AIGUILLE BLANCHE DE PÉTÉRET from the BRENVA ROUTE.

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A TRAVERSE OF THE AIGUILLE BLANCHE DE PÉTÉRET

By G. Graham Macphee.

Most people know from experience how very unsettled was the weather during the so-called summer of 1927. A result of this and of various misfortunes to the party was that the writer's "bag" for the first fortnight in the Alps consisted of two easy peaks. When the last active member of the party was rendered *hors de combat*, the writer gladly accepted an invitation to join two friends at the Montenvers, and moved up there the same afternoon.

Next morning, an early start was made for our walk over the Col du Géant into Italy. The weather was delightful, and easy going took us to Courmayeur in time for afternoon tea. A prolonged halt at the Torino hut had enabled us to observe telescopically four climbers ascending the final slopes of Mont Blanc de Courmayeur. These, we were told, were three first-class guides * and a German climber, completing the Pétéret Ridge. They had been favoured with three perfect days, and we only hoped that we might be as fortunate in regard to weather conditions.

The second day, we left Courmayeur at 6 a.m. for the Gamba hut, with five days' provisions. These were carried by a porter, who also saved us some time in route-finding, for there is no beaten track to the Gamba hut. At one part, indeed, some parties rope up, and as a result of this difficult approach, only genuine climbers are likely to be encountered in the hut, and one is not crowded out by tourists.

That night the weather broke, and there was heavy rain and a mild thunderstorm. Two or three days seemed the average duration of fine weather, so far as we had seen.

The third day of our expedition was devoted to prospecting the proposed climb. We went up to the Col de l'Innominata over the small Glacier du Châtelet, and up a steep couloir, with steep

* Two guides and a porter (A.J., 39. 337).

snow below and rotten rocks above. A dump was made of tent-sac, crampons and food. The weather looked anything but promising, but we spent some time gazing across the complicated Glacier du Freyney at the Aiguilles Noire and Blanche de Pétéret, with the curious Dames Anglaises between. The Y-shaped couloir for our promised ascent looked particularly steep, and all day long the Dames Anglaises behaved in a most discourteous and unladylike manner by constantly sending down stones and débris.

The fourth day, we started early by lantern, the sky being dark with thick clouds, and ascended to the Col de l'Innominata. Here a halt was called in order to watch the weather becoming steadily worse. After food, and collecting our cache, we descended almost to the Freyney Glacier before definitely deciding to turn back. It was when re-ascending this side that the use of the so-called reversed abseil was discovered, a novelty that greatly intrigued our "climbing mechanic."

At the writer's suggestion, the other two reluctantly consented to "tick off" the Aiguille Joseph Croux, but as this proved to have a fine 150-foot rock pitch of the standard of a Lake District severe, and was a splendid view-point to boot, the digression was later voted as quite worth while. Rain fell again heavily that evening.

The next day was no better for our expedition, and supplies would not suffice for a later start, so we descended to Courmayeur. The leader had the misfortune to damage his foot in crossing the glacier stream swollen by the night's rain. We again visited the tea-garden and met some friends.

On the sixth day, the "Realist" had to leave, as his holiday was nearly over, so after seeing him off, the leader and the writer made rather a late start for the Gamba hut. Again, all equipment and food was reduced to a minimum, the idea being to push on rapidly while favourable conditions lasted. The moon was nearly full, and although diligent search had failed to reveal a reliable barometer in Courmayeur, signs were hopeful, and even the guides predicted good weather.

We reached the Gamba hut at about 2-30 p.m., and fed and rested for a couple of hours. The leader's foot was very painful, but he decided to continue. We set off at 5-15 p.m. and retraced

our well-trodden route to the Col de l'Innominata in record time, and so down to the Freyney Glacier. The crossing of this, the most complicated and broken-up glacier in the Alps, would obviously be difficult. Above the huge wall of séracs on our left, a comparatively smooth slope led directly to the foot of our couloir, but to surmount the first obstacle would certainly take time, and might prove impossible. The leader, therefore, boldly set out to cross beneath the precipitous wall, and, hardly ever hesitating, forced a way through the complicated maze of fallen séracs and gaping crevasses right to the foot of the formidable bergschrund which now barred our progress. The first attempt to surmount it by utilising the cone of avalanche débris which rose to within five feet of the upper lip was frustrated by stones falling even at that late hour. A passage had to be made along the lower lip, under the overhang, to a precarious snow-bridge on the left. Three hours after leaving the hut, and still in daylight, we stood at the foot of our couloir.

While we had some food here the twilight deepened, and the full moon would now be our lamp. The snow was found to be in excellent condition, so that we were able to walk up the couloir in crampons, despite the steep angle. Half the snow was in deep shadow, and the spectacle behind us of the Freyney Glacier in moonlight was most impressive. The left-hand branch of the couloir, leading to the Brêche Nord des Dames Anglaises, was iced, and took up much time in step-cutting. The right-hand groove was used by Young in the first ascent of l'Isolée. The avalanche track, so conspicuous from afar, proved at close quarters to be a groove ten feet deep, down which stones were constantly falling.

Our route, ascended only a few times* previously, and probably never before by a guideless party, took to the rocks of the Aiguille Blanche de Pétéret on the left, about 150 feet below the actual col to the north of l'Isolée. The profile angle at this part is about 85°, so a movement was made to the left for some distance. The quality of the rock here, and indeed on the whole mountain, was the worst the leader had seen in all his experience. One part of the traverse consisted of a descending ledge 90 feet long, narrow, and with a considerable overhang tending to push

* See A.J., 39. 336.

the climber off. The fragile rock seemed to come away at a touch. The effect was somewhat impressive, with a drop of several hundreds of feet on to the glacier beneath, not diminished by the weird unearthly appearance as seen in the moonlight. The contrast between the clear, cold whiteness of the snow and the inky blackness of the precipices across the glacier had all the unreality of a dream.

The rocks were not easy, and the conditions did not decrease the difficulty, so that our progress was almost incredibly slow. The rucksacs added to the toil, each with its demon of unrest most lively at the balance movements, and after five hours of strenuous climbing, we were not yet level with the tops of the Dames Anglaises. The moon was getting to a less favourable position, and when we reached a rocky pinnacle, we decided to halt. There was just room between the pinnacle and the mountain for both of us to lie flat, on one side a snow cornice, on the other a considerable drop. We estimated our resting-place to be about 11,500 feet up. During the meal which followed, the writer lighted a candle and this was seen by some of the friends we had left at the Gamba hut.

Our method of using the tent-sac was probably at fault, but sleep was impossible and, after a couple of hours of troubled rest and intense cold, another hot meal was prepared, and we set off at about 5-30 a.m.

The going was still far from easy, and after three hours we ate again. It was rather disheartening (to the writer at least) to find that in relation to the Aiguille Noire we scarcely seemed to have risen at all. Its black, forbidding tower still loomed above us, and in our path the Grand Gendarme rose impregnable. We moved to pass it on the right, over steep slabs, and across a dangerous gully. The few small clouds which we had seen at dawn were now increasing in number and size, and the weather looked anything but promising. The threat of bad weather had come at the worst possible time for us. To return down such steep rock would land us on the couloir at the height of the bombardment from the Dames Anglaises. To descend to the Brenva Glacier would be even more fatal. To advance would land us at the Col de Pétéret with no hope of continuing up the Pétéret Ridge if the weather got worse; but if it held for a

time, we could reach the top of Mont Blanc and safety ; if not, a descent would have to be attempted from the Col de Pétéret. The leader decided to push on, with the writer's agreement.

The difficulties of route-finding on an almost untrodden mountain are great, but with only a slight deviation we reached the top about 1 p.m., and were observed through a break in the clouds by friends at the Gamba hut. It was comforting to find a pair of woollen mitts, probably forgotten by the party we had seen almost a week previously. The weather was now becoming boisterous, as if impatient at the two mites who persisted in crawling ever on, though by this time they had but little choice in the matter.

After food, we descended to the Col de Pétéret. All hope of reaching the summit of Mont Blanc had now been given up. Even in the Col, where we might have required to bivouac till night made the snow safe if the weather had been fine and the snow soft in the afternoon, even here the tempest was raging furiously. The upper part of the Pétéret Ridge was concealed in dark grey clouds, and the deep booming sound, like wind resonant in a chimney magnified a hundredfold, made the ancient beliefs in mountain spirits and demons seem not only comprehensible, but very reasonable. The weather was beginning to show what it could do.

The next item on our programme was to get down from the Col de Pétéret to the Freyney Glacier. This descent had never before been accomplished, though the ascent had been made at least twice.

To the left of what must be the greatest icefall in the Alps, the leader found the top of a rocky bastion. Before we commenced its descent, the rope had to be re-adjusted. The writer can scarcely recollect ever having spent 20 minutes of such complete misery, as when standing against the icy blast, while numbed fingers fumbled futilely with frozen knots.

Our rocky bastion, immediately adjacent to the icefall on the right, got gradually steeper. The difficulty of finding a route down a bulging bastion has to be experienced to be believed. The bulge hides all the lower part, which is, of course, steeper and more difficult. Some *roches moutonnées* forced us to take to the couloir on the left, necessitating putting on and

later taking off crampons in the cold. To cross this couloir to another buttress would have exposed us to falling stones for half an hour of stepcutting, and perhaps in vain. After much toil, we still seemed to be miles above the Innominata, while the little Aiguille Joseph Croux looked like a tiny nick on the ridge. We still had the idea that a bivouac might be necessary, though on all that inhospitable bastion, we never saw a place where one could even sit down comfortably. It was our object to avoid a night out in the storm which was now imminent.

With much labour and sorrow and the aid of four " abseils," we got down to the level of the glacier, close below the huge ice-cliff, which loomed hundreds of feet above us in the mist. Gigantic séracs hung threateningly at an incredible angle. Even as we watched, a mass of ice, vast as a church, lurched forwards and, for what seemed ages, tottered slowly forwards to subside with a thump that shook the solid mountain. For several minutes, smaller séracs, dislodged by this ice-quake, kept falling and spattering the part of the glacier we had to traverse with fragments large enough to end our mortal careers, if we were unfortunate enough to intercept them.

Once over the bergschrund, we did not stop to explore a colossal cavern penetrating deeply at the foot of the cliff, like a veritable ice-king's cave. We fairly ran over the dangerous zone, past the stone-shooting couloir at the foot of which the bodies of Professor Balfour and Johann Petrus were found after their attempted descent.

It was now nearly dusk, and no time to linger on the glacier. The long slope, broken by only a few crevasses, was quickly covered, and we soon reached the top of the other icefall. We were prepared for any measures necessary to get down before dark. Imagine our delight at finding steps cut towards the icefall; for this not only meant that descent was possible, but also saved us time and trouble. We had for a long time forgotten about food, but ate a little below the difficulties of the séracs. We soon reached the top of the familar Col de l'Innominata. It was by now dark, but no lantern was needed, for the storm broke in full fury. The lightning was almost continuous. As we staggered down the moraine, we did not fail to realise that no human being in a bivouac could have

survived such a storm, which, moreover, lasted for several hours longer.

At 9-15 p.m., soaked to the skin, we reached the Gamba hut 28 hours after we had left it. Our dramatic entry during a peal of thunder was greeted by loud cheers from our friends. (There were also three Italian climbers present, who had arrived at the hut during our absence).

It is impossible to express adequately the extreme kindness of all the people we had left behind. They did everything possible to make us comfortable. We both felt rather frauds, as we felt that we did not deserve such consideration.

The writer has heard that our expedition was considered " foolhardy," and even unjustifiable. In his opinion, the leader, who was alone responsible for the successful issue, was entirely justified by the result. The chances were carefully considered beforehand. Even overtaken as we were by bad weather at the worst possible time, the leader's skill and judgment proved equal to the occasion. To complete the ascent of the Pétéret Ridge in possible weather conditions would have been easier than the course we were forced to take under bad conditions. The leadership of the first successful descent of the Col de Pétéret in bad weather and hampered by a novice, seems to the writer altogether a remarkable *tour de force*. There is, moreover, an abiding sense of satisfaction in snatching a peak from the very teeth of bad weather.

REMINISCENCES OF A SEPTUAGENARIAN

By W. N. Tribe.

Your Editors have rashly asked me to jot down some of my reminiscences of bygone days in the Lake District. They are, I fear, very trivial, and it is with some diffidence that I comply with their request as, compared with the feats of your members in these modern times of minute exploration of the climbs and of finished technique, my modest scrambles must appear very "small beer." Still, they may be of some slight interest in these present days. Though, to my regret, I am not a member of your Club, I yield to none in my love of the Lakes.

My earliest associations with the hills were here, and for beauty of colouring and shapeliness of the mountains no part of our Islands so appeals to me. I have never kept any notes, and my memory as to dates is rather vague, so the latter may be in some instances inaccurate, but it must have been about 55 years ago when I walked alone over Stye Head Pass and put up at Tyson's Farm, the first house in Wastdale to which I came. Things were very primitive in those days and my menu consisted chiefly of mutton, but conditions were quite comfortable in a rough way. Will Ritson was then at the Inn, since greatly enlarged, but I did not come into much contact with him and have no special memory of him.

The clergyman at Wastdale Head was also incumbent at Boot and must have had some rough journeys in winter in crossing the exposed Burnmoor. Instead of boots he wore wooden-soled clogs, and told us that his stipend was so small that he could not afford the former, owing to the wear and tear on the rough tracks he had to traverse. I think my friend must have been a predecessor of the incumbent mentioned by Mr. Haskett-Smith in his paper of a few years ago as, though he also wore clogs, he certainly did not sport scarlet knicker-bockers and stockings.

Having heard of the Pillar Rock I asked Tyson if he would accompany me to climb it, but he refused, saying that he had

once made the ascent (I think with the Pilkingtons), but having stuck for some time halfway up he had vowed that if he got safely down he would not again set foot on it. So, in some fear and trembling, as it appeared to me quite an adventure, I made my way up alone by the easy east face (I believe by the " Slab and Notch route "), going very gingerly across the slab, and was well pleased with myself. Not a very great many ascents had then been made and I added my name to a few in a tin case on the summit. Since then I have been up by various routes, but the harder ascents on the N.W. have been made since my time.

Many years after I formed one of a party of six led by that charming and enthusiastic Lakes climber, John Robinson, in an ascent of the North—not very long before effected for the first time. The " Hand Traverse " had then been accomplished by Solly, but we were content with the ascent by the " Stomach Traverse," and the descent into and ascent out of Savage Gully.

Most of my later climbs were done in company with my brothers-in-law, Messrs. Charles and Edward Hopkinson, but any merit attached to them was chiefly theirs, as I rarely led. Most of our ascents, though early ones, were not " firsts," but a good deal of exploratory work was done. Only the wet and cold state of the rocks probably prevented our making the first ascent of Scawfell Pinnacle by traversing out of Steep Ghyll on to the face and direct on to the Low Man, as was shortly afterwards done by Slingsby, with Haskett-Smith, E. Hopkinson, and G. Hastings, but after reaching the " Crevasse " we were confronted by a smooth and slimy slab which turned us back. A few years later I had the pleasure of completing the climb in the company of Howard Priestman, W. Brunskill and others under better conditions.

John Robinson was a great friend and delightful companion. His knowledge of the district was encyclopædic, and we made various expeditions together. He would leave his home at Lorton early and meet me at the foot of the proposed climb. He was warmly greeted by all the Fell folk and was, I think, a universal favourite and friend.

For eight Easters following my brothers-in-law and their wives, together with myself and my wife, formed a very jolly party, when we accomplished various climbs, on Pavey Ark,

Pillar, Shamrock Chimney, the Scawfell Climbs, Gable Arêtes and Needle, &c. A few stand out in my memory. One, an ascent of Steep Ghyll throughout, when the leader detached a fragment of the rotten rock which is a feature of that climb which cut the head of the second man. I was next on the rope and was startled to hear him say: "I am going to faint, can you come up and hold me." I was almost perpendicularly below and my position none too secure, but I managed to support him. He speedily recovered and we resumed our progress, but a little later I heard: "I am going to faint again," and the process was repeated, but this time our leader was just taking an upward step and had to stop in his then strained position, and shortly called out: "I am getting cramp, can you take his weight whilst I shift my foot." I replied: "I will try," and felt 11 or 12 stone settle down on my head and feared my neck would break. However, the period of unconsciousness was very short and we soon won out at the top.

In April, 1893, our party was staying at Rosthwaite and our destination one day was Scawfell, but, as often happens on these occasions, by starting at different times we missed connections, and Chas. Hopkinson and I found ourselves separated from the others. We tried the north face of the Pinnacle from its base, but after advancing a short distance were driven back by the coldness and wetness of the rocks. We then walked up Deep Ghyll, and just above the second obstacle we noticed a shallow crack curving up to the north arête of the Low Man which seemed to have possibilities, so I crept up, followed by C.H., till I reached a small stance on the arête, where the latter joined me. Directly above, the arête rose almost perpendicularly, the only handholds were at the extreme length of our reach and they and the rocks sloped the wrong way. After several attempts to advance we gave it up. What conduced to our defeat was that the other members of the party had all the food and we were feeling rather weak and empty. However, rather than submit to a complete failure, we found a good belay and descended some distance towards Hopkinson's Cairn, the last man on a doubled rope, and found our way up the face to the Low Man. A little time afterwards Owen Glynne Jones and Messrs. George and Ashley Abraham completed the climb direct from our stance and

described it as a fine and difficult climb. There is a full account of their climb in the former's book on " Climbing in the English Lakes " which includes a photograph giving a good idea of the climb.

Among our earlier climbs were two ascents of Doe Crags Great Gully. On the first occasion, C.H., who was leading, tried the crack on the left of the first jammed block which forms the only difficulty in the gully, but after ascending 10 or 12 feet, owing I think to the wet state of the rocks, his foot slipped and he had to save himself by a flying leap, but fortunately alighted on a bed of old snow. We then had to find some other way and one of the party climbed up beneath the chock stone and managed to poke up sufficient rope through a hole behind the stone to fall over the front of the cave and with its assistance a direct ascent was made. On a later occasion the crack was climbed and presented less difficulty than was anticipated.

In 1895 I was also one of an Easter party on Doe Crags which had a first ascent of Intermediate Gully as one of its objectives. But we were a large party and had to divide, drawing lots as to who should attack Intermediate, and to my lasting regret I had to be content to lead up another much simpler climb and to forego sharing the success of the others.

A member of our Easter party one year was the late Professor Marshall, but the following winter he was unfortunately killed by a fall when photographing a party in Deep Ghyll. He apparently stepped backwards without realizing the drop behind him, a thing the writer has found likely to happen when one's head is enveloped in a focussing cloth.

In concluding this paper I would ask the reader to condone the frequent recurrence of the personal pronoun, but it is to some extent unavoidable in personal reminiscences.

FAILURES

By J. H. Doughty.

It is now about ten years since a man named Halliday took me up the South-East Gully on Great End, and started my love for rock-climbing. At first it was a feeble flicker; but after some time I managed to awaken the interest of a friend, and began to tend the flame with some assiduity if not with much vigour. No one could have accused us of rashness; caution, almost to the point of timidity, was rather our characteristic. No president of the Alpine Club could have desired more circumspection than we brought to the whole business. We faithfully read our Jones, our Abraham, and our Benson; took all they said for gospel; and decided that after, say, a year's practice on low crags, we might safely venture on some of the easier rock-climbs with real names of their own.

Thus it came about that a certain evening found us two at Middle Row, armed as it were to the teeth, and steeled to high endeavour. We weighed the whole affair with all the gravity it deserved; measured our rope; inspected our boots; re-read the introduction to *British Mountain Climbs*; and finally decided that on the morrow, should the weather continue fair and ourselves in perfect health, we would attempt the Pillar Rock by the Slab and Notch route. This settled, we retired to our bedrooms to prepare for dinner.

On our return to the dining room we found another guest at table. We had noticed his rope earlier. We could hardly fail to notice it; it nearly filled the hat-rack. There was no doubting the man's status: he was a CLIMBER. In the course of conversation (for he turned out to be surprisingly affable), it transpired that he was more than this: he was a member of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club; that is—in our minds then—one of a race apart. He referred to the august rope, and mentioned, quite casually, that it was a one hundred and forty foot length which he had found the shopman on the point of cutting in two, and had bought on the spot to save it from such an ignoble

fate. That will give you an idea of the kind of man he was. Under the rays of his benign tolerance we expanded and forgot our diffidence. We chatted of places like the Napes and Scawfell as though we ourselves were free of those hallowed spots. And when he mentioned that he had been that day to the Pillar, I ventured to inquire—throwing as much of the wonted and off-hand into my tone as I could muster—" Anybody climbing on the Rock to-day ? " " No," came the nonchalant yet shattering reply, " there was a party on the Slab and Notch, but nobody climbing."

It is, of course, just such careless belittlement of our standard courses by rock-climbers of the modern school that is apt to drive the novice straight to his death. It drove us half way round the Pillar Rock next day. We scarce paused to throw a glance at the despised Slab as we hastened behind Pisgah to the foot of the Old West route. We had jumped clean over all the easies and were starting on a moderate straight away ! All our caution, our careful plans, our nascent mountaineering morality ; all that we had imbibed of holy sanction and tradition, of official precept—all this was gone for naught through a chance remark of the magnificent but (I fear) worldly stranger. Thus may one evil word, lightly spoken, turn the righteous away from their righteousness to do that which is wicked ; and I can only hope that Samuel Butler's " Saying of the Sun-child " is true, and that we " gained in amiability what we had lost in righteousness."

But we were not to climb the Pillar Rock that day ; vaulting ambition had o'erleaped itself. By the time we started our climb the whole crag was swathed in mist : boiling masses of vapour surged around us ; now covering all traces in a clammy pall ; now opening to give transient glimpses into unfathomable depths. We got as far as a point where it seemed necessary to advance across a smooth holdless ledge, edged by nothingness and leading to chaos—or so it appeared to our disordered imaginings. We tried, retreated, tried again ; held counsel ; and at last turned tail and fled—if indeed *fleeing* is a term that can properly be applied to our cautious and gingerly retrogression.

Were we craven ? I do not know ; nor do I particularly care. Perhaps had we pushed on we should have won the summit ; and perhaps we should have slipped off, and had our corpses

borne to Wasdale Head; which would have sadly upset Mrs. Wilson's domestic economy, and might even have caused Howard Somervell to rue his careless depreciation of that splendid climb, the Slab and Notch. But we failed—and the full measure of our failure was brought home to me a few months later when we were again on the Rock in the company of some competent climbers.

On this fine summer day we had done the North-East climb; and, after a short rest on Low Man, we doffed the rope and almost romped down into West Gully by what I deduced rather than recognised to be the Old West route. The terrifying ramparts of the Spring had resolved themselves into a simple back staircase: we had succeeded!

