JOAS 150 V.S. RUBBERS.

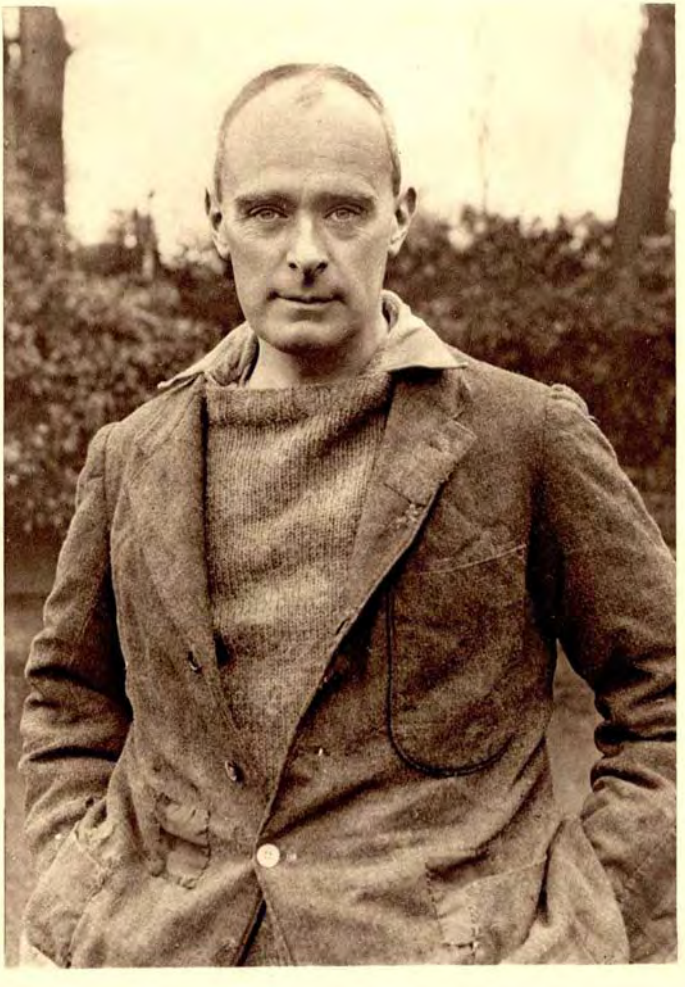
STARTS AT A CAIRN FROM THE TOP OF THE FIRST GRASSY SADDLE IN N.W. GULLY, 20' LEFT OF ASH TREE SLABS, & FOLLOWS VERY NOSE OF THE BUTTRESS. STRENUOUS & VERY ARTIFICIAL CONTINUOUSLY SEVERE & BADLY SUPPLIED WITH BELAYS.

1/ 30'. CLIMB THE OVERHANGING GROOVE RUNNING UP TO THE RIGHT ONTO A BROKEN TERRACE. AS THERE IS NO SATISFACTORY BELAY HERE, IT IS PERHAPS ADVISABLE TO CONTINUE FURTHER RIGHT TO THE BELAY ON ASH-TREE SLABS.

2/ 40'. FROM THE BROKEN TERRACE CLIMB AN OVERHANGING BLOCK ABOVE BY THE CRACK ON ITS RIGHT TO A SMALL RECESS. MOVE LEFT ON A GOOD FLAKE & AT FULL STRETCH, A GOOD HOLD ON THE OVERHANGING LEFT EDGE ALLOWS OF A STRENUOUS PULL BEING EFFECTED. A RESTING PLACE, BUT BELAYLESS, IS REACHED. CONTINUE SLIGHTLY LEFT VIA SOME JAMMED STONES, THEN A LONG STEP ACROSS TO THE RIGHT REACHES A THIN CRACK WHICH LEADS WITH DIFFICULTY TO THE PLATFORM ON THE SECOND PITCH OF ASH TREE SLABS. BELAY IN GROOVE 15' ABOVE

3/ 80'

CLIMB A NARROW SLAB ON THE LEFT. AFTER ABOUT 10', HOLDS BECOME SMALL, BUT A DIFFICULT PULL LEADS TO A GOOD LEDGE. CONTINUE UP THE CORNER, & THEN THE ARÊTE ON ITS RIGHT ON GOOD HOLDS TO A LARGE TERRACE & BELAY ABOVE ASTERISK.



Herbert Porritt Cain

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CRAGS FOR CLIMBING IN AND AROUND GREAT LANGDALE.

By George Basterfield.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The best thanks of the Club are due to Mr. J. P. Taylor, of Barrow, for his presentation of so many beautiful photographs, costing, as they have, so much time, energy, and expense.

Also to others our thanks are due in the persons of Mr. C. Wood, for photographs; J. R. Tyson, who has accompanied me on all excursions and rendered very valuable assistance; G. S. Bower, for his very substantial contribution; and J. Wray, for his description of Bowfell Buttress and photographs.

In other cases where I have not been able to inspect the climbs personally, I have made use of published records, for which I should like to make acknowledgment here.

INTRODUCTION.

The evolution of Great Langdale as a classic climbing centre has been comparatively slow, that is, if the early recorded visits to Pavey Ark are to be counted as a beginning. During the last quarter of a century Langdale has, however, taken its proper place in the front rank. Substantial progress seems to count from the time when a few good men turned aside for a scramble, and in so doing discovered the now famous Gimmer. It is hoped that this valley will further be strengthened as a climbing centre by further developments contemplated, even at the risk of putting this guide out of date, which is, in itself, a very laudable and praiseworthy ideal.

ACCOMMODATION.

Accommodation is provided within an hour or two of the most important crags—Pavey Ark and Gimmer Crag—and for those who grind not nor hanker for greater heights, climbs and problems offer good sport within ten minutes of the breakfast rooms.

REGARDING HISTORY.

The history of crags and cragsmen about Great Langdale, if gathered from the many existing records would, in itself, justify a separate publication.

I feel that, with regard to the history of this valley and its environs, the wayside flowers in their scattered nooks and corners give a greater joy than if I plucked them ruthlessly and attempted a clumsy bouquet.

A list of first ascents will, I hope, be appended to this guide when it is published separately. This contribution, along with the rock records we endeavour to describe will perhaps serve as a sufficient history for the essential need in this guide.

APPROACHES.

The main and only open avenue to the Great Langdale is from the south east. Entering from the Ambleside road, at Skelwith, the broken waters of the falls and the prettiness of Elterwater, anon silver and gold through the intervening foliage, bring joy to the heart of the town dweller.

Later, the sudden and inspiring view of the towering Pikes at the head of the vale, tends to a vigorous acceleration of bus, bike, or boot, as the case may be ; all three modes of movement are well accommodated right along to Middle Fell, about opposite the foot of Blea Tarn Pass.

One may tumble into the valley over the many heights on all sides, or over the several passes. Blea Tarn Pass leads in from the Coniston and Eskdale district, Esk Hause from the Wasdale area, and Stake Pass from the Borrowdale. Whichever way is chosen by the visitor, given good visibility, the scenery to be witnessed is superb and ever varying.

The average climber possesses an æsthetic sense, and I would suggest that our valley can satisfy not only the athletic desires, but can also appease the hunger for beauty. Material heights have a way of dissolving into the ethereal, that is when the climber is not actually on the move up a face.

Socially, in their favourite haunts, climbers may be termed democratic aristocrats, for while they attain to proud and

lofty heights, they at the same time are usually to be found "on the rocks." So let us to our rocks!

APPROACHES TO GIMMER.

From New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel follow the tourist path leading to the Pikes, direction north west. Keep to the path right up to the highest level front fell. Arrive at an old sheepfold, then strike an indefinite trod bearing ahead, slightly to the left; drop over the rising ground in front, and cross the scree to the grassy shelf at the foot of Bilberry Chute on Gimmer itself, about 100 feet from the base. This grass shelf is a good kick off to the brief alphabet on the western face.

The approach from Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel or Middle Fell is by a diagonal track up the fell in a north westerly direction. Keep fairly low until Gimmer is sighted above (this to avoid gullies and outcrops), then make for the rock gradually uphill. An interesting alternative, if time allows, is to climb Middle Fell Buttress, then continue to ascend direct till the Pikes path is reached, which is then followed as in the first case.

GIMMER.

"Out on the broken hill,"
"Upreared, clean on the sky."

Gimmer is an elongated pillar, an outcrop leaning, apparently, against the high breast of the mountain. Commencing at the base in an easy broken incline, the rock gradually assumes the smooth vertical towards the summit. Its silhouetted western face describes a beauty line when viewed from either side, up or down the valley. In texture it is a dull red sort of granite; this is weathered to a pleasing light grey. This surface is ideal for progress, providing good friction for rubber when dry, and reasonable grip for maleable nails, when wet, on most of the courses.

Out of a solid, not to say fluid experience of Lakeland rock during the last twenty years, I feel safe in suggesting that Gimmer stands out unique as a climbing rock, in the sense that it provides the maximum exposure with the minimum of risk or danger. The average climber can attain to a splendid isolation, can experience that exhilarating exposure

so much desired and sought for, in reasonable comfort and safety, by a judicious use of the means provided by the rock for safe climbing.

From the fell beneath, viewing it as a whole, the rock wears a defiant and impossible aspect. Viewing it in detail, the means to progress are not always obvious, yet the confidence of the climber is rarely, if ever, betrayed, if prepared to progress steadily. The grips, mostly, are conveniently spaced, incut, and comforting, though not always grateful from the point of view of size. Belays, while not obtrusive, are very effective, and are to be found practically on all stances.

The writer would advise careful attention to belays, for, apart from Amen Corner, Gimmer holds out no saving interception to the unfortunate climber who has once lost contact.

The many courses honeycombed about the west and south faces indicate the good favour in which the rock is held. Almost every square foot is commissioned for ascent, descent, traverse, or variation.

Unlike many of our crags, great or small, Gimmer seldom depresses with gloom. Its countenance, south and west, is frank and open, receiving the full benefit of the sun, also the brunt of the storm. Gullies are packed away in the rear and utilized for the purpose of draining the fells above, thus Gimmer sheds only its own tears, after the manner of the Napes, and is soon dry for climbing after the storm. This deviation of superfluous storm water would, perhaps, account for the well preserved and almost unbroken face, preventing a too rapid denudation.

" The Boat " crag on Kirkfell, adopts the same system of drainage ; there again the rock has an almost unbroken front.

The North West face of Gimmer is of a different character again to the two faces described ; here there is a great broadside of lofty crag, heavily overhung in places near the summit, split up by gullies and cracks. This latter section is now receiving attention, and already there are courses completed and others contemplated.

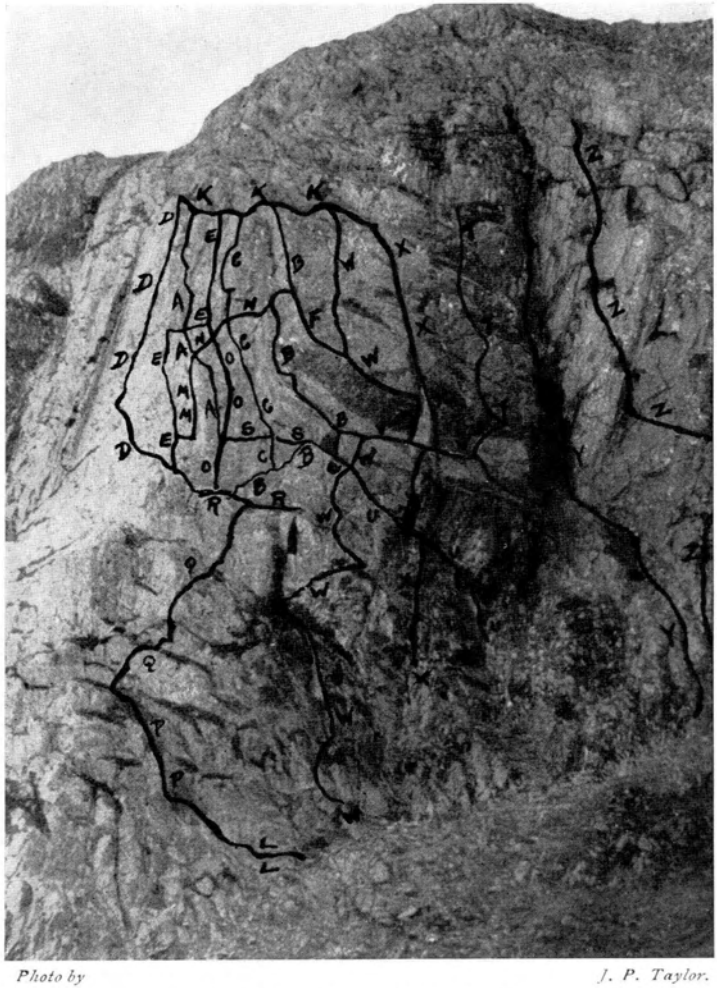

Photo by *J. P. Taylor.*

WEST AND SOUTH EAST FACES.

MARK
A — A Climb
B — B Climb
C — C Climb
D — D Climb
E — E Climb or northern variation
F — Handy Traverse to Crows Nest
K — Finishing Balcony
L — Luncheon Ledge
M — Oliverson's Variation
N — Lyons Crawl
O — Dipthong

MARK
P — Bilberry Chute
Q — Scrambling Approach
R — Ash Tree Ledge
S — Thomson's Ledge
T — Chimney Buttress
U — Lower Traverse S.E.
V — Higher Traverse S.E.
W — Bracket and Slab
X — Gimmer Chimney
Y — Great Gully S.E.
Z — Main Wall S.E. Great Gully

AIDS TO PROGRESS (Artificial).

Rope.—I would advise for all climbing a 100 foot rope for two climbers ; this gives a good 90 feet of " the all embracing trinity of strengths twixt thee and me." The management of a few extra feet of rope is negligible compared to the mental comfort, emergency convenience, and general safety gained by a liberal length. I would suggest to the novice, who is usually conspicuous by his meagre coil,and whose line lengthens with his experience, that he should be careful in this respect. Purchase a long rope to start with, learn to manage it well, for the proper management of the rope is a real " safety first " principle. Rope management is as vital to preservation of life as is skilful climbing ; the tendency is, at first, to concentrate only on the actual climbing, and to fall foul of a neglected rope. On Gimmer alone there are at least three or four courses that call for rope and more rope. Therefore for all these reasons, hug not the hangsman's brief hemp, but carry always a 100 foot Langdale life line, and treat it as you would a real friend on the climbing.

Foot Gear.—Build up a solid apprenticeship in nails ; it will prove valuable when rocks are wet, greasy or iced. It is more pleasurable to adopt nails than to rubber round on easy, rough, or unwieldy rocks. When rocks are dry and in any degree difficult or severe, take to rubbers and sense the intense delight of ideal rock gymnastics.

Notes.—The terms right and left are used as when facing the rock.

Gimmer descriptions are not in order of severity, but in circus sequence with the rising and setting sun. A classification list is included at the end of the guide.

Severity does not always indicate a high technique, it may mean an isolation or the exposure of a long run-out.

GIMMER CLIMBS.

Main Wall Traverse (South East Gully).—Severe ; rubbers ; 250 feet.

This imposing steep wall is to the right looking up the broad gully. The course described takes in the whole length of the wall from the foot of the gully to the top.

Main Wall Climb 160' Inst Severe (Direct route up right hand edge

Start At an embedded rock at the foot of the wall a little below the obvious large detached flake

1/55'. Climb 2t. up the steep wall on good holds to a bilberry shoot with an assortment of small belays.

2/30'. A diagonal traverse to the left leads to an obvious stance

3/35'. Step right & proceed directly up again to a good belay.

4/40'. Start slightly left, & then continue up, finishing by a pull-out on the left of a large loose block, or a scoop on its right.

Traversing right to left, other courses, no doubt, abound on this expanse of flat face, but the climber must inevitably traverse to keep to the wall, so that this would seem to be the longest and most interesting route possible.

The climb starts near an embedded rock at the foot of the wall, a little lower and to the right of a large semi-detached flake. Climb direct for 70 feet up the vertical wall to the top, and step over on to a bilberry stance; the last 20 feet of this wall calls for rubbers.

Step back on to the wall and traverse left, almost horizontally, about 50 feet, rising a little to a narrow stance and small running belay for thin rope. Now travel another 80 feet, along the more or less groovy wall, rising to the left and then more sharply upwards to a large bilberry shelf; good stance. Keep still to the left about 50 feet, and then up an easy broken wall. The rest is a scramble over and above the main wall proper.

South East Gully.—Easy scramble. This gully is used in dry weather for descent if time presses; it is a shorter route than to go round by the upper fell. The easiest way down is to enter at the top on the left, keep left till half-way down, then cross a grass shelf or bank and finish down the right side.

Chimney Buttress (South East Face).—Severe; rubbers; 200 feet.

This climb starts out of the South East Gully, well up, about the level of Amen Corner. It commences with a short six foot crack immediately below an obvious square cut corner; then traverse to the left slightly upward for 35 feet to a belay. Now traverse upward again to the right for 35 feet to an old nest on a small ledge—there is no belay here, so the leader must continue alone before bringing up his second. Traverse again to the left about 8 feet, and rise to what is known as the "piano pitch." You may here execute an oratorio, or be satisfied by a short bar such as "rock of ages cleft for me"; it all depends on your form and ability. Step eventually over the rock keyboard, and proceed aloft bearing slightly to the right up the face to a large bilberry ledge; this pitch is severe, and means in all, a 90 feet run-out. The

last 80 feet go direct to the summit cairn upon an interesting, difficult face rock.

South East Lower Traverse.—Difficult ; rubbers preferable ; 90 feet.

This traverse provides an interesting short cut to the South East Chimney, and to the west face, via the famous Amen Corner.

Commence near the foot of South East Gully (small cairn) along a slight fault running gently upwards to a sheltered stance or sentry box, occupied by a juniper bush. This stance is the base of the chimney definite, forming the first vertical pitch ; from the start out of the gully to this point is about 55 feet. To continue the traverse mount the left wall of the chimney and proceed to the left, rising gently to Amen Corner, a distance of 35 feet.

There is a higher traverse which is useful for quick descent. Its commencement is the same as that of the Chimney Buttress climb, and continues beyond the South East Chimney, over the slabs to the Gangway on B, over Amen Corner. This higher traverse is difficult.

Gimmer Chimney (South East Face).—Very difficult ; mostly nails ; 250 feet.

Not an impressive climb in its detail, but it affords good sport on a wet day, climbed in boots. The climb follows a direct fault from the base to the upper face, where the Chimney proper develops.

Cairn at foot. First climb 50 feet of clumsy rocks to a stance. Swarm up a second 50 feet of broken slabby rocks, and finish on the right wall of the fault, (good stance). Now traverse five feet to the left and up a groove for 20 feet into a sentry box containing a juniper bush. Next climb the right edge of the Chimney for 25 feet, with a finishing hold on the left slab ; here find a small lie-back stance level with the top of Amen Corner. At this point avoid the crack immediately above—if in boots it is severe—and traverse to the right over grass for about 20 feet, to the main shaft of the Chimney. Start up the right wall, and finish over to the left on to a grass stance, a distance of 30 feet.

From this point to the finish the gradient is easy, the bed of the chimney being composed of broken slabs and grass tufts. The writer recommends the cleaner open finish up the right wall on the face, a distance of 70 feet.

Bracket and Slab (South East Face).—Severe; rubbers; 250 feet.

Starts a few feet above and round to the right of the luncheon ledge at the foot of Bilberry Chute.

First mount a small minaret of rock and step left to a small heather ledge; then proceed up the centre of a slab to a bilberry ledge. Continue up the rocks on the right to a bilberry garden. If fruit is in season, gather handfuls while you may. Pass into a large rock corner. Rise to a rock ledge and traverse from left to right for about 30 feet; negotiate the Bracket on the way. After the Bracket, ascend 10 feet to a belay. This is a most interesting pitch; a very pleasing problem. Next proceed directly up indefinite rocks to the right for about 40 feet, leaving Amen Corner on your left. Find here about 20 feet of neat climbing to the slabs above Amen Corner. The next pitch is the left crack of the Chimney—severe, tortuous, and hard work for 25 feet to the bed of the upper chimney. From here step up and over to the left on to the face, and traverse upwards to a grass ledge 25 feet away; then finish up 80 feet of easy rock direct to the summit cairn near the finish of B climb.

B Route (West Face).—Described by G. S. Bower. Moderately severe; a classic corner; leader needs 70 feet of rope.

A start is made 15 feet to the left of the large cairn on the right of the green bay tree, marking the finish of the introductory scramble above the Bilberry Chute.

Scrambling diagonally up to the right for 25 feet, the climber arrives at a commodious belvedere. This is grass covered on the right, below a four feet wall, the top of which (where stands the C Route cairn) is a slab sloping down easily to the right to the mounting block, at the foot of a crack.

This crack, which constitutes the second pitch of 18 feet, and leads to Thomson's Ledge, is rather awkward nearing the top, where the left hand hold is negligible, and a balanced rise must be made on the left foot until good hand holds are

attained. A belay of unpretentious quality is to be had under the wall at the top. Moving round the corner to the right, the congregation assembles in Amen Corner, and secures itself to the juniper roots with which the floor is festooned. By adopting the lay-back posture, first facing right and then facing left, the top of the crack may be reached without undue loss of time. A strenuous pull lands the climber on the Gangway, with an excellent belay on the slab to the left. The devout second will sympathetically murmur "Amen" to any remarks let fall by his leader whilst struggling with this wall, eight cubits in stature. Climbing up the Gangway to the left for about 30 feet, one arrives at a good ledge at the foot of the so-called Green Chimney, with a belay on the right, near a loose stone. This cleft is really an indefinite crack, and, like the matrimonial state, is more difficult to enter than to remain in; for a 20 foot wall which must be climbed before the crack is attained, and is best started towards the left, constitutes the principal difficulty of the pitch.

At a height of 40 feet a traverse of about eight feet to the right leads to the Crow's Nest. The rope may be passed over a well designed knot near the chimney end of the traverse, and belays may be discovered in modest hiding in and about the right wall of this aerial coign.

The final pitch consists of 55 feet of easier open slabs, leaving the Crow's Nest on the right, passing the time of day with an unscrupulous looking bulky block, and then, bearing slightly to the left, finishing on a large rock ledge with sloping grass on the right, and decorated with a curiously square block. The more practically minded may seek out a belay concealed below on the left. Dour parties sometimes climb the "Green Chimney" to its top instead of taking the "Crow's Nest way." They discover that the fissure does not belie its name.

C Route (West Face).—Severe; rubbers; 135 feet.

A very interesting climb, and as full of good things as a Christmas pudding. Starts abruptly; fresh air all the way to an abrupt finish.

Start the same as B Route. Rise to the belvedere, and find the cairn at the foot of the wall to the left of the second pitch

of B route. Tackle the vertical scooped wall on the right side with a muscle-up. Having got away, bridge the scoop with the legs, compose yourself, and then proceed with about three movements up to Thomson's Ledge. This pitch is just 15 feet high, and is a good introduction to the climbing above. Thomson must have been a man with small feet to choose such a ledge; the best one can do is to stick one's heels against the small rock projections on the sloping floor, place the rope under and over, and beg your second to your side with a smile of confidence. The second may traverse left along the ledge to the broken sapling in the foot of "Forty Feet Corner" to belay the leader (not on the broken sapling), while ascending the second pitch, but distance discounts this, the only belay possible.

The second pitch consists of 35 feet of almost vertical rocks immediately above the first pitch. The get-away here is not easy. Proceed direct up a small groove, then slightly to the right to good grips, breathe deeply, and then continue up to the stance at the foot of Green Chimney on B Route, to be found by mounting the wall on the right. Bring up the second; then step back over the wall to the left, and climb steeply left to a horizontal fault known as "Lyon's Crawl"; again bring up the second on the good belay; the stance is small. Now rise again to the left to a small stance at the foot of a small groove, a distance of 25 feet from the foot of Green Chimney, and directly beneath the overhang en route above. The leader may bring his second to this stance, only a short distance (15 feet) before commencing the last long run out. There is a small point of rock over which the leader can belay himself while playing his second up these few feet. As the leader takes the first step up, the second can belay himself over the same point and pay out the rope while the leader ascends. Proceed directly up to the overhang, and find good final holds immediately under the ceiling at the back of the overhang; reach with the left hand outside, round to the left of the overhang, and find a side grip which can be used to pull out on to the open face. Continue now directly up a shallow groove, which is practically vertical for a few feet, bear slightly to the right, and find comfort on a small broken

flake—treat this flake with kindness; its brief acquaintance is of a friendly nature, therefore tread lightly. The next few feet to the abrupt finish are exciting, but the climber will find no difficulty if he makes use of all that is offered for toes and fingers on each side and above. Arriving on the finishing balcony, the leader can play his second up this 60 foot pitch with comfort and safety, being directly above.

The practice of traversing from the overhang to the top of Lichen Chimney on A Route to bring up the second, is not recommended, although there is a good belay at this point, a second would "pendulum" badly if he failed at any point on the journey. If the second has received his first introduction to Gimmer over this course, and is feeling easier for having "got it over," he may, with more justification than the man who ascended Slab and Notch, write some post cards, for he may now untie and wend, as most men do.

9 **A Route (West Face).**—Described by G. S. Bower. An amiable severe; leader needs 70 feet of rope; any footgear, or none.

As far as Thomson's Ledge the way is identical with that for B Route, but, arrived on this ledge, instead of going to the right into Amen Corner, a 33 foot traverse is made to the left to the foot of Forty Feet Corner, an obvious scoop with a belay at the bottom near a vandal-pruned shrub. The greatest difficulty is encountered about 25 feet up the corner. There is a guide pin at the top, and a splinter belay on the left of this at the finish of Oliverson's Variation.

Bearing upwards to the left easefully for 15 feet, the foot of the 38 foot Lichen Chimney is reached. Here is a good belay if one stands below it. The mis-named chimney is hard for a dozen feet, after which the holds improve. There is a belay of the first water about seven feet above the point of emergence. The party now scrambles up into the commodious rock paved corner just below on the right of the 25 foot final crack. Only the first few feet of this are awkward; excellent holds are soon available, and there is no lack of safety gear at the top.

1 **Oliverson's Variation and Lyon's Crawl (West Face).**—Severe; rubbers; 70 feet and 55 feet respectively.

The two traverses merit severe grading on account of exposure; they cross, in sequence, A, B and C Routes in an upward, left to right direction. Both sections provide delightful positions of exposure with comforting holds, and if followed through via Crow's Nest to the finish of B Route, give the stranger a fairly general idea of the West Face.

The Oliverson section introduces to A Route at the top of Forty Feet Corner. Lyon's Crawl stretches from the latter point to Green Chimney on B Route, just below the hand traverse leading round to Crow's Nest.

Oliverson's Traverse commences from Ash Tree Terrace or Ledge, a few feet to the left of the start of B Route. First climb easy rocks direct, about 25 feet to a good belay; from here traverse horizontally right along the wall, about 20 feet, and then up a narrow crack with good holds to a stance on the left edge of Forty Feet Corner; this stance is small, with a good belay overhead. The next 20 feet run up direct over the belay to the finish at the top of the corner; a sitting belay is conveniently placed here to bring up the second safely. From this position Lyon's Crawl goes right and upwards along a jagged flake or crack, providing grateful holds, to a good belay between C Route and B Route, a distance of 25 feet. The final 30 feet consists of a gradually rising movement to the Green Chimney, level with the hand traverse, which is taken to "The Nest." Finish out to the summit of the rock on the last pitch of B Route.

Northern Variation or E Route (West Face).—Very severe; rubbers; 200 feet.

The lower half of this course was first discovered and used as a variation to A Route; later, a distinct route was pursued right through to the finishing balcony. When the complete route was done for the first time it was thought that the whole course was new, and the title of E Route was given and recorded as such in the Club Journal.

The lower half follows, more or less, the same line as the earlier variation, but the upper half is distinctly new, and follows a definite line, more severe and exposed than either C or A Route, which run up parallel on the right and left. The climb is involved in the western network, which it seems

impossible to sort out on the diagram, yet, like all the routes on this face, it has its own distinct line and individuality. While courses may cross each other in places, the rock traversed and the problems dealt with on each course have a separate and distinctive character. When actually on the crag, climbers will experience no difficulty whatever in recognising the separate climbs if reference is made to the Guide.

The climb starts with the first pitch of Oliverson's Variation. After this 30 feet of easy rocks, there come directly above, 20 feet of flaky wall, which is climbed to a narrow shelf. Traverse the shelf to the left for 10 feet to an open corner with a flat-topped belay. Now traverse again to the left beyond the belay, to a thin crack running straight up the wall climb the crack for about 16 feet, then cross the wall to the right just below the bulge on the sky line, and arrive just below the Lichen Chimney on A Route. To do this traverse it is possible for the leader to bring up the second to a small foothold, and a fairly effective, though small belay in the crack. Cross the foot of Lichen Chimney to the right, and proceed immediately to the arête on the skyline between A and C Routes. The course then goes direct on the right edge of this, the most prominent nose of the crag. The left hand intermittently seeks aids to ascent on the bridge, all the way to the miniature flat-rock platform immediately to the left of the overhang on " C." On arrival at this point give thanks for past blessings, and pray for future favours. Now turn your face to the wall and gum up the last 30 feet to the balcony; the final 10 feet is the thinnest. The get-out is about midway between the finish of A and C.

The last 10 feet, the arête from the foot of Lichen Chimney, and the traverse from the crack to Lichen Chimney, are the very severe portions of the climb.

" Diphthong " (West Face).—Very severe ; rubbers.

Recommended as the most direct route to the upper half of E. Route.

Starts from Ash Tree Ledge, immediately below Forty Feet Corner. The route goes direct to the beheaded sapling, thence bears a little to the right of the corner (steeply), and arrives

eventually, with an awkward movement, to the left at the foot of the arête between C and A. The whole course is very steep and tentative, and should only be climed on a dry, windless day, when one is in perfect training, and with a pair of new nice-fitting rubbers.

Gimmer D (West Face).—~~Very~~ Severe ; rubbers ; 120 feet.

Starting from the broad terrace about 20 feet to the left of Oliverson's Variation, easy rocks are followed for about 40 feet to a fruitful bilberry ledge, where serious climbing begins. Immediately above observe a crack, the bottom of which overhangs. To enter this crack, first ascend on the right, about 20 feet (belay about 10 feet up), then traverse left for 15 feet ; enter the fault and climb it (10 feet) to a bollard and a good stance. This entrance constitutes a delightful problem with a little risk, and when accomplished, gives one the feeling of having crossed the rubicon. Having brought up the second and bound him safely to the bollard, mount and finger-and-toe it up the forked lightning crack for 45 feet, concluding at the foot of the final crack-pitch on A. When climbing the pitch just described, take note that holds for the feet and hands may be found on the wall to the left and right near the top ; these supplementary holds are a great help at the right moment. The last pitch goes up to the left of A finish. First negotiate a pugnacious " push-off " corner, and finish directly above at a cairn some 15 feet above the finish of A.

Ash Tree Slabs (West Face).—Severe ; rubbers ; 130 feet.

This climb, while on the western face, commences on the North West side of the crag, a little higher up from the base than a great detached leaf of rock. Two small ash trees mark the starting point. Move off from the right hand corner, traverse diagonally to the extreme left edge, continue up to the left, and find a belay on the extreme left 50 feet above. Now follow, above, a broken arête or shallow scoop still up the left side ; this section inclines slightly to the right. Climb eventually to a grass ledge, and note the D crack well above. The author of this climb and the D crack climb suggests a combination of the two ; covering as they do, practically the whole length of the Western face, they prove a full course

of soup, fish, meat, and " afters," with a cigarette or pipe on the balcony at the finish.

Herdwick Buttress (West Face).—~~Very difficult~~ Severe; rubbers; 100 feet.

An alternative to Ash Tree Slabs as a lead off to the upper face D climb. A typical F.G. course.

It starts up the right corner at the foot of Ash Tree Slabs. Climb up easy rock for 20 feet to the left edge of a slab that runs parallel to Ash Tree Slab; now round the corner and ascend the slab about 30 feet; move to the right on to the next slab, rise a few feet and find a belay.

The next and final pitch is up a steep wall, and is climbed between two very thin cracks, inclining rather to the left. This small pitch presents an impossible aspect, but yields interestingly on close investigation.

Juniper Buttress (North West Face).—Described by G. S. Bower. Severe; varied; leader needs 60 feet of rope; rubbers.

The climb starts from the top of a little bilberry covered promontory on the right of Junipall Gully (facing North West), separating it from Pallid Slabs. A traverse is made to this promontory from the North Western Gully near a large boulder.

The first pitch of 45 feet lies up the broken slabs on the right of an ash tree, starting from a small block used as a belay, and following the easiest line to a very doubtful belay which it is advisable to augment by a tiny one to the right and a juniper root. These fittings are in a corner at the right hand end of a small ledge just below an impending mass, and where the ledge abuts against a slab on the right. Crossing this slab by suitable ledges low down, the leader ascends into the corner above, and mounts a pedestal on the right (no belay here). He then makes a very awkward move across a grassy chimney, the fingers alternating in a small horizontal split in a central block, and the clutching right hand then grasping a good flake on the other side of the chimney back. A further ascent of 12 feet on the broken arête on the right of the chimney leads, 40 feet from the previous belay, to a good, really good one. The broken arête is followed for about

20 feet, and then a traverse made across the foot of the more clearly defined chimney above, and up to a fine bollard on the left hand side of the chimney and just below a slabby wall. A 40 foot traverse to the left is now made across fruitful ledges, followed by slabs, with a gratifying finish on to a good ledge round the corner, the final pull across a short crack being facilitated by an underhold on a block. On the ledge is a cairn, and above it an Insurance Company's Class A belay. From it those lacking in pertinacity may traverse into the gully on the left. Climbers will, however, pull up from the belay and climb the 20 foot arête to the terminal cairn. Things to remember are an excellent pocket hold, high up on the left, and, for the final landing on the plane top, a small finger crack.

Pallid Slabs (North West Face).—Described by G. S. Bower. Severe ; rubbers ; leader needs 80 feet of rope.

This route invades the seclusion of the grey slabs on the right of the large North Western Gully, near its top. It is represented by the most northerly varicose vein on the Gimmer diagrams.

Pulling up from the right hand top edge of a juniper and bilberry adorned block (cairn at foot), an upward traverse of 60 feet is made across the slabs, about 10 feet below a series of little overhangs to a rock ledge overlooking the bottom of the small gully separating the climb from Juniper Buttress. A tiny belay, only suitable for line, may be descried about 12 feet above. The slabs now steepen considerably, but good incut holds promote ascent for some 35 to 40 feet to a point where incipient overhangs point to a grizzled mantleshelf on the right, about shoulder high. Mounting on this, an invigorating stride is made to the left, and small ledges followed up to a large junipiferous and heathery ledge—" The Haven " —where, hidden beneath the profuse growth on the left of a small cairn, will be found an excellent rock belay, to which juniper roots may be added to taste. This point is about 50 feet above the previous belay. Starting from the lower left hand extremity of " The Haven," the leader ascends a succession of rocky steps to a damp corner 20 feet above, where a derisory thread belay is obtainable, to which an

adhesive second may be brought as a safeguard for the next move on the right, which commences with a high step and continues up steep turf.

