

# PILLAR ROCK AND NEIGHBOURING CLIMBS.

BY H. M. KELLY.

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## PREFATORY NOTE.

It has been my endeavour to make the Guide as accurate as possible, and with this in view it was decided that all the descriptions should be first hand ; which, of course, involved the going over of each climb personally. It is of some considerable satisfaction to myself, and those who helped me in the work, that this high aim has been carried out, except as where indicated, e.g. Mallory's Climb, and even here much time was spent in trying to locate the route.

This task was utterly impossible without help ; and I feel very much indebted for the assistance given by Messrs. H. Coates, J. H. Doughty, R. E. W. Pritchard, Morley Wood, and Mrs. Eden-Smith. Pillar Rock is not at one's backdoor ; so many visits to Wasdale were necessary. But this side of the matter was infinitesimal compared with the patience required, and good temper needed, whilst surveying the climbs. One specially remembers, in this connection, five of us spending five hours doing the North West Climb in heavy rain, and the cheeriness displayed by the party under fearsome and depressing circumstances. That day will live in memory—for the leader at least, I fancy—to the end. It was an epic in our lives. Such occasions made the Guide worth while, and kept back protests when the " manager," morning after morning, said " Pillar " was the Order of the Day. This help, moreover, was not confined to doing the climbs, it was also vouchsafed when off them ; and in this connection am I specially under obligation to Doughty for his kindness in many ways.

### HISTORICAL.

That Pillar Rock should have attracted mankind over one hundred years ago, is not surprising in view of the fact of its unique position amongst our climbing grounds—an isolated crag on the breast of a mountain flanking one of the most desolate of our Lake District dales. The very remoteness of its surroundings, as well as the apparent inaccessibility of its summit, no doubt fascinated as well as awed the shepherds and others whose work or play took them within the neighbourhood, and its solitariness naturally became a challenge. Early Guide Books, farm fireside talk, and inn gossip, undoubtedly clothed it with a certain amount of romance ; and when Atkinson made his first ascent in 1826 it only increased the allurements of the place.

It is not very difficult to assign to this first ascent its due place in relation to our sport, for it cannot be gainsaid that in it was the first seed of what we know as English rock climbing. The climbing of rocks as a sport in itself parted ways with mountaineering as then known, i.e. the attainment

of the summit of a mountain by the least arduous route. True, there was no positive break from tradition ; the change was more evolutionary, but one can see here the branch forking from the stem. Here was a definite attempt to get to a summit—not of a mountain, mark you !—by way of difficult rocks.

John Atkinson's achievement was given prominent notice in the County paper which remarked that " tho' the undertaking had been attempted by *thousands*, it was always relinquished as hopeless." It was soon emulated by three shepherds, Messrs. J. Colebank, W. Tyson, and J. Braithwaite, who are supposed to have followed his route the same year ; although it is claimed by a writer in the " West Cumberland Times " of August 8th, 1891, that they reached the top of the Rock by the east side, on what grounds I do not know. Evidently there were " thousands " more failures, as the next recorded ascents were made by Lieut. Wilson, R.N. (1848), whom one might describe as the first tourist, C. A. M. Baumgartner, — Whitehead, and — Hartley (all in 1850). These may not have been the only persons who had ascended Pillar by this time, as Mr. Baumgartner says he found on the top " a bottle . . . containing a paper recording the names of preceding visitors," although unfortunately he does not give their names.

The feat was now, by the frequency of its accomplishment, becoming less fearsome, and Mr. George Seatree estimates that an approximately correct summary of ascents from 1826 to 1875 is as under :—

1826 to 1850	...	...	...	6 ascents.
1850 to 1866	...	...	...	22    "
1866 to 1873	...	...	...	31    "
1874...	...	...	...	10    "
1875...	...	...	...	50    "
Total				119

The first eight ascents were evidently by the Old West Route, with the possible exception of Baumgartner's, this, according to a letter of his, being by the east and north sides ;

and Mr. Whitehead's, who claims, according to Mr. J. W. Robinson, to have done the Corner above the Slab, i.e., the one into which the Pendlebury Traverse leads. In the early sixties a little more certainty creeps in, and new directions are discovered; for Messrs. Barnes and Graves worked out the Old Wall Route; and Messrs. Conybeare, Butler, and probably others climbed the east face, although there is some doubt whether the latter party did the Notch on this occasion or went by the "Easy Way" variation. A still newer route was made in the early seventies by Gardiner and the Pendleburys, although one can only look upon this as a substantial variation of the Slab and Notch.

The Rock now began to attract our women folk, and Miss A. Barker had the honour of the first ascent for her sex in 1870. Miss Mary Westmoreland accompanied her brothers (Thomas and Edward) up it in 1873 or 4, and Mrs. Ann Creer was the third in 1875. This latter year also saw the introduction to the Rock of that most interesting character, the Rev. James Jackson, self and well styled the Patriarch of the Pillarites. It was also in this year that Mr. George Seatree became a devotee, and for the next ten years he guided many parties to the shrine on the summit.

An interesting point to note at this juncture is the fact, called attention to by Mr. Seatree, that hitherto the climbing had been done ropeless; and this is probably the reason why there was not a great deal of variation in the quality of the routes taken in the first fifty years. One can, therefore, understand his surprise at Robinson carrying a rope when they first met in the eighties.

And now, with the advent of that prince of pioneers, Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith, a change came over the scene, and following the general new developments in rock climbing, more difficult routes were worked out.

Messrs. J. W. Robinson (a name particularly associated with Pillar), W. C. Slingsby, and G. Hastings, all assisted in the impetus which he gave to this. It was this decade which became memorable in the annals of rock climbing on Pillar Rock because of the long siege laid to the North Climb; for Haskett-Smith, along with his brother Edmund, reached

the Stomach Traverse at least as early as 1884 ; and less than a year after the first ascent of the climb in 1891, G. A. Solly led a party up it, and showed that the descent into Savage Gully could be avoided by the Hand Traverse, a fact further emphasised by J. Collier's successful attack on the Nose about twelve months later.

Exploration of the Rock kept pace with that on other crags in the Lake District, and 1899 and 1901 saw the fall of Walker's Gully and Savage Gully respectively, a fitting culmination to the gully epoch of the sport. The successful attack on the New West Climb by the brothers Abraham in 1901 recalled the further possibilities of this almost forgotten face, but a more significant sign of the times (the development of modern rock climbing) was the magnificent victory over the North West angle of the Rock in 1906. It was ten years, however, before the West Face was thought of again, when the South West Climb paved the way in 1911 for the successful attacks on it in 1919 and 1920 ; although curiously enough, the men who showed the possibilities of this side in 1901, went to the North East for their next successful attack on the Stone in 1912.

Before closing this brief history there is one name in addition to those already given that I should like to mention. That Pillar Rock should have made an appeal to L. J. Oppenheimer was an inevitable reaction between such a striking natural object and a man of his artistic temperament. It was the lodestone of his wanderings in the Lake District, and though he did not achieve any of the greatness associated with being the leader of a first ascent, it was mainly due to his optimism that Savage Gully and the North West Climb were done.

### THE APPROACHES.

As a climbing ground, Pillar Rock is accessible from Ennerdale, Wasdale, Buttermere, and Borrowdale. Either the 1 inch Ordnance Map, England and Wales, Sheet 12, or the 1 inch Bartholomew's "Keswick, Ullswater, &c." Map will be of much service in this connection.

**Ennerdale.**—This valley offers very little in the way of accommodation for visitors. The Angler's Inn, at the foot

of Ennerdale Lake, is nearly six miles away. Gillerthwaite, a mile and a quarter above the head of the lake, is the nearest farmhouse. The River Liza can be crossed by a new footbridge about half-an-hour's walk from the farm, just before reaching a wooden hut and sheepfold. It would be as well to begin to ascend the fellside at once, taking a slightly diagonal route towards the left until an opening in the lower crags presents itself. The beck which is met here, is formed by the two streams flowing from Great Doup and the West Waterfall respectively. From the Liza to the foot of the Rock involves a rise of about twelve hundred feet.

**Wasdale.**—This being the most popular of our Lakeland climbing centres, the majority of climbers will make it their headquarters. The best route—about two to two and a half hours' walking—is along the well-defined track up the hanging valley of Mosedale, one of the most mysterious of our dales. Where the path bifurcates, take the one to the right which goes up by Gatherstone Beck. The prominent mound surmounted immediately after crossing the footbridge is known as Gatherstone Head, beyond which the path gradually rises up to Black Sail Pass. It is not necessary to go to the summit of the Pass as the slope of Looking Stead can be ascended by turning to the left of an outcrop of rock where the path becomes stony. Once the ridge is gained, and shortly after it begins to rise up to Pillar Mountain, a cairn will be seen on the right, indicating the start of the High Level Route. A shorter but more arduous route direct to this point can be made by taking a slanting course across the fellside just after leaving Gatherstone Head.

There are two alternatives from the cairn mentioned, (a) by the High Level Route, and (b) up the main ridge of Pillar Mountain.

The High Level Route, with its well-marked track across the breast of the mountain, is most fascinating. The delight of its undulating path, first skirting Green Cove, then rising over ridges and dipping into further coves, culminates in the surprising view of Pillar Rock as seen from Robinson's Cairn. The path is just as enduring a memorial to John Wilson Robinson (its chief discoverer) as the cairn itself.

The other route (b) continues up to the summit of the mountain itself, whence a descent, practically due north, is made over rough ground for something like 400 feet. It is not altogether necessary to ascend to the top of the mountain, as some distance below, near where the wire fence reaches almost to the edge of the ridge, a deep cove (Great Doup) is seen on the right. This spot can also be identified by a cairn. Descend the cove by an intermittent path which works to the left past the memorial to the late Rev. James Jackson, and after a few ups and downs, including the descent of a little stone shoot, the Rock soon comes into view.

Still another route from Wasdale is by Windy Gap (Wind Yat). Instead of turning to the right up Gatherstone Beck, take the path to the left, and keep straight ahead to a nick in the ridge of the mountain in front, taking care to avoid going up the main combe (Blackem Head) of Mosedale to the left. On reaching the Gap, two ways of approach offer themselves. The first is up the ridge on the right to the top of Pillar Fell, whence the northerly descent, already referred to, brings one to Jordan Gap on the south side of the Rock. The other way is to descend slightly into Windy Gap Cove, which is on the Ennerdale side, and then contour the screestrewn slope of the fellside to the right until the West Cove is reached, the climber finding himself conveniently above the Waterfall and well situated for the West Face Routes. It should be noted that the approach by Windy Gap is very laborious, the ground being rough up to the Gap and beyond it.

**Buttermere.**—Buttermere is almost, if not quite as handy, as Wasdale. The obvious way is by Scarf Gap, but instead of descending into Ennerdale by the well known track, it will save time to leave the latter soon after crossing the col and take a line across a green tongue to the right, thence fording the Liza and traversing the slopes of Pillar Fell upward toward the opening in the crags mentioned under the heading of "Ennerdale." Of course, it is possible to reach the beginning of the High Level Route either by the usual path to Black Sail, or by the more direct ascent up Green Cove.

**Borrowdale.** Borrowdale is the most distant centre. If the climber is staying at Seathwaite, a good route to take would be by Sour Milk Ghyll to the top of Gillercombe. After crossing the ridge, either a long descent into Ennerdale, or alternatively a traverse over very rough ground across the slopes of Green Gable, Great Gable, and Kirkfell, would ultimately lead to the High Level Route. Should the climber be staying at Seatoller, however, the nearest way would be via Honister Hause, the Drum House, then to the left across the flats below Brandreth until a small combe affords an easy descent into Ennerdale, almost opposite the foot of Black Sail Pass.

### TOPOGRAPHICAL.

Pillar Rock, as its name indicates, is a shapely crag, and is practically conical in appearance. Strictly speaking there are two cones stuck together, one higher than the other, termed High Man and Low Man respectively. In plan it runs longitudinally north and south at right angles to Pillar Mountain, on the north slope of which it lies.

The south side is short and forms one side of Jordan Gap. This gap cuts Pillar off from Pisgah, which is part of the main mass. The north side is long and sloping, extending in an easy ridge from High Man to Low Man, thence dropping over the steep north cliff of the latter, and terminating in the Green Ledge, although traces of this mighty excrescence can be seen lower down the hillside in the form of a few outcrops.

The east side is flanked by the Shamrock (which is in turn bounded by Pillar Cove, better known as Great Doup) and the deep cleft between the two is Walker's Gully.

On the west side, Low Man is cut off from the fell side by the Waterfall, but the feet of High Man are washed by the scree from a little gully running up to the south side behind Pisgah.

As mentioned previously, the High Level Route being the most popular approach, it will be as well to indicate the way to the above places from this direction.



It will be remembered that the climber was taken along this and left at Robinson's Cairn. If the weather is clear all the topography given will be seen from there except that of the west side which, of course, is hidden from view. One of the first things to be noticed, apart from the towering mass of Pillar, is the Sham Rock, which lies to the left and partly hides High Man. The notch on the left of High Man is Jordan Gap; whilst, splitting the upper part of High Man itself, is a cleft, known as the Great Chimney, with a large sloping ledge on its right, similar to *the Slab*. The dividing line between High Man and Low Man is Savage Gully, with Walker's Gully running at an angle to it behind the Shamrock, but not being visible from this point.

Coming back to the Shamrock, it will be noticed that this is split in two by a wide gully (Shamrock Gully) the top of which ends just above an amphitheatre, to be referred to shortly. On the right of the gully is Shamrock Buttress, conspicuous with its diamond-shaped wall about half way up. The direction of the SHAMROCK TRAVERSE can be seen plainly running across a large sloping scree-strewn ledge on the top of the Shamrock. This is the easiest way, from the east, to Jordan Gap and the short climbs on the east face of High Man. To reach the Traverse, go along the path to the left into Great Doup, keeping about the same level, then ascend this a little until a short scree shoot is seen on the right. This is the start of the Traverse. The track will take one along over the broad terrace mentioned previously until it stops short at the top of an amphitheatre. This amphitheatre acts as a sort of funnel to the top of Walker's Gully and catches all the scree falling from the slopes of Pillar Mountain immediately above. A nearer view is now obtained of the east side of High Man, especially of the East Jordan Gully which runs up into the Gap, and of the prominent SLAB near its foot, which is the key to the easiest route to High Man. The descent into the amphitheatre from the Traverse is somewhat awkward. The track continues across the amphitheatre into EAST JORDAN GULLY, a very easy climb with only one short pitch in it, and that of the chockstone variety. It should be remembered, too, that it is also possible to take an

easy way over to the west side of the rock via this Traverse. All that one has to do is to climb up a little out of the amphitheatre, about half way across, whence the back of Pisgah is reached at the top of the little gully mentioned as running up from the west side.

It should also be noted that it is possible, by easy scrambling, to reach the top of Low Man from the Shamrock Traverse. The scree of the amphitheatre is descended on the left hand side (looking down) until one comes to the foot of the deep cleft (Great Chimney). A little ridge, which at one time had a wall on it, leading down to the top of Walker's Gully, is immediately in front ; this is crossed, and easy ledges at the same level lead into Stony Gully (upper part of Savage Gully) a scramble up which soon brings one to Low Man. The OLD WALL ROUTE, one of the earliest variations of the climbing on Pillar, goes by this way, except that shortly before reaching Stony Gully a divergence is made to a wide square chimney, about twenty-five feet in height, which is seen in a corner up on the left. This chimney is ascended, and from the top a junction is made with the ordinary ridge route from Low Man to High Man, which constitutes the finish of the Old West Climb.

To reach the north and west sides of the rock from Robinson's Cairn, the best way, instead of making a bee line to the GREEN LEDGE, i.e. by descending the grass slope straight-away, is to follow the same path as the one to the Shamrock Traverse, but before reaching the scree of the Great Doup take a turn toward the right over the hummocks in front until the same scree-slope is reached lower down. A descending path will take one across this, past the foot of the Shamrock, Walker's Gully, and other climbs hereabouts, and on to the Green Ledge. The latter runs right across the foot of the North Face, and a short descent at the end of it brings one to the Waterfall. It is possible to avoid crossing this by climbing up the rocks which bound it on the left hand side ; but this is a difficult way and demands some skill in climbing.

At first appearance the way across the waterfall looks the harder of the two, but it is a simple matter to reach the bed

of the stream, and though the short climb out on the opposite side demands considerable care, it is soon accomplished ; after which all that one has to do is to ascend easy ground until a more commanding view of the West Face can be obtained.

Unlike the east side, whose innumerable ledges and terraces catch the light from above and cast many shadows, the West Face, as a picture, is flat and stark, and assumes a fiercer aspect, though the profile has a certain amount of grace. For, while the angle of Low Man is akin to that of the view from the east, the outline changes into a beautiful parabolic curve from its summit to that of High Man. Jordan Gap, too, is more impressive, whilst Pisgah itself has a toothed appearance, like that of some snarling beast.

Despite the general flat appearance of this face, it will be noticed that where the left wing of High Man rests on Low Man, the rock becomes more broken up and forms an easy rake to the latter. This is known as the OLD WEST ROUTE. To those who wish to reach High Man by this route, there should be no great difficulty in locating it and following its course to Low Man. From there the way goes up the main ridge on the right by a series of ledges, corners, and short chimneys of moderate quality. The climb is well scratched throughout. It has a variation from Low Man, and SLINGSBY'S CRACK may be used instead. This crack, which is only short and of moderate difficulty, starts a few yards to the right of the ordinary route and somewhat enhances the merit of the climb.

The most striking feature of this side, however, is a deep cleft (West Jordan Gully) which, cutting off High Man from Pisgah on its right, seems endeavouring to carve a way through to East Jordan Gully on the other side. One has often contemplated what the isolation of the Rock would be like if the mass of jammed boulders and earth in Jordan Gap should collapse, and thus lengthen the short climbs on the south side by at least one hundred feet.

It will be noticed, too, that high up on the right of Pisgah is a little gully. This provides an easy way to the east side. A mighty rock fall took place here in the summer of 1920.

Thousands of tons of rock fell and scoured the west scree to such an extent as to lay bare a tiny feeder of the waterfall which must have been buried under more than a foot of debris.

Owing to the flatness, already referred to, the characteristics of the climbing on the West Face are different from those on the others. Whereas, in the main you have gullies and chimneys on the latter, here the climbs are chiefly composed of slabs and walls, and in consequence they are cleaner, if more exposed.

### THE CLIMBS.

It will be noticed that the order in which the climbs have been described is the one of encircling the Rock, left to right, starting on the south side and working back to the same point East, North, and West. A classified list of the climbs is also given so that ready reference can be made to any climb of the difficulty required.

Particular attention is drawn to the following points:—

The grading of the climbs in difficulty refers to ascents, and to dry weather conditions.

The pitches have been described in the simplest possible terms, and any attempt to interfere with the climber's own technique in the art has been avoided as much as possible. In cases where this rule has been departed from, the reason lies more in the fact that such information was the only possible way of describing the pitch, or that in some instances, even the most expert of climbers likes to know "what is round the corner."

The amount of rope given as required by the leader is net, i.e., the length between him and the second man, leaving out of account waist length. The leader is further advised not to stint himself of rope, especially on the more severe climbs. The length given for each pitch is not always the distance between start and finish, but indicates in each case the actual length of climbing involved. The same applies to the total length of climbs as given. Length



*Photo by*

SOUTH FACE OF HIGH MAN.

*H. Coates.*

a.—FAR WEST JORDAN CLIMB. b.—WEST JORDAN CRACK. c.—WEST JORDAN CLIMB. d.—JORDAN BASTION.  
e.—CENTRAL JORDAN CLIMB. f.—EAST JORDAN CLIMB. g.—EAST JORDAN WALL. p.—PISGAH.

of pitches and climbs (except the shortest in each case) are given to the nearest five feet and twenty-five feet respectively.

The terms "left" and "right," except where otherwise stated, mean as the climber is facing his climb.

The angle of a glacia is such that it can be walked up; a slab is steeper; whilst a wall is nearly vertical and may overhang. The slopes are approximately—below 30°, between 30° and 75°, above 75°.

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## PILLAR ROCK.

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### SOUTH SIDE (Jordan Gap).

**Central Jordan Climb**—55 feet; difficult; any number of climbers; leader needs 35 feet of rope. The descent furnishes a quick route off the Rock. Starts immediately to the right of the highest part of the Gap.

- (1) 25 feet. A corner with a crack in it leads to a big sloping ledge.
- (2) 30 feet. A crack starts from the left-hand corner of the ledge and is climbed with the left leg in, the wall on the right being used for footholds. From the top of the crack a low wall leads to High Man.

### Climbs to the left of Central Jordan Climb.

**Jordan Bastion**.—50 feet; severe. A climb of one pitch which entails a big strain on the arms. Situated between the Central and West Jordan Climbs.

- (1) 50 feet. The sloping stance on the top or a bulge about fifteen feet up, and below a crack, is best tackled from the right. The crack is the most difficult section, and it is a relief to step out on to the left of a block at the top. Another short crack leads to the top of Jordan Flake.

**West Jordan Climb.**—50 feet ; difficult. Starts immediately to the left of the narrow part of the Gap.

- (1) 50 feet. A wall with an awkward take-off leads to a ledge ten feet up. A shallow scoop is succeeded by a difficult crack on the right which leads to the top of the flake ; the Central Jordan Climb is joined here.

**West Jordan Crack.**—80 feet ; difficult ; number immaterial. Leader needs 40 feet of rope. Starts from a poised block immediately to the left of West Jordan Climb.

- (1) 15 feet. A delicate movement to the left across the bulging rock, with a good hold for the right hand high up, finishes at a grassy corner.
- (2) 35 feet. A short slab followed by a steep crack.
- (3) 30 feet. Easy scrambling to High Man.

**Far West Jordan Climb.**—50 feet ; difficult ; number immaterial. Leader needs 40 feet of rope.

- (1) 15 feet. The first pitch is identical with that of West Jordan Crack.
- (2) 35 feet. A short slab on the left leads to a tiny pinnacle. Above this a narrow crack is entered and the route shortly rejoins West Jordan Crack.

**Climbs to the right of Central Jordan Climb.**

**East Jordan Climb.**—100 feet ; severe ; any number. Leader needs 45 feet of rope. Starts at the chockstone in East Jordan Gully.

- (1) 20 feet. Traverse to the right, then up to a grassy ledge.
- (2) 35 feet. An obtuse corner with incipient crack leading to the broad ledge mentioned in the description of Central Jordan Climb.
- (3) 40 feet. An awkward step to the right, followed by a mossy wall leading to a grassy slope, whence the route works to the left in the direction of High Man.

N.B.—The last pitch coincides in part with Mr. Haskett-Smith's original East Jordan Climb. He reached the

big ledge by the usual route from the Gap, and worked more to the right above the awkward step.

**East Jordan Wall.**—80 feet ; exceptionally severe, steep and exposed. Doubtful looking rock in the upper portion. Any number. Leader needs 80 feet of rope. Starts midway between East Jordan and the Slab and Notch Climbs.

- (1) 10 feet. A shallow corner of about ten feet is climbed to a juniper ledge. Belay a few feet higher up.
- (2) 70 feet. A rather open mossy groove is climbed to a small niche 30 feet up, where a good rest can be taken. The route now trends to the right to doubtful holds. A shallow depression is ascended for a few feet and is then quitted on the left. The climbing is very exposed hereabouts but the finish is near at hand.

### On Pisgah.

**Pisgah from Jordan Gap.**—20 feet ; difficult ; severe if wet.

20 feet. Start from the top of a big block just opposite the Central Jordan Climb. By the aid of a small foothold a long stride is made to a thin crack on the right. A groove is then entered with rather poor holds. A good hold, however, is found for the finish.

**East Pisgah Chimneys.**—There are two chimneys on the east side of Pisgah, neither of which is of much interest, the climbing being short and of moderate quality.

The LEFT HAND CHIMNEY is well defined and is situated just to the right of the point where the Shamrock Traverse is left to reach the back of Pisgah. It is rather a deep and wide cleft, and its first pitch of 25 feet is overcome by bridging and then climbing up the right wall. A shorter pitch follows.

The RIGHT HAND CHIMNEY is a few feet nearer East Jordan Gully, and is not so well defined. Grassy ledges are ascended until a shallow chimney of 25 feet brings one to the top of Pisgah. This is the more awkward of the two chimneys.



**EAST SIDE OF HIGH MAN.**

**Slab and Notch Climb.**—125 feet ; easy ; any number. Leader needs 35 feet of rope. Starts opposite the point where the Shamrock Traverse enters East Jordan Gully.

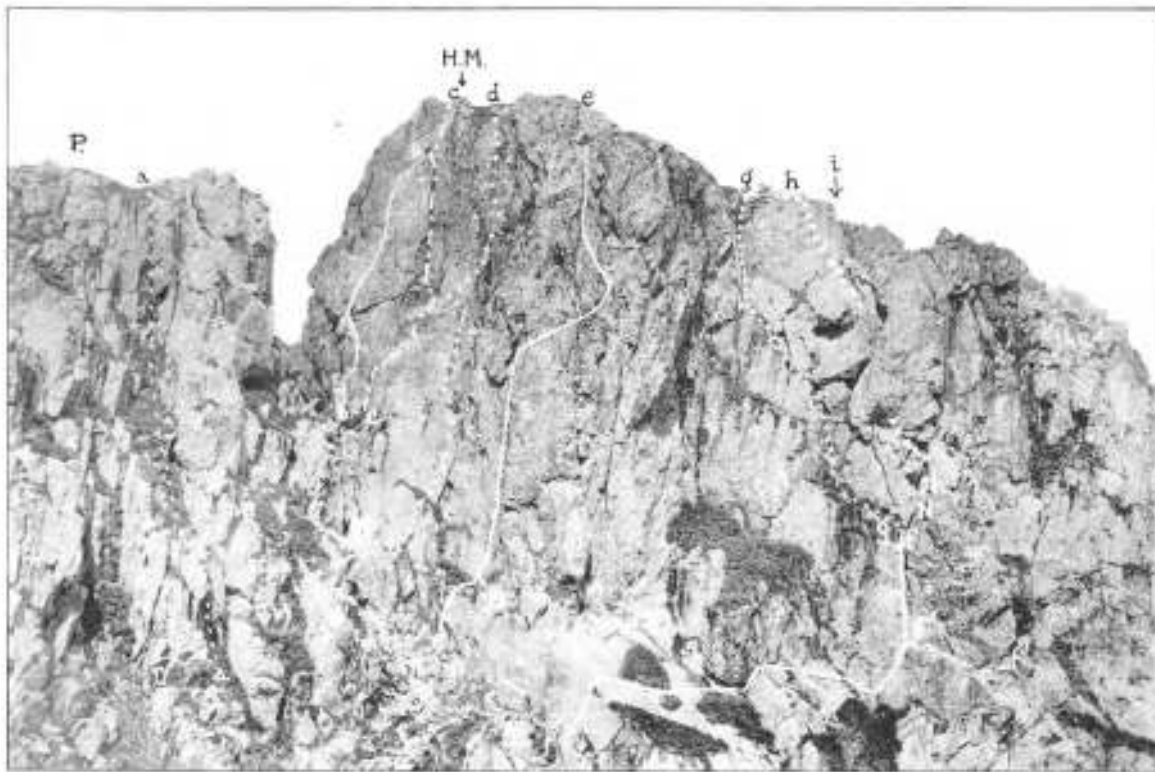
- (1) 45 feet. A horizontal path followed by a couple of four-foot rises leads across the foot of the Slab to a corner below the Notch. The path is reached either by climbing an eight foot crack on the right, or by scrambling up on the left and working down the slab. Also a short upward traverse to the right reaches the path.
- (2)\* 25 feet. A corner with good holds finishes at the Notch. The same point can be reached by a variation on the left.
- (3) 30 feet. An easy ledge to the right, followed by an easy staircase.
- (4) 25 feet. Another ledge and staircase.

A short slab with a traverse to the right, finishes in a grassy gully. The latter goes to High Man.

**\*Variation : "The Easy Way."**—Instead of climbing up to the Notch, the second pitch can be left about twelve feet above the level of the path. At this point a sensational looking but perfectly safe and easy traverse to the right, leads one round the big projecting nose below the Notch. Rock ledges trending downwards give on to a grassy path ; and finally (about thirty-five feet from the start of the traverse) a short descent and a step round the corner lands one in the easy upper part of the Great Chimney (q.v.). This route to High Man constitutes the so-called Easy Way, probably the first route made on the East side (see "Historical").