Now by all the conventional rules I suppose I should estimate that triumph (save the mark!) as a richer and more satisfying experience than our earlier repulse. But I do not feel like that about it: the failure was full of glamour, excitement, romance, it abides in memory with a far more lively vigour than the cheap, banal success.

And with the passing of years I have come to feel that there is something fundamental in this contrast. I do not go so far as to say that all success is vulgar, all failure sublime; but recollection furnishes enough of richness on the one hand and comparative ænemia on the other to make the distinction appear characteristic and to make one question traditional wisdom on the subject.

Incidentally it may be said that this traditional wisdom is not too clear about the matter. The mentors of youth are never tired of impressing on their charges how much more important it is to play the game than to win; but they continue to keep up an elaborate paraphernalia of rewards, and focus the spotlight of approbation on success. Our Press groans under a burden of loud lament for lost supremacies—from the daily papers with their clamour for new boxing "hopes" to the *Alpine Journal* with its plaintive "Where are les jeunes Britanniques?"; and at the same time we are continually fed with aphorisms of the "to travel hopefully..." and "'tis better to have loved and lost" order. Perhaps the inconsistency is more apparent than real: the truth seems to be that this is essentially a question

of personal feeling. A philosophy which would lead us to accept with complacency a generally low level of achievement, or to exalt our own failures to the level of other people's success is a pretty feeble doctrine, with more than a suspicion of sour grapes about it; but so long as a man confines himself to the comparative valuation of his own experiences he is on surer ground, and that is as far as I would wish to go.

But let us get away from this turgid theorizing and back to narrative; for if the present writer's speculations about failure are poor and uninspiring, he feels that his practical experience in this field is probably unrivalled.

* * * * * *

For our next illustration we will move through some years and to another land. Not for any greater aptness to our purpose, nor (God knows!) for any lack of suitable examples in the interim; but the gentle reader may like a change of scene, and may even consider the Old West route too trivial a climb to serve as the basis for a solemn thesis.

It was during my first (and up to the present my last) season in Switzerland. I was climbing with two fellow-members of the Rucksack Club, and after spending ten days in the Oberland we crossed over to Arolla. There we fell in with Graham Wilson, Harland, and Miss Harland. Wilson suggested that we should join forces for an assault on the west face of the Aiguille de la Tsa, and this was agreed to. The day began with failure, on our side, owing to Wilson, who had formed an entirely mistaken impression that we should go much faster than his own party, setting off about ten minutes ahead of us. "You know the way?" he said, as he passed me in the hall. "No," I replied. "Oh, you just go across the tennis court and down to the bridge over the stream; then straight up the hill-side."

That seemed easy enough, but things turned out differently in practice. After circulating once or twice round the tennis court until we hit against it (it was raised on a kind of plinth) we found the bridge, crossed the stream, and plunged at once into a miniature forest complicated by a net-work of paths apparently constructed by some society of prehistoric Valaisians whose medicine men had placed the Aiguille de la Tsa under a

taboo. From time to time, as we stumbled over roots, climbed fallen trunks, or dived down and across innumerable gullies, a chance opening between the branches would disclose the lights of the party ahead ; now mounting a seemingly clear but quite unattainable slope, and steadily increasing the distance between us. At last their too flattering belief in our superior speed yielded to the logic of patent facts, and they sat down to give us a chance of catching up, which we ultimately did, panting and exhausted.

After a breather we ascended together to the foot of the tiny glacier that laps the base of the Tsa on this side. Here Wilson's inferiority complex (or was it merely his politeness ?) reasserted itself and he insisted on my taking the lead : he had, however, the good sense to keep on a separate rope ; and after courteously following my winding, aimless course for some time, himself steered a sane one towards a practicable breach in the rocks, which we had the chagrin to reach simultaneously with a stout German gentleman and his guide, who had left the hotel about an hour later than ourselves. The guide was very anxious that we should keep close behind them, as the early part of the ascent lay up a gully, and he was afraid of sending down stones. We, in our stubborn pride, resented the idea of clinging to the skirts of a guide whom we were not paying, and suggested as an alternative that we should give them an ample start—promising to wait under cover for three-quarters of an hour before getting under way. Our bargain kept, we mounted blithely upwards, myself once more in the lead.

I cannot remember how many times I lost the proper route, but it must have run well into double figures. Scratches on the rocks were almost negligible, and in any case were as likely to be the marks of falling stones as of climbing nails ; occasionally a patch of snow would furnish the unmistakable and welcome trace of a human footprint ; for the rest our only objective clues were a number of derelict wine-bottles, which appeared with amazing frequency and invariably led to a cul-de-sac. Their occurrence was too regular to be the result of chance ; and I am fully persuaded that the Arolla guides have an annual carousal on the west face of the Tsa during the off season ; carrying up innumerable bottles of wine, which are first emptied and then

planted with uncanny skill in the spots most calculated to discourage guideless climbing.

I suppose it would be about four o'clock when we arrived at a spot nearly level with the top of the couloir on our right. The summit was now in sight some three hundred feet above us, and according to the book of words the most difficult work had yet to come. Probably, as a consequence of our original route, we had already accomplished a good deal of climbing that was technically as hard as anything ahead: on the other hand there was no guarantee that the leader's divagations would cease at this point; and, the party being unanimously of the opinion that they would rather be live cowards than dead or even badly chilled heroes, the reliable Wilson went again to the front and cut us a way to the col.

From the top of the couloir we could see our German friend and his guide on the summit, along with a large and animated party, mostly ladies, who must have gone up by the short and easy south-east route. It looked, indeed, as though the Evolena Women's Sewing Circle was holding its annual picnic on the Aiguille de la Tsa that day, and the top must have been quite uncomfortably crowded. Our own perch was far from roomy, but, such as it was, we had it to ourselves; and as we basked in the bliss of relaxed effort, I could not help asking myself what we had missed by our failure to accomplish those last three hundred feet. We had climbed some far more sporting pitches than we might have done had we followed the guide; we had learned, in the best of all schools, a few things about Alpine climbing that we might have missed; we could see nearly all that the others could see, with the Aiguille de la Tsa into the bargain. In one respect alone could they claim an advantage, and to those who have learned to repress that morbid gratification in being on the tops of things that advantage will appear in its true and insignificant proportions.

Have I succeeded in giving any coherent shape to my philosophy of failure, or have I failed in this as well? Perhaps philosophy is too grand a term; perhaps these random thoughts have a purely personal significance in my own mental evolution, as constituting the only emotional attitude that could fit my self-respect to survive so long a series of commonplace per-

formances. I do not expect to appeal to those who have the skill and temper to wield shining swords and grasp the glittering prizes of mountaineering. I can only hope that to some more humdrum climber like myself they may serve to crystallize his own reflections.

* * * * * *

One more recollection and I have done. I shall not attempt to describe it in detail, for the details are uninteresting and it merely comes to memory as a day when I felt supremely happy although nearly everything seemed to go wrong, objectively. Four of us had set out with the intention of doing the Direct Route on Glyder Fach. We tried to reach it by the Alpha route up the slab below the Capstan, but failed to make that go. We next failed to locate our climb, and after reaching an awkward corner retreated in disorder. (Later on we found that we had been on the right climb but had failed to recognize it!) So we went down to Bochlwyd Buttress and broke our luck by climbing that. Then the party split. Two went off to the Gribin in an attempt to retrieve some scattered fragments of a broken climbing day; two others (including, I need hardly say, myself) declined to tempt fate further, and, propping up their backs against a convenient rock, stretched themselves luxuriously on the heather at the top of the crag. It is one of those delectable spots on a mountain-side that would never be visited were it not the finish of a climb. Beyond our boots there was literally no foreground to the view; the crag fell sheer, and the Ogwen valley lay at our feet, somnolent, seductive, serene. The faint murmur of streams, the occasional querulous bleating of sheep, and the impertinent hoots of the motor-cars that crawled like ridiculous insects along the high road, were the only ruffles on a perfect calm, as we lay and soaked in happiness.

But what, I can imagine the reader saying, has all this to do with failure? Can one not properly enjoy a rest in perfect surroundings at the end of the day unless he has made a mess of all his climbs beforehand; and may not the pleasure of repose that you describe be sweetened by the recollection of something attempted, something done, to deserve it? I do not dispute the point; my own is that the difference between success and failure

makes (or need make) but an insignificant difference to the pleasures that really matter. It is not primarily to get to the tops of things that I would climb. It is for the feel of good rock under the hand, the spring of the muscle as the leg straightens out on a tiny hold ; the sound of water squishing under foot, the clatter of scree ; the sight of bracken and heather, the smell of pines ; the cloud-shadows racing over the hills, the earth below, the sky above, and wind brushing the face. Or at times when the gods scowl, the fight against wind and weather, numbed hands to be rubbed and toes to be stamped ; head bent to a scudding gale ; the lash of hail on the cheek, and at the end, with luck, a roof and a warm fire and rest. It is going to the right places with the right people and in the right mood ; it is not getting anywhere.

" Less dangerous than many, more exhilarating than most, and nobler than any other form of physical training, climbing may surely be proved to demonstration to be the best of the modes by which we may refresh, as we must, our jaded animal and sensuous systems. Fighting with mankind in all its modes, real or mimic has long been set down as a brutalising outlet for our animal energies. The destruction of animals, or all forms of the chase, will soon, we believe, be discredited on somewhat similar grounds. There remains the better fight, the true scope for our combative energies, the battle with the earth, the old struggle with the elements and the seasons."

FREDERIC HARRISON.

ROUND ABOUT NANDA DEVI IN 1926

By T. Howard Somervell.

Few things can be more entirely different than a climb in Cumberland and one in the Himalaya. In the one, you journey by train or car, say from Barrow to " Coniston with its busy, modern life " and stop at the Sun to get a meal. Having done this, and surreptitiously taken Darwin's rope from the hat-stand, within a couple of hours you are climbing up one of the finest bits of rock in the world, having done which you run down a scree gully and climb it again some other way, and then perhaps if you have not too bulky a companion you will slither down Intermediate, and so back to the busy, modern life for a more substantial meal.

In the other, after many preparations, you go a journey of several hundred (in my case two thousand) miles by train, another by motor-car, and walk (with all your tents, food, and equipment for several weeks carried on the backs of mules or of coolies) for a couple of weeks, at the end of which time you may with luck have time to climb a mountain (which takes several days), or perhaps two, before you find that your leave is near expiring and you must start trekking back—and so to bed after travelling for six weeks for the sake of a couple of climbs.

Yet both come under the heading of mountaineering, and its wonderful diversity is perhaps the chief thing that makes our sport the finest in the world.

So, I will now describe the one kind of holiday for the benefit of those with many of whom I have so often enjoyed the other.

Ever since my first acquaintance with the Himalayas in 1922 I have had a longing to explore the peaks around Nanda Devi which is the highest mountain in the British Empire and the centre of some of the finest and steepest peaks in the world. And when last year I had a letter from Mr. Ruttledge (Deputy Commissioner of Almora), whose district was the proud possessor of this group of mountains, asking if I could join his party, I assented with eagerness and at once began to get maps

and study the group. Incidentally, the only procurable maps save for those " in the know " are so bad or so incomplete that I didn't study this group at all, but a group of imaginary peaks and valleys existing in the brain of some bygone surveyor. Mr. and Mrs. Ruttledge, Col. Wilson, my wife and I were the party, so I must apologise to the grievously susceptible bachelor without more ado for adopting Pinnacle Club methods as regards the personnel.

My wife and I had to travel six or seven days in the train before we reached Kathgodam, which we did one morning before sunrise ; we rapidly got wide awake by an argument as to the relative virtues of conflicting motor-bus companies, deciding on the most expensive as being the only one which guaranteed us a through passage to Almora if (as was very likely) a breakdown occurred ; the other companies, having but one bus apiece, were not in a position to do this. So, under the ægis of the Naini Tal M.T. Company, we were conducted by bus and, later, car up what is surely the most wonderful road in the world outside the Dolomites, with a surface like a racing-track, although it has been hewn from steep rocks and rises five thousand feet in the first sixteen miles and leads from the plains up a series of magnificent gorges, past steep slopes scarred with the tracks of constant landslides, until it stops at the hill-station of Almora. Beyond this we can only have pony-tracks to take us into the recesses of the main Himalayan range.

The Ruttledges kindly put us up at Almora, where we had to wait nearly two weeks, as Col. Wilson was delayed by a war which, however, finished up to time (they know how to work wars in this country, you see). The delay, however, was profitably occupied by sorting, packing, and repacking our 76 coolie-loads of stores and dispatching some of them in advance to Martoli, for we had planned to reach this place by a direct route involving the crossing of Traill's Pass (between Nanda Devi and Nanda Kot), and wished to cross it with the lightest of equipment, our main stores going round by a longer way by official paths and pony-tracks.

A junior member of Ruttledge's service reported a few days before we were due to start that the approaches to Traill's Pass, up the Pindari Glacier, were quite hopeless, that the only

possible camping ground was 20 feet deep in snow and so on, and in view of this and of the unusually bad weather, we decided to go the longer way round to Martoli, and forego the more adventurous pass. We afterwards discovered to our indignation that the report was imaginary and false, the man who made it (at great length and in writing) having evidently never been within miles of the places he reported on. A very characteristic Indian episode this, but one which lost us the chance of making the crossing of this fine pass, which had only been traversed once since Traill originally crossed it about 70 years ago.

Besides the five Europeans and 76 coolies already mentioned, we had with us two of our strongest Sherpas from the last Everest expedition, whom I picked up on the way from South India; They rejoiced in the names of Alice and Satan. Also, by the kindness of Lt.-Col. Dodd, O.C., 1/6th Q.A.O. Gurkhas, we had a Gurkha Corporal and a private, the latter quite the wag of our party. His name was Form Fours, and was given to him owing to his having been discovered one day in the barrack-room all alone, drilling himself with words of command which would have done credit to a Sergeant-Major, and with that precision in obeying them which is so characteristic of the Gurkhas.

The trek started by 20 miles in a motor lorry, so tightly packed that we were all exactly like Alice in Wonderland, but failed to find any package inscribed "Eat This," so perforce had to continue until the journey's end; the roof of the lorry is still suffering from the bumping it received from my head.

Next day, May 16th, we began the walking part of the business, helped by ponies for the first two marches. The country, from typical foothill scenery not unlike parts of Britain, gradually passed through the stages of North Italy and Norway until it became frankly Himalayan, with deeper, more uncompromising valleys, and high passes, and little villages here and there in the most unpromising looking places. While the people get a precarious livelihood by cultivating terraces of land with tremendous industry, their whole property sometimes disappears in a landslide, and the assiduity of generations crashes down into the valley below.

In the lower parts there is very little forest land—much less than in most parts of the Himalayas—and although the pine-

trees often exceed 100 feet in height, with fine vertical stems, their transportation is so difficult that they are valueless as wood. In one of the few forests an amusing incident occurred. When we stopped at a camping site in the evening, Form Fours rolled up with a bandage round his head. He had been throwing stones at a monkey, who caught one of them and threw it back with such precision that Form Fours had his scalp cut open. He had a very septic ulcer on his knee at the time, and with a fine disregard for all the principles of surgery he removed this septic dressing and put it on his head. Doctors will be interested to hear that the head healed by first intention.

Form Fours had one pair of trousers, one of pants, two of shorts, and one of plus fours. In the colder part of the journey he used to put them all on, but in various orders from within outwards, thus giving us most astonishing sartorial displays with quite a simple wardrobe.

I cannot stop to enumerate all the passes we went over; I will mention only the last which brought us finally into the Gori Ganga Valley which was our objective. This pass was a double one, 9,000 feet high. The march of the previous day, a very hot one in a valley, had brought us to a high camp on a grassy spur. From this, next day, we walked along a finely-situated path and up into a pine-forest, zigzagging up the slope leading to the first pass. As soon as we reached the col, there burst upon us a most amazing view of mountains, the whole of the Pancha Chule range being right in front of us, some 20 miles away, in blazing clear sunlight, the distorted pine-trees of the high pass providing a delightful foreground.

These mountains, which have never been explored, consist of five immense teeth on a ridge, rather like an immense edition of the Drei Zinnen, but draped with snow and ice, and of most majestic appearance. The highest point looked the least difficult, and we thought we spotted a possible way up leading up a glacier which looked as if it would take three days to climb and with a counterpart of the north-west ridge of the Grivola to finish up with. Two thousand feet of ice steps at 22,000 or so, for people who were as yet unacclimatised, would I fear have been prohibitive, but the prospect of the climb tempted us sorely, and we very nearly decided to go there. However, we adhered to

our original plan, namely to go to Martoli and from there to explore the north-east face of Nanda Devi, which had never been seen properly before, or else to climb Nanda Kot.

Three more days up the deep, deep gorge of the Gori Ganga took us to Martoli. On the second day, we passed through the main Himalayan chain by a defile which is the most impressive I have ever been in. For 2,000 feet on either side the rocks rise almost vertical from the torrent-bed, those on the western side being absolutely vertical, even overhanging in places, for 1,500 feet or so above the river. The path goes by the less vertical, eastern side, keeping to a grassy ledge a few feet wide, and descending the other side on an artificially made zigzag on a large slab of slanting rock.

Martoli, about 100 miles from Almora, is a delightful spot where the gorge, before piercing the Himalayas, is an open grassy valley with snowy peaks on every hand and a little town, deserted save for the summer months, on a shelf 1,000 feet above the stream. It is a romantic place, at the junction of the rugged Lwanl valley, which sweeps down from the gigantic eastern face of Nanda Devi and the northern face of Nanda Kot, and the Milam valley or Gori Ganga, which is almost an exact counterpart of the Rongbuk Valley of Everest in length, breadth, and general scenery, save that the snowy peak at its head is not so massive as Everest, and the peaks along its right bank are among the steepest and most threatening I have ever seen.

We debated whether to go up the Lwanl Valley and attempt the northern face of Nanda Kot, which was so nearly climbed by Longstaff in 1906, or to endeavour to get a view of the north-east face of Nanda Devi, which had never properly been seen. We finally decided on the latter alternative ; it would bring us into unexplored country, and would be certain to give us magnificent views—but little did we then dream of their true magnificence.

So we started up for Milam, about ten miles from Martoli, and about 11,300 feet high. Milam is another deserted town, of considerable size, and when we arrived was uninhabited, but while we were there people kept pouring in with their flocks and herds for the hot season, to return again to lower climes when the summer was over. On arrival, they started ploughing the

fields, using oxen, asses, and men as the beasts to pull the ploughs, while the women fetched water from a glacier stream half-a-mile away.

Our first expedition was up a hitherto unvisited and unnamed valley which we thought would lead us to the ridge which forms the eastern boundary of the Nanda Devi basin. If we could reach the summit of this ridge we would be in full view of this side of the mountain. The main Gori Ganga stream had first to be crossed, and for this purpose we had to go several miles up the valley to the glacier snout and cross it on the glacier, descending again on its right bank to a point almost opposite Milam. My wife and Mrs. Ruttledge stayed in camp, while the rest of us with the Sherpas, Gurkhas and 15 coolies crossed the glacier, the latter finding the sharp stones (resting on ice and often slipping away) very awkward for their bare feet.

Owing to the détour rendered necessary by the absence of bridges, we could not get very far up our valley that day, but camped in a sheltered, fairly level place amongst grass and boulders, with a fine view across the Milam Valley to the peaks which form the northern part of the Pancha Chule range. The coolies returned to Milam.

Next day, the three Sahibs, with Alice and Satan and the two Gurkhas, went up the glacier ; it was a laborious march with a 20 lb. load and, in any case, a temperature of 102, but led us to a good camping-ground at 15,000 feet, on the last lot of grass in the valley, at least a mile above the snout of the glacier. On the morrow, thanks to the considerate treatment I received from the other older but fitter men, I had no fever, and we were all very fit.

Then occurred one of those things that make Majors (and sometimes Missionaries too) short-tempered in India. Ruttledge and I got up early and collected some water after digging a hole in the ice, and boiled it, giving it (at great self-sacrifice, for we were thirsty) to the Gurkhas. We then had to fetch more water (100 yards away and fairly laborious) and boil it and make tea for ourselves. Then the Gurkhas asked us for the pan to boil some more in. " Yes, but you've had some already. What did you do with it ? " " Oh, we washed our hands."—for it would be against caste to have drunk water cooked by any caste but their own. The Gurkha N.C.O. afterwards confided to Ruttledge that

he wouldn't have minded if he had been alone, but the presence of Ruttledge's servant made him mind his p's and q's. If he had seen him drinking the water, the said servant would very likely have reported it to other members of his caste, and the local Brahmins would have extorted much money for ceremonials of reinstation.

With our tempers slightly perturbed by this incident, but with our bodies fortified by a good meal, we set out along the easy snow-covered glacier until a huge ice-fall turned us on to the extreme left side (true right) of the glacier, the lower part of the fall being avoided by a slope of snow which led us easily up the first half of the ice-fall; the second half, however, proved a tougher problem. For half-an-hour I hacked unsafe steps up impossible seracs and Col. Wilson then did the same; but the seracs would not "go," so finally we crossed a snow bridge which we had before rejected as unsafe, for it looked rickety and led to an ice-slope beneath a cliff down which stones were constantly falling. I rashly insisted on full lengths of rope between all members of the party, which meant the undoing of our spare rope. While I, having crossed the bridge, was sitting on the stone-swept slope of ice, it seemed as if the others were taking hours to unravel the very unruly new rope; I trust I have been by now forgiven for the impatience I shewed in an endeavour to hurry them up, though I have not yet forgiven myself. Finally all was ready and the five of us were soon over the bridge and labouring up the slope of rough ice, under an intermittent shower of stones, which added to our excitement though not to our pleasure, and from which Col. Wilson had a provident escape, being narrowly missed by three fair-sized ones all at once and on different sides of him.

Arrived above the icefall, we had to cross the level, crevassed glacier, and ascend the steep ridge beyond.

Unfortunately the snow was by now soft and very deep; and after going a few hundred feet, sinking above our knees at every step, we halted and discussed prospects. Could we cross the glacier? Yes; but we should have no time to get up the ridge and we had not much food left.

To do less than the top of the ridge was useless for we could not see Nanda Devi until we reached its top; and so, reluctantly

but wisely, we returned home, coming down with fair rapidity and arriving at camp in good time for a meal. On the morrow we went down to our first camp and on to Milam, finding that the coolies in our absence had made a bridge which saved us several miles of walking, and testified to their energy although I admit I have been in safer places. And so to bed, with our main purpose unfulfilled, but after three splendid days and a fine glacier expedition.