The climbing is of similar character, but not so steep, up to the foot of the final crack, where, 40 feet above the moist corner, the belay of his dreams awaits the somewhat harassed leader. This 20 foot crack may be climbed in a variety of ways, the easiest being probably with the right arm in the rift. At the top is a good heather ledge with cairn, belay, and all the usual accessories.

The following few climbs are not in sequence; they are a later addendum.

Gimmer Traverse.—Severe; exposed; rubbers.

This is only a semi-traverse that is described by M. de S. in the Climbers' Club Bulletin, of 1925. Owing to the development of Gimmer being so one-sided, it was not within the bounds of immediate possibility to complete a traverse of the whole crag. The course described girdles about 50 per cent. of the crag, and, as stated, covers very little virgin rock. It can be highly recommended as an exhilarating expedition. The route follows, in sequence, South East Lower Traverse, up Amen Corner, Gangway on B, Traverse C via overhang, to top of Lichen Chimney, on A, descend Chimney and reverse the traverse on E, moving left, then more or less descend a little beyond E start, and finish on Ash Tree Ledge.

Hiatus Route (North West Face).—Very severe; very exposed; rubbers.

This climb derives its name from the fact that there is still a portion unled. The whole course has been traversed under ice and snow condition, and will undoubtedly be led throughout by an expert in perfect training, when the summer comes again. While the moral help of the rope was given to the pioneers under the abnormal conditions, both felt the climb would be led when rocks were warm and dry. The climb starts out of the north west Gully (cairn) almost directly below "The Crack" (this crack is about 120 feet in length, vertical, rope climbed, but still unled). Hiatus starts with 25 feet of vertical wall to a belay. Next swing round to the right on the corner to a scoop, and finish on the arête, 45 feet up

from the belay. Now traverse left to a sharp pointed rock, then up a broken arête to a big belay, 30 feet. At this point enter the grass gully and proceed up to an ash tree. The climb now continues up the slabs above, just to the right. Mount to a point just below a series of overhangs, traverse left and up over two loose pieces of rock, with care (there is an escape just below the loose rocks to the left, also a belay). The leader is now en route (80 feet) to the finish over very exposed and severe slabs to the left, then upwards and again left, traversing delicately to a stance with a poor belay. A rest is taken here, and then the leader finishes up a short severe scoop immediately to the right of an obvious chimney (entered on the Juniper Climb). The climb has been led as far as the loose stones, and is just severe up to this point.

Junipall Gully (North West Face, Gimmer).

This gully goes through from the bed of North West Gully to the top of Gimmer face, and finishes a few yards from the top of South East Gully. It is convenient for the descent to North West Gully for Juniper Buttress, Hiatus, Pallid Slabs, or the Crack. It is just difficult, and consists mostly of stones, with one or two good rock pitches.

The route is obvious. For the Juniper Climb, traverse right above the bottom pitch. Pallid Slabs are on the left.

PAVEY ARK.

APPROACH.

The most convenient approach to Pavey Ark is to follow the track up the left side of Mill Gill, the overflow from Stickle Tarn, falling into Great Langdale. Rise to the Tarn and skirt round the western shore to the crag; the eastern side is usually too swampy for a short cut.

The crag faces south, and gets a full share of sunshine, which perhaps accounts for its taking on the aspect of a hanging garden at close quarters. It always appeals to me as an early Victorian sort of crag, with a home-made atmosphere about its unshapely formation. Antique tapestries are suggested to the imagination at sight. I close my eyes and I see, entering and issuing from the gloom of the gullies, strong and rigid men of nails, adorned with side whiskers and wearing

deer-stalker caps, with their quaint peaks fore and aft. Undoubtedly these early pioneers of our craft left their marks on the rocks in more senses than one, and when I visit "Pavey" I am reminded of their fortitude and the high respect they had for the sport they bequeathed to our care.

The surface texture of the open rock is, generally, rough and coarse, and in this sense reminiscent of the Black Coolin.

The crag is ideal for newly nailed novices who may graduate, with supervision, in the gullies and chimneys before launching out on open and exposed faces of greater severity. There is much to be learned on Pavey Ark that is useful, and while there are problems by no means easy, there is also a certain amount of risk and hard work, as for instance in Rake End Chimney. There are at least two climbs on this crag that call for absence of moisture and a pair of rubbers; these are not recommended to the new entrants to the sport.

A series of grassy ledges, the whole forming a rake known as Jack's Rake, split the crag diagonally from right to left. Most of the climbs here described cross it in their course.

PAVEY ARK CLIMBS.

(Commencing at the Western end of the Crag.)

Little Gully.—Described by G. S. Bower. Leader needs 50 feet of rope; a good moderate; boots.

A flower strewn staircase of three steps leads in 75 feet to a grassy combe.

Passing up the vale of defunct sheep, where many a weathered fleece drapes the boulders, one arrives at the parting of the ways. The left branch is not recommended. The right branch consists of a series of jammed boulders, leading to a good belay on the left in 45 feet. The first block may be passed either by the waters on the right (most difficult), on the left, or under the block. The second is climbed frontally, and the third by an aerial aberration on the left. A terrace is crossed leading on the right to Jack's Rake. Continuing upwards, however, under a portcullis, the leader revels in the antiquities of the sport for 20 feet, when a belay is reached under another big block. The top of this and of the climb, 20 feet above, is reached by a zig in and a zag out.

Great Gully.—Difficult; nails or rubbers; 345 feet.

Lead off with 50 feet of easy gully rock to an easier angle. 120 feet of easy rock scramble to a cave below a big chockstone (belay). Proceed from here up a broken wall on the right, foothold on chockstone; belay at the top of the block—a good 40 foot pitch. Now take easy rocks for 20 feet; then 30 feet through or over the cave. The next pitch is a nice long one, 65 feet of water-washed slabs, interesting whether wet or dry: the "brant and slape."

The final pitch is a three-way exit; the scoop on the left is severe in boots, through the cave or up the grass ledges on the right is safer for the novice. The rest is an easy scramble to the summit, or escape over to the right and descend Jack's Rake.

Stony Buttress.—Described by G. S. Bower. Severe; rubbers.

This buttress is that separating the Crescent Climb from Great Gully. It must not be confused with that separating Little and Great Gullies, than which it is incomparably more difficult. Until it has been cleaned down, the climb is best undertaken by small parties prepared to spend a lot of time in "gardening." It should be climbed without boots, although perhaps not more difficult than A Route, Gimmer Crag.

A cairn marks the start over easy heathery slopes, but a second cairn marks the sudden advent of difficulty. The route is on the buttress crest to the left of the prominent groove, about level with the Crescent Traverse, and the easier part is reached after perhaps 80 feet of seemingly insecure ledges on the convex part of the buttress.

Crescent Traverse.—Moderate; nails; leisure; 330 feet.

This climb is recommended for the summer time, and to climbing botanists. It is delightfully fragrant, and but for 50 feet of traverse, the whole route is redolent with the perfume of a wild riot of blossoming vegetation. One can pause frequently to inhale at leisure the sweet aroma and feast the eyes on the rich hues of this hanging garden of nature, a scene of rampant anarchy.

The climb starts some distance to the right of Great Gully, and proceeds up a very broken arête on the right hand side

of a shallow gully filled with vegetation. Continue up at intervals to a good belay on the wall above the start of the traverse—the distance from the foot to the level of the traverse is 180 feet. Now traverse the crescent groove along slabs to the extreme right, and find a good belay. From here climb 100 feet up overgrown slabs to Jack's Rake above. There is a good belay just over the Rake trod, on the wall.

Gwynne's Chimney.—Difficult ; nails ; 80 feet.

Usually taken in conjunction with the Crescent climb, as a compensating rock finish to the summit of the crag. The chimney is obvious, a little to the right of the finish of the Crescent climb. Climb direct, about 60 feet, to the "gun" (excellent belay), the last 15 feet previous to the "gun" being the most difficult. From the "gun," shoot up the right wall and finish direct. There is a breakaway on to the buttress to the right, some distance up the chimney, which gives an interesting variation for a finish.

Crescent Slabs.—Described by G. S. Bower. Severe ; rubbers ; leader 80 feet of rope.

The first pitch consists of an upward traverse to the left to a ledge under a holly tree, and with only a poor belay. This pitch is fairly difficult. A short steep wall is followed up to the tree, on the left, succeeded by easier sloping slabs up to a belay. Comparatively easy rocks are then followed up to a wide grassy ledge below the upper series of slabs. There is no adequate belay at this point. The route followed starts up a steep wall a few feet to the left of a large, unsafe looking block. The angle soon becomes easier, but the climbing continues to be absorbing until the east end of the Crescent is reached by way of a final scoop, after a run-out of probably over 70 feet.

The climb is the most "re-paying" on Pavey Ark, but can only be tackled with safety after a spell of dry weather, as the Crescent appears to form a reservoir.

Crescent Wall.—Description adapted from an account by M. de Selincourt, from "The Bulletin" of the Climbers' Club. Severe and exposed ; rubbers ; a recent discovery.

Starts about 50 feet to the east of the Crescent Climb ; marked by a cairn.

This climb commences up easy rocks to a second cairn on a ledge. From here ascend the overhanging lip till it is possible to traverse to the left (20 feet) to a mossy wall of extreme severity. Ascend this wall direct; the angle is slightly easier after the first 25 feet (no belay). Next traverse 40 feet up to the right to a ledge just to the left of a tree. Now take an easy ascending traverse to a large ledge (40 feet). From a large flake on the right, climb on to a fine slab, up the wall at its left-hand corner, and straight on until the angle eases and large belays are found. The last 20 feet consists of fairly difficult climbing to a cairn on the Crescent Traverse.

Rake End Chimney.—Very difficult; nails; 230 feet.

This strenuous course rises near the foot of Jack's Rake, near the eastern end of the crag.

The initial 35 feet go up easy rock steps to the base of the chimney. The next portion is somewhat in the nature of a physic, to be taken before meals, consisting as it does of 45 feet of grunt and grind up to a welcome rock seat in the bed of the chimney, where one may play up a second in ease and comfort, and praise the pigs for the loan of a safety valve, even though it be unmusical. Now another 20 feet of grunt over a slabby chockstone (facing left). Here take a well-earned restful scramble of 70 feet up to an impressive cave, and climb to a window sill under a big chock (20 feet). Another 40 feet lead to a small cave at the top of the climb. Surmount the chock on the left, and finish with a scramble to the summit.

Benison's Chimney rises in a series of scoops from the big cleft at the easterly end of the Crag. There is about 200 feet of climbing, but the rock is exceedingly rotten, and much covered with vegetation rendering the climb dangerous and not to be recommended, particularly towards the top where the exposure is great.

Gibson's Chimney further up the cleft is sounder, but gives only 50 feet of climbing.

SCATTERED CLIMBS.

"Harristickorner."—Difficult; nails or rubbers; 85 feet.

Situated on Harrison Stickle, on the extreme left corner of the western face, a short distance to the right of a brief,

hopeless looking crack just round to the north west. It can be located by the main waterfall, which is almost directly beneath, in Dungeon Ghyll. The climb is of the open air variety, brief and bright; it has one fault, a pretty generous one, and for this reason one is apt to step lightly and quickly where nature's battering ram has been at work.

Start off up a clean cut corner with good holds, but an awkward landing at the top (15 feet). Bring up the second, to belay the leader for the second pitch (the belay is just to the left). The leader now steps to the right on to the buttress with a good hold, and proceeds up a vertical wall for 30 feet to a stance and belay. Next he traverses 15 feet slightly upward, and then back to the left up a shallow mossy groove, to a small cairn on a grass terrace above (the finish).

There is a higher buttress which may afford a further 100 feet of climbing if the party desires to bag a peak as well as tick off a climb.

Tarn Crag Buttress.—Difficult; nails or rubbers; 110 feet.

This buttress will be found on the craggy pike rising just on the right of Mill Gill. It is seen on the skyline, in a direct line from the rear of the New Dungeon Ghyll Hotel. Follow the Gill track up either side, to a point just beneath the highest waterfall, and the buttress, which is the only clean piece of rock on the crag, will be found round on the front, facing Langdale.

The actual rock climbed is of very good quality, but the poor and broken character of the rock on all sides detracts from the immediate interesting contact.

A pointed boulder stands on end at the base of the climb. The start is at the cairn. The climber can easily choose the best rock, as he progresses up the nose line of the broken arête, bearing to the left a little towards the top (a finishing cairn).

There is a small stance about 45 feet up, fitted with a small belay to bring up the second man.

White Gill Chimney.—Severe; rubbers; 165 feet.

This climb should only be attempted in dry weather. The so-called chimney is little more than a crack, and there are two tests that call definitely for rubber friction.

Scout Crag. Zero Route. 110'. V.D. Starts just to R. of Route I. Cairn.

1/40'. a 20' wall bisected by a 6" ledge followed by 20' of easier rocks to an embedded flake belay. 2/70'. Cross over slightly to the left to follow a shallow groove slanting to the right. Just below a small overhang about half way up this rock requires care. After 50'. easier angled rocks lead to a block belay.

Commence from a cairn, up a corner, landing to the right on a grass terrace. Here a good belay block will be found. But some 20 feet above, in the crack of the semi-cave, is a small jammed stone, which seems to afford a good tie-on for a second, when the leader is taking the next pitch. The distance up to the belay block is 65 feet. Proceed up the cave a few feet, then take to the left wall, landing with toes on a narrow ledge sloping upward and outward (this is the first test) with only small holds for the hands. The position thus attained is tentative, but better holds are soon reached up the fault, running diagonally up the wall to a grass ledge, slightly to the left above. The leader will find a belay about 25 feet above to the left on this stance. In using this belay, allow sufficient rope for a stance at the foot of the grass ledge nearest the crack while bringing up the second. This pitch is about 50 feet in length. Finally climb the wall, a few feet from the chimney, direct for 15 feet, traverse into and ascend the chimney, 35 feet, to a nice abrupt finish. The second test is the traverse back into the chimney ; the rest is less severe.

Scout Crag, Routes 1 and 2.—Difficult ; nails or rubbers ; 150 and 130 feet respectively.

Situated low down on the fell, to the right, beyond the base of White Gill, ten minutes walk from the New Hotel. Satisfying on a wet day in boots. A crag with a welcome face rounded at the top and crowned by a small tree.

Route 1. Start at a cairn ; climb a small wall (belay). Then climb a mossy slab to the left ; next a nose of rock bearing slightly to the right above, to a small grass stance just to the right of an overhang (30 feet). In the next 50 feet, traverse the first eight, then up the main arête to a finishing cairn ; a very pleasant and open pitch. Scramble out the rest.

Route 2 is just to the left of Route 1 on a grass terrace. Start up a vertical bulging rock, and rise to the right of a small holly bush ; a stance and belay will be found under an oak tree above (30 feet). Traverse 10 feet to the left, then ascend a steep rough wall to an easy angle above (50 feet), The final 30 feet is an easy run up the rounded slabs at the top where both climbs finish.

Middle Fell Buttress.—Difficult ; nails or rubbers ; 205 feet.

Situated immediately behind and directly above the Old Hotel. This climb serves as an interesting route to the higher fell, for parties on the way to Gimmer staying in this part of the dale. It climbs up the buttress front, near the left edge.

Commence at the lowest section with a very good pitch of 50 feet, and land on a grassy bank. The second section is an easy buttress pitch of 30 feet, which takes the party to a second grassy bank. The third section goes up the left (extreme) edge for 60 feet to a belay ; then another 30 feet to a third grassy bank ; finishing at a large boulder. Walk up this bank to the right, and find a cairn. The fourth section goes up a broken wall to a belay ; after this, finish with a rock scramble. The party may unrope here, and continuing direct will eventually strike the track leading to the Pikes, which is the line of least resistance to Gimmer.

Pike o' Stickle Gully.—Impressive ; nails ; noisy.

Keep well together all the way, move as one man, and on reaching the top pitch line up and encourage the leader ; if he fails give him a " friendly shoulder."

Gibson Knott.—Taken from the Journal, No. 18. Difficult ; nails ; two climbs.

This crag is situated on the right hand side of Far Easedale, a little further on than the stepping stones, and is about 400 feet above the valley.

(1) Near the right hand corner, easy scrambling up heather and rocks (which can be avoided on the left) lead to a terrace, above which is a steep wall about 40 feet in height. This wall is climbed on good holds for 30 feet, when it becomes necessary to bear to the left, to a small chimney, which can be surmounted on the left. Next come 80 to 90 feet of very moderate climbing to the summit. The middle section is very steep and very difficult.

(2) Near the left hand corner is a steep chimney, 40 feet high. Take the left wall to a stance. A nasty, mossy slab, about 20 feet in height, is then climbed to a terrace, which is followed to the left until a few feet of easy climbing and an awkward traverse to the right round a corner, lead into a chimney six

feet high, which is climbed. An easy zig-zag route is now made up the rocks above to the finish.

Deer Bield Chimney.—Severe ; nails or rubbers ; 200 feet.

Deer Bield is about an hour's easy walk from Grasmere, a fine prominent cliff on the left as one walks up Far Easdale.

There is a central buttress which looks as though it would "go" if explored closely. On either side of this buttress runs a crack ; it is the one on the right that is here described.

A short scramble to a grass ledge brings the party to the foot of the chimney. Climb up into the chimney bottom, which is roofed in by jammed boulders. The first problem is to work out and back, over these boulders, and to do this is by no means easy under wet conditions. The third pitch is also peculiar in that the climber can best conquer it by bridging the chimney with back and feet, clear of the pitch, and on reaching a height clear above the level top of the pitch by shuffling in, in a sitting position—the stones are quite safe at this point.

The fourth pitch is also full of peculiar interest, consisting of three or four large slabs or stones jammed together between the walls. This problem is workable without a friendly shoulder, and can be managed with comparative ease if tackled in a certain direction. This direction is left to the discretion of the climber, and it will prove interesting to the party to look on as each member endeavours, in his own particular way, to solve this manipulation. 50 feet of rope is needed for this final pitch of the chimney section. Here the climbing varies, and looks pretty hopeless, and in fact proved insurmountable the day of our wet introduction. From this point the climb goes up to the right, passing a small but tenacious ash tree offering a friendly arm. Directly overhead is a huge overhanging block wedged up with loose looking stones (these stones were reported to be quite firm on the first visit (1908) but the writer would advise caution in handling them to-day). This obstacle is passed on the right, and the leader wriggles out of sight up to a snug sentry-box. Here in the left wall of a V-shaped grassy gully a twisted tree trunk is used to belay the leader during the next 30 feet up the gully. From this point take to a crack in the left wall, which provides excellent

climbing for 20 feet, ending with a swing round on to a sloping ledge of fair dimensions. Another 20 feet of scrambling and the climb finishes at the top of the crag. The climb needs care all through.

The "sentry-box" is the foot of a narrow chimney which is also climbed. It leads on to a small ridge, whence the ordinary finish is joined by means of a short crack, an interesting variation. The crack is severe. From the sloping platform at the top of the crack, strong men may expend themselves on a long razor-edged hand traverse, which runs up obliquely on the right.

Blea Rigg Climb.—Difficult; nails.

Blea Rigg lies almost in the direct line from Easedale Tarn to Pavey Ark, twenty minutes walk from the hut. About mid-way across the face is seen a dark corner, flanked by a steep buttress, and directly beneath, a small cairn marks the start of the climb.

Fifty feet of easy scrambling up turf-covered ledges lead to a rounded block separated from the main mass by a narrow crack. A few feet higher a belay is reached in the dark corner. A traverse is made across the wall of the buttress, out to a small ledge, whence a long pull up on good handholds enables one to swing round the corner on to the ridge. Then follow a trying 20 feet up the exposed face of the buttress on holds which become smaller as one ascends, until a good stance is gained on a flat ledge, where the second can join the leader. Careful climbing for another 10 feet leads to a grassy depression, from which the top of the crag is easily reached; or the ridge may be followed throughout to the summit. This climb makes a pleasant break in the journey to Pavey Ark from Grasmere.

Helm Crag, Holly Tree Crack.—This short but very difficult climb is situated on a prominent precipice 100 yards behind the quarry, reached by following the ordinary Helm Crag track from Easedale, and starts in a triangular recess filled by a tree about in the middle of the base.

(1) A steep obtuse crack with a small tree in the middle leads to a rocky platform (50 feet).

(2) Climb up and through the holly tree which grows in the crack ahead, beyond which the exit is obvious. 40 feet. (Beware of rotten branches).

There are quite a few problem rocks and miniature outcrops on the low fell about the foot of White Gill, which give good sport for practice climbing. On the way to the waterfall (Dungeon Ghyll) just previous to the last gate, there is a very good boulder set in the bed of the stream, that offers difficult and severe slipper work for any after dinner unspent energy.

Bowfell Buttress.—Described by J. Wray. Approach from the south east by "The Band."

An indefinite track runs from the top of the Band along the foot of the line of crag facing Langdale to Flat Crags, which are unmistakable, and then drops a little over a band of scree to Bowfell Buttress. Some people prefer to walk up the bottom of the valley, and then climb abruptly up green tongue, but the Band route is recommended as the easiest line of ascent.

Bowfell Buttress Climb.—Very difficult; nails or rubbers; 260 feet.

Commence at the foot of the crag (slightly to the left) with 45 feet of easy rocks to a good belay. Find here a 12 foot chimney which is climbed, then traverse 20 feet to the right to a crack about 12 feet high; climb this crack and continue above for 40 feet to a good belay—a very interesting pitch. The route for the next 30 feet is obvious (good belay). From the belay traverse for 6 feet across a slab to the left, and continue for a distance of 18 feet to a belay. From here climb easy rocks, 25 feet, to a belay. Another 40 feet of easy gully pitch lands the climber at a good belay, and a 20 foot scramble to a cairn finishes the climb. The climb is pleasing, satisfying, and variable; an ideal difficult when rocks are wet, but good weather and rubbers reduces the difficulty materially.

Right Hand Wall, Bowfell Buttress.—Severe (very); rubbers; 200 feet.

A spectacular wall climb, delicate, very exposed, and recommended only for the expert in perfect training on a warm, dry, windless day, in a pair of glove-fitting rubbers.

Description taken from "Oxford and Cambridge Mountaineering" (1924), M. de Selincourt.

The climb is on the wall overlooking the gully on the right hand side as you face the buttress. It starts just above the only pitch of any magnitude in the gully, and may be reached (a) by ascending this, (b) by descending the gully, or (c) by climbing up the corner of the buttress, 80 feet, to a broad grass ledge, then up a fifteen foot pitch (difficult) to the left, and from thence a simple traverse in to the foot of the climb.

(1) A steep grassy gully leads to a commodious platform (70 feet).

(2) Traverse left to a small grass ledge, then upward and left to a second grass ledge and up a thin groove bearing to the right. Fifteen feet from a second ledge, the angle eases slightly, and a large belay on a good grass ledge is reached (70 feet).

(3) Step along this ledge to the right, and ascend a crack, bearing to the left after about 10 feet. This leads to a broad grass ledge (which can be followed to the left to the cairn above the ordinary route). (40 feet).

(4) A crack straight ahead leads to the top of low man (20 feet).

The Cambridge Climb, between Bowfell Buttress and Flat Crags.—Difficult; nails.

The crag is much broken. The climbing is done on rough clumsy rock, and generally is rather artificial. The difficulty is to keep from trespassing on to the fell that flows in and about the pitches. The foot of the climb is cairned near a small spout of water coming off the crag.

Commence up 45 feet of slabs running up to the right—a good start with a good stance at the top. Proceed round an exposed corner (with good holds) to the right, and climb grassy ledges to a belay (30 feet). Next traverse left, over a steep slab and grass ledge, and climb a small chimney topped by loose stones; this pitch needs much care. The next pitch is a sort of chute with rough walls at a strenuous angle, finishing almost at the vertical; step slowly, and wrestle not, for easy conquest. Above this some grass, then the left branch of a chimney is climbed with a difficult finish (avoid easy exit on the right). Find a cairn on a large grass platform.

Drop down to the right to a rake; straight ahead is another open chimney. Keep to the right of the right-hand buttress of the chimney, and enter a chimney from a steep corner, and at the top of the chimney find a second cairn. From here one may indulge oneself to the summit in a more or less free-lance style, over varying problems of a scrambling character.

Flat Crags Climb.—Severe; rubbers; 130 feet.

Cairn at the foot of the crag, and arrow scratched on the slabs, indicate a climb that I am not able to find in written record.

The course is practically direct up smooth chippy, uncertain slabs. We followed these slabs for about 75 feet to the top, and then finished out on broken rocks, another 50 feet to the low edge of the great flatness above. The rock is treacherous, friable, and not to be recommended for climbing.

The Neckband.—Difficult; nails or rubbers; 220 feet.

Situated on the outcrop just beneath the summit of The Band, on the north east side facing Rosset Ghyll. A cairn marks the start. The climb runs up the right hand slabby edge of the crag, all through to the finish. It seems to be the only feasible route on the crag; all through it is on sound and pleasing rock, offering some neat problems. The route is so obvious that a detailed description would seem to be superfluous—keep to the good rock all the way, on the extreme right hand edge of the buttress. This climb is well worth a visit.

Gladstone Knotts.—Described by J. R. Tyson. Not highly recommended.

The crags lie about 400 yards from the head of Crinkle Gill, on the left going up, and face east. The first chimney to the right of a scree shoot, at the base of the crag, has an easy branch gully not worth mentioning.

First Chimney.—Difficult.

Climb up the left wall (rotten rock) to the first chockstone, then use both walls past the second chockstone to a good stance a distance of 35 feet in all. Next climb up the rib forming the left wall, then bridge and proceed up slabs on the right to a stance with a good belay. 20 feet of good rock. Next use both sides of the chimney to a good stance, 15 feet.

For the next 12 feet use the chockstone at the top by holding either side ; this is difficult, but can be avoided to the right. The next 15 feet consist of broken rocks, pasture, wild leeks, and other vegetables. To finish, climb the rib in the centre, or the scoop on either side.

Second Chimney.—The first 25 feet consist of vegetation, with an occasional sight of rock ; only moderate. Continue for a further 30 feet of vegetation, using the sides of the chimney ; rather difficult. Climb now to the right of the rib, and use the edge, then over the rib to good stance in the cave under the chockstone ; very difficult. For the next 30 feet avoid the filthy moisture by traversing the left wall and up a rib, 30 feet, to the top ; this section is only moderate, and is the only good rock on the climb.

Third Chimney.—Not a climb, a garden.

Fourth Chimney.—Very deep, black, and conspicuous. Climb 25 feet up the right wall and chockstones to a cave, which is very wet and mossy (difficult). The next 30 feet of climbing is either up the left wall on small holds, or back and knee work. Loose stones and sods at the finish, with a window pitch, are very difficult and wet. The final 35 feet consist first of a 12 foot chockstone (moderate) ; some pasture ; and an 8 foot moderate pitch to a scrambling finish.

Fifth Chimney.—15 yards to the right of the fourth.

This starts with 20 feet of easy rocks and grass to the foot of the chimney. Then follow 30 feet of moderate climbing to a cave (no belay). A variation start goes up a rock trough leading to the cave ; this is moderate climbing, but cuts out the grass and loose rock at the start. After this come 15 feet of back and knee work, facing right—the rock is very wet and rotten (difficult).

Oak Howe Needle.—Difficult ; nails or rubbers ; 70 feet.

The easiest line of approach is to cross the bridge over the main stream about opposite the New Hotel, Dungeon Ghyll, pass through the farm at the foot of Lingmoor, turn left, and keep low until the prominent corner of that fell is reached, on which the needle is situated ; then take the short ascent abruptly.

The main rock is very severely quarried by the weather, its two faces being exposed to north and east respectively. Disintegration is also very materially assisted by much drainage. The main rock is not an independent outcrop, but merely an overhanging face of the fell proper; the needle is a detached tower or pillar that has resisted the elements thus far. An irregular, sharp cut, crack runs up the Langdale front for 40 feet, then another 10 feet completes a difficult climb. It can be climbed on the rear left hand corner also (30 feet, moderate). There are, I believe, other variations which go to fill up an off day, but the writer would suggest that, from a climbing point of view, the rock is of small interest, and while one may be curiously interested by an introduction, acquaintance is very rarely renewed.

Bowfell Links.—Concussion helmets.

Approach by the Band or up the left side of Hell Ghyll to Three Tarns. The Links are just above the tarns on the Eskdale side of Bowfell.

Practically all the pitches, apart from the three final cracks, are composed of wedged chocks in the gullies. The beds of the gullies are choked with innumerable stones, ready to pour over at the slightest touch.

Commencing from the South end overlooking Three Tarns, the following climbs may be ascended :—

(1) A short chimney starts fairly high on the right of an open gully (moderate).

(2) The same gully (left side) with a 35 foot vertical pitch over chockstones (moderate).

(3) A series of 4 chocks, in all 100 feet (moderate).

(4) The right hand branch of an open gully; a grooved wall of about 40 feet (difficult).

(5) The left hand branch of the same gully; a vertical pitch crowned by an overhanging chockstone, with a 40 foot finish on the right wall (very difficult).

(6) A chockstone pitch in a scree gully; ascend on the right wall (very difficult).

Now pass by an all scree gully.

(7) A scree gully with overhanging chockstone, 15 feet (difficult).

(8) A grass and scree gully with a 20 foot window pitch (moderate).
(9) A broad scree gully with 10 feet of easy rocks.
(10) 35 feet of scoop and a crack on a buttress (moderate).
(11) A 45 foot semi-chimney or crack, with a pull over on to a square, flat-topped overhang; then up the right wall (difficult).
(12) A final crack of 40 feet (severe).

CLASSIFICATION LIST.

Easy—

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S.E. Gully, Gimmer 164
Pike o' Stickle Gully, Pike o' Stickle 183

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Crescent Climb, Pavey Ark.... 178
Little Gully, Pavey Ark 177
Gwynne's Chimney, Pavey Ark 179
Great Gully, Pavey Ark 178
Gibson Knott (1) and (2), Easedale 183
S.E. Chimney, Gimmer 165
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Scout Crag 1 and 2 182
Tarn Crag Buttress 181
The Cambridge Climb 187
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Blea Rigg Climb, Easedale Side 185
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Stony Buttress, Pavey Ark 178
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" C " Route, Gimmer 167
Juniper Buttress, Gimmer 173
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White Gill Chimney, White Gill 181
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Very Severe—

E Route, Gimmer 170
Diphthong, Gimmer 171
Righthand Wall, Bowfell Buttress 186
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Note.—The various climbs on the Bowfell Links and Gladstone Knott have not been graded in the above list, but an indication as to the severity of each will be found in the text. The grading represents the personal opinion of the writer as reflected in his own experience, and in arriving at his estimates he has taken into account exposure, problematic progress, the presence or not of a severe detail, and the quality, texture, and general character of the rock.

ROCK CLIMBING IN BUTTERMERE.

By A. R. Thomson.

INTRODUCTION.

Buttermere as a climbing centre is distinguished by its wet gullies. These contain, besides water, much loose material, and must all be approached with caution. Since Oppenheimer's "Heart of Lakeland," written about sixteen years ago, the only great discovery has been the possibilities of increased climbing in Birkness Coombe. In wet weather, indeed in all weathers, it claims first attention. There only are to be found the face climbs on good hard rock, which give satisfaction to the modern climber.

Starting on the north side of the valley, and working round to the south, the first climbs that claim attention are the

Dove Crag Gullies. These are reached by leaving the main Cockermouth-to-Buttermere road at Lanthwaite Green, six miles from Cockermouth, and following the beck between Whiteside and Grassmoor for a good hour. A steep ascent is then made up the side of Grassmoor for 20 minutes, and a rock face appears in sight. It is at least 400 feet in height, and contains three conspicuous gullies. That on the left has, at its base, a chimney pronounced quite unclimbable, and it has therefore received no attention; that in the centre may possibly have been climbed by the late John Robinson. Very unpleasant grass leads to a conspicuous chimney. On the right may be noticed a curious spiral gully. This, after scrambling over unpleasant screes, begins with a staircase 30 feet high. A loose, slightly overhanging pitch follows, about 15 feet high. The third pitch begins with a groove, and ends with a remarkably steep chimney about 20 feet in height. An attempt on this failed, as did also an assault on the wall to the left. The leader had eventually to traverse the slabs at the foot of the pitch, and round an awkward corner. It was then possible, when a short descent had been made, to turn the buttress and enter the gully again above

the pitch. The rest of the party were assisted up the left hand wall. The pitch might be made to go direct by a first class leader, but dry rocks and rubber shoes would be essential. Above these follows a series of very moderate pitches not requiring detailed mention.

Grassmoor Gullies.—The gully nearest Lorton begins with scrambling and short pitches until the " Holly Tree Pitch " is reached. Here it is necessary to climb on the right wall for 15 feet until a traverse can be made to the top of the pitch. The next real difficulty is a short chimney which can be backed up. One then arrives at a recess where a branch goes off to the left containing a short pitch. Ahead is a steep wall 40 feet high, which is difficult but can be easily evaded on the left. The rest of the gully is of little interest.