**Pendlebury Traverse.**—65 feet ; moderate ; any number. Leader needs 30 feet of rope. Starts at the Notch.

- (1) 25 feet. A grass ledge on the left sloping up to a short chimney.
- (2) 20 feet. Climb over or round a block at the top of the chimney on to a moderate upward traverse, using parallel cracks for hands and feet.



*Photo by* EAST FACE OF HIGH MAN. *J. H. Doughty.*  
 a—EAST PISGAH CHIMNEY (RIGHT). b—JORDAN BASTION. c—CENTRAL JORDAN CLIMB. d—EAST JORDAN CLIMB.  
 e—EAST JORDAN WALL. f—SLAB AND NOTCH CLIMB. f'—SLAB AND NOTCH "EASY WAY." g—PENDLEBURY  
 TRAVERSE. h—THE ARÊTE. i—TOP OF GREAT CHIMNEY. P—PISGAH. H.M.—HIGH MAN. N—THE NOTCH.

- (3) 20 feet. A chimney, climbed by facing the right wall.

**The Arête.**—65 feet; moderate; number immaterial. Leader needs 35 feet of rope. Best taken in combination with the Curtain, the two forming a pleasant climb of moderate length. Starts on a ledge immediately beyond the NOTCH.

- (1) 15 feet. A corner, slightly overhanging at the start; good holds.  
 (2) 30 feet. An easy rock-ridge with a somewhat difficult finish.  
 (3) 20 feet. A sharp arête with level top, leading to High Man.

**The Curtain.**—100 feet; rather difficult; number immaterial. Leader needs 35 feet of rope. The climb runs up to the left of the Great Chimney, the start being marked by a prominent cairn on a broad grassy ledge.

- (1) 30 feet. A wall with good holds but some loose rock.  
 (2) 30 feet. A difficult crack starting from a poised block on the right.  
 (3) 50 feet. A staircase, steep at the beginning, succeeded by an easy arête which finishes on the Ledge below the NOTCH. Can be done in two pitches.

By climbing round to the left and up to the NOTCH the ridge can be regained and followed to the summit. This latter portion is usually reckoned as a separate climb, (see: The ARÊTE).

**The Great Chimney.**—80 feet; difficult; any number. Leader needs 35 feet of rope. Middle section usually wet. This is the prominent cleft which splits the East Face, running down from High Man to nearly the top of Walker's Gully.

- (1) 20 feet. Two platforms on the left are climbed.  
 (2) 30 feet. A steep and difficult chimney.  
 (3) 30 feet. A wide grassy chimney.

At this point the climb proper finishes. A long grassy slope known as the "Steep Grass" leads to a short chimney pitch, which constitutes the finish to the "Easy Way," (see Slab and Notch Climb).

**NORTH EAST SIDE OF HIGH MAN.**

Perhaps it is not generally known that this face can be traversed at a higher level than the Old Wall Route (see Topography). Well up the recess leading to the foot of the Great Chimney an easy crack will be seen on the right. This leads to a broad ledge which has some large blocks resting on it. Just beyond this is the foot of the North East Chimney, whilst about 50 feet further on the Square Chimney on the Old Wall Route is reached.

**North East Chimney.**—50 feet ; difficult.

- (1) 25 feet. A wide V chimney. The crack in the V is utilised for 15 feet, after which a ledge on the right enables one to grasp a protruding chockstone at the top of the pitch.

It will be noticed that one is now on the conspicuous heather covered slabs to the right of the Steep Grass of the Great Chimney, up which an easy exit can be made.

- (2) 25 feet. At the top of the slab on the right an incipient chimney can be climbed. Its lower portion contains a chockstone which requires a very strenuous pull to surmount. The rest is comparatively easy. The climb finishes on the ridge of the Old West Route. An alternative crack some feet away on the left can be taken, but it is severe.

**North East Arête.**—50 feet ; difficult. Starts on the right wall of the first pitch of the North East Chimney.

- (1) 50 feet. A crack, slanting up to the right, leads to a series of awkward ledges, which end on the ridge a little below the finish of the above climb.

**EAST SIDE OF THE SHAMROCK.**

**Shamrock Gully.**—550 feet ; any number. Leader needs 40 feet of rope. This gully, although of considerable length, offers very little real climbing, the greater portion of it being composed of grass, loose earth, and shifting scree.

A scramble up scree and grass for 250 feet leads to the foot of the first pitch—15 feet high. This can be climbed on the left (severe) or turned by taking to the buttress on the right, but considerably lower down. 150 feet farther up is the Great Pitch—25 feet. Either the right or left hand route is very severe, strenuous, and unpleasant, and the top of the pitch is covered with loose stones. The grassy bed of the gully now runs to a saddle about 100 feet higher.

**Shamrock Buttress.**—500 feet; Route 1 is moderate; Route 2 very difficult; two to five climbers. Leader needs 40 feet of rope (60 feet for Route 2). Route 2 offers the best climbing, Route 1 being broken up and grassy. Starts immediately to the right of Shamrock Gully.

- (1) An easy wide grassy chimney is climbed for 80 feet, or easy rocks on the left may be taken.
- (2) 35 feet. A rib on the right of the chimney.
- (3) 30 feet. The same rib is continued.
- (4) 110 feet of easier rock and grassy ledges ending on a large bilberry covered platform.

From here there are two alternatives :—

**Route 1—**

- (5) 40 feet. Skirt, to the right, the buttress in front and round the base of a diamond-shaped vertical wall (conspicuous from the foot of the crags) to the foot of a narrow chimney crowned with grass.
- (6) 20 feet. Chimney.
- (7) 15 feet. Coarse grass leads to a cave formed by a big capstone and climbed on the left.
- (8) 30 feet. A short ridge on the right finishing up a 15 foot crack.
- (9) 60 feet. A walk up a shallow grassy gully.
- (10) 20 feet. Either a difficult crack on the right, or an easy through route.
- 11) 30 feet. An easy scramble to the right.

- (12) 40 feet. A buttress ascended on its right face, and finishing on the ridge, which leads to a prominent perched block (the "Tea-table").

**Route 2—**

- (5) 50 feet. From the bilberry ledge climb the buttress straight ahead and traverse into the gully. The diamond-shaped wall is now on the right.
- (6) 30 feet. A mossy wall with small holds, bordering on the severe in wet weather.
- (7) 40 feet. A series of ledges leading along the ridge.
- (8) 30 feet. A grassy walk into the gully, arriving about fifteen feet above the top of the Great Pitch of Shamrock Gully.
- (9)\* 50 feet. Enter a dark recess and climb out by a short movement to the right. Then a steep wall is ascended to a cave, using a crack with doubtful chocks en route. Room for two here.
- (10) 10 feet. Climb out of the cave—facing right—to a roomy corner with good belays.
- (11) 25 feet. Climb from the corner to a ledge on the right, then up a short slab to a grassy corner, which leads to the final ridge mentioned in Route 1.

**\*VARIATION.**

Some yards higher up the gully a narrow chimney is seen fifteen feet up on the right wall. This is entered with difficulty, and best climbed facing left: it ends on a ledge about level with the cave mentioned above. The climb goes straight up to a ledge on the left. A large detached block facilitates the finish and Route 2 is joined near the top.

**NORTH SIDE OF THE SHAMROCK.**

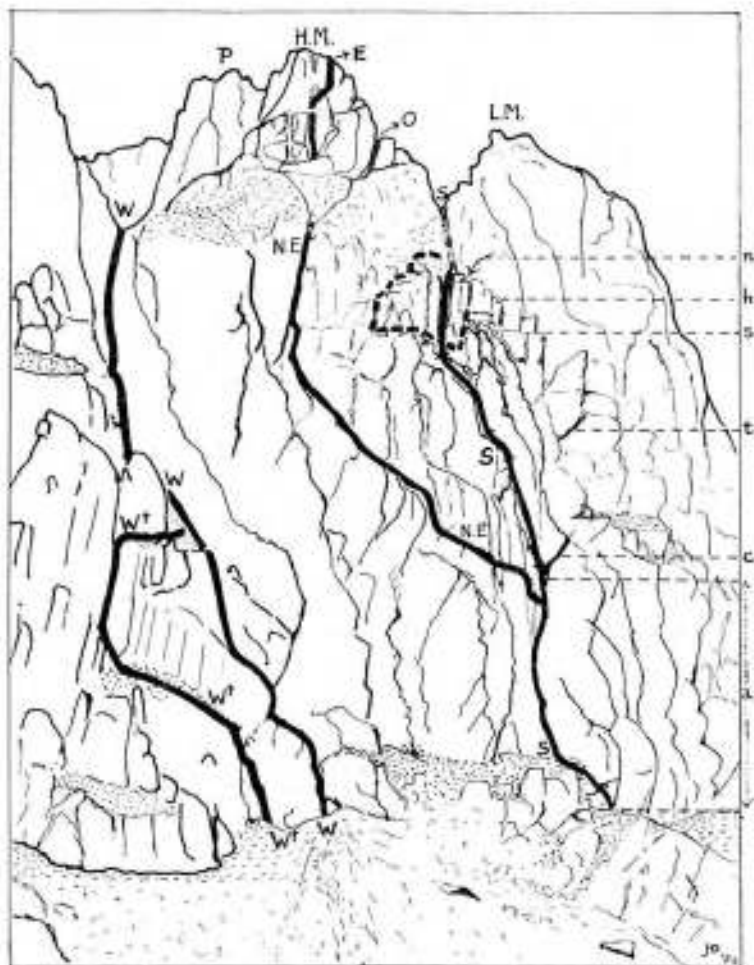
**The Shamrock Chimneys.**—500 feet; very difficult; any number. Leader needs 45 feet of rope. Not a very pleasant



*Photo by*

*J. H. Doughty.*

PILLAR ROCK FROM THE NORTH EAST.



P.—PISGAH. H.M.—HIGH MAN. E.—NORTH EAST CHIMNEY.  
 L.M.—LOW MAN. O.—SQUARE CHIMNEY ON OLD WALL ROUTE.  
 W. & W.†.—WALKER'S GULLY (TWO ROUTES). N.E.—NORTH EAST  
 CLIMB. S.—SAVAGE GULLY. NORTH CLIMB (MAIN FEATURES)—FIRST  
 PART OF NORTH CLIMB AND SAVAGE GULLY. c.—TWISTING CHIMNEY.  
 t.—STOMACH TRAVERSE. s.—SPLIT BLOCKS. h.—HAND TRAVERSE  
 n.—NOSE. - - - - SECOND ALTERNATIVE TO LAST PITCH.



climb. To the right of the Shamrock Buttress, beyond a mass of overhanging rock, a grassy bay will be noticed. After most unpleasant scrambling of 200 feet up steep grass, two chimneys, some distance apart, are seen, the most conspicuous being the one on the right. The start of the climb, however, is up that on the left.

- (1) 40 feet. A narrow chimney with chockstones at the bottom ; break out on the left for the finish.
- (2) 25 feet. A short slab on the left followed by a chimney on the right, with grassy holds for the finish.
- (3) 30 feet. The same chimney. Climb up the chockstones (it is possible for the leader to run his rope behind the last chockstone for safety, should he prefer this). Face right when tackling the V ahead ; then, when in it, face about and climb up the left wall until a small cave can be entered.
- (4) 30 feet. Break out of the chimney on the right to avoid the grassy part of it ahead.
- (5) 20 feet. A walk up grass.
- (6) 30 feet. A V chimney followed by a grassy walk.

The remainder of the climb follows Route 1 of Shamrock Buttress, up the shallow grassy gully, and so on.

**Walker's Gully.**—400 feet ; severe—last pitch very severe. Three or four climbers. Leader needs 60 feet of rope. A superb climb. Between the Shamrock and the North East ridge of Pillar.

- (1) 50 feet. Easy pitch. A short chimney and scree to the foot of a high chimney (green).
- (2) 40 feet. To attain a sloping terrace on the right, the wall is ascended on holds which are good till near the finish. An easier alternative to this can be made lower down, as the terrace slopes down to within a few feet of the bed of the ghyll.

It is said that the chimney direct is also feasible.

- (3) 35 feet. An exposed trough with very poor holds is climbed until it is possible to step across on to the first chockstone in the chimney. Another chockstone just above is easily surmounted.
- (4) 100 feet. Simple scrambling up the bed of the gully.
- (5) 30 feet. A chimney ; climb outside it on the left-hand edge for the first few feet until it can be entered more easily, when it leads to a cave, usually wet.
- (6) 25 feet. Climb up behind and then over a chockstone ; then bridge the gully, which is narrow here, until a sloping chockstone is reached ; a good handhold on the right side of it is found to be of great value. An upper chockstone, however, still makes it very awkward to attain a standing position, but once this is done a good hold on the top of this chockstone brings one's difficulties to an end.
- (7) 30 feet. A short scree slope and an easy pitch leads to a cave with a through route.
- (8) 15 feet. " Through Route." An arduous and energy wasting job. See that both arms are through the hole before the head. The leader should have no compunction about receiving assistance from below. An alternative route, providing finer climbing and demanding greater technique, can be made outside the cave, up the left wall. A narrow sloping ledge running up to the chockstone is difficult to attain. A small crack for the fingers at the back of the ledge is found most valuable. To climb along the ledge to the top of the cave is very exacting.
- (9) 40 feet. An easy through route or a staircase on the right wall brings one to two big boulders blocking the gully. The last can be climbed either on the right or left.
- (10) 20 feet. More large chockstones are encountered until a cave below the final pitch is arrived at.
- (11) 30 feet. The right wall is ascended on sloping holds until a recess under the final capstone is reached. The methods of overcoming the last few feet will differ. A tall man

with the great advantage of height, will adopt the easier device and back up with his back on the left wall. A short man, however, will have to adopt the more severe and exposed task of continuing up the right wall. To him, this last few feet will be the most exacting of the whole climb; for to get his head from under the capstone and then use a poor sloping hold for the right hand, until a better one can be reached higher up, will tax his physical powers to the uttermost.

**Alternative Start.** Route taken at the first ascent.

Starts some yards to the left of the foot of the gully.

- (1) 50 feet. Grassy ledges.
- (2) 60 feet. Traverse to the left to a corner.
- (3) 10 feet. Traverse again to the left across a wall to the foot of a narrow chimney.
- (4) 50 feet. The chimney, which has excellent holds, is now climbed.
- (5) 120 feet. A walk over a grassy terrace to the right, then upwards until the fifth pitch (30 feet) of the direct route is reached.

**Additional Finish to Walker's Gully.**—200 feet; fairly difficult; any number. Leader needs 35 feet of rope. For those who have not already lost interest in the day's climbing after having survived the last pitch of this gully, there is an additional bit of climbing which starts only a few yards away. The climb runs up the ridge on the left; its start is reached by crossing over the top of the capstone.

- (1) 30 feet. A moderately difficult crack is climbed to a block on the ridge. Belay.
- (2) 30 feet. A steep wall is now ascended. By the aid of good holds, a platform, identified by a small pile of stones, is reached on the right. Belay.
- (3) 25 feet. Climb on to a ledge on the right, in order to get on to a ridge on the left, as this provides the best climbing hereabouts. Platform and belay.

- (4) 20 feet. Keep straight up on rocks at an easy angle. Cairn.  
 N.B.—An alternative to this pitch, though rather out of the line of ascent, can be made up a steep and severe slab 35 feet long, starting below on the left.
- (5) 100 feet. Easy scrambling finishing near the "Tea-table" at the top of Shamrock Buttress.

### NORTH SIDE OF LOW MAN.

**North East Climb.**—300 feet ; very difficult ; number immaterial, but if only two, both should be capable of leading. Leader needs 45 feet of rope. Starts from a ledge in Savage Gully at the end of the third pitch of the North Climb.

- (1) 30 feet. Climb about six feet up the gully, then traverse for ten feet across a rib on the left to a small stance. A ten foot chimney leads to another stance with a belay some feet above.
- (2) 25 feet. Swing on the hands over a rib to the left on to a slab ; then continue in the same direction to grassy terraces. Belay.
- (3) 35 feet. A short chimney leads to a longer one with a difficult finish.
- (4) 40 feet. A short slab on the left, followed by a grassy walk leading to a long V groove on the wall of Walker's Gully.
- (5) 40 feet. The Groove—eases after the first few feet.
- (6) 40 feet. Continue up the Groove to a corner with a belay.
- (7) 20 feet. A mossy wall on the right, with a nasty finish, leads to a good ledge behind a big block. Perfect belay.
- (8) 20 feet. A vertical chimney with large holds.
- (9) 20 feet. A steep staircase leading to a grassy corner. Belay.
- (10) 50 feet. A steep chimney followed by easy grass ledges. From here a traverse can be made either to the right to Low Man, or to the left to the screes above Walker's Gully.

**Savage Gully.**—350 feet ; very severe ; two to four climbers. Leader needs 90 feet of rope. Probably the most exacting climb throughout on Pillar ; but its reputation for loose rock is quite undeserved. Not advisable under wet conditions.

- (1-4) 130 feet. The first four pitches are comparatively easy, and coincide with those of the North Climb (q.v.).
- (5) 80 feet. From the foot of the Twisting Chimney on the North Climb, the gully rises steeply to the left, and is divided by a fine looking rib. The groove on the right of the rib is ascended for about 40 feet, at this critical point a movement being made into the left groove. The awkward pull up on to a prominent green stance is facilitated by a side handhold in a hidden crack on the left hand side of the rib, just above the green stance. The right groove is again entered, and a little higher the climber finds himself beneath a chockstone ; this can be passed on either side, the left hand route being the harder Good belay.
- (6) 20 feet. A delicate step up to the left leads to a rock nest. Belay.
- (7) 50 feet. The corner ahead, which contains a narrow crack, is climbed with considerable difficulty. Rounded rocks then lead to the foot of the evil looking final pitch. (An alternative, of somewhat less severity, consists in climbing grassy ledges on the right into another corner, and then traversing back at a higher level. This lengthens the climbing by about 20 feet).
- (8) 60 feet. The chief difficulty lies in surmounting the bulging rock in the first fifteen feet. After this, good holds on the right wall can be used, and the climb soon finishes on a level with the top of the Nose of the North Climb. The remainder of the gully, which is called "Stony Gully," is all scree, with one or two minor pitches, and reaches a point just above Low Man.

N.B.—It is possible to avoid the last pitch by doing the same traverse as the one used when the Nose is avoided on the North Climb by the Savage Gully

variation (q.v.). The crack utilised in the descent into Savage Gully can be seen plainly on the right wall.

**North Climb.**—350 feet ; difficult ; last pitch exceptionally so unless Second Alternative is taken. Three or more climbers. Leader needs 40 feet of rope. A deservedly popular climb. Starts near the easterly end of Green Ledge. The route is well scratched throughout.

- (1) 35 feet. An easy mantelshelf and a short slab lead to a grassy ledge at the foot of Savage Gully, up which the next three pitches continue.
- (2) 30 feet. A rectangular groove (15 feet) with good holds on the left side leads to a recess with big belay.
- (3) 35 feet. A wall on the right, followed by a chimney in the gully.
- (4) 30 feet. An easy staircase. At this point the Savage Gully climb rises very steeply on the left.
- (5) 40 feet. A deep and twisting chimney on the right. It can be done in two pitches if desired.
- (6) 45 feet. A V chimney which can be done in two sections. The upper section should be climbed facing the right wall with the back on the slab.

A short walk of 15 feet brings one to the foot of the next pitch.

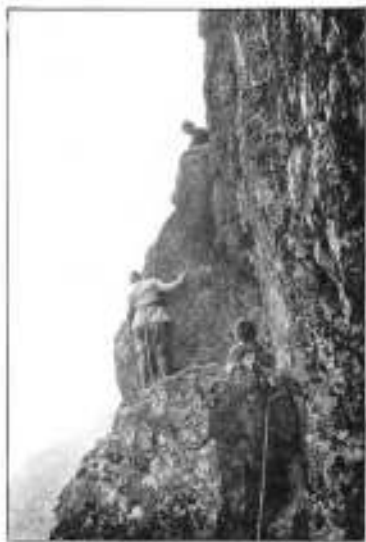
- (7) 30 feet. A narrow chimney, the latter part of which bends over to the right (known as the Stomach Traverse).
- (8) 20 feet. A cave pitch in a corner. Capstone climbed either on the left or right.

A grass walk of 20 feet leads to the Split Blocks.

- (9) 20 feet. These are climbed by the chimneys which split the blocks.
- (10) 20 feet. Traverse now to the left to a ledge below and to the right of the Nose. The first part of this traverse (The "Strid," a matter of only a few feet) can be done either with the face or back to the rocks.



*Photos by*  
TWISTING CHIMNEY—NORTH CLIMB.



*H. Coates.*  
THE NOSE—NORTH CLIMB.



*Photos by*  
COMING OVER THE NOSE—  
NORTH CLIMB.



*J. H. Doughty.*  
THE HAND TRAVERSE—  
NORTH CLIMB.

- (11) 15 feet. **The Nose.** From the corner work out on the projecting flake until standing on its tip. By feeling round the Nose with the left hand, a good side handhold can be secured. A man of medium height can reach a good flat hold for the right hand overhead. By pulling on these and throwing the left knee round to an obvious hold, the Nose can be surmounted without further difficulty. The second man can safeguard the leader whilst he is climbing this pitch by jamming himself in the corner with his foot against the flake, and belaying himself to the rock by wedging his rope in the crack overhead.

FIRST ALTERNATIVE TO THE LAST PITCH.

- (11) 25 feet. **THE HAND TRAVERSE.** From the right hand end of the ledge below the Nose, ascend the steep wall for about ten feet on good holds till the sharp edge of a flake can be grasped. Now traverse left to the top of the Nose, gripping the flake with the hands and easing the strain by pressing the feet or knees on the bulging rock below.

SECOND ALTERNATIVE TO THE LAST PITCH.

**DESCENT INTO SAVAGE GULLY.**—The leader and second man descend from the ledge to a belay pin below the Nose. The leader then descends on the rope down a crack into the gully, which is reached at a point about 40 feet below the ledge on the right of the Nose. He now crosses Savage Gully, and then traverses below a conspicuous chimney and round the corner to the foot of a 15 foot V chimney about 60 feet from the foot of the crack. The chimney is easily climbed, and then a simple upward traverse to the right for another 60 feet lands him into the upper part of Savage Gully (so called "Stony Gully"), whence a rope can be lowered to the rest of the party below the Nose. If the leader does this alternative alone, the second man should untie as soon as he has crossed Savage Gully, the leader then carrying the rope round; but if there are three or more in the



party, it is safer for two to descend into Savage Gully, the rope being untied between the second and third man only.

**North Climb—Intermediate Variation.**—Difficult. Starts nearly twenty yards to the right of the ordinary route.

- (1) 40 feet. Up grass on the left to a big block.
- (2) 50 feet. A buttress on the left, with grassy holds, leads to a turfey ledge.
- (3) 25 feet. Step across the foot of a short chimney to the right, and climb very steep rocks, working back over the top of the chimney to a good platform. It is possible to join the ordinary route from here.
- (4) 50 feet. A difficult buttress leading to a ledge a few feet below the top of the Twisting Chimney of the North Climb proper.

**North Climb—Westerly Variation.**—Difficult. Commences nearly fifty yards to the west of the ordinary start. In the early days, for some unaccountable reason, this route to the Split Blocks was called the "Easy Way."

- (1) 100 feet. Scrambling up grassy ledges.
- (2) 15 feet. A chimney to the left of a big slab.
- (3) 20 feet. Scramble over some blocks, then across the foot of a wide chimney on the left, and through a narrow corridor to a shelf.
- (4) 15 feet. A short buttress on the left leads to a good platform.
- (5) 25 feet. A difficult V chimney with good finishing holds.
- (6) 35 feet. Easy scrambling straight ahead to a grassy corner.
- (7) 25 feet. Starts with a grassy chimney 10 feet high. This can be avoided by a more difficult but pleasanter buttress on the left.
- (8) 10 feet. A chimney with overhanging chockstone.
- (9) 60 feet. Scree corridor and grassy terrace lead to Split Blocks.

**North West Climb.**—400 feet; exposed and very severe, particularly under wet conditions. Three or four climbers. Leader needs 60 feet of rope. A climb of continuous and

increasing difficulty on sound clean rock, and with fine situations. Starts at the westerly end of the Green Ledge, about 30 yards east of the waterfall.

- (1) 20 feet. Work to the right up a short slab to a grassy ledge.
- (2) 50 feet. A thirty-foot chimney followed by "Three-step traverse" across a slab on the left. (This can be done in two pitches if desired).
- (3) 55 feet. A chimney, finishing at a grassy corner with a belay. A niche 20 feet up can be used to bring the second man to if desired, thus making it into two pitches.
- (4) 50 feet. A short buttress on the left, succeeded by a crack, after which the angle of the rock becomes easier. Cairn on a large grassy platform.

A ten yards' walk to the right to the foot of a rock glacis.

- (5) 30 feet. Ascend glacis then climb up the corner and traverse to the left to a good belay.
- (6) 50 feet. Traverse round a corner to the left; then climb over a bulge into a recess (LE COIN) via two rock ledges. From here the route goes up the right hand side of the recess, the landing on to a grassy ledge at the top being very awkward. A few feet higher, on another grassy ledge, is a good belay.
- (7) 20 feet. Climb the corner then traverse to the left to a nose of rock (small holds) leading to BLOCK LEDGE.
- (8) 50 feet. Step to the left, then climb straight up ledges to a short V chimney. This is overcome by taking a high step to the right, followed by another to the left, which causes the climber to leave the chimney for the moment. A long stride across the top of the chimney to mossy rocks with poor holds, leads to small grassy ledges. The whole pitch (known as LAMB'S CHIMNEY) is very severe, and the finish exposed.

In the first ascent this pitch was avoided for that known as TAYLOR'S CHIMNEY. The latter, which looks even more severe and exposed than Lamb's Chimney, is reached from the Block Ledge by a short traverse to the left;

an open chimney is then climbed for about 40 feet, whence a traverse is made back to the right to the small grassy ledges at the top of the more direct pitch.

- (9) 20 feet. Traverse to the right, then ascend to the foot of the final chimney. Poor stance but good belay.
- (10) 40 feet. OPPENHEIMER'S CHIMNEY. The start is awkward, higher up there are footholds on the right wall and the chockstones afford good handholds, but force the climber well out of the chimney.
- (11) 20 feet. Easy scrambling leads to cairn.

**Alternative Finish.**

- (9) 60 feet. Instead of climbing up to Oppenheimer's Chimney, continue the traverse lower down and to the right, round the corner, then up ledges to belay.
- (10) 20 feet. An exposed steep wall on the right.
- (11) 20 feet. A wall which can be climbed either on the left or right, the right hand route being the easier. Cairn is reached.

**WEST SIDE OF LOW MAN.**

**The Appian Way.**—210 feet ; severe ; one exposed pitch. Three or more climbers. Leader needs 70 feet of rope. Starts from a grassy terrace, on which rests a large block, about 50 feet above and to the left of the commencement of the Nook and Wall Climb.

- (1) 15 feet. A mossy open chimney in front is avoided by climbing to a grassy niche on the left.
- (2) 50 feet. The route goes to the right across the top of the chimney, and up steep grass to a corner where a small flake belay was unearthed.
- (3) 45 feet. An imposing wall now confronts one. This is first ascended by climbing the thin crack in the corner. From the top of this a very delicate traverse is made to



*Photo by*

WEST FACE OF LOW MAN.

*J. H. Doughty.*

A.W.—APPIAN WAY. N.W.—NOOK AND WALL CLIMB.

W.W.—WEST WALL CLIMB. N¹—FIRST NOOK.

N²—SECOND NOOK. F.—FLAKE.

the left to a fine spike of rock, seen on the skyline, just beyond which a rock stance is reached. The whole pitch is severe and exposed.

- (4) 40 feet. A series of steep ledges straight ahead lead to a grassy terrace, where will be found a large block leaning against the wall. The rope can be threaded behind the block for a belay.
- (5) 60 feet. A rather strenuous and overhanging crack, slightly to the left of the block, is succeeded by slabs. The climb finishes at the cairn at the top of the North West Climb.