From the camp at Milam we looked up two valleys, the main Milam glacier on the left, and further east the Kwanl Ganga. (At the head of this valley are passes leading into Tibet, not then open, but traversed afterwards by Ruttledge on his return.) Above the Kwanl Ganga valley towers the Kwanl Ganga Ka Pahar, a very shapely peak with a snowy summit of about 20,200 feet, which had attracted us several times. And now, as we had failed to get up to the ridge which surrounds Nanda Devi, the best thing to do was to look over the top of it. Here was a fine mountain for the purpose. So we set out with about 20 coolies, and made a base camp one day's march from Milam at the foot of our peak (12,500). On the following day, taking Mrs. Ruttledge with us and not taking the servant who had strong views about caste, we pushed a camp up to 15,000 feet, crossing the river by a snow-bridge and with difficulty getting our fifteen or so bare-footed coolies up the shaly slope of the mountain's western side which was none too safe in places. The coolies went down to the valley again, choosing a better route, and we pitched our little camp in a fine situation on a flat place in the south-western ridge of the peak, where we proceeded to enjoy one of the finest sunsets of our lives.

Next day, in glorious weather, and taking with us the two Gurkhas and two Sherpas, we started early (as soon, that is, as we had thawed out and got some hot liquid and baked beans inside us) and attacked the easy but steep snow leading up to our ridge itself. The ridge which had looked so easy from below began to assume more interesting and breath-taking features, and we got quite a good day's climbing up its various gendarmes and their icy chimneys ; here and there a good deal of route-finding was necessary, and when, finally, we reached a really big gendarme which seemed, to our rather tired and breathless party, as if it had

better be postponed until the morrow, we stopped and pitched our camp, at 17,500 feet, on a little platform which we built ourselves, just wide enough for one Meade tent, and long enough for two end-to-end. It was a glorious situation, finer than the similar platform Norton and I had built in 1924 nearly ten thousand feet higher, because the mountains around, though smaller than Everest's satellites, were so much more fantastic and of such terrific slope; moreover our old and ever more beautiful friend Nanda Devi was beginning to reveal herself and her north-eastern face, the sight we had come to see, and one which had never before been revealed to man. And a magnificent sight it was—eight thousand feet of the steepest precipice two miles long, with a northerly spur of the mountain, of which we had only suspected the existence, carved into the most beautiful flutings by countless avalanches aided by the fierce Himalayan sun. We had ample time to study it while our porters got down to the lower camp, and we cooked a rather cheerless and breathless meal. Soon after sunset—another fine one with rolling clouds—we went to our precarious beds and woke up next morning to find that we were, to our surprise, still there, not having rolled down the snow-slope on the upper edge of which our platform was built. And we finally got going, none too early, a little after sunrise, for the final stage of our peak. A way had to be found over a number of gendarmes, some of them fairly formidable, and even the easy ones difficult from our imperfect acclimatisation, and at about 2-30 we reached the foot of the final snowy arête. Here we had to decide whether to be content with our view or to reach our summit.

Mrs. Ruttledge, who had been climbing very pluckily, was obviously very tired, and Col. Wilson said he would go back with her if Ruttledge and I went on to the top. We were both anxious to get there, and the decision was left to me. I felt it was unwise to split up our party and reluctantly voted for the descent; I was very sorry to deprive Ruttledge of a 20,000 foot peak, the more so as it would have been his first of that height but I somehow felt it was right to go down, and decided to do so. I have several times since regretted the decision, for I think we could have got up; and yet I think we did the right thing; even as it was we were very tired when, after a meal at 17,500 feet,

we reached, with scrambling and sliding of rather a ragtime order, our camp of two days before. The Sherpas and Gurkhas did very well, Form Fours glissading nervously without an axe being very amusing to watch; but he learnt a lot about snow and ice that day which stood him, I believe, in good stead later. A glorious view of the splendid snowy northern face of Nanda Kot filled us with admiration for Longstaff's attempt on it in 1906 or thereabouts; Longstaff turned back 1,000 feet from the top owing to danger of avalanche, and it certainly seemed to us that the whole mountain was in danger of slipping down in snowy crashes at a much lower level than the place where Longstaff turned. But perhaps my experiences in Everest in 1922 have left me rather too suspicious of snow in the Himalayas.

On the morrow we went rapidly down the easy rocks of the lower ridge; my wife came up to about 14,000 feet to meet us, and I enjoyed a tête-â-tête breakfast with a glorious view as much as anything in our expedition.

We had come, we had seen, even if we had not conquered—but above all we had seen, and the sight of that north-eastern face of Nanda Devi was one I shall never forget; perhaps it is the finest mountain view in the world. But Oh! for a close-up of it.

That same evening, in our valley camp at 12,000 feet, I developed an attack of jaundice, which lasted throughout our journey home. By the time we had reached Martoli, and were to separate from the Ruttledges and Col. Wilson (for my leave had already expired), I was unable to keep any food down, but the work awaiting me in Travancore, 2,000 miles away, made it imperative that we should keep moving, so, leaving the others to a continuation of their adventures across the Pancha Chule range and around Mount Kailas in Tibet, my wife and I trekked down the valley and over the passes, I as the old crock dependent on arrowroot and rice, my wife assiduously and unselfishly cooking these unappetising repasts and doing everything for me in camp and on the march. About six days later, we were presented with a fresh fish, from which I date my recovery; and by the time we reached Almora I was fit again and could eat with something approaching relish. But so fit had our holiday made us that even this fortnight's set-back had not taken away its effects, and

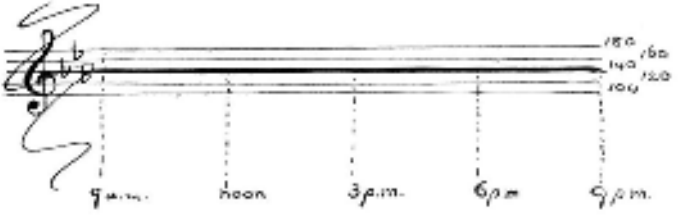
after another lorry ride (this time with two breakdowns, a back wheel and a cardan shaft, and a race for the train which we lost by five minutes, the next being 24 hours later)—we began the long train journey southward. Agra, Jaipur, and Ahmedabad, were visited for a few hours apiece on our homeward journey, and we arrived in Travancore ten days after leaving Almora, strengthened in body and cleared in mind, and carrying with us recollections of a priceless holiday and a peerless mountain, which will last a lifetime.

We did but little climbing, we attained no summit, but we had, and shall always have as a memory, a real friendship with one of the most glorious parts of this best of all possible worlds.

"Courage, moral and physical, that has its source in vigorous vitality and its goal in the extension of human freedom, finds on the hills its hardiest school."

G. W. YOUNG.

Mr THOMAS
passing the Edelweiss.



thick black line, thus ——— indicates
BLOOD PRESSURE.

Readings taken every
three hours on
1st April 1916.

INTERVIEWS WITH CLUB CELEBRITIES

By H. E. Scott.

(3).—Mr. EUSTACE THOMAS.

At the request of our Editress, I went out to see Mr. Eustace Thomas at Brooklands—not the motor one, but the Manchester one—where he lives under the care of his charming sister.

I found him outside in the garden walking round and round. "Good morning," he called over his shoulder, "if you are Mrs. Chorley's man, come along, I've no time to waste." I chased after him and we proceeded round and round the garden together. His legs are half as long again as mine, and, therefore, a rough calculation will show that, if his legs are to mine as 3 : 2, I must take 3^2 strides to his 2^2, or nine strides to his four. Also, the arc described by his legs is greater than that described by mine, so that as he walked, I trotted beside him, note-book and pencil in hand, jerking out my questions and noting his answers in shorthand. Any seeming inaccuracies in his statements are caused by the shorthand signs having been put in the wrong place. With this contingency in mind I used the Morse or dot-and-dash alphabet for the latter portion of the interview. It is easier to write this whilst running.

I asked: "How did you...."

He: "Oh, I was just thinking about my rock garden. I've got a perfectly lovely clump of Scutellaria japon...."

I: "Yes, but tell me about your Fell circuit, how did you get off Scafell?"

He: "Oh, we were.....as I was saying, it's the pedunculate variety of Scutellaria, the one in which the flowers are gamopetalous, and....."

I: "Confound the Scoot....whatever you call it, please tell me about Scafell."

It appeared that I had touched upon a delicate subject. There had been some difficulty about getting off Scafell; it was

very misty and Broad Stand was in two places at once. "But," he said, "I had no beer."*

"Do you never stop to rest?" I panted, after we had been going about half an hour.

"Rest," he replied, "is quite unnecessary. As soon as I feel my muscles are beginning to tire, I break into a run. This brings into action a different set of muscles, and after, say, ten minutes running I am invariably quite refreshed and able to resume my walk."

"Do you not feel the continuous exertion harmful to the system?" I asked.

"You mean, does it affect the action of the heart?" he responded. "Other people have asked me that. They do not understand. *Regular* movement doesn't affect the heart, it is sudden jerks, such as jumping, dashing after trams, etc., that are harmful. I test my blood pressure once a week. I do it with the speedometer of my car. I write the chart on paper which I cut out of my sister's music book, as this is ready ruled." Fishing out of his pocket a small piece of paper (which I have asked the printer to reproduce in my illustration) he said: "This is yesterday's chart, representing a period of twelve hours. You will see that the pressure remains perfectly regular."

After we had walked (or trotted) round the garden for about another half hour, I was feeling tired, and said, "Excuse me, Mr. Thomas, but do you remember what King Richard said to Scroop?"

"No, what did he say?"

"He said, 'for God's sake let us sit upon the ground!'"

"Yes," said Mr. Thomas, "but see the result. He's dead. If he hadn't sat upon the damp grass he might have been alive to-day."

We thereupon continued à la Felix. In a few minutes the great man (well, he's on the A.C. Committee anyway) stopped suddenly and announced.....

"The crying need of the climbing clubs is vitamines."

"Vitamines," I said, "who was.....what are they?"

* On referring again to my notes, I find I took down this portion in Morse and I see that the transposition of a dot and a dash would make it read "fear" instead of "Beer," which is probably correct.

" Things," said he, " like rice pudding, plain cheese, cabbage from which the chlorophyll or green colouring matter has been extracted by boiling and filtration and the essence distilled. It is well-known that chlorophyll contains no proteids and is useless except to tell the caterpillar where the cabbage is. By confining one's dietary in spring to these comestibles we can reduce our weight (which has increased during the winter owing to the number of Climbing Club Dinners) by one stone per calendar month. After three months' application it is much easier to climb mountains. I read all about it in an American paper. You shall have some for lunch."

I said " Thanks, but I'm having lunch with a *friend*."

He went on to tell me that he could never have done his great perambulation of all the Lake District mountains—ascending upwards of 25,000 feet in 24 hours and more to follow—if he had not used vitamines. He looked forward to the time when vitamines would be procurable in the form of small tabloids, each tabloid containing a sufficient number of eggs to enable a man to climb 1,000 feet. He had suggested this to the Everest Expedition, but it had to be turned down because the Grand Lama objected, as no yaks would then have been needed to carry food for the party. It appears that the Grand Lama is Chairman of the Yak and Jongpen Hiring Company (Tibet) Limited. Personally, however, he hoped the time would soon come when everybody would be able to subsist on five or six tabloids per diem as, under the present system, he calculated that every man, woman and child in this country wasted every week on the broad average 15,742 hours of valuable time, or a total annual national waste of 40,000,000,000 hours in feeding which might otherwise be profitably occupied in walking. He had heard, but did not believe it, that there were climbing clubs at which people sat as long as four hours over one meal.

Of course he was prepared for strong opposition. The Denture Manufacturers' Association had already called a meeting to protest, and the Worshipful Company of Butchers, of London, Eng., had sent to the House of Commons a strongly-worded petition commencing " whereas.... "

It was no easy job, continued Mr. Thomas, quickening his pace as he warmed to his subject, to do the circuit of the Fells. There

was Great Calva for instance. Nobody knew where Great Calva was. Ashley Abraham said he was dead. It turned out he meant John Calvin. It isn't mentioned in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (XIII. edition, India paper), nor is it in the *Times Atlas*. Haskett-Smith had never seen it. The L.M.S. (whether as Missionary Society or Railway Company) had never heard of it. Chorley said it wasn't there, though for an extra guinea he might be prepared to argue that it was. But it was finally tracked down, triangulated, explored and included in the list, and, said Mr. Thomas proudly, " I was the first man to set foot on its summit at night (8-50 p.m.)."

Again, said he, the circuit of the Fells needs concentration. One thing at a time. No matter how keen a student of Nature one may be, the instincts of the collector must await another occasion for indulgence. Anyone who has walked (sic) from Yewbarrow summit to Wasdale Head in 16¾ minutes will recognise that little time is allowed for stopping on the way.

" Five a.m. on Kirk Fell," said Mr. Thomas dramatically, " nothing to be seen but an all-embracing curtain of mist, no sound save the booming of the buzzard and the distant murmur of the stream as it dropped towards Mosedale, broken in upon by the harsh staccato inquiry of a helper, ' Where's the blinking thermos, Bill ? ' "

His voice changed. " I beg your pardon," he said, " that's the opening of chapter two in my new novel—a best seller. I've registered the title already—' Eurythmic Eustace, the Romance of a coloured photograph.' "

" What I intended to say " he continued, " was that the mist didn't prevent me noticing how the summit of Kirk Fell is carpeted with the Alpine lady's mantle (*Alchemilla Alpina*) whose beautiful leaves, down-covered and almost metallic-looking on the under side, always attracted me. But my mind being otherwise occupied, I was unable to ascertain whether the stamens are hypogynous or tetradynamous.

" Again whilst descending Bow Fell, between Three Tarn Hollow and the Band, in longitude 3° 10 W and latitude 54° 27 N, I noticed a large patch of edelweiss.* I intended to go back

*Probably this was really parsley fern (*allosorus crispus*).

for an armful for my rock garden later in the day, but it proved impossible."

But the worst was yet to come. The strong man's voice quivered with emotion as he told me how, when running down Langdale, he had flushed a little beyond the ninth house on the left a perfect specimen—male—of the Painted Lady (*Vanessa Polychloros*), how he and two of his helpers had chased it over six fields and across the stream, how when it stood at bay near the wall of the powder-factory, "I threw my jacket over it. On lifting up the jacket very carefully I found it was not there."

I felt that the time had come to go. A man can only stand so much. Even to please Mrs. Chorley I could not walk another round. As we passed the rock garden once more I gasped out my thanks to my victim and said good-bye. Turning out of the drive I looked back and saw that he was still walking round and round. As Gilbert might have written in the "Mikado's Song"—

> The fellow who walks and never gets tired
> His doom's extremely hard,
> I've invented a scheme by which he will dream
> That he's lost . . . . . in his own backyard.

CLUB HISTORY

By E. Scantlebury.

The blame for this article is entirely the Editor's; I've had little more to do with it myself than write it.

This is our Birthday Number, and the Editor's instructions are for "an account of the formation and early history of the club." I know of a certain ex-President of Liverpool, who would have carried out these instructions most admirably, but personally I cannot enthuse a bit.

Anyhow I promise to cut it as short as possible and then take you right over to the Savoy Hotel for dance music till midnight; or shall we make it the Wasdale Head Hotel for ice-axe music at mid-day and "come let us tie the rope, three times" till midnight.

Well, it all happened thus; a man named Scantlebury, had a great friend, an Irishman, Alan Craig, who, poor fellow, died of cancer in 1920. These two enthusiasts went every Sunday morning by train from Ulverston to Coniston *via* Barrow for fell rambling and the first essays in rock-climbing, for they had read Owen Glynn Jones, and so knew nearly all about it. They decided that this was a case for the formation of a club, and as two members were not enough for the purpose they roped in Charles Grayson, G. H. Charter and S. H. Gordon who frequently joined them at Barrow on their way to Coniston for fell rambling.

These five people conspired together and formed a committee of themselves complete with secretary and treasurer, and so started up the club on its long run; and it *will* be a long run, for it will last as long as there are hills left in the Lake-District.

Only three of the five remain (Gordon was killed in an engine-testing accident in 1911), and of these three, the chief conspirator has been arrested and sentenced to honorary membership for life, Grayson has escaped to the U.S.A., and Charter is still at large. He was last seen at the birthday dinner.

The five got together more and more, they blew some froth and the secretary wrote to Ashley Abraham and told him

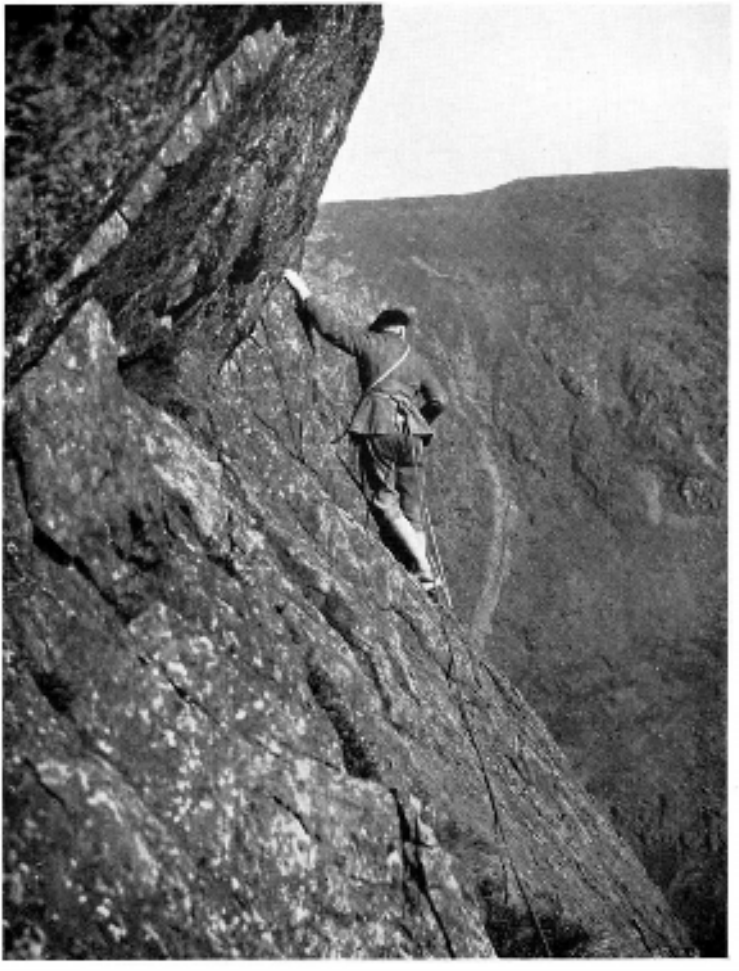


Photo by *H. G. Knight.*

DOE CRAG : TRAVERSE OUT OF GIANT'S CORNER.

he was going to be the first president. A.P.A. turned this down saying " nothing doing," or words to that effect. The secretary then wrote back and said " look here, you jolly well must," so the genial Ashley replied " oh, all right." So now you have the complete and authentic account of this historic incident. Soon after this, a lot of circulars were sent out, one of these found its way into the hands of our old friend George Seatree who at once tuned-in for further particulars, asking for H.P., M.P.G., and a trial run. We wrote back saying " good egg, come and join us in a week-end ramble, and climb whilst you pay," so he did, that being some more of that. We met him at Coniston railway station and carried his bag to the Sun Hotel; Charlie Grayson carried it—he would—good kind lad is Charlie. We all got a place in the Sun, ate, smoked, talked and slept and next day we all rambled up to Doe Crags. Everything was frozen and white with snow, Goats water was frozen over, and we cleared a large rectangular space on the surface of the ice and then the man who has done more to put the club on its feet and start it off running than anyone else, started skating, and believe me he *could* skate : we stood around and watched with admiration.

Afterwards we formed in the snow surface of the frozen tarn, in huge letters of about ten feet square each, the words " THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB " which stretched right along the tarn.

Then came the journal.

The first General Meeting was a great event, the chair being taken in the absence of A. P. Abraham, by T. C. Ormiston-Chant whom everyone knows; Chant is keen as Colmans on the rocks, a fearless climber, splendid companion, absolutely irrepressible and popular with all. H. B. Lyon of Kendal, was another of the thirteen members at this first meet; he was also mustard and has now drifted away to the land of curry and rice. Then we have C. H. Oliverson, another pioneer from Kendal—a famous town is Kendal noted chiefly as the home of Darwin Leighton (prolonged cheers and cries of " come let us tie.... "). This hale hearty humorous fellow Oliverson was one of the first climbers to shoot bilberries below Gimmer. He and Andrew Thompson with Lyon and Jonathan Stables were the first to say " Amen " at the Corner, in fact it is mainly due to these

people that Gimmer stands where it is. They raised it from obscurity until now it stands a most eminent crag. Speaking of Gimmer reminds me of Middlefell Farm Langdale, where a very interesting event took place at about this time. We were having tea when a man blew in with nails in his boots ! *Climbing* nails ! " He must be a climber " said Watson in his elementary way. So we hobnobbed with he of the hobnails and got him to join the club. That was one of the club's lucky days, for 'twas none other than our worthy President, Dr. Burnett.

I must mention Jack London, oh, sorry, I mean Jack Rogers, Ginger Jack from Barrow, he was a bright young lad in those days, he carried a jack-knife and read aloud Jack London's " Sea Wolf " as we sat under canvas in the rain.

The first man to be asked to join this club after the first five had safely ensconced themselves by electing one another as committee, was J. B. Wilton. It was through Owen Glynn Jones that we found him. One of the five had wanted Jones' book from the Barrow public library only to find that it was out in the name of a youth called Wilton, so of course we straight away wrote a letter to him telling him that all the rocks in the Lake-District were practically ours, and if he had any serious intentions of doing anything with them, he'd better join us, right now. Note how these cushy jobs are got through influence.

Young Wilton accepted the post of ordinary member (the only one just then), and by diligent devotion he rose from this humble position, and step by step, handhold by handhold, he climbed his way to the board of directors and was appointed hon. secretary in 1920. He then put in two years of the hardest work that anyone has done for us. His pet hobby apart from the club is collecting picture postcards of Bill Hart.

Then there is our most jovial member, you know who I mean, he is quite fierce-looking or so you might think at first glance, then he smiles. He seems to be always smiling, yet that is a mild term to describe his habitual hilarity for he positively snorts with glee in the company of a convivial spirit. He is one of the world's best reminissers. NOW you know who I mean. Yes, W. P. Haskett-Smith, of course. On the slightest provocation he reminisses. Here's one of his spontaneous retrospective rememorations which he treated me to at the birth-

day dinner. I said " do you remember that little book on climbing that you wrote ? " " Oh yes," he chortled with delight, " à propos of that book, do you know, a friend of mine, a publisher, met me in the street one day and called out excitedly: ' Your book is out ! Come and see it ! It's in my window now.' So we went off together, but when we arrived at the window the book was not there, so he said, " Oh I'm so sorry, the book was there ten minutes ago, I'm sorry you should be disappointed." ' Disappointed ! ' I said, ' is a baker disappointed when his hot cakes are bought by a discerning public before they have time to get cold ? No, but if a book written by *me* and published by *you* had *not* found a purchaser in ten minutes that would indeed have been astonishing ! ha, ha, ha.' "

Now what shall we say of dear old Slingsby ? Just this, I know it will not be considered invidious, and it is surely high praise when I say that he was our most popular president. How sorry we all were that he was unable to be with us at the great re-union at Windermere.