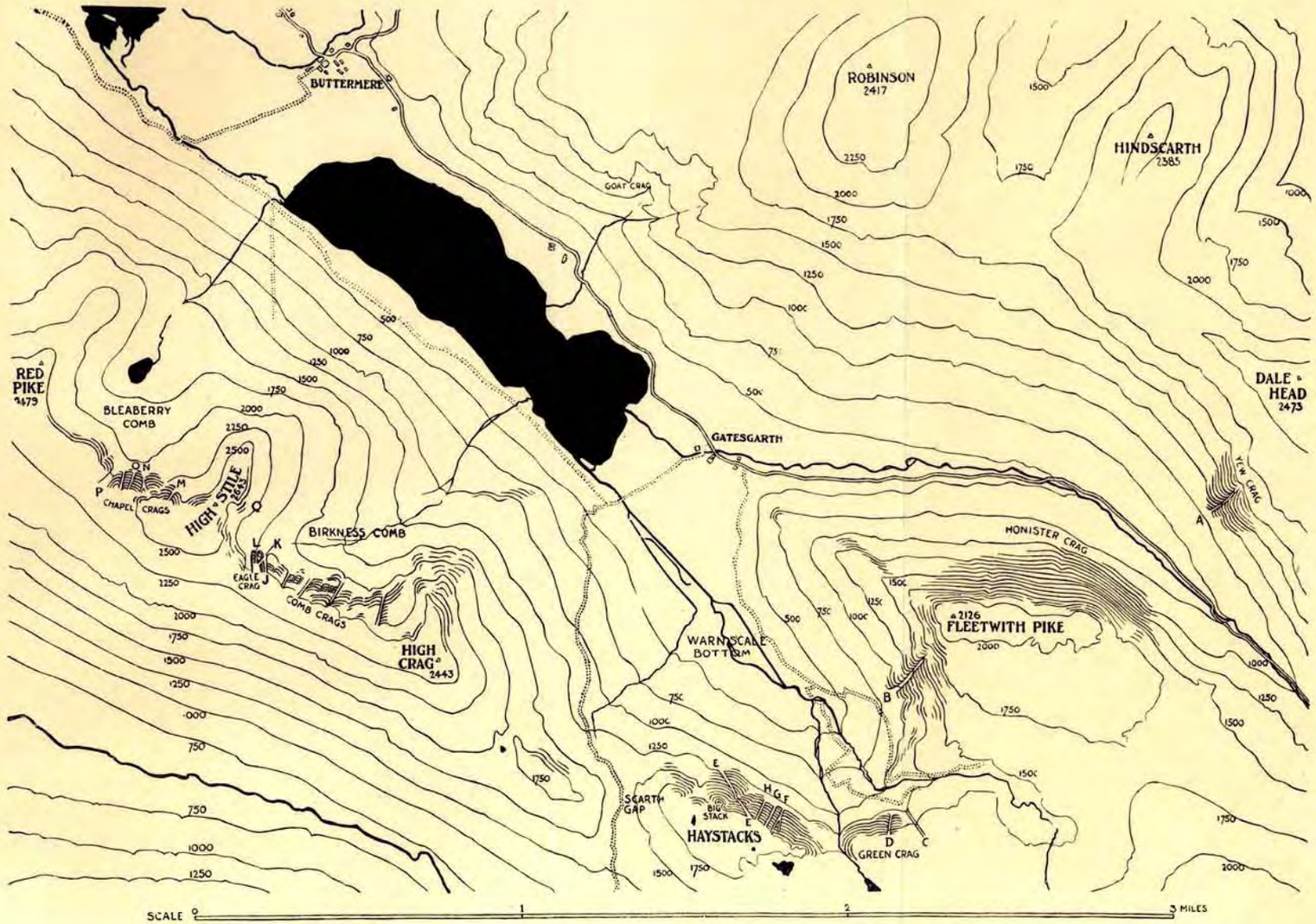
Grassmoor Gully, Buttermere side, begins with an easy pitch, then follows an interesting chimney 35 feet high, with good handholds on the left wall. Above this is a short but very steep pitch not more than 15 feet high. It is usual to leave the gully here, but the conscientious climber will find other little problems which give some amusement.

Robinson, Goat Crag.—Take the Buttermere-Honister road for about a mile from Buttermere, then, opposite Hasness, turn left and keep up the stream bed where one or two passages can be taken or avoided at will. Higher up, three water-courses converge. That on the right is an uncompromising waterfall. In the central gully, almost at its foot, is a smooth chimney which may be climbed by " back and knee " methods and, though short, is somewhat difficult. Then ensue a number of short, steep and earthy pitches of no particular interest. The gully on the left, called " West Gully," contains a series of sloping pitches; the angle is not steep, and the holds are therefore just about adequate. The route taken will vary with the amount of water coming down. The scenery is remarkably fine, the climbing, as a whole is rather poor.

Charter Chimney.—This chimney is on Yew Crags, on the left side of Honister Pass, left of the well known Yew Crag Gully, and easily seen from Gatesgarth. Difficult; about 60 feet of rope required. A scramble up grass leads to a steep chimney

MAP OF BUTTERMERE VALLEY SHOWING PRINCIPAL CLIMBS.

Drawn by L. J. Oppenheimer for No. 5 of the Journal.



A—Yew Crag Gully.
B—Fleetwith Gully.
C—Green Crag Gully.
D—Toreador Gully.
E—Stack Rake.
F—The Y Gully.
G—Warn Ghyll.
H—Stack Ghyll.
J—Birkness Gully.
K—Birkness Chimney.
L—Birkness Central Chimney.
M—The Black Chimney.
N—Chapel Crag Central Gully.
O—Bleaberry Chimney.
P—Scree Shoot leading to Pillar.
Q—Mitre and neighbouring Climbs.

with holds on the left wall. Above there are two pitches, the latter of which is difficult.

Yew Crag Gully.—Difficult; 100 feet of rope.

First pitch, about 60 feet high. After easier work below, the wall on the right is climbed for 20 feet or so by very friable holds, and then an awkward ascent made over a smooth chockstone. After surmounting one or two obstacles, the big pitch comes into view. It has probably never been climbed quite direct, and this ought not to be attempted, as the rock is dangerously loose. An easy traverse can be made on the right and the gully entered higher up. It is also possible to ascend on the left up a very steep and heather-covered slab. A chimney is then climbed and a traverse made to the right into the gully. After this comes a rock wall about 25 feet high, then an easy chimney followed by smooth slabs, another wet chimney with a projecting capstone, and finally a number of little problems until the gully vanishes in the fell side.

On the Honister road, directly below the gully, will be noticed a spire-like boulder. The side that faces the road is extremely steep, but holds are good. The other side is more inclined but very smooth. There are at least half a dozen routes. Other boulders round about give interesting problems.

The many pitched gully on Honister Crag has been climbed once or twice, but should be left severely alone.

Fleetwith Gully.—Severe if both long pitches are taken direct. Moderate if they are turned on the left and right respectively. 80 feet of rope required. Just beyond Gatesgarth Farm, after passing through a gate, a cart track is followed to the right into Warnscale. The left hand track is taken for half-an-hour or so, and then a slanting course is made up the fell side to the gully whose leading feature is the large cave pitch some distance up. After two easy pitches, a slanting chimney is entered, the upper portion of which is very difficult, so that when about 20 feet up, a traverse is often made to the left among heather and rocks for 20 feet, followed by an ascent for 20 feet where vegetation must be treated with care. The chimney taken direct is about 40 feet in height. There are two short pitches, and then a steep chimney leads directly under the huge capstone. When this is reached a short but severe ascent must

be made on the right hand wall over the stone. A very good route can be made on the left hand wall; it is severe, and exposed, and entails an 80 foot run out. It is just outside the gully, and ends with a heather ledge and a rowan tree. From here it is possible to climb direct by a difficult slab, or on the left, by a moderate arête, or to return to the gully by an easy traverse. This pitch can be avoided. A steep wall on the right may be ascended for 20 feet without much difficulty if the assistance of a convenient tree be invoked. From the stance at the top a short traverse enables one to avoid all difficulty and enter the gully again. There are still several short pitches; one is surmounted by ledges on the right, where a little rather skilful balancing is required; another, if the dominating chockstone is tackled, is very strenuous, but this is easily avoided on the left hand side.

Green Crag Gully.—300 feet in height; contains half a dozen pitches, all of moderate difficulty. To reach this gully take the right hand branch of the track up Warnscale. Green Crag is the last crag on the right, and separated from the Haystacks, which is lower. It contains—

1. Nearest to the top of the pass, "Green Crag Gully."
2. Lower down, "Toreador Gully."

(1) 1st pitch. Easy staircase, 25 feet high, climbed on the left.

2nd pitch. Easy staircase about 20 feet high.

3rd pitch. A wall about 10 feet high is ascended, and a dark and narrow cleft entered which gives out in a cave higher up.

Two short pitches of no particular difficulty are then ascended by the left wall.

The 6th and last pitch is too steep and wet to be climbed direct. The left side of the gully is ascended for about 20 feet, then a traverse is made to the right for at least 15 feet. This is quite easy, but requires care. A final short and simple ascent up the bed of the gully completes the climb.

The 70 foot pitch mentioned by previous explorers now appears to be non-existent. The through route at the 3rd pitch was probably discovered by R. W. Hall.

Toreador Gully.—Severe ; 100 foot rope required.

1st pitch, 20 feet high. An awkward chimney, square cut and devoid of holds. After a scree walk—

2nd pitch, 80 feet high. A steep chimney is climbed by backing up methods facing right for about 65 feet. The gully then widens out to a semi-circular wall. Here, after a little climbing, it is advisable to face left, and an awkward twist must be made to do so. Small footholds on the left wall must be used, and the right elbow can eventually be placed on the top of the pitch, which is completed with a struggle. One or two short obstacles must be surmounted to complete the climb, which can be left at the top of the big pitch.

Haystacks.—A steep face composed of heather and rocks, 400-500 feet in height. Starting from the Buttermere end, reached by the Scarf Gap track, is first noticed the rake or passage which slants across the face in an upward direction. This is of no interest to the rock climber. Proceeding along the base of the crags, will be noticed three gullies. These are (a) Stack Ghyll, (b) Warn Ghyll, and (c) Y Gully. To take the last named fnrthest away from Buttermere.

(a) **Y Gully.**—Its ascent was attempted long ago, but abandoned owing to bad rock.

(b) **Warn Ghyll.**—The following description is given in the Journal, Vol. 2, page 109. Severe ; 100 foot rope needed. The gully is 400 feet in height.

1st pitch. A vertical chimney 25 feet in height, with a chockstone at the top which is difficult to surmount.

2nd and 3rd pitch easy to surmount.

4th pitch, 70-80 feet high. The lower part can be climbed " back and foot," then a traverse out on the right must be made and a traverse back to the left ; very difficult and exposed. Above, the chimney goes well until the final pitch. It was necessary to avoid this by a steep rib composed of rock and heather, and the cliff top was eventually reached by an awkward little chimney.

This place is **best avoided.** On the second ascent an accident took place owing to loose rock.

Stack Ghyll.—Severe if top and bottom pitches are climbed without aid. Otherwise very difficult. 100 foot rope.

1st pitch. An inner chimney is climbed until it is possible to obtain a stance just below the boulder that crowns the pitch. The rope can be threaded through this, and an ice axe or a loop of rope will aid in overcoming the passage of the chockstone.

2nd pitch. An ascent behind jammed boulders. A series of short chimneys follow. A scree walk and then—

3rd pitch, a wet inner chimney, involving 30-40 feet of back and knee work.

4th pitch. Another ascent up a wall of rock which cuts into the gully.

5th pitch. A final wall of rock with a cave pitch on the right. This can be turned by exposed rocks on the left.

High Crag is situate behind Gatesgarth Farm. After following the Scarf Gap track for 100 yards, a straight course is made up to and over a wall. Very steep rocks are ahead which, at one or two places, may offer possibilities to a very expert party.

Gatesgarth Chimney, High Crag.—Difficult ; 80 foot rope. To reach this chimney continue, after crossing the wall, in the direction of Birkness Coombe for a short distance, then make a slanting course up heathery ledges. The chimney is on the left of a wide gully, and in the middle of the crag. A short crack is ascended by its left wall to the summit. Then another rock wall on the right is ascended. From here a turf staircase leads to the base of the chimney. This is very steep, but convenient holds and cracks can be found on either side, and after 30 feet, a good stance is arrived at above the first chockstone. A scramble is made along the bed of the gully for 40 feet, and then a short chockstone pitch ascended, the walls on either side of which are very smooth. Further progress can be made by an easy sloping crack straight ahead, but it is usual to make a difficult ascent up a 20 foot slab on the right. A good foothold for the right foot and small fingerholds for the left hand enable a good hold for the right hand to be reached, and a ledge is attained with no belay, but with a good stance. A groove on the left is then climbed for 30 feet to easy ground.

Epaulette Ridge.—From the top of the last climb a downward heathery traverse to the right leads to the Epaulette; very difficult if taken direct; 60 foot rope required. A well scratched crack on the left side enables the ridge to be attained. To follow this direct is a very difficult task in boots, but easier in rubbers. The final problem is awkward, and to avoid it a traverse may be made to the left, and a crack ascended.

Sheepbone Buttress.—From Buttermere village will be noticed a curious green rake sloping up the side of High Crag. At a height of about 500 feet from the bed of Birkness Coombe is situated this Buttress, on the right side of the rake.

(1) After following up the right side of this buttress for 60-70 yards, there will be noticed a pinnacle with a gully on its South side. A narrow ridge forms the right wall of this gully. It may be 70 or 80 feet in height, and is very difficult. Leader requires 60 feet of rope. Recourse may be had to the grass covered slabs on its right, which are not easily attained.

(2) Ascending the green rake on the left side of the buttress for a few feet, a short traverse enables one to attain a grassy platform. A crack lies straight ahead, and is followed till immediately above a large gully; here bear up the slabs to the left, and follow the ridge forming the gully's left hand wall to the summit. Leader requires 40 feet of rope. The climb is moderate.

BIRKNESS COOMBE.

Eagle Crag is at the south end of Birkness Coombe, and directly faces one when approaching from Buttermere. To reach it from Buttermere village, the fields behind the Fish Hotel are crossed, and also the bridge. A turn to the left is then made, and a cart track followed for nearly half an hour. A slanting course is then made upwards and round the shoulder of High Stile. The walk takes altogether about an hour and a half. A conspicuous chimney—The Central Chimney—cuts the crag from base to summit. On its left, slanting from left to right, and at a higher level, is Birkness Chimney. To the left again, in the angle, so to speak, is Birkness Gully.

Birkness Gully.—150 feet or so in height, steep, and entailing some hard work in its lower reaches ; very exposed at its exit. 80 feet rope required. Three steep cave pitches follow one another, and the exit in each case is on the right hand side. It is then necessary to step out on to a large jammed boulder (belay in the cave), thence a long narrow ledge is reached and traversed outwards until the whole depth of the gully seems immediately below. Then progress is made upwards, and the climb completed by means of an anvil shaped boulder.

Birkness Chimney.—Severe middle pitch, 80 foot rope. An approach is made to this climb from near the foot of Birkness Gully. The steep grassy angle and the 20 feet chimney mentioned in the original account will probably be overlooked, and nothing but grassy scrambling need be undertaken until the 3rd pitch, a wet and sloping chimney, is encountered. This is a little awkward, and may also be easily turned on the right. Then follows a choice between a 25 foot chimney and a very steep wall of rock, with good holds. A short crack is the next problem, and afterwards comes a pitch well known for its severity. The right wall is smooth, the left contains almost holdless grooves, and the chockstone above overhangs. The pitch is only about 20 feet in height, and its difficulties can be diminished if the leader receives a shoulder. Two short pitches above complete the climb.

Eagle Crag, Eastern Buttress.—This flanks Birkness Chimney on the right. 200 feet high, very difficult. Nearly 200 feet of pleasant scrambling alongside the chimney leads to a grass terrace and a cairn. From this, easy rocks followed diagonally to the left, bring one to a good stance and a belay (40 feet). A difficult 30 foot groove almost directly above is now taken, and some easy rocks followed to a belay at the foot of a big open corner (60 feet). Well to the left of the groove is a well scratched crack used as an alternative to one of the pitches in the chimney. An easy traverse, 20 feet to the right, leads to a splendid rock platform in an overhanging recess (good belay). From the platform one moves to the far wall of a Y groove, and then goes straight up a grassy corner. Loose rocks hereabouts need care. An exit is made from the corner on the left, and a ledge reached with a spiky

belay in an indefinite crack a few feet to the left. The final wall is climbed by this crack. 10 feet above the landing is a tremendous belay.

Central Gully, Eagle Crag.—This climb was led by Mr. A. H. Binns about the year 1918. He was seconded by Mr. H. Raeburn. A difficult traverse had to be made about the centre of the gully. Full details are not available.

Eagle Crag, West Route.—260 feet; very difficult. This apparently new climb lies approximately on the steep West Buttress of Eagle Crag. It follows an interesting and varied course that represents the line of least resistance, and contains some first rate situations. The route starts a few feet to the right of the arête, and leads straight up the wall on the right of a thin crack. At the start the rock seems to be unreliable, but actually it is sound, though all holds should be tested. After about 40 feet it is necessary to surmount a block on the left by an entertaining movement. After this, the crack becomes a chimney which is ascended to a ledge on the right hand wall. At this level a small jammed stone gives a wobbly, though apparently sound belay (80 feet). The face above the stance is now climbed, and soon leads to a grass ledge. Thence some easy scrambling leads to a beautifully situated terrace on the left, with a pinnacle for belay (50 feet). By moving back slightly to the right, one is enabled to climb straight up for about 20 feet, landing on a sort of mantelshelf. Now ensues a series of grassy ledges that lead to a grassy terrace that traverses all this part of the crag (50 feet). The terrace here divides, one part sloping to the right, the other keeping horizontal. The latter is followed to a corner distinctly reminiscent, as regards the situation, of that on the "Gordon and Craig" route, overlooking Great Gully. An interesting and rather difficult crack in the angle is now climbed and easy rocks taken to the right to a bollard (40 feet). One does not climb the wide corner above, but finds an unexpected finish up a short awkward crack round the corner to the right.

Away to the right of Eagle Crag is a Scree Gully, bounded on its right by broken rocks. Keeping along the base of these, a Scree Gully will be found to the left of which is a

sharp ridge called the "**Barndoor,**" a somewhat sensational climb of moderate difficulty. Grassy rocks are followed for about 30 feet on the left; an ascent is then made for a few feet, and a passage over the ridge and round to a detached flake on the right hand side. From here the ridge is regained by a traverse to the left across a slab. Easy rocks now lead to a stance with a belay. The next pitch is a steep slab split by a crack, into which the right boot should be inserted as high as possible. The level and narrow ledge by which the main mass of the mountain is joined, finishes the climb.

High up in the corner between this climb and the rocks next described, is a short buttress called the "**Mole.**" The angle is easy, but the climb in boots presents considerable difficulty.

We have now arrived at the west side of Birkness Coombe, and the rocks high up on the breast of High Stile—"Grey Crags"—require a general description. A stiff pull up screes leads to them from the bed of the Coombe. The rock face to the left is called "Mitre Buttress," from its shape This is divided by a gully on the right from a buttress starting at a lower level, and called the "Harrow Buttress." Continuing round this buttress, and ascending up screes, another buttress is reached, divided by a gully sloping from right to left from the Harrow Buttress. It contains the "Slabs Climb," etc. Away further to the right and higher, is another buttress (subsidiary) with an arête climb (Bishop's Arête). Above the "Slabs Buttress" is another line of cliff on the left hand side of which is the "Oxford and Cambridge Climb," easily reached from the top of the Mitre or the Slabs climbs. Further to the right, and on the same rocks, is a short chimney, and to the right again is another short chimney.

Harrow Buttress.—Introductory Climb. The ordinary route is rather difficult. 80 feet of rope will be sufficient.

(1) A chimney with good holds. 30 feet.
(2) Another chimney but harder. 30 feet.
(3) A traverse to the left for 10 feet.
(4) A steep scoop with poor holds. 25 feet.
(5) Another scoop with an awkward step at the top. 35 feet.

At the top of the second pitch a severe variation can be made by keeping up a crack with a slab on its left. This joins the original route at the top of the fourth pitch.

Mitre Buttress.—Continue to the left round the base of Harrow Buttress and on up the screes to the left of the Mitre rocks for a few yards. At an opening ascend a small chockstone pitch of 8 feet or so on to a grassy terrace, continue left up broken rocks to a large cave; traverse to the left here, and down a sloping ledge for 10 feet to its end, where good hand holds enable one to pull up to a broad ledge. An ascent is then made for a few feet up a steep wall and a chimney, about 35 feet high, follows, with excellent holds and divided into sections. Easy climbing enables one to reach the arête of the ridge which is followed to the end, and a descent made on to the fell behind by means of a small chimney. The climb is very moderate.

Mitre, Direct Route.—Very difficult and exposed, unsuitable for windy weather. Leader requires 60 feet of rope. Ascend between Harrow Buttress and the Mitre till the steep wall of the latter is within reach on your left.

(1) 30 feet. Ascend the face of the buttress on good holds, rather awkwardly placed (belay).
(2) Continue up the wall with small holds passing a mantelshelf and traverse to the left. You are now level with the cave on the ordinary route. 20 feet (belay).
(3) 40 feet. Now comes a very steep and exposed wall on the right of the cave. Small but good holds.
(4) 30 feet. An arête with large holds. Easy scrambling to the top follows, and to obtain more interesting work it is advisable to traverse to the left. An awkward crossing leads to a chimney of moderate difficulty.

The Slabs or Chockstone Buttress (so called from a detached rock on the face, and close to the Green Gully).—The climb is difficult and exposed; the leader will be the better for 60 feet of rope. To reach the climb keep up the screes to the right of Harrow Buttress, and into the gully which divides it from the climb to be described. Ascend an easy pitch in the gully, then traverse a few feet and ascend about 20 feet by easy rocks.

Make another traverse with an awkward step, and surmount a corner to a good stance with a belay.

(2) A slab with excellent holds leads to another ledge with belay (20 feet).

(3) 25 feet. A steep slab with good holds and a crack, leads to a very large ledge with belays.

(4) 45 feet. Pass over a block and continue up a species of groove to the summit. This pitch bears a little to the left of those previously described.

Green Gully.—To the right of Chockstone Buttress. It contains two stiff little pitches, one of them a chimney with small holds—a grassy and dirty place altogether.

Chockstone Ridge.—On the right of Green Gully. The start of this is rather holdless, only 10 feet or so in height. It can be easily turned on the left. After some easy climbing, a gendarme has to be surmounted. Taking off from a block, a good hold can be found on the right hand side of the gendarme, and a traverse back made behind it. This pitch is somewhat difficult. Above this, by bearing to the right, a conspicuous chimney can be entered (about 40 feet high) in the buttress overhead. It contains plenty of holds. Still more to the right is the alternative of a steep arête which is exposed and difficult.

Bishop's Arête.—This is on the extreme right of the above climb, and at a higher level. It is a short buttress at right angles to the rocks on its left. Commence up a wall on the left of the arête for about 25 feet, to a good stance. After another short ascent it is necessary to traverse round the corner and ascend for about 20 feet a slab with few holds awkwardly placed. Eventually a recess on the right is reached, and a way is then made for about 30 feet up the arête, steep and exposed, but with plenty of holds. The climb is difficult, and requires a good leader. 80 feet of rope will suffice.

Oxford and Cambridge Buttress (called Summit Arête).—On the left side of the top rocks, and above the Mitre and Chockstone Climbs. Direct climb is severe; rubbers advisable. Leader will require 70 feet of rope.

(1) 45 feet. Climb straight up (or from the right) to a belay which can be used to bisect this pitch (the stance here is bad). From this point a steep slab on the left is climbed to a large platform.
(2) Easy rocks to where the arête steepens (belay).
(3) 25 feet. A vertical crack on the left is climbed, with small holds to a ledge (belay).
(4) 60 feet. A steep slab with few holds is ascended, and a standing position attained with difficulty below an overhang. Above this a fine hold, when found, enables the pull up to be made.

Alternative route on the left. Easy slabs are ascended for more than 40 feet. A short though difficult and steep ascent up a wall is then made, and after this an easy grassy ledge is traversed to the left, and the ascent is concluded by a groove of moderate difficulty. Except for the ascent of the wall, the climb is moderate.

Slabs Chimney.—Two pitches of moderate difficulty about 45 feet in height. A steep wall and crack are ascended, and the chimney entered. There are plenty of holds in the chimney, and backing up methods can be adopted.

King John's Chimney.—Moderate. Some distance to the right of Slabs Chimney. Contains two fairly easy pitches. The first is a wall 20 feet, the second a chimney 30 feet.

Bleaberry Coombe.—Chapel Crags are reached by crossing the bridge behind Buttermere village. A turn is made to the left, and the cart track soon quitted, and a slanting path taken through the wood. This ends on the fell side, and one can then make straight for the tarn. An alternative is to ascend " Sour Milk Ghyll,' which flows from the tarn, and in fine weather gives a little climbing.

Black Chimney is on the extreme left of the crags, a dark cleft well seen from the Buttermere Hotel.
(1) 25 feet high. Ascent on the right wall, traversing slightly from right to left to the top of the pitch.
(2) 25 feet high. A steep chimney is ascended for about 20 feet, and a difficult movement requiring strong arms enables the top of the chockstone to be gained. As

an alternative, an easy groove on the right hand side of the gully can be used.

Central Chimney.—Severe and rotten. Leader requires 50 feet of rope. A long scree slope leads to the first pitch, a moderate chimney 20 feet in height. The second pitch (perhaps 40 feet high) consists of an extrenely difficult slab covered with moss. The finish is very severe, and the top guarded by loose stones. The place is best avoided.

Bleaberry Chimney.—Lies about half-way between the Central Chimney and the scree shoot at the west end of the crag. There is about 50 feet of indefinite scrambling up steep grass and rocks to a slight recess. Above follows a long chimney well defined and narrow. Stopping places can be found at intervals, and the various members of the party brought up. The last few feet are rather hard. Loose stones constitute a considerable risk. The climb is only one of moderate difficulty.

Chapel Crag Gully.—This was first climbed by a Fell and Rock party some twelve years ago, but the initial pitch was more or less avoided. The second pitch, 40 or 50 feet in height, was climbed without difficulty. An account of a second ascent made in August, 1925, is as follows—

> "Difficult; leaders requires 60 feet rope. This is the next gully to the right of Bleaberry Chimney. The first pitch is a chimney 10 feet high, with a chockstone, and is a struggle. The second pitch which we did not do, looked not difficult, but was covered with moss. We took a difficult 30 foot groove on the right, and traversed back into the gully. The last pitch consists of a rather difficult slab on the left. 50 feet."

It seems possible that a certain amount of work might be done on the Chapel Crag Buttress.

Iron Stone Chimney, Melbreak.—Is on the side which faces Crummock Water. It is about a quarter of a mile north of the stone which juts out into the lake, and the output of stone from it, extending almost to the lake, identifies it. The climb begins with a small chimney, followed by a 40 foot slab. So far

there is little difficulty, but an impossible pitch makes necessary an ascent for at least 40 feet by extremely steep grass. This renders the climb rather dangerous, and it is best avoided.

Friar's Ghyll is on the north west side of Melbreak. A steep ascent up grass leads to the gully, which is well seen when approaching Buttermere from Cockermouth.

(1) An easy cave, perhaps 20 feet high. Can be avoided on the left.
(2) An insignificant obstacle on the bed of the gully.
(3) On the right the pitch only involves real climbing for a step or two ; on the left it is difficult.

Thanks are due to Messrs. C. G. B. Brown and R. W. Hall for much assistance. Use has also been made of Prof. Pigou's article on the "Climbs on Birkness Coombe," and Oppenheimer's "The Heart of Lakeland." Mr. A. S. Pigott has contributed a description of the two buttress climbs on Eagle Crag.

CLASSIFICATION OF CLIMBS.

Moderate—

Sheepbone Buttress 199
Mitre (Left Hand Route) 303
Grassmoor Gully (Lorton End) 194
Robinson, Goat Crag (West Gully) 194
Yew Crag Gully (avoiding first two pitches) 195
Fleetwith Gully (avoiding two pitches) 195
Green Crag Gully 196
Barndoor Climb 202

Somewhat Difficult—

Grassmoor Gully (Buttermere end) 194
Harrow Buttress (Introductory Climb) 202
The Mole 202
Slabs Climb on Chockstone Buttress 203
Chockstone Ridge 204
Bleaberry Chimney 206

Difficult—

Epaulette Ridge 199
Black Chimney 205
Bishop's Arête 204
Charter Chimney 194

Gatesgarth Chimney 198
Yew Crag Gully (including two bottom pitches, the second pitch taken on left) 195

Very Difficult—

Mitre (direct) 203
Birkness Gully 200
Eagle Crag (Eastern Buttress) 200
Eagle Crag (Western Buttress) 201

Severe—

Spiral Gully (Dove Crag) 193
Stack Ghyll 197
Fleetwith Gully (direct) or taking second pitch on left 195
Central Chimney, Bleaberry Coombe 206
Chapel Crags Gully 206
Oxford and Cambridge (direct) 204
Toreador Gully 197
Birkness Chimney 200

Severe and dangerous from loose material—

Warn Ghyll 197
Eagle Crag, Central Chimney 201

THE PILGRIM'S FIRST REVELATION.

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den; and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own home, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked and saw him open the book and read therein; and as he read he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, What shall I do?

JOHN BUNYAN.

OUTLYING CLIMBS.

ULLSWATER. The easterly side of the district is but badly furnished with climbs. The only serious courses so far discovered appear to be those on Dollywaggon Pike and Dove Crag. There are a number of outcrops of steep rock in the district, however, which though not of great height, might well repay investigation.

DOLLYWAGGON PIKE. Tarn Crag, on the side of Dollywaggon Pike, facing over Grisedale, contains two fair gullies. The rock in this neighbourhood, however, is not good, and requires care.

Dollywaggon Gully. Moderately difficult; much loose stone and rotten rock.

A big stretch of scree is fed by four gullies, and the narrowest, steepest, and most easterly of these is the one to be climbed. The first pitch is an easy buttress about 35 feet high. Above this the climb proper commences. 20 feet of easy rock lead to a ledge. On the left an exceedingly steep crack with loose chockstone may be taken, or on the right a shallow scoop rising at an easier angle, which is the preferable route. Towards the top of the scoop a traverse is made back into the crack above the steepest portion, and requires care. A few feet higher up the crack a chockstone is reached which gives a firm belay. The remainder of the climb is a series of short boulder pitches, calling for care owing to the amount of loose scree which surmounts them. A chimney leads out on to the top of the crag. (From description by H. Westmorland).

Church Gully. This gully, 300 feet further to the east, is much the boldest feature of the crag, and is unmistakable by its big upper pitch, which cuts deeply into the face of the rock.

The climb can apparently be entered or left between the first and second pitches on the right side.

The first pitch is fairly hard, consisting of a wide chimney some 35 feet high, crowned by a big chockstone. There is a good deal of loose stuff above the chockstone.

The second pitch looks very difficult, but is much easier than it appears. From the "recess" the right wall of the gully should be faced till it is possible to sit on the capstone. The ascent into the "recess" is quite simple. From there the left wall should be faced, not the chockstone.

The Great Pitch may be climbed in one run out from the foot, 70 feet of rope being used. It is the hardest pitch of the climb. This section requires considerable care, but is not really hard. It is similar to "Brant and Slape," on Pavey Ark, but everything is covered with moss. A short distance below the chockstone, solid clean rock is encountered, with good holds and some small belays. The stance is, however, uncomfortable, and though threading operations under the chockstone are feasible, a strong leader will find it better to run right out. By utilising good footholds well out on the left, and then wedging the right leg into the crack between the capstone and the left wall of the gully, it is possible to rise slowly and strenuously, but securely. The landing is loose and unsatisfactory, but not so difficult.

The fourth and last pitch begins easily, but the final eight or ten feet, to the left of the chockstone, consists of a scramble up steep loose vegetation and rock. It is possible to traverse well out on the left wall by grassy ledges, and so fetch a compass back into the upper regions of the gully. (From descriptions by Horace Westmorland and W. T. Elmslie.)

DOVE CRAG. There is said to be good climbing on this crag. In particular a route has been made up the face about 100 feet to the right of an "inaccessible gully," but no particulars are on record, save that it is of Moss Ghyll difficulty, and that the route was cairned.

ARTHUR'S PIKE. About a mile from the Howtown Road; has some short but strenuous courses. The rocks are in two groups, the upper and more easterly containing two climbs.

Mounsey's Miracle. 40 feet. The first 20 feet lie up a wall of broken rock. Above this lies a narrow cleft with smooth walls, which is difficult to enter, and even more difficult to climb when there.

Higginson's Chimney. 80 feet. Is in two pitches, separated by a short scree slope. The upper part, which is deeply recessed and roofed by a large chockstone, gives good sport.

The lower rocks give longer courses, and contain two cracks which are both strenuous and difficult.

HARTER FELL (Mardale) : Mardale Gully. This gully is well seen from the top of Gatesgarth Pass, and is indeed visible from the Mardale Valley, sloping diagonally from left to right up the face of Harter Fell, and coming out near the top of the mountain.

The first pitch is a short chockstone pitch, easily climbed on the right. There follows a considerable stretch of scree, to a biggish pitch in three sections. The right wall slightly overhangs, and on the left is a long narrow slab, with a sloping chimney between the two. The first section of the pitch is overcome by wriggling up the not very difficult chimney to a good stance. Next a move is made up into the cave under the big chockstone, and a way is made up the crack between this block and the slab on the left, with considerable difficulty. Care should be taken of loose rock. The leader will probably elect to continue for a further six or eight feet up the third section of the pitch. The total height of this pitch is perhaps 70 feet, but the second man can ascend the first section (30 feet) before the leader passes the capstone. The last pitch is a short, but loose and somewhat holdless scramble up a scoop to the left of a large block.

The rock scenery is excellent, and the climb is quite a good difficult, marred by the friability of the rock in some places, and by the loose scree at the top of the pitches. (From description by W. T. Elmslie).

THIRLMERE : Raven Crag. Easy scrambling on good rough rock will be found here. In particular from the southerly end of a curious grassy rake, which slants up the face from below the overhang, which forms such a marked feature of this crag, there starts a slanting groove which in its initial stages furnishes genuine climbing.

Iron Crag Gully. Shoulthwaite. This crag is situated on the right hand side and almost at the head of the little valley of Shoulthwaite, which may be reached from the third milestone on the road from Keswick to Windermere. It is notorious for a long gully of the first ascent of which there is an exciting description in O. G. Jones' Rock Climbing in the English Lake District. From a climbing point of view the gully has little merit, being replete with vegetation, while the final 80 feet pitch, which is the piéce de resistance, is so remarkably rotten and loose that its ascent can hardly be regarded as justifiable.

The Benn. This little crag lies opposite Iron Crag, on the other side of the Ghyll. Three short climbs have been made, the first up a wall with an awkward traverse half-way up. The second, higher up, is a 100 feet wall. The third, to the left, begins with a chimney, and ends with an exposed traverse to the left.

Nab Crag. This crag lies on the northerly side of the valley of Wythburn Head, and offers good scrambling on sound rock. There is a well marked gully, which is worth climbing, but otherwise no definite courses seem to have been made.

NEWLANDS. Eel Crags, which rise above Newlands, are very impressive in appearance, but afford but little satisfactory climbing. Most of the rock is vegetation covered and loose; it is not sufficiently continuous for good courses.

Newland, Corner. The best rock is to be found at the southerly end, on the steep flat buttress which faces the pass from

Borrowdale to Newlands. A route has been made up this, which starts some 15 yards to the right of the foot of this buttress (cairn) below a series of narrow cracks.

After a movement to the left, scrambling for about 30 feet brings the leader to the foot of these cracks, which can be turned by an interesting traverse to the right, over a nose of rock (25 feet). The stance here is poor, but a belay can be obtained round a boulder at the top of a chimney. After climbing 10 feet on to a grassy ledge to the right, a horizontal traverse back to the left for about 15 feet leads to a corner under an overhang. About fifteen feet higher on the arête there will be found a fine belay.

From here the climb continues up an indefinite chimney until one is forced out to the right to a corner from which a short easy crack leads back to the arête (30 feet).

A scramble and a big gently sloping slab lead to a corner, and a fine chimney with a belay on the right. The chimney, which is very difficult, can be avoided by a traverse along the top of the slab and round a corner to a belay, after which a further 15 feet of steep rock bring an end to difficulties.

