After lunch upon a heathery knoll overlooking Crockham Hill and the weald of Surrey, the walk was resumed in a wholly roadless, and partially trackless direction through woods and over heathery moors towards Westerham, and through glorious woods adjoining Squerrey's Court back to Limpsfield. A day of cloudless and unbroken sunshine.

JUNE 18TH—LEATHERHEAD. L. BRAY.

The route made direct for the top of the North Downs to Ranmore Common, where at last, after some heart-rending appeals, totally disregarded by the Martinet-Leader, the party were allowed to lunch. Some wandered away to the Inn; they said it was unselfishly to fetch ginger beer for the rest, but "the rest" were not as green as they looked. Subsequently the ridge of the downs was followed, and a descent made on Shere, where the leader entertained the party to tea at the Manor House, and gave a long rest under pine trees in the garden, by way of amends for her former ferocious energy.

JUNE 29TH—CLAYGATE. R. A. FRAZER.

The poltroonery of the entire masculine element of the Committee was exhibited on this occasion. None would risk the contemptuous eyes of the conventional, and go for a summer evening ramble in a cap. Moreover, as they unanimously explained: "You cannot go for a walk in a top hat or a bowler." This argument was conclusive, and a wondering Secretary arrived at Claygate in a deluge not wholly surprised to find a shy leader whose party consisted only of hardy women. And the sun immediately decided to shine on such fortitude, making the fresh green of the trees and meadows doubly vivid, and rendering supper in the open at sunset a delight known to few Londoners.

[We have not yet observed any of our own lady members in climbing attire on these occasions.—Ed.]

JULY 7TH—DORKING. D. E. THOMPSON.

Difficult to be an optimist about an all-night walk when it rains steadily for a week, and redoubles in vehemence on the day of the expedition. As a result the entire telephone system of the Metropolis was disorganized by the many who wobbled. Five intrepids joined and arrived at Dorking as the clock struck the mystic twelve—a lull, the sky cleared, in the silence of a sleeping world the stars appeared. Within an hour the party, making excuses for itself, was having its "first breakfast"; a habit kept up throughout a night punctuated by meals. A road route was taken via Coldharbour to Leith Hill, partly because it had been pouring, but mostly because the leader was shamefully uncertain of the way. Just before 3 a.m. the Leith Hill Tower (1,000 feet), the highest point in Surrey, was reached.

Invaluable was the help of electric torches, which made stumbling progress down a particularly dark lane possible, and landed a ravenous quintette on Holmbury Hill for sunrise and a third breakfast, where the leader became peevish because tea was brewed, but she was not permitted to boil her egg. Pitch Hill was reached at 6-30.

Thence, overcome by the fatigues of the night, the party wandered in circles, and found itself asleep after a lunch provided mostly by one member, who thought mistakenly he was on a lengthy trip across Spitzbergen, and had brought food accordingly. It is a surprising fact that they still had food left on joining the week-end party at Godalming.

JULY 8TH AND 9TH—GODALMING. DENIS MURRAY.

Admirable arrangements for accommodation were made by the leader, and a large party assembled for the week-end. Some came by the midnight route, others by the more prosaic train, and still other luxurious creatures by car. All night it rained, but by morning it cleared. A late start, according to immemorial custom, was made, and an attractive path taken to Pepperharrow and through the grounds of the Mansion. But excitement really began more than half-way across Bagshot Common. The leader happened to be in the rear with another; he signalled the advance guard to turn to the right, which, against all laws of order and decorum, they refused to do—they being hungry. The MAIN PARTY, consisting of two, thought, after proceeding a little further, that the lost sheep must be collected. They reached the road and asked at the Inn for a mass of unkempt persons, but no information was forthcoming. Thereupon followed a series of sprints across country by the MAIN PARTY, and halts at suitable view points. The delinquents were never sighted, and the MAIN PARTY carried out the

original programme, which included Churt Common, the "Happy Valley," and Grayshott, and ended at Haselmere. Later the unrepenting majority, somewhat perplexed at its disappearing leader, arrived, having covered exactly the same glorious country.

AUGUST 27TH—CHORLEY WOOD. H. HUNTLEY.

The unlucky ones not "on Alpine heights or British crags," exhibited great enthusiasm and walked in the "off season." This is the first time on record that two members cycled to the walk starting-point; how they could desert their machines and become mere pedestrians is a marvel. The weather, be it noted, was fine, and a circular route was made.

OCTOBER 1ST—CHISELHURST. R. S. T. CHORLEY.

Caves and cabbages. The caves were highly commended, but the leader's taste for cabbages met with adverse criticism, until the charms of Keston and Hayes Common bore away lingering recollections of the odours of the earlier day.

OCTOBER 13TH—CONISTON. D. E. PILLEY.