Another member who joined us in the very early days, our first life member as a matter of fact, is Dr. A. W. Wakefield. A cheery chap with the broadest of broad smiles and full of good humour is our old friend Wakefield.

There are very many others whom one would like to speak of, such as George Abraham, W. T. Palmer, J. Coulton and W. G. Milligan—who writes snorty letters to himself when his subscription is overdue—but I have an idea that the Editor won't stand more of this .....

* * * * * *

Since writing the above I have received the following letter from Chas. Grayson, which I think will be of interest to most members :—

2602 Lavin Court,
Troy, N.Y., U.S.A.,
November 20th, 1927.

Dear Scanty,

It comes quite as a shock, the realisation that our little child has reached his majority.

You see I have, perforce, been somewhat disconnected with the active work of the Club since coming to the land where a statue is erected to the memory of liberty.

I have to fall back on my memory of those years when the enthusiasm of youth and the love of the uplands made us try to get others interested—and we did it too, old sport.

It seems only a very short time since you, Craig and I went up the Great Gully, Doe Crags on that glorious Sunday, over 21 years ago and felt that we just must get our fellow workers of the week to come and realise how much they were in blissful ignorance missing.

How it was decided to get a little Club started, and how later on at the Sun, when Charter joined us, we held our first meeting and discussed the aims and a suitable name for the Club-to-be.

I still have that first circular note which you sent round the office next day, just as I have the very first copy of the journal, the advance-copy sent to you in the Gun Office by the printers.

I have all the old records of those early days and prize them as a father would prize the early playthings of his now grown-up son. Also, just as a father regrets the growing up of his boy from the early dependent years, I feel now that this child of ours has grown up and is a big healthy, independent man, which of course we are proud of and which acknowledges us no doubt as parents, but which is now making *his own way* in life. All power to him. (Or *it*.)

No matter where the Club family wanders to, and the members being British seem to traverse the whole earth, the old home, English Lakeland, will always be HOME to them, and the memories of it become sacred.

As a wanderer I cannot say anything with more earnestness than this to those who are near enough to HOME ; visit it often, store up memories of health and a truly open-air life with the fellowship of a class of comrades you will find in few other sports, and prize the fact of your living under the old flag.

Good luck to you all and all success . . . . . I wish I could shake your hand on that.

Kindest regards to your wife please, and congratulations and best wishes to you, " 'Erb, you old contemptible."

Yours sincerely,

" BILL " (the other old contemptible.),
otherwise Chas. G.

Photo by *G. P. Abraham & Sons Ltd.*

THE BIRTHDAY CAKE.

THE COMING-OF-AGE

By W. T. PALMER.

At the Windermere Hydro, on Saturday, October 8th, 1927, the Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District celebrated its coming-of-age. The dining hall, which is the largest room of its sort in the Lake District, was very full. Official representatives were sent by the Alpine, Scottish Mountaineering, Climbers', Yorkshire Ramblers', Rucksack, Pinnacle, Ladies' Scottish Mountaineering, Midland Association of Mountaineers, Gritstone, Derbyshire Pennine, Ladies' Alpine and Wayfarers' Clubs. Dr. T. R. Burnett, the newly-elected President, faced a special birthday cake, modelled on the Napes Needle, and made by Mrs. Francis of Keswick. After the 21 candles had been solemnly lit round its rim, the cake was "cut" in due time with an ice-axe by Mrs. Burnett, and through the applause came the riotous melody of Scott's tin horn which has braved the battle and the breeze of many a Swiss glacier, iced ridge, and mountaineering meal.

After the usual loyal toasts, the President proposed the health of absent members, mentioning by name several who were unable to come on account of health, and those who, in distant parts of the world, would be remembering the Club and its members assembled together at Windermere. He then called upon Ashley P. Abraham, first President of the Club, to propose the first toast.

Abraham recalled that 20 years ago it was his privilege to propose a similar toast at a gathering of 24 members at Kendal. Of those he thought he could see before him George Seatree, Scantlebury, Darwin Leighton, J. G. Howard, and W. T. Palmer. The Club was formed at Coniston on November 11th, 1906, and he read a letter from Scantlebury which described its first evening. Scantlebury suggested to the late Alan Craig, who with others made a practice of climbing every week-end at Coniston that they should form a club. Charter and Grayson who were present were made Committee, and the late S. Hamilton Gordon joined later. These five were the real originators of the Club, and to Scantlebury it owed existence.

They wrote to him and asked him to become President, but not knowing anything of these climbers he felt compelled to refuse. Scantlebury replied that if he did not take office, the Club would come to an end. The upshot was an invitation to Scantlebury and Craig to spend a week-end at Keswick, and after a few minutes' talk the decision about Presidentship was reversed. One of the first men to

join the Club, at the request of its first President, was George Seatree, and he came in at a critical time when there were between 40 and 50 members. In a few months there were nearly 200, and now there were close upon 600. The number might have been 1,500, had the Club accepted all offers of membership. When the great Mountain Memorial was being opened, Abraham said that he had received no less than a 100 letters of application from persons in sympathy with the Club's aims, but in only two cases were the letters suitable to be sent on to the Committee.

In reviewing the Club's career, he made reference to some wonderful personalities who had passed—John Wilson Robinson, Andrew Thompson, L. J. Oppenheimer and S. W. Herford among the earlier climbers, H. P. Cain who died in his Presidential year, and " that most lovely attractive friend of us all," Philip S. Minor.

He proceeded to speak of the Club's great immunity from accidents : out of the tens of thousands of climbs made every year, only four members had met with death on the rocks in the past 21 years. He did not think that climbing would advance further in regard to difficulty. He asked climbers to remember that when tackling a very difficult climb if they came across a pitch which was too much they should desist. The pitch would still be there when they came again to the fells, and they might be themselves in better form.

He referred with pleasure as a characteristic of this Club that ladies were present at their dinners, and that they were the first climbing club to allow this. (During the hearty applause which hailed this statement, some enthusiastic feminist belaboured a plate with such vigour that it went asunder with a terrific crash—and the applause ended in a shriek of laughter). Then they had wonderful journals, the first edited by G. F. Woodhouse, followed by Scantlebury, Palmer, Chorley, and now " where fools would not dare to step an angel has come forth " (laughter). Mrs. R. S. T. Chorley will carry on the good work. Another characteristic of the Club was the wonderful form of its War Memorial, and he referred to the late H. P. Cain, Darwin Leighton, Wilson Butler, and others who would not care for their names to be mentioned who carried through the project. " Those great mountain tops are open for all time, to you and to your friends, your children and children's children for ever." He coupled with the toast the name of Dr. T. R. Burnett, the new President.

After Darwin Leighton had sung the original Club song, made at an early meet, and John Hirst had followed with a later and equally popular ditty : " When I was lying awake in bed," the President replied to the toast.

He stated that there was nobody that the persons present could more appropriately hear on this occasion than the first President of the Club (Ashley Abraham), and all knew the great impetus he gave to the Club in its early years, He quoted from the first Journal the Club's aims and ideals, and asked on the 21st anniversary whether these ideals had been carried out (" Yes."). He thought that any impartial judge would say that they had been carried out to the fullest extent. For many years a number of mountaineers had held the opinion that there was a real need for a local organisation for these fells. He spoke strongly on the service of the early pioneers of the Club, particularly Scantlebury and Alan Craig. It might be that members who had joined during the past 10 years did not fully understand the value of these men. One of the powers of the Club's

Committee, he continued, was to elect, as honorary members, persons who had done distinguished work in the cause of mountaineering. A month ago the Committee decided that Edward Scantlebury was such a person, and he was asked to allow his name to be added to the list, What service had he given to mountaineering ?—Scantlebury made this Club. Perhaps he might mention that Mrs. Ashley Abraham was the first lady to speak at one of these annual dinners, and a remarkably good speech she made. Also he might point out that the Club had never descended to hard-boiled shirts for its dinners, and he believed that this was one of the reasons of its success !

Continuing, he said that there was a wonderful feeling of camaraderie among climbers both on the rocks and fells and afterwards. They had heard of the Club's past and present, and perhaps he might fitly refer to the future. The room in which they were now gathered at Windermere was the largest that could be obtained in a convenient situation in the Lake District, and it was scarcely large enough for the purpose. What was going to happen in this direction in a few years ? The fact seemed to be that the Club had become almost too popular. This applied to some extent to the crags. It was quite a common experience to have to wait many minutes, even hours, on the popular climbs during a crowded meet.

They had with them to-night, not only the great pioneers of the Club but some of the pioneers of the sport. He referred in particular to W. P. Haskett-Smith who first climbed the Napes Needle ; and to General Bruce who led two Mount Everest expeditions.

The President referred to the Club's recent losses by death. With the exception of the War years which took such a toll of its brightest membership, there had been no year in the Club's history when it had suffered such losses. H. P. Cain was a man of quite exceptional ability ; he had a real heart of gold ; P. S. Minor was also an outstanding man in his own way, the very heart and soul of geniality, and C. D. Frankland, one of the most brilliant rock climbers of his day. The loss of such men as these was irreparable ; they could not be replaced.

Finally he urged that young climbers should serve a proper novitiate to the sport, starting with easy courses and gradually working up to the more difficult climbs. The Club could do great work in this direction in the future as it had done in the past.

Mrs. Winthrop Young, who proposed the toast of the Kindred Clubs, wittily described an imaginary assembly of relatives to greet a charming young man who had arrived at full age. First she saw the grandfatherly Alpine Club with his dome of white hair and clothes which, though old, must have come from Savile Row. There was Uncle Rucksack, such a jolly fellow with all the good and bad points Manchester produces (laughter). His pockets were fully packed with Manchester yarns. The Yorkshire Ramblers brought a present of " pots " (laughter) ; uncles and aunts of the Scottish Clubs had their pockets full of Edinburgh rock ; other people also showed their grit. Our elder sister, the Ladies' Alpine gave that particular polish from the metropolis and the Alps which she alone could give. And finally, the little Pinnacle comes out of the schoolroom having learnt a lot of her lessons, just in time to get her dessert or deserts at the dinner.

Dr. Cairney, of the Ladies' Alpine Club, in reply to the toast, said that it seemed a most friendly arrangement to have one club for men and women instead of separate clubs, and eulogised the extreme good nature with which the Fell and Rock Club took strangers from

other clubs on their climbs. She referred to some incidents of a summer sojourn at Wasdale Head, and particularly of some hot work on the rocks of Great Gable. She had heard that there was always a pool of water on the crags which bear the Club's War Memorial, and made haste to go there. But that famous mountain dog, " Dinkie " which was of the party got there first. She was glad there were no telescopes levelled from the dales to follow climbers on their courses among the crags—as happened too often in the Alps when all their mistakes could be watched from some hotel in the valley.

Mr. W. Parsons, of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, also replied. He said that 15 years ago his club celebrated its coming-of-age, and he was president. It was therefore thought proper to send him to the Fell and Rock's own celebrations. He spoke of his ascent of Central Gully of Doe Crag by his party of three, whose ages totalled 183. He was afraid to say much about this in the presence of Mr. Haskett-Smith who might go out and collect a useful climbing party totalling 300 years (laughter).

In proposing the health of the visitors, Haskett-Smith made a very happy speech, introducing a Japanese police notice to motorists concerning their manners towards pedestrians. " When the passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle him melodiously at first, but if he still obstructs your passage trumpet him with vigour, and do a vocal warning, 'Hi-hi.' " He declared that the attitude of being trumpeticous with vigour might be that of the Club toward visitors to its coming-of-age mess.

Brig.-Gen. Hon. C. G. Bruce responded and said that he would like to lead a pilgrimage of the guests to the wonderful War Memorial on Great Gable. He told how his visits to the Fells had been confined to a day's trip (on which it rained) and his honeymoon 35 years ago when he carried round on his back two boxes, a rucksack, brollies, sticks, etc., topped with a straw hat. He declared that shortly afterwards a picture a propos of this adventure appeared in *Punch* in which a yokel, addressing a lady carrying a light parasol with a man following with a heavy load, said : " Well, you do make a beast of burden of him. Is this your honeymoon ? " He referred back to the great expedition when, with Geoffrey Hastings, Prof. Norman Collie and A. F. Mummery, he tried to climb Nanga Parbat in the Himalaya. General Bruce declared that his share was a large dose of mumps. Perhaps that was not so bad as the fate of another member, for in a newspaper report were once found the words : " It appears that the party was followed throughout its experiences by a faithful Collie dog." He referred to the Club's members in the third Mount Everest expedition—Bentley Beetham and Howard Somervell. The latter, in addition to his climbing powers, his art and music, had a digestion which was most enviable—he could take Tibetan tea and retain it. He had seen Somervell entertain people he had thought impossible for anyone to entertain, and keep them in roars and roars of laughter.

Eustace Thomas brought a message from the committee of the Alpine club, and H. E. Scott (" official insulter to the club "), proposed the health of the president with his habitual wit.

Members and guests were disappointed not to hear George Seatree who was also on the list of speakers but did not feel able to wait up for his turn.

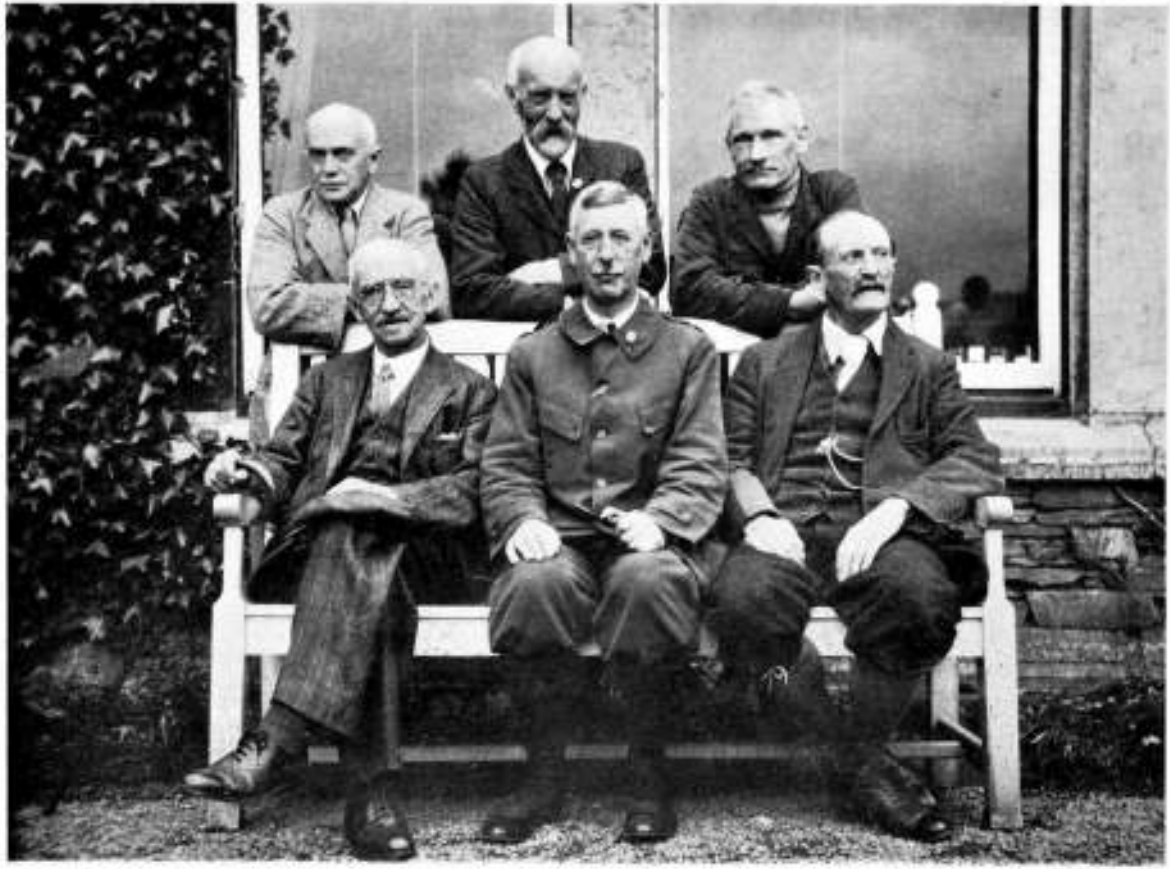


Photo by *T. R. Burnett.*

PRESIDENT AND EX-PRESIDENTS :
Back row :—D. LEIGHTON, G. A. SOLLY, A. W. WAKEFIELD.
Front row :—G. SEATREE, T. R. BURNETT, W. P. HASKETT-SMITH.

At an appropriate pause between speeches, Hirst produced a song (The Rock and Fell) specially written for the occasion. [This is printed elsewhere.—ED.]

The following past Presidents of the Club were present: Ashley P. Abraham, George Seatree, W. P. Haskett-Smith, Godfrey A. Solly, Darwin Leighton, and A. W. Wakefield. W. Cecil Slingsby was not well enough to attend, and two past Presidents—Philip S. Minor and H. P. Cain—had died during the preceding year.

So far as can be traced, the original members of the Club who turned up at the Dinner were: Ashley P. Abraham, G. H. Charter, W. P. Haskett-Smith, J. G. Howard, Darwin Leighton, T. C. Ormiston-Chant, W. T. Palmer, E. H. P. Scantlebury, G. Seatree, A. W. Wakefield, J. Ritson Whiting, and J. B. Wilton. Out of the original list of 164, 37 are still more or less actively connected with the Club. The survivors of the party of 24 who met at the first Dinner at Kendal were: Ashley P. Abraham, J. G. Howard, Darwin Leighton, W. T. Palmer, E. H. P. Scantlebury, G. Seatree.

The weather during the meet was glorious: it took a good deal of enthusiasm for the rocks and ridges to send outdoor lovers spinning past the placid bays of the lakes, with the wonderfully-tinted October woods and crags reflected in the clear mirror. From dawn to dusk climbers were afoot in distant places—Doe Crags, Gimmer, Pavey Ark, Saddleback and Helvellyn were visited, and there were the usual crowds along the tracks of Troutbeck and Garburn for the Kentmere fells.

The Rock and Fell.

By John Hirst.

Air—" The Leather Bottel." D Major

1 When I survey the world around,
The various clubs that do abound,
The clubs to drink, the clubs to eat,
The clubs to buy your Christmas treat ;
I feel that the club to me most dear
Is the club that dines at Windermere,
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell
That wears the badge of the " Rock and Fell."

2 O I love to scramble among the crags,
But it grieves the Wife when I tear my bags,
And though I've been known to use a thread,
'Tis a lady's game when all is said.
So I leave the Wifie to darn my " trews ",
But there is a needle we both can use,
Ideal for girls and boys as well ;
And it's on the badge of the " Rock and Fell."

3 With what proud affection their hearts must swell,
Who first conceived the " Rock and Fell,"
Who nursed the child as it were their own
And now behold the man full grown !
But whether we see them here or no
We'll never forget the debt we owe,
And we'll wish them joy where'er they dwell,
Who first thought out the " Rock and Fell."

4 O other sports may wax and wane,
But the cult of the crags will ours remain,
And we'll snap our fingers at Father Time
While we've tops to traverse and crags to climb.

So fill your glasses and quench your thirst
And toast the club on its " twenty-first."
And loudly let our slogan swell—
We wear the badge of the " Rock and Fell."

*Supplementary Verses.**

5 If the motoring fever you should get
Don't try to race T.R. Burnett.
He takes two hours to far Dumfries,
And he's wanted by the Carlisle police,
But he may be excused for going the pace,
In such a god-forsaken place,
And we wish him joy where'er he dwell,
For he wears the badge of the " Rock and Fell."

6 O General Bruce is our honoured guest,
He led the attacks on Everest ;
And it grieves me to see how far he's slid
From the primrose paths of the unco' guid !
But if Himalaya has played the duce
With the morals of Brigadier-General Bruce,
He yet may escape the flames of Hell
If he wears the badge of the " Rock and Fell."

* Composed on Sunday evening, extempore.

THE FELL AND ROCK CLUB JOURNAL AND ITS EDITORS*

BY GEORGE SEATREE.

In the many articles and speeches which were written and delivered in connection with the celebration of the Coming-of-Age of our Club it is surprising that so little mention was made of our excellent Club journal. That it has been one of the chief assets in the remarkably rapid growth and success of the Lake District Climbing Club must be apparent to all who have followed the vivid descriptive pages given annually to readers, both rock climbers and mountain ramblers.

The journal was begun well soon after the formation of the Club and George Woodhouse and E. D. Scantlebury were appointed honorary editors. The former had not the necessary opportunities for the work and his professional duties early required his resignation from the joint position when Mr. Scantlebury was thus left to carry on himself. After the first three numbers of the journal were published Mr. Scantlebury also resigned. Both resignations were received with much regret by the Committee. W. T. Palmer was then appointed to fill the vacancy. This was towards the end of 1910 and Mr. Palmer carried on during the trying period of the Great War. In 1918 when he resigned, I understand for business reasons, R. S. T. Chorley was appointed in his place.

Like most clubs and similar organisations our membership was badly hit by the War and we had to deplore the loss of many valued comrades. Notwithstanding these drawbacks the muster-roll of the Club was growing apace. During the terms of all our successive editors our numbers were largely increased. When Mr. Chorley took over the duties in the autumn of 1918 we numbered 300 members. He now, in his regretted retirement, has the huge satisfaction of seeing the numbers doubled during his highly successful term of office. What will be the muster-roll after a few years of Mrs. Chorley's gracious and capable handling, who can tell?

* In sending this article, Mr. Seatree writes that the remarks are largely those he had intended to make at the Coming-of-age dinner had he been well enough to wait up until he was called upon to speak.

If members desire to compare the position of climbing in our beloved Lake District 30 to 40 years ago with the situation as it is to-day, I refer them to Journal No. 1, page 29. Follow this by perusing a few of the expert descriptive articles which abound in almost all our annual journals. This comparison of the old days with the modern times will bring home the change which has taken place better than anything else. The enormous advance which has occurred in rock climbing as practised by our leading members be they "severes," "moderates," or even "novices" will indicate our progress best.

The old article is from the pen of C. N. Williamson who joined the Club quite early after its formation.

It is a great joy to an old pioneer scrambler who loves the rocks and crags of Lakeland to have lived to see all this development and progress. I may not expect to be much amongst you now, but I am thankful to retain a clear memory of many dear old comrades and happy days among my native mountains.

The pictorial features of our journal have been an outstanding attraction. The profusion of fine photographs reproduced within its pages is a striking tribute to the artistic skill of many of our leading members, climbers and ramblers. Our members evidently intend their mountain photographs to be worthy of the journal. In this respect our journal is surely pre-eminent amongst club journals everywhere and our members seem determined to avail themselves of the latest improvements for rendering attractive the illustrated sections of the Fell and Rock Club Journal.