This climb, which is about 250 feet in length, is difficult.

REMINISCENCES,

By Professor J. Norman Collie, F.R.S.

There are four names that will always be associated with the early rock climbing at Wastdale—Haskett-Smith, Robinson, Slingsby, and Hastings. With the last three I have had many delightful days on the Cumberland Fells. They were the pioneers who began the real climbing on the splendid rock faces that can be found on the hills near to Wastdale Head.

Mountaineers, however, before their time, made a habit of visiting the Lake District, but they had attempted no difficult climbs. The climbs on Great Gable, the face of the Pillar Rock, and on the precipices of Scawfell were yet to be discovered.

I do not remember the first time I went to the Lake District; it was to Skelwith, and it was sixty-six years ago. Twenty years later, from Grasmere, I climbed Helvellyn, the Langdale Pikes, and Scawfell. But it was not until about 1889, when I was coming south from Skye and the Coolin, that I saw in a paper an illustration of a rock pinnacle that had just been climbed by a person called Haskett-Smith. It was afterwards called the Nape's Needle. I had been learning to climb rocks on the Coolin, and thinking there was no rock climbing of any importance in the Cumberland Hills, I naturally was much interested.

As a result, next Christmas I went with a couple of friends to investigate Haskett-Smith's pinnacle. We got to the top of it, and also climbed Steep Ghyll—my recollection of the latter in snow and ice, is that it was one of the most dangerous climbs I have ever made. There are a good many dangerous climbs near Wastdale Head. Mummery, who only once went there, said, "climbing in the Caucasus was easy and safe; in the Alps, too, it was usually the same, though sometimes difficult, but climbing at Wastdale Head was both

difficult and dangerous." Since Mummery's day the new climbs have certainly not erred on the side of being "easy and safe."

Robinson and Hastings then arrived at the inn, and we joined them in an attempt to climb the Ennerdale face of the Pillar Rock. It was during this attempt that Robinson fell from the hand traverse. The day was bitterly cold, and Robinson was a short distance along the traverse. His hands, however, were so frozen that he could not hold on or get back. He called out, "I can't hold on any longer," and then fell straight on to the ledge below, bounded out into the air, turning a somersault backwards, and pitching on to a grass projection some thirty feet lower down, hitting it with his shoulder. At the exact moment that he hit the grass the strain came on the rope. If this had not happened nothing could have stopped him, and the whole party would have been dragged after him. Sheer luck had saved us.

My next experience of the hand traverse was a short time later. There was a party of Alpine Club members at Wastdale—Walker, Pilkington, Solly, and some others. As I knew the route up to the traverse, I offered to show it to one of the other members of the party. When we got there he insisted on trying the hand traverse. I said I had seen one man fall from it, and certainly did not wish to repeat the experience. On his insisting, I said, "If we are roped I shall prevent your starting, and if we are not I am going down at once." He replied, "You don't know anything about real rock climbing, you are not a member of the Alpine Club, and I am, etc." But he did not attempt the traverse.

It was about this time that Hastings and Robinson took me up the Great Gully in the Screes. In those days nearly every hand and foot hold was covered with vegetation. The same could be said, then, of all the ledges leading up Moss Ghyll when we first went up it. Several attempts had been made before then, but there did not seem any way out from the cave. Robinson, Hastings, and I spent some time in investigating, and saw that if a projection of rock could be knocked off, there was a small foot-hold underneath. With

the help of Hastings' ice-axe this was finally accomplished. So we got out and up to the summit of Scawfell.

After that I often went to the Lake District climbing with Collier, Robinson, Slingsby, and others. In those days we were content with what I suppose are now looked upon as very ordinary climbs. It was before Jones and his successors conquered more and more difficult problems, and called them "courses." Which reminds me of one September, when I got tired of Whitby, and with a friend made straight for Wastdale with rucksacks.

We had just climbed the Nape's Needle and come down again. Two men who had been watching us then started up it. They got to the ledge underneath the top, but could get no further, so I climbed up to help them. One of them got into the crack but could not find sufficient hand hold around the corner, and wanted to know if there was no other way. Finally he got on my shoulders, and I pushed him up till he got a hand hold on the top; he then scrambled up.

I went down and began climbing the ridge behind the Needle, but I had to come down again, and once more climb up the Needle for the last man could not get off the top; I got him off safely, and the man was Jones. It was, I believe, his introduction to climbing at Wastdale.

After that we went to Buttermere to see Robinson, and my friend left me there to go to Keswick; he went by way of Grisedale Pike, or somewhere over the hills in that direction. It was a perfect autumn day, but he was one of those mortals who would lose their way in Hyde Park. He got to the top of the mountain, sat down for lunch, and then went down what he considered to be the direct route to Keswick; later he arrived at a hotel and went in to have some tea. He told me afterwards, "I thought there was something familiar about the room I was having tea in, so I asked the waiter where I was. He said 'Buttermere Hotel!' and do you know, I was sitting in the same place at which you and I had breakfast." Also that evening I found he had packed his hairbrushes in my rucksack. The next time I saw him was at 11 o'clock one night, when he arrived at my rooms in Kensington in dress clothes, wet to the skin, having been

upset into the water at the Earl's Court Exhibition. He wanted some dry clothes to go home in.

A great many of my recollections of Wastdale have to do with Robinson. He was one of the most cheery companions I have ever wandered with over the mountains. Full of enthusiasm and stories, and a great sense of humour, he was vastly amused when a certain Canon, hearing that Jowett was seriously ill, wrote a sonnet on the death of Jowett, and showed it to some admiring friends in Keswick. Unfortunately Jowett recovered. But I dare say it was published, after all, at a later date.

Another time when Robinson was at Wastdale, two tourists did not return at night, so next day Robinson and a very taciturn friend went out to recover or rescue them. After wandering under the face of Scawfell and underneath the Pikes without a word being said by the taciturn friend, he at last suddenly remarked, "I do not think we shall find anything of interest to-day." The two tourists, however, had not imolated themselves on the mountains, but only lost their way and wandered down to Eskdale, where they had spent the night.

Another of Robinson's stories he was very fond of telling was about a clergyman who was at the bottom of the Screes below Deep Ghyll. Robinson was at the top of the Screes when the parson called out, "Is there a road up there?" Robinson called back, "Yes," and proceeded to climb up to the top of Scawfell. Some hours later, on coming down, he saw the poor clergyman sitting in the middle of the Screes, carefully putting out first one foot and then the other in an attempt to get to the bottom, and in the most dreadful agony that the whole of the mountain side would begin to move and bury him at the bottom.

That was over thirty years ago, when the mountains were treated with proper respect, and one had as a rule, Wastdale Inn to one's self. Seldom did one meet anyone on the Fells.

There was one Easter time considerably later, when a large number of people were assembled round the Nape's Needle. I was with Robinson, watching them. A man passed who I thought I had seen somewhere, but as he took no notice of

me, and began talking to Robinson, I went up to the Needle to hear all the remarks the climbers were making. Some of them were quite amusing, but at the same time very human. On returning to Robinson I found him smiling. He said, "Don't you know who that was?" "No," I replied. "That's ———; there does not seem to be much love lost between you, for he asked me, 'That was Collie, wasn't it? I don't think much of him, he can't climb.' I then remembered some years before I had made rude remarks to ——— at Sligachan about people who wrote pages of uninteresting stuff about ordinary climbs in the hotel book, to find out afterwards that ——— was the culprit. So after many years the somewhat trivial episode 'points a moral and adorns a tale.'

It is now many years since I have climbed in the Lake District, but one does not forget the wanderings amongst the mountains when one was younger and not dominated by one's environment. How one would start from Dungeon Ghyll at 10 o'clock on a wild winter's night for Wasdale, with a lantern and with that unreasonable Hastings who was always curiously energetic at most absurd moments. How one would laze away a whole afternoon on the top of Great Gable watching the shadows of the clouds moving slowly across the hill sides, or on a winter's day, after climbing thorough mist, come out into sunshine on the top of Scawfell, and over a sea of mist see only Snowden and the Carnedds in Wales, above the white sea.

But perhaps the best memories of all are not of the clouds, but of the people with whom one wandered over the mountains. The climbs and the environment are merely a background in front of which they stand out clearly, and one is thankful that one has such splendid memories to wile away the time with an old pipe in front of a fire.

To end up with, I will quote an old Spanish proverb for which I must thank Woolley, "Do not take away from fools the privilege of talking nonsense."

THE THIRD ROUND, OR RIDGE-WALKING IN SKYE.

By M. M. Barker.

This is really a story in two chapters and an introduction, for it begins in September, 1924. Then it was that Gertrude Walmsley and I, scouting for camp sites, snatched a week-end in Skye, and despite mist and rain, promptly made for Scavaig and Loch Coruisk. We never saw the Black Coolins, but with the luck of lunatics, we crossed them, going round (very far round) by coast to Scavaig, along the south side of Loch Coruisk, through a river in flood, and, armed with an unreliable half inch map and no knowledge, started up in the dusk, wet to our skins and with all our food eaten, to look for a track marked bold and clear by the perfidious Bartholomew. Of course we spent most of the hours of dark on a rocky ledge somewhere near Bidein, but with the first daylight we got safely down (still in thick mist) into Coire Tairneilear, and back to Glen Brittle and Mrs. McCrea, whose anxiety was converted into a faith in our luck which nothing has yet shaken. That was our first round with the Coolins, and they won hands down. They wreaked their will on us that night, and wove strange enchantments from which we shall never recover.

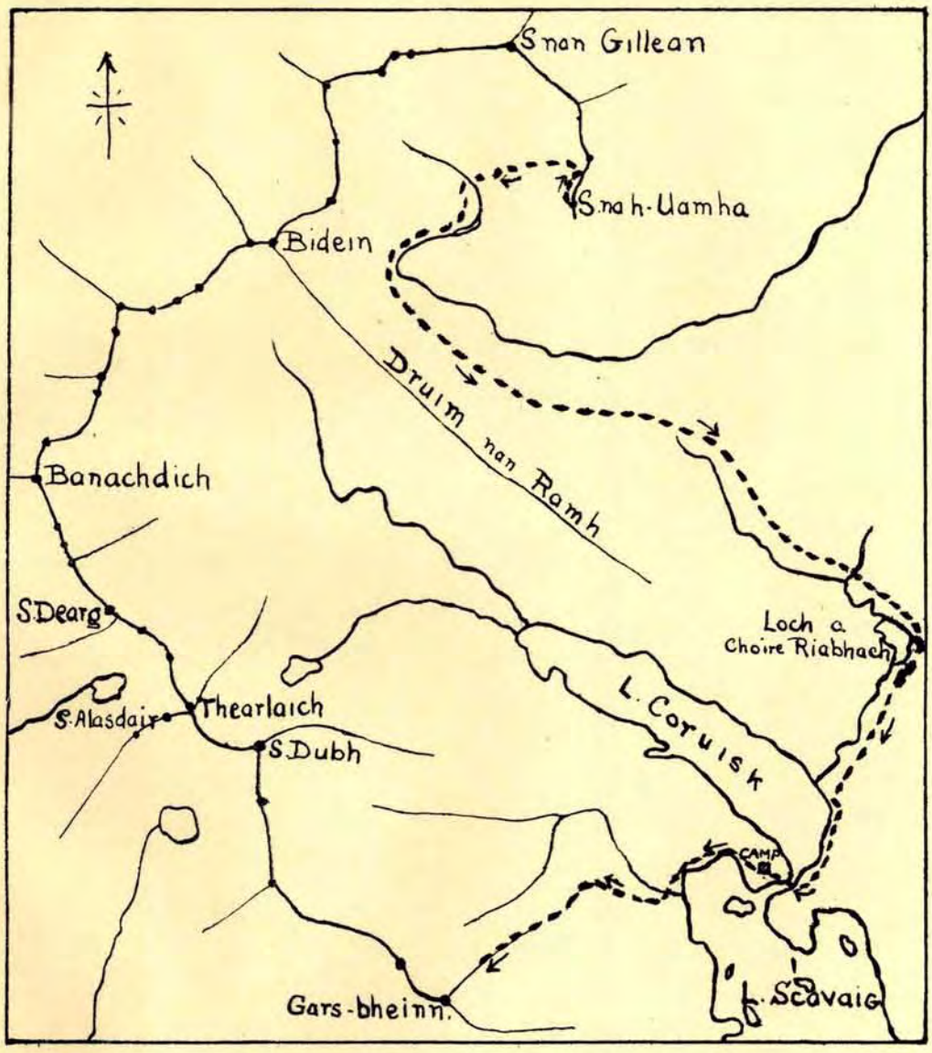
So August 1925 saw us back again, ten in number this time, camping in Glen Brittle, and with the intention of organising a flying camp by Loch Coruisk and the Scavaig River, in the most fascinating camping site G.W. and I had ever seen. Unfortunately four of the party had to leave Skye in five days, and five more were pledged to rejoin them in Borrowdale at the end of a fortnight. This limited the choice of days for the excursion, but all wanted to see Coruisk, and this gave rise to the project of a one-day reconnaissance, on which we should dump food. This we carried out on

August 6th, and found to our satisfaction that the corrugated iron and concrete hut by Loch Scavaig was still in the condition in which G.W. and I had seen it the year before, neither too "sore decayed" nor yet repaired—in fact, most uninviting as to comfort, but weather-proof enough to make it unnecessary to carry tents. We noted plenty of drift wood, and made our cache, but this dumping of stores being an eleventh-hour brain wave as the party was starting we made no list of what we took, with results that might therefore be expected, e.g. everyone thought someone else had taken the tea!

By this time however the camp at Coruisk had a purpose; it had become the pivot on which a bolder scheme depended. H. V. Hughes suggested that some of us should try the great Coolin main ridge walk in one day, the party including the first female; to which she added the rider that if we did it from our camp by Loch Scavaig, so working from a base on the concave side of the crescent, it might be just possible to get round and back to our starting point the same day; and we should be the first of any sort to do that.

But we realised from the start that success was doubtful without a more detailed knowledge of the ridge than any of us possessed, and that all we were likely to gain this year was experience. Another question was that of the route off Sgurr-nam-h-Uamha, supposing we ever got there, and of whether, when down into Harta Coire, we should go east and join the Sligachan-Coruisk "track," or cross the low col out of Harta direct to the south, and keep parallel to the Druim-nan-Ramh for most of its length. Obviously the question of this last lap for a tired party and in failing light needed careful consideration, and none of us had been over any of the ground, nor was there time to explore it thoroughly.

On Saturday 8th six people and a dog left the base camp on Greadaigh Burn, and went up the shoulder of Sgurr Dearg. We did some climbing on the Inaccessible Pinnacle, and at its foot made a tiny cache of scones and apples and water—a fair advantage to take of our being there, surely, for we had not gone on purpose to make it! C. D. Frankland then led down the screes to the west for a little way, and into the



THE ROUND OF THE COOLIN.

M. Barker.

Banachdich Gap without any difficulty (whereof more anon !) It was a perfect day. It seemed a good long way down the screes of Rhuada Coire and along the shores of Coruisk, carrying heavy packs. All were glad to reach the hut—but most thankful of all was the "low-geared" Sealyham terrier !

The next day was wet. The three victims were perhaps not sorry (well, one wasn't) to have a day's easy going after the trek of the day before, but the delay made the food problem acute, especially on the bread and meat side, for we had only been able to carry enough for three days generous rations, and we had to be fed more, not less than usual. The idea that the supporting party, or a portion of it, should make a return journey by coast was abandoned in favour of a relief expedition to Camasumary for "as many as will." It was carried through with signal success by H.V.H., M.M.B., and "Brown Badger." They also did some useful scouting on the Uamha-Coruisk route question, and decided against trying to make the Sligachan track.

The command of the supporting party was kindly but firmly taken by G.W., and the Dauntless Three found themselves fed and put to bed early, with the whole course of action for the morning planned out, even to the position of the matches. 4 a.m. on Monday 10th found a section of the party awake—whom the others no doubt cursed heartily. It was *not* a bright morning, and no joyous shouts were heard as we crawled reluctantly from our blankets. It was cloudy but not raining ; impossible to foretell the kind of day in that grey dawning, and this being our last chance we decided to do what we could. We left the Scavaig Inn at 5-30 a.m., H.V.H. being "Chief of Staff," armed with map, compass and aneroid. He and C.D.F. also carried in turns the rucksack with our (useless) rubbers and extra sweaters, while M.M.B. carried the food, a diminishing load. We carried no rope but a length of clothes-line for lowering rucksacks.

H.V.H. led up the N.E. ridge of Gars-bheinn, and at about 2,000 feet we got into thick mist which never lifted for a second all day. There was also a strong wind blowing, and

it was evident that our chances of success were almost nil. Still, we made fairly good time to begin with, and were on the summit by 7 a.m. Then the trouble began. None of us had been there before, and we could only see a few yards ahead. Gars-bheinn has three summit cairns; the red-line map which Hughes carried showed three ridges meeting there, and the compass was not very definite in its advice. We did take the right line, but became uncertain, and decided to explore in the opposite direction. When it was quite certain that we were going down the south-west ridge, we retraced our steps, and took the main ridge with more confidence, but the whole manœuvre had lost a lot of time.

Thereafter Hughes kept the direction splendidly, and we maintained a steady but not very speedy pace. The wind was troublesome, and it was not often possible to get on the leeward side of the ridge. One kept hoping it would drop, hoping that the mist would rise, hoping for a fine afternoon (O yes, it *was* raining by now!), and hope died hard. We made Sgurr Bhig and Sgurr nan Eag, and enjoyed the Caisteal a Garbh-Choire, which came upon us suddenly out of the mist, and then surprised us by the ease with which its A.P. walls were scaled. Then came Sgurr Dubh na Da Bheinn, and the next excitement was the Thearlaich-Dubh Gap. Here our clothes-line came into play, and that not only for the rucksacks. It was not very long, and it is perhaps as well that no serious call was made upon it, but with the rocks all wet, our hands numb with cold, and a route unknown to two-thirds of the party, and remembered from 11 years ago by the remainder, I for one was glad enough to pretend that there was a rope for a moment. (Its east side is rather like the Tennis Court wall, only one traverses more to the right in descending, and if both were dry, the Gap is probably easier).

Then we made a slip and did not rectify it. We had intended to include Alasdair, but in the mist H.V.H. led straight off onto Thearlaich instead, and taking this now as a trial trip, we were well content to carry on. The only other bit of stiffish climbing that I can remember is King's

Chimney, which C.D.F. led into and up very quickly. Considering that he had not been there for eleven years, that nobody could see more than a few yards ahead, and that the mist condensing on his glasses gave continual trouble, it was a creditable performance, even for him. There is rather a nice traverse out of it to the right. I remember it because there the mica glass, about which I had swanked, came out of my watch (which was time-keeping for the party) and went tinkling down the rocks, and the watch had to retire to a match-box.

We were ticking off our pips happily now, warmed up and going strong. After Mhic Choinnich, we noticed a cairn marking the pass from Coire Ruada to Coire Lagan. Then came some very loose and steep stuff. At first we took it for the Inaccessible, but found it was the east side of An Stac. It might be selected as typical of the worst Coolin rock, for its basalt dykes are repulsively loose and rotten. The Inaccessible came in sight at last however, just after H.V.H. had asked me to take the lead for a little. "With pleasure," said I cheerily, but the pleasure and speed diminished perceptibly on the short side, and just when we were all on it the rain, which had been playing with us so far, began to come down for all it was worth. "Perhaps it will clear after this," we said with incurable hope, as we lunched off our cached apples, with wan smiles at the water bottle. Not it! The gods of the Coolins had far other treatment in store for us.

We felt pretty hopeful as we set off again, making as we fondly believed, for the Banachdich Gap. But things looked very queer and unfamiliar in that dense mist and pouring rain. Presently C.D.F. tried one direction, H.V.H. and I another. None of us found the Gap, but we lost each other. We returned to the summit cairn for another shot, and by shouting found that C.D.F. was far below us. He was certainly on the Coruisk side, but none of us were then quite sure of that. We, it seems, must have been on a false ridge. He (rightly) thought we could not join him by following it, and came back to join us at the summit. The compass then began to go mad. Re-united, we all tried to follow it into the gap, but not a bit of it. We must have been quite

close to it, for we went back and had the matter out with Sgurr Dearg on a day when we could see, but there was no finding it then. Probably the gods of the Coolins just lifted it. All three got separated this time, and I experienced the sensations of a hen with two chickens that would run about. I think it was seven times in all that we were back at the summit cairn, it and the Inaccessible the only stable things left in a grey and unreal world; while the compass justified all the hard things that have been said about the unreliability of its kind in the Coolins. Perhaps it was not really necessary to find that Gap. We might have worked across Coire Banachdich and struck the ridge farther on; but the ridge flattens out queerly here, and the Gap is an unmistakable landmark with an upright pole in it; and after a while we abandoned hope even of a shorter round by the Druim nan Ramh, and desired only to find that Gap in order to get through it and down to Coruisk before dark.

The tighter things got the livelier was C.D.F. He began making short excursions on his own again, dashing off at incredible speed, while exhorting his amused party to "Keep together, it's more sociable!" We tried his route under the false ridge, and got a good long way down on the Coruisk side (we hoped, and almost believed), by way of a very respectably thin traverse and another rotten dyke. It might have been a sporting descent in clear weather and with a rope, but as things were it was "unjustifiable," and we retraced our steps. Any controversy as to the way we had come was soon settled. C.D.F.'s rapid manœuvres with dimmed sight had resulted in his wearing through the tips of his fingers on the gabbro, and we followed gory tracks. Perhaps this blood-offering appeased the gods, for now H.V.H. suggested that we gave up hunting the Banachdich Gap, and returned over An Stac to see if the Coire Lagan one was where we had left it some hours before. The mist was so thick that the question of being benighted had to be taken into consideration. For my own part I hadn't any intention of giving in to the Coolins to that extent. If we couldn't go down one way we could go another, but I *did* want to return to our family in the hut, and not go down to Glen Brittle.

We now tried the Coire Ruada side of the Pinnacle, lured there by the red-line map; didn't like it, and came back. Summit cairn again! Then we tried to go round An Stac on the Lagan side, and funked that too in the mist and gloom; so we came back for the last time, and went right over the darned thing. I got "the fright of my life" when a large rock came out in my hands (one should not use both hands on a block of basalt!). I just didn't come off, and it just didn't squash Hughes, who was following. C.D.F. was climbing at a terrific rate, leaving bloody marks like a paper chase. I dared not try to hurry any more, but crept gingerly down the rotten dykes of An Stac, cheered by his lusty shout announcing that the Lagan Gap had not been tampered with.

Gladly then we plunged down the screes of Coire Ruada. They seemed even longer than they were two days before, but we got out of the mist at last. We were too wet and cold to pause long anywhere, but were all good for hours more of going. And in the hut they had a great welcome and supper ready for us, bless them! Probably they were more disappointed than we were, for we had had a great day, were tired but not played out, and knew that we could depend on the Coolins being there next year, and also on a support party that can wait 17 hours and be neither irritable nor unduly anxious when its wanderers fail to turn up before the light fades. So that was the end of the first chapter, and it might be called "Defeat with Honour." The Coolins had won again.

I went to France for a "winter" of indeterminate length: and during nearly a year of the life of a University city near the Mediterranean, the fells and the Coolins seemed even farther away than their actual distance warranted. But during the whole time our purpose was never allowed to swerve for one moment from Skye for the first fortnight of August. The chief of the support party somehow took command of the whole affair. Whatever happened (and many things seemed possible) she gently and inexorably shepherded her scattered troop towards the Coolins.

But even she could not prevent the effects of the Coal Strike. To our disappointment, H.V.H. had to take his holidays in July, before the rest of the party could join him.

So he took them—in Skye—and passed on to us the results of his scouting on Sgurr-na-h-Uamha, and some good advice about the Banachdich Gap.

The fates seemed against us somehow. I lost a lot of kit in a train fire; several more of the old party couldn't get there; illness in her family limited G.W. strictly to the fortnight; the Austin 7 and Excelsior 1½, which transported a section of us developed frequent minor ailments, so that we lost time and ferries; and the phenomenal good weather broke two days after we reached Glen Brittle. But we did reach it, six strong; and the feel of the rocks is good after a year's exile.

We inspected the hut and made our cache, and didn't forget the tea. We provisioned ourselves for five days (including the treks). We made some good allies, too, also staying in Glen Brittle; and leaving two of our party (and the Sealyham) in camp there, the four others went to Loch Scavaig on the afternoon of Sunday 8th. The morning had been disgustingly wet, and the weather was anything but promising. C.D.F. and I were left of the climbing party; Gertrude Walmsley and Edith Davies were "in support."

Monday morning was horrid, but they thrust us forth. We went up on to Gars-bheinn. Rain—mist—wind.

"We didn't have a second cup of tea," said C.D.F. The hut looked very nice when we got back to it.

Tuesday was even worse, but G.W. woke up, and woke C.D.F. up. The inspection was brief. We had a delightfully lazy day, and I was very glad of it. Presumably in a last attempt to frustrate us, the Coolins hit me rather hard when coming down on Monday. I skidded on a slab covered by loose scree, and was uncomfortably stiff, and a bit anxious. Certainly it made me slower in climbing—but most virtuously careful!

So Wednesday 11th was absolutely the last chance for this year. It didn't look quite so bad at 4 a.m., but then we couldn't really see it.

"The weather is quite good," said the heartless Gertrude, "I can see quite a lot of stars." So we ate our breakfast and shouldered the rucksack, packed overnight for the third time.

"Now don't let me see you again until you've done it," said she. So what choice had we?

We left the hut at 5 a.m., and varied the route up Gars-bheinn by sticking longer to the N.E. ridge. It gave a little more rock-work, and let us in for an unexpected gap, but we were again on the summit by 7-0. Mist—rain—pretty strong wind! (I should like to see the view from Gars-bheinn). It looked depressingly like a repetition of last year. But on the way we had seen Sgurr nan Gillean clear of mist to the summit, so hoped that we might walk out of it during the day, which came to pass. Again we carried no rope, but lots of food.

After the Thearlaich-Dubh Gap we were pleased to recognize the small area visible as the head of the Alasdair Stone Shoot, which happily we had visited a few days before. We ran up on to Alasdair (10 a.m.) When back on Thearlaich, the greatest of the Coolins suddenly gave a curt acknowledgment of our visit—loomed out huge, dark and close upon us—then drew the veil again. (*O Midyir, Lugh and Angus Og! O Dana, Mother of the Gods and Men! It is a good omen at last?*).

Thereafter came other breaks, increasing in number and duration, till we actually had glimpses of sunlight on the sea. It was misty on the Inaccessible, but not raining; indeed, drying so fast that we talked about rubbers, but didn't. Sgurr Dearg—12-40 and time for a rest—but not till we leave that Gap behind us! Down the screes on the Coire Banach-dich side we went, followed H.V.H.'s advice as to when to traverse—and behold the mist lifted completely and suddenly as by a miracle, showed us the Gap and the Ridge beyond it, and all the glory of the views to east and west of it, views surely unparalleled anywhere when seen like this; then closed again. (*Thanks, O Midyir, Lugh and Cuchullian! Hard, bright, and beautiful gods who rule here for ever!*) And we settled to lunch and rest with quiet minds.

We had samples of every kind of weather and scene that the Coolins can give. Violent hail-storms were followed by sudden clearances and brilliant sunlight. Once we saw Blaven in bands of colour, not in an arched rainbow, but as though a veil woven from a spectrum were thrown over it. Somewhere

about Mhadaidh it kept dry for so long that we changed into rubbers, and enjoyed them exceedingly for about an hour. We rested on Bidein from 4 to 4-30, revelling in the loveliness of Coruisk, our own physical well-being, and the view of Sgurr-na-h-Uamha, which of course looked rather deceptively near. But it seemed a long pull up to Bruach-na-Frithe. I began to feel tired, and we lost time on this section, sheltering from very bad hail storms. A particularly fierce one just after Naismith's Route, left me wet through and horribly cold, and it took all the shoulders available to help me up the nasty little overhang on to Am Bhasteir. But it was the last difficulty, and C.D.F. was going even better than when we started. At 8-30 we were on Sgurr-nan-Gillean, in bright sunlight above a sea of cloud. A sudden rent in it showed the Red Coolins framed in white, and far beyond them, miles and miles of the mainland. But our Ridge remained completely hidden by clouds, and we had to use the compass again to find its direction.

An hour more, and we stood on Sgurr-na-h-Uamha, the whole landscape clear, and Lochan Dubha and the Scavaig River crimson in the sunset glow.

Then came the unrehearsed portion. We returned to the col between Uamha and Sgurr Beag, and thence went down practically due west into Lota Coire. This route off presents no special difficulties, fortunately, for it was a race with the dark, and we only just won. We were across the Sligachan River, a little above the crags, by 10-15, and in the shadow of the Druim-nan-Ramh the light was almost gone, six miles from camp. We contoured the west side of Harta Coire, crossed the low col to the south as planned, and felt some relief and satisfaction when we found the burn running our way. It was nothing then but a steady plug over boggy, but not very difficult ground—a case of keeping on till we got there. We had brought a candle lantern—the property of Gertrude—but when we proposed to use it, somewhere about half-way, found that neither of us knew how to make it stay put! However, it held together with kind treatment, and we kept on, cheered by its gleams and chocolate.

Gars Bheinn and Sgurr-nan-Eag suddenly appeared, a dark silhouette against a starry sky, over Lochan Riabhach (Strange! Were we really there this morning?). And so slowly down to Coruisk, and with some mighty bad going too, along its east shore in the dark. Fording the Scavaig River anyhow was good fun, and we crept round to the hut like thieves, betting as to whether the "support party" was asleep or not. Asleep? at 1 a.m.? Not they! Apparently they had timed our return to the minute, and just got supper hot. Lights, and fire, and hot Bovril before we could speak. Well, we could face them.

We had been out 20 hours, and were quite respectably tired, but by no means done. By 11 a.m. we were all off on the return trek; but our heavy packs did not get carried all the way to Glen Brittle. For when about half-way there, we met a Rescue Party (E. and G. Wood-Johnson and W. G. Hennessy) coming round to pick up the bits; carrying food, too! It gave a sort of expeditionary finishing touch. (And I suspect that some expeditions have not been quite so glad as we were when they got "found").

I do not think that our distance was much greater than the Glen Brittle to Sligachan route of former ridge-walkers. The S.M.C. Guide gives that as 16 miles; ours comes to about 18. Of course our times won't bear comparison with those of any former conquerors of the Ridge (except perhaps for sections of the actual going while it was fine). But we were not trying to make time-records at all, only to do it in a new way, rather a jolly one, and to enjoy the whole thing, in both of which aims we succeeded beyond all expectations. The time could be improved by anyone in decent weather, but also, I suggest, by doing it "widdershins"; by getting the six miles of fell-walking to the foot of Uamha done in daylight (and one could start earlier going that way, with a lantern); and perhaps a direct route could be made up the south face of Uamha from Harta Coire, avoiding our detour to the west. Then all the way after Bidein one would be getting nearer home, nearer the support party, and their supper, and their welcome. For they hold the key to the Round of the Coolins from Coruisk.

M. G. G.

By B. Eden Smith.

The rare coincidence of opportunity and perfect weather was responsible, in July 1926, for the fulfilment of a long-nursed ambition. Ever since 1919 Kelly had cast acquisitive eyes on a problematical route up the Central Buttress between Moss Ghyll and the Great Flake, and had, from time to time, made tentative inspection of its possibilities.

The outstanding feature of this part of the face is the series of grooves—in reality huge smooth slabs—running diagonally upwards from near Moss Ghyll, and following the line of tilt of the whole crag. To him and his various companions in these explorations, the proposed route became known as the Moss Ghyll Grooves, or more familiarly as time went on, the M. G. G. These were the great attraction of the place, for they had that unapproachable air of isolation and steepness which always seems such a spur to seekers after conquest in the climbing world. The lower part of Moss Ghyll itself was the obvious stepladder, but the problem was to decide which groove to use as a start and, if that could be climbed, how to leave it for the one on the next layer, so to speak.

The whole situation is steep and very exposed, and the Grooves themselves looked "holdless," so it was obvious that conditions must be of the best for any serious attempt to be made. Wasdale is rather grudging in its bestowal of best conditions, however, and it kept the aspirants at bay for so long that hope dwindled to a minimum, and the inaccessibility of the M. G. G. was almost accepted.

And then, suddenly, the opportunity and desired conditions came simultaneously during a few snatched days at Wasdale, when only a little exercise as a preliminary to a holiday abroad was contemplated, and the formidable M. G. G. were hardly thought of. Perfect weather, warm dry rock, and good form set an increasingly high standard of climbing,

and, inevitably: "We'll have a look at them from above" said Kelly one day. He did have a look at them, a good comprehensive look, involving the full length of a hundred-foot line, with his second at the lowest possible stance and his third anchored to the only available belay above. On return he reported that he had been down to within thirty feet of the point reached when prospecting from below, and that he thought it might go, but that, at the moment, a long delayed lunch must be the first consideration.

Tantalising to the end, the weather played one last trick by casting a vicious little thunder shower on the rocks while lunch was in progress, causing hope for that day to be almost abandoned. But the sun had done its work well in the previous hot days, and all was dry again by the time Kelly and his inadequate supporters, a novice and a moderate, had descended Keswick Brothers and reached the foot of Moss Ghyll. Here was the briefest of pauses while a "what-about-it ?" look ran round the party, and at once they found themselves scrambling up the lower pitches of Moss Ghyll, and contemplating the break-out on the left.

On the principle, perhaps, that well-known limitations are preferable in a second to possible but unknown brilliance, the minor post of honour was given to the moderate, and forthwith the venture began by way of the little traverse into the scoop which leads up to the grass ledge on a level with the Oval, and above which the real difficulties start. The belay on this ledge had been discovered on previous exploration and, being of a horizontal nature, had to be used very scientifically. The third man was tied to it tightly in order to safeguard the second, whose stance and belay at the top of the next pitch were none too good. This pitch, of about fifteen feet, consists of an awkward rib topped by steep grass running up into the First Groove. Ten feet above this was the furthest point reached in earlier prospecting, and here was the mauvais pas of the climb. From a very narrow foothold on the centre of the slab, a left-hand movement had to be made upward and outward to a small but level stance (the Pedestal) on the extreme edge, about two strides away. The difficulty lay in the fact that there was

nothing to stride on and no handhold except a small protuberance about the size of a damson stone, on which, moreover, hands had to be changed somehow. Twice Kelly tried it and came down to the grass for a rest from the toe-cramping foothold from which the movement must start. The third time he went straight for it and seemed just to flow over those two "holdless" strides to the Pedestal, where, at last, both feet could rest at once. The earnest pathos in his voice, as he besought his followers to do their best when their turns came, was ominously indicative of what he thought of the place!