The fond families of respective members were duly bewildered by the spirit which impelled a group from London to travel up by the Friday night train to Coniston, and return by the Sunday or Monday night mail. Such behaviour for two days on the rocks is an incomprehensible matter to all but those similarly affected. The only method to achieve the expedition is to do so as quietly as possible, returning with damaged hands, a rucksack full of tumbled clothes, and a repressed air of triumph, as though nothing more extraordinary than a week-end to the South coast had been achieved. Everyone, scheduled caught the train, remained amiable throughout a series of disturbing changes, and uncalled for conversations with irritable ticket collectors. Virtue was rewarded by a week-end which summer would have envied, and climbing was done on Gimmer and Doe Crags; others walked over summits, and everyone drifted gradually back to London, voting the Coniston Annual Dinner the best on record.

Dining in London has not been overlooked as a Club feature. On December 10th, the second Annual Dinner of the Section was held at the Villa Villa Restaurant, and 46 members and 26 friends were present. It was a most successful affair, with Darwin Leighton cheerily presiding. The speeches attained a high level of excellence, and songs, lustily enjoyed, concluded a merry evening.

On February 22nd an informal Everest Dinner was given at the Villa Villa Restaurant, and Dr. Wakefield and Dr. Somervell were the guests of the evening. Haskett-Smith proposed the toast to Dr. Wakefield, mentioning the latter's Labrador experiences; Dr. Wakefield replied, giving a most interesting account of equipment. R. S. T. Chorley proposed the toast to Dr. Somervell, with incidental praise of Kendal and its products. Dr. Somervell replied in the well known dialect.

Altogether the London Section appears to be justifying its existence. It affords monthly occasions for getting up early, for keeping fit by long country tramps, and for talking of things mountainous among fellow members. Not only does it fulfil this, its main object, but also it gives London members a corporate feeling, which enables them to enjoy such things as climbing films and lectures together.

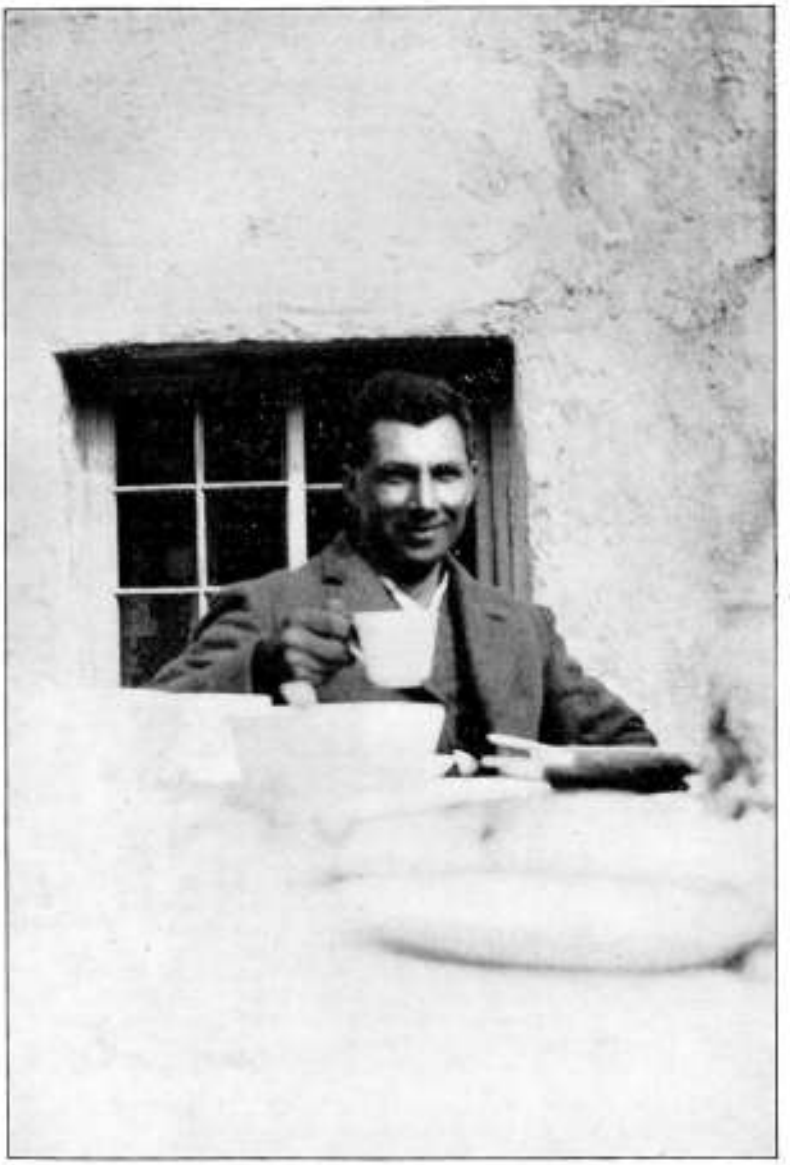

Photo by *H. P. Cain.*

J. B. WILTON.

Hon. Secretary, 1921-2.