A tribute is due to the expert leaders, both those who explored Lakeland crags before and since the formation of our Club.

Amongst the former are many names highly honoured in the annals of local rock climbing; so are there in the ranks of modern leaders, as the long roll of difficult new ascents, covering a wide area, abundantly testifies.

How greatly the general body of members are indebted to the advanced men of both periods, is well within the knowledge of all who follow in their footsteps.

The sad and tragic losses the Club has sustained during recent months have been heartrending events to our members. Time, the great providential healer, may mitigate or soften grief, but the loss of H. P. Cain, P. S. Minor, C. D. Frankland and Robertson Lamb can never be replaced or forgotten.

SOME REFLECTIONS AND AN INVITATION

By W. Audley Bowdler.

We have not wings, we cannot soar ;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

May an old member of the Club record his impressions of a memorable day—the morrow of a memorable Birthday—spent at the foot of Gimmer ?

Good vision, aided by powerful binoculars and supplemented by a keen sense of hearing, made it possible to follow in great detail the sport of a mighty host.

Surely the old Crag has never before suffered, or enjoyed, such mass attack !

More than once, five parties were in view at the same time, and as they moved on, up or down the face, others followed at short intervals. Still the queue at the Bilberry Chute appeared to grow. The house was full indeed !

In one congested corner an enthusiast seemed to be hauling in the rope of a second party while gossiping with a fair expert of a third. A slight tobacco haze had dimmed the view for a moment and no doubt the observation was faulty.

Most of the rank and file of both sexes smoked cigarettes en route. Autres temps, autres moeurs !

Has the time arrived for the adoption of ropes dyed in various vivid hues, that numbers three or four may know where they must move to next, when and where they may heave or fall ?

If, in desperation, any climber hurled himself from the crags in an effort to identify his own party's rope, he might well fail in his purpose. Probably he would be brought-to in the network of several other parties—unless, indeed, he swept the whole Crag clean and decimated the Club at one fell swoop.

Talking of the rope, there was a tendency for some who had joined the elevated souls on the Finishing Balcony to forget that

those who followed them might just fail to attain their level with the same easy nonchalance.

But it was pleasing to notice that the ropes were managed generally very well, and that belays were used as belays were intended to be used.

Denied the privilege of association with fellow-members for many years past, the writer was prepared by the literature of the Club to find a high standard of skill among tens and twenties, where there were ones and twos in pre-war days. Yet the standard was clearly much higher than he had imagined.

Let this be said at once lest the mild criticism to be read into the above and subsequent remarks be scorned as the crabbed presumption of one who delights to think that the good old days produced better men.

There *does* seem to be a difference between the older and the younger climbers. Perhaps it is a difference of style or fashion—features of the times—not a difference which determines superiority. The advent of rubbers must be at the bottom of it.

Is it hypercritical to suggest that the rubber-shod of to-day move just a little too quickly, just a little too confidently? When nails were the rule, meticulous care in the choice and use of tiny holds, and a nicety of balance, marked out the expert. The sharp contact of a nail and the spread of a rubber contact demand two types of artfulness, more distinct than the types of low cunning by which men persuaded the old gutty golf ball and to-day persuade the rubber-cored variecy.

It is enough to say of nails and rubbers that both have special advantages which are complementary in the make-up of our sport, and that they have contributed equally to the high level of achievement and popularity which mark the coming-of-age of our Club. The gist of these reflections is the question as to whether our young leaders are taking every opportunity, and the best means, of fitting themselves for conquests on the more ambitious fields of Europe and of Asia.

Let them realise that they may be candidates for the next team which visits Mt. Everest. Let them come more frequently and in greater numbers to the Fells and Highlands in winter; meet the stern challenge of iced rocks, learn the a b c of the axe

and the use of a rope on frozen snow slopes. Every season we have ideal conditions in some part of the British Isles.

Old rock climbers will recall winter expeditions which first fired them with the ambition of becoming mountaineers, and will assure new members that the elements of the craft, of which rock climbing is only a part—though to many of us the most fascinating part—may be mastered on our Lakeland Fells.

Others will remember many incidents, such as the two recorded here, which come to mind at the moment as illustrating the possibilities of the district for preliminary training in the science and art of the sport as a whole.

In March of 1911, two climbers tackled the Great Gully on Pavey Ark. It was festooned with icicles from top to bottom. The ascent was only made feasible by the use of the big man as a step-ladder, a wedged ice-axe, a stirrup-rope and a stout penknife.

In March of 1910, three climbers went over the Pikes, unfamiliar in a mantle of ice and deep crisp snow, to Mickledore.

The traverse along Rakes Progress to the top of the first pitch in Deep Ghyll, and back again to Mickledore, occupied three and a half thrilling hours of thrilling adventure. On one dangerous slope the middle-man shot off a somewhat meanly cut step. The sight of the third-man trying, in the excitement of the moment, to hook an enormous loop of frozen rope over the imaginary belays of a smooth wall, will remain in memory a joy for ever—and a caution.

The descent of Rossett Ghyll in the dark with fresh snow falling was a useful exercise in moral discipline.

The unexpected happens very suddenly under wintry conditions. Stamina, temper, alertness and fortitude are tried out as they cannot be under summer skies.

Let our young climbers widen the scope and glory of their sport. When the first snowflakes fall this season let them lift their minds to the hills—and pack their rucksacks.

And now may something salutary be found in something harsh. Won't all of you youngsters—most of you do—rise superior to fashion, and disavow what appears to be the young man's cult of physical unfitness in these days? That may be put more kindly. Won't you exercise the same measure of simple training and self-denial which the best of the old

mountaineers did before venturing to take your places as leaders of parties among the crags and fells in winter time ?

Skill and experience will be asked for when a team is chosen again to try conclusions with Mt. Everest ; but supreme physical fitness will be wanted first and most.

As the writer meditated at the foot of Gimmer, he thought that it could not be said that the old days produced better men ; that those who might say so would acknowledge prejudice, and beg the question. But he did think that if young climbers would use every opportunity for winter expeditions among our Fells these next few seasons, and acquire some Alpine experience during the same period, they would add much even to the high standard of their cragsmanship of to-day.

Not least, a wholesome respect for these grand rocks of ours whereon, we are being constantly reminded, the climbing is " both difficult and dangerous."

'There are only two directions in which the average Englishman of to-day can get back to the bare realities of life as a struggle of man with nature—the mountains and the sea." H. R. POPE.

SOME ATTEMPTS WITH THE G.H.M.

IN THE CHAMONIX DISTRICT, 1927.

By WINIFRED MARPLES.

This has surely been the most moist season on record in the Chamonix district, and one would hesitate to write of one's attempted climbs were it not that everyone is in the same boat and that solid achievements this year have been few in number and failures the order of the day. How many times has one dragged oneself from a comfortable bed about the witching hour of midnight only to be greeted by a cloudy and uncertain sky, or an unpleasantly high wind—not sufficiently menacing to compel one to give up the proposed trip, but driving one rather to plod for weary hours over the less interesting part of the route in the hope of better things—and how often about 8 a.m. has hope been dashed to the ground by storm-clouds, mist, or that treacherous mackerel sky, so beautiful and so cruel, that always means trouble later in the day and makes attempts on new routes inadvisable. However, on the rare occasions when one succeeded in reaching the desired summit, victory, snatched from fate at the point of the bayonet—or rather piolets—was doubly precious.

I should perhaps explain that the magic letters G.H.M. stand for the Groupe de Haute Montagne of the French Alpine Club, which is composed of some of the most brilliant and active members of that Club—chiefly French, though climbers of other nationalities are welcomed. There is a stiff qualification for membership and, once in the Club, members are not allowed to rest on their laurels, but must make each year a certain number of fresh climbs in the High Alps.

Climbing with the G.H.M. is a great adventure, for various reasons ; firstly because it generally implies guideless climbing which far outstrips in interest any ascents made with guides, then there is the excitement of attempting new routes and new peaks for which the G.H.M. has a peculiar penchant ; though these are becoming limited in number as the years go by there

are still a few strenuous variants and " insignificant boulders " for the more daring to attempt. There are, too, the chance meetings with friends in huts, at the Montenvers, or at the Patisserie des Alpes in Chamonix, where one is thrilled to hear of their achievements and adventures—though never of their projected climbs, for it is not etiquette to enquire into the deep designs of a party before the assault has been made ! Perhaps by staying at the Montenvers one misses the cream of these encounters (literally as well as figuratively), for the P.D.A. has been adopted by the G.H.M. as a general rendezvous for the exchange of news ; but one has the satisfaction of knowing that one's form is the better for being as far as possible removed from the culinary temptations to which one is exposed there !

Our party consisted of Miss Barnard, M. Morin and myself, with the addition of one or more G.H.M. friends, for most of our trips.

The depth and bad condition of the snow on our arrival in Chamonix made it impossible to attempt any of the higher rock peaks we had in view and, as we were not particularly interested in purely snow climbs, we decided to try for first ascents on some of the lower rock peaks until the weather should improve. After several ineffectual attempts, in which we were frustrated by the weather, we decided to try for a traverse of the Flammes de Pierre ridge from the Mer de Glace to the Col du Petit Dru, which as far as I know has not been climbed before. This is a long and fine ridge broken by numberless sharp points of rock which justify the picturesque name given to it by Guido Rey.

We started up by the Charpoua route, traversed over the grass slopes to the left to the end of the ridge abutting on to the Mer de Glace and made our way up the middle of the three rock couloirs that faced us. This took us to the arête which we traversed to the N.W. side. Here we encountered rotten rock and after some scrambling, which necessitated at one point a descent of more than a hundred feet, we reached and climbed a point about 3,020 metres. Then the mist came down and as the weather looked liked breaking we were forced either to abandon the climb or to risk losing our route down in the mist and having to bivouac in rain or snow conditions. We had done less than half this long rock arête and what lay before us looked

somewhat inaccessible, so we felt that discretion was the better part of valour, and retired in good order with 17 hours of interesting climbing to our credit.

After a day's rest we were ready to tackle one of the more strenuous climbs we had in view, but again the uncertainty as to weather forced us to decide on a shorter day trip. We therefore started at 2-30 a.m. to make a new route up to the Cornes de Chamois, two gendarmes on the Trélaporte ridge just below the vertical wall of the Aiguille de la République. We made our first of four ascents of that purgatory, the Trélaporte Couloir, which is composed of the loosest rock that I have ever encountered in any moraine in the Alps or Rockies. A short descent brought us to the Trélaporte Glacier which we traversed to the rimaye of its middle branch. This we crossed without difficulty and climbed the steep little rock couloir at the right side to the foot of the broad amphitheatre of rock crowned by the two Cornes de Chamois which were our objective. The usual route lies up a chimney of moderate difficulty to the extreme left of this amphitheatre, and thence on to easy rock. We, however, took to the right side, which gave us a difficult chimney in three pitches to negotiate, and some interesting slabs, and brought us about half-way up the rock face. Thence a traverse right round to the left (or west) side joined up with the old route, and an hour of easy scrambling brought us to the foot of the Petite Corne. Unfortunately only two of us arrived at this point and, as the last six feet of the gendarme require a tall man to give a shoulder and my height lacked the necessary five inches, even though shoulder and head were requisitioned, we were reluctantly compelled to give it up unconquered. We were hampered for time by a threatening storm which came down before we were off the rocks.

After this 19¾ hour trip we rested for a day or two and then went up to the Requin Hut, a party of six, hoping to be able to make a second ascent of the Requin by the Bower–Morin route of 1926 up the east arête. Again we were doomed to disappointment, for the weather threatened from the outset, so after a late start at 5 o'clock, we were only able to make a second ascent or the Guido Mayer couloir, which leads to the brèche between the Gendarme (3,057 m.) and the beginning of the delightful rock

arête. This couloir was interesting, with three difficult overhangs which needed some negotiating, and took us 3½ hours. It is undoubtedly the couloir climbed by Guido Mayer and Angelo Dibona in their ascent of the Requin in 1913 described in the somewhat confusing account in the A.C. Journal.

Two of our main objectives, the traverse of the Drus and the Mer de Glace face of the Grépon, seemed as far from achievement as ever; meantime our American friend Miss O'Brien, who had been a friendly rival to M. Morin in 1926 in several attempts to make the first ascent of the Aiguille de Roc au Grépon, had succeeded in climbing it with Alfred Couttet. This robbed us of another cherished scheme, but we now determined on a second, and first guideless, ascent, and two days later we set off at 1 a.m. from Montenvers, with rucksacks carefully packed to avoid weight and yet to enable us to bivouac if necessary, to try our luck on the Grépon face, or failing that the Aiguille de Roc. The route lay up the Trélaporte couloir, across the snowfield and rimaye of the Trélaporte glacier—our old way up the Cornes de Chamois—and on to the rock to the left of the snowfield. Thence up chimneys and fairly easy rock to a terrace on our left close to the Brèche of the Tour Rouge where the Grépon route starts directly up the steep arête of rock leading to the north summit. The weather soon vetoed the Grépon, and we therefore continued on the route behind the Tour Rouge, to try our luck on the Tacul face of the Aiguille de Roc by which it had just been climbed. As we had not examined this face from the Mer de Glace or any other vantage point, we spent some time exploring the possibilities of a difficult face which turned out to be that of a gendarme and insurmountable. Later we discovered a delightful couloir, dividing this from the true face of the crag, and saw that it would go as far as the brèche separating the gendarme from the crag, and then, by trying a traverse to the left, one would arrive at the face already climbed by the first party. This couloir was evidently the key to the climb and there was great excitement when two of the party discovered unmistakeable scratches on the rocks and even a bit of leather strap on the couloir, showing that we had discovered the route taken by the first party. By this time the weather was too bad to contemplate the attack that day and we were forced to return, reaching

Montenvers after a 19-hour day just as a heavy thunderstorm broke.

Two days later, we returned to the attack in spite of uncertain weather. This time we were a party of six, and climbed on three ropes of two. M. Morin and Miss Barnard, M. Fallet and M. Tezenas du Montcel, M. Le Blanc and myself. We reached the spot where the Grépon route branches upwards in four hours from Montenvers, and having breakfasted, left most of our equipment en route—for we had prepared for a bivouac—and traversed horizontally to the left till we reached the couloir. This gave us three-quarters of an hour easy climbing to the brèche, from which a long, horizontal traverse to the left led us to a narrow and somewhat awkward chimney (see illustration). A traverse to the right took us to a difficult crack which the leader, M. Morin, only succeeded in climbing with the help of a shoulder and head and a jammed ice-axe. Again a traverse to the right, with one very delicate step across a perpendicular couloir with small holds, requiring a very long stride. Thence by traverse to right and left along narrow ledges, we reached the foot of a long and strenuous chimney—a cleft which apparently goes right through the upper part of the crag, dividing it into two. The reverse side of this cleft is shown in the photograph. This leads out where there is barely room for two people to stand. From that point the final slab seemed insurmountable. The leader was confronted with a smooth face of rock with no holds, a very small and insecure stance from which to throw a rope, and nothing much for the rope to catch on when thrown. It looked as if we were again to be defeated when within an ace of victory. After some ineffectual attempts to lodge the rope, those in front decided that the rope had in the first ascent been thrown right over the top of the peak—a feat which required the expert skill of an Alfred Couttet. However, as a last resort, M. Fallet tried throwing the rope round a small rock "mushroom," about three yards upwards and to the left on the edge of the rock face, which looked too small and insecure to bear the weight of a man. Luckily it held and the leader was able to swing over, and pull himself up to the little knob, and once there discovered excellent holds on the other side which took him to the summit block—so narrow that only one person can sit astride it at a time.

It was with great joy that we at last found ourselves on a real summit at 1-50 p.m., having for once got even with the weather, and my joy was enhanced by having led a rope most of the way. But we dared not stay long on top, for the mist was coming up ; we had taken 40 minutes to negotiate the last chimney and bring the party of six up in turns to the cramped space on the summit ; the conditions had been bad on the traverses, for the previous day's storm had left so much snow on the ledges that most of us had done the climb in boots, and we had still plenty of work before us. So we started down about 2-30—this time with two ropes of three—the first party going ahead with all possible speed to select rappel blocks, of which we used in all eight. We reached the head of the couloir at 5 p.m. and found this considerably wetter in the descent than in the ascent ! There two of the party left us, intending to hurry on and avoid a bivouac. The remaining four took things more leisurely and at 7 p.m. found a good place for a bivouac, sheltered from the wind, a little to the west of the Tour Rouge. The levelling of our camping ground and the preparation of a sumptuous repast occupied us till 8 o'clock. The banquet consisted of excellent soup, meat extract, fried eggs, tinned peaches, prunes, biscuits and butter, cheese and honey, chocolate and butter, iced mint-cake, and other combinations of the above ingredients to suit individual tastes, washed down with melted snow-water, and concluding with excellent cigarettes. At 9 p.m., well fed and not too cold, we turned in. This we did in a literal sense, for one of the party had brought a sheet of balloon-cloth, which made an admirable tent-cover for the night. We cooked inside it and so conserved much of the heat, and with an additional hot drink in the middle of the night and this protection from the wind we did not suffer too much from cold. In fact, I feel sure that ours was a bivouac-de-luxe. The expected rain did not come and the mist shifted from time to time as one peeped out of cover, revealing glimpses of the Verte and the Drus and other peaks in the chain by the ghostly light of the moon. There was not a sound to be heard except the occasional " shloop " (pronounced with an intake of the breath) of one or another thirsty watcher, struggling to extract a few drops of moisture from a cup of snow that melted all too slowly against our somewhat chilly persons. Still, after several hours

rocks have a way of finding out one's weak spots and, although half the party slept the greater part of the night, two of us would have given a good deal for even forty winks in what seemed an endless eight hours. We were lucky, however, to be camping at a low altitude, for we heard that a girl who was out with a party on Mt. Blanc the same night, failed to find the hut in the mist, and was frozen to death. The vanguard of our party reached Montenvers at 4 a.m., having broken their lantern and spent some hours in the Trélaporte couloir, bitterly regretting the comfortable bivouac they might have shared with us!

"Thou hast a voice, great Mountain, to repeal
Large codes of fraud and woe; not understood
By all, but which the wise, and great, and good
Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel."

SHELLEY


Mt. Corno
Gran Sasso d'Italia
SKETCH MAP OF THE ABRUZZI
AQUILA
Paganica
SCALE 8 MILES = 1 INCH.
LONGITUDE ON ROME 1°
LONGITUDE E. OF GREENWICH 14°
Tivoli
Affi
Popoli
Mt. Sirente
Arnpoli
Celano
Rome
SULMONA
LATITUDE 42°
Agnone
Villa Lago
Scanno
Mt. Argatello
Map by
T. H. G. Parker.

A WEEK IN THE ABRUZZI

By T. H. G. Parker.

Our original plan was to walk down the Apennines from a point between Bologna and Florence, and finish up near Perugia. In searching for information we came across a book written about twenty years ago by a Mrs. Macdonnel and dealing with the Abruzzi. We gathered from it that the district was entirely mountainous and contained most of the highest peaks of the Apennines. Large towns also seemed to be absent, so we decided to go there. After getting maps, we found that Sulmona was located on a main line and being centrally situated would be our best starting point.

Arrived in Milan after a 25 hours' journey from London, we luckily decided to stay the night, for the next stage to Sulmona took us 18 hours and the train was packed, although this we found later was usual on the Italian trains, railway travel being apparently a passion with the inhabitants. We reached Sulmona at nine in the morning and discovered quite a nice little hotel, but although the day was fine we spent most of it in making up arrears of sleep. Later, we found that the town was a very pleasant spot with the usual collection of architectural relics, and in addition boasted of an electric tramway.

That night we were visited by a colossal thunderstorm, and when we started next morning it was still raining vigorously. As a result we altered our plans. We had intended making our way to Scanno, more or less in a direct line ; instead we proceeded by train to Bugnara, the first station up the valley, and from there we walked along the road. Luckily the rain eased up soon after starting ; at Anversa, the next village, we swung to the south and entered the valley of the Sagittario. Here, we were rather disappointed as we had gathered from Mrs. Macdonnel that this was one of the finest pieces of scenery in the district, so that we had expected something after the style of the Ordesa valley of the Pyrenees ; instead it was more like the upper reaches of the Duddon on a large scale. The sun now reappeared, and after

some warm going we passed Villalargo, a typical hill village perched on the edge of a steep face and commanding all possible ways of approach. Another mile or so on the road and we passed by the side of the Lago di Scanno, a lake perhaps the size of Grasmere; the water looked tempting so we had a swim, most enjoyable while it lasted, but we received a fright while dressing, for a large water snake darted along close to the shore. After that we decided that swimming must be cut out of our programme.

Scanno reached, we found some difficulty in getting beds, but the landlord of the one inn managèd it at last, although I fancy that some unfortunate servant was evicted in consequence. If so, I paid for it when I turned in, for the Italian flea seems not to worry much about Keating's or else takes a long time dying. However, after a broken night, we left for Rivisondoli, where we were to take train again to Sulmona. On this day we did not see a road until we reached our destination, but grass mountains with patches of chestnuts are not wildly exciting, and we discovered also that the district, being limestone, suffered from an almost total lack of water once one was away from a village. We derived a certain amount of amusement from the wonderful names our map bestowed on most uninspiring ridges, Serra del Monte Paradiso, for one, calling up visions of something quite different from the plain grassy reality; still all dull things end eventually, and we reached Rivisondoli and beer in the late afternoon. Here, we were the object of some suspicion on the part of the local police, both of whom we discovered in the inn, but with the combined aid of our passports and the ready assistance of the village postmaster, who also was quenching his thirst, we convinced them that we were quite harmless.

After a night of more or less undisturbed sleep in Sulmona, we took train once more, this time to Celano, some twenty miles away. A most picturesque little town of the typical Abruzzian pyramidal form crowned by a castle, and in its inn we consumed a sumptuous lunch; little did we think that this would be the last decent meal we should eat for forty-eight hours. Our host tried to persuade us to stay the night with him and climb Monte Sirente from Celano, this, he assured us, being the usual proceeding, and was horrified when he heard that we were going to spend the night in Ovindoli and traverse Sirente from

there to the railway at Beffi. We heard great tales of its being impossible, due to a vast precipice on the eastern side of the mountain, but not being greatly impressed we paid our bill and departed in the hot sunshine for Ovindoli. After a perspiring walk up a few miles of steep road we reached that dirty and desolate spot, and had enormous trouble in finding an inn of any sort, and much more trouble in persuading the innkeeper to put us up. Unfortunately it was too early to go to bed and, the news of our arrival spreading around, the village idiot came to interview us. Apparently he had once lived in America and as a result he talked some kind of gibberish which he seemed to think was English ; it was funny for the first few minutes, but after two hours one felt like going mad one's self and giving him beer to drink only increased his rate of output. Finally eight o'clock arrived and with it a very meagre meal ; this disposed of we went to bed, but not to sleep. For myself, I don't believe that I had one complete hour, Keating's seeming to drive the local insects to frenzy. We were up at daybreak, and after an exiguous breakfast left soon after six for the top of Sirente (7,700 feet), our landlord impressing on us that no one had ever descended the impossible precipice on the far side, and that we must return to Ovindoli ; however, we were of opinion that death by falling over any precipice would be preferable to another night in Ovindoli.