About another fifty feet of the pitch still remained to be done (a seventy foot run-out in all), this and the preceding few feet being the unknown portion of the climb. Difficulties were continuous till near the top of the groove, and here the first really satisfying hold was unearthed, quite literally unearthed. There and then this hold was dubbed the Basin, for it was deep and capacious by comparison with its predecessors. Some twenty feet above this a delightfully sensational right-hand movement gave emergence on to the most commodious resting place of the whole climb, and, incidentally, access to the services of what must surely be the father of all belays, a block which, if it could be broken up and distributed, would make comfortable hitching posts for every ten feet of the route. The leader, who must have been glad of a rest, brought both the other members of the party up to this place before embarking on the Second Groove. This was reached immediately on the right, and proved a welcome degree less severe than its forerunner, but hard enough to maintain worthily the high quality of the whole climb. Especially awkward was the swing round on to the slab again from a steeply sloping platform about twenty feet above the big belay, a platform large enough to give stance to both leader and second, but entirely destitute of belay itself.

This second groove and the subsequent face climbing involves a run-out of nearly one hundred feet from the big belay, the angle being very steep, the holds still small, and

stances, with the exception of the sloping platform, non-existent. Above this the party were able to join up again and the last two pitches, an indefinite mossy chimney and a difficult little wall, were soon disposed of. The wall finish was insisted on so as to avoid the alternative of a tame traverse round its base to grass ledge and easy going.

Thus, in rather less than two hours, a seven-year old ambition was realised, and the M. G. G. Climb had passed from the realms of dreamland to those of triumphant reality.

Few sounds are heard by that mountain tarn. The travelling cloud lets fall no echo of its fierce frost-crashing shards. Dawn and noon and dusk are quiet-footed as mist. The stars march in silence. The springing Northern Lights dance in swift fantastic flame, but are voiceless as the leaping shadows in a wood. Only those other wayfarers of the mountain-summit, tempest, thunder, the streaming wind, the snow coming with muffled rush out of the north, wild rains and whirling sleet, the sharp crackling tread of the hosts of frost: only these break the silence . . . .

FIONA MACLEOD.

FLATLAND.

(Continued).

By Katharine C. Chorley.

Physiologists tell us that the human embryo in its mother's body goes through in miniature that long evolution which finally resulted in man. In similar fashion, the life of the normal child is a true mirror of the progress of the race, striving through the ages to gain an ever more secure foothold on the earth. He spends his energies in climbing trees and damming streams, delving for himself with difficulty in the ground until he has made a pit that is a dwelling-place to which he may withdraw and be in safety. He adventures along the banks of a brook or up a hillside, and discovers new continents. He cultivates a little garden and uses a large slice of the space for the growing of vegetables and to the exclusion of flowers. For blunt instinct says that a food supply is a first condition of existence, and that beauty follows after. The child, if he be lucky, carries these impulses unvitiated past his schooldays and into his manhood. And then, on a summer morning, he weighs anchor at Plymouth, and sails his own boat across the Irish sea; or you find him celebrating New Year's Day on the Pillar, cold and coated with frozen sleet, absorbed in the subjugation of some quite arbitrary rock-climb.

Herein lies the best hope for the survival of the pastime of mountaineering. We climb mountains, not as Mr. C. E. Montague suggests, because "we want an easy one after so many twisters," but driven by the same high impulse that sent Columbus across the Atlantic and prompted Galileo to study the courses of the planets. It is part of the craving to understand, to be partners in the secret conduct of the enterprize of nature. And if the Flatlanders should rudely enquire how it is that this impulse seldom drove men to the

mountains before say 1800, we might suggest that the rise of mountaineering coincided with a series of successes in our struggle with Nature unexampled perhaps since man exchanged flint for bronze. These victories released a vast supply of energy, and there stood the mountains, flaunting us to our faces and as yet unassailed. The conclusion was inevitable. For, ever since Nature brought off the lock-out from Eden, we have been striving by one means or another to regain our lost prestige. And every rockclimb that yields to muscle and skill and forethought, each passage of a crevassed glacier or an iced slope which depends on craftsmanship and long observation of the way of the weather with snow, adds something to the list of our successes in that aeon-long war. The pioneer climbers of the nineteenth century are no unworthy comrades of Stephenson and Faraday and Lord Kelvin.

There is, however, another facet to this stone. Mountaineers cannot have it all their own way. Our racial memory of the deadlier passages in that war is still so vivid that we are not invariably anxious to cross swords with Nature in our play. Sometimes we do feel the need of an easy one after so many twisters. But then, we forsake the mountains and turn to the plains. For they have been humanised and are gentle. They suggest peace and pursue it. And they minister to a deep-rooted and primitive desire to be assured that we are members of a stable world. In the Jewish version of the "Flood," it is the goal towards which the whole of that elaborate story is directed. You can feel, as you read, the desire unconsciously at work, moulding and pressing the shape of the story until it has achieved fulfillment. For how can life be maintained without some assurance of continuity? Will a man take thought and sweat to till his field when his labour is at the mercy of the arbitrary fiat of an autocratic deity?

> "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

"Security of tenure" was not invented by Liberal politicians of the nineteenth Century. The first recorded Land Act is

that covenant of the rainbow between Jehovah and the prehistoric Jews.

You can follow this desire and expectation of continuity through fascinating bye-ways of speculation. Obviously, where thought is logical, it must be the keystone of the arch. Unless we can be sure that a given group of causes will invariably produce the same effect, reasoning is at an end. It governs melody, for is it not the cause why one sequence of notes sounds right and another wrong? It is at work in our response to a rhythm. Perhaps it may be the reason for the special pleasure which primitive peoples seem to take in formal and repetitive decoration. They know less of natural law than we do, and find nature more capricious and unaccountable. Their craving for continuity is therefore more acute, and they express it whenever they have to decorate their buildings or objects of household use. And at the opposite extreme, for example, it is sorely tempting to refer the conspicuous absence of rhythmic or decorative design in things typically Victorian, to the exuberant and optimistic belief which seems to have prevailed among the English of the Golden Victorian age, that man was winning the great battle against Nature all along the line.

This has been a digression. Returning to our flocks, it seems that a lowland landscape satisfies the continuity craving very much better than a highland one. The everlasting hills stress their endurance at our expense. In certain moods, they depress us with a sense of our mutuability. We men are outside the scheme of continuity to which they belong. But we are not outside the scheme to which seedtime and harvest belong. And when we contemplate that immemorial cycle, made manifest in the long furrows of winter ploughland, or the hay smell of a June meadow, we experience once more the relief and re-established tranquility of Noah when he saw Jehovah's bow stretched across the heavens.

Mountainland is savage and Flatland is tamed—a contemptuous antithesis often hurled at the lowlands by a mountaineer. But why should we despise tamed country? We do not despise domestic animals or garden flowers, or applied electricity. I cannot imagine a man refusing to have

his room lit by electric light because it was no longer in the wild state of lightning. Perhaps the contempt is a legacy of the reaction from eighteenth Century classicism of those same exuberant Victorians. They were not in the mood for gentle scenery. How they must have enjoyed, for instance, T. L. Peacock's gibe at Mr. Marmaduke Milestone, a guest at Headlong Hall, and a "landscape gardener of the first celebrity." It will be recalled how he "promised himself a signal triumph for his incomparable art in the difficult and therefore glorious achievement of polishing and trimming the rocks of Llanberis." The antithesis, however, does suggest one fundamental difference between flat and highland scenery. Flatland is man's country, and the eye therefore requires the work of man to take a prominent place in the landscape. It is only in an agricultural district, for instance, that the house reaches its finest expression. The stately homes of England may sometimes offend the more democratically minded of us politically, but they seldom fail to please our eyes. There is something singularly comforting and gracious in the prospect of a great house surrounded by its parkland, and pleasantly lording it over the countryside. It looks so never-to-be-ruffled and permanent, fitted to withstand the corroding waves of centuries. It is a symbol of success, the success of the race in making an enduring home for itself upon the earth. True, that its looks bely it, and that in most cases it would be more correct to regard it as an emblem of decay. But we men are tenacious of our symbols. It is the difficulty with our religions. We shall no doubt loyally continue to have these feelings of reverence and protection in the presence of the country house—in the presence of the great manor houses of Cheshire, for instance, even though we know that they are ghosts, and that the power they once represented would be far more fittingly symbolised by a street of warehouses in Manchester.

In cities, the house is subordinate to space; it is one of a thousand close packed, and should keep its personality in harmony with the general scheme, like a soldier in a regiment. The most agreeable streets or squares are those in which a series of buildings unite in one decorative design, as they did

in Nash's Regent Street, and as they still do in Kensington Square. In the mountains, the house is subordinate to nature. A house on a hill ought to be hid. At least it must be so matched with its environment that it becomes, as it were, an integral part, merging into it as rock merges into heather or upland grass. In this respect, the farms of Cumberland, Swiss chalets, and the rock villages of the Riviera, are perfectly planned. In winter, the chalet, with its back against the hillside, and its roof covered with snow, is indistinguishable until you come close to it. This is the simplest harmony. A Lakeland farm represents a more complex kind. Observe the group of Wasdale Head from the summit of Great Gable. The houses are visible from a distance, but they do not insist on their presence. The shapes are too simple to plead for attention. The colours—grey blue of slate and white wash—echo the rocks on Scafell, the leaden surface of the lake, and the white streaks of swollen cascades. Subtler yet are the harmonies of the Riviera rock village which disdains the shelter of valleys, and holds manfully to the blunt crests of the hills. A day's walk into the hinterland of Mentone or Bordighera or San Remo, and you are among the seaward Alps. Nobody goes there. Energetic winter migrants play golf or tennis, the sedentary never take up their chairs and walk. The foothills are cultivated in terraces with a patience and an obstinate refusal to lose a yard of possible soil which would seem incredible to an English farmer. You can watch the peasants at work in their faded blue blouses and creamy-hued trousers. In the valleys, olive trees glint grey in the sunshine. Here and there a cypress stands out against the light background. There are pine woods to pass through, and steep-sided glens through which it is hard to push a way. You emerge from such a glen, perhaps, and suddenly there flashes into view a small town clinging far above you to the summit of a hill. Its foundations merge imperceptibly into the rock and earth of the hillside. The plastered houses are coloured pink, or buff, or dark rusty red. But the plaster weathers to such a multitude of hues that each fuses with the other, and the total effect unites with the yellowish brown of distant rocks and the greens and greys nearer at hand. The houses

group themselves in a conical cluster, red spotted with patches of rich roof tiles. They crown the mountain, giving it a quality of queenly graciousness. You feel they are the appropriate and inevitable climax of its upward curves. A cobbled muletrack zigzags up the hillside to the walls. You ascend, and find the track so narrow that a mule swinging down with a load of brushwood pushes you clean off the path. The muleteer is a black-headed, beady-eyed lad, with a soft tan brown skin. Inside the town, you wander through a warren of steep and narrow alleys, and lose the sunlight. Overhead, spanning the roadways, arches lock the houses together to strengthen them against the shock of an earthquake. The houses have queer cave-like holes on the street level. But in the square, and every village finds flat ground somewhere sufficient for its piazza, the ground is bright and dusty ; and overhead is the sky of countries south of the Alps, deeper and brighter than speedwell blue and hard as steel.

There is one kind of scenery where mountain and plain combine together with glorious effect. If you cross the Lombard plain from Milan to Maggiore, you will traverse, taken by itself, one of the dullest stretches of country in Europe. And yet, on a clear day I would not exchange that train journey for any that I have travelled. Beyond the rank green levels, miles away to the north, the giant wall of the Alps stands white and jagged, far-flung across Italy. All the careful transition of nature is lost by the hard line of the rim of the earth. There are no foothills. The interminable green flats lick right up to the shoulders of the mountains like a rising tide. It is an epic view. And at sundown, the crude green of the plain becomes soft and brooding, the horizontal light gleams on a window glass, a pond, a sluggish stream, and turns it to red hot metal. In the distance the mountains glow like alabaster set before a great flame.

The hills are never more alluring than when we lift up our eyes to them from a plain. And conversely, there is a spell laid on the levels when we see them from a height—the ancient spell which stirs our imagination when we read the story of how Moses climbed Mount Nebo so that he might gaze upon

the land of Canaan. In England, this converse view is happily not a rare one. You need not climb very high to win its full perfection. Indeed, English scenery seems to be specially well adapted for it. The reader will have divined, for instance, that it was the foundation of that view over the Thames valley described a few pages back. You get it from the outlying hills of the Lake District, looking northward to Carlisle. You get it from the westerly spurs of the Pennine looking over Cheshire and south-west Lancashire. But in order to realise the full strength of mystery in such a view, you must live with it for years, and find out that however much you increase your knowledge, you will never be able to account for its numberless moods. For twenty years it was my fortune to live thus overlooking the plain of Cheshire. From the western windows of our house you saw straight over the tops of trees and two church spires, to a vast level of pastureland, fading away into blue atmosphere near the estuary of the Dee. There was nothing but the curl of the earth over the horizon line to prevent your vision reaching with powerful glasses to Slieve Donard and the Mountains of Mourne, in Ireland, a hundred and seventy miles away. In the south-west you could often distinguish the hills of Wales, and on a clear day to the north, Rivington Pike appeared delicate and stately above the smoke of Lancashire. In moods of brooding storm, or when the rains had just passed, these distant landmarks became preternaturally clear, and the middle distance grew brilliant instead of soft and hazy. Hills came into view that were normally hidden in haze, or seemed to lift themselves from the surface of the plain where before they had been lying, as it were, stretched out asleep and indistinguishable from the surrounding flats. Here and there a distant group of factory chimneys stood up like dark pencils, and you could see the indigo wreaths of smoke twisting up into the air. In summer time, the sun dropped over the rim of the plain, so that the final rays streamed into our western rooms. And in autumn, as we sat at tea in the window, we used to watch tribes of rooks flying steadily across the sky, seemingly on a level with our heads. We marvelled at their unerring punctuality—they were never

late, and they never missed a day—but we never found out whence they came and whither they were bound. Now, when I shut my eyes, I can conjure up the vision of the plain as vividly as if I were sitting at that window looking out over the dip of the lawn and the beech trees at the foot of the garden. It is woven into all my imaginations as the scenery that one lived with in childhood must be. I think of it as warp set out on a loom ready to hold and bind the thousand different threads of weft which are flashed across it by the years.

Perched aloft there, you never felt completely a part of the life proceeding on the plain. It seemed sometimes almost to have the unreality of a reflection in a mirror. You descended, of course, and mingled with it, but always in the evening climbed back to the house on the hill, and became like a lighthouseman gazing out over the sea. At night, there would be sometimes a wizard red glow over the southern sky; it almost hurt to realize that it came from the very earthly furnaces at a great works twenty miles away.

The comparison of plain and sea is one that comes constantly to the mind in thinking about these kind of views over Flatland. In some effects of light and haze, a plain seen from above can impersonate the ocean so perfectly that it takes all one's common sense to unmask the illusion. And always plains and the sea have much in common. They are both infinitely various beneath a show of monotony. Both lure the vision onwards in a vain attempt to penetrate distances measureless to man. Therein lies the magic of the westward views over Anglesea from Snowdon and the Glyddrs, or better still, from the seaboard mountains of Scotland. Poor Flatlanders! They have yet to learn that the full glory of Flatland is vouchsafed only to those who climb mountains. They little know of lowlands who only lowlands know. One such westward view—a Scottish one—I would like to try and describe before concluding this wandering excursion into comparative topography. It came suddenly, with the wild vicissitude of a dream, as the final gift of a chequered day on Ben Cruachan—a consummation towards which the whole day seemed afterwards to lead. Cruachan, is one of the

comeliest mountains in Scotland. The frame makes a long and high backbone with branching ribs, but the contours, filled out by firm flesh of earth, have those noble rhythms which Raphael loved to draw. The fresh waters of Loch Awe bathe the southern ribs, the salt of Etive wash against the northern. Two great spurs curve sumptuously down to the level meadows near Dalmally. They embrace Corrie Creachainn, slashed in the centre with white where the burn makes a headlong descent. We ascended the northerly spur, and it was beautiful to look back and down into Glen Orchy. The green meadows and darker trees made a pattern with the twists of the brimful river. Ben Lui and his fellows closed the background. As we breasted the first summit, the main peak of Cruachan shot up ahead, a black spike with swirls of mist about it. They were legacies of yesterday's storm which had seamed the hillsides with countless temporary burns like overflows of milk, and changed the valley bed into a shallow lake dotted with desolate hayricks for islands. From this summit, you can see straight down Glen Noe to the calm water of Loch Etive, and beyond are the hills of Appin. They were yellow with transparent cobalt shadows upon them. Occasionally, we marked the delicate flight of some shadow that echoed a cloud sailing by overhead. Banks of cloud, dazzling with reflected sunlight, hung over the north. Further along the ridge, between ribs on the southerly side, we gazed down into the savage corrie, whose stream breaks through to Loch Awe at the Falls of Cruachan. Loch Awe lay like a snake of silver at rest among the foothills. In the distance, a gleam of silver showed Loch Fyne, and the purple profile of Ben Buie cut into the sky. Then came cloud and rain to blot out any view from the Taynuilt peak and the main peak. But descending towards Bonawe, with white mist billowing above and below us, suddenly we broke out of its zone and came into a world under the spell of enchantment. The transition was quick enough to make one gasp for breath. All the western islands were strung out to receive the sunset: Scarba, Jura, Islay, Colonsay, Mull, Lismore. Loch Awe on the one hand and Loch Etive on the other enclosed the wild low tract called Muckain between Taynuilt and Oban. The sun's rays were

flung downwards and backwards by the clouds. They fell in pale gold on the sea. The islands floated insubstantially, a shimmering brown on the golden water. Every hillock and depression was picked out on that rough Muckain country, and its hue was a most brilliant golden brown. Loch Awe had the surface of a steel cuirass. Loch Etive was like a mirror. Then the lighting changed and the Muckain country became dead black with an approaching storm. Slowly, the glow passed and gave place to the cold light of evening. The gold died out of the browns, and green appeared instead, and Loch Etive took on a quiet tone of blue. There was a pink edge on the clouds floating far out above the western sea. We descended half dreaming to the ferry at Bonawe, and awoke to the real world only at the sound of oars straining against the rowlocks to make good a passage against the current of the swollen river.

What would bechance at Lyonesse
While I should sojourn there
No prophet durst declare,
Nor did the wisest wizard guess
What would bechance at Lyonesse
While I should sojourn there.

The point of one white star is quivering still
Deep in the orange light of widening morn
Beyond the purple mountains: through a chasm
Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
Reflects it: now it wanes: it gleams again
As the waves fade, and as the burning threads
Of woven cloud unravel in pale air:
'Tis lost! and through yon peaks of cloud—like snow
The roseate sunlight quivers.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BRACES.

By Geoffrey Howard.

(Neither the Author nor the Editor takes responsibility for the veracity of any of the statements made in this paper.)

The recent articles by Messrs. Doughty and Chorley in this Journal, summarizing as they do the burning controversy between the adherents of Rubber and Nailed footgear, are curiously reminiscent of a far older and far acuter difference of opinion about climbing outfit. In reading Mr. Chorley's article, I can see the same old arguments regarding the bad technique and slipshod training inculcated in the young mountaineer by the use of Rubbers as were again and again brought forward 40 years ago by the protagonists of Braces while fulminating against their opponents, the wearers of Belts.

It is strange how questions which at one period are of tremendous import, pass from the stage, only to be replaced by others. In retrospect they all seem of singularly minor significance. To-day the Braces and Belt controversy is as dead as Noah, and I venture to prophesy that in 20 years time no one will trouble about different opinions on footwear, but furious arguments will probably rage around hats or undervests.

After all, climbers must talk about something.

While anxious that no words of mine may revive bitter memories, it may not be out of place to give a brief historical sketch of the great " B. and B." controversy, as it was called, for the sake of young climbers, if only to warn them not to take too seriously the present subject of dispute.

Originally it was considered de rigueur for an amateur mountaineer to be clothed in hat, veil, coat, trousers and gaiters, the trousers being suspended to the person by braces. By common consent the veil was relegated to the ladies in very early days, and the trousers shrank into various forms

of breeches, a breach of tradition which provoked some caustic comments from the orthodox, as is evidenced by the lines written in 1862 at the Riffel :—

> " Some sporting young tourists we see
> Wear trousers which end at the knee ;
> 'Twould be better by half to cover the calf,
> Or the place where the calf ought to be."

But no one thought of any alternative to braces. They were a handicap, but no well-bred man could climb without them. The perpetual anxiety lest overstrained buttons might give way, and contemplation of the disastrously indelicate consequences were faced philosophically by the pioneers, but undoubtedly caused them to practice a very nice technique in arm and leg work to avoid any risk of a catastrophe. It was really around this latter point that the subsequent controversy chiefly raged.

The beginning of the trouble can be dated almost to a day, when that most courteous and uncontroversial of men, the late F. F. Tuckett, in the course of a lecture on Mountain Travel to the " Young Friends' Literary Circle " of Shirehampton, Glos., in October, 1870, pronounced that " So essential is the suspension of braces to the truly accomplished mountaineer, that I do not consider that a mountain ascended without their elegant, if sometimes treacherous assistance, can properly be said to have been conquered at all."

At the time this was accepted as a matter of faith by the orthodox, when suddenly Whymper rushed into print in the " Morning Advertiser " of 12th November, 1870, with the staggering announcement that " I cannot allow this statement of my respected friend, Mr. Tuckett, to pass unchallenged. Personally, I have never worn anything but a belt."

No need to describe in great detail the fury of the controversy let loose by these, to us, simple and harmless words. A few examples must suffice, of which one of the earliest perhaps marked its high-water mark. I refer to the letter to the " Times " of the 28th August, 1871, signed by seventeen members of the Alpine Club, seriously questioning whether Whymper's famous first ascent of the Matterhorn could actually be accounted as such. This naturally produced

something of a reaction, and one by one, other climbers came forward and confessed themselves to be " Beltites," and even gloried in their shame. Charles Packe, Clinton Dent, Longman and others spoke and wrote with dignity but fervour on the advantages of cutting loose from the old tradition. They extolled the freedom from anxiety, the unfettered use of arms and legs given by Belts, and pleaded that so long as a mountain was ascended, equipment mattered little. This brought the obvious retort that the same argument might be applied to ladders and pulleys, and there was something of a scene once at Zermatt when Joseph Fox, the Quaker, walked round and round Longman, slyly remarking, " Friend, I am seeking thy ladder."

On the Continent much ink was spilled over the controversy. Mr. Abraham's remarks on the subject of Rubbers are curiously reminiscent of Professor Fisch von Gestern's observations in the D.O.A.V. Journal in 1873.

> " Der Anfänger soll seine Kunst niemals in Hosenträger üben. Gurteln sollen seine einzige Stutze sein. Die esteren lehren falsche und unsichere Methoden fur den echten Bergsteiger."

This brought a hot retort from Dr. Bubisteig, of Wurzburg, a passage in which tallies oddly with some of Mr. Chorley's views anent the rubber boom—

> " Der gegürtelte Anfänger hat Keinen besonderen Anlass auf seine Gliedmassen Acht zu geben, so lang die Kletterei leicht ist. Ausserdem klettert er wahrscheinlich so schnell, dass er gar keine bewusste Aufmerksamkeit auf seine Kleidung verwendet. Tatsächlich, ist das ersteigen leichter Felsen mit Gurtel gar kein Klettern und ist so nutzlos vom Standpunkt der Erlernung unserer Kunst wie Pritschenschlagen als Uebung for ein Säbelduell."

Nowhere did the feud rage more hotly than in Bavaria, and to this day we have an extremely curious survival of it. Probably not one in a thousand of the stout gentlemen who may be met both there and in Tirol clothed in a short, blue linen coat, knows why he wears it. It is obviously useless as a protection from cold or wet, and serves only to provoke gentle mirth in the onlooker. Actually it dates from the mid-seventies when the Beltites in the Bavarian mountain resorts scoffed so openly at the dignified and orthodox Brace-wearers, that the latter were compelled to conceal their beloved suspensory apparatus under these quaint garments, and the custom has survived to this day.

Gradually the controversy died down, but was galvanized into a final short but active period of life by Bruce's celebrated feat on the Weisshorn. This is almost too well-known to bear repetition, but a paper on this subject would be incomplete without a brief outline of the occurrence. On the 4th August, 1883, Bruce, a gallant and chivalrous young subaltern in the Foot Guards, accompanied by Miss Lucy Walker, with Gottfried Unterdentafel as porter, left the Weisshorn hut at 1-30 a.m. All went well till they arrived at the ridge, which was found to be hard ice, and Bruce, who was leading, began to cut steps. 15 minutes later Miss Walker noticed him start and turn pale, but she received a reassuring answer to her anxious enquiries. What had really occurred was the complete severance of one of the two brace-buttons holding up the back of his breeches. Eight minutes later he stopped, clutched the small of his back with his left hand, and proceeded to cut steps with his right only. Puzzled at his attitude, Miss Walker again asked if he was all right. "A touch of lumbago, madam," was his only reply. Actually, the other button had given way! As is well known, Bruce cut 348 steps with the right hand, holding up his breeches with the left, and when Miss Walker on the summit asked if his arm was not entirely used up, he gallantly replied, "On the contrary, Madam, the exercise has strengthened the muscles and made them fitter to wield a sabre in defence of my Queen."

The Beltites were triumphant, but the Brace-wearers retorted that only sound training in Braces could have so perfected his ice-technique as to render the feat possible. Bruce himself, although awarded the Tungsten Medal for Resource, by the R.G.S., vowed that never again would he "climb in such infernal integuments," and became a confirmed Beltite from that moment.

And now the great controversy only lingers as a memory. Mountaineers make no secret of their suspensory methods. No prettier sight can be witnessed in the mountains than climbers gravely comparing notes on, and handling their respective braces or belts as the case may be. Everyone knows that Ling wears fawn-coloured braces embroidered

with hare-bells (his favourite flower) by lady admirers. Many of us have been privileged to handle the lovely belt presented to G. W. Young by the Senate of Cambridge University. Haskett-Smith makes no bones about carrying a supply of dainty cambric handkercheifs to tie round his waist, or the Somervell Brothers about a preference for knotted boot-laces.

In fact the old trouble has gone. It died the natural death of all controversies. Even the Rubber Boom controversy will die in time, and it only remains to speculate gently upon the nature and subject of the next one.

Man is so constituted that he finds in the victory over physical and mental difficulties sufficient reward apart from the incidental fruits of victory. He derives his keenest pleasure from exploiting to the utmost the resources of that most ingenious piece of mechanism, the human body. A severe rock-climb, partly because it is a supreme test of the physical and mental qualities, is its own reward.

ARNOLD LUNN.

LJUBETEN.

By W. T. Elmslie.

Towards the middle of last September we found ourselves in the Balkans for the ascent of Ljubeten, a mountain in Jugoslavia, close to the Albanian border. Our party, consisting of Messrs. C. M. Sleeman, A. E. Storr, L. A. Ellwood, and I, had already succeeded in traversing Musalla, in the Rhodope Range, the highest summit in the Balkan Peninsula. Then, under the blazing sun of Greece, we had reached the highest peaks of Mount Olympus (Mitka and Stefan), had made our pilgrimage to Athens and to Mycenae, and had been up Parnassus. Now we were again in "wildest Europe."

A few words as to our reasons for the ascent of Ljubeten may not be out of place. The "Times Atlas" gives to it a height of over 10,000 feet; Meyer's Reisebuch puts it at 3,050 metres; and D. G. Hogarth, in his book "The Nearer East," remarks that "though never yet accurately measured" it "may be taken to overtop by some hundreds of feet all other points of the Balkan Peninsula, even Musalla in the Rila group, or the majestic Olympus." On the other hand the Austrian map allows it only 2,510 metres; and the British map, which is largely based thereon, reads 8,235 feet. The Encyclopaedia Britannica decides for 8,989 feet, though it is mentioned that other estimates are 10,007, 8,856, and 8,200. Finally, Mackenzie and Irby, the authoresses of "Travels in the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey," assign to it a height of only 6,400 feet. Here clearly was room for a little research.

The name of the mountain appears in almost as many forms as there are authors who mention it. Liubetin, Ljubotin, Lyubeten, Liubatrin, Liubatern, Liubotrn, and Ljubotrn, are some of the forms given. The adoption here of the form Ljubeten, which appears to be the local Albanian or Arnaut name for the peak, is due to the fact that this gives most

nearly the pronunciation of the word as we heard it locally. The first syllable is accented, and the final syllable is sometimes pronounced as it is written, sometimes as the French final *in*.

We were fortunate in our hotel at Skoplje, for the proprietor had himself been for eleven years in England, and spoke the language well. Though himself a Czech, he seemed to be closely in touch with all the various Balkan movements of recent years, and discoursed interestingly upon them. He was also able to give us valuable local knowledge, though not of a mountaineering kind.

Negotiations for a car to Kacanik having failed, owing to the exorbitant sum demanded, we went on next morning by rail to that village, which we reached after an hour and a half in the train, at 7-30. Ljubeten had been visible from time to time till we entered the gorge at the head of which the village lies. It is a conspicuous conical mountain, covered with grass almost to the top; but between us and it lay a broad belt of level country, followed by woods. From the map we knew that there were numerous tracks across this country; but it was by no means clear where they began, or which was the best route to follow. Accordingly we decided to adopt our usual plan of securing a mule to carry our gear as far as the bivouac.

This was not at all easy to arrange. No sooner had we descended from the train than a crowd collected to look at us. Most of them wore the white skull-cap, coloured sash, and white felt trousers, that betokened Albanians of the Arnaut tribe. We made our way from the station to the village, accompanied by laughing and gesticulating youths. As we were quite unable to make ourselves understood, the situation was awkward, and indeed just a little alarming. The same difficulty was found in the village; and even in the public house, which apparently existed for the small Christian population of this Moslem village, no one could be found who understood any language but his own.

At length, however, a man in western costume and a straw hat was seen; and on being appealed to, was able to help a little, when everything was written down for him in German.

His chief help to us, however, was that he fetched the gendarme, a German-speaking Croat, who entered into our project with enthusiasm. With his help, a mule and its driver were secured; fruit was bought to add to our stock of provisions; and we set off.

I would gladly give the name of our muleteer, for he was the perfect guide. Keeping always just behind us, he would allow us to find and to choose our own way, only interfering if we went badly astray, or if we turned a questioning glance towards him at some intersection of the tracks, when a nod or a wave of the hand was all his reply. But his name we never learned; for being unable to speak each others' language, we could hardly exchange a word of conversation with him all day.

We met large numbers of Arnauts bringing mules laden with wood down from the hills. All stared at us in surprise, and apparently enquired as to our identity and plans from the muleteer. At all events, the word "Ljubeten" came regularly into his replies to their enquiries. Twice, at least, we tried to take photographs of Arnaut boys; but on both occasions they fled in consternation as soon as they saw the camera levelled at them.

At one place we passed beneath some fruit trees, bearing red cherry-like fruits. The muleteer plucked some, whereupon the following conversation ensued between us—

We: Dobra? (this means "good" in the Slavonic languages).

Muleteer: Dobra.

We: Dobra!

A little further on brought us to the cottage where he lived; and here we sat down on a grassy bank to consume our lunch. Our muleteer's two little children came to look at us, and we gave them some chocolate. This, however, they did not know the purpose of, and we had to show them that it was meant for eating. On tasting it, they showed clear signs of dislike, and handed the bulk of it back to us.

Hitherto our track had wound in and out amongst orchards, fields, and copses; there was an appearance of prosperity in the greenness after all the barren country we had seen further south. The fields were irrigated with streams of fairly clear

water ; but this we did not venture to drink. Henceforward the path wound upwards through brushwood, over upland pastures, and through forests. We saw a number of war graves, and the trenches occupied by the Bulgarians, apparently during the Serb retirement. In a clearing we found some goatherds at a spring of delicious water ; the old man who was their chief, had splendid patriarchal features. As we approached he hailed our muleteer, who replied with his right hand raised ; this appeared to be the usual form of salute, and was adopted by all who met us. After a parley we were permitted to approach the spring and quench our thirst ; and when we left the patriarch accompanied us for some distance, and dismissed us with his blessing, solemnly delivered. Though the words were completely strange to us, the old man's benign countenance and tone were in themselves a benediction.

Shortly afterwards we entered the beech forests. Here, where streams crossed the track quite frequently, where the trees threw a cool shade across it, where the beautiful cone of Ljubeten could be seen from time to time through gaps in the trees upon our ridge, we felt that we were in country which was just what Parnassus ought to have been, but was not. The name of Ljubeten appears to mean "Lovely Thorn," a most appropriate description of a really fine summit. The rocks were of the most meagre, yet the beauty of line of the tapering cone amply atoned for the lack of more rugged features, and drew us onward irresistibly.

We emerged from the forest near some huts called Bacila, which we passed on our left. We were rather inclined to remain where we were, being without blankets, and desiring firewood for the night, but our Arnaut friend urged us on over heathy uplands to a kind of col at the foot of the steep upper slopes of the mountain. Here we understood that we were to find a hut occupied by Serbian soldiers ; but our ignorance of Arnaut was brought home to us again, when we found there absolutely no shelter of any kind. A short distance further on, however, we came to a spring ; so that our requests for " voda " were apparently understood.

It was now 2-30, and the summit of the mountain was immediately above us, and not very distant. It was impossible to encamp where we were, for the position was both lofty and exposed; and there was nothing to burn. We therefore proposed to descend to the nearest point at which trees could be found, and there bivouac for the night. We wished first to get rid of our man, however, for it was understood that he was to leave us here; and we were a little afraid (quite unnecessarily) of letting him know where we were to sleep, in case we should be robbed during the night. We therefore paid him his fee, which satisfied him completely, but he did not go. We said good-bye fervently, and shook hands; but still he waited. We pointed to him, and to the way down, and he nodded; but still he remained. We did not want him overnight with us; and his constant urgings to us to go up the mountain at once seemd to indicate that he proposed to await our return. At a loss what to do, we shouldered our packs, which we had intended to leave at this point, and started up the hill. Some distance up we hid them in a convenient hollow, and proceeded without them; but still our friend was waiting. It was a most ridiculous situation, but there seemed no way out. We simply had to climb the mountain, in order to shake him off; yet we felt all the time that we were playing rather a shabby trick upon him, which half a dozen words of Arnaut would have prevented.

At length we saw him, to our great relief, turn away, and lead his mule down; but to our consternation the dog which had been with us all day utterly refused to follow him, and continued with us, looking up with pathetic eyes, whenever any food was in evidence.

An hour's climb up the steep grassy east rib brought us to the summit, which we found to be crowned with a *signal*, similar to that on Musalla, a wooden erection, perhaps ten feet high. Taking Skoplje Station at 250 metres, our aneroid gave us a height of 8,090 feet, after we had been some time on the top. This will certainly be within 100 feet of the actual height, for we were very careful to check our figures and our observations.