#### **Alternative Finish.**

- (5) 60 feet. A number of ledges, easier than those of the fourth pitch, commencing at the right-hand end of the grass terrace, finish twenty feet from the above-mentioned cairn.

**Nook and Wall Climb.**—300 feet ; very difficult, with one severe and exposed pitch. Three or more climbers. Leader needs 60 feet of rope. Starts on one of the numerous ledges which flank the left side of the Waterfall reached by the Green Ledge. It commences about 80 feet to the left of, and at the same level as, the top of the Waterfall.

- (1) 50 feet. Ascend to the right for a few feet on to a sloping ledge, and swing into an easy chimney on the left, finishing at a grassy terrace.
- (2) 50 feet. A rock staircase on the left leads to steep rocks. Ascend for a few feet, then traverse to the right to a grassy corner.
- (3) 25 feet. The rib ahead leads to a grassy shelf. Splendid belay. Immediately to the left is the First Nook.
- (4) 45 feet. The rectangular corner is now climbed to a rock ledge, traverse to left along a flake, then up to the Second Nook. This situation can also be identified by the Moss Wall on the left.

- (5) 20 feet. A rock staircase leads to Bad Corner (identified by an "impossible" groove ahead). Stance is very exposed, with no belay to speak of.
- (6) 60 feet. Severe and exposed. Move one step down to the right with a slight swing, then pull up on a good handhold (kind of small flake) until a quartz hold can be reached to attain a standing position. Move now to the right, then ascend first by bridging a corner until near the top of the wall, when the wall itself can be climbed. A rock glacia is now reached, and this ends with a grassy ledge, where will be found a tremendous belay.
- (7) 30 feet. A short easy chimney finishes on a grassy terrace (cairned) within sight of the summit cairn of the North West Climb.

**West Wall Climb.**—200 feet; very difficult; any number. Leader needs 40 feet of rope. A pleasant climb on sound rock with short pitches and good belays. Starts about 40 feet above the level of the top of the Waterfall.

- (1) 10 feet. Easy mantelshelf, leading to a grass ledge.
- (2) 20 feet. A V-shaped chimney marked by a small heap of stones at its foot. There is a good belay on the left of it at the finish.
- (3) 20 feet. Steep rocks straight ahead end on a sloping ledge. A good belay is to be found rather high up on the left.
- (4) 30 feet. A short traverse to the right, then steep rocks leading to a rock glacia. Small belay in the corner.
- (5) 20 feet. A crack on the right wall leads to a good ledge. No belay.
- (6) 40 feet. An upward traverse to the left finishes at a pile of blocks. Splendid belay.
- (7) 35 feet. The blocks are climbed *en face* to the left. Good belay.

- (8) 35 feet. A short exposed groove above is followed by easier rock, which leads to near the top of Low Man. The finish is cairned.

N.B.—This climb was first named West Face of Low Man, Pillar (see F. & R. C. C. Jnl, p. 79, Vol. 5, No.1).

“**North-West by West**” (**Mallory’s Route**).—It is much regretted that it was not found possible to trace the following climb definitely. In default of an accurate record, the following account has been copied :

“ ‘North-West by West.’ A way was discovered on Low Man between the North West and West Climbs. The party traversed round the foot of the cliffs under the slabs where the North-West lies and above the bounding gully. They followed scratches till the gully’s head, a conspicuous chockstone, was perhaps 40 yards in front of them, and then struck upwards, slanting still to the right until almost directly above the chockstone. Here a strenuous effort was needed to climb a vertical wall of 10 feet. Another steep wall guarded a crack in a vertical slab. The crack itself was too small to accommodate a whole leg, and the leader went up beyond it and traversed back. Above the crack a choice of routes presents itself. The right hand is recommended, because a handsome pinnacle provides security 10 feet higher up, and it will probably be wise to use it even if the left hand way were chosen. The climb ends in view of the cairn which marks the top of the North West. Its length is about 200 feet. Leader needs 60 feet of rope. Rock firm throughout.” (Climbers’ Club Journal, Vol. 3, p. 87, New Series.)

### WEST SIDE OF HIGH MAN.

**Route 2.**—275 feet ; exceedingly severe and exposed. For an expert party only, and in dry weather. Best number, three. Leader needs 70 feet of rope. The foot of the climb is reached by going 80 feet up the Old West Route, and then scrambling upwards for another 20 feet to a grassy ledge. Cairn.

- (1) 45 feet. A moderately difficult rib on the right is ascended for 25 feet to a small rock stance. The slab ahead (more difficult) leads to a green shelf. No belay.
- (2) 35 feet. A nose of rock is turned on the left, grassy ledges being climbed for a few feet until a slab with small holds can be tackled. This finishes on a ledge with loose blocks which provide a moderate belay.
- (3) 35 feet. An exposed traverse. This begins with a long step to the right, and continues across a grassy corner to some blocks. Good belay.
- (4) 30 feet. A crack on the right leads to the foot of the long V-shaped chimney which is so marked a feature of this side of High Man. Instead of climbing this crack (which is almost holdless) one may make two very difficult steps to the right, and then go directly upwards. The chimney is ascended to a belay.
- (5) 15 feet. Continue up the chimney to a Sentry Box. Level with the foot of this, on the left wall, is a shaky block belay.
- (6) 55 feet. The most severe and exposed pitch of the climb. A crack runs up the back of the chimney. The exposed wall on the left is ascended for some feet until a long stride to the right on to a very small hold brings the climbable part of the crack within reach. From here to the top of the crack, the climbing, though short, is very strenuous. After another 20 feet or so in the chimney, an exposed traverse (15 feet) is made to the right to a very small rock stance at the foot of a jagged rib. Belay round the corner on the right.
- (7) 50 feet. After bringing his second to the stance, the leader may return to the chimney and finish it out. The climbing, however, is very unpleasant, and it is preferable to ascend the rib (30 feet) when another 20 feet of easy scrambling finishes the climb.

**Route 1.**—300 feet ; exceptionally severe and exposed. For an expert party only, and in dry weather. Best number, three. Leader needs 70 feet of rope. Start : 40 feet along the Old West Route, on a ledge 10 feet above it.





*Photo by*

*J. H. Doughty.*

WEST FACE OF HIGH MAN.

R<sup>2</sup>.--ROUTE 2. R<sup>1</sup>.--ROUTE 1. R.S.--RIB AND SLAB CLIMB.  
 N.W.--NEW WEST CLIMB. S.W.--SOUTH WEST CLIMB.  
 W.J.G.--WEST JORDAN GULLY. P.--PISGAR WEST RIDGE.

- (1) 25 feet. A broken-up slab of moderate difficulty. Belay.
- (2) 20 feet. The right-hand edge of the slab is now ascended to a small stance. No belay.
- (3) 20 feet. The route trends to the right up a V groove (this has a good hold on the right-hand side at the top) after which steep rocks lead to a grassy niche. Some feet above this, on the left-hand side, is a good belay.
- (4) 40 feet. Traverse 10 feet to the right on grassy ledges to a corner with a crack above it. This crack, which is severe and often wet, is best climbed facing the right wall, and is ascended until it is possible to reach a shelf on the right. A poor stance with a moderate belay in the corner above it.
- (5) 25 feet. A wide staircase with big sloping steps is now climbed for a few feet until a step across to the left can be taken; after which a corner with steep grass is reached. A good belay can be found high up on the side of the rib on the left.
- (6) 60 feet. One mounts on to the aforementioned rib with considerable difficulty; two small sloping ledges follow (the second has a fine spike of rock on it, over which the rope can be hitched). Immediately above this, slightly on the left, is the most exacting section of the pitch—a sloping mantel-shelf, holdless itself, with very little in the way of take-off below. The mantel-shelf ends at a welcome grassy resting place. The rock continues to slope at an unpleasant angle, and a corner is reached affording a restricted stance with doubtful blocks to be used as a belay. This pitch is the hardest on the climb, being exceptionally severe and exposed throughout. (When the climber reaches the spike of rock he will discover that he is almost on a level with the foot of the chimney of the New West Climb, which is nearly 15 feet away. A traverse has been made to the latter from this point, but it is very severe and exposed).
- (7) 30 feet. An exposed traverse over sloping ledges to the right leads to the top of the chimney pitch on the New West

Climb. Small belay high up on the left wall. It will be noticed that the rib has now been recrossed.

- (8) 20 feet. The chimney, which narrows at the top, is climbed to a Sentry Box.
- (9) 50 feet. The chimney continues for another 25 feet, and is followed by a trough until easy walking brings one to a large belay near the top of High Man.

**Rib and Slab Climb.**—300 feet ; severe ; three to five climbers. Leader needs 80 feet of rope. A very attractive climb on magnificent rock. Starts level with the foot of the New West, and about 40 feet to the left of it.

- (1) 30 feet. Easy rocks and grassy ledges, working slightly to the left, lead to a grassy ledge.
- (2) 30 feet. Step to the right on to a steep rib ; climb up this, then break out to the left to a small rock stance.
- (3) 25 feet. A severe slab with a V groove on its left-hand side can be ascended. This, however, may be avoided by climbing on to and up a rib to the right. Belay.
- (4) 25 feet. Severe. The groove overhead (which unfortunately can be avoided by grassy ledges on the right) is hard to enter. After lodgement, climbing is easier. Belay.
- (5) 40 feet. A steep rib, to the left of the groove pitch in the New West Climb, is ascended, and the two routes meet at the top.
- (6) 40 feet. Traverse to the right on to a delectable slab. Keep to its centre as much as possible for the best climbing (it is easier on its right-hand side) passing a stance on the right for one higher up. No belay. It is possible to bring the second man here, but the leader may prefer to finish the next pitch before doing so.
- (7) 30 feet. The slab is at an easier angle, and the pitch finishes at the Belay Blocks on the New West Climb.
- (8) 80 feet. Climb up the New West about 10 feet, then ascend the blistered slab (roughest imaginable) to within a few feet of High Man.

**New West Climb.**—300 feet ; difficult ; any number. Leader needs 50 feet of rope. A fine and varied climb with good holds and belays. Starts just below a big embedded block a little lower than the South West Climb.

- (1) 20 feet. Easy rocks trending slightly to the left.
- (2) 25 feet. A rib leading to a small grassy corner.
- (3) 25 feet. A steep staircase finishing on a good earth ledge.
- (4) 20 feet. A wide shallow chimney leading to a small platform.
- (5) 15 feet. A short traverse to the left to a good belay.
- (6) 35 feet. A fairly difficult groove.
- (7) 20 feet. Ten feet of slabs followed by a traverse to the left to the foot of a chimney. There is a good belay at the beginning of the traverse, and a fair stance at the foot of the chimney, but the leader may prefer to climb about six feet higher over the bottom chockstone in the chimney.
- (8) 30 feet. A difficult chimney.
- (9) 30 feet. Traverse to the right ; then mount on to a pile of blocks forming a magnificent belay.
- (10) 40 feet. A difficult slab is climbed to a rock stance at its right-hand upper corner. Belay six feet above stance.
- (11) 30 feet. A short chimney leading to High Man.

**South West Climb.**—250 feet. ; very severe and exposed. Three or more climbers. Leader needs 70 feet of rope. An exceptionally fine face climb with small but sufficient holds. Nailed boots should be taboo. Starts at the bottom of the scree in West Jordan Gully, and to the left of it.

- (1) 30 feet. Easy rocks lead to a grassy ledge on the left of a slab.
- (2) 45 feet. A severe slab. Climb up this to a deep cut hold ; then an awkward step is taken to the right. The slab steepens somewhat later on, but excellent handholds are to be found higher up to overcome the difficulty.
- (3) 40 feet. Another slab on the edge of the gully leads to a good ledge. A better ledge, however, is reached a little higher up, overlooking the gully.

- (4) 15 feet. Traverse to the left to a moderate belay below a stretch of wide slabs.
- (5) 60 feet. Keep to the right, and very soon the slab assumes the steepness of a wall, with very small holds. Relief is found by traversing underneath a large block in the direction of Jordan Gap.
- (6) 60 feet. Retrace steps underneath the block, and climb up a steep rib, joining Far West Jordan Climb on the way to High Man.

VARIATION (This was the original route).

60 feet. Instead of taking to the right after the 15 foot traverse, climb up a grass covered slab to a wide V chimney, usually wet. This connects with the final pitch of the New West Climb.

**West Jordan Gully.**—100 feet of actual climbing ; severe ; three or more climbers. Leader needs 60 feet of rope. This gully is the prominent cleft separating Pisgah from the main rock.

Eighty feet of scrambling up scree in the bed of the gully leads to the first pitch.

- (1) 30 feet. A pitch (15 feet) with two chockstones, followed by a scree walk to the foot of the cave pitch.
- (2) 15 feet. Chockstones lead to the cave.
- (3) 10 feet. Good footholds on the left wall (looking out) enable the climber to bridge the gully until he can reach an unexpected niche on his right.
- (4) 50 feet. If a third man is in the party the second man in the niche can be secured to the third man in the cave by threading his rope through a hole at the back. The second can now hold the leader whilst he first of all traverses the wall until he can bridge. On reaching large sloping footholds a good left handhold can be used to pull from underneath the capstone into the open part of the gully again. Thirty feet of easier climbing follows, and the finish is up a slab on the right, which brings one to the top of the Great Capstone.

**Variation Finish to the right of the Great Capstone.**

On reaching the large sloping foothold after traversing from the niche, stride across to the right wall. Good but small holds can now be utilised for ascending this vertical wall until the crack between it and the capstone is wide enough to enter. This is best climbed facing left, the top of the capstone providing good holds. A further alternative consists in leaving the vertical wall just mentioned by means of a ledge on the right which runs up to Pisgah West Ridge. The chief difficulty lies in effecting a lodgement on the ledge; once on it the position improves, and the ledge broadens out towards the finish.

**Alternative Start to West Jordan Gully.**

A crack on the left wall affording 35 feet of severe climbing. Starts at the same level as the ordinary route. About half way up where the crack begins to widen it is perhaps best to step to the right of the rib and bridge the gully, rejoining the crack at its widest part. The ordinary route is joined at the niche at the end of the third pitch.

**WEST SIDE OF PISGAH.**

**Pisgah West Ridge.**—200 feet; very difficult; any number. Leader needs 40 feet of rope. Starts at the lowest point of the buttress immediately to the right of West Jordan Gully.

- (1) 25 feet. A wall (severe) is climbed to a ledge. An easier alternative is to be found round to the right.
- (2) 20 feet. A short buttress. Belay.
- (3) 30 feet. A crack followed by a grassy groove.
- (4) 25 feet. Break out on to the buttress on the left.
- (5) 40 feet. Continue straight ahead over rocks at an easy angle.
- (6) 50 feet. Scrambling leads to the summit of Pisgah.

**Variation.**—Severe. Starts at the third pitch of the above.

- (3) 35 feet. Immediately a small grassy platform in the crack of the third pitch is reached, a short exposed traverse

across a wall on the left leads to a corner with a small grassy stance.

- (4) 50 feet. A grassy crack is entered with some difficulty. As soon as it widens\* take to the buttress on the right, after which the climber will find himself at the top of the fourth pitch.

\* It is possible to make a further variation by taking to the left from here. A crack (grassy) is soon reached. The top of this divides a pinnacle from the main mass. Another 15 feet of easy scrambling to the right leads to the foot of the fifth pitch.

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## OUTLYING CLIMBS.

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### CLIMBS IN WEST COVE—PILLAR FELL.

There is a fair amount of climbing of good quality on the crags at the head of the cove on the west side of Pillar Rock.

**Wide Gully\*** splits the crags from top to bottom, its start being about 300 feet from West Jordan Gully at a slightly higher level than the foot of the latter.

The Gully is entered and the severe looking cave pitch formed by a huge chockstone is turned by a twenty-foot staircase on the right. After a scree walk one is confronted by a 15 foot pitch crowned by a square capstone. The direct ascent of this is severe, but there is an easier alternative on the left. A short easy pitch of a few feet follows, and the foot of a water-worn slab is reached. The slab is about 15 feet long, and is succeeded by 45 feet of easier climbing which takes one into the section of the gully enclosed by lofty and impressive

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\* This is possibly the gully first climbed by D. G. Murray in 1913. In the absence of any settled name, I have taken the liberty of christening it.

walls and to the foot of the final pitch (50 feet). The wide crack on the right will appeal to one as being the best way to tackle this forbidding pitch. The natural method is to face right and use the sloping but good holds on the broken face of the wall, with occasional use of chockstones in the crack for the left hand. Above the crack is a nest from which one moves to the other side of the gully; the remaining few feet, owing to the paucity of holds, make the finish of the climb just severe.

**Chimney Variation of Wide Gully.**—Uniformly difficult. To the left of the 15 foot slab pitch, a fine looking chimney can be taken as an alternative to the remainder of the gully. The chimney, which is nearly 40 feet long, is rather constricting in its upper part. Beyond this is a wide shallow recess (40 feet). After a few feet the recess is entered and is climbed by a series of awkward and narrow ledges, the crack on its left-hand side being quite useless. A considerable amount of easy scrambling then ensues before the top of the ridge is reached.

**Branch Gully.**—As soon as the first pitch of the ordinary route is done, another wide gully will be noticed on the right. This has only one short easy pitch, the remainder being grassy. The buttress which divides the upper part of the gully might possibly offer some moderate climbing, as also the ridge on the right from the top of the short pitch.

**Long Chimney.**—Very difficult. Starts fifty feet to the right of Wide Gully.

A narrow chimney, 30 feet high, forms the initial pitch. The exit is a little awkward. The succeeding 40 foot chimney is more difficult still, and at present contains some doubtful chockstones. If the ridge above the chimney is followed past the top of Branch Gully, a mass of rock stands in the way. Straight ahead is a very difficult chimney, but a much pleasanter and easier chimney with a skylight exit, will be found some distance to the right and round the corner.



### GREAT DOUP BUTTRESS.

This course is situated at the head of Great Doup—the cove east of Pillar Rock. Although the buttress presents such an imposing appearance, the climbing is of only a moderate character.

The climb starts at the lowest point of the crag, and for 130 feet consists of scrambling over grassy ledges, trending to the right to a large grassy platform which is cairned. 10 feet higher is another platform whence the climbing steepens for another 35 feet until a pinnacle on the right hand edge of the buttress is reached. The climb continues over steep ledges to a rather difficult short V chimney, the total run-out being nearly 40 feet. Following this there is some 40 feet of scrambling, which includes a short easy chimney. The next pitch is 30 feet long, and starts with a crack, identified by a detached pinnacle in its lower part. 70 feet of easy rock then lead to a saddle below a small tower, beyond which a horizontal ridge links up the buttress with the main mass.

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### HIND COVE CLIMBS.

Hind Cove is the spacious hollow which is crossed by the High Level Route just before the ascent to Robinson's Cairn. The climbs are situated high up the combe on its right-hand side. They are easily located by a conspicuous black cleft.

**Hind Cove Gully.**—This gully, the black fissure just mentioned, has only one pitch, 40 feet long. It can be climbed either by the cave route, formed by large chockstones, or by a narrow chimney on the left. Neither route presents much difficulty. The rest of the gully consists of scree and grass scrambling, the only remarkable feature of the place being the depth to which the fissure penetrates the hillside.

**Hind Cove Buttress.**—280 feet ; very difficult ; any number. 60 feet of rope for leader. The climb forms the left wall of the gully.

- (1) 25 feet. A few feet of easy scrambling lead to a tower. A thin crack ahead can be turned on the right. Small but good rock stance. Belay.
- (2) 25 feet. A short moderate crack followed by easier rocks. A short grassy walk leads to a continuation of the buttress.
- (3) 30 feet. A second tower is climbed up its centre, whence a severe short groove is encountered which can be avoided on the right. A few feet higher is a good rock platform. No belay.
- (4) 45 feet. A 15 foot slab (climbed on the right side) followed by easy broad sloping ledges. Another short walk brings one to further continuation of the buttress.
- (5) 15 feet. A moderate crack.
- (6) 25 feet. A moderate rib.
- (7) 30 feet. A short pleasant slab.
- (8) 55 feet. A fine slab is now seen ; unfortunately this can be avoided on the left. The finest climbing is, however, up the centre, trending slightly to the right all the time. Very small holds. Severe.
- (9) 30 feet. The slab, in an easier form, is continued to the finish of the climb.

**Slab Climbs.**—These are situated on the right-hand side of the gully. Route 1 forms its right wall. Both climbs are very difficult if the routes described are adhered to.

**Route 1.**—190 feet ; any number. Leader needs at least 60 feet of rope.

- (1) 45 feet. A few feet of easy climbing lead to a short thin crack in the wall ahead. The crack, which is the left of two, is rather strenuous, and is followed by slabs to a sloping heather stance.
- (2) 45 feet. The best climbing is up good slabs on the left, avoiding the heathery ledges on the right. The pitch finishes at a gîte.

- (3) 30 feet. A short V chimney (with overhanging roof) on the left, or alternatively a narrow vertical chimney on the right.
- (4) 20 feet. Easy climbing brings one to a large platform overlooking the gully. (It is possible to descend into the gully from here by an easy chimney).
- (5) 50 feet. A slab a few feet on the right is seen. This, after the first fifteen feet, provides excellent climbing.

**Route 2.**—125 feet ; any number. Leader needs 60 feet of rope. Starts 30 feet to the right of Route 1.

- (1) 30 feet. A steep slab leads to a grassy shelf.
- (2) 55 feet. The slab now continues straight up to a juniper ledge in a V corner.
- (3) 40 feet. The V corner is climbed on to the final slab and the climb finishes a few feet to the right of, and below the last pitch of Route 1.

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### SCOAT FELL.

**Haskett Gully** faces north and is on the crags enclosing Mirklin Cove, in which Low Beck, a tributary of the Liza, rises. The combe is reached from Wasdale via Mosedale, and in crossing the ridge between Steeple and Red Pike, care should be taken to avoid dropping into High Beck Combe. A good guide is to follow the wall along Scoat Fell for about 300 yards, descend by an easy scree shoot, and turn to the right at the foot.

The gully can be seen plainly if approached from Gillerthwaite, as it splits a fine looking buttress to the left of a very wide gully. The climb is about 300 feet long, and one, at least, of the few short pitches in it is severe. It is a very unpleasant climb, mossy, wet, and loose. The first 150 feet is up abominably steep vegetation to the foot of a mossy slab about 10 feet high, which leads to a deep cave with a rather sloping floor. The exit from this cave is up the 15 foot

“holdless” wall on the left, but the leader can be safeguarded by a thread in the roof of the cave. Another mossy wall (15 feet) is encountered, but is probably turned on the left and finishes at some large blocks in the bed of the gully. A further wall pitch (15 feet) follows, and is climbed in the corner, being more awkward than difficult. The rest of the gully, about 100 feet, is only of moderate difficulty.

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### CLIMBS IN MOSEDALE.

These are situated in the Mosedale Valley, i.e. the one lying N.N.W. of Wasdale, whose head, known as Blackem (Black Combe) Head, runs up into the ridge connecting Pillar Mountain and Red Pike. The oldest climbs are those on Elliptical Crag, whilst the most recent are to be found on Wistow Crag, which is high up on the right-hand side of the track to Windy Gap. There have doubtless been other short climbs done in this cirque of Mosedale, as one has come across occasional references to scrambles on the rocks there, but not to any definite information as to what was accomplished.

The notes on the Elliptical Crag climbs are supplied from memory, with the assistance of H. B. Lyon's article in the Fell and Rock Climbing Club Journal, Vol. 2, No. 1, p. 58; and the others on the Mosedale Buttresses by F. Graham, to whom I am indebted accordingly.

#### **Elliptical Crag.**

Follow the Mosedale Beck until about 500 feet below the main ridge, when a wall of rock stands in the way. The crag, nearly 200 feet high, will be obvious from a glance at the accompanying diagram of the climbs. As its position lies in the main path of drainage of this side of the fell, it will be found that the cracks, which provide most of the climbing, are usually wet; and, in the case of rainy weather, form cascades of no small volume. The climbing, under good conditions, is excellent, most of it being of a high quality and of a fair amount of difficulty, especially in the

upper parts. No attempt has been made to go into details, as, until towards the finish, the climbs make themselves manifest and the diagram almost supplies the rest. Sixty feet of rope is ample for the leader on any of them.

**Easter Crack.**—A very enjoyable combination of crack, slab, and mantelshelf climbing. The first real difficulty is encountered about 50 feet up. A short section (a) further on is harder, though. After this the climbing becomes more amenable.

**Left Face Route.**—Moderate climbing for about 100 feet delivers one on the Central Platform (x). The route now goes over ledges to the left, which are very awkward to surmount, the first being attained by an arm-pull; these are followed by a very delicate movement to the right, known as the "Two-Strid Traverse" (e-e). There are two alternatives after this—the first is a traverse to the left into Easter Crack, but the more independent thing to do is to climb the succession of corners which trend to the right in the direction of the Right Face Route.

**Right Face Route.**—This climb has a variety of starts, viz., by way of Black Crack, or a thin crack in the slabs on the latter's left, or up the slabs themselves, this last being the most pleasant. They all ultimately arrive at the Central Platform. From here two square blocks up on the right wall are climbed with some difficulty, after which a platform (christened Look-out Corner) is reached. The next problem is more perplexing, but the crack in the corner provides a means of exit. It is not nearly so hard as "Amen Corner," on Gimmer, to which it has been likened. Some easy corners finish out the climb.

**Black Crack.**—Climbing of no great difficulty for just over 100 feet brings the climber to Black Corner (z). The Black Crack overhead is, as it looks, repulsive even when there is no water spouting from its lip. It would probably go if the rock was dry and free from moss; as it is there is nothing more to be done but retrace one's steps.



### ELLIPTICAL CRAG.

A. EASTER CRACK.    B. LEFT FACE ROUTE.    C. RIGHT FACE ROUTE.    D. BLACK CRACK.    E. SMALL CHIMNEY.    F. SMALL CRACK.    a. SPLINTER BELAY PITCH IN A.    bb. EASY TERRACE FINISH TO B.    cc. VARIATION ROUTE STARTING C.    dd. 25-FOOT TRAVERSE IN C.    ee. TWO-STRID TRAVERSE IN B.    f. TWO BLOCK TRAVERSE IN C.    x. CENTRAL PLATFORM BETWEEN B. AND C.    z. BLACK CORNER IN D.    E. LOOK-OUT CORNER IN C.

**Small Chimney.**—A scramble of 20 feet up some grass leads to the first pitch, a chimney affording 15 feet of moderate climbing. The next section (20 feet) is rather more difficult; the chimney narrows somewhat, and there is also an awkward chockstone to surmount. The rest (15 feet) is easy.

**Small Crack.**—A short and uninteresting climb of moderate difficulty.

**Slab Climb.**—Lies between Small Chimney and Small Crack. The first pitch (50 feet) starts on the right of the slab, and bears to the left towards the chimney—there is no stance to speak of. The next 40 feet is harder still; a traverse first being made a little to the right, after which the route goes straight up until it is possible to work back to the left to a moderate ledge. No belay. The succeeding 20 feet are much easier.

#### **Mosedale Buttresses.**

The crag on which these buttresses lie can be seen from the hotel yard at Wasdale, and appears as a small dark patch on the southern slope of Pillar Fell. The climbing is on three buttresses, the Lower, Middle, and Upper. The Lower Buttress has a good deal of vegetation, but the actual climbing is pretty clean. The others give short, pleasant climbs, but no really definite routes.

**Route 1.**—200 feet; severe. Starts from the left-hand cairn on the Lower Buttress.

- (1) 70 feet. A few feet of easy rock lead to a square corner (right hand of two such), above which a short, difficult groove is taken. This lands one on a grassy stance beside a square cut recess. From here step up and traverse across this recess to a block on the left. Belay.
- (2) 55 feet. A rib rising above is taken direct from the block and its edge followed to a stance in a corner. No belay.
- (3) 40 feet. From the stance step to the left on to and ascend a continuation of the rib. After a few feet it is interrupted, but continues just on the left. A good terrace is reached above.

- (4) 40 feet. Two short sections lead to the final cairn.