The ascent was the usual slogging grind up interminable grass slopes and through chestnut thickets, but the summit ridge once reached we found that report was true ; the eastern side of the mountain was a steep face of bare limestone quite 3,000 feet high and about five miles long. The summit cairn proved to be about three miles south of us and while making for it we speculated on the nature of the descent. As it happened, there was a convenient gully thereabouts which took us three parts of the way down, although as it was stacked with delicately poised masses of crumbling rock its passage was not too pleasant ; then a short piece of easy but desperately unsafe face climbing and we reached the scree at the base.

Imagining fondly that our troubles were over and seeing ourselves in Beffi in another three hours and in good time for the afternoon train, we started down the slope. At the foot of the

scree we entered a nightmare wood where rotting trees draped with long strands of grey lichen lay strewn about and everywhere was a tangle of thorny undergrowth to impede one's progress. Then came a beastly limestone escarpment, about 300 feet high, covered with clinging spiky plants, and after negotiating miles of this kind of obstacle we finally found ourselves at seven o'clock, with dusk falling, at a summer shelter village which we realised was not on our route. After some trouble we found the few inhabitants who acted as caretakers and, after first disposing of large quantities of water, we were informed that we were about three miles north of our correct line, and on further enquiry that Tione, the nearest village to Beffi, was an hour's journey away, and Beffi station another forty minutes from Tione, next that the last train left Beffi at 8-45 p.m., and the final blow that there was no inn of any sort in either Beffi or Tione. For the first time that day we had a piece of luck, a mule had to be taken down to Tione and the driver undertook to guide us as we had only a foggy idea of its location in the dark. A promise of five lire for a quick passage did wonders, although as the track was a breakneck affair zigzagging down a 1,700 feet drop we found that the pace was almost too fast at times to be pleasant. We reached Tione soon after eight and, while our guide hunted for a boy to show us the way to the station, we discovered a wonderful kind of general shop where they sold beer and tried to make up something of what we had lost in the past hour. After a few minutes, two boys appeared and after first reassuring us that it was impossible to reach the station in time then told us that the next train was midday the following day. However, we promised them five lire if and when we caught the train and, at that, we ran after them for half an hour across country, altogether a suitable finish. We caught the train, in fact we had three minutes to spare and, as the stationmaster kept a sort of bar, we drank more beer. Our sudden appearance on the train with our sweat-bedecked faces, torn clothes and hands, and generally dishevelled appearance caused some astonishment particularly to the Fascisti guard.

Arrived at Aquila, our destination, the climax of this splendid day was reached ; first of all our luggage could not be issued to us as it was too late, then all the conveyances to the town

(which is some distance from the station) disappeared while we were finding this out and, when we finally reached the one possible hotel, they assured us that they were full up ; I think that our general appearance decided the matter. However, they lent us a man to take us round to other places and about midnight, after several refusals, we reached a haven in a terrible looking tavern. Anyhow, we were too tired to worry and simply fell into bed, and even our usual friends could not keep us awake.

Next day, we recovered our luggage and took things easily for a change and, as by this time we were rather sated with the Abruzzi and its inns, we decided that we would climb the Gran Sasso and then make for Rome as ordinary tourists.

We took train in the morning for Paganica, this being the nearest station to Assergi, the base for our peak, the latter village being reached by a ten mile walk up the valley. Our plan was to stay there that night and start at daybreak for the top of Monte Corno (9,550 feet), the highest peak of the Gran Sasso massif ; so far as we could ascertain we could reach the top and return to Assergi in 14 to 15 hours and, as we had been assured in Aquila that a splendid little hotel existed for the accommodation of climbers, we looked forward to a couple of good sleeping nights. But on arrival we were intercepted by a girl belonging to the family of the official guide to the Gran Sasso, and at once we were asked whether we were bound for Monte Corno and informed that if we were the guide was not available until the following day as he had left for the summit with a signor just before our arrival ; as we had no intention of using his services this fact did not disturb us unduly. After some enquiry and search we discovered our "hotel," and it was at once apparent to our disgusted eyes that we had struck another Ovindoli. At this moment a note was presented to us by a breathless youth, the message rather puzzling us as it proved to be an invitation in German to join the writer at the club hut below the summit and finish the peak at dawn the following morning. After some interrogation we discovered that the young female who had first met us had sent a messenger after the guide with news of the arrival of two foreigners who wished to climb Monte Corno and that his signor had then written this reply.

We obtained a miserable meal with difficulty and, after inspecting the beds of the "hotel," we decided to alter our plans and late as it was to make for the club hut as suggested. We managed to get hold of a man who undertook to guide us to the hut; this we considered advisable as we should be in darkness long before the hut was reached. Some difficulty was experienced in obtaining provisions from the old woman who kept the inn as she talked rather a different Italian from ours, but on the village priest being sent for the troubles were overcome. Our guide insisted on bringing a horse with him, mainly to carry a cask of water, water as usual being rather a minus quantity on the mountain; in passing I might remark that the horse consumed most of the water carried.

About four in the afternoon we started off, most of the village turning out to cheer us, and after a weary trudge up nearly 5,000 feet of scree we reached the crater basin in which the hut lies. Then followed a stumbling progress over a boulder-strewn track for an hour-and-a-half in the dark. On arrival at the hut we found that our signor was not German but Italian; we of course being foreigners had at once been taken for Germans. Apparently Englishmen are very rare visitors in the Abruzzi.

We started in the dark next morning for the summit which we reached in a comfortable two hours, all but the last hundred feet being up scree, the finish consisting of a walk across the frozen snow cap to the final cairn. At sunrise we had an impressive general view of Central Italy and its mountains, including our old friend Monte Sirente and his impossible precipice, but mists obscured the distant Adriatic which we were informed it was usually quite possible to see from this point.

The return to Assergi, including a two-hours' halt at the hut, only took six hours, so that our original estimate had been quite correct, and we should have managed the ascent and return quite comfortably in the day. However, we had the pleasure of paying the guide his fee and escaped a night in Assergi, for we took the opportunity of returning to Paganica whence we entrained for Sulmona to spend the night before departing for Rome.

The district can be recommended to anyone who wishes to reach heights of 5,000 to 9,000 feet without doing any climbing

proper, it being postulated that he is of a camel-like constitution, fond of hard walking and, most important of all, possessed of a thick horny skin. September, the month in which we were there, is about the best from the point of view of settled weather and reasonable temperature. And finally the local beer is excellent, while the wine is horrid.

" ....only the climber who has stretched himself in some sun-warmed wind-sheltered nook can realise the utter oblivion which lulls every suspicion of pain or care, and he learns that, however happiness may shun pursuit, it may nevertheless be sometimes surprised basking on the weird granite crags."

MUMMERY.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

A REMINISCENCE AND A WARNING TO THE NOVICE.

By E.M.A.

It was a cold, damp day. The obvious way to spend it was to sit before a large fire and write Christmas present " thank you " letters, but no, THEY seemed determined to go up some part of the Pillar, so the novice said nothing audible and got ready. She owned a car built to carry four adults, she knew there was a long bit of road walk ; with fear and trembling she offered the use of it. To her astonishment and relief the offer was accepted, THEY crowded into it with rucksacks and ropes until the car springs were nearly broken. The party proceeded to Gatesgarth. Here the novice gently suggested that all rugs should be put on the bonnet of the car. THEY did not like the idea ; the rugs would be wet when THEY returned. No one offered to crank the car when the party should return. So here at least the novice stood firm. I repeat it was cold, very cold, and wet. She had brought gloves, no one else seemed to have any, so hesitatingly, nervously, fearing a scornful rebuff, she mentioned gloves. Alas, it was even as she feared. THEY never suffer from cold hands. She didn't like to act against the decision, so accepting the kind offer on THEIR part to carry her lunch THEY and she got under way. The party talked all the way up Scarf Gap. She only grunted ; she was not a novice to fell walking anyway, and knew her limitation—and so on to the Pillar.

The clouds were right down, voices came from out the mist. No one was visible ; snow, wetter than any water, lay all around, still the party went on. At last THEY said " Here we are." There was rock in front so presumably it was the Pillar, but nothing could be seen around, only the sound of scratching nails and an occasional shout penetrated the shroud.

"Tie yourself on to the end of that," said THEY handing an end of cord suitable for a stout clothes-line to the novice; "Any knot that won't slip," were the further instructions. This was of course a sign of gross ignorance, so the novice took heart and executed a neat bowline around her. It was quite 1-30 p.m.; her usual lunch hour was 1-0 p.m., and on the hills, 12-0 noon. "Do we eat lunch first?" she asked tentatively. "No." Oh why did she accept their kind offer to carry her lunch; never, never, part yourself from your food supply. Cold, hungry, with no view to inspire her, she followed the one-in-front up the Slab and Notch. The foot-holes were filled with snow, the hand-holes had compressed snow in them. They chilled to the marrow. The one-in-front kicked slush into her face. This is called pleasure. Other people were on the top. They seemed quite happy, had had lunch at the bottom no doubt. "Isn't it fine!"—Yes—glorious—when there's no view, when you have never seen the rock or its position, when your breath hangs on the icy air, when it is too wet to sit down and too cold to stand up, your fingers aching with cold, your inner man craving for food. That is the type of pleasure that made Britain what it has been.

The descent was colder, otherwise the same as going up. In the gully was one kindred spirit, a terrier palsied with cold—its teeth chattering.

THEY took the rope off and doled out the food. Almost reduced to tears she clutched eagerly at her packet, the fingers could not grip it. At last a portion found its way to her mouth, but her teeth knocked so that she could scarce eat it.

This is recreation.

Wet, weary, damaged in spirits THEY allowed her to go back to civilisation and sanity and the Club Dinner.

SAMPLING SPACIOUS SCOTLAND

By R. E. W. Pritchard.

Once before had I betaken myself to Scotland to climb, to a certain Isle of the West, where are created all the winds which blow over Britain, and rain the like of which I had not experienced even at Wasdale. But if the climbing accomplished was somewhat insignificant, the scenery was magnificent, so when Kelly suggested another visit, this time to the mainland, I was not altogether averse. Thus at the end of May, 1927, early one morning after a night journey, I found myself in Glasgow, where I met Mrs. Eden-Smith and H. M. Kelly with a car. This car—St. Trojan, P.F. (Pinnacle Face), 1,400—had a virtue in that it would not go very fast, for nothing is more detestable than being whirled at thirty or forty miles per hour through fine scenery, just because the driver wants to arrive. Entrancing views greeted us along the twenty-five miles of Loch Lomond, and the sun shone agreeably; then through Glen Falloch, Strath Fillan, and past the head of Glen Orchy, in clear weather, with fine views of the mountains, to Inveroran, where we choose to stay in preference to Kinghouse. There is nothing at Inveroran but the hotel and a fishing lodge, Black Mount, away across the other side of Loch Tulla, a sheet of water about two miles in length. It is a delightful spot in which to sojourn, set in an upland valley with the hills all around, but not shut in as at Wasdale.

On the morrow we drove across the Victoria Bridge (prosaic name), and along the edge of Rannoch Moor to Kingshouse. The Stob Dearg of Buachaille Etive Mòr is a fine mountain to look at, and the rocks facing north-east appear at first sight to be magnificent. A closer acquaintance, however, is somewhat disappointing for, excepting a certain section of the Crowberry Ridge, the crags are broken up and the general angle fairly easy, though short steep sections abound; also the gullies seem to contain much scree promenading.

Having parked the car, we crossed the Coupal and trudged over the moor, up through a wilderness of rock and vegetation,

to the foot of the climbs, which do not seem to spring from any well-marked base line. The Crowberry Ridge was begun slightly to the left, and after some time a long, steep face with good holds brought us to the Abraham Ledge ; a short traverse and we climbed directly upwards. The severe section is somewhat similar to, but nothing like as hard as the " Nose " on Pillar, and the slabs above Gimmer like, though easier. The whole pitch, about forty feet, seems to be overwritten, and comparing it with the Eagle's Nest Ridge, the difficulty on the Napes Climb is of a different degree altogether to that encountered on the Crowberry Ridge. It might be satisfying in bad weather, but that day the rocks were dry and warm, and we climbed in the fairy footgear. The Crowberry Tower did not attract, the Curved Ridge being descended and things taken easily for a first day.

Let not the reader expect any accounts of new climbs, for we did not seek them, except at one place. Here, having ascended about 60 feet, the pitch ahead appeared very severe. At the time a pernicious cold wind was blowing, and the coefficient of friction did not seem high enough for such severity. Had it gone, it might have offered a climb worthy of the fine mountain that Buachaille Etive is, for the Crowberry Ridge did not come up to expectation. Possibly the delicacies that await the climber in the chasm justify the mountain, but this rift was not for us.

The next day we were on Buachaille again, ascending the Central Buttress—not at all reminiscent of Scawfell—a moderate though pleasant climb, at the top of which we got into a gully, and a long snow patch helped us on to the summit of Stob Dearg. Although the peak is only 3,345 feet high a fine array of mountains is visible in almost every direction. As long as it was warm and there was tobacco in my pipe I fain would have remained at ease admiring the view till it was time to go home, but the manager with a hectic gleam in his eye announced that there were other Buachailles to be visited, Munros to be bagged. Regretfully I arose from my rocky couch and ambled after the others. So all the tops were " collected " ere we regained the glen.

The following morning K. announced an off day and a trek to Clachaig, so I put on my best plus fours and assumed a rosier

view of life. To Clachaig the road is rough, but one does not wish to go fast as the scenery is too good to hurry. We were now becoming familiar with the way to Kingshouse, past the Clachlets and over the edge of Rannoch Moor, with a surprise view of Buachaille Etive. A farewell look at the grand peak and on up to Glencoe. This is a fine glen, the best I had seen so far, but at that time I had not made acquaintance with Glen Nevis; still Glencoe is wild enough to satisfy anyone. Just beyond "The Study" we stopped to admire the corrie between Beinn Fhada and Stob Coire nan Lochan. There are many fine corries in Scotland, some in Skye, one on Liathach and others elsewhere, but K. thinks this is the most wonderful one he has seen so far. Two days later we circled the ridges of this corrie and gazed on to the floor. On the morrow, B.E-S. being somewhat indisposed, K. and I set out in the drizzle for Aonach Dubh. The mists were low, and it was just as well we had noticed the best approach during the fine weather of yesterday, for, from this side, it is not altogether an easy mountain. The face dropping into the glen is seamed with watercourses—one can hardly call them gullies—with abominable vegetation-covered buttresses between them. Past Loch Triochatan a wide gully comes down obliquely; up the left side of this we scrambled, for few are the well-marked paths up to the climbs in Scotland, the going usually being very rough. We must have crossed this gully too low down, for we got into a horrible watercourse, and spent some time getting out to the ledge below Ossian's Cave. The abode of Mr. Ossian was not visited, as we were bound for Shadbolt's Chimney, which commences a few yards to the left, At first, the chimney in its guile is easy, but soon steepens. After one hundred feet, the stance in the bed is restricted, so a few feet off the line of ascent I traversed out to a chockstone. An accommodating hole in the wall provided a rest for my feet, and seated on the chock I felt as comfortable as in an armchair. It was just as well that I had left the stance in the bed as, when K. had ascended about thirty feet, a piece of false strata weighing about ten pounds detached itself from the wall on being touched, and dropped on to the spot where I had been standing. This part of the chimney, being somewhat deeply cut, gave good back and knee work till a large stance was reached. Up to this point we had been

somewhat sheltered, but now we encountered the wind, and realised that it was raining heavily. The next section (50 feet) was most unsound, and, following the instruction in the book, we climbed out on to the buttress on the right, and up abominable steep grass ledges to a grassy platform. The chimney now commenced again with a pitch about thirty feet high, overhanging at the top. K. ascended, but was not sure of the vital holds at the overhang being sound, so came down. He urged me to try it, and after endeavouring to induce some warmth into my fingers, I went up to look at it, but did not get as far as he did. Eventually K. forced (I say forced, advisedly) a route up the buttress on the left and traversed back above the overhang. One of the hardest pitches he has encountered. With the rope above, or rather line, I climbed up the chimney direct, which, of course, proved a milder affair than K.'s route, with the holds sound at this point. The chimney still continued, the bed a steep mass of vegetation with spikes of rock jutting out, which, seemed shaky. Ultimately we reached the top, and were quite glad to get out of it on such an evil day. K. now suggested lunch, but as we still stood on a steep grassy glacis, I said I would like to make it more level. Above, a direct continuation of the chimney, appeared some gently sloping slabs, and, as it was quite pleasant to get off the vegetation and on to rock, we proceeded up them. Here we fell into the same trap as other parties have done. Although the slabs were very smooth and streaming with water, as long as they inclined gently all was well; but when they reared themselves up to 80° with overlapping joints, all was not well. This place, which we called " The Corridor," is a huge gully perhaps 30 or 40 feet wide with vertical walls and the bed composed of the slabs. It is very deceptive, as when entering it one does not realise that one is so shut in, and that after 100 feet or so, the bed becomes almost vertical. On the left wall were some rotten ledges which just provided an escape. Here we put on the line again, though there was nothing in the shape of a belay. The climbing and crossing of these ledges was almost a nightmare; everything seemed loose and I watched with anxiety masses of rock shooting down the slabs as K. progressed. In the end, of course, we got out, thankful to have escaped from such an appalling place. This chimney may be all

right in fine weather, but in heavy rain when the coefficient of friction is practically nil, vegetation at a high angle makes it a most unpleasant climb. If by any chance, though it is extremely unlikely, I should go with anyone to it again, I should ensure that the day is reasonably fine, and take good care that any exit rather than "The Corridor" is chosen.

Sometimes it is good to do a severe or very severe climb in bad weather. Two climbs on Pillar—Savage Gully and the North West—stand out in the recollection when conditions were bad. Shadbolt's Chimney was another, though it is hardly in the same category as the two Pillar climbs, yet, possibly, more dangerous. It is good to do a severe climb in bad conditions very occasionally, but not to make a practice of overstepping the bounds of prudence too often.

That same evening we remarked casually to our host of the Clachaig Inn—one Macphee—that it would be all right going up into the corrie. "Sure," replied he, "are you not staying with me?" So the following day we strolled up to Coire nam Beith to the Church Door Buttress. The going is steep—Gavel Neese and Brown Tongues—set up on end, and a heavy storm churlishly greeted us on the way up. High up in the corrie refuge was sought from the driving rain behind a boulder. After it had abated somewhat we struck up towards the snow patches lying about the foot of the buttress; here it was very cold and the rain began again. Now, we had had a surfeit of climbing in cold rain the previous day, and agreeing that the buttress would still be in the same place when we came again, we decided on a walk to the summit of Bidean nam Bian. We mounted up to the col between Bidean and Stob Coire nan Lochan and could now look into the wonderful corrie we had seen from Glencoe. Once it had been definitely decided to forego the Church Door, the rain, of course, ceased and did not trouble us thereafter. Yet for some reason one did not regret the climb; perhaps one becomes somewaht satiated as one gets older, and there was the next best, a good ridge walk ahead once the height was gained. The top of Bidean, the loftiest peak in Argyle, was soon reached, but as the mist shrouded it, no view was seen. We struck down and across to Stob Coire nam Beith, which was below the mist level; then back again and traversed the long ridge o

Beinn Fhada obtaining fine views of Stob Coire nan Lochan with the corrie below. The north-east top of the ridge drops very steeply into Glencoe, so we descended by a face opposite Buachaille Etive Bheag and found a way across the ravine to the road at the first attempt.

We remarked to one another that if the morrow were fine, we would climb the Church Door Buttress, but the next morning dawned wet—very wet—in fact, it was very wet the whole day, so Fort William, our last stopping place, was made.

To one who has done all his climbing in the Lake District and Wales, it seemed strange to set out for a climb from a town. But, then, one can't have everything at Fort William, for has it not the Ben of all Bens at its doorstep? It is the slogan of the modern mountaineer never to walk when he can ride. So, acting on this accepted practice, we set out for Ben Nevis in the car, leaving it at Achintee. A fine broad path, forbidden by notice to motor cyclists, conducts the climber almost to the half-way hut. Here we cut across into the Allt a'Mhuilinn. The mist was low in the corrie, which was unfortunate, as I should have liked to have seen something of the crags, but it was not too low to recognise, unmistakably, the Douglas Boulder. As we approached it the rain began, so the ascent of the Boulder itself was left out, which as things turned out was a wise decision. We mounted a chimney streaming with water to the right of the boulder which landed us in the gap, and up a further chimney on to the ridge proper; here it was snowing heavily and continued for the rest of the day. Under these conditions the line of least resistance was adhered to. The higher one got, the greater was the accumulation of snow on the ledges, being in many places quite a foot deep, and after it was cleared off a hold, the remaining moisture turned to ice. At length, the top of the Tower was gained by the passage through the Bridged Rock which was so full of snow that one had to lie full length and wriggle through. After descending into the Gap, we were soon on the summit plateau and, wheeling left in the falling flakes, made for the actual summit. The roof of the old observatory stood just two feet above the snow, so that day, June 4th, the actual height must have been more than 4,406 feet! K. said the conditions were worse than at Easter, when he was there

with the Rucksack Club. Bitterly cold was it on the top, and one realised fully that on the mountains in Scotland, it can be winter any day of the year! As we trudged off in the snow, K. led down in the mist, and by good judgment brought us right up against the half-way hut. B.E-S. and I will always remember our first ascent of the Ben, as a climb under these conditions, though disagreeable at the time, is more satisfying and makes a more lasting impression than one in fine weather, for discomfort once past is quickly forgotten.