At the summit three grassy ridges join, and there is thus very little level space beyond that occupied by the *signal*. All three ridges are narrow, but all are quite easy to ascend. The view is superb. The mountains of Albania are for the most part serrated, and would probably give delightful scrambling, though it is unlikely that any of the peaks we saw would present real difficulties to the mountaineer. Here and there was a little snow. The tarns which are marked in the Austrian map on Ljubeten were nowhere to be seen, and may exist only in certain conditions of snow in the early part of the summer; but further to the west, water was to be seen. Haze covered the plains of Skoplje and of Kossovo, and the finest view was undoubtedly into the sunset, where one or two of the mountains seemed to overtop our own. A cool wind was blowing, which reminded us that a night out would be unpleasant.

We were unable to collect any very definite information about previous ascents. As is well known, the botanist Grisebach made an ascent in 1838; but shepherds may well have been up before that. We were told by a gendarme at Kacanik that a party of Germans from a chromium and manganese mine in the neighbourhood, had ascended the previous season; but on being questioned more closely, he admitted ignorance as to their route, success, and so forth. Another gendarme told us that he had frequently been on the summit, but this was disputed by the first one. At all events it is clear that the mountain had been ascended by those who built the wooden *signal*, with a small cement block in the centre; and it is probable that it was frequently ascended during the war for military purposes.

Whilst we were running down the upper slopes we evolved a rather ambitious plan. We were to make our way right back to Kacanik with the aid of the moonlight, which we were likely to enjoy for an hour or two; catch the morning train, at 3 o'clock; and go on to I know not what mad project in the one day that we should thus have saved. Accordingly we picked up our sacks, made a hasty meal at the spring, and hurried forward, reaching the upper edge of the forest as darkness came on. We were just in time to see a landmark,

which we had observed in order to be sure of descending the right shoulder of the mountain.

The track through the beech trees was one made by tree fellers, who had dragged the logs along the ground, and as there was little or no brushwood, it was important to keep in the log-run all the time, to be sure that the path was being adhered to. For some time all went well, and we made good progress. Then we obviously got astray. We were on new ground, and the track was winding to the left, instead of in the reverse direction. We tried first to make a short cut to the true path; naturally that failed. Short cuts at night always do. Next we retraced our steps, to find the point at which we had gone wrong. Suddenly the moon disappeared behind an outstanding shoulder of the hill. Utter blackness descended upon us, which the light of our lantern did little or nothing to dissipate. There was nothing for it but to camp where we were. The dog had long since ceased to race about the hillside, looking for rabbits. His silent trot alongside of us betokened a tail that was hanging dejectedly down. Without a bark he curled himself up before the fire which we built, and went off to sleep after eating the grape skins, which were all we could spare for him. Fortunately we had water with us, and were able to make a tolerable meal. Firewood was abundant, and we secured an enormous log, which burned with a steady heat all night, and was still alight in the morning.

Thus, when we lay down in the dust to sleep, the whole forest seemed to be lit up with the splendour of the blaze. It must have been visible for many miles, and we wondered what those who saw it would think. We also wondered whether the forest itself would catch fire, and so wondering fell asleep, and enjoyed a glorious fresh warm night's rest.

When it was again light we found ourselves at the very point where the true path branched off from the false one; and after extinguishing our fire by covering the embers with dust, we made our way down without any difficulty. We passed some of our acquaintances of the previous day, and saluted them all in the approved fashion. At length we came to a place where we remembered to have seen ripe blackberries. Here a halt was proposed.

Two of our party had already fallen to upon the delicious fruit, when two men came up, carrying guns. There was nothing unusual in this, but these men had evil-looking faces, and they did not respond to our salutes. We did not at all like the look of them, but resolved to act as if all were well; so throwing our sacks and our ice-axes down, we hailed them in English, and began picking the blackberries. They came closer, and spoke somewhat menacingly to us, to which we replied by offering them blackberries, with the remark "Dobra!" This did not seem to please them at all, and I was begininng to be rather anxious, when one of our number, who had not seen the men, cried out "Look! there's a tortoise." The men heard the voice, and went to look; and we also hurried over to see the sight. And there it was—a tortoise! This puzzled the armed men, and we seized the opportunity to teach them the English word for it, which they repeated more or less correctly; their own name for the animal proved less amenable to English tongues. The men now examined our packs, and especially our ice-axes, whose use we tried in vain to show them; and after looking us over critically, and uttering some sulky words, they slowly withdrew. It is not impossible that they may have thought us mad, and not worth robbing. At all events there must be few travellers in those parts who wear white hats, khaki shorts, and shirts outside them for coolness. We were distinctly relieved when they had gone, and we were free to continue our journey.

At the village of Bicevci we squatted upon the green for a meal, and were at once surrounded by friendly Arnauts, who watched us and talked for an hour. Apart from "dobra," the only words that we could understand referred to a Bulgar's grave beside us, and "po," which means "yes" in one of the Albanian dialects. Nevertheless the conversation was most animated. We were offered a portion of maize cake, which the headman of the village produced from a skin wallet tied round his neck; and sacrificing himself in the interests of the party, one of us consumed this in token of friendship. One lively youth was most interested in the ice-axes. Opening his shirt he drew one rapidly across his stomach, accompanied

THE PILLAR ROCK CENTENARY.

BY SIR W. H. BEVERIDGE.

Though I have been walking about the Lakeland hills year after year for more than a quarter of a century, and have by now collected all but five of their sixty-seven named peaks and ordnance points of 2,500 feet and upwards, I had not till this year seen the Pillar Rock at close quarters. This sufficiently marks its out-of-the-way position; the Rock, like Haycock or humanity, is an end in itself, not a means to any other end. Fortunately last spring I was at the Woolpack with my cousin, P. B. Mair. Our way to the Rock on Easter Sunday, after motoring to Wasdale, was over Red Pike, Steeple and Windy Gap; mist hid everything above 1,500 feet, so the time was beguiled by blindfold chess. This pastime is better suited to the Dodds than to the slopes of Mosedale; after a serious decline in the standard of play during the rough scramble to Dore Head, mate was fortunately declared, and after argument admitted, before the descent into Windy Gap began, so we were able to give undivided attention to the problem of traversing at the right level the North West side of Pillar.

Almost at the same moment we saw the Rock itself, and as the mists began to clear, Ennerdale below us, strewn with moving dots which became our fellow-pilgrims. We were ourselves among the first comers to the luncheon rendezvous at the foot of the Old West Route, and sat long watching the crowds gather, meaning also to watch only the centenary ascent, for we had come bound by fearful oaths against "real climbing," and with no nails to speak of in my companion's shoes. But when, after luncheon, we saw the ascent begun, and public orators, children, dogs, maidens and grey-haired ladies, as well as strong bearded men with boots, led by a cheerful person in a top hat, all chattering and clattering upwards, roped or unroped as the fancy took them, doubts as to the nature of real climbing and of oaths assailed us, and we found ourselves on Low Man.

There, as the route steepened, conscience had a second innings; we sat for a while letting the stream of pilgrims go past, and watching more and still more spectators creep up from Ennerdale. Conscience was soon put out again. The Editor of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club Journal (whom unknown to himself, we had watched two days before crawl out of mist on Scafell Pinnacle) appeared with a rope and declared that he owed one of us return of hospitality for some lawyers' feast in London; we found ourselves on High Man, with, it seemed, some hundred others, on a space about the size of a large drawing room, signing names, being phot-graphed, greeting new-comers, wondering when Central Jordan would be disengaged. The morning mist by now had lifted and was thinning rapidly. Looking upwards I was reminded of nothing so much as the standard illustrations of Dante's Inferno; every projecting crag and point of vantage looming out of the cauldron of mist was occupied by ghostly figures, impassive denizens of an upper circle, watching our contortions and listening to our cries.

Asked by what route my companion and I would be let down, we remembered our oaths against real climbing, and took places in the queue for the Slab and Notch. Our down-ward journey here was delayed by the upward rush of an Everest climber, wearing the distinctive silk hat of his order, who was taking his third string of school boys to the top. Below, as we said farewell to our host of the rope, we had compensation for having come early off the Rock, in the unforgettable vision of it, festooned by human bodies at every crack, and ridge, and corner. Later still we had all the delight of sunshine and clearing views, as we made home by the High Level.

Centenary celebrations, as I have just read in another con-nection, are often dull affairs. This centenary, organised by the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, out of hilariousness and good fellowship, and a scrap of mountain and a few vapours drifting before the sun, will to all who shared in it remain in a class by itself—as distinctive amongst centenaries as is the tablet on Gable among War Memorials.

Photos by *A. G. Buck.*

SUMMIT GROUPS.

SOME NOTES ON PILLAR HISTORY.

By R. S. T. Chorley.

There can be little doubt that Pillar Rock provided the name for Pillar Fell. They would have been a folk of poor imagination who did not respond to its characteristic and beautiful structure by naming the mountain height upon which it stands, the Fell of the Pillar, or Pillar Fell.

Yet one cannot say when the christening took place, except that it was late. In the fourteenth century Pillar Fell was called Harter Green.* When that name died out I do not know. The word pillar seems to have come into our language in Norman times, and " pillar stone " is of course an architectural term.

It must have been long years before the fame of the Rock spread beyond the borders of the lake below, and still longer before it obtained the notoriety of print. When that was, I do not know, but it cannot have been much earlier than the description in Hutchinson's History of Cumberland (1794)—

> " the passage wending round the base of mountains has a variety of narrow pastoral scenes, overlooked by scowling rocks and precipices, of which that called the PILLAR is remarkable."

West (second edition, 1780) does not mention it, and Housman (1816 edition) contains no more than a reference to Hutchinson. Green (1819) whose two volume guide was a more serious affair, jibes at those " who without the trouble of journeying there have copied Mr. Hutchinson." His account is more elaborate if less restrained.

> " Turning from the lake to the mountains, and the dale, which beyond the enclosures becomes narrow, the Pillar assumes still greater importance. From the foot and sides of the lake, its rude sides, softened by distance and air, appeared only indications of what, on a nearer approach, became more terribly palpable. Frightful would be the vision to the timid or those unaccustomed to sights like these, and awful to all men if instantaneously transported from even meadows to such rugged uplands, particularly as seen immediately above the path, where, in savage startings, from the mountain's side, the rocks are like huge towers falling from immense fortifications."

* W. P. Haskett-Smith in the Climbers' Club Journal No. 17.

Years before that, however, the Rock had attracted the attention of Wordsworth, whose description is most famous of all:

> "You see yon precipice; it wears the shape
> Of a vast building made of many crags;
> And in the midst is one particular rock
> That rises like a column from the vale,
> Whence by our shepherds it is called the Pillar."

The poem from which this quotation is taken, "The Brothers," was published in 1800, and in a note at its head Wordsworth says that "the poem arose out of the fact mentioned to me that a shepherd had fallen asleep on the top of the rock called the Pillar, and perished as here described, his staff being left midway on the rock."

It would appear from this that the climbing history of the Rock had already started over a quarter of a century before the date the centenary of which we have just celebrated. There can be no doubt, however, that Wordsworth had either got his facts wrong or made use of the poet's licence. The Rev. James Jackson, of whom more anon, investigated the matter in 1876, and in a letter to our ex-president, George Seatree, he gave the result of his enquiries.

> "I was jealous of the reputation of the Rock, and was unwilling that it should be burdened with a catastrophe of which it might be guiltless. I therefore wrote to Mr. John Bowman, of Mireside, to enquire if there was any tradition in his family of such a fatality having happened to some juvenile branch a hundred years ago. This is his answer: 'Rev. Sir—The name of the man who lost his life upon the mountains of Ennerdale was John Bowman. But it was not the Pillar Rock from which he fell, but from a rock about one mile higher up the dale'."

This is confirmed by the circumstances attending Atkinson's ascent in 1826. Otley, who lived at Keswick, and presumably knew what he was talking about, stated in the edition of his guide which was published in 1825, that the Rock was unclimbable. Two years later he had altered this passage, and mentioned the victory of "an adventurous shepherd"—"it presents towards Ennerdale one of the grandest rocky fronts anywhere to be met with; and has derived its name from a projecting rock on this side, which was originally called the Pillar Stone, and had been considered as inaccessible till an adventurous shepherd reached its summit in 1826."

This shows, at any rate, that there had been considerable local interest in the possibility of climbing the Rock, and it is in the highest degree improbable that there could have been any previous ascent, at least within the memory of that generation, without its being referred to at the time. People were just as ready to rush into the correspondence columns of the newspapers then as now.

"The Cumberland Paquet and Wares Whitehaven Advertiser" of 25th July, 1826, and the "Carlisle Patriot" of 29th July the same year, contain the following paragraph—

> On the 9th inst., Mr. John Atkinson, of Croftfoot, in Ennerdale, succeeded in attaining the summit of the rock called the Pillar Stone, and although the undertaking has been attempted by thousands before him it was always relinquished as hopeless; John is therefore most probably the first human being 'whose foot has pressed down the tender grass' upon this huge pile. His dog, the faithful attendant of the shepherd, lay by his staff at the bottom, and as if conscious of the danger his master was incurring by the attempt, uttered the most piteous cries during his absence. The only precaution he took for his descent was placing pieces of moss on the track by which he ascended. On the top he found several plants of the juniper tree, some of which he removed and has since planted in the more genial clime of Croftfoot.

There seems, however, to be some doubt whether Atkinson really was a shepherd. He has usually been described as a cooper. The Rev. James Jackson, for instance, than whom there was no greater authority on the Rock, of which he constituted himself the patriarchial lord, always referred to Atkinson as a cooper. Recently, however, it has again been contended that Otley's description is correct. It certainly seems more probable that a shepherd, who would at any rate be used to rough scrambling, should have made the ascent than a cooper. Moreover, J. Colebank, W. Tyson, and J. Braithwaite, who made ascents in the same year, are all described as shepherds. They no doubt desired to emulate Atkinson's feat, and after the accessibility of the Rock had been thus demonstrated, interest appears to have died down. But is a shepherd to be regarded as an amateur in the way of rock-climbing?

The next recorded ascent is that of Lieut. Wilson, R.N., in 1848. He was the first tourist to reach the top, and may

perhaps lay claim to the title of our first amateur rock-climber. After him comes C. A. O. Baumgartner, in 1850. Mr. Baumgartner, who was a member of the Club, died as recently as 1910, and his obituary notice in No. 4 of the Journal contains an interesting account of his ascent written in 1876. Will Ritson accompanied him over the fells, and as far as Jordan Gap, but refused to go any further. What "auld Will" thought about it can be gathered from Edwin Waugh's Rambles (see Wasdale Head in "Auld Will" Ritson's Time, by G. Seatree, No. 5 of the Journal.)

His excuse appears to have been that he was a married man with commitments, and he hinted that in his bachelor days he had been up more than once. There does not, however, appear to be any confirmation of this, and indeed there is express authority to the contrary, as appears hereafter. He knew the route well enough, however, and put Mr. Baumgartner on to it. The latter found on the top a bottle with the names of his predecessors. Ritson told Edwin Waugh that at that time (i.e. after Mr. Baumgartner's visit) there were half a dozen names in the bottle. This suggests that there had been a number of earlier ascents which are unrecorded, as the early shepherd visitors would be hardly likely to record their ascents.

The story that Mr. Baumgartner left his watch behind out of fear that he might never come back, sounds like one of Auld Will's imaginings, but it certainly indicates the respect which early visitors felt for the Rock.

The first description of the ascent which I have found is that of C. W. Dymond, in 1866, and is published by G. Seatree in his Collection of Letters written by the Rev. James Jackson.*

> "The Pillar Rock is severed into two distinct portions by a chasm 6 feet wide, with inaccessible walls. The smaller (in bulk) and less lofty of these two portions stands between the main rock and upward slope of the mountain. The larger portion is partially severed by a cleft floored with a steep slope of grass. To ascend you pass the chasm just mentioned, and cross a small sloping slab of slate by means of a shallow horizontal crack in its surface.
>
> This is the most dangerous feat in the ascent, as the slab terminates at its foot in a precipice. You then immediately begin to escalade the rock, making use of some of the horizontal shelves to get round its right hand face, which you must do without

* Penrith Observer, 1926.

ascending too high. Arrived in view of the cleft, wriggle round (a business which seemed to me the worst feature in the whole climb) as well as you may, off the rock on to the green floor of the cleft, which like the slab before mentioned also runs down to a precipice. You climb the slope into the narrow throat of the cleft, where your way is barred by a fallen rock jammed in. A bit of tugging will, however, raise you over this, and then you easily run up to the top. This rock has one peculiarity, its descent is at least as easy as its ascent.

N.B.—A guide desirable. Will Ritson never did it. Two Alpines spent two hours in vain attempts to find the way up. One in four pedestrians might do it, but no object is gained by doing it except the reputation of having accomplished it. Twenty people have done it."

The unsuccessful attempt by Alpines may refer to Leslie Stephen's failure in 1863. According to W. P. Haskett-Smith* the Easy Way on the east side of the Rock was discovered by a party of Cambridge men led by Messrs. Conybeare and A. J. Butler. Haskett-Smith says that the East side was probably first climbed about 1860, but does not suggest the route. According to H. M. Kelly (§) a writer in the "West Cumberland Times" of August 8th, 1891, claimed that the Colebank-Tyson party ascended by this side, but gave no grounds for his assertion. The same authority thinks that Baumgartner may have taken this side, too, and there is much to be said for this suggestion. Baumgartner says that Ritson accompanied him to the cleft which separates the Rock from the mountain,

"pointed out to me a narrow track on a level ledge of rock winding round the side of the Pillar Stone. This I followed till it brought me to the north side of the rock, losing sight of Ritson. When I reached the back of the Rock, or rather the front of it, looking towards Ennerdale and Buttermere, it was simply a matter of climbing up by the hands more than by the feet. . . . On the way up I occasionally piled a few stones here and there in prominent points to serve as land marks for the return journey."

It would appear from this description that Baumgartner started from about Jordan Gap. From there no level ledge winds round the face of the rock on the western side, but on the east there is the Old Wall Route which does take one at about the same level round to the north side, looking towards Ennerdale and Buttermere. The route described answers to the Old Wall Route better than to the Old West or to the Slab and Easy Way. Moreover, if he had taken the latter route it is unlikely he would have needed to make cairns.

* Climbing in the British Isles—England.
§ Pillar Guide—Historical Section.

Now Ritson seems to have known the route, and to have pointed it out without hesitation. Moreover, when they started out they had another man with them, who deserted the party in order to rescue a sheep. Old Will and the other man tested Baumgartner's powers on a boulder somewhere in Mosedale. When he succeeded with this they both agreed that he would manage " Pillar Stone " all right, which suggests that the other man was aware of the route. I am disposed to think, therefore, that several previous ascents had been made by this route. According to W. P. Haskett-Smith* the wall from which it takes its name had been put up during the eighteenth century to keep the sheep from straying on to the Low Man, a fact which suggests at once how feasible was the route, and how well known it must have been to the shepherds. The Colebank-Tyson party, and other local parties, therefore, may well have used it, and perhaps even Atkinson himself; but who dares such a heresy!

It must be mentioned, however, that Baumgartner was attracted to the Rock by a statement that it had never been climbed by a tourist or by anyone except a party of shepherds or dalesmen.

In 1850, also, ascents appear to have been made by a Dr. Whitehead, and a Mr. Hartley, of Bradford. According to a note by J. W. Robinson dated 1885, in the old visitors' book which was placed on the summit in 1882, Dr. Whitehead climbed by the corner above the Slab. This is distinctly difficult, and one may perhaps doubt the accuracy of the statement, though Dr. Whitehead who lived at Whitehaven seems to have been the first habitué of the Rock, making ascents also in 1853 and 1861.

J. W. Robinson made his first ascent on 27th June, 1882, and thereafter his visits were frequent. No other climber has been identified with the Rock in the same way as J.W.R., who shortly before his untimely death in 1907, made his hundredth ascent.

The first rock-climbing guide to the Lake District was the article by the late Mr. C. N. Williamson in the November number of *All the Year Round*, 1884, which was reprinted in

* ibid.

THE SLATE LEFT BY W. GRAVE ON THE ROCK AND USED FOR SOME TIME AS A BOOK OF RECORD.

the first number of the Journal. Mr. Williamson was one of a large party who visited the Rock in August of that year, and he left the following note in the book.

> " The above party ascended the Pillar Rock from Wasdale Head on August 9th, 1884, under the skilful guidance of Mr. F. H. Bowring. They descended the Eastern Gully, ascended part of the Great Chimney, climbed out of it to the right, and then climbed the Rock past the Low Man with their backs to the Liza. There are only two or three difficult places on this route. The party intends to descend by the Chimney, the ledge, and the Broad Slab. This ascent of the Pillar Rock has been an extremely enjoyable one, and has been marked by certain novel features. Mr. Petty, a clever and active climber, has brought up with him his favourite guitar, to the accompaniment of which he has sung several charming melodies. Games of " nap " and " old maid " formed agreeable interludes between each song. It is believed that this is the first time in history that a musical instrument has been played on the top of the Pillar Rock, and that the cavernous recesses of the mountains have echoed to the strains of " Nellie Gray," the " Lorelei," and " God Save the Queen." It is believed that this is the first or second time that ladies have climbed the Pillar Rock by the Eastern route."

I am afraid that this orgy of song and cards—there is no mention of wine—would not altogether meet with the approval of our more austere age; while the methods employed by the Rev. Jackson would probably cause a riot if revived to-day.

Before describing these, however, I cannot refrain from noting the very human comment of a tourist in 1885, " I am glad the wife did not see it before I started."

The Rev. James Jackson is by now almost a legendary figure. The self-styled Patriarch of the Pillarites, he made his first ascent of the Rock in May, 1875, at the age of 79*. For some years the climb had been his darling ambition, and he was prepared to take a great deal of trouble to succeed.

His equipment on his first attempt consisted of the driver of his horse and trap, two coils of rope, each 17 or 18 yards long, and several iron spikes. He and his companion, however, seem to have found much difficulty in getting to the foot of their route, the Slab and Notch, and were quite exhausted by their efforts by the time they got on to the actual rocks. Here they were in a difficulty as to the route, and after driving some spike nails into the rock along a route which was far from

* There is a good account of him in W. P. Haskett-Smith's Climbing in the British Isles, and also in the letters quoted above.

inviting—apparently round the Notch—they retired from the fray. A few weeks later, however, he returned, accompanied by one Hodgson, and this time was successful. A year later he repeated his success at the age of 80, and gives an amusing account in a letter to George Seatree.

> "After duly surveying the route I had to pursue, I was soon at the rock with the transverse nick, which has to be traversed; then I scrambled to the sloping rock which is about six yards in extent, and may be called the *pons asinorum* of the climb. Into this rock I drove a spike, on which by means of my staff, I raised the loop of a rope ladder with four rungs, hanging it on the spike; as an additional security a hand rope was also attached to the same point, and with these appliances I gained, without slip or injury, the narrow heather coated ledge. Abour six yards is the horizontal extent of this ledge, when you have again to mount upwards for twenty yards. Here I left my staff with its point in the ledge below, to indicate the precise place to which I should go in my downward course. With ungloved hands I grasped the rugged rock, and in five or six minutes I stood proudly on the summit, and a second time asserted my claim to be the Patriarch of the Pillarites."

Of the old gentleman's controversy with the Westmorlands as to whether it was possible that a lady could have climbed the Rock, of his recantation and repentance, of his continually growing love and enthusiasm for his patriarchate, and of his tragic death beneath the shadow of the Rock, I have not space to tell. His passing coincided with a new era, the era of the expert rock climber, who sought new routes for the sake of the climbing, and not merely in order to reach the summit. With his advent I leave my subject, for it is the initiative and enterprise of the old days and not of the new, which we have honoured with our pilgrimage.

NOTE.—I am indebted to George Seatree for much of the material on which the above article is based.

A "BAG" OF YORKSHIRE PEAKS.

APRIL—JULY, 1925.

BY H. V. HUGHES.

From of old man has delighted in the perfect number; the millenium, seventy times seven, six hundred and sixty six had a wondrous attraction, so it is not to be wondered at, that in the "golden age" of mountaineering the peak 9,998 feet high was not to be compared with the lordly top which soared 10,001 feet above sea level!

Has not the S.M.C. hallowed the principle since

> "The great Munra, he named them a',
> —Fair coontin'! no comsteerie."

One must on no account miss Ben Vane (3,004 feet), while the old Cobbler, being a beggarly 2,891 feet, is of small account.

That the moderns approve of this doctrine is certain; has not the Hon. Editor defended the topping of the Lakeland "twenty-fives," and have not expeditions travelled northwards solely to bag all the Scottish 4,000 footers in twenty-four hours?

* * * *

The writer having absorbed these teachings, and being driven for his sins in a previous incarnation to dwell in a West Riding mining town, turned his attention to the heights of Yorkshire as an area amenable to "peak-bagging" during week-ends. The "twenty-five" standard was obviously useless, as only Mickle Fell rises above the magic contour. The tops over 2,000 feet in height, therefore, were listed and attacked from strategic points in the dales offering excellent camping sites and readily accessible by motor cycle.

The points to be included lend themselves admirably to this means of approach as a circuit of the watershed of the river eventually brings one back reasonably close to one's base, but the whole set of fifty tops may be taken in one long

and rather devious round, the time necessarily depending on the nearness of one's relationship to Wakefield or Thomas.

A good starting point is Malham, easily reached from Skipton, Hellifield, or Settle, and after duly admiring the Cove and Malham Tarn, the first objective is Fountains Fell (2,191 feet). Lest the stranger should think this name most appropriate, I must hasten to explain that the name has no reference to the boot-soaking propensities of the fell, but to its having been formerly a sheep-grazing area belonging to the monks of Fountains Abbey.

Continuing northwards, the featureless top of Darnbrook Fell (2,048 feet) is soon passed, and crossing Hesleden Beck a classic part of the course is embarked upon—"The Three Peaks": Pen-y-Ghent, Ingleborough, and Whernside.

A steep grass slope leads to Pen-y-Ghent Side (2,231 feet), and the ridge is followed southwards to Pen-y-Ghent summit (2,273 feet). Here a choice of routes is offered, the enthusiast espying Ingleborough five miles to the west, will make a bee-line for Simon Fell (2,088 feet), sliding down the shaly screes between buttresses of rotten grit, fording the River Ribble, and crossing a wide expanse of limestone clints; but the weaker brethren will pause awhile to inspect Hull Pot and Hunt Pot, crossing the river at the bridge near Horton Station, and passing Sulber Nick on the way to the summit.

Once across the saddle, the large flat top of Ingleborough (2,373 feet) with its ruined tower and traces of an old hut city, claims attention. The views, as is usual on the plateau-like tops of the Pennines, are extensive and interesting, but foreground is featureless or entirely absent.

The sides fall steeply, and climbers tackling the shaky buttresses will probably follow their example! Descend on the north side by the long scree slopes—early in the season a glissade may be possible, for the snow lies late on this face—and so to the Mecca of the fell-walker and the pot-holer, the Hill Inn, at Chapel-le-Dale. Here all but the strongest goers will do well to lay-to for the night, as the next halting place is many hours ahead.

People with pot-holing tendencies will demand an " off-day," to inspect the many evidences of the Yorkshire Ramblers' enthusiasm. Others will set off for Whernside (2,414 feet), approaching it by its long southern shoulder, and then Greygreth Hill (approx. 2,150 feet) looming three miles to the south-west, will urge the pilgrim to descend into Kingsdale, and passing Yorda's Cave, gain the crest.

Following the ridge northwards over Foul Moss (2,052 feet), the Three Shire Stone is passed, and the Lancashire border followed over Crag Top (2,250 and 2,239 feet).

Away on the other side of Barkin Beck rises Calf Top (1,999 feet) ; shall we include it ? Can we trust the Ordnance Map ? We think of the ghastly mistake when the authorities deposed Y Wyddfa, and proclaimed Carnedd Llewellyn the monarch of Snowdonia. No ! it may be 2,000 feet next time ; it shall be done, lest in old age we have to toil painfully up its steep eastern face to complete the tally.

To the north the Howgill Fells rise impressively. After the flat and rather dreary tops of the Pennines, the sharp green ridges with the deep, narrow, grassy valleys dividing them are a welcome change, and the outcrops of Silurian grit remind us of our approach to the older rocks of the Lake District.

Down Dentdale to quaint old Sedbergh, up the steep slopes behind the town to Arant Haw and Little Piked Haw (2,150 feet), lies the path ; soon the Calf (2,220 feet) the highest point of the group, is reached, and the western ridge of Wind Scarth (2,000 feet) and Fell Head (2,045 feet) attained.

The panorama is magnificent. Lakeland to the west shows line after line of fells, the north is dominated by Cross Fell and Mickle Fell, to the south-east are the limestone fells so recently left, and south-west lie the golden sands and glittering Morecambe Bay. Here one lies and dreams ; the only sign of modern life a slowly moving puff of smoke as a train climbs Shap Fell, or the shrill scream of an engine approaching Tebay.

Back to the Calf, over Hare Shaw and Yarlside (2,047 feet), and down by Cautley Spout, a beautiful waterfall which, with the dark mass of Cautley Crags, make the head of this

hanging valley a place to be remembered. The Rawthey River is crossed at Haygarth, and the long pull on to Baugh Fell (2,216 feet) starts at once. The wet plateau which does duty as summit is " slopped " over for three miles from West Baugh Fell Tarn to Tarn Hill, and then a northward course leads in due time to Swarth Fell (2,235 feet).

Away to the north, Wild Boar Fell (2,323 feet) shows its precipitous eastern face; it is true that closer inspection reveals the buttresses as too loose to tempt even the glutton for danger, and further, the peak is not in Yorkshire, but even so, few will resist the temptation to walk along its edge ere making the descent to Aisgill, in the Eden Valley.

To the east of the valley a long and not particularly interesting ridge is the next objective, but it makes up for lack of interest by providing six tops without a drop below the 2,000 feet contour—Ure Head (2,186 feet), Black Fell Moss (2,257 feet), Eden Head, High Seat (2,328 feet), Lodge Edge, and Mallerstang End (2,105 feet). If tackling this ridge in mist ignore all cairns; they are mostly constructed by the Ordnance Corps, so placed as to be visible from the valleys, and have little relation to the tops, which are sometimes without a cairn at all.

After crossing the head of Birkdale, a few short rock problems offer on Coldbergh Edge, to cheer the wanderer on his way to Nine Standards Rigg (2,008 feet), where nine enormous and carefully built cairns make an unique summit. Here we bid a temporary farewell to the Shire of Broad Acres, as we cross Bastifell (2,024 feet) en route for Mickle Fell, in view many miles to the north, and dropping down to Brough-under-Stainmore, make pause before tackling one of the choicest sections of the tour—the round of the Head of the Lune.

Leaving Brough on a due north course, a long, steady rise over Musgrave Fell leads to a fine horseshoe—Warcop, Burton, Hilton, and Little Fells—and then a steep slope with small rocky outcrops lands the exultant and perspiring tramper on Mickle Fell (2,547, 2,591 feet), the highest " pip " in Yorkshire, with splendid views of the dales of Tees and Eden, backed by the Cross Fell massif. Eastwards to High Crag (2,486 feet)

and its south eastern shoulder (2,247 feet), then one mile due north to Lang Hurst (2,085 feet), back to Long Crag (2,205 feet), and over the quaintly named Hagworm Hill to Bink Moss (2,028 feet), a circuitous route to Wemmergill that only the conscientious will follow.

A twelve mile trek across lower country is now necessary before another peak can be bagged ; Tan Hill Inn, the " Highest Inn in England," once almost deserted, but now well known to mountaineering motorists, must be reached, and many smaller ridges and valleys crossed. The Roman Camp at Rey Cross, athwart the Brough-Bowes road at its summit, is of interest to those archæologically inclined.

With Tan Hill astern, some quaint coal mines are met with, queer little burrows running but a short distance into the hillside, providing very poor coal, saleable only in the district. The twin tops of Water Crag (2,188, 2,176 feet) are crossed, and a mile further on comes Rogan's Seat (2,204 feet) ; the group is not particularly interesting, but from the latter summit Hindhole Beck suggests an attractive line of descent to Muker in Swaledale. If reasonably dry, the " bed direct, taking all pitches," will be a temptation to the enthusiast who shares with a distinguished modern mountaineer a dislike of dry, sound rock.

On the morrow, business commences with Lovely Seat (2,213 feet,) most quickly gained by following an occupation road from the village until Greenseat Beck is crossed, and then striking up the fell side. From the summit there is a striking view across the Buttertubs Pass to Great Shunner Fell (2,340 feet), of no particular merit, but associated by the writer with great expanses of the beautiful cotton grass.

Beyond Great Shunner lies West Gill Head (approx. 2,100 feet), after which the descent of Cotterdale leads to Wensleydale, immediately forsaken in order to reach Widdale Fell (2,203 feet). Whether this ridge has any merits the writer cannot testify, as it was crossed late in the evening in dense mist, but he found the ridge stretching eastwards from Newby Head to Kidstones Pass a fine walk in heavy snow. Under these conditions the groughs made a map and compass absolute necessities, and a watch that wouldn't go caused

visions of a night out to loom ahead with increasing certainty, till a momentary break in the storm showed the sun well above the horizon; hope revived, and the road was reached at dusk.

Starting up the Gayle Wold and Grove Head, Dodd Fell (2,189 feet) is the first top, then an outlying peak, Wether Fell (2,015 feet) calls for a long detour to the north. Returning to the main ridge to bag Yockenthwaite Moor (2,109 feet) there are lovely views of fells and valleys, the little valley containing Semmerwater being especially charming.

From Yockenthwaite Moor numerous lines of descent are possible, but the only certain resting place is Buckden. Next morning the ridge to the west, long and level topped, must be visited, for its highest point, Birk Fell, is 2,001 feet high, but it is a duty visit, and retracing our steps, the Wharfe is re-crossed to follow Buckden Beck to its source, and visit a worthier viewpoint—Buckden Pike (2,302 feet).

Striking southward over Starbotton Fell, Tor Mere Top (2,023 feet) is collected before the head of Coverdale is crossed and Great Whernside ascended. When the four cairns (2,000, 2,187, 2,245, 2,310 feet) have all been visited, the pilgrimage is ended, and the champagne may be drunk.

A worthy finish is round the watershed of the River Nidd, Little Whernside (1,984 feet), Arkleside Moor, and Brown Ridge, to Lofthouse, where the B.C.L.R. will bear the triumphant and insatiable peak-bagger to Pateley Bridge, whence he can entrain for fresh fields—perchance Kenya, more probably Cross Fell or the Cheviot.

AN EPISODE FROM RINGWOOD—THE LIFE OF A FELL HOUND.

By Claude E. Benson.

Two days afterwards the hunt was caught in a howling gale. The wind was blowing in pistol-shots, the normal roar rising to a shriek and ending in a sharp, savage explosion. Forgetful or heedless of the counsels of the wise, Ringwood was cantering along the brink of a craggy declivity when a gust caught him. For one sickening instant he felt himself lifted from his feet, for one sickening instant he caught a glimpse of the abyss below, the next came a shock in the ribs, and he was rolling ignominiously on his back. Farmer, seeing the danger, had dashed in at speed and charged him. "Silly young cuckoo!" observed the Southerner contemptuously, and left Ringwood feeling more like an ass than a hound.