**Route 2.**—200 feet ; severe. Starts from the right-hand cairn on the Lower Buttress.

- (1) 70 feet. A wall is climbed to a rather narrow heather ledge in a corner. After making an exposed and rather difficult step round the steep rib on the left, and gaining a sloping stance, one makes for another stance above and slightly to the right. From here one steps to the left, and then takes a broken groove to a large platform. Belay.
- (2) 50 feet. A few feet along this platform to the left is a mossy groove or crack. Starting in this, one steps into another groove on the left, and then takes to the right edge of a small buttress (the left edge of this forms the rib on Route 1). This is followed to the same stance as on Route 1.
- (3) 40 feet. From the right edge of the nearly horizontal slab that forms the stance, one climbs the face above to a vertical wall. Here one follows a diagonal traverse to the left, and then goes up an open corner, finally landing at the broad terrace.
- (4) 40 feet. Identical with the last pitch of Route 1.

**Route 3.**—70 feet ; difficult. The left hand route on the Middle Buttress.

Having gained a narrow grassy ledge, follow a thin crack to the first scoop. Traverse left for ten feet or so, and climb up to the second scoop. A slight bulge leads one to a square recess.

**Route 4.**—70 feet ; difficult.

From the right-hand cairn climb up to a boss of rock. Climbing diagonally to the left, one reaches the square recess.

**Route 5.**—120 feet ; difficult. Starts from a cairn on a terrace below the right-hand face of the Upper Buttress.

- (1) 30 feet. A rough face is followed to a stance and belay.



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- (2) 60 feet. After a few feet of steep climbing on wonderful holds, traverse to the left for 20 feet or so, and then, passing two platforms, reach a terrace.
  - (3) 30 feet. Climb straight up the middle of the wall above to the final cairn.

**Route 6.**—140 feet ; difficult. The start is from a detached block on the left of the former route.

- (1) 100 feet. Climb up fairly steep rocks to an overhang, where one traverses to the right into a sort of cave pitch. Taking this more or less direct one follows an ascending traverse on the left wall. From the final big ledge, climb straight up the wall till one joins and follows Route 5 to the terrace.
- (2) 40 feet. A simple traverse leads once more to the left, and the finish is soon reached.

**Boulders.**—There are at least two moderate-sized boulders in this valley which afford considerable amusement, apart from testing the climber's skill in the scrambles on them. The most famous of these is the Y BOULDER, situated about a mile above Ritson's Force, and easily recognised from a distance by a Y-shaped crack. There are nearly a score of routes up it of varying degrees of difficulty, one of which can be done feet foremost. The other boulder in question lies a short distance further up the valley.

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### OVERBECK CLIMBS.

These are situated less than two miles from Wasdale, at the Bowderdale end of Yewbarrow. As one walks down the road by Wastwater, a divergent path will be seen not far from the spot where Overbeck empties itself into the lake. This takes one across the lower end of the spur of Bell Rib (a knott on Yewbarrow) after which a wall is followed upward until an easy traverse can be made across to a crag on the left (known as Dropping Crag) which has been seen for some time.

As the climbs are only short and close together, and also because they are within an hour's journey from headquarters, the place will be found suitable for days shortened by rain in the morning. This, however, should not be the main reason for visiting them, for they offer, as a whole, climbing of no little merit, especially if the buttress is included in the list.

**Overbeck Buttress.**—120 feet; one pitch severe; any number of climbers. Leader needs 60 feet of rope. Starts at the lowest point of the crag, which is on its right-hand side.

- (1) 50 feet. Moss covered slabs are climbed to a heathery glacis. No belay.
- (2) 20 feet. The climb follows the right-hand edge of the wall ahead to a small stance round the corner. Belay.
- (3) 50 feet. The route now assumes the vertical; first crossing to the left of the ridge, and then, by a delicate movement, to the right-hand side, which is followed to the finish of the climb.

From the foot of the above climb, a grassy terrace running up below the crag, if followed for about 40 yards, leads to a prominent broad slab which slopes up for some 25 feet at a moderate angle. Access to all the chimneys is gained by climbing this slab. A step to the right from its top brings one to the foot of E chimney. Four yards further along to the right is the foot of C Chimney; and still further along and round a corner is the start of B Chimney.

**E Chimney.**—60 feet; difficult; any number of climbers. Leader needs 30 feet of rope, or 35 feet if the Variation Finish is taken.

- (1) 20 feet. A narrow chimney climbed first in the bed and then on the mossy left wall to a small ash tree.
- (2) 10 feet. Traverse diagonally upwards to the right over small grassy ledges to the foot of a narrow chimney.
- (3) 20 feet. A narrow vertical chimney climbed to a cramping cave above the chockstone.
- (4) 10 feet. A squirm through a hole.

**Variation Finish, starting from the Ash Tree.**

- (2) 30 feet. A chimney on the left, half-choked with bushes, leads to a large shelf.
- (3) 20 feet. A steep corner with good holds.

**C Chimney.**—65 feet ; very difficult ; any number. Leader needs 30 feet of rope.

- (1) 20 feet. Chimney. Moderate climbing to a chockstone.
- (2) 25 feet. The chimney overhangs and narrows, finishing on a platform.
- (3) 20 feet. A ridge with rather sloping holds.

**B Chimney.**—55 feet ; moderately difficult. Any number. Leader needs 25 feet of rope.

- (1) 20 feet. Easy rocks (5 feet) lead into a chimney which is climbed to a chockstone.
- (2) 15 feet. Break out on the right to a cluster of jammed boulders, immediately adjoining the top of the second pitch of C.
- (3) 20 feet. Chimney in the corner.

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**CLIMBS ON BUCKBARROW.**

Buckbarrow is the first rocky bluff seen when approaching Wasdale by the road from Seascale, and is distant about four miles from Wasdale Head. It has a fine appearance, but what climbing there is on it, is only short. Perhaps the left-hand crag would repay exploration, but even this, imposing as it is, suffers from the same defect. The climbing seems at present (for the records are meagre) to be confined to the easterly end of the rocks, well to the right of a conspicuous easy scree shoot.

**Forked Gully.**—The left hand branch of this gully is only a scramble, but there is an interesting pitch in the right fork. The first problem is a short pitch of ten feet, which is succeeded by an impressive deep cleft 30 feet high. Easy

back and foot climbing enables one to reach a jammed stone. Above this the climbing is much harder, and to get out at the top very difficult indeed. The pitch is almost impossible for a short man, and is easier in ratio for a tall man. After another short pitch, serious climbing finishes.

**Rowan Tree Gully.**—Rowan Tree Gully is the next gully on the right. The first pitch is short and easy, and is followed by a cave pitch. After passing under a Rowan Tree, a large block is reached, which fills the bed of the gully, and is climbed on the right. A mossy slab, forming the right wall, is now mounted ; after which a long grassy walk leads to two parallel chimneys, either of which finishes the climb. The one on the left, though a little shorter than its sixty foot neighbour, is the more difficult of the two, and is reached by making a traverse across a slab. The middle section of this chimney, just below the first chockstone, is the hardest part. Some feet higher, the final chockstones help considerably to finish the chimney.

**Left Face Climb.**—This is situated between the above-mentioned gullies. It starts from a terrace a little higher than the level of the Rowan Tree in the gully. A little buttress, about 30 feet high, providing moderate climbing, can be turned on the right if desired. The crag now steepens, and the route trends a little to the right on holds that are just adequate. A narrow ledge above is gained with some difficulty, and is traversed to the left past some large blocks. A long stretch of heather and grass leads to the summit of the crag.

**Right Face Climb.**—Starts midway between Rowan Tree Gully and Hidden Gully, at about the same level as the Left Face Climb. For the first pitch (40 feet) steep rocks are climbed for a short distance, then a movement, past some blocks on the right, finishes on a grassy terrace. The crag now presents a series of slabs, and overhangs. These are avoided by a grassy traverse to the right for a distance of 30 feet. Good belay. The next pitch (40 feet) is up the mossy wall straight ahead, and has poor finishing holds. The same

point was also reached by an exposed traverse to the right, after going up about 12 feet above the belay. Easy slabs on the right prolong the climb to the top of the crag.

**Hidden Gully.**—This gully is disappointing, being choked with trees and vegetation which hide it from view when near at hand.

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### CRAG FELL PINNACLES.

(ENNERDALE WATER).

These Pinnacles are situated on the North Side of Crag Fell, less than 500 feet above the summit of Angling Crag, the prominent headland on the south shore of Ennerdale Water. They look very fine in profile, i.e., when seen from the direction of Gillerthwaite; or when approaching the Lake from Ennerdale Bridge. Unfortunately they only disappoint when nearer to, and resemble an outcrop of Derbyshire grit stone without providing the quantity and quality of climbing obtained thereon, and despite the fact that closer inspection brings back, somewhat, one's more distant impression.

To visit them from the Angler's Inn takes less than an hour. A short walk along the shore of the Lake to its outlet brings one to a new footbridge which enables a crossing of the Ehen to be made without making the detour one expected from a perusal of the map. The path leading to the top of Angling Crag is taken, whence the ridge on the right is followed. A grassy rake trending to the right will soon be reached, and although there are numerous small pinnacles scattered about the hillside, those sought for will be unmistakable, for the route described takes one almost on to their summit.

As seen from this, the left-hand side, the main outcrop is nothing more than a serrated ridge, except that on the right a narrow cleft, about 20 feet deep, forms a pinnacle on the outer side, and divides it from a lesser one. The long side of

the larger (something like 80 feet) is steep, and so far as ascending it by this way is thought of, it is probably impossible. It is quite likely that both ends of the cleft would provide a climb of some difficulty, but it will be obvious that either will only take one, in the first instance, on to the lesser pinnacle, from which a stride of no great moment will enable one to gain the top of the main pinnacle. To reach any of the incipient pinnacles of the serrated ridge, or the small pinnacle itself, involves nothing more than a little scrambling.

A short distance to the west an isolated rock will be seen. This tower is less than 20 feet in height from the neck of land which connects it with the mountain slope at the back; and not more than 100 feet high on its long side. The short side overhangs a little and does not appear feasible. A route, however, has been made up the pinnacle by R. S. and J. W. Robinson, who describe their ascent as follows: "This pinnacle on the side next the lake is about 150 feet in height, and from the gully where the climb begins, about 25 feet, the climb is vertical, and this makes it much harder than D.G.P. of Scafell by the easy way. Enter the top of the gully, keep close to the main wall of rock, and begin to climb at once."

As far as is known this is all the climbing that has been done on this outpost of our playground. Probably there is much more of varying quality to be found. My visit was of too short duration, and made under too wet conditions, to enable a thorough investigation to be made. Whatever the outcome, a visit will certainly take one off the beaten track, and give new viewpoints, and a wider knowledge of the country one had hitherto thought one knew so well.

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	PAGE.
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**OUTLYING CLIMBS.**

The classification of the majority of these will be found in the description of each climb.

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## BYGONE DAYS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

BY LAWRENCE PILKINGTON.

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When I was asked by a despairing editor to help him to fill the *Fell and Rock Climbing Journal*, I turned out the drawers of memory, and was surprised to find hardly anything about the Lake District that would interest a climber.

My first impression of a mountain was a feeling of delightful terror in looking up into the gloomy recesses of Skiddaw on a stormy day. The account in the guide book of the dangers of Striding Edge thrilled me, and the story of the lost traveller and his faithful dog haunted me.

But of all the memories of those early days, the morning of my first climbing expedition with my brother Charles, some five years later, remains most vivid. Till then a rock meant a precipice to me, and a precipice was a thing to be avoided ; a lesson my nurse first taught me at Llandudno, illustrating it with many fearsome stories.

Our objective was the Pillar Rock, my brother was nearly nineteen, and I was more than four years younger. So far I had never set foot on a rock with the intention of climbing it, and I was greatly excited at the idea of attempting to climb the Pillar Rock, the Matterhorn of the Lake District.

We spent the night before our expedition at the Wastdale Inn. Old Ritson, the innkeeper, was in great form, spinning fox hunting yarns, and telling us all about the dogs—how they knew a good hunting day as well as anyone, and would slink about talking it over amongst themselves, then set off on their own account. He told us how dogs got crag fast, and failed to come back, and how he had often gone in search of the lost dogs, especially amongst the crags of the Pillar Mountain. My brother asked him about the Pillar Rock, and found that he knew it well, though he had not been up it.

The next morning was one of those early summer mornings that still keep all the freshness of spring ; it was a pure delight to step outside the old ramshackle inn and meet the sweet mountain air ; I still remember tramping over the rough stones of the little mountain path from the inn, and passing through the gate into the open valley beyond—the calm spaciousness—the great stillness, broken only by the sighing murmur of the stream, still chafing amongst the stones on its way to the lake ; the great sweep of the mountain flanks rising steeply up on either side of the valley, and the Pillar Mountain at the head.

When we reached the crest of the Pillar Mountain, I was greatly impressed with the wildness of the Ennerdale Valley, and still more by the crags below us on that side of the mountain ; but beyond that I only remember being anxious about finding the rock itself. We came in sight of it rather suddenly, its eastern face being nearly opposite to us. From that point it looks steeper than it really is, and I must say I didn't like the look of it. After a little prospecting, my brother found the way up—the well-known easy way up the east side. It seemed difficult enough to me then, and I thought the sloping slab nasty and slippery, and was glad to get into the little chimney beyond. I remember quite well how the joy of our success was mingled with a fear that the descent would be worse than the ascent ; strangely enough it didn't trouble me. Was it anticipation, or were the first seeds of familiarity sown ? However that may be, I was glad when my brother decided we should try Mickledore that very afternoon. Of Mickledore I remember very little, except the great open crack or fissure leading into the rock, and the great stepping slabs up above. Mickledore as a climb utterly failed to impress me as the Pillar Rock had done—surely the first seeds of familiarity were germinating.

Of course we bragged about our day's climbing when we returned to the inn, and old Ritson was too polite to express any doubt. To the older generation who haunted the Lake District, Ritson was a well-known figure—tall, rugged and kindly, by no means a teetotaler, a great talker ; full of anecdotes, he was especially fond of describing how he had

wrestled, run, jumped and put the stone with Christopher North. When I was laid up, after being crushed in Piers Ghyll in 1884, the inn was kept by Mrs. Tyson, but old Ritson would come in and look me up ; he was especially anxious to fill me full of porridge, being quite certain my ribs were crushed in and needed forcing out by natural means. Mrs. Tyson was more practical, and set out in her gig to fetch me a bed-rest when I was allowed to sit up ; unfortunately the gig upset and her wrist was broken, so she called in a " wise woman." A friend of mine who was looking after me found the " wise woman " waving poor Mrs. Tyson's hand over the kitchen fire, into which she was casting salt whilst muttering charms ; later on the doctor who was attending me had to set the wrist. These " wise women " seem to have died out ; the last I heard of was a Mrs. Cannon, who lived at Watendlath ; she concocted excellent herb medicines, and was especially celebrated for a sprain ointment. She could also send people to sleep, but did not call herself a suggestion doctor.

Times have changed in the last half century—there are no precipices now, only rock faces set at an angle of so many degrees ; the young no longer approach the mountains with fear and trembling ; fond fathers provide their six year olds with climbing text books, and watch them working out problems by pulling out drawers and shelves, and so making a variety of ascents of the nursery wardrobe, ending perhaps, with a hand traverse of the picture rods on to a four post bed specially provided for them.

Surely awe and reverence for the mountains should be the first lesson, the groundwork and foundation of a real love of the mountains. Painters tell us mountains need distance, clouds, above all atmosphere, to develop their full beauty. Poets tell us mountains should be wrapped in mystery to gain their full majesty. How supremely dull some accounts of really fine climbs are for want of atmosphere ; on the other hand, how charming such books as " The Highlands with Rope and Rucksack " are. Whympers' " Scrambles amongst the Alps " held the public more by admirable illustrations and graphic accounts than by climbing details. How much one misses ; my chief regret is that I did not keep a small

sketchbook in my pocket from the very beginning. I could at least have made some rough drawings which would have preserved the memory of many a beautiful scene, memories which are now blurred or forgotten.

I understand that the latest version of the fall of man dates it back to his ape-hood, when there were only a few laws to keep, such as—keep your eye on the nut ; don't let go. Being few and simple, these laws were never broken, until one of our ancestors was unfortunately bitten most severely and unexpectedly—he let go in order to scratch. Who wouldn't ? Being a leader, the others followed suit. If this be so, then perhaps men should concentrate their minds wholly on climbing.

But I grow sententious and tedious. The time has now come, Mr. Editor, for me to bestow the usual patriarchal blessing—May your contributors multiply exceedingly ; may the members of your club increase and become as the sands of the sea ; may their children go forth like grasshoppers and consume all grass and heather, every green herb, and everything that grows upon the rocks of lakeland, that there may be safe climbing thereon from generation to generation.

## LINGMELL.

BY J. H. DOUGHTY.

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“Excuse me, sir; but can you tell me the name of that mountain over there?”

The speaker stood in the doorway at Middle Row, looking across the valley at the bare slope of Lingmell. The freshness of his gaze, the alert tone of enquiry, and the nature of the question, alike betokened the stranger to Wasdale; but nothing prepared us for the devastating remark that was to follow.

“Excuse me, sir; but can you tell me the name of that mountain over there?”

“Certainly,” replied my friend, “that is Lingmell.”

“Ah! thank you,” came the response; and then, after a pause: “you see, I’m writing the geography of this district.”

We saw him later that evening walking along the road, now shooting vivid glances at the Screes, and anon poking an umbrella among the boulders and bracken of Yewbarrow side. The next day, having heard of moraine heaps in Ennerdale, he departed for Buttermere like a hound upon the trail. It was evident that his was to be no mere re-hash of other men’s work, but the product of first-hand knowledge, drawn right from the fountain head.

The simplicity of our friend’s remarks had given us some natural amusement; but reflection brought other thoughts, more serious and less flattering to our complacency. Beyond the mere name, what did we know of Lingmell, after all? We had often rounded its base or crossed its northern flank en route for Scafell or the Pikes; but which of us had stood upon its summit? Come to think of it, and this Lingmell is a singularly ill-used and neglected fell: to the unsophisticated eye of the geographer it was a mountain among other mountains; but many of us had grown almost insensibly to

regard it as a mere obstacle to be circumvented, an obstruction to the view of Scafell Crag. Even Thomas, who could turn aside in his wild career to take in a mere two-thousand foot-er like Yewbarrow, was as the Priest and Levite when it came to a question of Lingmell. Decidedly, we thought, this matter must be righted—and straightway left it at that ; much as some Prince Charming, hearing of the sad case of Cinderella, might vow it a shame and himself a sorry fellow, and make up his mind to do the handsome thing by her as soon as a suitable opportunity should offer ; but without the least intention of arranging a ball or going to the expense of a special glass slipper for the purpose.

\* \* \* \*

One Eastertide some years later, our party was assembled once more at Middle Row, ostensibly for the purpose of helping Kelly to “ clear up ” Pillar. We had been clearing up Pillar for some two years, and the task bade fair to occupy the rest of our mortal span ; for the leader’s lust for new climbs kept pace so accurately with their recording, that his labours seemed nearly as hopeless of completion as the famous auto-biographical effort of Tristram Shandy. I verily believe that if we had pointed our boots to Scafell on removing them at night, they would have miraculously swung round towards Mosedale before the morning ! Perhaps it was a mere reaction that made us turn our steps towards Great End on the first day out. Maybe it was part of a subtler and mightier revolt—that harking back to a classical tradition that always follows on the heels of an excessively romantic epoch. Certainly, in the process of research into the history of the Stone we had lately been steeping ourselves in the ancient records, and had imbibed some of the spirit of those delightful days when a man could describe a new climb as “ decidedly harder than Pillar Rock.” Those old-timers had their settled views on the right way to conduct the sport ; and among other things was a well-established canon that no man could climb hard rocks on his first day. The present irreverent age reckes little of such sober prudence, and perhaps it was not unmeet that someone should set a pious example. Be that as it may, I desire to place on record that this particular

Good Friday, which saw a man newly freed from the enervating toils of industry—a man of standing, moreover, a Librarian, one of those in whom the preservation of the Faith is officially vested, and who might therefore be expected to know better—that same Good Friday, I repeat, which saw this impious wretch set off to do the North West Climb on Pillar, saw us bend our dutiful steps towards Skew Ghyll and Cust's Gully.

Arrived at the top of the latter with the day still in its prime, the problem of how to carry on arose. "The regular thing, of course," said one, "is to go down Central Gully." Having already kicked and hewn some hundreds of steps in the snow, however, we all felt that honour had been amply satisfied in this direction. Then somebody remarked, in a casual off-hand way: "Let's go on to Lingmell."

Such suggestions often carry by virtue of their suddenness and splendid simplicity. Was it not Kelly, on one memorable occasion, after completing the Girdle Traverse, who electrified a party by replying to the question: "What shall we do next?" by "Let's do Scaffell, I've never ticked it off"? Whereupon his stupefied companions solemnly followed him to the summit cairn.

In some such spirit of inert acquiescence we turned our faces to Lingmell, and descended into that charming hinterland that lies between Great End and the head of Piers Ghyll. There are no more delightful spots in Lakeland than these all too unfrequented hanging valleys—Gillercombe, the tract between Gable and Haystacks, and their like. One may pause to rest on polished slabs, fashioned countless centuries ago by the glacier that scooped out the basin; and then go on to jump the puny stream, its present day successor. On we wandered through this pleasant land, a Lethe and Elysium in one, gradually becoming less conscious of any purpose or direction, crags and mountain summits seeming alike irrelevant; until the guiding spirit which had taken our destiny in hand once more bestirred itself; and lo, a gentle slope upon our right beckoned with inviting gesture. It was all done, as it were, in a twinkling of an eye—a mere ten minutes, if exactness be desired—and we were there. Upon its topmost

point we stood ; the peak of our faithful, if tardy allegiance ; the centre of the geographer's interest ; the Cinderella of Wasdale ; the Mountain that Thomas left out !

We had climbed Lingmell.

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The following wish was written in the scrap book of a girl of 12 after making her first climb.

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To E.M.,

Benvenue,

August 24th, 1915.

May you always have a happy memory of your first mountain ascent, and may it lead you on to a love of outdoor life, and of all that the study of nature can teach.

As the years pass may you have strength to climb, with eyes to see and a heart to know the secrets of the hills.

May you learn that in life, as on a mountain, though mists and clouds and swamps may threaten failure, yet by perseverance and care a summit may be gained or a difficulty be passed, and that He who made the hills will give help to those who lift their eyes to seek Him there. s.



## A SESTINA OF WASDALE HEAD.

BY C. E. BENSON.

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Deep sunk in solemn gloom sleeps Wasdale Head,  
 O'er-canopied by sullen-drifting cloud,  
 Lulled by the murmur of the mountain streams,  
 That flash like smiles across the slumbering face  
 Of Nature, as she yearns towards the light  
 Of rosy-fingered morning, lingering still.

Yet, though the dale is slumbering dark and still,  
 The first fair flush on Gable's head  
 Has touched the world with rosy-fingered light,  
 Transmuting into gold the sullen cloud,  
 What time the sun unveils his sov'reign face,  
 And o'er the earth his risen glory streams.

I hear the silver note of calling streams.  
 Shame on me if I lie inert and still.  
 'Now for our mountain sport.' With radiant face  
 And gladsome feet I seek the Pass's Head,  
 And up and ever upward through the cloud,  
 And up and ever upward to the light.

And thus with lightsome step and heart as light,  
 Cheered by the laughter of the happy streams  
 That drives from tired brain the heavy cloud  
 Of care, and bids its wearing blasts be still,  
 With muscle firm, clean lung, and steady head,  
 I seek with comrades Gable's northern face.

I hear a shout above, and lift my face,  
 Then duck it promptly, and forthwith doth light  
 With an infernal crack upon my head  
 A stone dislodged, and brings the blood in streams  
 Like those which flowed from that famed smuggler's still  
 Near-by, and like those streams the senses cloud.

And what though incidents like this may cloud  
 My pleasure for a moment, and my face  
 With sanguinary hues bedeck. I still  
 Am filled with joy as from my car I light  
 And hearken to the laughter of the streams  
 Amid the crags that loom o'er Wasdale Head.

And near some mountain head, my shroud the cloud,  
 My dirge the gentle streams, my yearning face  
 Turned to the morning light, ah, lay me still.

## FIFTY HOURS ON THE LANGKOFEL.

BY C. F. HOLLAND.

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Those who read an article about the Dolomites in last year's journal may possibly remember that we failed to get up the Langkofel by the Pichlrouté, and only just managed to get off the mountain in gathering darkness after twelve hours' climbing.

After some successful and highly exciting climbing at St. Martino di Castrozza, we returned to our old haunt, the Sella Hut, and naturally selected for our first climb there the only one that defeated us last year, a defeat that had rankled slightly.

It was gratifying to find that we could not possibly have got to the top before dark, even if we had found the way, and that our return was absolutely justified. This time a respectably early start was made, but we did not reach the initial rocks till nearly eight, owing to an extraordinary mistake on my part. For a climb of the length of the Pichlrouté, this was far too late, and it cannot be too strongly emphasized that for any climb on the Langkofel one should be on the rocks at the peep of dawn. The same applies to the remark that one should have a pretty shrewd idea as to the route off, and know more or less where it lies, its length, and the character of the climbing on it. Our idea of the route down the other side was that it was practically a walk, which arose out of a remark made by one of our Austrian friends last year, to the effect that it was too easy to be worth our while.

The fact is that the ordinary way up the mountain from the Langkofel Hut gives several hours of moderate but complicated climbing, and includes a snow couloir some eight hundred feet high, where an ice-axe may be essential.

After the heat, the snow everywhere was in a condition that made an axe necessary, and we had omitted to take one.



THE LANGKOFEL, FROM THE GRÖBENER JOCH.  
A A—Pichl Route. B B Q C D K—Route down. Q—Start of the long traverse.  
C—Turned back. D—Second night out. E—Hard traverse and descent. K—Finish.  
Vertical height 3,400 feet.

We also discovered the folly of going out with insufficient food and no reserve of clothing, while personally I regretted bitterly the absence of a second pair of rubbers.

If these remarks help anyone to avoid similar mistakes, our experiences of the next three days will have served a useful purpose.

To return to the climb. The day was Saturday, August 11th, and the weather perfect, though perhaps too hot for complete comfort. Moving in leisurely fashion we made our way up the vast slabs, traversing always to the right until we reached the water which gives to the climb its alternate name of the Water Way.

Here we fed, and then continued by last year's route, and a fine traverse to the upper end of the slabs below the difficult chimneys that bring one into the gorge above, and eventually to the small col where we retreated last year.

At this point, about 1 p.m., we consumed the remainder of our food, all except a small portion of ham, which luckily I felt disinclined to eat.

This year we knew all about the continuation, and went straight to it.

Sixty feet of exposed ridge about as hard as the Eagle's Nest Direct, an ascending traverse to the left, easier but most exposed, a corner and a series of chimneys, safe but difficult and extremely exhausting, a few hundred feet of uninteresting scrambling, and the summit at five.

Even then we did not realise the unwonted lateness of the hour for persons who did not know the route down.

We were in a wilderness of crags, and the only thing to do seemed to be to continue along the summit ridge, and look for suitable openings below. The course of wisdom would have been to get as far down the Pichlroute as possible, and settle down for the night in one of the cavernous chimneys by which we had ascended.

The ridge came to an abrupt but temporary end in space, and we retraced our steps, turned down, tried a vertical chimney, and abandoned it in favour of a vastly unpleasant rift full of snow, and so reached a scree-filled hollow with a couloir below it.

Down this we proceeded in rapidly gathering darkness for some way till we were brought to a standstill by snow completely filling the couloir, too hard to be tackled without an axe.

By this time the darkness was serious, and we should have settled down for the night in a convenient hole under a big jammed rock, or returned to the hollow above. In an attempt however, to better our position, Speaker climbed the rocks to the right, and I joined him, but could not see to traverse across into a scoop beyond. So dark was it now that I had to be lowered into the couloir again.

Here I ensconced myself under the rock, reclining on ice and snow under a steady trickle of icy water, and made myself as comfortable as I could, Speaker preferring the dryness of his exposed ledge. By this time my watch said it was nine o'clock, and we had a long wait in front of us, which lengthened considerably when rain began to fall, and distant thunder and lightning indicated that we were probably in for a wet night.

Although he tried hard, Speaker found it impossible to leave his perch and join me, a serious business, as the falling stones and the prospect of a deluge made it supremely desirable that he should share my damp but secure retreat.