The next day, the freshly fallen snow on the rocks in the Allt a'Mhuilinn did not appeal, so we circled a corrie in the Mamore Forest, first ascending Sgurr a'Mhaim from Glen Nevis. It is a trudge of quite 3,300 feet, first on steep grass, then on the light grey scree, which to the uninitiated at a distance appears to be snow, to the summit of Mhaim. Here it was misty and commenced to snow, but we soon got out of these undesirable elements by dropping down on the ridge, and, thereafter, the day was fine and clear. The top of Am Bodach seemed a long way, but it was reached after stopping for lunch on the col where one gets a peep at Kinlochleven. Afterwards, we traversed over An Gearanach and An Garbhanach, both 3,200 feet, with regrets by one of the party that time did not permit the ascent of Binnein Mòr, the highest point of Mamore. From An Gearanach, the Argyleshire Peaks appeared fine, Bidean nam Bian being the outstanding feature; in the opposite direction Ben Nevis looked wonderful with snowy cap and the summit of Carn Mòr Dearg was a pure white apex. A photograph was taken, and then, from the last top, we sought a way off. It had been a fine round, but the best was to come, the walk down Glen Nevis. The end of An Gearanach shows a craggy front to the glen, and after a time we struck off the ridge to the right into a subsidiary corrie, which gave an easy way down. A peat bog, close to a magnificent waterfall, had to be skirted to avoid being engulfed. This is a type of fall seldom seen in the Lake District; out of the corrie above it drops quite two-hundred-and-fifty feet down the bare slabs, but not in a ghyll or ravine. The ghillie's cottage of Steall, wrongly marked on the maps as being on the true right of the stream, has a wonderful situation at the head of the gorge, under the shadow of the Ben and

facing this waterfall. Surely, if Wordsworth had visited the place, he would have written his poem of the " Solitary " about Steall and not Blea Tarn. They very kindly supplied us with tea at the cottage and, fortified by this, the four miles through the splendour of the gorge and the upper part of the glen seemed all too short to the car at Polldubh. Anyone who has not yet seen Glen Nevis is unaware of one of the delectable spots of the mountain scenery of Britain.

An absorbing pastime is the bagging of " Munros," when one does not feel inclined to climb, and the round of a Scottish corrie, with its wilder aspect and more spacious scenery, somehow, seems more satisfying than the counterpart in the Lake District or Wales. To the mountain walker, who is content with Britain and seeks not the highways and byways of the Alps, Scotland with its five hundred odd tops of over 3,000 feet is a paradise, providing he can arrange his wanderings to escape the attentions of those who indulge in the ignoble sport of slaying deer.

ACCIDENTS IN 1927

It is many years since the number of accidents taking place in the season called for a special article in the Journal, and may it be still longer before the next one appears.

Of the two fatal accidents, only that to C. D. Frankland was, strictly speaking, a rock-climbing accident. He was leading A. Wood Johnson up the Chantry Buttress towards evening on August Sunday. Miss M. Barker and F. L. Cook were on a second rope immediately below. On the second pitch, about 25 feet up, Frankland came off. He fell quite clear of the rock—his body describing a semi-circle in its course—struck a rib of rock at the bottom of the climb, when he was pulled up by the rope. He fell in all some 40 feet, and rather more than half way down his head struck the rock. He sustained a severe fracture of the skull, from which he died some 20 minutes later, without recovering consciousness. His last remarks concerned his traverse of the Coolin Ridge made a year before, and expressed his pleasure in the Club Journal, which contained an account of that expedition.

It is quite clear from the way he came off, shooting backwards into the air, and from an examination of the place which was made next day, that the fall was not due to a slip, but to a loose hand hold. This apparently came upwards out of a slot between a ledge and the wall behind. It had no doubt been part of the ledge at one time from which it had become detached. When tested from below it would appear to be part of the ledge and to be quite firm; not until pulled on in an upward direction would it come out. The piece was found clenched in his hand after the accident, and it is clear from the violence of the fall that his whole weight was being pulled up on the hold in question. He had the reputation of being an exceedingly careful climber, indeed his caution is said by those who knew him well to have been equal to his brilliance. It would appear, however, that no ordinary caution or method of testing would have revealed the looseness of the hold in question, which had been used by other

parties earlier in the day, and might have lasted much longer had it not been pulled upon at the particular angle requisite to dislodge it. The death of this great climber can accordingly only be ascribed to a sheer accident which it was beyond ordinary human skill to control.

The accident in Cust's Gully on Whit Monday was not a rock-climbing accident at all. Neither the victim (John Thomas Holden, an elderly gentleman who was by profession a bank manager), nor his two companions were rock-climbers or equipped for rock climbing. They were not climbing rocks when the accident happened, but were scrambling up the screes of the gully. The leader, if so we can describe the one who was going first, after advancing about two hundred yards, found the going steep, and made his way to the wall at the side, where he thought it would be easier to mount by the terraces and shelves. As soon as he touched the wall, however, a large piece of stone fell away and bounded down the scree, missing the second man, and striking Mr. Holden, who was 30 to 40 feet below. He died shortly afterwards of a fractured skull. Help was forthcoming both from Wasdale and Borrowdale, and the body was taken to Rosthwaite, where the victim had been spending the holiday.

This accident bears a resemblance to that on the Pillar Rock, which I next describe. There is usually a good deal of loose rock about in the spring and early summer, riven by the winter's frosts, and this is exceedingly difficult to detect, even to the most experienced eye. The best rule for people who are scrambling up very steep scree, is to keep close together, unless it is possible for each to take a completely independent line.

The Pillar Rock accident which took place on Good Friday, attracted a great deal of attention in the Press. These reports agreed only in one thing, an equal departure from the truth. Indeed the extent of this could hardly have been imagined by anybody who was not acquainted with professional journalism.

M. Cordier, a member of the G.H.M. section of the French Alpine Club was attending the meet with his friend M. Morin. Both climbers had led ropes up the North Climb, and M. Cordier was coming down the New West as last man. The party had made a rapid descent, and M. Cordier was climbing with com-

plete ease and confidence. At the last pitch instead of taking the rather circuitory staircase route, he descended straight down the short dirty gully or scoop, which is sometimes used. In doing so he had to climb over a large block of rock which apparently formed part of the mountain. He had almost cleared it when he felt it come away, and he was unable altogether to avoid it. He fell some eighteen or twenty feet on to the scree below, and sustained a compound fracture of the leg, which was unfortunately aggravated by a small avalanche of scree sent down on him a little later by a too zealous helper making for Pisgah Gap.

The accident happened between five and six p.m. The messenger despatched to Wasdale Head, made a remarkably fast time, but owing to lack of familiarity with the approaches to the west side of the rock, the party which brought the stretcher did not arrive on the scene of the accident until ten p.m. M. Cordier's leg was then successfully put into splints, a difficult operation. The first relief party reached the stretcher party just before midnight, and owing to a mistake were inadequately supplied with food. By that time those on the spot had succeeded in carrying the stretcher down the fell side almost as far as Great Doup. Reinforced by the relief party, and assisted by the light of the moon and lanterns, they were then able to make most of the way along the High Level Route by daybreak. The going here was naturally exceedingly difficult. Soon after daybreak a strong second relief party arrived well supplied with food, and with their help Wasdale Head was finally reached about nine a.m. Here again there was unfortunately considerable delay before arrangements could be made for taking M. Cordier to a hospital. He was, however, finally taken by the Whitehaven Ambulance to the Calgarth Orthopædic Hospital at Windermere, arriving there late at night, more than twenty-four hours after the accident. At Calgarth, an operation was quickly performed, and M. Cordier was soon afterwards removed to Liverpool, where he remained some six weeks before returning to Paris by air. Unhappily his leg has made but slow progress, and further operations have been necessary, so that he has not yet (December, 1927), recovered. He has asked us to convey his sense of gratitude and best thanks to all those who assisted

him down to Wasdale, and who afterwards showed kindness to him in various ways, but whom he has not been able personally to thank.

There can be no doubt that this accident was entirely due to bad rock. The outcrop in question had for years appeared to form a permanent feature of the crag. It had evidently been riven by frosts, but the rift was not apparent, and that it could not have been ascertained by ordinary testing is shown by the fact that M. Cordier had almost climbed clear of it before it came away.

The fourth accident which requires mention, that to W. G. Hennessy, was happily not so serious. This also occurred on the Whit Monday. Hennessy was descending the Mickledore Screes when he tripped and fell, sustaining a deep scalp wound. There was profuse bleeding, and his companions were naturally very much alarmed. The accident occurred late in the evening, the only available stretcher had been taken to Cust's Gully, and it was some time before help could be obtained. In the end, however, comparatively rapid progress was made to Wasdale Head, and we are glad to say that Hennessy made a rapid recovery, so much so that he was climbing again by August.

R.S.T.C.

AFTER AN ACCIDENT

By R. S. T. CHORLEY.

Much advice and instruction has appeared in the Journal with the object of preventing climbing accidents. The Easter accident on the Pillar Rock has awakened us to the fact that there is no similar information as to the proper steps to be taken after an accident has occurred. Probably the majority of serious climbing accidents are fatal. These do not call for any special discussion. Serious non-fatal accidents occur from time to time, and in these a proper and expeditious handling of the situation may mean the saving of life, or the prevention of permanent after effects. When one is faced with such an accident for the first time however, and has not thought about the position which it gives rise to beforehand, it is exceedingly difficult to do the right things and it is in the light of reflections of what was and what was not done last Easter that these notes are written. I hope that they may prove useful should the like difficulties befall any of my readers.

In the first place it is as well to keep a small first aid outfit permanently in one's rucksack. Some lint, a bandage, iodine, sticking plaster and perhaps a small bottle of chlorodyne and a little brandy, do not weigh much and can be fitted into a very small compass. It would not be going too far to advise a course of practical first-aid work: the President's view is that every climber should know first aid—proper bandaging may easily mean the saving of a limb.

After the accident has taken place one has to consider the action to be taken both by those on the spot and by those at what I will call H.Q., viz., the nearest centre where proper assistance can be obtained. If the casualty has but one companion the latter must, of course, go for assistance, having first no doubt made his injured comrade as comfortable as possible, given him the whistle if there is one, covered him up with his coat and all other garments that can be made available, and left with him any food there may be. If at all possible, water should be obtained

and left within the patient's reach. When, however, a number of people are present on the scene of the accident only one of them need go for help—I assume that the case calls for a stretcher. It should be remembered that the messenger will probably run all the way to H.Q., and may arrive there exhausted and more or less inarticulate. Instructions should therefore, if possible, be given to him in writing. They should describe the precise spot where the injured man is to be found, and, in detail, how to get to him, for it is likely as not that the first help party may have but a rough notion of the topography—the messenger should in any event make a careful note of landmarks himself. They should indicate the character and seriousness of the injuries as far as possible. They should also make known the material requirements at the scene of action. For instance a stretcher will be needed, bandages, lint, iodine, scissors, opium in some soluble form, brandy, lanterns and candles (which it will be wise to take even if there appears to be ample time before nightfall), blankets or other covering for the casualty, and food and drink. The number of those remaining with the injured man should be mentioned, because food must be provided for them. Climbing parties as a rule do not eat much while out, relying on a heavy evening meal. Should the accident occur towards evening, therefore, their strength will already be at a low ebb, and if on the arrival of the stretcher they are required to act as bearers they will not last long at the job unless they can be provided with food. This was one of the principal lessons of the Pillar Rock accident; as owing to a misunderstanding the relief party brought a supply of food which was hardly sufficient for their own requirements.

During the interval of waiting for the relief party those remaining on the scene of the accident should occupy themselves with such matters as the locating of a water supply, and the prospecting of the route to be taken by the stretcher. The difficulty of moving across rough, hilly country for an untrained stretcher party is very considerable. If a better path can be found entailing an additional distance it will probably be better to take it. This is particularly the case if the journey has to be made in the dark. If the scene of the accident is among rough scree, or in some other place quite devoid of path a good deal may be done to make some sort of path down to easier ground,

loose scree may be cleared away so that the stretcher party may walk firmly, and small cairns piled up to indicate the route selected when darkness comes. It is astonishing how quickly this sort of work can be done by a few willing helpers in the two or three hours which must elapse before help arrives. In some cases there will be a choice of destinations for the casualty: for instance at the Pillar Rock especially on the west side there is a choice between Gillerthwaite and Wasdale Head. Decision in such a case may be exceedingly difficult and it may be well to postpone the journey for medical advice if that is likely to be available within a reasonable time. The one route may be better by day, the other by night. By day, Gillerthwaite could be reached more quickly from the Pillar Rock than could Wasdale. Last Easter I decided that the absence of track, the deer fences, and afforestation scheme on the Gillerthwaite route made Wasdale Head the preferable objective. It had the additional advantage of being on the route of reinforcing parties; in fact the first stretcher party even after receiving advance reinforcements could hardly have made Gillerthwaite without the additional help which eventually came from Wasdale. In the dark, however, a party of helpers from Wasdale might find it impossible to locate a stretcher party already half-way down the fellside in the direction of Gillerthwaite. Moreover the accessibility of Wasdale is so much greater than that of Gillerthwaite that this may justify a couple of extra hours en route. Where an operation is necessary and jolting must be avoided at all costs the casualty must be taken to a place with a fair road at whatever additional trouble. This is why it will be well to await a doctor, if he be available.

At H.Q., the objective to be aimed at is efficient organisation. Many willing helpers will be tumbling over one another, and leaving essential matters undealt with. A leader should be at once appointed to take charge. At Club meets I suggest the oldest member of the Committee present. He should remain at H.Q., throughout, and restrain his natural inclination to go out with the stretcher party. His main duties will be to obtain all the sturdy helpers available to carry the stretcher, to see that they are properly supplied with food and plenty of warm wraps, to summon medical assistance, and if the case appears to call for

it to obtain an ambulance. A doctor capable of going on to the roughest fell ground must if possible be brought. For these purposes he may have to send messengers off for considerable distances, and in doing so he should be careful not to send anybody who is likely to be a good stretcher bearer. Nobody who has not been a stretcher bearer can realise the strain entailed in carrying a heavy man over rough ground in the dark. There should be at least one complete relay, and it is just as well to have two if available—reliance should not be placed on those already on the scene of the accident.

The organiser should make sure that all available supplies of help are tapped. Last Easter one of the strongest parties at Wasdale Head remained throughout the night in bed at Row Head without any knowledge of what was going on. It would be as well to make a list of the farmhouses where help may be obtained, and see that a messenger is sent to each one. The motto should be that in the case of a serious accident it is better to have twice as many helpers as are strictly necessary than one too few.

Tired and hungry men should not be sent out until they have had food and a proper rest—this does not mean that they should be sent to bed for several hours. A small advance party of fast-goers should be sent off as soon as the news of the accident arrives taking with them the various articles, medical and otherwise, already mentioned, whether these have been asked for or not. The food should be sustaining and easily digested, and this applies to the food which they should take with them. In this regard nothing can be better than eggs beaten up in milk—bovril and tea are also very valuable as stimulants. The organiser should personally satisfy himself that each party which goes out is plentifully supplied with provisions with a reserve for those already out on the fell side.

The organiser must carefully examine the stretcher before it is sent out and assure himself that it is in order. It is particularly important that it should be fitted out with straps for making the patient secure. Some means to that end must be provided if the stretcher is deficient in them. A stretcher can, if necessary, be improvised out of a hurdle, or from matting tied between poles.

As to the actual treatment of the casualty, those on the spot will have to decide whether he can safely be moved before a doctor arrives. Bandaging should, if possible, be done by somebody who has had experience, and the organiser should make a special point of trying to find somebody to go out with the first party who has had practical experience of first aid work. It should be borne in mind that brandy stimulates bleeding and should not be administered in cases of bad wounds unless and until the bleeding has been arrested, and that opium must not be given in large doses or too frequently. It may be necessary to resist the patient's supplication in matters of this sort: but a firm hand must be taken. Those on the spot should have a leader, and if nobody takes command by light of natural ability, the senior member present is under the duty to take control.

"Would you know what it is to hope again, and have all your hopes at hand? hang upon the crags at a gradient that makes your next step a debate between the thing you are and the thing you may become. Then the merry little hopes grow for the climber like flowers and food, immediate, prompt to prove their uses, sufficient if just within the grasp, as mortal hopes should be." GEORGE MEREDITH.

THE YEAR WITH THE CLUB

By Darwin Leighton.

We all admit there was something about Coniston which aroused and fostered amongst members a devotion which no other place ever will—kind of first love— ; the Sunday pilgrimage; the happy tired return after a glorious day of good health on Doe Crags; the wonderland of beauty at eventide, sunset that bathed the fells and valleys with a radiancy of colour past description. But as children grow out of their clothes so we grew too big for Coniston, and we had to ask Windermere to take us for the Annual Dinner. Thanks to that genius Cain, the Hydro was persuaded to take the Club, and with what success only those who were privileged to be there can testify.

The November meet at Patterdale was spoiled somewhat by unkind weather, enjoyable in a way, the indoor comforts balancing the outside elements.

Christmas at Wasdale is the next best place to Christmas at home, others may say it's the best place ; those of us who have " the ties that bind " think of Wasdale as we pull crackers with the children across the Christmas table.

New Year at Buttermere is always popular. As the weather was good, members and friends had better opportunities for tramping and climbing. Quite a goodly number went to Pillar, others to Birkness Coombe. Bit misty on the tops which puzzled one party who struck the ridge out of Birkness Coombe, and set off for Scarf Gap, but eventually found themselves at Scale Force. One expects better results than this from past Presidents ! All this was soon forgotten when back at the hotel and that succulent goose appeared. There's no happier place to start a Happy New Year than Buttermere.

We carried the same happy spirit into our February Meet at Grasmere, the warmth of the welcome to Moss Grove Hotel was more intense than the cold we experienced round the cairn of Helvellyn. " Cuckoo Time," the dialect play, was a great treat to those of our members who were privileged to get seats. Yes,

Grasmere has a charm ; some of our members who came for the week-end stayed a fortnight !

Over the meet at Langdale in March, let us quietly draw the veil, it was clouded by the last farewell of our friend Cain, the good and faithful president. In the purple mists of evening his spirit left us for the higher life of the great beyond. His message comes to us through the mists at twilight—" Carry on ! "

Were you at Wasdale on Good Friday ? What a wonder day of blue sky and sunshine, there were actually flies basking on the warm rocks of Gable, without a rope. Numbers had lunch on the Dress Circle without getting cold feet. The Spring atmosphere tasted as a wine of rare vintage. " There are no hills like the Wasdale Hills when Spring comes up the vale." Old Joe had no clothes to dry at Easter.

Only in the evening was our enjoyment marred by the accident on Pillar to the French friend of some of us, M. Cordier. Most members spent a strenuous night on the fells after their day's climbing, getting down the stretcher, and the staff at the hotel and at Middle Row had hard work keeping the rescue parties supplied with food. We are grieved to learn that M. Cordier has not yet completely recovered and we wish him luck and a cheerier return to Wasdale.

Don't you envy the member who has never missed a Whitsuntide meet at Borrowdale. Says he wouldn't sell the happy memories for a king's ransom. Cain called it the jolliest meet of the year. Its charms are endless, silver birches, crystal streams, golden kingcups, violets, primroses, emerald larches, silent woods where ferns uncurl to the warmth of summer and " gentle rain."

> " She wanders with a friendly wind
> Thro' silent night unseen,
> The furrows fill her happy tears,
> And lo ! the land is green."

Thorneythwaite reminds us of those lines of Wordsworth :—

> " Not undelightful are the simple charms
> Found at the grassy door of mountain farms."

This year the usual pilgrimage to Gable was popular as ever. Sty Head had its groups of mountain men or maidens going

east or west. How glorious was the walk that Sunday to Esk Hause, then by Allen Crags, over Glaramara, " back to the farm and dinner at seven," followed by the usual happy sing-song, stories, or farmyard imitations which caused the cocks to crow and the dogs to bark at midnight on this summer night in June.

The July meet at Langdale will be remembered for its summer days. Who told us the sun is 93 million miles away ? It wasn't that Sunday on Bowfell and Crinkle Crags. Burnett, Pape and others basked on Bowfell's sun-scorched cairn, later cooling their heated limbs with a bathe in the mixture of water and mud in Crinkle Tarn, followed by another to remove the grime in a crystal pool in Hell Ghyll.

Over 30 members and friends enjoyed the week-end attractions, not the least being the dainty evening dinner, and the social cups of coffee in the smoke-room.

August Bank Holiday at Wasdale was over-shadowed by the tragedy on Gable. Frankland, brother of " Yorkshire Ramblers " and friend of " Fell and Rock "—we chatted with him Saturday evening. Sunday he took his last climb. Those of us who attended his funeral in the little Wasdale church, though sad at heart, felt it was good to be there in the shadow of those Wasdale Hills, the climbers' paradise.

Eskdale in September we associate with the scarlet berries of mountain ash that adorn the Woolpack green and tinkle a welcome to its hospitality. So popular, that those who could not get a bed there had to seek the equally comfy bed and well-spread board of Wha House. Others were sheltered at Boot. What a happy day we had on Scawfell, along the sweet-winding way through glorious patches of purple heather, past still pools reflecting the blue dome of sky, fringed here and there by that brilliant star of Lakeland flowers—Grass of Parnassus. Lunch we enjoyed by the " Girt Stean." Harlow took a snap-shot to mark the history of the day. Onward we climbed, higher still and higher, till we reached the cool of Scawfell's cairn. Three of our party dipped down into Deep Ghyll for Pinnacle by Professor's Chimney. Others descended by Broad Stand to quench their long thirst at the Mickledore Spring, the white wine of the hills. We scrambled along Lord's Rake, had a look at Botterill's slab, and a glance up Deep Ghyll, but thought of the

Woolpack tea hastened us down Scawfell's slopes back towards Eskdale with here and there a rest to admire the sunset glow on Harter Fell. One of our party found a bunch of white heather. Yes, it was a day of good luck.

Is it possible adequately to describe our Club's great Birthday Party at Windermere Hydro, in October? No, it isn't possible. In simple language impressions may be recorded. Other annual Meets and Dinners have been done justice to in past pages of our Journal, but this 21st Birthday of the Club will stand out above all others in the history of Fell and Rock. Burnett was elected president, how well he graced the board, his words were as sweet music to the soul. How good to listen once more to Haskett-Smith, Bruce with his radiant countenance and happy stories, the witty words of Mrs. Winthrop Young, Parsons of Yorkshire Ramblers' fame, our good friend Harry Scott and others. The birthday cake from Keswick, that happy idea of Mrs. Wakefield, was a huge success. Surmounted by the "Needle"—in iced condition—it held the place of honour in front of the President. The summit block was afterwards presented as a memento to W.P.H-S. When the time came to cut the cake, Mrs. Burnett wielded an ice-axe and chopped generous supplies. Fortunate second man if her ice-steps are equally generous!

The "Needle," by the way, seems to be becoming more and more a Club emblem—badge, menu cards, cake. Some members are thinking of suggesting at the next General Meeting that we apply to the College of Heralds to get it registered as the Club coat-of-arms—one aiguille rampant in argent, on a field gules.

Sunday deserves fame for fine weather—a record number visited Langdale—photographs, and a great sing-song. It is believed that the last two verses of Hirst's ditty were composed extempore on Sunday evening under the beneficent influence of the muse who attends Club sing-songs. As for the crags, Pavey Ark may be less high than Everest, but General Bruce found it at least as brant and slape. It was a noble sight to see Wakefield leading him and Haskett-Smith up Great Gully.

"Lives of great men all remind us."

The past Presidents who came as guests of the Club were: A. P. Abraham (1907–1908), George Seatree (1909–1910), W. P.