His next adventure, though fraught with less danger, entailed a great deal more discomfort. With other hounds he was zigzagging along a broken rock face when he spied below him a broad bink, or grassy ledge, which promised an easy passage, and leaped lightly on to it. The ledge led to nowhere, and ended in nothingness. Ringwood turned back to find to his consternation that, easy though it had been to leap down, it was quite impossible to jump out. On his right the rock rose sheer; on his left it fell away precipitously. He was trapped.

In these circumstances, alas for Ringwood's houndhood, it must be recorded that he began to whimper. Billy noted his plight and called encouragingly, "Ring! Ring! Coom laad." and it is to be feared that in his trepidation Ringwood made some rather harsh, though wholly unjust comments on Billy's intelligence in calling on him to attempt what could only result in a broken neck. Lonely, a kindly old lady,

trotted up to the ledge above, and told him not to worry, as they would come and get him out before night. As it was then only 10 a.m., and the weather was execrable, this was rather cold comfort.

The rocks on which Ringwood was cragfast were at the head of a corrie, and, as is not infrequent in some mountainous regions, the place was a perfect whispering gallery. The men were at the foot of the crags looking up, and Ringwood could hear every word they said. All at once a high, familiar voice, the voice of the Man of Destiny, came to his ears.

"O, Ringwood, is it? Well, I'll get him out or have a shot at it."

Then followed expostulations and assurances that it was a queer place, but the Man shook his head. Calling on Billy to follow, he started up the crags, Billy coming up by a route of his own which avoided the steepest portions. Ringwood waited eagerly.

After a while came the scraping of nailed boots on rocks, the sound of hard breathing, and the Man stood on the ledge. It was at this point that Ringwood's mental stability became unbalanced. He had had a trying time, and it was reasonable that when his head was patted he should whimper. It was entirely unreasonable, on the other hand, that when the scruff of his neck was grabbed he should snap. The Man said things, and then called to Billy. Billy replied that it was not fair to ask him to get in theer, which was perfectly true, for he had missed the right line and worked himself into a position wherein considerable concentration of attention had to be devoted to taking care of himself.

A greasy sloping ledge, in company with a frightened hound, with a Coroner's fall awaiting one, is not the most soothing place in the world. The Man said more things; he even addressed a few personal observations to Ringwood. Then he stepped over the hound's back, took a firm grip with his right hand on a projection of rock, and bent down.

Ringwood felt himself lifted. Whether it was sense or fear kept him quiet will never be known. Anyhow he forebore to struggle. There was nothing but a sinewy encircling arm between him and abysmal nothingness. His suspense was

ended with a vigorous bunt from behind from a knee. His fore-paws got hold on the ledge. He kicked wildly and his hind paws found purchase on a knee, a waistcoat, and a chin. A vigorous push on the flank landed him safely on the shelf from which he had dropped.

A burst of cheering rose from below, renewed a minute later as the Man followed and gained safe ground. Ringwood cantered on. When he rejoined the pack, he became unpleasantly conscious that he was not the hero of the day. Farmer had something to say to him, and so had his uncle Royal, and the hearing was not pleasant.

Then came the Man, chatting with Billy. There was a demonstration, and a great dalesman—he drove a coach in the summer and was ordinarily the most courteous and respectful of men—grasped the Man by the hand and exclaimed :

" Dom, thee daft beggar. I never expected to see thee alive again."

On parting, the Man patted Ringwood's head and kindly advised him to be more careful in future. In spite of which honour Ringwood went to his couch chastened in spirit. The swelling of the head which had afflicted him contracted till the diminution of his bump of self-esteem became painful.

BEN NEVIS, SCAFELL PIKE AND SNOWDON.

By Charles F. Hadfield.

Those who were fortunate enough to be at the Club Meet in Borrowdale at Whitsuntide, 1926, will remember that we were favoured with unusually good weather. The Sunday was particularly fine, and as party after party left Thornythwaite or passed through it on their way to the Fells, they scarcely concealed their contempt for three of us who kept explaining that we felt slack, and intended to devote the day to a little motoring. At about 10-30 we made a start, and ambled to Rosthwaite, pausing a moment at the cottage where I had been sleeping. This is only worth mentioning because in descending the stairs with my 'sack, I slipped and slightly strained my ankle. Close by was another pause to pass the time of day with Eustace Thomas, who also seemed surprised at our lack of energy. Once at Keswick our pace increased somewhat as far as Carlisle, our President's object being to see how the route via Bothel lent itself to rapid travel.

Our destination, however, was further afield—in fact, Fort William, as a preliminary to a motor-mountaineering "stunt" which we had planned some months before. When discussing with him, in London, a similar effort with regard to Snowdon (which I still hope to accomplish), H. P. Cain had suggested the possibility of a party standing on the summits of Ben Nevis, Scafell Pike, and Snowdon on the same day. I replied that I had thought of it, but without going into details had dismissed it as impossible. With his superior knowledge of roads, distances, and I might add, speeds, we rapidly re-examined the project, and soon came to the conclusion that with reasonable luck and a fast car it would "go," though without leaving much margin for loitering. The rival merits of attacking the problem from south to

north or *vice versa* were discussed, and the latter course decided on as the better. In favour of starting from Snowdon was the fact that the northern position of the Ben would give us more daylight for climbing him. On the other hand, by commencing in the north we could walk up the Ben at leisure the previous evening, and so complete the greatest "lift" before making an official start. It also left till the last the climb from Pen-y-Pass to Snowdon, the least "lift" of the three, but probably one sufficient to satisfy tired men.

A few weeks later I went into the matter in some detail, and was able to send to Cain a draft time sheet which seemed to be well within the power of drivers and walkers, and yet to give every promise of success.

The distances involved were approximately—

Achintee to Seathwaite—264 miles.

Dungeon Ghyll Old Hotel to Pen-y-Pass—176 miles.

Adding to these the 34 miles from Seathwaite to Dungeon Ghyll, one reaches the total of 474 car miles.

The condition of the Highland roads to the north of Callendar had to be taken into consideration, and my schedule was drawn up, without allowing time for any stops, at the rate (approximately) of 24 m.p.h. from Achintee to N. Ballachulish, 20 m.p.h. from N. Ballachulish to Crianlarich, 24 m.p.h. from Crianlarich to Callendar, and 30 m.p.h. for the remainder, with a somewhat lesser speed up to Seathwaite.

For the descent from the Ben and getting away in the car, the ample margin of two hours was allowed. For the walk Seathwaite, Scafell Pike, Dungeon Ghyll, the time given was 3½ hours, which, as I anticipated, proved too little. However, at this rate we were due at Pen-y-Pass at 9-35 p.m., so leaving ample time to reach the summit of Snowdon before midnight.

J. B. Wilton was asked to join, and consented with enthusiasm. Unfortunately at the last moment he was unable to get away, and in a most sporting manner W. G. Pape consented to take his place.

To return to our Sunday journey. One o'clock found us enjoying our lunch by the banks of the Annan on the slope up to Beatock Summit. Then on to Stirling and Callendar without incident. The drive along the Pass of Leny demanded

the closest attention from our Jehu, as nearly every motor car in Scotland appeared to be on the narrow road or parked along the banks of Loch Lubnaig. Crianlarich provided very welcome tea, after which the pace was reduced and time spent identifying peaks and taking photographs. So by Inveroran to Kingshouse and down the rough descent of Glencoe, and round to the right along the splendid new road to Kinloch Leven. From here the road along the northern side of Loch Leven is very narrow and rough, and in addition to a puncture we had the greatest difficulty in scraping by several cars travelling in the opposite direction. On such a wonderful evening, among such scenery, it was almost with regret that we drew up at the Alexandra Hotel, Fort William at 9-30, so ending our 260 mile journey.

The following morning our hopes of success were seriously damped by the discovery that one of the front springs of the car was almost completely broken in half. However, the Scotch mechanics were not to be bested, and in spite of a lack of spring steel of either the necesssary breadth or length, they managed to improvise a thoroughly sound substitute. We spent the day as we had intended, strolling about and resting. Unfortunately the weather steadily deteriorated until at seven o'clock, when the car was returned to us, rain had commenced to fall, the mist was low on the mountains, and the wind increasing in force.

We drove out to Achintee—the farm at the foot of the Ben Nevis track—some two miles out, and at 7-52 p.m., with Cain waving his good wishes, Pape and I started up the path. This was entirely new to my companion, while I had only been on the mountain once before, as long ago as the summer of 1900. We had decided to try and keep dry, and so wore capes, which made the going rather oppressive. The Halfway House—or its ruin—was reached at 9-5, and we made a short halt there for food. We purposely travelled slowly, as there was no object in arriving on the summit too early, and we wished to conserve our energies. Larger and larger patches of snow now appeared, and in some cases obscured the path. The mist thickened around us and the rain fell. Once or twice only the mist lifted temporarily, and I remember a

wonderful glimpse we got of the length of Loch Eil, framed in cloud. Higher up the amount of snow increased, and it soon became fairly continuous. At turns of the path I made marks in the snow to ensure that we should waste no time on the way down. At about 10-45 we arrived on the summit plateau, and began our hunt for the actual top and the remains of the old Observatory building (it was in active life at my previous visit) in which we hoped to shelter from the wind and rain until midnight. This was no easy task, as although there was still some light, the mist was thick. From time to time an inky darkness on our left showed where the crag face of the plateau drops away to the north. To this edge we gave a wide berth, as we were obviously walking on snow sufficiently deep to form an extensive cornice on this side of the mountain, and the time did not appear suitable for experiments on the tenacity of the snow.

At length, after about ten minutes wandering up and down the plateau, we were fortunate enough to hit upon the old observatory. Far from affording us much shelter, however, the woodwork only projected some eighteen inches above the snow. Still we had to make the best of things. We pulled up one of the boards, and sat upon it on the lee side of the very indifferent shelter given by a foot or so of gaping wooden wall. Putting on every extra rag of clothing we had with us, we settled down to wait the 65 minutes until midnight. The cold soon became unpleasant, and the rain, although not heavy, was persistent, and the wind blew some of the snow in our faces. As the last of the light died away, the situation became curiously eerie. I remarked that I should not really enjoy being there alone, and Pape was enthusiastic in his agreement. I had thought we might be able to descend without artificial light, but as we waited the darkness increased, and at 11-45 we busied our numbed fingers in lighting an acetylene bicycle lamp. It was a relief to find that this burned steadily, and gave an excellent illumination.

At midnight we were on our feet, and at 12-1 a.m. we started to retrace our tracks through many windings over the plateau, before the genuine descent began. We went at a sort of jog trot, but soon had to stop to divest ourselves of our extra

wraps—only too thankful to be warm once more. The lamp lit our way excellently, and before long we were again at Halfway House. Here only did we dare to leave the track as the result of careful observations on the way up. By this one short cut, however, we saved a very long detour. At 1-28 we reached the car and Cain, who had not been waiting for us very long. Curiously enough he had heard our footsteps long before he had seen the light—whether because of the mist or the windings of the path I do not know. After some hot coffee we got away at 1-42 a.m., eighteen minutes ahead of time. Through dark Fort William to N. Ballachulish the going was good, though the rain continued. The deep puddles showed that it had been heavier in the valleys than on the mountain. In Kinloch Leven we passed two workmen —the only persons we saw until near Crianlarich. The passage up Glencoe was weird. The heavy rain had filled the deep hollows of the road with water, which splashed in waves over the radiator on to the glass screen as we raced through it. The roar of the engine was almost drowned by the swish of the water and the snores of Pape from the back of the car. Has anyone else ever driven up Glencoe in so deep a slumber ?

At Kingshouse it was appreciably lighter, and daylight was with us before we reached Tyndrum. Near Crianlarich we had a five minutes halt for coffee, and then on through Balquhidder to Callendar. Unfortunately the rain had made the surface of the ordinarily excellent road from Callendar to Stirling, and for many miles beyond most extraordinarily slippery, and so prevented the burst of speed we had hoped for on this stretch.

Still Stirling was reached at 6-9 a.m., fifty-two minutes in front of our schedule. Some distance further on we became troubled by a mysterious noise which only manifested itself when we turned to the left. Various investigations were fruitless, and only took up valuable time, until we fortunately discovered that all the bolts fastening the near back tyre and rim to the wheel were loose, and just ready to come adrift ! Near Carluke a puncture rendered a change of wheel necessary. Near Beattock Summit there was a short pause to take in petrol at 9-0. The weather had now improved,

and we were cheered by occasional glimpses of sun. We crossed the Sark Bridge into England at 9-40. In less than an hour we were waving greetings to friends at Rosthwaite, loading up their cars to return to London and Manchester. At 10-50 a.m. we tumbled out of the car at Seathwaite, eighty-two minutes ahead of time, and without delay made for Stockley Bridge and Grain Gill. The main Esk Hause track was reached at 11-57, in time to give some venturous young ladies who loomed up out of the mist, careful (but apparently inadequate) directions how to reach Langdale. At the last spring on the Pikes track we stopped for some food and drink. Just as we were leaving our young lady friends reappeared. Where they would have finally landed had we not put them right a second time, it is difficult to say.

The top of the third Pike was reached at 1-12, and left again at 1-20. Although the mist was fairly thick, there was no rain, and the going was good. Still it is difficult to make much pace to Esk Hause, and the descent thence to and down Rossett Ghyll, and then along Mickleden, is a long one. Thus it was just after three o'clock when we rejoined Cain and the car, which he had contrived to coax nearly a mile above Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel. Although we had, as we anticipated, lost some of our advantage, we were still 35 minutes ahead of schedule time when we passed Dungeon Ghyll at 3-10. We were confident of gaining still more on the way south, but in this we were somewhat disappointed. The road from Kendal to Chester is seldom wide, and often not very straight. That afternoon it was loaded with traffic, and it was only Cain's magnificent driving that enabled us to make the good time we did. We must have overtaken hundreds of cars, but never was a risk taken, and never did he force his way through to the inconvenience of another driver. At Milnthorpe there was a short halt to enable me to pick up a waiting telegram and send a reply. Chester was reached at 6-55, or 42 minutes to the good, so we had only been able to gain seven minutes from Langdale. However, we had plenty in hand, and were able to make slightly better time across Wales, although the route via Mold and Ruthin to Cerrig-y-Druidon involves the passage of the Bwlch-y-Parc

over the Clwydian Range in close proximity to the Moel Fammau. For some miles beyond Cerrig the road is straight, and has been recently relaid. It would be a mistake to say at what speed we traversed it, but in many years of motoring experience I have never travelled so fast before.

The weather had still further improved, and the familiar mountains and valleys of Wales gave us a sunny welcome as we passed through Bettws, up to Capel Curig, and so along in full view of the splendid Snowdon Horseshoe. With plenty of time in hand, we drew up at 8-45, almost in the arms of Mr. and Mrs. Owen, at Gorphwysfa, on the summit of the Llanberis Pass. We were just fifty minutes earlier than we had planned. In spite of this, Pape and I decided to finish our job before partaking of the dinner which the Owens were anxious to serve for us at once. Cain, however, after his 480 miles of wonderful driving, was quite ready to partake of the fleshpots, while we started off at once (8-53) up the Pyg Track to Bwlch Moch. This we passed without hurrying at 9-53. On reaching the zig-zags I explained to Pape—to whom the mountain was fresh—that once on the col above them the distance to the summit was much less than it appeared. Some minutes later he remarked that although this might be so, walking did not appear to bring the col any nearer. However, it was reached at last, and a few minutes later in the gathering darkness, lightened by the moon, we flopped down on the summit cairn. We had left the summit of Ben Nevis at 12-1 a.m., we had stood on the top of Scafell Pike at 1-12 p.m., and now at 10-56 p.m., with more than an hour to spare, we were the first people to stand on the tops of the three highest mountains in Scotland, England and Wales respectively, on the same day. We looked regretfully to the South West, where, among the MacGillicuddy's Reeks of Kerry, Carntual, some 150 feet below us, towers over the neighbouring island. But we felt that sufficient had been done for honour, and that 64 minutes were insufficient to allow us to include Ireland in our itinerary. Even with the fastest aeroplane the intervening 250 miles in a straight line would, I suppose, have been too much for us. It is curious that

almost exactly the same distance separates Ben Nevis from Snowdon as the crow flies.

We soon turned to descend. Before long our cycle lamp refused to function further, but it mattered little as the brilliant moon gave us ample light. The Pyg Track being now in shadow, we made down to the Cart Track, having noticed on the way up that the Causeway was not under water. Once on the stony track with two miles or more to trudge to the Hotel, we both admitted that we were thoroughly tired. But it mattered not, and at 12-30 a.m. we entered the hall to find the tables laden with food and drink of all kinds. We stumbled up to report progress to the sleeping Cain, and very soon found ourselves in bed at the close of what had proved a thoroughly perfect and enjoyable day.

It will be understood that from the outset our object was to stand upon these three summits on the same day, and we did not attempt any speed greater than that necessary to accomplish this. For that reason our walking times were only fast enough for our purpose, and might have been shortened—by Pape if not by me. No preparations for the attempt were made beforehand beyond the construction of the time sheet. We fed on the country and in the car—i.e. we took a supply of sandwiches, etc., from Fort William, with several Thermos flasks, and Cain had these replenished at Thornythwaite while we were on the Pikes. Petrol was taken in on Beattock Summit and in Borrowdale. The car was the 1925 21 H.P. Chrysler, and certainly deserves most of the credit, after the driver. Cain drove every inch of the way himself. It was his driving, combined with the particular qualities of the car, that enabled us to "bring it off." The walking is well within the powers of the most ordinary "fell slogger" who can do without a night's sleep. Cain and I had none, but, as hinted above, Pape seemed to dose very actively in the back of the car. The suitability of the Chrysler for this purpose lies in its ample power to maintain a fast speed on all roads, and its extraordinary acceleration. It is heavy enough to hold the road on the very rough tracks.

Also it is short enough and has a sufficiently wide steering lock to take sharp corners safely at a good speed.

But for medical orders, which alas could not be neglected, the intrepid driver would easily have managed to accompany us on the mountains as well.

The question naturally arises whether it would be feasible to repeat the excursion with the inclusion within the twenty-four hours of the ascent of the Ben and the descent from Snowdon. Given better weather conditions, an equally good driver, and first rate walkers in good condition, it is probably possible. It would certainly be easier to do it (as Cain suggests) between midday and midday. In daylight a much more rapid descent of the Ben could be made direct to Glen Nevis, and the car joined on the road some 2-2½ miles above the level of Achintee. There are possible variations on Scafell Pike. It is not even certain that much or anything is gained by taking the car to Dungeon Ghyll, as the descent to Langdale is so much longer and more laborious than that to Seathwaite. In clear weather the route via the Stye and the "Corridor" might be quicker for the ascent, and possibly the descent also, though Grain Gill gives a very easy and rapid way down. The great advantage of starting at noon would be that the road south from Kendal would be traversed in the early hours of the morning, when it would be practically empty of traffic. It is rumoured that the very poor road along the north side of Loch Leven from N. Ballachulish to Kinloch Leven is to be widened, relaid, and generally improved to the level of the excellent road along the south side. When this is done it might save almost fifteen minutes of valuable time, and considerable wear and tear of both driver and car. Another alternative is the much shorter mountain road that leads direct from Kinloch Leven to near Fort. William. We are none of us acquainted with this road, but enquiries made on the spot confirmed the conclusion we came to after looking at its southern end, that time would be lost rather than gained by adopting it.

On the whole I am convinced that the complete trip could be accomplished in the 24 hours. A better knowledge of the Ben than ours is required to adopt the quickest line for the

descent and the best spot to meet the car. The driver must be Cain or someone who knows every bend in the 480 miles in the way he does—if such a person exists. The walkers must be fit and fast. Although I have no doubt that my companion should be one, as regards myself, I consider it a little outside the limits of my capacity. Fine weather also is a necessity. Time did not allow us to wait for this, as I was compelled to be back in London on the Wednesday.

In conclusion I would wish anyone who makes such a further attempt not only success, but also what is far more important, as thoroughly interesting and enjoyable a day as we had on Whit Tuesday, 1926.

FOOTNOTE.—It need hardly be said that the three partners in the above expedition undertook it entirely for their own pleasure and amusement. An account is only published now at the request of the Editor, who thinks that the details will be of interest to others. Unfortunately, owing to an error in judgment on the part of someone quite unconnected with the party, and in spite of precautions we had taken to prevent it, a garbled account got into the hands of the Press. This was given a very widespread and characteristically inaccurate publicity. A veil may be drawn over the recriminations that resulted, as all is now forgiven. It is necessary to add this note to emphasize the fact that however improper this publicity may have appeared to others, it was the cause of much serious annoyance to ourselves.—C.F.H.

SUNDAY, MAY 23RD, 1926.

Thornythwaite	10 30	a.m.
Carlisle	11 53	,,
Stirling	3 30	p.m.
Crianlarich	5 43	,,
Fort William	9 30	,,

MONDAY, MAY 24TH, 1926.

Fort William	7 30	p.m.
Achintee (dep.)	7 52	,,
Halfway House	9 5	,,
Ben Nevis Summit	10 55	,,

TUESDAY, MAY 25TH, 1926.

	Miles.	Time.
Ben Nevis Summit	—	12 1 a.m.
Achintee (arr.)	—	1 28 ,,
Achintee (dep.)	0	1 42 ,,
Kinlochleven	24	2 52 ,,
Kingshouse	41	3 40 ,,
Crianlarich	66	4 39 ,,
Callendar....	96	5 43 ,,
Stirling	112	6 9 ,,
Lanark	149	7 25 ,,
Beattock....	185	8 29 ,,
Gretna Green....	214	9 17 ,,
Carlisle	224	9 33 ,,
Keswick	255	10 24 ,,
Seathwaite	264	10 49 ,,
Seathwaite (dep.)	—	10 52 ,,
Eskhause Track....	—	11 57 ,,
Scafell Pike (arr.)	—	1 12 p.m.
Scafell Pike (dep.)	—	1 20 ,,
Dungeon Ghyll	—	3 2 ,,
Dungeon Ghyll (dep.)	264 (& 34)	3 10 ,,
Kendal	286	3 55 ,,
Lancaster	307	4 39 ,,
Preston	329	5 16 ,,
Warrington	359	6 21 ,,
Chester	380	6 55 ,,
Mold	392	7 16 ,,
Ruthin	402	7 35 ,,
Cerrig-y-Druidion	416	8 3 ,,
Bettws-y-Coed	429	8 22 ,,
Gorphwysfa Pen-y-Pass	440 & 34 =474	8 45 ,,
Gorphwysfa (dep.)	—	8 53 ,,
Bwlch Moch	—	9 53 ,,
Snowdon Summit (arr.)	—	10 56 ,,
Snowdon Summit (dep.)	—	11 3 ,,
Gorphwysfa	—	12 30 a.m.

Wednesday, May 26th, 1926.

THE YEAR WITH THE CLUB.

By H. P. Cain.

In my youth I was always taught that " Nero fiddled while Rome burned " was the classical example of a callous man. I used to picture the decadent Emperor clad in sandals, half a Jaegar dressing-gown (at that time called a toga) and a wreath of roses, playing slightly sharp on the Roman violin and pausing ofttimes to drink Falernian and wish good health to the victims of the fire. On the whole, an unpleasant man. In later years, however, odd meetings with the professional journalist on the prowl, as it were, made me realize that in callousness, as in other walks of life, modern genius has far outstripped the older civilizations. Even the professional journalist, abandoned though he be, has a soft spot if one can but find it. Not so the gifted amateur, particularly if he be an Editor, and a member of one of the less learned professions. Horn rimmed spectacles and an air of kind benevolence may replace the wreath of roses and the expression suitable to a Roman enjoying a really first class fire; the conventional dress of an English gentleman (in deference to Sang I should like to write " British " here, but it doesn't sound a bit right) may be substituted for the bath wrap, and K's plus fours for the feet (see advt. I hope) do duty for the sandals, but the black heart of the man shows through the thin veneer of a renegade North countryman who lives off Haverstock Hill (save the mark).

The above means, shortly, that though I did my best to avoid having to write this article, I was defeated. However, having done about a page, I may now quote Jones and say, " We may as well get on to the ' Year with the Club '."

Why every account of every Club year commences with a somewhat revolting recital of the chief points of the Annual Dinner I don't know, but the one at the Sun in October, 1925, had its noteworthy points. Arnold Lunn, representing the

Climbers' Club, made his first appearance and speech. It was the unanimous opinion of our own members that as long as he continued to come and speak, no adverse comments would be passed either on his Club or his appearance. A. E. Burns, joint founder and secretary of the Rucksack Club, was also a very welcome guest. It is understood that this was the first climbing Dinner ever attended by Burns outside Manchester. Whether Burns was attracted by us—an unlikely event, one fears—or tired of the Rucksack Club—a still more unlikely event, one hopes—or bored by Manchester—a contingency impossible to imagine—is not recorded, but it is believed that a Higher Power, one H. E. Scott, had issued his ukase or its Scottish equivalent. The patron saint of map makers, St. (Clair) Bartholomew, very appropriately represented the S.M.C., and it was with awe that we gazed on the man who makes Esk Hause in a fog so plain that " he who runs may read," always provided the runner (1) can use a compass and has one, (2) knows where he is, (3) has brought his map. It remains to be recorded that the crush was as great, the goose as succulent, the climbs and walks as satisfying, and the weather as balmy as usual. Sad it is also to relate that it marked the end of a period, uninterrupted since 1908, of the Coniston Annual Dinners, though this was not known at the time.

A President bears a heavy gastronomic burden in the Dining Season, which, like pork and oysters, includes most of the months with an " R " in them. Visits to the S.M.C., the Rucksack Club, the Wayfarers, etc., etc., may be pleaded in part for non-attendance at one or two of the meets, but both Patterdale and Grasmere were so successful that meets there are likely to become regular events. In fact, one gathers that we meet at Grasmere NOT to climb, but to attend the Annual Play. Included in the Dinners was, of course, that of the London Section. This great feature in London life is developing rapidly under the guiding care of Hadfield, and the docility with which the ordinary members receive suggestions, orders and insults, suggests that they have previously received professional treatment at his hands.

New Year at Buttermere was, as usual, wet and cold without; thanks to Miss Edmondson, warm, if not dry within. Always a jolly Meet, this one, and members are beginning to find it out.

Wasdale at Easter afforded the faithful the opportunity of celebrating the centenary of the ascent of the Pillar Rock, and a procession, in state, was headed by Kelly and Pritchard. The latter apparently laboured under the delusion that the original rock climbers, like the early cricketers, pursued their sport in top hats. The top hat which he insisted on wearing, while probably of early Victorian vintage, had no other connection with the beginnings of our sport. Hundreds of tourists congregated round the rock, and the climbers who ascended wrote their names in the Club book, which also carries the signatures of those present on Scafell Pike on Peace Night, July, 1919, and on Gable, when our Memorial was unveiled. Not many have all these attendances to their credit. In the daily press a vast outpouring of fiction resulted from this celebration, and the President was promoted to the rank of Professor, and domiciled at Walthamstow. What, exactly, does one profess at Walthamstow?

Twenty-five was the muster at Coniston in May, and the one and only G.S.B. led the third ascent of the Central Route in Easter Gully.

It is lamentable to have to record the failure of the weather at Borrowdale. This lapse, for the second year in succession, was felt very deeply. The mysterious disappearance of the President, the senior Vice-President, and a member of the Committee caused much comment until the news filtered through that the two latter had been on the top of Scotland, England, and Wales in the day. The publicity accorded this excursion was entirely contrary to the wishes of the participants.

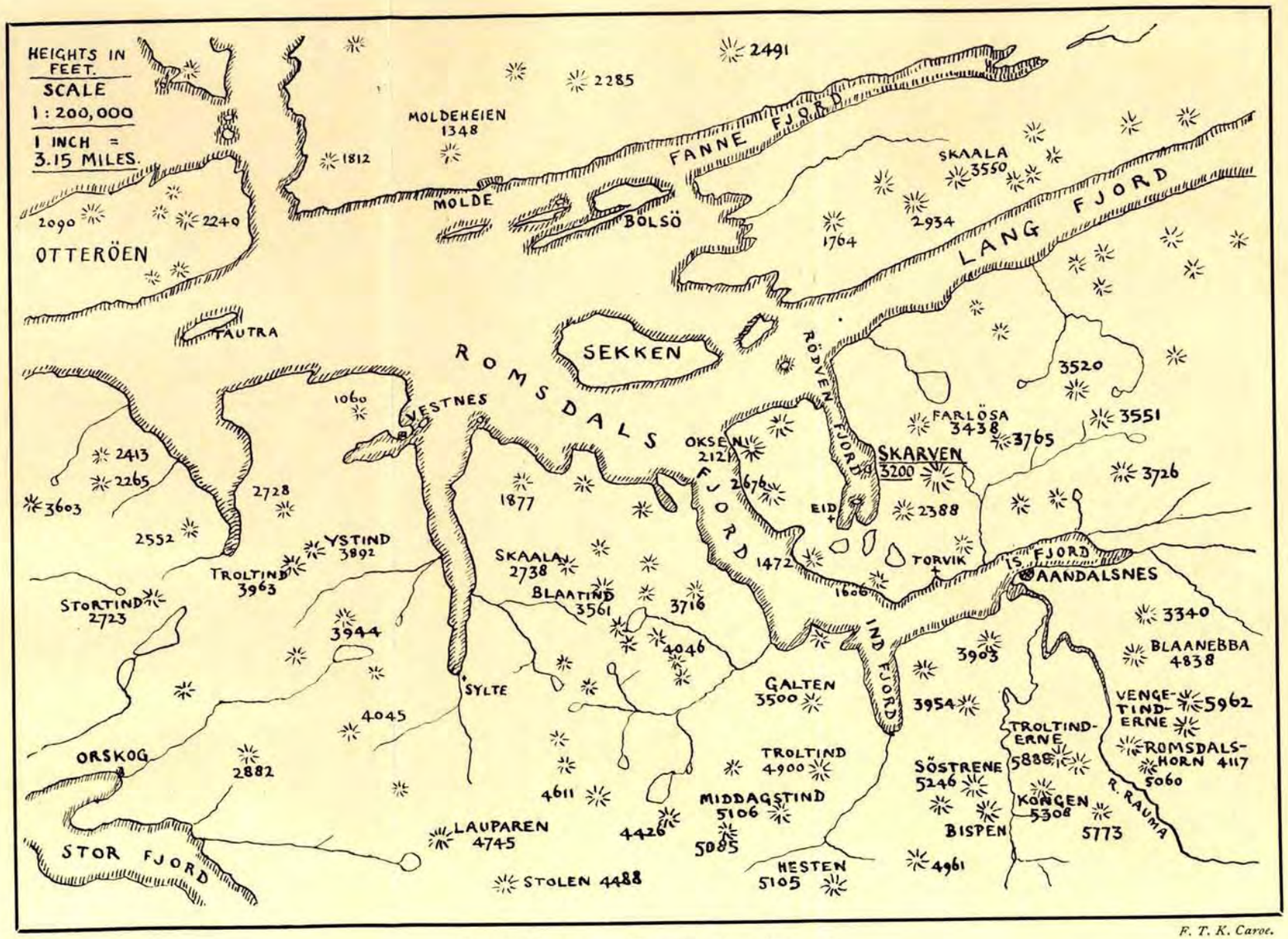
Absence abroad prevented me from attending the Langdale Meet in June, and I regret to say I have no information to impart. As I should soon have heard had it been a failure, we may safely assume it to have been a success.

About thirty turned up for the August Meet at Wasdale. The weather was splendid, and everybody enjoyed themselves, and walked and climbed to their heart's content.

Eskdale, too, was a good Meet, but the year ended with what was very nearly a catastrophe. The crush at the Sun had been so great for some years that it was felt by the Committee that extra accommodation was essential. With this end in view, arrangements had been made with the Committee of the Coniston Institute to equip the Institute with cooking stoves capable of dealing with a much larger number of members than the Sun could accommodate. The stoves had arrived, and all arrangements been made when the Institute Committee found themselves unable or unwilling to carry out their agreement. In this emergency, when it seemed more than likely that it would be impossible to hold any Dinner at all, Miss Briggs and her staff at the Windermere Hydro came to the rescue, and it is largely owing to them that we were able to have a successful Dinner in spite of all difficulties. The account of that Dinner belongs properly to next "Year with the Club," but it may be written here that the experiment proved successful, and that the votes of the members who attended indicated by a large majority a preference for Windermere that must be given effect to in 1927. This year sees the Jubilee of the Club, so that our Annual Dinner will be of more than ordinary importance and magnitude.

New climbing achievements have not been very marked this year, but an exception must be made in favour of the magnificent tour de force of Kelly and Mrs. Eden-Smith in conquering the Moss Ghyll Grooves, the lodestar of the "exceptionally advanced exploit" for years. It is understood that even Kelly would not place this climb in the "moderates."

For the rest, the Club has had a good steady year, new members of a good standard coming along, the old ones holding their own, and even adding to their laurels. Above all, new friendships have been made, and old ones cemented in the best of all places—the heart of the hills.



F. T. K. Caroe.

Sketch Map of the Country round Skarven.

SKARVEN.

By F. T. K. Caroe.

In a pleasant little book called "Sur les Côtes de Norvège,"*—a book that fits the pocket better than a Baedeker—the author, M. Camille Vallaux, describes the change that one notices in the coastal scenery of Norway, as soon as one has passed Cape Stat, northward bound. "No longer do you see the heavy and rather monotonous dome-like summits of the fjeld, but instead snowy peaks, serrated as those of the Alps. It is Norway no longer, it is Switzerland—a Switzerland in which the waters of the sea have invaded the lakes and valleys. It is with good reason that one speaks of the Romsdal Alps."

Yes; and Skarven is the spot to see them from—a nice easy hill, of about the same height as Scafell Pike, which Nature might have put there on purpose, for the benefit of those who wish to see a panorama of the Norwegian "Alpine" district. Some people, of course, despise panoramas; others have no use for anything but the west coast of Scotland; others again must have Switzerland or nothing. But I think it would be hard to be so prejudiced or so blasé as to find the view from Skarven uninteresting. Imagine a kind of blend between the view from Bidein-nam-Bian above Glencoe, and that from, say, the Rochers de Naye above Montreux, and you get some idea of what it is.

* * *

About half-past four in the afternoon, if the weather is kind—almost twenty-four hours after the boat has left Newcastle—the tops of the Norwegian mountains begin to appear as faint blue islets on the horizon. It is a thrilling moment, and you watch them grow out of the water, hour after hour, until at about eight o'clock the boat passes inside the outer chain of islands, and the high tops are hidden by the nearer foothills. And thereafter, if you travel about by steamer, up and down,

* Hachette, Paris (1923).

in and out, among the islands and fjords, you are more often than not sailing between beetling cliffs or under steep hillsides which make you long for a peep into the uplands that lie behind. That is Norway as seen from the sea, and for some tourists that is enough. But the real mountain-lover cannot be content with that; he must get up to a hilltop and see the view the other way round.