It was just as well that we remained on the fringe of the storm, for a downpour would have brought down many stones, and as it was many fell, one actually hitting the rope between us, while a torrent down the couloir would have been most unwelcome. About midnight, however, the rain stopped, the storm wind which had howled through the crags an hour earlier died away, stars re-appeared, and the dim outline of the Grohmannspitze could once more be seen. A dim white patch marked the glacier below it, and the clean cut black walls of the gorge towering to an immense and incalculable height made a most effective setting for the mysterious mountain shape confronting us.

Clouds gathered again, the Grohmann vanished, and the great gorge filled with mist welling up from below ; but no more rain fell, and gradually the stars crept out, and the mists shredded away to nothingness.

So the night wore on, the first sign of dawn a slight change in tone of the light, which strengthened in quality with

incredible slowness as the veils of night were lifted, one by one, with infinite stealth and subtlety, so that one almost believed at times that while closing one's eyes the dawn had come and gone, and that night was falling once again.

One must confess that the night was one of very great strain, and the reaction at dawn was considerable.

The situation was still an anxious one, as Speaker was obviously painfully stiff and cramped, after nearly eight hours during which every movement had to be deliberate and cautious to preserve balance and avoid falling into the couloir, and the rocks between us were by no means easy, even in daylight.

Many times, in fact, he had nearly slipped off, and I had him belayed all the time in case this should happen.

At last, to my great relief, he succeeded in reaching me, and we ate the morsels of ham left from the day before, while we endeavoured to restore circulation.

An effort was made as soon as possible to descend the couloir, but it was very soon evident that this would hardly be possible without an axe, and we were really glad to have to return to the summit, as we could see the upper rocks shining in the sun, and felt rather acutely the need of warmth and sleep. These were six hundred feet or so above us, and reaching them was a painful business; but about six we emerged to glorious sunshine, and settled down for a sleep till 7-30.

Within a few minutes we were wandering along the main ridge again, and soon arrived at the chasm where we had turned back the night before. Here we found a wellscratched chimney leading down the North East wall of the mountain, approximately where we reckoned it should be, according to the diagram of this face in Purtscheller, and we committed ourselves to this route. For some distance chimneys of no great difficulty and bearing traces of frequent use continued until they opened out into a broad groove that led into the great gorge splitting the North East wall from top to bottom.

Hereabouts we should have traversed well away to the right, but continued towards the gorge and a direct descent. In this we climbed for a couple of hundred feet, but the snow

was in very bad condition with a thin layer over ice, and the collapse of a step left me dangling on the rope, and emphasized the necessity for getting on to rock as soon as possible.

By this time we had entirely lost any traces of previous climbers, and, judging by this fact and a study of diagrams, our route down to the great traverse was in all probability a new one, besides being undoubtedly one full of magnificent and often severe climbing.

Apart from the condition of the snow, our inspection of the gorge had shewn us its impracticability owing to the prevalence of enormous cave pitches, too wide for backing, and calling for pitons and abseiling.

For the next seven hours we climbed almost incessantly on the true right wall of the gorge. The rock scenery was very much on the grand scale, the climbing absorbingly interesting, sound, and of the best type of free and open slab and wall work, while the likelihood of coming to an impasse added a spice of excitement that served a useful purpose in helping us to suppress all thought of food. Luckily water was plentiful and easily accessible all day.

Only once did we come to prolonged indecision as to the route. We were attracted by an abrupt pinnacle well out of the gorge and climbed up and out to the gap between it and the main mass of the mountain, to find a couloir leading down to easy rocks that slanted at a moderate angle, apparently right down to the screes. It seemed to us that the couloir should be made to go, but a descent of ten feet and a brief inspection showed that it was quite impossible, as we were up against a steep river of ice between vertical walls, so we turned back and resumed the carrying out of our original idea.

On this line we continued to make good progress, occasionally facing the threat of impossibility, invariably working out the descent for another fifty feet or so, and finding that the difficulty had been outflanked. Twice lowering tactics had to be resorted to, followed by the aid of a shoulder for the last man.

At last we saw that we were just above the traverse, but with sixty feet of sheerness between us and it.

True to the character of the climb, the wall provided a superb traverse connecting two lines of descent, and at 5 p.m. we reached the traverse, put on our boots, and began to rejoice exceedingly in the thought of food, drink, and rest.

By now my rubbers were in an advanced state of decomposition—for fifteen hundred feet or more I had been climbing with bare toes—and once on the traverse, I hurled away the fragments that remained, and resumed my boots with relief.

We rattled along at a great pace, scree slopes alternating with scrambling, and a long chimney taking us down to a lower ledge. Any mistake now seemed impossible, but for all that the mistake was fated to be made.

Our trouble was due to a failure to grasp the immense length of the traverse, and to our mistaking an outstanding flange of the mountain for the one shown in Purtscheller's diagram containing the starting chimney and environs. So we turned down too soon, nearly a third of a mile short of the correct spot, and found ourselves on a traverse which seemed to reach right to the base of the cliff.

Along this we proceeded at an unusually fast rate until, with singular abruptness, the wall steepened up to an alarming angle, and we came to a complete stop.

It was now after seven, and though, given time, a connection with the lower slopes could probably be worked out, any attempt at so late an hour to find a way across the uncompromising wall before us would have been far too risky, and so patent was the severity of the problem that the possibility of trying it was never even considered.

There was nothing for it but to retrace our steps and look for a suitable abode for the night.

Our pace on this four hundred foot traverse was so great both ways, that on reaching easy ground above we were both utterly exhausted, and could hardly have gone much further.

Once again we came to abundant water, and after slaking our thirst found a splendid cave where we were protected from rain and stones, and settled down for the night, stubbornly



refusing to regret the absence of food and beer, though inclined to chide providence, more in sorrow than in anger, for the shortage of tobacco.

Our sleeping quarters were a zenith of safety and cushioned ease compared with which those of the previous night were a very nadir, the limit of discomfort and danger. We slept but little, however, the hardness of the stones, a chilly wind, the fatigue and nerve strain of the day, and the lack of food combining to make us restless, while speculations as to the route off in the morning kept one mentally active.

The earliest possible light saw us on the move again, and we selected a diagonal line in the reverse direction to the traverse that had failed, going in a somewhat haphazard fashion.

It was characteristic of this rather remarkable expedition that we were destined on this third morning to meet with the severest problem of all, and to be called upon for an effort which would, under any conditions, have been memorable. The difficulty was of a familiar and dreaded kind, slabs steepening to a wall of unsound rock, possibly overhanging, and certainly to be left alone most severely.

Working round a corner, the solution could be seen at once, it was quite obviously the only possible way down, but equally obviously it was neither simple nor innocent.

A thirty foot traverse along a slightly overhanging wall, using a ledge for handhold, connected with a possible descent to easy rocks about thirty feet lower. From where we were the drop was much greater, but from the end of the ledge abseiling looked feasible.

It was a bad place, but we both realised the necessity of forcing it, and lost no time in setting about doing so.

The traverse itself went, but was a severe bit of work, and a dangerous one, as the holds on the ledge were largely of the semi-detached variety, and needed the most careful handling.

At the far end the ledge widened and gave a little sitting perch with a respectable looking belay at one's back. Here Speaker joined me, and we made a joint examination of the

place, which was the most critical we had been in, and made a worthy climax to all that had gone before.

The radical unsoundness of the rock and the severity of the next movement demanded a sustained physical effort, combined with the utmost delicacy of balance, of which we shall always retain a very vivid memory.

It went with a small margin, and once round the bad corner vertical rocks led to the broad slope below.

Speaker's original intention to abseil proved too awkward to carry out, and eventually he came down my way, coolly hooking his rope over doubtful projections as he came.

Another stage had been passed, but though the worst was over, our trials were not yet ended.

An easy line on the right was unaccountably passed by, and a much harder one chosen by way of an open and moist chimney, of which the first two pitches had to be turned by semi-circular excursions on slabs, deficient in handhold, and of none too reliable rock, the second of these giving one movement of great difficulty, needing good balance, and more faith in insecure grass tufts than is generally considered advisable. This latter brought me to a good stance, and while awaiting the advent of Speaker, four figures were suddenly seen on the screes.

Shouts and counter-shouts established mutual acquaintanceship, and they turned out to be Miss Bray, an Austrian friend, Herr Erschbaumer, who had abandoned his climbing to help in the search, and a couple of guides.

We at once enquired if they had food, as we were hungry, and on learning that they had, we decided to remain where we were until they brought us the much needed sustenance, before climbing the hundred and twenty feet still left to do.

Half an hour later, about ten, we set foot on the screes, after fifty hours on the mountain, and not long afterwards we were discussing an enormous dish of fried eggs and beakers of ale at the hut, surrounded by the excited inhabitants thereof, who had long ago given us up for dead.

In this connection we were particularly grateful to Herr Erschbaumer, who had resolutely refused to believe that anything could possibly have happened to us.

So ended the toughest expedition we had ever made. It was a magnificent experience, and we learnt many useful lessons from it.

The object of this article is not only to give an account of mountain adventure, but in addition possibly to save others from repeating some of our many mistakes, and also to attract English cragsmen to the wonderful climbing grounds of the Dolomites, and some of the finest scenery in the world. The rock-climbing can only be described as magnificent, and at the same time there is real mountaineering in full flavour, while to the glamour of the rocks there is added the lure of high places, and the fascination of attaining the summits of peaks by routes that are practically untrodden.

To climb any of the great Dolomite peaks by the wrong side is "an awfully great adventure," and any climber, who takes his sport with the seriousness that is its due, can be a pioneer in the finest of all rock-climbing districts, and the golden days are waiting for anyone who cares.

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LITTLE  
PHILIP

at the age of  
15 months.

*Photo by  
Apollo Adams 'E.L.'*



Mrs MINOR ascending SNOWDON  
THREE TIMES IN ONE DAY.

*Photo by W.M. Huntbach.*

MC MINOR  
Dancing.

(By kind permission  
of the Proprietors  
of the  
Rucksack Club  
Journal.)

H.E. Scott/1928.



## INTERVIEWS WITH CLUB CELEBRITIES.

P. S. MINOR, EX-PRESIDENT.

By H. E. SCOTT.

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I found the great man seated in his palatial office in Spring Gardens, whither he had removed not long ago from Fountain Street, a few yards away. The street of the fountain, the gardens of spring; happy the man who can conduct his business in such delightful surroundings, and still be within a stone's throw of the Manchester Town Hall! Only those who know Manchester can really appreciate my feelings as I sat by the open window on a summer afternoon, listening to the splash of falling water and the call of the bulbul in the elm trees. Inside the spacious room we were surrounded by hundreds of legal tomes, row upon row of them (for titles see appendix). On the desk, on the floor, on the chairs, were piles of blue papers tied with red tape; wills, probates, writs, warrants, agreements, leases, conveyances, mandamuses, injunctions and all the paraphernalia of the law almost hid Mr. Minor from my view, but over the mantel piece sufficient space was cleared for a picture of mountain and glacier, which struck at once the key-note of the great man's character, and showed how even whilst most deeply immersed in his professional labours, he could lift his eyes unto the hills.

Plunging at once *in medias res* (all interviewers say that) I asked him at what age he had begun to climb, and he told me how on the day of his christening his old nurse had put him down for a moment upon the chancel floor, and had turned to find him climbing on hands and knees up the pulpit stairs.

Born in the halcyon days of the mid-Victorian era, within the penumbra of the Wrekin in spirit if not in fact, he early evinced a liking for the study of the law, in due time obtained the degree of LL.B., and was admitted solicitor in the year . . . . He also showed traces in his early years of that

musical aptitude which developed later, and made him, perhaps, the finest performer upon tongs and fender to be found in any Climbing Club.

“Have you ever climbed Snowdon, Mr. Minor?” I asked. “Yes,” he replied, “I have done so several times. In fact I have ascended Snowdon about a hundred and twenty times. In the year 1917 (being then President of the Fell and Rock and the Rucksack Clubs—the sentences ran concurrently) I walked up it and down again three times within the limits of a single day. And I distinctly remember telling my friend the Major at the time, that if the mountain had only been half the height, I would have ascended it six times instead of three.”

“And as a member of the Alpine Club, you must be familiar with Switzerland?”

“Yes,” he said, “I have climbed Mont Blanc, Mont Cervin, the Dent Blanche, etc. in *propria persona* besides a number of mountains with German names which I never mention, and I have climbed most of the other Swiss peaks by deputy. As for my own, my native land,” he said, looking at me steadily through those eyes which a lady once told me were the bluest she had ever seen, “wherever in England or Wales one stone stands higher than another, there you will find my footprints—footprints, you will notice, of no common size.”

Mr. Minor has been Treasurer of the Rucksack Club since time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, and he has visited the Alps more often than any other member. (No connection is implied, or denied, between these statements.) His musical proclivities have already been hinted at, and although he is unquestionably a man of weight, his svelte and lissom figure is often seen at informal dances in the Lakeland vales, and he is well known as an enthusiastic and capable exponent of the terpsichorean art.

“Is it a fact, Mr. Minor, that you received a title of distinction for service during the War?”

“Yes,” he replied, blushing modestly, “I received the title of K.O.G.” Little by little I wormed out the facts. It appears that he was on duty one night at an Ancoats police station with a colleague named Pickstone. The

sergeant detailed them to watch a woman who was lying in a cell just emerging from a drunken sleep. Pickstone sat on a chair by the "bed." Minor stood three paces away, looking through the window. The woman opened her eyes, took stock of her surroundings, jerked her head towards the window, and whispered to Pickstone, "what is the **Kind Old Gentleman** in for?" I may add that the story is literally true, and it is believed that Mr. Minor is the only policeman in the country who has received this title.

Emboldened by the extreme affability and good nature which are, perhaps, Mr. Minor's chief characteristics, I ventured to ask whether, as an old member of the Manchester Literary Club, he could give my readers any message from one of his favourite poets. "Well," he said, after a few moments' thought, "I seem to remember a couple of lines from Rudyard Kipling—

"Pass the hat for your credit's sake,  
And Pay, Pay, Pay."

Probably if you asked my friends of the Rucksack Club, they would tell you that the last three words represent my philosophy of life, my idea of what (other) men should live for, more aptly than any other three words in the English language."

I naturally produced my cheque book, and the great man then kindly and cordially invited me to visit his house in the country. But alas, the exigencies of space, and the clamour of the Editor, who keeps the whole machinery of the printing press waiting for this article, prevent me telling you all that I have heard in the privacy of Mr. Minor's beautiful garden, where I saw the roses round the door, the clear blue sky of Cheshire overhead, and in the distance, shimmering in the heat-haze, the pine trees which cap the towers and bastions of Alderley Edge at a height of fully six hundred (600) feet above the plain.

(NOTE.—The Editor and Interviewer wish it to be clearly understood that they disclaim all or any responsibility for any statement made herein and/or any inferences that may be drawn therefrom.)

## MOSES' TROD.

BY R. B. GRAHAM.

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This much, at least, is certain: that all climbers who have visited Gable Crag from Buttermere or from Wastdale (many, too, who have visited the Napes from Buttermere) have entered into the heritage of Moses. They have walked his "Trode."

But here certainty ends. Who "Moses" was, whether indeed he ever was, and at what period the boons indisputably connected with the name were conferred upon the climbers of to-day—these are questions to which no one mindful of the Higher Criticism will try to give explicit answers. At any rate, the man who would boldly aver that the authentic law-giver himself toiled up Gavel Neaze to bring down the Twelve Tables from a mountain erroneously described as "Sinai," would be a British Israelite indeed, in whom was little guile. He might, it is true, derive some support from the minatory—or is it only the hortatory?—heavenward pointing of "Moses Finger," and he has but to cross the Sty to find himself with the strong corroboration of "Aaron Slack" on one side of him, and "Aaron Crag" not far away on the other. But he is then confronted by the rationalistic antiquarian, who remarks succinctly: "Aaron usually = Iron = Erne = Eagle." The controversy thus passes to an ornithologist, who maintains that, when our ancestors said "eagle," they really meant "buzzard"; so that the Slack and the Crag are named to do honour, not to a remote and sacerdotal Hebrew, but to a very familiar acquaintance of the fells to-day.

The point, however, at which our British Israelite could be relied upon to abandon both his researches and his theory with a gesture of haste, would be the moment of his acquaintance with that part of the tradition which depicts Moses as a local smuggler, and connects his Trode with the "Smuggler's



Retreat " on Gable Crag. To remark that the episode of the rod, the rock, and the refreshing stream might be only an " expurgated " version of the worm, the moss, and the cases of whisky could be the notion only of some base and hare-brained rationalist.

With the British Israelite thus conclusively discomfited, let us turn to the plain facts. A well-defined track, of uncertain antiquity, runs up Gavel Neaze from Wastdale, turns to the left below the prominent boulder known as " Moses' Finger," and so, with some minor gaps as the scree is crossed, reaches Beckhead, between Great Gable and Kirk Fell ; from there it descends below the screes of Gable Crag, and continues across the face of Gable and the head of Ennerdale ; it then contours cleverly round the shoulders of Green Gable and Brandreth, and skirts the lip of the great hollow known as the Dubs, to lose itself in the moss by the Honister drum-house ; finally, from the direction of the moss, a piece of track of a similar character may be found leading to Honister Crag, which it reaches at the end nearer to the Pass.

The path is known as " Moses' Trod " (" track " or " road ") or, by an alternative version, " Moses' Sledgate." This last was what John Robinson used to call it, but I have not found it current among the shepherds and farmers of the district, and the nature of the track itself makes it very improbable that " Moses " used a sledge. His Trod is too narrow, and very much too lumpy. It has the appearance of a track, carefully chosen indeed, but made mainly by being trodden under foot. Upon the owners, human and other, of the feet, tradition has a word to say.

It has been observed that this track forms a very pleasant way of walking between Buttermere and Wastdale : there is little loss of level between the drum-house and Beckhead, and the only grind from the one side is up to the drum-house, and from the other up Gavel Neaze. But it would be an insult alike to the smuggler or to the patriarch, to suggest that this carefully planned " trod " was made with any such unpractical intention as to find a better way from Buttermere to Wastdale than that by Scarf Gap and Black Sail. Black Sail is easily the quicker, and it was no new discovery in the

days when Ned Nelson, a spry lad whose age had just reached double figures, used to guide parties of tourists at five shillings a time (was it once five parties in a single day?) taking them from Gatesgarth till they were within sight of the Wastdale houses "and couldn't well lose themselves."

If not to Buttermere from Wastdale, then whither from Wastdale? For the Wastdale end is clear. The only possible other end for the track is the Honister Slate Quarries, and the natural purpose of the care to avoid steep gradients (save for the one downhill—on Gavel Neaze) must have been to make easy the transport of heavy loads, presumably of slate, from Honister to Wastdalehead. Clinching archaeological evidence is to be found in the small fragments of slate that may be picked up along the Trod, for example on Gavel Neaze and in other naturally slateless parts. Moses' Trod, then, brought slates from Honister to Wastdale.

"Eh, tha's fund that aht, has tha? A could 'a tellt thee yon at fust ef tha'd ass'd ma!"—so says the voice of tradition. Wastdale folk will tell you that the Trod is the old slate-track (hence perhaps, from a mis-hearing, the perversion "sled" gate), whereby slates were first brought to Wastdale. Wastdale has no slate of its own, and until slate came over Beckhead, so they say, the roofing was done with heavy split stones believed to have come mostly out of Mosedale. There are still some heavy roof-stones at Down-in-the-Dale and other places. I have never heard that slate came to Wastdale from the working, now disused, in Ennerdale below Scarf Gap, but it is surprising if none did.

Tradition tells us also, in whatever valley we seek it, that the "heavy loads, presumably of slate" were not entirely composed of that weighty but innocent commodity. The evidence for a "Smuggler's Retreat" on Gable Crag (near the top, by the right hand exit of the Central Gully) has not come my way; but the tradition that spirits came in illicit fashion along Moses' Trod is as strong as the whisky it tells of.

If one is sufficiently inquisitive to make closer enquiries about the Trod from the men in any of the three valleys, before long will come the words, "Auld Will used to say . . . ." And so to Will Ritson, to the "biggest lear," to the grand

old man of Wastdale, must our search for reliable evidence guide us at last !

“ Old Will used to say,” said our fine old friend, the late Mr. Jopson, of Thornythwaite, one day in his farm-yard, “ that when he was a lad he could remember an old man they called Moses, who used to come over the Trod with a pony, and he was the first man who brought slates to Wastdalehead. He'd bring slates, and he'd bring bottles of whisky and all. He made the whisky in the quarries out of the bog-water he got from the big moss up there above Honister Pass. It's bog-water makes the best whisky. And Will said he used to hide his liquor in one of those great piles of stones in the fields at Wastdalehead. That would be his store. He said he'd seen him himself coming over Gable with his pony, when he was a lad. Ay, and he said old Moses would be caught now and then and taken before the magistrate for making whisky on the sly. And magistrate would be very severe with him, and fine him and confiscate his worm, and then give it back to him on the quiet, because he made such good whisky . . . . . Eh, he was a great one for tales, was Old Will, but they generally had a long handle to them.”\*

Such, or some such, is Old Will's contribution, as it reached me. (I should be most grateful for fuller information of his words).

Either Mr. Jopson, or more likely some other, also specified the Dub Quarries, on the side of Fleetwith facing Grey Knotts, as the place where, according to Old Will, Moses made his whisky. But a quarryman, who is certainly no centagenarian as yet, has assured me that he himself “ got ” some of the first slate that ever was quarried from the Dubs ; he “ thinks it would be thirty year or more back—that was when they were first quarried.” Moses was already a dim figure of tradition in the early nineties.

The question of the antiquity of the Trod is indeed unsolved by the evidence of tradition. One circumstance gives support to the view that it is older than any possible

\* Mr. Jopson also used to say that he himself remembered an old smuggler, whose name he was not sure of (Taylor? or Walker?) who used to come over the Stake Pass with his goods in the panniers of a white pack pony.

“Moses” known to the boyhood of Will Ritson. That circumstance is the scarcity of first-hand evidence on the subject of this same Moses. Everybody has heard of him; everybody knows that the track was made by Moses; but who ever saw him in the flesh? I have not come across information in any of the valleys to the effect that anyone of Old Will’s generation (or, indeed, of any other generation), except Old Will himself, ever claimed to have seen Moses. The point is worth further enquiry, and very likely the researches have not been sufficiently thorough to base an “argument from silence” upon them. So much the more blame to the Editor for demanding this article a full year before it is ready.

But in default of correction on the fact, one may perhaps be permitted to base a provisional argument upon this apparently significant silence. If Old Will, alone of his generation, asserted that he had seen Moses in the flesh, it is extremely likely that Old Will was merely adding a decorative “handle” to his tale. On this supposition the story of Moses may be in the main a reliable tradition, but the statement will be false which brings Moses into the life-time of Old Will.

It is perhaps not unkind, or irreverent to the mighty dead, to suggest that it would be just like Old Will to import into his narrative that personal knowledge which really belonged to an earlier generation, to the story, in fact, as he himself had heard it. That particular offence against truth is venial in the born story-teller.

If there is no other first-hand evidence for the existence of Moses in Will Ritson’s life-time, it thus becomes extremely probably that Moses was a figure of pre-Ritson tradition. In that case, the very existence of the story goes to indicate a greater antiquity for the Trod than that suggested by Old Will’s tale. If the Trod was indeed established in his life-time, or just before, Moses must be a pure figment; for had he existed in these days others would have seen him. But Moses is a very well-established figure of tradition; he can hardly be the invention of a few decades. Declining, therefore, to drop Moses as a figment, we are bound to push the

date of the Trod back into pre-Ritson days. Indeed, even if Moses be a figment, the existence of the Moses myth would still point to an earlier date for the establishment, though by someone else, of the Trod that bears his name.

This somewhat flimsy and highly provisional argument would lead us, therefore, to believe that Moses' Trod was an existing institution not long after the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Turning from the valley traditions to what the present slate workers can tell us, we find more precision of detail, but a similar conclusion. Mr. Johns, the Manager of the Buttermere Green Slate Company, in Keswick, has very kindly told me what he knows of the trod, and has made enquiries among the older quarrymen on the subject. He writes "report has it that in 1730 or later slate used to be carried by pack-horses and donkeys from Ash Ghyll<sup>1</sup> to Drigg via Wastdale." He adds that the same method of removal prevailed between 1840 and 1851, but in 1851 sledges down the scree to the coach road were introduced. This, again, was superseded by the Gravitation Tramway in 1881.

This really gives us something to go upon. A weak point in the tradition as it stood, was that the task of bringing slates for the few houses at Wastdalehead would hardly account for so well-worn a track. The regular traffic to the near neighbourhood of the most ancient harbour of Cumberland gives a much more satisfactory explanation, for Ravenglass was a port from the days of Rome.

The date "1730 or later" occurring thus casually in tradition is necessarily vague. But what we can be quite sure of is that Moses' Trod was not worn for regular commercial purposes after the year 1851. While pack-horses transported the slate, they might well find Drigg or Ravenglass as good a route to the world as any. But when sledges and four-wheeled vehicles could take it in the direction of Buttermere, the more northerly ports of Cumberland would be more easily reached, and slate would only cross Beckhead for Wastdale's modest needs.

1. This is one of the great rifts in the face of Honister Crag.

That gives us a last date for the regular use of Moses' Trod. How far back from that can we look for its establishment? Here are two fascinating statements from the pen of W. G. Collingwood, whose archæological learning has already been once drawn upon in this paper. "Of course," he writes, "the Romans used roofing slates in their forts"—one thinks at once of Ravenglass—and "pre-Reformation slating was found in Gosforth Holywell Chapel."

One may believe that, if slates were used at Ravenglass, they may have come from Langdale or from Coniston, along the Hardknott Road, at least as easily as from Honister, and further enquiry there would hardly be profitable. But what of the "pre-Reformation slates at Gosforth," Gosforth, which is Wastdale's own postal address?

Let us end this article on Moses as others have been ended, with an unanswered question. Enquiries into mediæval building at Gosforth, or into the history of the port of Drigg, would take time; the Editor is insistent, and when we next meet he will be armed with an ice-axe. But let us hope that, whenever and by whomsoever those enquiries are made, they will not tear out of the book of history that traditional page which tells, in words full of the spirit of Will Ritson, how old Moses with his pony travelled the famous Trod, bringing slates and whisky from Honister to Wastdale Head.

## THE GIRDLE TRAVERSE OF DOE CRAGS.

BY H. S. GROSS.

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FOREWORD.—The following article is not intended to be a description of the route followed on the actual traverse, but rather as a description of the events and exploration which led to the final completion of the "Girdle." For the actual route, the reader is referred to Guide No. 1 "Doe Crag."

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Mention of the "Girdle Traverse" will at once turn the thoughts of the enthusiastic climber to the "Girdle" of Scawfell. It would seem most natural also, that one would at once fall to a comparison of the respective merits of Scawfell and Doe Crag. Owing to obvious structural divergencies, it will at once be apparent that they offer vastly different problems to the explorer in a horizontal direction. Scawfell with its terrific Central Buttress, appears to offer an insuperable barrier to a traverse of any kind, and the ledge which proves to be the key of the situation is probably the only possible means to the desired end. Turning to Doe Crag we find that nature has already provided a traverse which—with the exception of "A" Buttress—gives an easy route across the crag to any ordinarily adventurous mountain sheep. Such places being taboo to the elect, it would therefore appear desirable that this easy route be avoided. Avoidance of the easy in this case, rapidly developed into seeking the difficult, and it is felt that the completed traverse will satisfy the veriest glutton for difficulty.

To those with a good knowledge of "THE" Crag, the crossing of "A" Buttress, and of the top of Central Chimney, will suggest themselves as the places most likely to cause

serious trouble. The first necessitates the art or practise of "abseiling, and the second seemed like to wreck the scheme ere it finally yielded.

Although the idea of a traverse of "THE" Crag was not new, it was at Easter, 1922, that it was first brought to the notice of the writer—hitherto of blameless character. A week of splendid weather had been spent with Bower—wrestling with the task of completing a "Guide" to time. During this period a sometimes refractory assistant was pacified and bribed into subjection by the promise of a wonderful new climb which was to be our reward on completion of the "work."