Well, he can get a fair outline of the picture by going up from Bergen to Flöien—preferably, if conscience permits, by the funicular—and by walking the short distance from there to Blaamanden. That is very well worth doing; but if he travels north to the Romsdalsfjord, he should not fail to set aside a day for Skarven.

When we did it, Aandalsnæs was our starting point. You can now travel to Aandalsnæs by train from Oslo over the backbone of Norway, but I would recommend the trip by steamer and motor-services from Bergen. (Our last lap was to cross the peninsula from Orskog on the Stor Fjord—see my sketch-map—to Vestnæs on the Romsdalsfjord, and thence to sail up the fjord to Aandalsnæs.) The walk can no doubt be done equally well from Molde, though that involves a longer "sea-passage."

It was our hotel-keeper who told us of the expedition—a delightful fellow, who offered to come and show us the way, and did. We hired a little rowboat, and splashed across the choppy Isfjord, under the bows of a luxurious cruising yacht, and were landed on the opposite shore near Einangen. For our return passage, I may mention in passing, we had to trust to luck. We did in fact, after prolonged shouting, induce a fisherman, who was tinkering the engine of his smelly little motor-boat some way out from the shore, to come and pick us up, and thus we puffed back into Aandalsnæs in style.

A good path leads up a short river-gorge through trees, until you reach a flattish shut-in valley, half bog, half forest—a disagreeable mixture of sphagnum moss and sub-arctic birches, in which the path soon loses itself, and which, in the heat of an August day—for Norway can be hot—seems to have no end. At last you cross the stream by a bridge, which consisted, I think, when we were there, of four wires, with

wooden treads fixed between the lower pair of wires. Soon after this the real ascent begins; it is as dull as Scafell from Burnmoor until you reach the ridge that runs out to the south-west from Skarven to Læremskollen. There, quite suddenly, the astonishing view to the west breaks upon you, and in transports of delight you forget all about the heat and the bog, and you take no more thought of the fjord that lies between you and your bed.

The panorama to which this short article is attached covers about one hundred and eighty degrees, roughly from south-east at the left of the picture, to north-west at the right. Out of the picture, to the north-east, lie rolling grey hills, and to the north, through the gap between Farlösa and its neighbour, is seen an endless succession of ridges fading into the blue distance. The actual picture—we will begin from the left—shows first the famous group of peaks behind Aandalsnæs; to the east of the River Rauma you see the spiky Vengetinder (which are just short of 6,000 feet) and the rather lower but more conspicuous Romsdalshorn, and on the other side of the river rise the precipitous ice-topped Troltinder, with their weird little pinnacles perched upon the edge of a five-thousand-foot cliff. Then come the King and the Bishop, and from there onwards the snow-peaks stretch westward for league after league, until they gradually sink towards the sea. Due west in the far distance island succeeds island, and strait succeeds strait, until at last the horizon is filled by the open Atlantic, shimmering in the afternoon sun.

IN THE NEW ZEALAND ALPS.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM H. S. GROSS.

I've been down to the Southern Alps at last. It was a great experience, and I had a great time. I went with a fellow named Rose, just the two of us. Leaving Auckland at 7-10 p.m. on the 23rd December, 1925, we arrived at Wellington at 9-30 a.m. next day, which we spent in that city until 8-0 p.m., when the boat sailed for Lyttleton, in the South Island. We arrived at about 7-30 a.m. Christmas Day, and had breakfast, then train to Timaru. Here we got on the bus for the Hermitage, and did 180 miles across country. We arrived at the Hotel at 6-0 p.m., after having taken about 6½ hours on the trip, including lunch at Fairlie—not bad going, all things considered. It poured with rain most of the way, and the Mackenzie plains are terribly uninteresting—miles and miles of flat brown tussock grass. However, the mountains were getting nearer, so that helped a bit. We just had nice time to get ready for dinner, at which Santa Claus presided.

The Hermitage is a very big hotel, and they do you very well in the matter of food. We were sleeping in a tent outside, and I felt a bit sad and gloomy that night, with the rain roaring down, and a terrible wind blowing. However, next morning was fine, and we could see Mt. Cook at intervals. We set off for the Hooker Hut, up the Hooker Glacier (7 miles). On the way up the weather relapsed, and we had a real soaker. We had the hut to ourselves, and soon had a good feed, and dried our things over the stove; the wind, rain and hail outside only made us the more content.

Next day we were out by 6-0 on the way up the Copland Pass, which goes over to the West Coast. It was beautifully fine, but very windy. It was quite good fun, but we couldn't stay on the top owing to the wind. Next day we rose at 3-0 a.m., and crossed the Hooker glacier to go up the Ball Pass; we saw some chamois on the way. It was a steady plug up

snow to the col, and windy, too, at the top. We then climbed a peak to the north—styled Turner's Peak, the Hump, and Proud Peak, which ever you like best. It was not very exciting, but very windy on top. As long as we were on the Tasman side of the Ridge, the sun shone—but when we started to go down to the Hooker again we ran into bad weather, and reached the hut wet through. After a meal we returned to the Hermitage in a terrific wind and rain storm. Next day was fine again, so we set off for the Ball Hut. No wind—very hot sun—14 miles—very heavy packs. You go up the " Valley of Desolation," a scree slope on one side and a 150 feet moraine slope on the other. Hot——!!

We stayed the night at the hut, which was a makeshift patched up from the wreck left by the avalanche, which carried the original away last winter. We were en route for the Malte Brun Hut at the head of the Tasman Glacier, and as we were the first to go up there, nobody knew whether that hut had suffered the same fate. It was known that supplies were low, so that it meant carrying additional stores—tinned stuff, etc., and I had a gallon of kerosene to top off my pack. We had to do fourteen miles, rising 3,500 feet, on the glacier—all crevassed and ribbed—to hop over. It was a glorious day but hot, and we were glad to see the hut at last. We then struck a bad patch of crevasses at the edge of the glacier. The final pitch was 300 feet of loose boulders, and it was worse than all the rest of the trip. However, after a feed, we turned out and climbed a small peak named Turnbull, in order to prospect a few of the mountains. Unfortunately the tops we wanted to see were clouded over. When we got back to the hut we found that another man named Pope had arrived on his own. He was a nice fellow, and we agreed to have a try for Mt. Elie de Beaumont next day—a difficult snow peak. We could see what looked like a decent route up it. In the morning we were started by 4-30 a.m. It was fine but a bit hazy. Our peak was about 5 miles up the glacier, and we had the rope on for the last mile, as we could see crevasses about. The climb was a grind up steep snow—up to your calf every step. We had to cross several bergschrunds but it was easy climbing and hard work, as it was soft.

It then became my turn to take the honour of leading. Oh me! However, we came to a schrund which was going to be difficult, so I started to get up it. It proved to be ice about an inch thick, over powdery snow, and almost perpendicular. It was now snowing also, so that the others invited me to come down. A thick mist then came over, and we hopped for home, hoping our tracks would be visible. We got through the schrunds lower down, and on to the glacier. Rose was now in front, and we stepped out merrily, until suddenly Rose disappeared, leaving a neat round hole. Pope nearly stood on his head, and I had time to get my axe in and a belay on. We had some fun getting Rose out, as we couldn't hear him, the sound simply went along the crevasse instead of coming up. Anyhow, we hauled, until everything jammed owing to the rope cutting into the snow, so I had to go along and cut away the snow, while Pope belayed me. Rose was alright, though shaken. I then had a spell at leading, until having done three " partial descents," I took a spell at second and Pope led. The mist and driving snow made everything one whiteness, and wherever we went we struck crevasses. We saw them loom up, yawning and horrible—apparently standing in space. It took up a lot of time, as we had to feel our way, and crawl on all fours over the bridges. We got back to the hut about 4 p.m., dog tired, and had a feed and turned in. About two hours later the others wakened me up, and were suffering agonies from snow-blindness. My eyes smarted a good deal, so I boiled some water and made up a lotion with boracic powder, and we all bathed our eyes. I slept until about 10 a.m., and was quite alright, but the other two were blind as bats, and in great pain. For three days I had them in the hut with the window blocked up. The weather was cloudless most of the time.

One day I thought I'd have a shot at Malte Brun on my own. It is a rock mountain and a first-class peak. I had to turn back owing to the time, as I didn't get started until 9-0 a.m., and was delayed by the soft snow as well. It was a perfect day. Not a cloud and no wind. Hot——! I had a most wonderful view of the mountains. The rock was in the main good, and the difficulty moderate; I turned

back at 3-30 p.m., when I had another 1,500 feet to do. I had a job when I reached the snow again, as it was just slush, and there were bergschrunds down below. I got back just as it was getting dark, and the others came to meet me, as their eyes were much better. Next day we set off at 5-0 a.m. to return to the Hermitage. We found them a bit worried about us, as we'd been gone so long.

Next morning we set out for the Ball Hut again—another perfect day. We intended to climb Mt. Johnson next day—our last. We set out at 3-0 a.m. and crossed the Tasman Glacier. Our best way seemed to be up a deep gully, a sort of Pier's Ghyll, the top of which contained the Dorothy Glacier. However, we had to go on to the left bank and climb very steep slopes, until finally we got on to a rock ridge. We climbed on this for a while, as we could see the top, and would then drop to the col of the Dorothy, and climb the last 500 feet of Johnson. Well, when we reached the top, it wasn't the top. By this time we were roped. The climbing was easy—but the rock as rotten as it could be. We were on a narrow ridge with a tremendous drop. A dozen times we reached the " top " only to find yet another on ahead. At last we did reach the top, only to find ourselves cut off from Johnson—rotten rock and worse snow. We built a cairn and left our names in it. We then found a snow gully leading down, and were able to glissade (wetly) for about 2,000 feet. We were all tired by the time we got back to the Ball Hut. Next day we just lazed down to the Hermitage in perfect weather. Then came the packing up, and another long journey back to Auckland.

IN MEMORIAM.

HERBERT PORRITT CAIN, 1908—1927.

It is with deep regret that we announce that the President died suddenly in Langdale, on Saturday, March 19th, 1927. A memorial article will appear in the next number.

HAROLD RAEBURN,

HONORARY MEMBER, 1921—1926.

Harold Raeburn, one of our honorary members, died in Edinburgh on 21st December last, aged 61. He was one of the most distinguished mountaineers of his day, and every iota of that celebrity must be attributed to his own personal skill, for his was, emphatically, a character in no way given to self advertisement. His immensely wide experience of every class of mountaineering, his intimate knowledge of snow conditions, and his friendly interest in the wild life around him, birds, beasts and flowers, combined with a curious facility for imparting his knowledge to his climbing companions at the moment when toil was arduous and ascents were dull, will make all those who had the pleasure of his companionship on expeditions regard his loss as that of one of the very best of friends.

His apprenticeship to mountaineering was served on his native Scottish hills at all seasons of the year, and his keen interest in bird life extended his knowledge of rock climbing in a remarkable way, due to numerous visits to the sea cliffs of the coast and islands, for as well as a naturalist he was also a daring yachtsman. Once thoroughly qualified as a cragsman, rock climbing became one of his greatest pleasures, and we find him making many visits to our own special playground, and thereafter trying out his powers in the Dolomites, which

he first visited in 1900. After that Chamonix and Zermatt claimed his attention, and then he turned to Norway, where he succeeded in making the complete traverse of the five Skagastolstinder and the ascent of Slogen by an entirely new route, not since done.

His knowledge and facility in ice and snow climbing lured him out to Dauphiné in 1904, and two years later we find him leaving Switzerland with a considerable list of first ascents to his credit. He was one of the few men to traverse the Meije solus, but the great majority of his best climbs were done with his favourite companion, Mr. W. N. Ling, of Carlisle, whose presence as an aider and abettor in these daring expeditions made the party of two a very powerful combination.

Naturally, his intrepidity did not invariably get off scot free, and he suffered from two or three somewhat serious accidents; one, due in no way to any fault of his own, and happening while making a relatively simple ascent with a mixed party on one of the Scottish hills, laid him aside for a considerable time, and, in the writer's opinion, not only materially lowered his vitality by its lingering results, but robbed him permanently of that undaunted courage which had formerly been one of his chief characteristics. However, in 1913 we find him again afoot leading an exploring party to the Caucasus, where five mountains succumbed to his skill, all first ascents. He returned again the following year, and added four new peaks to his list. It was not, however, until 1920, when the War was over and after he had seriously sapped his vitality by strenuous overwork in the service of his country, that he set out on his most ambitious undertaking to plan a route for the conquest of Everest. The result of that expedition and the one that followed upon it are now history. It is one of the tragedies of his life that he should have succumbed, through failure of health, while undertaking an expedition which was the chief loadstar of his mountaineering ambition. His lonely trek through Sikkim, with one native attendant, to rejoin his party, which he had been forced to leave because of a severe attack of dysentry, seriously reduced his failing strength, and the almost superhuman efforts it entailed resulted in physical injuries, from which he never recovered.

His friends are agreed that he sacrificed himself upon the altar of his ambition, and if he failed in attaining the victory he hoped for, he, at any rate, leaves behind him a record of a ceaseless endeavour nobly upheld against overwhelming odds and the memory of a charming personality.

His book, "Mountaineering Art," published in 1920, is undoubtedly one of the standard works on the sport, and contains in its pages the mature reasonings of a man of wide experience, for which reason it is bound to remain one of the most useful books not only to the beginner, but to all who aim to follow in his footsteps. G.S.

G. B. BRYANT,

HONORARY MEMBER, 1907—1926.

A great lover of the Welsh mountains, and an assiduous haunter of Pen-y-gwryd, George Bryant was widely known among the whole fraternity of climbers. The moving spirit in the shipping firm of Keller and Bryant, he had a wide knowledge of maritime affairs, and his opinion on all such matters was highly valued, the more so as in both thought and expression he was singularly logical and clear. He was one of the founders of the Climbers' Club, and for many years its enthusiastic and tactful secretary. He gave encouragement to the formation of our Club, and was one of the original honorary members. He was a warm friend, and will be greatly missed by a wide circle. W.P.H.S.

J. R. THACKRAH, 1912—1926.

Part author of the Val d' Arazas, in No. 9 of the Journal; illustrated by his own photographs.

W. B. BRUNSKILL, 1909—1919.

Many of our older members would read with real regret of the death of W. B. Brunskill, which was announced in our last number. Although his numerous heterodox opinions caused him to be regarded as "rather odd," he was much liked by all who had to do with him, and the fearless way in which he put his principles into practice could not but call for sympathy and respect. The rigorous discipline to which he had long subjected his body was probably largely responsible for his premature death.

An early member of the Club, he felt himself bound to resign his membership in 1919, as a protest against the then proposal to erect Shelter Huts as a War Memorial. His desire to keep the fells free of all human erections amounted almost to a passion, as the history of a certain memorial monument might testify, if revealed.

He was a sound climber, but his principal contribution lay in his talent, which amounted almost to genius, for mountain photography. The superb illustrations to Herford's and Sansom's articles on the exploration of Scawfell which appeared immediately before the war were largely his work. It was a great loss to mountaineering photography when he disposed of his negatives and abandoned this hobby.

These ancient hills are at peace with their neighbours the plains and rest tranquilly among them; content to contribute with their waters and pasture to the fertility, and with their mists and rocks and seclusion to the holiday pleasure of the land which in youth they were wont to cumber with the fragments of each fiery insurgence, or bury underneath the white burden of their glacial defeats.

J. W. YOUNG.

CLIMBS, OLD AND NEW.

COMPILED FROM THE CLUB BOOKS AND ELSEWHERE,

BY GRAHAM WILSON.

SCAWFELL : MOSS GHYLL GROOVES. First ascent, 1/7/26, H.M.K., B.E.S. and J. B. Kilshaw. Very severe. Of same calibre as Botterill's Slab.

80 feet. Starts out of Moss Ghyll at a height of about 80 feet above the Progress. An alternative way would be the Central Buttress Route to the Oval.

40 feet. A slab with patches of grass on it leads out of the left side of the Ghyll (looking up) to part of the Girdle Traverse near the Oval.

15 feet. Round the corner to the right an awkward block gives a finish on steep grass in a nook.

70 feet. The Slab is climbed for a few feet in the corner. A sensational " holdless " step (crux of the climb) across it to the left leads to a perch (the Pedestal) at the foot of a facet of the Slab. This is followed to the Basin, a hold in the corner of the groove. Although the slab is narrowing to an apex, delightful but narrow ledges are encountered, and give approach to the Look Out, which is reached by sensational but safe climbing to the right. Good belay.

90 feet. This slab is almost a repetition of the previous pitch, with slightly better holds. First a step to the right, then back to the left brings one to a sloping ledge. No self-respecting bird would use it for a nesting site. The pitch can be shortened by bringing the second up to here, but there is no belay. Higher up face climbing is necessary owing to slab petering out. A grassy ledge is reached, and a dozen feet higher up a small belay will be found in a corner. From here to the right, the upper part of Collier Exit to Moss Ghyll can be reached.

30 feet. A mossy gully is now climbed part way to a ledge on the left.

15 feet. A short wall above this ledge finishes on a terrace near the top of the crag.

Tower Buttress. Second ascent, 2/6/26, H.M.K. and B.E.S.

Dexter Slabs. Second ascent, 5/4/26, R.E.W.P. and H.M.K.

Hole and Corner Gully. Second ascent, 5/4/26, R.E.W.P. and H.M.K.

Southern Corner, Pulpit Rock. Second ascent, 5/4/26, R.E.W.P. and H.M.K.

Peregrine Gully. With reference to the note on this climb in No. 18 of the Journal, T. Gray writes to say that the first ascent of this climb was made as long ago as the 12th April, 1903. His party followed the right hand fork and found no difficulty.

GABLE CRAG ; Prayer Mat Buttress. On N.W. Gable Crag ; 90 feet. A cairn marks the start at the lowest part of the buttress, to the left of the iron fence post. About twenty feet of moderately difficult climbing bring the climber to a grassy ledge. No belay, but the second can be brought up. Upward progress can be made by starting at the right hand of the ledge on fairly good holds, when, after climbing a few feet, a fairly large ledge on the left can be grasped with both hands. With a swing to the left the climber can mount a small slab. The route now lies to the right of the slab, and directly up an arête to a small cramped niche, where the climber can regain his breath.

Climbing left out of the niche, using an obvious crack for the right hand, the climber can mount the arête and climb left on to the " Prayer Mat," a small grassy ledge, and further to another larger ledge three feet higher. No belay. The hapless second can be brought to the " Prayer Mat," upon which he kneels whilst the leader steps above his head and proceeds directly up the arête and then right to a most delightful fifteen foot slab, which finishes the climb.

The leader on this occasion traversed from the "Prayer Mat" to the left, and finished up an obvious crack. The rest of the party climbed the arête and slab belayed from above.

G.W.-J., E.W.-J., T.R.B., K.W., W.G.H., A.W.-J.
24/5/26.

BUTTERMERE : Members visiting Pillar from Buttermere are advised to use the new track made up Pillar Fell in connection with the afforestation scheme in Ennerdale. By breaking off to the right at top of Scarf Gap, and descending one of the numerous grassy noses of High Crag, a "ford" across the Liza will be found, and a new track which leads right up to the foot of Great Doup. Then a hard scramble will take one to the waterfall. Query: Are we allowed to use this track? K.B.M., J.R.T.

Round How. For an "off-day" at Buttermere there is a good crag on Grey Knotts, up above Green Crag Gully. I am told it is called Round How. It is visible from the Hotel, and is about 200-300 yards long. The rock is of excellent quality, and not at all like the Warnscale Gullies stuff. Several interesting courses may be found, especially a crack with an overhanging start. There is also another outcrop (Little Round How?) a few hundred yards towards Fleetwith, which also gives a few problems. The view from the crags of Buttermere and Crummock is excellent. K.B.M.

CONISTON : Great Blake Rigg, Grey Friars. A steep rock buttress on Great Blake Rigg was tried on 17/5/25. Starting from the extreme foot of the buttress, an extremely interesting and very steep climb was made on good holds with excellent belays. After 140 feet had been climbed, a further ascent appeared impossible, so a deviation to the left, into a steep gully, was made. Owing to large "gardens" of overhanging turf (which could be removed on a rope from above), the ascent was not pressed, but a good finish could be effected this way. To climbers in the district the face is worthy of a visit. The direct finish appeared to be impossible. D.G.M., G.B.

Doe Crags : Gordon Craig. The doubt expressed in the Guide as to the stability of the blocks at the top of the steep pitch above the end of the traverse on this route, is now settled, the largest block being now on the scree. The remaining blocks are probably loose, and should be treated carefully until they can be sent down. E.C., 6/9/25/.

Great Central Route, Easter Gully. Third ascent? 2/5/26, G.S.B., G.B., H.V.H., A.B.R. Ministering hands and a sturdy shoulder greatly simplified the pitch above the Band Stand. The crack below was extremely trying.

LANGDALE : Gimmer Crag, Pallid Slabs. First ascent, 13/5/26, G.S.B., A.W.W., and H.V.H. For full description see Guide article in this number.

Gladstone Knott, Gladstone's Finger. A very fine sharp pinnacle, well to the left of the chimneys, where the screes at the top of Aaron Ghyll pass the crags. From the neck behind one ascends to the right, encircling the pinnacle on ledges which lead round and up to the top. Moderate. Height from neck about 20 feet. The 50 feet ridge of the pinnacle might be possible on the Crinkle Ghyll side. W.T.E., D. Duncan and T. Baird (non-members). 15/8/26.

Oak Howe Needle. Ascended from the west side of the caves into the summit crack. The first two steps are difficult, but good handholds then appear. This might be called " Route 3." W.T.E., D. Duncan and R. McKinlay (non-members). 16/8/26.

Pike o' Blisco. There is good scrambling, on beautiful rough rock, up the ridge visible from the top of Brown Ghyll. W.T.E.

MARDALE : Harter Fell, Mardale Gully. First ascent, 30/5/26, W.T.E. and two non-members, who did not complete the ascent. For full description see Guide article in this number.

The following is a key to the initials used :—

H. M. Kelly
Mrs. B. Eden-Smith
G. Wood-Johnson
E. Wood-Johnson
R. E. W. Pritchard
T. R. Burnett
Miss K. Ward
W. G. Hennessey
A. Wood-Johnson
K. B. Milne
J. R. Tyson
D. G. Murray
G. Basterfield
E. Creighton
H. V. Hughes
A. B. Reynolds
G. S. Bower
A. W. Wakefield
W. T. Elmslie

Herein lies the special charm of rock-climbing. It provides the sharpest possible contrast with everyday life, and jerks the pedant out of his groove. There are only two directions in which the average Englishman of today can get back to the bare realities of life as a struggle of man with nature—the mountains and the sea.

H. R. POPE.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

The outstanding event of the year was, of course, the Centenary Pilgrimage to the Pillar Rock, which is described elsewhere. It was interesting to observe the presence on the Rock of a number of young farmers and shepherds, men of the type and race of Atkinson himself.

In rock-climbing the first place must be given to H. M. Kelly's conquest of the Moss Ghyll Groves, a project of some years.

We welcome George Basterfield to the ranks of the writers of Fell and Rock Guides. The last of their number, but members will agree by no means the least. His contribution, while not lacking in the clearness and accuracy which has characterised its forerunners, is distinctive and full of the author's personality. On behalf of the Club we thank both him and A. R. Thomson, who makes his second essay with his concise and lucid account of the Buttermere climbs. Special thanks also are due to Mr. J. P Taylor of Barrow-in-Furness, who supplied so many magnificant photographs. I understand that copies of these (contact or enlargements) can be supplied by Mr. Taylor to those members who desire to have them.

With reference to Miss Barker's account of her ascent of the Scawfell Central Buttress in the last number, G. S. Sansom writes to point out that—

> "The first ascent was made in April, 1914, by the late S. W. Herford, H. B. Gibson, C. F. Holland, and himself. C. G. H. Crawford and D. G. Murray took no part in the ascent, but the latter came up the Flake Crack on a rope when the ascent was completed.
>
> No member of the party pronounced the climb unjustifiable. Herford and he intended to repeat it at the first opportunity, including the new start which they knew to be feasible. They intended, however, to change over the leads of the various sections. Herford was to thread the rope at the big Chockstone in the crack;

Sansom was to climb over his head on to the crest of the Great Flake; Herford was then to lead across the difficult traverse to the V Ledge; and Sansom was to finish the upper face climb.

Those were their plans for the summer of 1914, but they did not mature. Sansom had to leave Wasdale the day after the first ascent, and it was five years before he returned there. The Central Buttress was the last climb which he and Herford did together."

It is, however, quite certain that the Central Buttress is no place for any but really strong climbers, and leadership of the highest quality, and then only under good conditions. From reports that reach me, a serious accident appears to have been narrowly averted there last summer, and it is very desirable that everyone should appreciate the great severity of the climb.

The most important event in the Lake District from a non-climbing point of view is undoubtedly the Ennerdale afforestation scheme. The Forestry Commission have purchased the whole of Ennerdale up to the watershed on either side. The plantable area has been fenced in with stout wire fencing of the deer forest variety, and has been planted with various kinds of evergreen trees, though there appear to be larch among them.

Ennerdale is perhaps the loneliest of all our valleys, and has a desolate charm which is peculiar to it. The planting of foreign trees cannot fail to destroy the beauty, though we can hope that the result will not be so ghastly as that perpetrated by the City of Manchester at Thirlmere. Even a Government department could hardly sink to such levels as that.

Meanwhile the approaches to the Pillar Rock both from Gillerthwaite and Scarf Gap have been closed, or shall I say interfered with. There can be no doubt that both these routes have been used both sufficiently long and sufficiently frequently to establish, prima facie, a right of way, but it is doubtful whether the way has been sufficiently defined. May we hope that the Commissioners, as their trees grow sufficiently to be safe from sheep, will remove their fences?

The completion of this scheme has, however, brought one good thing with it. Through the public spirit of Sir Albert Wyon, the area which lies above the afforestation line (viz.,

1,500 feet) up to the watershed on either side of the valley, has been added to the holdings of the National Trust, which has also acquired the head of the valley to a point a little below the foot of the Scarf Gap path. The whole of the upper portion of Great Gable and of Kirkfell thus become the property of the nation, not to mention all too narrow strips extending beyond Steeple on the one side, and Red Pike on the other. Bowfell next, please!

In Borrowdale there has been great activity on the part of the local authorities in the road-widening direction. Those who spent holidays in this valley during the summer will be surprised at the extent of the alterations. The charm of the old road, with its twists and turns, and ups and downs, has largely gone, though the road menders have done their best to preserve the lower part of the valley. With increasing motor traffic it is difficult to see how this unfortunate change could be avoided, though I should not be surprised to hear of more rather than fewer motor accidents in the future.

To complete the story of the year's vandalism I must mention the Stybarrow-Glencoin Wood affair. This wood, which is so marked a feature of the Ullswater scenery, was on the point of falling into the hands of timber merchants, if not of builders, when a local committee, headed by the energetic Dr. Moon, of Patterdale, intervened and succeeded in staving off the calamity. The landowner has shown generosity, but the appeal has not met with the success which it deserved. In particular, as it appears to me, the National Trust has not displayed that activity in this important matter which might have been expected of a body which has benefited so largely of recent years in the Lake District. Something like £1,000 is still required to complete the purchase. There are no doubt many members of the Club who would like to take a hand in preserving this beautiful place, and whose subscriptions would be welcomed by Dr. Moon, or by the Treasurer of the fund, Mr. H. Roberts, Hawkhowe, Glenridding.

We congratulate Mr. H. R. C. Carr, our former member, on making a good recovery from the serious injuries which

he sustained in the disastrous accident in Cwm Glas in September, 1925. He was climbing with Mr. Van Noorden, President of the Cambridge University Mountaineering Club, and one of the finest of our younger climbers, and prospecting a new climb on the Cyrn-las Ridge, when he came on to the rope owing to treacherous heather. Mr. Van Noorden, who was apparently firmly planted above, and had already held Mr. Carr once, was pulled off, and falling some considerable distance was killed instantly. Mr. Carr, whose serious injuries prevented his moving, was not found until over forty-eight hours later, which makes his recovery the more remarkable.

Mr. Carr, who has made the district of Snowdonia peculiarly his own, has been one of the " live wires " in post-war British climbing, both at home and in the Alps, and all climbers will rejoice as sincerely in his safety as they will mourn the loss of Mr. Van Noorden, whose career could not have failed to be most brilliant.

G. W. Anson writes to express his appreciation of the welcome given to him by the South African Alpine Club on a recent visit to that country. " I soon got in touch with the Secretary. On hearing that I was a member of the Fell and Rock Club, he supplied me with maps and plans, gave me all the information about routes on Table Mountain, and offered to arrange climbs for me at any week-end. I was almost embarrassed at the hospitality and welcome extended to an entirely unknown member of the climbing fraternity . . ."

The year has been as happy a time for those inclined to matrimony as was the last. J. C. Appleyard signalised his accession to the office of Honorary Secretary, which L. W. Somervell felt himself obliged to relinquish in August, by marrying Evelyn F. Harland, one of our most active lady members, and with Mrs. Kelly, a first lady member of the Committee. Graham Wilson and Raymond Shaw were married within a few weeks of each other earlier in the summer. They had been in many tight corners together before! Congratulations to them all, and welcome to Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Wilson, who will soon be members.

Miss D. E. Pilley left England in July, 1925, to carry the banner of the Fell and Rock into the Rockies. She spent August in camp with the Canadian Alpine Club, and thereafter remained in Canada and the States during the winter on business. This summer many noteworthy peaks have been subjected to her activity, and her feats have not gone unrecorded in the press. We had hopes of some narrative of adventure for the Journal, but a mandatory missive despatched in her wake seems to have failed of effect. Just as we go to press comes the news of her marriage to Mr. I. A. Richards, A.C. Congratulations again!

A most unlucky accident took place on Sunday, 19th July, 1926, which cost the life of Mr. David Moulson, of Bradford, a member of the Gritstone Club. Accompanied by Messrs. John Moulson and G. E. Griffiths, he had got some distance up the C route on Gimmer Crag when a sudden and unexpected rainstorm came on, the forerunner of a remarkable thunderstorm which burst later in the afternoon. The party were climbing in rubber shoes, and on feeling the rain Griffiths, the last man, who had not yet reached the severe portion of the climb, had himself untied. The other two continued, and David Moulson had surmounted the overhang and was bringing John Moulson up over it when the latter's foot slipped on the wet rock. He fell some distance on to a ledge which arrested his fall, but his leader was pulled clean off, and fell to the bottom of the crag, being killed at once. The rope caught on a jagged piece of rock and broke, otherwise John Moulson would probably have been dragged down also.

The relatives of the deceased will have the deepest sympathy of all climbers. He was a fine cragsman, and had many very difficult leads to his credit, including the climb in question. There can be no reasonable doubt that but for the rainstorm his party would have completed the route in safety. It is not clear whether he had got to the top, but he had certainly passed the severer portions of the climb. The accident thus bears an unfortunate resemblance to that on Overbeck in the spring of 1924, and to last year's mishap in Cwm Glas.

We are glad to know that John Moulson has made a good recovery.

There was also a fatal accident in the autumn of 1925 on the Scawfell Pike Doe Crag. I have not received any details but understand that the two youths who suffered were quite inexperienced tourists.

I wish to correct an error which appears in the List of First Ascents in the Scawfell Guide. It is there suggested that the ascent of Hopkinson's Gully by C. Hopkinson's party in 1893 was made with a rope from above. This was due to a misunderstanding on my part. There is no reason to suppose that they had a rope from above. The ascent does not count as a "first ascent," as it was not completed, but owing to the difficult conditions prevailing at the time it must be regarded as one of the most remarkable episodes in the history of British rock climbing.

The Alps are more than a gymnasium for their lover. Always alluring though they flout you; always lovely though they frown upon you; always dear though they slay you; they give you strength and friends and happiness, and to have known and loved them is indeed a liberal education.

CLAUD SCHUSTER.

LONDON SECTION.

COMMITTEE :
Chairman : Dr. Hadfield.
Hon. Secretary : G. R. Speaker.

J. W. Brown	H. F. Huntley.
R. S. T. Chorley.	G. C. L. Pirkis.
W. P. Haskett-Smith.	Miss D. E. Thompson.
R. H. Hewson.	J. B. Wilton.

The activities of the London Section were considerably interrupted in 1926 by the General Strike and the subsequent railway disorganisation. As the result of this no walks could be arranged between April and September, except for a week-end at Alfriston.

WALKS—October, 1925, to September, 1926.

October 25th—C. F. Hadfield : Westerham—Squerryes' Park—Crockham Hill Common—French Street—Weardale Manor—Toys Hill—Ide Hill—Goathurst Common—Everlands—Bayleys Hill—River Hill—Knole Park—Sevenoaks.

November 22nd—G. C. L. Pirkis : Redhill—Chilmead—Pendell Court—White Hill—Chaldon—Toller's Farm—Chaldon—Tolsworth Farm—Merstham.

December 13th—R. H. Hewson : Chalfont and Latimer—Chenies—Flaunden—Chesham Bois—Amersham.

January 24th—Miss D. E. Thompson : Epping Forest—Loughton—Loughton Camp—Monks Wood—Broadstrood—Epping Thicks—Ambresbury Banks—Honey Lane Quarters—High Beach—Chingford.

February 21st : W. P. Haskett-Smith : Sevenoaks—Knole Park—Seal Chart—Ightham Common—Oldbury Hill Camp—Ightham Mote—One Tree Hill—Knole Park—Sevenoaks.

March 31st—F. M. Coventry : Leatherhead—Mole Valley—Polesdon Lacey—Ranmoor—Wooton Church—Dorking.

April 18th—H. F. Huntley : Amersham—Shardiloes—Mop End—Holmer Green—Little Hampden—Wendover.

June 26th-27th, Week-end—H. C. Amos and G. Anderson : Market Cross House, Alfriston—Alfriston—Lullington—Snap Hill—Friston—Eastdean—Belle Tout Lighthouse—Birling Gap—Seven Sisters—Westdean—Charleston Barn—Litlington—Alfriston.

September 19th—G. R. Speaker : Ashstead—Buckland Hills—Walton Heath—Headley Heath—Roman Road—Heatherhead.

The Annual Dinner was held on Saturday, 12th December, 1925, at the Hotel Cecil, with Dr. C. F. Hadfield in the chair. The chief guests were Gen. the Hon. C. G. Bruce and Capt. Farrer. The company numbered about one hundred.

Members are very much indebted to Lady Ferguson, of Ightham Mote, who on February 21st, 1926, at the introduction of Mr. Haskett Smith, kindly showed them completely over that celebrated fortified Manor House.

On July 11th, 1926, Mrs. Hadfield entertained as many members as were able to obtain motor transport to tea at the Dove House, Dunmow, Essex.