Sunday, therefore, found us at the foot of the crag, eager for the reward of labours ended. Needless to say, profound gloom and an entire absence of sun prevailed, although offset to some extent by the cheery presence of a burly third conspirator. Bower at once "tied on" and set off up the slabs of the "Trident" route—chosen as the start of operations. I followed—encumbered with two hundred feet of "string" and a loop—the purpose whereof was wropt in mystery. The Burly One brought up the rear. The "Trident" was followed until level with the top traverse of Gordon and Craig route, which then gave access to a rickety grass ledge leading into Great Gully. The Gully was descended as far as the bottom pitch. Lunch was then disposed of, and two of us were initiated into the mysteries of "abseiling." Meantime the clouds crept steadily down the face of the Old Man, and deep gloom filled the basin of Goats Water. The leader, however, optimistically launched out upon the wall of the Gully, and after some really difficult climbing, the three once more joined forces on the slabs of the "Giant's Crawl." The object of the "string" and loop was now made apparent, as Bower announced his intention of "abseiling" from some point on the "Giant's Crawl." The said "point" was only discovered after considerable search on the edge of the quartz flecked slab. After some cold-blooded preparation, and sundry tugs to test the belay, the leader swung over the edge into swirling grey mist. Rain now commenced in earnest, assisted by a biting wind. The two left on the slab exchanged



uneasy glances, but a shout from below demanded action before slow wits could think of a suitable excuse. I therefore made the necessary preparations to descend—moving in gingerly fashion—and after a last piteous glance which my companion in misfortune refused to see, I found myself alone in the world, save for a thin and cutting rope possessed of many devils. Misunderstandings with this rope almost led to an untimely—though possibly fitting—end, and it was with relief that I once more reached terra firma. Strangely enough the pleasures of “abseil” at once became apparent, and the third man was urged to lose no time in sampling the joys. A moment’s silence followed, and then a swish and a thud, and the rope landed at our feet. No. 3, who holds that “every man has a right to his own methods,” joined us by way of the Easy Terrace, and three wet climbers trudged back to Coniston in the rain. From that day the desire for exploration burned hot within us, and all our efforts were turned to the furtherance of the “Girdle Traverse.” The following week found us on the spot eager for the fray. Bower unfortunately could not hereafter take part in events except through the medium of the post.

The route was joined at Easy Terrace, and followed by “Giant’s Corner,” along the slab to a wonderfully airy corner adjacent to Murray’s Climb. The possibility of effecting a junction with this climb, had already been demonstrated, and necessitates a movement of considerable difficulty in an exposed situation. This accomplished, we soon found ourselves at the “Cave,” and easy slabs were followed to the “Capstan” of Rock which overhangs the Central Chimney. The steep wall above bore evidence of many unfruitful efforts, and the pitch frowned us down in an alarming manner. An inspection filled us with hopes of ultimate success, a hope which was effectively damped by the rain, which had been threatening for some time, and now chose to put a stop to the operations.

Our next visit found the crags wet and slimy, with a strong cold wind blowing. The wind proved our friend eventually, as, after some desultory climbing, the rocks dried sufficiently to warrant an attempt on “Giant Grim,” as our pitch had

already been christened. We approached stealthily by way of the well-scratched slabs—now naturally dubbed “ Pilgrim’s Progress ”—and launched our attack on the surly one. “ Giant Grim ” fell after a stiff struggle, and it was in cheerful mood that No. 1 proceeded to take in the rope. A previous writer had promised “ magnificent views into the chimney ” to those making a route here, but personally I have no recollection of any but the most local surroundings on this particular occasion.

A partly detached pinnacle now obtruded on the right, and this was surmounted, presenting a flat top covered with blocks which demand careful treatment. We were destined to a very thorough acquaintance with this spot ! The position now gained must be seen to be appreciated. Between our pinnacle and the cave of Central Chimney stretched an almost vertical and apparently holdless wall of rock. At a depth of some 30 feet this wall was undercut, and one had an uninterrupted view of the bottom of the chimney and the screes below.

The place looked hopeless, and seemed likely to break the continuity of the traverse by forcing us out on to the Easy Terrace. Closer inspection revealed a reasonably good ledge running from the top of the Cave into the middle of the wall, where it ended in a right-angled corner. From this point the fault continued—reversed into an overhang. A gap of some fifteen feet divided our pinnacle from the angular Corner, and the eye of faith connected the two by means of sundry small grips. The pinnacle offered facilities for threading the rope, and No. 2 tied himself thereto, while No. 1 essayed the crossing. At six feet, progress from the top of the pinnacle became impossible, and after futile searching for holds, a return had to be made. A second and third attempt proved equally fruitless, and things began to look black. It was then found that an easy route could be utilized up above the wall, where grass ledges could be followed to the top of Central Chimney. This way was taken, but No. 1, feeling dissatisfied with this state of affairs, decided to take a look at the ledge which ended in the middle of the slab. Belayed from the top of the Chimney, a way was cautiously made on to

the ledge, and with difficulty the corner in the middle of the wall was attained. The corner was found to be provided with an excellent vertical crack, and making use of this, it was possible to take a peep at the remaining fifteen feet of difficulty. The only grips revealed were two—namely, a  $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide ledge for the fingers at eye level, and one small foothold above the overhang and level with the "ledge." This foothold seemed quite out of reach, and it was a distinct surprise to find that the left foot found the desired support! Greatly daring, a rapid change of hands completed the isolation. The exposure at this point is extreme! One small foothold, and fingers all bunched together along a tiny ledge, did not permit of lingering inspection, but nothing offered, and a return was made from a point tantalizingly near to the Pinnacle.

The crack in the corner was duly appreciated for the "pull in," and the ledge, which slopes awkwardly and is devoid of handhold, was safely crossed to the anxious second man. It was then decided to make yet another attempt from the Pinnacle, safeguarded by a rope from above. A good belay was found at the top of the wall, and immediately above the difficulty. No. 2 patiently settled himself here, until such time as No. 1 should have exhausted his surplus energy in vain effort. No. 1 descended to the Pinnacle, and set out upon holds now familiar—it was no use, however. Another foot of progress was made—and the available rock was duly caressed until return became imperative. A weary No. 1 "rested well by the pinnacle and grouched awhile in thought," and it was at this point that possibilities were seen in a steeply sloping ledge running up to the overhang. Above the overhang was the small foothold, and the problem resolved itself into raising oneself from the ledge to the foothold without apparent handhold. A first effort ended like the others, in defeat. No. 2 was then warned to be ready to "heave" if called upon, and another attack was launched. Starting from the crack of the Pinnacle, the feet were "wiggled" up the ledge as high as possible, convenient grips for the fingers being available. The right foot was raised to the desired foothold. Frenzied search found nothing but a tiny wrinkle for the fingers, and

in desperation this was used for the pull up. Balance disappeared to vanishing point, and the following dialogue ensued.

No. 1 : " Have you got me " ?—pause—

No. 2 : " What's that you say " ?

No. 1 : " Have you GOT me " ?—pause—no answer.  
(his balance becoming desperate, No. 1 " makes his grab.")

No. 1 (in extremis) PULL !!

A wild scabble finds him miraculously upon the desired foothold—then a voice from above—" Did you shout " ?

No. 1 realizes that he has done the feat unaided ; fortunately he is too breathless to reply suitably. The rest of the journey accomplished, it was decided that it would hardly be advisable to consider the wall conquered as yet.

Two weeks later found the twain once more on the Pinnacle, having arrived by way of " Giant Grim." No. 2 duly attached himself to the Pinnacle, No. 1 advanced to the attack. A first effort failed, owing to fatigue—just as the " key " grip was discovered. A return for a rest, and then once more to the attack. A moment of severe effort, and a gasp of joy announced the arrival of the leader on the small foothold, and in a few seconds into the security of the angular corner. A few moments more, and Central Wall was ours.

A belay can be found at the head of Central Chimney, but we are both of the opinion that the last man should be belayed from the top of the wall. It would be advisable to inspect the pitch before attempting to lead it.

The following week the pitch was again led, and photographs were taken. The route was then followed as far as " D " Buttress—a section full of interesting situations on sound, rough rock. A possible new route was discovered, which was climbed the following week, and named " C Eliminate." The Traverse was also continued into Easter Gully—a very " thin " hand traverse out of " Intermediate," causing a little excitement. All went well as far as South Chimney and it was decided to cross into either Murray's or Broadrick's Crack. The leader advanced across the wall, until checked by unreliable grips on a belt of slimy, wet rock. It was decided to leave this until a more favourable opportunity.

The details of the Traverse had now practically all been led, and it remained but to join up the various portions. "A" Buttress seemed rather a weak link, however, and it was decided to try a traverse level with the top of the "Arête" to the corner of Great Gully. A grassy ledge with a large detached block resting on it seemed to offer a route, and so it proved. The day we explored this traverse, much time was wasted in the rescue of two sheep from the grassy ledges at the top of the Arête. The traverse was made from the belay here almost horizontally, and level with the landing of Gordon and Craig's first pitch. A large grass ledge under a tremendous overhang was reached, and a suitable belay was found. This spot was christened the "Waiting Room." The top of a right angled chimney was now gained, and a very sheer wall lay between us and the big block. Severe effort was necessary ere the leader reached the block, and although gardening operations have rendered the crossing easier since that occasion, it will still be found sufficiently difficult. Having passed behind the block, the rope managed to jam securely, and, time being short, a return was made with difficulty to the chimney top, whence a long abseil landed us at the foot of the buttress. This traverse was named "Hyacinth Traverse," owing to the wild flowers then blooming on a ledge at the foot of the buttress. Bad weather prevented further operations for many week-ends, and hope of ever doing the complete Traverse died within us. At last the 8th October found us with a perfect day of glorious sunshine. It was evidently our opportunity, and an early start was made for the Crag. The first pitch of the "Trident" was soon left behind, and the route was followed according to plan" as far as the detached block on the "Hyacinth Traverse." A hand traverse of 12 feet was made to a derelict raven's nest, filled with grizzly relics, but provided with a splendid belay. No. 2 was left here while No. 1 sought out a route. Long search revealed no alternative save the descent of an exceedingly difficult scoop. This was successfully accomplished with the rope round the raven's belay, and indeed this would appear a most desirable procedure. The scoop can be climbed—and in fact forms part of a new route—but the upper

portion is extremely difficult. The scoop gave on to a comfortable grass ledge, and on rounding a corner we found ourselves on the edge of, and overhanging, Great Gully. Descent by climbing was hopeless, and we could find no spike from which to abseil. Search proved fruitless, and I had almost decided that it would be necessary to abseil from the raven's belay, with 200 feet of rope, when Basterfield, by vigorous gardening, unearthed on the edge of the Gully, two tiny quartz spikes, and one small unlovely "knob" of rock. The quartz spikes were discarded, but a trial of the rope round the knob gave hope that it might prove sufficient for the contemplated abseil. It was with keen anticipation that I lowered my legs over on to a friendly ledge, and proceeded to apply weight with great caution. Once the weight was on the rope the thing became simple, and I was but a short time in completing the descent, landing at the foot of the first pitch of Great Gully. Our route of Easter was followed from here and we soon found ourselves at the second abseil which was duly performed; this time with enjoyment. Lunch was now partaken of in company with another party and after some twenty minutes we resumed our attack, speeded by their good wishes for our success. Giant's Corner was descended, and we "rattled along" the route as far as Giant Grim—now an old friend. Central Wall yielded at first attack, but proved a stiff problem after so much severe climbing. Hastening along, the traverse from Intermediate soon faced us—a sore trial for weary fingers; "D" Buttress was passed, and we rounded the corner into Easter Gully. Longing glances were cast on the "North Wall," which was to terminate our climb, but it was not yet. Wearily we reached the South Chimney, and No. 1 started upon the wall which was now our sole uncharted reef. The first of the "suspected" grips came away in his hand, and things began to look bad. No. 2 now "encouraged him to come down," and this was done, be it said, with singular meekness and alacrity. Other means were found of crossing the intervening ground to Hopkinson's Crack, and the leader then traversed out to the edge of Black Chimney and in due course arrived at the top of the wall—a worthy finish indeed!

No. 2 wasted no time in joining him, and after mutual congratulations, a very tired, but thoroughly contented pair descended Black Chimney after seven and a quarter hours of severe climbing.

Later we strolled in satisfied silence through the quiet evening, back to Coniston and dinner.

The "Girdle Traverse" has already resulted in three new climbs—"A," "B" and "C" Buttress "Eliminate" routes. Several excellent combination routes can be recommended to any strong party. Giant's Corner via the Slab, Murray's Traverse to the Cave, and finishing by way of Abraham's direct finish, or Giant Grim.

Murray's route finishing by the Slab and Giant's Corner is also excellent. The traverse of "A" Buttress is very good, and having used the abseil on some half dozen occasions, I am satisfied that it may be used with confidence, given reasonable care, and the use of a not too thick rope. The climbing is never for one moment uninteresting, and is throughout of a very high standard. The rock is wonderfully sound throughout, and loose rock only occurs in one or two places, where the most ordinary care renders the chances of accident very remote. A strong party well acquainted with the crag, could probably complete the climb in five hours.

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## CLIMBING NORTH OF KANGCHENJUNGA.

BY T. HOWARD SOMERVELL.

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When the Mount Everest Expedition sorrowfully turned its back on the unattained goal of 1922, some of us had a feeling almost of resentment against the peak which had so pitilessly fought us, and had won (but not, I hope, for long). And during the few days' rest we enjoyed at our camp in the Rongbuk Valley, before setting out for our homeward journey, Crawford and I conspired together to try and wipe out to some extent our failure at Mount Everest. We reflected that in the north of Sikhim there was a possibility of climbing, even under bad weather conditions, to the top of one or two summits, which, if not so high as we had gone on Mount Everest itself, were at any rate higher than any actual summits that had hitherto been attained. Wherefore Crawford and I started on the return journey in advance of the rest of the party, and made a more direct route to Kampa Dzong, a small Tibetan fortress just to the north of two passes leading into Sikhim. Over one of these we went with a motley crew of decrepit cows, which we changed for yaks on the top (the Naku La). Above this seldom-used pass towers the mighty Chomiomo, with his lesser satellite of 20,200 feet. This latter is a steep, rocky mountain, crowned by a dome of snow. Crawford and I soon made our way scrambling up the Western Ridge of the peak, and were just kicking steps up the snow near the summit when a thunderstorm burst upon us. We had so recently had an almost miraculous escape from an avalanche that our moral was not all that it might have been, and we hurried up that slope of snow as if our life depended upon it (which it possibly did). We both shewed a complete lack of that spirit which has made Britain



what she is, and the fierceness of the storm was so unnerving that when within a rope's length of the top, an easy walk, we decided on discretion, valour not being much in our line just then. The descent was easy, and in two or three hours we had rejoined our transport on the Sikhim side of the pass. After the desert of Tibet it was nice to see grass and flowers in reasonable quantities. We had a very pleasant camp with a glorious fire of juniper, and felt Sikhim to be superior to Tibet in everything. But the next day it began to rain, and in fact rained almost every day for the rest of our journey in the wilds, so we sometimes wished we were back in the sunny desert rather than on the rainy grass.

But in many ways the country we had now reached was like our own Lake District. We were encamped by a small tarn, and as all the snowy peaks above us were hidden in clouds, the scenery was really quite like Buttermere or Upper Eskdale, for the slopes and streams, and rain and cloud were just similar to those of Westmorland.

From this camp we journeyed into a small valley near the northern border of Sikhim, called Goraphu.<sup>1</sup> As far as we knew we were the only Europeans who had ever been in this valley, although Freshfield's party had seen it from a pass many years ago.<sup>2</sup> Here again we were in a grassy vale, not unlike Ribbleshead, on our first arrival, though we knew that above the Whernsides and Ingleboroughs around us there towered (if we could only see them) gigantic snowy peaks.

After a rainy day, which limited our activities, we saw towards evening little bits of these mountains through the clouds, and were able to make out a possible route up one of them, a snowy peak of 21,000 feet or so (not on the map).

July 16th dawned gloriously, and we saw in all their magnificence the fine peaks on the northern side of our valley; four or five of them, from 20,000 to 22,000 feet high, with terrific precipices and hanging ice on this, their southern face. Only one place was apparently available for their ascent, a little pass between two forbidding cliffs. At the foot of this

(1) Names of places are from Survey of India Map of Sikhim, 78.A and 77.D, four miles to the inch.

(2) Freshfield's book, "Round Kangchenjunga," has in it an excellent map shewing the Lhonak district.

we camped, but were disappointed in that it rained hard the next day. I went up to the Col (18,000 feet) and perceived (not saw, as that was impossible in the mist) that from the Col an easy snowy shoulder led up to our 21,000 feet peak. The following day we both rose at 4 a.m., and ploughed through the snow, never sinking less than a foot into it, until 8-30. By that time we had reached about 19,000 feet, but our progress was so laborious, and the mist so dense, that we perforce went down again, and back to our camp. We were absolutely wet through, and it took several hours of wearing our clothes inside the tent to dry them.

On the morning of July 20th we started with all our equipment and about a dozen yaks to cross a pass leading further westward to the main Upper Lhonak Valley, a fine broad vale arising in the north-west corner of Sikkim, and going down in an easterly direction between the Tibetan border on the north and the Kangchenjunga range on the south.

Those geographically inclined will perhaps be more satisfied to know it is between Lat.  $27^{\circ} 50'$  and  $28^{\circ}$  N., and between Long.  $88^{\circ} 10'$  and  $88^{\circ} 30'$  E. At the head of the valley is the Jonsong Peak, 24,344 feet, which was our primary objective. We camped by the stream at a place called Zanak, over 16,000 feet above sea level. Like every other place in this part of Sikkim, Zanak is merely a place—there is no village or house, but occasionally the nomads from Tibet camp here to graze their yaks, as the grass in Tibet is so scarce. There were one or two such parties in the neighbourhood while we were here in July, 1922.

On the way over a pass called the Kora Lungnak La we climbed a mountain of about 18,500 feet, very like a peak in Skye, with a long rocky ridge leading up it, but of no great merit as a first ascent. It rained just about as hard as it could during the whole day, and nobody but an Indian cook could have produced, within an hour of pitching our camp, a four-course dinner such as we had that evening. Our situation was a very magnificent one; tremendous mountains rose on every side, while the ground around our camp was carpeted with edelweiss, which grows here in greater profusion than I

have ever seen elsewhere.<sup>3</sup> On the following day, Crawford and I ascended a rocky peak of 18,700 feet, to the north of our camp, in mist and rain, and over rock and scree rather like a bad Dolomite; limestone, loose and horizontally stratified.

The rain was so bad during the next two days that we stayed in camp, and never saw a mountain at all; but on July 24th we were able to take our Meade tent up to the foot of the Choten Nyima La, the most important pass in this part of Sikkim. The peaks around us all looked impossible, with one exception, which we resolved to attempt next day. So we rose at 4-30, and were soon up the pass, and looking over into Tibet. They are supposed to take yaks over this pass, but one is inclined to doubt the veracity of this rumour as there are steep snow-slopes on either side, only just passable for human beings. Our peak, immediately to the west of the pass, proved a formidable opponent, owing to the very difficult rock-climbing on its upper part; the last 250 feet overhung in places, and was in addition, rather loose, so we once again missed the summit of our mountain. Here again the climbing was like that on a bad Dolomite, but the overhang, unfortunately, made it impossible.

On the next day, July 26th, however, we paid off old scores to the extent of climbing two hitherto unascended summits, but though the first one, to the south of our camp, provided a good rock and snow climb up a ridge rather like the North Ridge of the Bietsch-horn, it was very easy to come down by the ordinary way, so to speak; and the second peak (a satellite of the colossal Langphu Peak) was more like Great Gable or Bruach na Frithe in simplicity. They are both about 18,750 feet in height. The second and easier one gave us, however, a good view over the Jonsong Glacier, and from it we spotted a good place for next day's camp.

On July 27th the small tent was again called into service, and with the help of three or four coolies we camped on the Jonsong Glacier, covered in its lower reaches with stones and

(3) Weather rendered photography almost hopeless, and dampness of the air spoiled all the films we had, so they cannot be reproduced in this Journal.

grass. It poured with rain, snow and sleet, but cleared up the next morning, and we started for the Jonsong La, a pass crossed by Freshfield in his expedition round Kangchenjunga. We soon perceived that the Jonsong Peak, though feasible under good snow conditions, was too dangerous during the monsoon, so we had to content ourselves with a long day's walk up to the foot of the final snow-slope of the pass. This day was the finest we had in Sikkim, and the views of the peaks at the head of the Lhonak valley were indeed glorious. But we had, by now, no time to spare ; the bad weather had dogged our footsteps too persistently, and it was time to return to India. So on the following morning we started with yaks downwards by the main stream, a very jolly march, in the course of which we met the Pipon of Lachen, who is a great man in these parts, and was delighted to receive a packet of Kendal Mint Cake (our last out of 56 lbs.) in exchange for some rather doubtful milk. After a night by a charming little lake at the foot of the Lhonak La, we walked over this pass, and leaving the yaks to take our goods over to Thangu on its eastern side, Crawford and I went up the peak to the South of the Pass, the most southerly mountain in the Chomiomo massif. A jolly snow and rock ridge leads to two summits which appeared to be of equal altitude, by "levelling off" (vide Bullock-Workman *passim*), but which the aneroids made out to be fifty feet different in height. The ridge between them is over half a mile long, and the view must be magnificent on a fine day. But, alas ! it was misty as usual ; and when, late in the evening, we hurried down the valley to civilisation—a real house, teacups of china, and a mattress on the bed (the Thangu Dak Bungalow)—we felt disappointed that in over two weeks, including five first ascents and several "not quites," we had only once seen anything approaching a view. It was, however, rather fascinating to wander in this unknown and uninhabited country, and I hope to re-visit the place sometime at a better season, and get some of the finer peaks underfoot.

## THE YEAR WITH THE CLUB.

BY R. S. T. CHORLEY.

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The War Memorial has, of course, been the great event of the year. It deserves and has been given an article all to itself. Things began to move rapidly just before Easter, and the suppressed excitement of the Wasdale Meet led up, naturally, to the explosions of joy and enthusiasm which marked that at Thorneythwaite—"Cain's Complaint."

The whole business was still at that time "strictly confidential," like Cabinet secrets during the war. If I had any doubts about the meaning of "an open secret" they were dispelled at that time. It is not easy to get into Borrowdale without passing through Kendal, and it is quite impossible to pass through Kendal without calling on the President. Now the President's disposition is of the most generous imaginable, and the secret might well be entrusted to just one more . . . . . Moreover, the Librarian, not to be outdone, arranged to arrive at Thorneythwaite, supported by other officers, a full day before anyone else, and he intercepted all the stragglers who had failed to meet the President.

It was a wonderful crowd to spread, and in which to spread, a secret. Lured by a series of fine Whitsuntides, as many as sixty-two members and friends had assembled in Borrowdale, taxing its accommodating capacity even more than usual. The weather was, in fact, miserable over the whole week-end; "our fells" were hardly visible in the swirling mists, and but few climbs even of an easy description were accomplished. But the vilest conditions failed entirely to stem the spread of "Cain's complaint," which soon had infected the whole valley. Different members were affected in different ways, and it was amusing to watch the symptoms. Solly and the Editor began to see their National Park materialising before their eyes. The more practical Dick Hall went away secretly, and

arranged to purchase Hobcarton Pike—it was a pity that hardly anybody knew of its existence.

A pleasant feature of the year was the re-appearance of H. B. Lyon (V.P. 1915-17), original member and pioneer of many a first-rate climb. He was quite one of the features of the Whitsuntide Meet, which took on a feeling of old times. In spite, or because of his long sojourn in India, he proceeded to defy all the various brands of weather, and they were many, placed at his service during the (alleged) summer. Cold winds of the most chilling description, and thoroughly "prohibitionist" dry rocks failed completely to daunt his ardour or subdue his pioneering instincts. About to fade into the outer world once more, he has left us richer by pleasant memories, and several valuable new climbs.

Wakefield and Howard Somervell have returned to the bosom of their fond parent, by whom they have been much fêted, and awarded the distinction of honorary membership of the Club. Somervell spent a large part of the year missionising on behalf of the latest cult, the worship of Mount Everest—many of us had the pleasure of hearing his characteristic sermons. He later proceeded to deal with the majority of the little mountains in the Alps, in equally characteristic fashion. He has now left for India on missionary enterprise of a more serious kind, in which the Club will wish him all success. Glad as we are that he will take part in the next Everest expedition, we are even gladder to retain Wakefield's cheery presence and presidency, and to know that he has achieved a temporarily permanent residence in Keswick.

The value of the Lake District as a training ground for "the wider aspect" in the Alps is becoming more and more evident year by year. The number of members who took part in foreign expeditions this year is too many to recount. Gatherings of as many as ten and twelve took place at such popular centres as Arolla and Zermatt in July and August, and it has been seriously proposed that a meet should be held at one or other of these places next year. Among numerous excellent performances, special mention should be made of Bower's ascent of the Grépon from the Mer de Glace. He was accompanied by A. S. Piggott, of the Rucksack Club on

this the first guideless and the third actual ascent of G.W. Young's famous climb. Others of his first ascents were little if any inferior. Miss Pilley (with I. Richards and Joseph George, guide) made the second ascent of the Jungfrau by the long and severe ridge from the Jungfrauoch, and Eustace Thomas put up endurance records in all parts of the Alps; a typical day being Jungfrau, Monch, and Gross Fiescherhorn.

In W. A. Wilson the Club lost not only a link with the days of the early pioneers—he accompanied J. W. Robinson on first ascents forty years ago—but an accomplished leader of difficult rock climbs. The Lake District has recently enjoyed a noteworthy freedom from fatal accidents—the previous last, in September, 1909, resulting in the death of T. J. Rennison on the Eagle's Nest Ridge—and it is infinitely to be regretted that this record has come to an end in such an unfortunate fashion.

Harking back to Club events, Coniston surpassed Coniston, and the Committee for once in a way received the praise which should always be their due for skilful arranging of dates. The whole district attired itself in its most festal array of blues and golds for the occasion. The sun shone benignantly, and what is more important, continuously, on scenes of unmixed happiness. Our poetic member could indeed find no words to do justice to his emotions, and was forced to give vent to his feelings by scaling the most precipitous parts of Doe Crag. Even the Scottish representative admitted, and that spontaneously, the exquisite beauty of the scene, and forthwith arranged for a meet of his own Club in those parts. Under these favourable conditions new climbs of importance such as "Eliminate B" and the direct finish of Murray's "B" route were accomplished.

In this benign atmosphere, Mrs. Satterthwaite's geese took to themselves an unaccustomed succulence, and a large company—112 strong—enjoyed uproariously the humours of H. E. Scott, delightedly the wit of G. Winthrop Young, and with rapt attention the complete absence of information contained in Wakefield's "Round about Mount Everest."

The London Section sent eleven of its most hardy representatives, most of whom made two all night journeys to be

present, and the extraordinary skill with which one of them missed a succession of trains back, so as to achieve an extra day's climbing, was much admired.

We were all more than sorry to say good-bye to Wilton as Honorary Secretary. His period of office, though short, was marked by hard work of more than common value. If anything can console us for his resignation, it is that L. W. Somervell reigns in his stead.

Buttermere at the New Year saw us as hospitably entertained as ever, and, for a change, furnished a beautifully fine New Year's Day, which was utilised for the usual visit to Pillar. One party had the good luck to meet at close quarters a hunted fox, and, after a more than respectable interval, the pack which was supposed to be hunting him—they looked much less comfortable than he did!

Coniston yielded February weather in that month, and Troutbeck was visited again in March. The only information available consists of muttered grumblings about beds.

Easter saw many interesting feats at Wasdale, as well as some thirty members. The Editor was there, and the Committee meeting, of course, lasted till after midnight; Walker's Gully got one up on Everest; the Librarian climbed the North West Climb on Pillar (see J.H.D.'s justifiable comments on this); and Bower saw a new route without climbing it.

The moderate weather at Easter steadily deteriorated afterwards. Mists closed down over the district, and drew the familiar veil over the hard words of climbers growing exasperated with rocks continuously wet and cold. Occasional bright patches such as welcomed the very respectable gathering which reached Langdale in June, relieve an otherwise gloomy tale. There was an exiguous meet at Wasdale in August. Tempted by a high but deceptive barometer, as many as twenty-two turned up in Eskdale in September, including a Committee of fifteen—general members please note!

It is not clear whether the London Section has reached years of discretion, but it has certainly developed a voice of its own, which may be heard elsewhere in this volume.



Finally, the year has been made noteworthy by the publication of the first of the Club's Guides—that to Doe Crag, which set a high standard of accuracy and descriptive interest, which has been well maintained in the Pillar Guide, which appears in this volume, and will be published separately during the autumn.

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MOUNTAIN MEMORIES.

May one of those who normally essay  
The lightest themes of superficial rhymers  
Presume, unchecked, to criticise the way  
Of certain mountain-climbers ?

I clambered lately to Helvellyn's crest.  
There, if you share my notion of æsthetics  
You'll sympathise with the implied request  
In these my homiletics.

Round the full circle when your eyes have gone,  
To mark what scenes the far horizon fringes,  
Observe the decorative scheme that on  
Your nearer view impinges.

Chocolate-wrappers, orange-peel and string ;  
Of sandwich-papers, white and brown, say twenty ;  
A "Daily Shout" ; a mangled chicken-wing ;  
Banana-skins in plenty.

I lit a fire, and tended it with care.  
I felt a longing that was frankly cruel.  
I only wished I had those tourists there  
To serve as extra fuel.

F. H. J.

*With acknowledgments to the Manchester Guardian.*

## **SOME LANGDALE CLIMBS, New and Partly New.**

BY H. B. LYON.

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**White Ghyll Chimney**—1st ascent, August 11th, 1923.

It is not everybody's luck to look at a climb, even "feel" it, and after turning sorrowfully away, to be able to return to it sixteen years later and find it still, apparently, unscathed. This, however, has been my own experience with White Ghyll Chimney, which lies snugly tucked away behind a huge jutting out crag at the top of White Ghyll, to the rear of and barely half-an-hour's walk from the New Hotel. That it is so well hidden from view is fortunate, otherwise climbing there, owing to the crowds who almost daily "queue-up" at the Dungeon Ghyll Falls, would become rather a public ceremony.

My first visit was in 1907, with Oliverson, the late Andrew Thomson, and a few other enthusiastic "Gimmerites." I cannot remember who actually "discovered" the place, but on that occasion we looked at it, especially at the "bell-mouthed" overhang above the small cave pitch, felt at the somewhat rotten surrounding rocks, and, after one of the party had prospected as far as the top of the first pitch, we turned away. I believe the grass terrace at the top of the first pitch has received more than one visit, for it is quite close to a disused raven's nest, which is, for a wonder, fairly accessible.

My own next visit was in July of the present year, while spending a few pleasant weeks at Ackerley's Chalêt, Stool End. I was quite on my own, and the sight of the White Ghyll Crags reminded me of the Chimney, so I wandered off to see if it still was there. I climbed to the top of the first pitch, discovered a nice little "jammed stone" well up on the right side of the cave, round which I could thread a rope,

then, after making an extremely half-hearted attempt to step across to the left wall, where lies the only apparent exit, I once again retraced my steps. Temptation now began to do its work, and my peace of mind was destroyed, so when Burnett arrived in Langdale I persuaded him to accompany me—in fact, made myself a nuisance, I fear. We again got to the top of the first pitch, also did some prospecting from a “Grass Ledge” higher up on the left, which can be reached by an easy route from the summit, but continuous bad weather and the August Meet at Wasdale prevented a proper attempt being made. This “Grass Ledge” lies about 10 feet to the left of the Chimney proper, near the finish of its overhanging centre part, and is connected with the small cave pitch 50 feet below by a series of irregular cracks and ledges.

After Burnett had left I was somewhat at a loss, but fortunately ran across J. Herbert. With him I again prospected from the Grass Ledge, and he went down the “Traverse” to test again a fair sized hold which I had previously been down to, and which, if secure, I considered meant the key of the climb, as it is only about 20 feet from the “Cave.” This stone proved solid enough, though a loose flake came away. Herbert actually exceeded instructions by going as far as the “Cave,” which he swung in to, and then came back up the traverse without apparent trouble, rejoining me on the ledge. The belay here is found by passing the rope over a notched rib of rock about 10 feet above the head, and well to the left. As what I considered to be the most difficult bit had been proved climbable, there now only remained the final portion of the Chimney to negotiate, and which I led on this occasion.

I was now naturally anxious to make the complete ascent, and the next day was favoured with a fortunate combination of circumstances—dry rocks and a week-end visit to Langdale of Cain and Wilton. I took immediate steps to rope them in, Herbert and Cain joining me as the climbing party, with Wilton across the other side of the Ghyll as photographer. The latter, however, owing to some disagreement with the view-finder of a strange camera, did not perform with his customary skill, and the climb was “beheaded,” also the

sun was not in the right position on the rocks for the photo to be a success.

The first pitch, which is not difficult, is climbed using both walls of a sort of corner, with a step across to the right at the foot of a steep grass terrace. There is a fine belay block here, but the most useful one is the jammed stone about 25 feet higher, and in the Cave, which I have already mentioned. This is about 65 feet above the start. I worked up the back of the Cave for a few feet higher, facing outwards and using both walls, then swung across to the main left wall where there is a narrow sloping ledge for the feet, though not much for the hands. This step across is far from obvious, and the position not very pleasant when done, but by working up the ledge, better "stance" can be obtained, also good hand-holds a few inches higher. A "pull and press up" here is necessary on to a narrow shelf, and afterwards progress is on small holds, with sometimes a slot for the feet to the keystone, where rest can be obtained. Above this the shelf widens, though always at a steep angle until the Grass Ledge is reached. From here the route is upwards for about 10 feet, then across a smooth slab, with one narrow step, high up, and not much for the hands. To gain this step, and then change feet for the swing into the Chimney is the "crux" of this final portion, and is almost, if not quite as difficult as the bad piece lower down. A useful "slot" for two fingers can be found when an erect position is gained, and once in the Chimney, the remaining 35 feet are comparatively easy. Though still a slight overhang, and the Chimney shallow, there is plenty of friction, and good holds near the top. This is 50 feet above the Grass Ledge, and about 160 feet from the start without allowing for the traverse.

A few weeks later (September 7th) I was joined by T. H. Somervell, B. Beetham, and G. Ackerley, for a second ascent. On this occasion boots were worn, as there had been a lot of rain in the night, and the rocks were still rather wet. The climb went quite well in boots, though at the traverse across the "slab" from the Grass Ledge, I should certainly have preferred rubbers.

The next day still another ascent was made, this time in two parties, Somervell and Beetham on one rope, with Herbert and the writer on another. The general opinion was that the climb should be classed as "severe," though if the two very awkward bits had been at the end, instead of at the start of pitches, the degree of severity would have been materially increased. The rock on the climb itself is all sound, though I cannot give the same verdict about that on the neighbouring crags, or even in the Cave itself, and that part of the Chimney which overhangs it.

### **GIMMER CRAG—SOUTH EAST FACE.**

**Bracket, Slabs, and "Left" Chimney Route—First ascent August 12th, 1923.**

Gimmer Crag is usually approached from its East side, and facing the well-known "White Mark." Rather lower than, and to the left of this land-mark, a split leaf of rock, with pointed top, gives access to a small heathery ledge from which the "take-off" up a smooth slab is made. Above this another ledge, this time of the bilberry variety, is reached, and a short downward "hand-traverse" leads to the white mark itself. A little higher is the extreme right and lowest point of Cairn Terrace, and the above description merely suggests an alternative and quicker method of getting there than by Bilberry Shute.

On a misty and drizzly day in early August, I had reached this point with J. Herbert, while doing a little indiscriminate scrambling. About 20 feet above the terrace, and well to the right of a formidable looking corner, I noticed a "bracket" shaped out-crop of rock beneath an over-hang. Natural curiosity and persuasion by my companion, who is of the "do it now" variety, prompted me to see what lay beyond the "bracket," but I reached its edge only to find it occupied by a large loose flake of rock, which had to be first dislodged by hitching the rope behind and hauling. This done, I again approached the "bracket," crawled along its flat top and regained the upright position. About 10 feet higher I reached a shallow corner, and upward progress being barred, I made a

short traverse to the left just above a rounded pinnacle, and a little higher touched on the extreme right of the next terrace.

From here about 40 feet of slab climbing of a not very definite nature led to a point just below Amen Corner. Here a choice of routes was presented, to go straight up the slab to the Corner itself, or further to the right, and up the outside wall leading to the bottom of the "Gangway" above the Corner. The latter has a well scratched slight crack, showing that Amen Corner is not always climbed when doing "B" route. I remember avoiding it myself on one occasion many years ago, but whether by the shallow crack on its outside wall, or the slabby bit nearer the Chimneys I cannot remember. Stables also tells me that he did the same a few years later, though in those days variations from recognised routes were not encouraged.

On the present occasion I wished to introduce my companion to the "Corner," which is, by the way, a good deal easier now. Stables agrees with me in this, and says that a sharp flake of stone, which formerly cut the fingers, has come out of the crack near the top, thus allowing the side-grip to be kept on the edge of the crack the whole way up. At the end of the traverse, connecting the lower end of the Gangway with the Chimneys, I had a look at the narrow overhanging Chimney (Left Chimney) which is first met with. It was very wet, so registering it for future reference, we passed on, and ascended the usual Chimney route to a point where it is possible to get on to the buttress, just above "Left Chimney."

From here I traversed about 30 feet to the left, to a small sentry box, then upwards for another 40 feet or so to a large grass terrace, which is really a continuation of the "Crow's Nest." About 80 feet of easy scrambling leads to the top, near the finish of "B" route, where we made a small cairn. On August 12th, the day after our ascent of White Ghyll Chimney, I was able to commandeer a strong party, including Miss M. M. Barker, Herbert, Cain and Wilton. We decided to try the whole route, including Left Chimney, which, if successful, would make a complete route up the crags as distinct from "B" or the usual Chimney climb. On this occasion we also included the outside wall route to the traverse

above Amen Corner, which is really a very sporting little pitch, and assembled on the ledge at the foot of the chimney, the belay being further to the right.

After about an hour's hard struggle I managed to get up the Chimney, but have a very hazy recollection of the methods employed, except that they were distinctly unpleasant and disastrous to skin and clothes. I believe I started off facing inwards, then towards the left until a "mantel-shelf" on the inside left wall can be reached and, after a struggle, stood upon. At this point it is necessary to turn round and face the right wall, which here slopes back at an easier angle; this movement alone is very difficult, as the body has to lean right out with nothing much to hold on to while making the turn. At this stage movement upward is by inches, a small flake of rock in the smooth left wall and a sloping foot-hold on the outside of the right give slight assistance, and two or three feet higher a good hold is found in the bed of the Chimney. After this, progress is not so strenuous, holds begin to appear, and a knob on the left enables the exit to be made, partly avoiding the grass landing. Only Herbert and Miss Barker, being of slighter build than the others, followed up the Chimney, which is certainly not to be recommended as a pleasant afternoon's recreation.

I have done one or two more ascents by this route, but only one of the Chimney, my last, I hope; it was wet, and I suffered even more than on the first occasion. I should be interested to know if any previous ascents have been made—there are none recorded, but possibly some misguided climber has ascended it, mistaking it for the ordinary Chimney route. The pioneers of the latter made an attempt in 1903 (page 65, vol. 1. F.R.C.C. Journal), but found it too tight a fit, so no doubt others have had the same experience later. I should class the climb as "difficult," if "Left Chimney" is not included, but, if included, as "severe" in every sense of the word. Its ratio of difficulty is to Amen Corner as Amen Corner is to Broadstand; although its total height is only 25 to 30 feet. "Amen Chimney" might be a suitable name for it.

The route described does not attempt to vie with the more classical "alphabetical" face climbs, but affords an interesting alternative route, and can be done in boots or rubbers. The Chimney is usually rather greasy, so boots would be safer at any time, though the arms are a more important factor than the feet in climbing it.

**Chimney Buttress**—First ascent, September 3rd, 1923.

After a morning on Gimmer with G. Ackerley and J. Herbert, and while "sliding" down S.E. Gully, we had a look at a prominent crack which starts in a corner on the left side of the Gully, about level with Amen Corner, and which I had noticed on previous visits. I tried the crack, also the Corner on its left, finding the latter a "possible" but not a "probable," the former neither—merely a rotter.

From down the gully a little lower, I traversed on to the Buttress, to the commencement of some wild bilberry ledges which cross the chimneys, and are practically a continuation of the "Gangway." From here I ascended a short buttress of about 30 feet to another ledge on which is a flat topped platform.

The latter has a "bulge," and is awkward to get round, but on the far side, overlooking the gully, is a comfortable recess. There is no belay, but if three are climbing the rope can be passed behind a notch to the last man in the gully below.

The "take-off" from the platform is not easy, rather like the start of the slabs above Kern Knotts, but with more "bulge." About 25 feet higher, and to the left, there is another "bulge," the top is a lichen covered slab without any holds worth mentioning, while underneath is a sloping ledge and slot for the feet. A narrow step, uncomfortably high up on the left, is the only solution, while the left edge of the slab can be grasped once the effort has been made. A few feet higher is a satisfactory ledge, but no apparent belay, so I continued the ascent for another 40 feet of a well-stocked bilberry terrace. This marks the finish of the continuous and difficult portion of the climb—about 120 feet. From my comfortable vantage point I could watch the others come





*Photo by*

*W. B. Brunskill.  
(By permission of T. Bell, Ambleside.)*

GIMMER CRAG.

Left.—BRACKET SLABS AND "LEFT" CHIMNEY ROUTE.  
Right.—CHIMNEY BUTTRESS.

by turns into view, head and chest only, then play about with the hands all over the slab, just like playing an organ, searching for holds and finding only nicks. The remaining 100 feet to the top of the Buttress can only be classed as "indiscriminate"; two more bilberry terraces are crossed, which means more delay—at the right season. The finish is close to the exit from the Chimneys.

The climb is quite difficult in rubbers, which were worn, and I should imagine would be fairly severe in boots.

When doing the climb I was under the impression that the start was from the traverse mentioned in a recent number of the Journal, as a variation route from S.E. Gully to Amen Corner. The Editor informs me that this is so, but there is another traverse at a considerably lower level, which is very severe, and which I believe has also been climbed. The traverse from which we started is an easy walk after the first 20 feet, straight to the bottom end of the gangway.

If a slabby "scoop" is followed, half-way across, and the Chimneys crossed at the top of "Left Chimney," it affords a short and easy route up this side of Gimmer. The Buttress immediately to the left of the Chimneys can then be followed, which I noticed was slightly scratched, or the route further to the left which I have described earlier in these notes. The former is, if anything, slightly the harder of the two.

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## THE WAR MEMORIAL.

*“ Si monumentum requiris circumspice.”*

A war memorial at last ! And more than a war memorial alone ; a contribution to social history, an accomplishment bringing dramatically to the attention of a nation the spirit that resides amidst the silence of the lonely hills.

It is impossible to repress a feeling of exultation—of exultation mingled with awe at the wonder of it—that to us should have been granted the privilege of honouring our dead in this way. If our friends died there is a corner of their own dear land which will for ever bear witness to the memory of them, and of the work they did—“ they have found an eternal monument among the everlasting hills.” It was the quiet beauty of that country which helped them to the strength which saved us, and now the love which they inspired has won the perpetual protection of that beauty. They gave their lives to save a heritage, and in their deaths they have secured that something of that heritage shall remain inviolate from vandalism.

In our modern life there are few things of such value as the numerous free associations which are formed for the purpose of the common enjoyment of some pleasure, exploration of some field of thought, accomplishment of some purpose. They add to the variety of life ; they furnish much of its richness of colouring ; they develop an individuality of character no less interesting and subtle than those of their various members. In this way we may quite accurately refer to the spirit, the character of a club, praise its conduct towards other organisations, deplore its attitude towards its members. If its quality is to be measured, the care, the imagination, the self-sacrifice which have gone towards the perfection of such a work as a war memorial afford no mean criterion. If we can accept this standard for ourselves, content to be judged by the work, there is no reason why the Fell and Rock Club should not be justly proud of its

achievement, and grateful to those who have been its happy instruments for the accomplishment of so high a purpose. How this was finally brought about it is the object of this article shortly to relate.

A contribution to the 1918 Journal (No. 12) closed with the words, "finally must be mentioned the ambitious, but in some ways alluring proposal that the Club should purchase a crag, and place it in the care of the National Trust—a memorial to last as long as the everlasting hills." This appeal to the imagination, which was first apparently launched with the historic words, "Let's buy a fell," by H. P. Cain, at Coniston in February of 1919, after the withdrawal of the first unpopular scheme for shelters, cannot be said to have won an immediate success. Other plans were to the fore, which seemed more within the bounds of practicability. Its originator clung tenaciously to his proposal, however, and certain members of the Committee were bitten with the idea from the first. Indeed, it was most appropriate to the event that among the four members who finally negotiated the purchase, should have been Darwin Leighton, Wilson Butler and H. P. Cain, whose pertinacity and enthusiasm kept the great project alive during several periods when its accomplishment appeared to be a chimera. "Everything comes to him who waits"—but the waiting must be active, hopeful, and full of the faith which moves and has moved mountains.

The grandeur and isolation of the Pillar Rock, its dignity and beauty of outline, the fact that it is peculiarly the happy playground of the cragsman, made it the first object of endeavour. No more suitable single monument could have been found. Though the Rock belongs to all of us, its property for the purposes of the law is in Lord Lonsdale. His Lordship's association with the Lake District, and the prominent position which he has often taken in connection with local sports, led us to approach him with a measure of optimism. We were, however, confronted by an attitude of absolute "*non possumus*." It was clear that the nation must wait for the Pillar Rock till another day.

So ended the first chapter. In the second, the Napes Needle, smaller but just as unique, had become the apple of our eye. The Trustees of the Musgrave Estate were, however, too intent on disposing of all their territory to "put an agricultural value on the Needle," and the Committee once more had recourse to a policy of "wait and see." They thought that the purchaser might prove more favourably disposed. The sale of the Musgrave Estate, which took place by auction in 1920, finally fell through, however. The affair now threatened to become another Peace Conference, and diplomatic negotiations were again opened up, this time with a view to the possible purchase of the Row Head Farm at Wasdale, which includes Great Gable. There seemed some prospect of success at one time, but the Trustees finally decided to offer the whole estate by auction in separate lots in March of 1923.

It was now or never. An informal conference of certain members of the Committee decided to authorise Richard Hall, whose enthusiasm is perhaps greater than his circumspection, to bid for the Row Head Farm at the auction. Hall took his limit according to the spirit of his instructions, rather than their letter, but even he had given way before the high reserve fixed had been reached.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Herbert Walker, of Seascale, bought the whole estate. By this time the responsible officers had reached a state of red hot enthusiasm, and the President, perhaps less to be restrained than any other, at once telephoned to Mr. Walker and offered to buy the Needle. For the first time in all these protracted negotiations, the proposal was received with cordiality, and a meeting arranged with the owner, at which the proposal could be set out in greater detail.

The conspirators at once assembled from all quarters, and sallied forth to Whitehaven by motor car to push forward their schemes. As they journeyed towards the Delectable Mountains, a plan of action was prepared for the acquisition of a memorial finer than an isolated pinnacle, though it were the Needle; wider than a single peak, though it were the

Great Gable—in fact, for the whole of that wide and beautiful mass of mountain which forms the heart of Lakeland.

These three, Leighton, Butler and Cain, duly waited on Mr. Walker and his solicitor. In reply to a request for a more precise statement of what they wanted, Cain, their spokesman, unfolded a large map of the whole Estate, and pointing to the central portion, exclaimed, in a dramatic moment, "All this over 1,500 feet, please." Confronted by a proposal so much bigger than he had anticipated, Mr. Walker was not prepared to give any definite answer, but, an old climber himself, and once a member of our Club, he did not disguise from the sub-committee his sympathy with their project. In all the succeeding negotiations his cordiality and liberality made a deep impression on those who came into contact with him, and our pride in our memorial should not make us forget that, though his feelings as a mountaineer no doubt gave him a sympathetic insight into our own desires, nevertheless they must have greatly magnified the wrench which it must have cost him deliberately to deprive himself of the ownership of what is probably the most magnificent piece of country in England.

It was not long before Mr. Walker made a definite offer of the land at a price of four hundred pounds, subject to certain conditions and reservations. The Committee, at Thorneythwaite at Whitsuntide, empowered its Sub-Committee to accept this offer, and thereafter it was simply a matter for the lawyers and the Treasurer. Wilson Butler, who had from the first adoption of the proposal brought his great local knowledge and experience as a negotiator to the service of the Club, now completed his work by taking in an honorary capacity the legal responsibilities upon his broad shoulders. The subscriptions came in to the number of almost four hundred, out of a total membership of some four hundred and fifty, numbers of whom can, unfortunately, only be described as dormant, and to the amount of nearly six hundred pounds. The contract was signed, the conveyance was executed, the deed was done. In glorious and happy memory of our fallen, the fairest portion of our own country had for all

time been made safe for the use and enjoyment of its people.

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The following is the circular letter which was sent out to all members of the Club :—

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

THE FELL & ROCK CLIMBING CLUB  
OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

Not to be communicated to the Press.

Dear Sir or Madam,

The time has now come when it is the privilege of the Committee to put before you the War Memorial Scheme.

After much delay, which they think you will consider to have been not without its compensation, they have negotiated for the purchase of a very large portion of the centre of climbing and walking in the district.

This comprises the tops of twelve mountains, viz. :—Kirkfell, Great Gable, Green Gable, Brandreth, Grey Knotts, Base Brown, Seathwaite Fell, Glaramara, Allen Crag, Great End, Broad Crag and Lingmell, together with almost all the land over 1,500 feet, bounding them on the sides facing the Seathwaite to Wasdale track.

The Committee have been most cordially met in their dealings with the owner, Herbert W. Walker, Esq., of Seascale.

Arrangements are being made to hand this whole area over to the National Trust, who will comply with the conditions laid down by the Club, and safeguard its interests in perpetuity.

It has been considered desirable definitely to associate with this most appropriate memorial the names of those members who gave their lives in the War, and for this purpose a bronze tablet will be placed on, or near, the summit of Great Gable.

The Committee confidently invite all members to support this memorial as generously as they can, realizing that in so doing they do honour to their comrades, while preserving to their successors for all time the finest area of fell and rock in England.

In order that this memorial may be truly representative of our club, it is hoped that some contribution will be received from every single member.

Yours faithfully,

DARWIN LEIGHTON, President.  
WILSON BUTLER, Vice-President.  
HERBERT P. CAIN, Librarian.  
L. W. SOMERVELL, Secretary.

Borrowdale, 19/5/23.

## A FORTNIGHT'S RAMBLE TO THE LAKES, 1810.

(CAPTAIN BUDWORTH ; MARY OF BUTTERMERE, AND  
LANGDALE PIKES.)

BY F. B. SANDFORD.

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“ Jack’s Rake,” writes Mr. Haskett-Smith, in his *Climbing in England*, “ is a natural passage across the face of *Pavey Ark* in Langdale. The first notice ever taken of it by any but shepherds was a note in the visitors’ book belonging to the inn at Dungeon Ghyll by Mr. R. Pendlebury, who spoke highly of it, considering it to be a striking yet simple excursion among magnificent rock scenery. After a time the world came to look at *Pavey Ark*, and seeing an impossible-looking combination of ravine and precipice, concluded, not unnaturally, that it must be what Mr. Pendlebury had found a pleasant yet simple stroll. Under this delusion, they began to try to climb what is now known as the Great Gully in *Pavey Ark*, and did not expect to find a place anything like the real *Jack’s Rake*.”

In “ A Fortnight’s Ramble to the Lakes,” by Jos. Budworth, F.S.A., 3rd edition, 1810, occurs a description which possibly may refer to what is now called Jack’s Rake ; although the first-named chasm is more like Dungeon Ghyll.

Capt. Budworth was a Manchester man who had been in India, and at Gibraltar, with his regiment. His first tour in Lakeland concluded August, 1792 ; he re-visited Buttermere 1798. In his first edition he seems to have praised a young girl, Mary (or Sally) Robinson, of Buttermere, so much that travellers were eager to see her. Probably this was the beginning of her fame.

Having supposed he had flattered her too much, Jos. Budworth returned five and a half years later to try to correct



any mischief he had done. Mary was then nineteen, and a fine woman, though really not so handsome, he told her, as she promised to be. He thus hoped to temper flattery by faint praise. The account of his re-visit to Buttermere was published in the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, January, 1800, "a considerable time before this young person became the subject of general commiseration" from her marriage to an adventurer who was executed for forgery.

Wordsworth refers to the story in "The Prelude" Book VII., lines 288-315.

"I mean, O distant Friend! a story drawn  
From our own ground,—the Maid of Buttermere—  
And how, unfaithful to a virtuous wife  
Deserted and deceived, the Spoiler came  
And wooed the artless daughter of the hills,  
And wedded her, in cruel mockery  
Of love and marriage bonds. These words to thee  
Must needs bring back the moment when we first,  
Ere the broad world rang with the maiden's name,  
Beheld her serving at the cottage inn;  
Both stricken, as she entered or withdrew,  
With admiration of her modest mien  
And carriage, marked by unexampled grace,  
We since that time not unfamiliarly  
Have seen her,—her discretion have observed,  
Her just opinions, delicate reserve,  
Her patience and humility of mind  
Unspoiled by commendation and the excess  
Of public notice—an offensive light  
To a meek spirit suffering inwardly."

Captain Jos. Budworth's account must be one of the earliest which describe hill-climbing in Lakeland. He finds no great difficulty in it, and does not "write-up" his emotions, as Mrs. Radcliffe, Gray, and others have done. He climbs Helm Crag (after a sumptuous tenpenny dinner), Coniston Old Man, Helvellyn, viâ Fairfield, "Skiddow," and later Harrison Stickle, from which he may appear to descend by Jack's Rake.

One Postlethwaite, son of a farmer residing at the extremity of Langdale Valley, promised to attend him to the summit of Langdale. But next day (8th November, 1797) the young man was necessarily from home, and his younger brother, who was not yet sixteen, supplied his place.

"We had many rough rocks to scramble up," writes Captain Budworth, "and in a deep recess, impenetrable to the sun, I observed a large quantity of snow that I should suppose

never completely dissolved. We had again to haul ourselves by rocks to bring us to the crown of Langdale Pike which is about twenty yards in circumference; in the centre is a natural stone seat, with moss and small rock round it. . . . Nothing can exceed the delight with which I look on Windermere. Not a breath of air—my compass points to half past meridian; and Harrison's Pike, and Pica Stickel (sic), that I had wound partially about in my advance are below me. Skiddaw is covered with snow. The Hills I passed over abound in foxes, sweet martens and fulimarts (noted for their offensive smell), and which give name to Mart Crag (? on Lingmoor). There are likewise plenty of Grouse and Partridges. In a recess below me the last Eagle in England was destroyed. Paul Postlethwaite sat down beside me. . . . On our preparing to descend he said, "Wad naw you loike a nearer weay whoam agen, tan th' road we cum up?" On my approving of his proposal, we began our descent opposite from our ascent; we were obliged to be very cautious, and cling close to the rocks; and when we had got a good way down, we came to a part where we had to pass over a large bulging part of the mountain, across a sward nearly perpendicular, and of an immoderate height; he was going unconcernedly to cross by a sheep-track; I checked him, and asked him what he meant by bringing me into such a situation? I looked up to return to the summit again, but it had too laborious an appearance, and the distance was great; and knowing that taking time to resolve when danger is near ever increases it, I tied up my right eye, which could never have borne the vast precipice almost perpendicular under me. I laid hold of one end of his pole, cautioned him as to his pace, and with my left eye on the sheep-walk, not more than three inches broad, my head almost close to the mountain, and thus piloted, we were in about eight minutes safe moored; and when I looked back I had reason to be thankful. Paul said, he had crossed it hundreds of times, or he must have gone a great round; and he literally said what I had remarked of Bob Partridge, to the effect that "a man moight surely goa wheor sheep cud." However, it did save me several miles, and, after a considerable descent we came to a chasm, where a tremendous stream

roared into it, and was instantly lost ; and there can be no doubt that it is the chief feeder of the river which runs into Elterwater. I rested myself here for some time, and the mind was actively employed. We had some roughnesses still to pass before we got to Langdale Valley, about three miles from the farmhouse we started at, and which was so much gain towards my return. . . . N.B.—In my descent soon after we had crossed the steep of the mountain, we saw a chasm which must have been full of red ochre, but now a retreat for sheep." No mention is made of Stickle Tarn.

Captain Budworth's attitude, certainly not heroic, is pretty much that of a middle-aged tourist of to-day. His figures tend towards exaggeration sometimes :—" Bowdore Stone " is  $19\frac{1}{2}$  yards in length,  $9\frac{1}{2}$  feet (? yards) in height ; Scala Force is 200 feet ; Bassenthwaite five miles by two ; and of course some of his heights have been reduced by later calculations. Budworth's spelling is peculiar, or out-of-date—Ballam (Tarn), Wyburn, Legerthwaite, Walloh Crag, Thilkirk. He supplies derivations—" Dunmallard Head, so called from the resort of wild fowl thither from the Lake " (Ullswater). " Penrith signifies in British, Red Hill, and hath its name from the hill of red stone adjoining." Seat Sandal is " from its sandy front." " Bridder Water so named from two brothers having been drowned there." " Troutbeck so called from the quantity of trout the brook supplies."

However, Budworth seems to have lost his original notes, or part of them, so he may be relying on memory for some of his names. He was in search of the picturesque. He describes Rydal mountains as " beautifully mis-shapen," and (with more reason) mentions the mis-shapen points of Helm Crag. Budworth makes a fair attempt (especially for his early date) at reproducing dialect, he also cultivates his Muse, and by both efforts encourages the reader to skip. He has a kindly and generous character, and some of his phrases and adventures have been revived by later writers.

Thus Budworth describes how he overtook an old man driving home sheep, and how he said " Droive um up yondur hill a bit for me, whoile ah goa ater a runaway sheep," which was cheerfully undertaken, Budworth first changing his

stick for the shepherd's long hazel in order that he might wear his staff of office. In about an hour the shepherd returned—"Thank ye; I'll doa a mutch for yoa or ani oother mon, or mure."

On leaving Keswick Budworth writes: "I declare, although I have been a tolerably great traveller, I never met so unassuming or obliging set of human beings before; and I congratulate my country on their belonging to it. I will say thus far of ourselves; had we chosen, we might have got introductions to the first gentlemen in the counties; but we preferred a more humble walk, and were amply repaid for it." Capt. Budworth greatly admired Lakeland, as is proved by his subsequent return. He entered by Levens, Kendal and Windermere; apparently he did not visit Sca Fell or the south west.

Ullswater became his favourite lake:—"Yes! every house, from Water Milloch to the poorest cottage, appears in its proper place, without displeasing the eye by attempts at finery; and there is a chasteness about the whole that makes it the choicest gift of nature I ever saw."

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## CLIMBS OLD AND NEW.

COMPILED BY THE EDITOR, FROM THE CLUB BOOKS  
AND ELSEWHERE.

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The season 1922-3 has been notorious for the dogged inclemency of weather, which has effectually diminished the output, if it has not damped the ardour of our pioneers. Several new climbs of permanent value have, however, been added to the almost impossibly long list, notably by H. B. Lyon and H. M. Kelly. The former, having returned from India's coral strand, seems to have felt somewhat parched by his residence in that hot and not too rainy country, for he took to the pouring gullies and streaming faces of his native land like a duck to the water. The latter was in a degree rewarded for the unremitting work which he put into the Pillar Guide by the discovery of a number of new routes, both on and off the Rock.

Of the various new climbs, Eliminate "A" (Doe Crag), the Appian Way (Pillar), Tophet Wall (Napes), White Ghyll Chimney (Langdale), and the East Face Climb (Gimmer Crag), appear to be of particular merit, and a considerable degree of difficulty.

**WASDALE :** A variation starting from a point about  
**Moss Ghyll,** 25 feet above the "Fives Court," was  
**Scafell,** discovered by H.B.L. (with him H.P.C.,  
T.R.B., M.B.) on 5th August, 1923. A traverse from a ledge  
is taken upwards and to the left, so as to pass outside and  
just below a detached oblong flake. Here a good sized  
block furnishes a belay (? moveable); it is situated just above  
a large insecure flake, which should be removed to Hollow  
Stones at the first suitable opportunity. From here a very  
exposed horizontal traverse is taken to the left, back towards  
Moss Ghyll. There are no hand holds (save one at the start)

until good ones are found on a block at the end. There is a small "strid," and the foot-holds on either side of this are moss covered. The traverse ends on a small grass stance besides another detached flake, which may or may not be quite secure. Here one is on the right wall (looking up) of Moss Ghyll, well above the Collie Step. An awkward step up brings a rough crack within reach, which may be followed, or a short traverse towards Collier's Chimney leads at right angles into Botterill's exit, which was followed to the top of the Great Chimney. The climb was done in boots, and was considered just severe.

**Red Ghyll** Situated at the top of Red Ghyll, Scafell.  
**Buttress,** (1) 20 feet. A severe looking crack is  
**Scafell.** avoided for a difficult wall on the right,  
 whence a short traverse to the left in the direction of the  
 crack finishes on a grassy ledge.

(2) 20 feet. Easy climbing towards the left.

(3) 20 feet. A difficult wall is climbed diagonally to a  
 flake on the right.

(4) 30 feet. A face is ascended on the left to a neck.  
 There is an easier alternative up the ridge on the right.

(5) 40 feet. A zig-zag movement—left, right—whence the  
 ridge is gained.

(6) 40 feet. Pleasant easy climbing up the ridge.

(7) 40 feet. The ridge continues to the summit.

First ascent : W. Eden-Smith, and H.M.K., 10th September, 1922. Second Ascent : B. E.-S. and B.L.M.

**Eskdale :** A new climb was discovered by G. D.  
**Cam Spout Crags.** Frankland (Y.R.C.), W.V.B., and G. Addy-  
 man (Y.R.C.) on the south west group of  
 crags. This is on a fine steep buttress to the true right of a  
 big gully, which was named Green Gully. A long chimney of  
 some difficulty leads to an interesting twisted rock corridor.  
 Scrambling then leads to the crest of the ridge with fine views  
 into the very deep gully. The start and finish of the climb  
 were cairned.

**Pike's Crag :** G.S.B. and R.S.T.C. made a route at **Buttress Climbs.** Easter on the buttress nearest to Mickle-dore. Starting at the base near three large boulders (cairn), 10 feet of easy climbing leads to a grass ledge. A horizontal traverse is then made to a crack, where care must be taken to avoid loose blocks. The route then proceeds up the slabs, keeping the crest of the arête as far as possible until the top is reached in 100 feet. Apart from the crack, which is difficult, the climb is of moderate difficulty, the slabs being inclined at an easy angle.

On the same day, M.H.W. and L.W.S. made a route up the buttress next to the above on the left. The lower part is little more than a scramble until, level with the top of a semi-detached pinnacle, and at the foot of a cave in the gully, a 50 foot chimney is entered. Near the top there is a breakout on the left wall, finishing on a shelf with blocks above a vertical wall. The chimney is of moderate difficulty.

**Tophet Wall :** First ascent : H.M.K. and R.E.W.P., 14th **Napes.** July, 1923. A full description will appear in the next Journal.

**Eagle's Corner :** This new climb starts opposite the foot of **Napes.** the Needle on the face of the Eagle's Nest Buttress. The route leads past the right of a cluster of rock fragments by way of a short chimney. A little higher are two good traverses to the left ; the first along a narrow heather ledge without handholds, the second along a narrow mantleshelf, providing handholds without much footing, and giving in to a narrow chimney which is rather difficult to enter. The climb ends some 70 feet above the steep part of the Eagle's Nest Ridge. First ascent : G. D. Frankland and Party, Easter, 1923.

**Hind Cove** First ascent : H.M.K., B.E.-S., May 24th,  
**Buttress.** 1923.

**Hind Cove Slabs.** First ascent, H.M.K., B.E.-S., May 24th,  
**Routes 1 and 2.** 1923.

**Forked Gully,  
Buckbarrow.** First ascent : H.M.K., R.E.W.P., July  
13th, 1923. First descent : R.E.W.P. (last  
man), H.M.K.

**Right Face Climb,  
Buckbarrow.** First ascent : H.M.K., R.E.W.P., July  
13th, 1923.

**Hidden Gully,  
Buckbarrow.** First descent : R.E.W.P. (last man)  
H.M.K., July 13th, 1923.

**The Appian Way,  
Pillar Rock.** First ascent : H.M.K., R.E.W.P., July  
16th, 1923.

For descriptions see the Guide.

**BUTTERMERE :** A note by R.W.H. states that on the  
**Green Crag Gully.** occasion when the late J. W. Robinson  
and W. A. Wilson made the first ascent of the gully (1889)  
they afterwards proceeded to the Napes, and climbed the  
Needle, then up Scafell Pinnacle and down to Wasdale.  
The start being from Lorton.

**Sheepbone** W.A.W., K.W., R.W.H. Begin at  
**Buttress :** the left hand corner, and proceed to the  
**Birkness Combe.** right on to a platform, then through a  
flake crack and towards the left over easy, grey, firm rocks.  
Then down and up an arête between two gullies.

**LANGDALE :** G.S.B. and F.G. think the right hand route  
**Scout Crag.** should be classified as difficult.

**Gwynne's** A variation finish of this climb, to which  
**Chimney :** it adds about 50 feet of climbing of similar  
**Pavey Ark.** difficulty, was made on 18th March, 1923,  
by R.S.T.C., H.P.C., and W.G.P. From the top of the pitch  
above the Cannon, traverse along a ledge to the right for  
15 feet to a corner with a good belay. Then, round the  
corner, climb up about 8 feet to a turfy ledge with a belay.  
Thence climb up a crack for 8 feet, and along the top of a  
boulder to a large block, which may be mounted *à cheval*.  
After crossing a wide heathery platform, another crack straight



opposite may be ascended, whence the upper part of Gwynne's Chimney is easily reached. This finish has possibly been done before.

**Esk Chimneys :** Situated immediately to the north of the **Scafell Pike.** perpendicular crag north of Cam Spout. The climb begins with two magnificent 40 foot chimneys (the rope may be threaded in each case). Then long grassy slopes, very steep, and dangerously loose at two places, lead to an easy rock chimney. W.T.E., N.M.P.Reilly, H. Mackintosh (C.U.M.C.).

**Gladstone Knott.** A chimney to the immediate left of Gladstone Knott II. (apparently not I.). A grassy scramble (30 feet) followed by a steep, long, mossy, wet, narrow, and somewhat loose pitch (about 60 feet) leads to a cave with mossy walls and turf roof. An exit was then made to the left along a ledge leading to fine rough rock on the buttress. Difficult. W.T.E., A. St.C.Walsh.

**Juniper Buttress,** Second ascent : 6th July, 1923. C.F.H. **Gimmer Crag.** J. L. G. Roberts. The whole climb is sensational, and is probably just severe. The use of boots instead of rubbers would increase the difficulty materially.

**White Ghyll** H.B.L., J. Herbert, H.P.C. First ascent : **Chimney.** 11th August, 1923.

**Bracket, Slabs,** First ascent (omitting Left Chimney), **and Left Chimney,** H.B.L. and J. Herbert. Second and com- **Gimmer Crag.** plete ascent, H.B.L., J. Herbert, M.B., H.P.C. and J.B.W., 12th August, 1923. See separate article.

**Chimney Buttress :** First ascent : H.B.L., G.A., and J. **Gimmer Crag.** Herbert, 3rd September, 1923. See separate article.

**CONISTON :** June 17th, 1923, H.S.G. and G.B. **Eliminate Route,** Starting up the corner of the buttress from **"A" Buttress,** the bed of Great Gully, at the lowest point **Doe Crag.** of "A" Buttress. A short easy pitch brings

one to the start of the real climbing. The route lies upwards and to the right, overhanging the gully. Small but good grips are available until one swings round into a scoop or crack. A spiky hold in the scoop vibrates, and although well tested, should be used carefully. A landing is made on a sloping slab bedecked with treacherous grass ledges—now considerably gardened. A traverse of 12 feet to the left discloses a small good belay. The leader then returns to the right and attacks the steep wall (NOT the bilberry grown crack) at a point where one or two small grass tufts are enriched. Good holds are to be found, and the route goes straight ahead for 15 feet. It is then necessary to make a difficult step to the right; small, good, but not obvious holds enable one to rise on to a ledge, and a good pointed grip is available. A turf ledge must now be attained at shoulder height. Search reveals a hold for the left hand in a vertical crack above the ledge, and this and a press up on the right achieve the desired ledge, and it is then a more simple matter to reach a good grass platform (this is the platform from which one abseils on the Girdle Traverse). There is no belay here, but the second man has a good large stance. The leader attacks the steep scoop which runs up to the Raven's Nest Belay, immediately above the previous pitch. This scoop left us with an impression of great severity as regards the upper portion. It is best climbed facing in, and may be easier now, as it was considerably gardened by the second man. The exit is made to the left. From the Raven's belay the route lies round a most exposed corner to the right, and a large shattered platform is reached a few feet higher. Poised blocks require care. A small but apparently good belay will be found here on a grass ledge to the right. The crag overhangs to a tremendous extent, and it was decided to work out to the left. The immediate objective is a small ledge at a height of 8 feet, and some 10 feet to the left of the platform. This pitch is extremely exposed, and is a very exacting lead. A start is made on poor sloping footholds, and trust must be placed in some detached blocks which appear to be firm, however. Delicate balance eventually lands one on the ledge, and a further stride to the left gives access to a good ledge leading to a big recess roofed by a great

overhang. The leader can thread here, and by climbing a slab to the right, he attains a position immediately above the "bad bit," and this heartens his second man. From the recess an exit is made to the left, following a fissure under the overhang, on good holds. A short little chimney gives on to a good ledge provided with an enormous block belay. Stepping off from the block to the left, very difficult balancing ensues until a quartz marked ledge is attained, formed by the detachment of a small block. The way lies straight up to the overhang on to a good stance and belay, and then out to the right and up on to the "Gordon and Craig" traverse immediately to the left of the crack. The steep wall is then climbed, a yard to the left. 20 feet bring the leader to an overhang, which caused a divergence to the right—the crack having to be followed for 7 feet. The route then returned above the overhang and finished straight ahead, carefully dodging the variation finish of the crack. Sound rough rock led to a finish over a "nose" on to a good ledge. A long climb, of great interest.

NOTE.—The climb was done in perfect conditions. It is probably QUITE as severe as "B" Eliminate, and is consistently of great exposure. Rubbers are essential; 100 feet of rope. H.S.G.

**Thunder Slab.** Claude E. Benson writes to point out that this climb is not on Great How Crag (v.O. Survey) but on Great Hook Rigg. The two ridges descending from Great How Crag to Levers Water are respectively Great and Little Hook Rigg. He queries the meaning of hook—perhaps a corruption of the Norse "holk," a cave.

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

H. B. Lyon	L. W. Somervell
H. P. Cain	R. E. W. Pritchard
T. R. Burnett	R. W. Hall
Mabel Barker	W. A. Wilson
H. M. Kelly	K. Ward
B. Eden-Smith	Fergus Graham

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B. L. Michaelson	W. G. Pape.
W. Villiers Brown	W. T. Elmslie
G. S. Bower	J. B. Wilton
R. S. T. Chorley	H. S. Gross
Michael H. Wilson	G. Basterfield

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It is a noble folly, this climbing to a height, a  
supreme delight, which would alone suffice  
to make life in the mountains fair and  
beautiful. *Guido Rey.*

## IN MEMORIAM.

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W. A. WILSON, 1922-3.

W. A. Wilson, a new member though an old climber, was killed on Eagle Crag in Langstrath, on 23rd June, 1923, while climbing alone. The search party, consisting of Wakefield, Miss Ward and others, found the body lying not far from the top of the crag, at the foot of a gully which he had apparently been prospecting for the purposes of a guide to the climbing in the Borrowdale district which he was preparing. He seems to have fallen some 60 feet, and his death is thought to have been instantaneous. The search party found, at the foot of the first real pitch in the gully, a dead tree, and a large rock which had recently fallen. It is Wakefield's opinion that he had taken hold of the tree, which appeared to be sound and strong, to pull himself up, and that the tree then broke away at the roots, which were very small. It is not known whether the gully had ever been visited previously, but it is certainly not known as a regular course.

William Alexander Wilson was the third son of John Wilson, J. P., of Fairfield, Lorton, and was born on June 26th, 1862. He was a land agent and surveyor, and served his apprenticeship with Messrs. Myers, Veevers and Myers, of Preston. His grandfather had an adventurous seafaring life in the days of the Napoleonic Wars. His father was fond of climbing and visited Switzerland.

William Alexander Wilson some years ago spent a considerable time in Canada visiting his brothers, and he also paid visits to Norway and Switzerland. Apart from climbing his chief pastime was music, in which he had a life-long interest, and he was very greatly interested in Forestry.

Born in the same valley as John Wilson Robinson, it is no wonder that at an early age these two became fast friends and in many of J.W.R.'s early exploits on the fells he took

part. These two natives climbed, for the first time, Green Crag Gully, and only this year, when W.A.W. and I were there he said that when Robinson and he did it first, there was no boulder at the "Window Pitch"—a fact which shows how recent must have been the formation of this interesting pitch.

Once when he and I were at the foot of the "Buttermere" Grasmoor Gully, I asked him when he first climbed it. "Forty years ago," was the reply.

I do not think he had climbed regularly all the years in between, but he had been certainly a climber, and most certainly a fell-walker and lover of the hills, and one who saw and noted the colours and contours of Lakeland with an appreciative eye.

During the last half dozen years of his life, he did a great deal of difficult rockwork, and was a born leader in whom those of us who knew him had implicit confidence.

All kinds of climbs were enjoyed by him. He revelled in a wet gully, climbing through water, and was equally at home on an exposed face like the Troutdale Black Crag Buttress, or the Gable Slabs and Arêtes.

He was an exceedingly well-balanced climber, and had all the essentials of a first-rate mountaineer, but what struck me most was the extraordinary strength of his hands. I have seen him do a hand traverse so difficult that three-quarters of it by a man half his years would be no mean feat.

He had thoughts of publishing an accurate account of the Keswick and Buttermere climbs, and he brought exact knowledge and a lengthy experience to aid in the preparation of his notes, which were nearly complete at the time of his death.

Latterly the Birkness Coombe climbs rather specially claimed his attention. It was only some ten days before the end he led me up two of the climbs on the Sheepbone Buttress.

But who can describe his character? He had a charm of personality which always put people at their ease. He was exceedingly quiet, and very retiring, and always did the right thing and in the happiest way.

If we were doing an easy climb he would somehow bring it about that I should lead—simply because he knew it pleased me.

Some of my happiest and best days have been spent with him, and now he has gone. Nor are there many of whom it can be more truly said, "to know him was to love him."

He had an old world courtesy and a kindness which it is difficult to describe, but the memory of these will be a lasting joy to all who knew him.

In climbing he was associated with the old pioneering days, and to the last was himself a pioneer. R. W. H.

V. H. GATTY, A.C., 1907-22.

Mr. Gatty, whose death from heart failure occurred on August 12th, 1922, while shooting in Scotland, was a man of very varied attainments, and numerous activities.

As a mountaineer, though not perhaps in the first rank, he had many good performances to his credit. It was typical that not only had he climbed a great deal in the Alps, but he had paid attention to the Pyrenees, Norway and Corsica.

Mr. Gatty was intimately acquainted with the fells and crags of the British Isles, and was a very early member of the Club, in which he was very much interested, and for which he wrote a delightful article on "A Long Day on the Justedalsbrae," which appeared in Vol. 2, No. 3.

Mr. Gatty was also happy to be able to combine his mountaineering activities with a keen interest in meteorology. His contributions to scientific journals displayed powers of observation and a close grasp of the subject.

During the war he overtaxed his strength, and thereafter was never quite the same man, though he struggled indomitably against his ailments, and "carried on" to the last.

T. A. ARGLES, 1912-1923.

Major Argles was a well-known personality in the Lake District, where he spent a life ungrudgingly devoted to public work. Though not a rock-climber, he was a great lover of mountain scenery, and spent his holidays regularly in Skye.

MAJOR C. R. WINGFIELD, 1915-1923.

MRS. R. MARKBREITER, 1919-1922.

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## EDITOR'S NOTES.

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The past year has not been a remarkable one in the annals of mountaineering as such, though in the history of our Club it will always be *annus mirabilis* as having witnessed that fine achievement and grandest of all War Memorials, the purchase of the greater part of the central mountainous mass of the Lake District for the perpetual enjoyment of fell walkers and climbers.

It is proposed to print in the next Journal a description of the transfer of the Memorial to the National Trust, which took place at Coniston in October, and of the dedication which has been fixed for Whitsuntide, together with a small outline map of the area and further photographs.

The thanks of both old and new climbers on Pillar Rock will be voted unanimously to H. M. Kelly, for his masterly description of the various routes on that magnificent crag—so peculiarly the rock-climber's own preserve. Not only so, but his explorations have opened up a whole field of interesting work for those who love to leave the beaten track a little, as well as revealed new routes on the Rock of sustained interest. The Club is fortunate that the high existing standard of work on the Guides has been so well maintained.

The next district for treatment is the Scafell group, which is in the capable hands of C. F. Holland.

Another attempt on Mount Everest will be made, it is understood, during 1924. We heartily congratulate Bentley Beetham and R. B. Graham on having been invited to join the climbing party. Howard Somervell is of course to be a member. More power to their elbows—not to mention thighs and chests.



There has been great activity among the vandals during the year. Following Sty Head, the motorists have been making determined efforts to get the local Councils to construct a motor road over the Wrynose Pass, and this under the specious pretext of work for the unemployed. The matter never reached a really dangerous stage, but an excited newspaper correspondence showed how keenly a large number of people feel about the matter, and in response to a letter on the subject which appeared in the Manchester Guardian, as many as seventy people wrote to me expressing their willingness to co-operate in resisting the proposal. A list has been compiled of their names, and the names of others, whom it should be possible to call out as a guard to resist any subsequent attacks.

The scheme for building an electric railway from Windermere to Keswick has been revived in a more elaborate form. This is so financially hazardous on the face of it that it may be hoped with some confidence that it will never mature. A watchful eye is, however, being kept in many quarters, so that if the beast begins to look dangerous we shall be ready for him.

The Manchester Waterworks scheme at Mardale has been suspended for ten years, and lovers of that charming valley will have time for many visits before it is submerged. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that the respite may even become permanent!

The work on the revised large scale maps is going on steadily. Those of the Coniston and Buttermere districts which have been revised by H. S. Gross and R. W. Hall respectively have now been completed. After careful enquiry and the consideration of many expedients, it became clear that publication would involve much greater expense than had been anticipated, or the Club finances can bear. It is hoped that the question of publication may be taken up later; in the meanwhile the revised sheets will be available at the Coniston and Buttermere headquarters.

The collection of lantern slides has been enriched during the year by contributions from several members. With so many photographers in the Club it is to be hoped that additions of this kind will become more and more common. The slides have already been in use at lectures given in various parts of the country.

We have to thank the following for blocks of photographic illustrations in this volume :—J. V. T. Long, Graham Wilson, W. D. Dent, and G. R. Speaker.

Readers of "Sanderson of Oundle," will be interested, though not surprised, to learn how much inspiration that great Headmaster owed to his frequent visits to the Lake District. Though he did not venture on rock climbs until well on into middle age, he became an enthusiast at once, and thereafter almost invariably spent his holidays indulging in that fascinating pursuit.

His Holiness the Pope was also in some sense a schoolmaster in his younger days. Of his abilities as a mountaineer the newspapers have not allowed us to remain in ignorance. For once their reports are accurate. His Holiness made the first Italian ascent of the Monte Rosa from Macugnaga, a route so long, difficult, and hazardous that it is even now but seldom climbed. In order to carry out their plan in its entirety, his party had to spend two nights out, one near the summit of the mountain, a feat which must constitute almost a record of endurance of that kind. In appointing to wayfarers and mountaineers St. Bernard as their patron saint, His Holiness has fittingly recognised that mountaineering is more than a sport alone ; that it is indeed a high form of human endeavour, in which body, mind, and soul seek a recreation, which brings them into closer harmony with eternal purposes.

His Highness the Prince Consort of the Netherlands made the ascent of Scafell Pike during August, in the company of G. D. Abraham. His climb is of interest, in that he is the

first member of a Royal family to have stood upon the highest point in England. I mention the affair purely for the purpose of recording the fact, and not as part of any subtle revolutionary propaganda. The President sent a word of congratulation to His Highness, and received in return a very gracious acknowledgment.

Congratulations to the Honorary Treasurer on his having successfully joined the ranks of the married members. We trust that none of the direful effects sometimes experienced by climbers in "the holy state" will befall him.

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" From too much love of living,  
From ice and snow set free,  
We clasp with brief thanksgiving,  
Whatever rocks may be,  
That leaders fall off never,  
And even in roughest weather,  
The weariest climber ever  
Winds somewhere safe to tea."

*From the Visitors' Book at Seathwaite.*

## THE LONDON SECTION.

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The London Section has increased, during the last year, both in membership and activity. Walks have been held at least once a month, the attendance averaging 18, and the ground covered 15 miles. Great enjoyment of the walks has been shewn, and the following have joined during the year :—

L. Bray	J. L. Pitcher
G. B. Bryant	G. C. L. Pirkis
F. M. Coventry	F. T. Roche
Darwin Leighton	W. M. Roberts
J. Martin	W. F. Rogers
P. S. Minor	G. R. West
Olive Minor	

### MEMBERS OF COMMITTEE :

Chairman : Dr. Hadfield.

Hon. Secretary : D. E. Pilley.

W. Allsup	Denis Murray
R. S. T. Chorley	W. P. Haskett-Smith
W. H. France	G. R. Speaker
R. H. Hewson	D. E. Thompson
H. Huntley	J. B. Wilton

### WALKS—OCTOBER, 1922, TO OCTOBER, 1923.

It is impossible to give details in a brief account ; suffice it to say that the week-end walk, Sunday, and summer evening walks have all been popular and well attended. They have been led as follows :—

Sunday, November 5th—R. H. Hewson : Hatfield.

Sunday, December 10th—H. Huntley—Chorley Wood through Chalfont St. Peter.

Sunday, January 14th—G. R. Speaker : Oxshott, Bookham Common and Byfleet.

Sunday, February 18th—G. Anderson : Coulsdon.

Sunday, March 11th—R. H. Hewson : Great Missenden to Wendover.

Sunday, April 22nd—W. McNaught : North Kent Downs.

Sunday, May 14th—A. F. Godwin : Ivinghoe Beacon.

Week end, June 9th and 10th—H. Clyde Amos : Lewes, South Downs, Alfriston.

Evening, June 20th—G. R. Speaker—Richmond Park.

Sunday, June 24th—D. E. Thompson : West Wycombe to Wargrave.

Evening, July 3rd—W. Allsup : Shepperton.

Sunday, July 15th—L. Bray : Surrey Hills.

Sunday, August 19th—H. F. Huntley : Hayes to Oxted.

Sunday, September 30th—C. G. Markbreiter : Taplow.

Week end, October 13th—Dr. Hadfield ; Coniston.

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Since the last Annual General Meeting the following social gatherings have been enjoyed by the London Section :—

November 17th—"Romance of Wasdale Head," at the Grove Cinema.

November 21st—D. E. Pilley "At Home" at the Ladies' Alpine Club. R. S. T. Chorley shewed slides of the Lake District.

December 9th—Third Annual Dinner at the Hotel Cecil. Chairman : P. S. Minor.

December—Exhibition of Alpine Paintings at the Alpine Club. Visits to both the Everest Lectures.

March 5th—R. S. T. Chorley shewed Lake District slides at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street.

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The Section "continues to fulfil a useful purpose." It would be invidious to make comparisons or selections among a series of "leads," all interesting and enjoyable, and almost all among scenery of a charm and variety, the existence of which many of us had not suspected. The week-ends, perhaps, deserve a special word. The Chairman of the Section gallantly led a depleted rearguard to Coniston by the night train. At Foxfield they were favoured with a view which can only be seen at 6 a.m. on the morning of "the Dinner." In Coniston itself, the count, assembling from all directions, reached nine in numbers, and ninety-nine in noise and enthusiasm.

The Section's own week-end in and about Alfriston, though pitched in a minor key, and marred by mists and rain, fully established the desirability of making this a permanent event. The "oldest inn in England" caused much interest and enthusiasm, though nobody volunteered to climb the "smuggler's chimney."

The members of the Section can justly pride themselves on the number of keen and active mountaineers who have joined the Club during the past two years through the instrumentality of their association with the Section.

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