Haskett-Smith (1913–1916), G. A. Solly (1919–1921), Darwin Leighton (1922–1923), A. W. Wakefield (1924–1925). The photograph shows them with the exception of A. P. Abraham who was unable to get over from Keswick on the Sunday. Ill-health caused the absence of W. Cecil Slingsby (1911–1912), but he and the two whom we have recently lost through death, P. S. Minor (1917–1918), and H. P. Cain (1926–1927) were very present in our thoughts.

Yes, a hundred and ninety members and friends had a great week-end, with " the sun by day and the moon by night."

When I have hung
Above the raven's nest by knots of grass
And half-inch fissures in the slippery rock
But ill-sustained, and almost (so it seemed)
Suspended by the blast that blew amain,
Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time
While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,
With what strange utterance did the loud dry wind
Blow through my ear ! The sky seemed not a sky
Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds !

WORDSWORTH.

IN MEMORIAM

HERBERT PORRITT CAIN, 1908–1927.

There are no friends like mountain friends, and I had no mountain friend like Cain. Perhaps that is why I am privileged to write these lines in his memory. Memory! but assuredly he lives with us yet in *more* than memory; for his deeds, his words, his enthusiasm have had an influence, have inspired a world of thought and action, which are truly immortal.

In this place it is appropriate that allusion should centre chiefly on mountaineering, but it is a remarkable fact that this is but one of many spheres in which Cain attained rare distinction, and to some of which brief reference will be made later.

Cain's association with the mountains of the Lake District started in childhood, when his family frequently stayed at Windermere. His early association with the Hydro was forcibly renewed, when, in October, 1926, the Annual Dinner of the Club was held there under his presidency.

When the Fell and Rock Club came into existence and was brought to his notice, he quickly realised its possibilities; and, joining in 1908, his connection with it grew progressively throughout the years, until in 1925, it conferred its premier honour upon him. He admitted publicly that it was the highest honour to which he could aspire, and that the Club, and what it stands for, were second in his scheme of things only to the ties and affections of his family life. But in honouring him, the Club honoured itself also. Never was the office of president more thoroughly earned, never more efficiently filled. For many years Cain had acted as Hon. Librarian, and had discharged the duties with marked fidelity. Those of us who have seen the books, beautifully shelved and carefully arranged in his own billiard-room, can realise his devotion to our interests. He handled the volumes as if he loved them—indeed to him a mountaineering book was an echo of a mountain. His own general reading was

exceptionally wide, while on mountain literature he was quite an eminent authority. Not only did he read everything, but he remembered it both individually and in relation to the whole. As an example, I may mention that he has identified for me mountains in a photograph of a part of Switzerland, which he never visited. He was also a map enthusiast, and remembered the exact heights of a prodigious number of summits, both at home and abroad. All the " 2,500's " in the Lake District have felt his tread.

The large share which Cain took in bringing to fruition the Club War Memorial Scheme will always be remembered with gratitude. His part was characteristic of the man. Having become convinced that a thing was good, he would pursue it with passion, overcome the difficulties in the path with cheerful determination, and, when the end was achieved, look back complacently as if the whole affair had been child's play.

If help were wanted for arranging a Club Dinner, or meet, for running a sing-song, playing an accompaniment, for negotiating with another club or organisation, one turned automatically to Cain, and never in vain. His keen intellect, his ready wit, his brilliant repartee, his sense of humour, his absolute fairness and impartiality, his hatred of cant, and his acute critical faculty, all went to mark him as an outstanding man who was bound to obtain distinction in any company.

Cain was endowed with the true spirit of the mountaineer. First and foremost, he *loved* the hills. To him it was bliss to wander on them in all weathers and by all possible routes. He rejoiced no less in casual fell walking than in rock climbing—the main thing being the ever-embracing presence of the enchanted heights. Without being a great rock climber, he was a thoroughly good goer, and under- rather than over-rated his capacity. He was " safe " in the best sense of the word, and I am inclined to think that the great variations in form which he displayed were probably due to his heart weakness. His footwork was often striking, and he had the advantage of an extraordinarily high knee-lift which enabled him to make use of footholds which were impossible to others of his height. While the Lake District was his first love, he paid many visits to the mountains of Scotland—usually organising a party of which he

was not only the life and soul, but also the transport officer and general manager—and in later years he travelled extensively abroad. He was a member of the Rucksack and Scottish Mountaineering Clubs.

Of his other activities, only a few can be mentioned. As a motorist he was a driver of quite exceptional ability, and his car was ever at the disposal of all and sundry wishing to visit the hills. Of other sports, tennis was the game in which he excelled, while in the great game of war he played an honourable and distinguished part.

He found time for public service in many fields, and in these he also attained prominent positions. For example, he was Commissioner of the Scouts' Association, President of the local League of Nations' Union, Member of the Council of the National Trust, Vice-President of a Cricket Club, and of a Band, and a Justice of the Peace—an office for which his legal training fitted him in a peculiar degree.

That a man of such parts was successful in business goes without saying, and the confidence and affection which he inspired in colleagues and employees is creditable to him and them alike.

And his end! The Club meet of March, 1927, was at one of his favourite haunts—Langdale. He had had his walk in cold and damp—quite severe enough in his then state of health—up Rossett Ghyll, around the lovely valley-head, and was returning to the hotel by the upper path. At the crossing of the beck, which flows from Dungeon Ghyll, he suddenly extended his left arm in the direction of Pavey Ark, where he had so often climbed, fell, and in a few moments drew his last breath. Thus he passed in the midst of the eternal hills he loved so well, and surrounded by the friends with whom he rejoiced in them. Could any end have been more fitting?

The remarkable gathering at the funeral afforded final testimony to the unique position which Cain had attained, and made an indelible impression upon all who were present.

While we mourn an irreparable loss, we reap the harvest of a life freely spent, we strive to follow a noble example, and we rejoice in a happy memory. T.R.B.

PHILIP SCOTT MINOR, 1906—1927.

A lovable man above all else, Philip Minor will long fill a niche in the memory of all who knew him. This lovableness was not that of a soft character: he had the robustness of disposition, the wonderful vitality, and the burning enthusiasm which we have been so fortunate to find in a number of our Presidents. All this too was radiated by a sunny nature which attracted everyone who had to do with him. On further acquaintance the more sterling qualities stood out—great tenacity of purpose, modesty of demeanour, a friendly considerateness, and an exceptional fund of good humour, which put everyone at his ease. He was a constant source of laughter; to chaff him was the right of all; we could and did laugh at him often, yet our respect for him grew rather than diminished, surely a most rare quality.

Tall and big of body he was an outstanding figure at Club gatherings. His foible for very large boots gave an inaccurate impression of clumsiness—once in a bog on Ben Nevis one of his boots came off and he did not notice its loss for several paces owing to the cold. His movements on the fells however, though deliberate, by no means confirmed this impression. His social gifts made him at all times a valuable member. He could be relied upon to lead "Ilkla Moor," and "I'm not a Climber Now" was, of course, always required of him. He was able to put aside that bashfulness which characterises the Englishman in company, and in native high spirit would dance a fandango with a whirl of fireirons until the ornaments rattled on the mantelshelf. We shall all carry with us through life rosy memories of happy hours largely due to his unstinted labours to make Club evenings joyful affairs.

Though not self-assertive, he was wise in counsel and a bulwark of steadiness in trying times. It was significant that at the darkest period of the war he was approached by the Committee both of our own and of the Rucksack Club to act as their Presidents. This was an exceptional mark of confidence in his qualities of character, and he did not fail them. As our President from 1917-18 he did much despite tragic personal loss to revive flagging spirits, and left the Club ready for its great post-war expansion and activity.

Like many well-known mountaineers he took to the sport comparatively late in life, and was over forty when he became a rock climber. He was never an expert, but was a safe and competent climber. He was a reliable leader and his predilection for gullies was well known. Many of his old companions will have a memory of him wet through, dirty, plastered with mud and moss, emerging from some many-pitched gully with a face wreathed in smiles, and happy with the consciousness of achievement. His reliability and steadiness in descent were particularly noticeable. His companionableness made him a welcome member in any climbing party.

His career as an Alpine mountaineer commenced even later, and was comparatively short. He found the higher altitudes trying, yet in his first season he made a guideless traverse of Mt. Blanc, a notable expedition for any party. In 1911, his best year, he captured several of the best Pennine peaks, including the Dent Blanche, Matterhorn, and Zinal Rothhorn. After that season he was elected to the Alpine Club.

One felt however that his love of the mountains was deeper and greater than that of many more brilliant mountaineers; that, fond as he was of a good climb, the mere feeling that his foot was upon hill country was enough to make him thoroughly happy. He had stood upon every considerable eminence in England and Wales, and upon most of the great Highland peaks. He originated the hobby of climbing the 2,500 ordnance points, and was the first to accomplish them all. It is well known that he had climbed Snowdon three times on one day, and those were but a fraction of his visits. He took a keen delight in such feats, for despite his many cares and capacities, he remained a boy at heart. Yet above all such efforts towered up his enthusiasm for the mountains, a beacon light which must have attracted many into the haven of peace which only the hills can give.

This memoir would be incomplete without a reference to his work for the Rucksack Club. Faithful as he was to our Club, of which he was an original member and a constant attender at several meets during each year, he owed his real allegiance to that band of climbers and hill walkers. Its treasurer throughout its history, its faithful servant and supporter in and out of season, nobody perhaps had more to do with its

success than he. He had just those qualities which are needed in the building up of such a Club as is a climbing club. We who have felt his warm and affectionate interest in our welfare can realise in a measure how great is the loss to his old friends and companions in the Rucksack Club. R.S.T.C.

ROBERTSON LAMB.

ORIGINAL MEMBER.

The Club has lost in Robertson Lamb one of its original members and a skilled mountaineer with a charming personality. Endowed with perfect balance, he was in the front rank of rock climbers and his skill did not abate with advancing years. He was climbing in Wales some two weeks before his death and during the last few years he led with ease severe climbs like Eagle's Nest Arête (direct), and Paradise Route on the East peak of Lliwedd. Skye he loved and visited nearly every year. His name is there associated with the first ascent of a gully on Sgurr-nan-Gillean which has seldom been repeated. In our own district he led the second ascent of the North-West climb on Pillar, making a new and more direct finish and his route is now generally followed.

Lamb also climbed for several seasons in the Alps—he was one of a guideless party which traversed the Meije in 1910 and in 1921 he climbed the Matterhorn by the Zmutt Arête, also guideless. He visited the Englehorner and the French Graians, but rock climbing was his passion and he was happiest on the hills and fells of his own country. E.H.P.

CLAUD DEANE FRANKLAND, 1925–1927.

By the death of C. D. Frankland who was killed on Great Gable on Sunday, July 31st, 1927, the art of crag climbing has lost its finest exponent.

A man of scholarly attainments, he was eminently successful in his vocation of schoolmaster, and it was expected by all his friends that he would go far in his profession.

As a rock climber he was transcendent; though always modest and retiring in his speech of this sport so dear to his heart. He was the natural leader of any party he joined.

He never got stale or tired and as the days wore on and climb succeeded climb, he seemed to re-capture the spirit of youth and to infect his companions till it was sheer joy to watch him and follow him.

"The difficulties are only mental," was his favourite saying, and under his inspiration it was surprising how these difficulties faded away, but his work showed—as that of any artist will—the study and practice of every detail.

It is scarcely too much to say that he was without equal among cragsmen, and it is fitting that he should sleep his last long sleep at Wasdale, for to us who have climbed with him and loved him, the encircling mountains will for ever wear a mournful glory to his memory.

'This be the verse you grave for me,
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

W.V.B.

J. BOLTON .. .. .. Elected 1908

REV. J. N. BURROWS .. .. .. „ 1921

W. G. GROVES .. .. „ 1917

R. B. SEEBOHM .. .. .. „ 1925

Miss D. M. SMITH .. .. Elected 1924

A. SUTTON .. .. .. „ 1922

P. S. THOMPSON .. .. „ 1908

EDITOR'S NOTES

Death has for the first time in our history as a Club, struck heavily at us. We started the year happy under the leadership of our youngest, and perhaps most energetic President, and with all our distinguished ex-Presidents strong and still keenly interested in us. Herbert Cain died at a meet and on the fells. Philip Minor, one of the most faithful of our ex-Presidents, died in harness in Manchester a few months later.

Frankland, than whom there was probably no greater living rock-climber, was very soon after killed through a piece of bad rock, so placed, that it must have deceived any leader. Debonair in movement, an artist in execution, his loss leaves our craft immeasurably poorer. Among many magnificent leads his double event on Central Buttress, Scawfell, stands out supreme. Much older, but with something of the same sureness and beauty of movement, Robertson Lamb, a wonderful example of apparently infrangible youth next disappeared from the lists.

Finally, mention must be made of Raymond Bicknell. Though not a member of our Club he was our friend and welcome guest at many a meet. A fine cragsman, thoroughly at home on native rocks, he had taken his abilities to the Alps, and there achieved a distinguished record as a leader of guideless parties. His great knowledge and experience had been of much value in the organisation of the Everest expeditions, and he will be greatly missed wherever climbers foregather.

In climbing, the season has not been notable for first-rate achievements. Bower's completion of the unclimbed portion of the exceedingly severe Hiatus Route on Gimmer Crag, however, certainly falls within this class. That versatile "Englishman Italianate," is now back at Naples, sowing the sea with deadly mines. We welcome back from New Zealand, H. S. Gross, in order that the reputation of Barrow may be maintained.

With reference to my note on the Ennerdale afforestation scheme, the Forestry Commission have not entirely closed

the approach to the Pillar Rock from the foot of Scarf Gap—a path, one of several, has been left, though it is necessary to climb the fence. This is by far the most popular route both from Buttermere and Borrowdale. The direct approach from Gillerthwaite, ought to be dealt with in the same manner. No paths have been made here, and it is difficult to get across the fence on the high fell side.

I am glad to be able to report that by the time the last number of the Journal came into the hands of members, the money required for the preservation of Glencoin Wood had actually been raised. Our Club was among the subscribers. The local committee, to whose energy this success was entirely due, are to be congratulated on the preservation of one of the most beautiful areas in the Lake District.

One outcome of the Easter Pillar Rock accident has been the improvement of the telephonic communication from Strands. As a result of representations made by the Club, it is now possible to telephone from Strands at any hour of the day or night on payment of a disturbance fee of one shilling.

We have received a pamphlet entitled "The Fell Guide to the English Lakes," by Mr. J. E. B. Wright, the Keswick guide. Until quite late in the last century, fell guides were as well recognised here as in Switzerland, if less numerous. There are probably still many for whom a guide can perform a useful service. Mr. Wright appears to be energetic and enthusiastic, and to have taken pains to qualify himself for his work. If his propaganda methods smack of American advertising and the cheap press, that is perhaps only to be expected in our modern age. Walking tours up the well-known peaks are naturally the principal activity, but there is also a rock-climbing department. Here some of the fees sound high, especially when one remembers the moderate charge formerly made for the services of Gaspard at Wasdale Head. Five guineas per day for each guide for selected courses on the Pillar Rock (selected by Mr. Wright), makes rock-climbing a sport for plutocrats, instead of what it essentially is, the most democratic of all recreations.

Mr. Wright has kindly furnished us with the following interesting weather statistics for the seasons 1926 and 1927 :—

	Unmarred Views.	Without Rain-fall.	Showers only.	Heavy Rains or Storms.	Total.
		1926.			
No. of Days	164	121	72	35	228
		1927.			
No. of Days	27	39	43	101	183

In 1926, the Carnedds and Snowdon are said to have been visible on five occasions from Scawfell Pike. In June, 1927, there were 19 consecutive days of rain and hailstorms. The totals give the days on which Mr. Wright made expeditions, the larger number in 1926 being accounted for by work undertaken for the Lake District Association, and carried out in the winter months.

CLIMBS, OLD AND NEW

COMPILED FROM THE CLUB BOOKS AND ELSEWHERE.

By GRAHAM WILSON.

Basterfield's prophecy contained in the Langdale Guide has been fulfilled and Hiatus Route has been led throughout by "an expert in perfect training" in the shape of Bower. Not only that, but before its presaged time, for did not the prophet foretell that it would be accomplished "when the summer comes again."

It would appear that the major crags are now becoming almost worked out, but be this as it may, ample opportunities for the exploratory spirit have been found on the lesser crags and many interesting discoveries have been made on Green Gable, Yewbarrow, Round How and elsewhere. May the quest long continue.

SCAWFELL : Moss Ghyll Grooves. The third ascent of this climb was made on 12th June, 1927, by G.S.B., G.B., and A.B.R.

Collier's Climb. The first pitch of this climb was climbed on 12th June, 1927, by A.B.R. and G.S.B., who report this seldom done pitch as VERY hard.

MICKLEDORE BUTTRESS : Western Corner : First ascent, 5/8/1927. G.W.W.-J. and E. F. Whiteley (non-member). 120 feet. A cairn marks the start at the lowest point of the buttress. The climb was done in rubbers, on a perfect day.

(1) 10 feet of steep difficult rock lead to a grass ledge.

(2) Work left and then straight ahead to a good belay 15 feet above.

(3) Traverse left into a vertical crack leading, via a small slab, to a rock platform. Belay. This point is 60 feet from the start.

(4) A few feet of broken rock lead to a very difficult 15 foot slab.

(5) Broken rocks lead to a tower which is climbed on its face, severe probably, followed by an easy slab to the finish.

YEWBARROW : Bell Rib. Two climbs have been found on this delightfully situated crag and members who visit Overbeck would do well to go a little higher to these rocks, which are about 120 feet high. The climbs are on the clean rock corner of the final buttress forming the southern crest of Yewbarrow.

The first climb starts to the left of the lowest point of the corner at a large boulder (cairn) and follows a groove until it peters out. Then moderately difficult rocks lead to the summit. The climb was first ascended by G.W.W-J. and E. H. Marriott (non-member) in boots and on dry rock on 16th April, 1927.

The second climb was first ascended by E. W-J. and E. C. Williams (non-member), in rubbers on 6th May, 1927, and starts at the lowest part of the corner. Cairn. After a few feet of difficult climbing a steep, rounded slab is reached, which will be found to be the chief obstacle. Once the slab is overcome moderate climbing can be indulged in to the summit or along the west face of the crag.

To the right of the second climb a steep slab commences a few feet above the foot of the crag which will prove a severe problem for those inclined to tackle it.

PILLAR : South West. "As the day was very cold and windy about 12 feet of the direct finish were shirked and a very severe traverse was made from the foot of the last chimney on New West to Far West Jordan Climb—quite as hard as direct finish itself." C.E.G.B.

GREAT DOUP PINNACLE : First ascent, 6/8/1927. G.W.W.-J., E.W.-J. and M.M.B. From the High Level Route between Robinson's Cairn and Shamrock the pinnacle can be seen immediately to the left of Great Doup Buttress.

(1) 15 foot rib. Very difficult. Good stance and belay.

(2) 15 foot wall. Severe. Good stance and belay.

(3) 15 feet of indefinite rock to a rock platform. Good belay.

(4) From the right hand corner of the platform climb upwards for 10 feet, then traverse left for about ten feet to a crack. Continue up the crack to a good stance and belay. There is 45 feet of steep climbing in this pitch. Exposure severe.

(5) A 20 foot steep wall to good belay.

The climb is cairned at bottom and top.

It was led in rubbers and although the second climbed in boots it would not be advisable to lead in boots without first having done the climb with a rope from above or in rubbers.

The buttress immediately to the right of Great Doup Buttress was climbed to within about 30 feet of its top. Further advance was found impossible, for the present, at least. The climb was continuously severe on good sound and rough rock. The finish might be possible but would be exceptionally severe.

G.W.W.-J. 6/8/1927.

A melancholy interest is given to a note that C.D.F. and M.M.B. climbed Eagle's Corner in boots on 31st July, 1927. An egg was found in the Eagle's Nest this day.

GREEN GABLE CRAGS : On the Ennerdale Face of Green Gable. Best approached by Styehead track and Wind Gap. The crags have the advantage of getting the sunshine, if any, the rock is of the very best quality and the average angle of the arêtes appears to be steeper than that of the Napes Ridges. The climbs, however, are somewhat artificial.

The right hand buttress, detached from and shorter than the main mass, has a conspicuous grassy terrace at its foot, well seen from the Ennerdale Face of Great Gable. To the left and below this there is a conspicuous chimney, deep cut and vertical, which was climbed on 23rd October, 1927. Traversing to the right along the grassy terrace (which joins the scree at its right hand end and can be approached in this manner from Wind Gap), a small cairn will be found about the centre of this face of the buttress.

Alpha. First ascent, 23/10/1927. G.G.M., H.S.G. and C.M. Barnard (non-member).

(1) About 60 feet of very steep rock, rendered fairly easy by the capacious holds and the sound rough nature of the rock A splendid stance, with a poor belay, is reached here.

(2) About 20 feet of steep rock on gradually diminishing holds necessitate a slight deviation to the right. The final move is an awkward pull-up on poor holds on to a long and roomy platform. Belay.

(3) 20 foot Wall with good holds. Cairn at top. Climbed in boots.

Eta. The left hand larger mass of Green Gable Crags consists of three main ribs, sloping at a steep angle. Eta Climb is on the central and longest of these. Cairn. Rubbers recommended. First ascent, 23/10/1927. G.G.M., H.S.G., and C. M. Barnard (non-member).

(1) 20 feet of easy scrambling to a large grassy recess.

(2) 40 feet. The rib on the right was climbed slightly on the right of the true edge, using a slanting ledge at the commencement. The size and number of the holds gradually diminished till the last seven feet presented a holdless slab. A small foothold was used to accommodate both feet and then a steeply sloping depression high on the right was used for a foothold while the inadequate holds on the ledge above were used to raise the body till a good flake was grasped. The large ledge was then attained. This awkward slab can be avoided by a long stride to the left into a damp corner not recommended for rubbers, but giving easier access to the ledge. A choice of two poor belays was found on the ledge.

(3) 10 feet. Taking off from the extreme left of the ledge a strong armpull resulted in reaching a recess with a good belay.

(4) 20 feet. The chimney on the left was climbed for 20 feet to a large platform, as the continuation of the true face of the rib was considered impossible under the conditions. Then regained true face on right.

(5) 35 feet. Climbed directly up, passing an out-jutting boulder on the left. The last 10 feet to the cairn was easy scrambling.

What looked like a cairn was seen at the top of a wet chimney on the left.

Beta. Continuing along the green grassy terrace from Wind Gap a second small buttress is encountered on the right. Cairn at lowest point. The climb was done in boots in very windy weather. First ascent, 29/10/1927. C. M. Barnard (non-member), and G.G.M.

(1) Easy scrambling to good stance. 25 feet.

(2) 40 feet up right-hand rib to large platform and belay.

(3) 20 feet. Up to small overhang and past it on right. This severe pitch was turned by broken crack on the left and on account of the weather conditions was only tried by G.G.M. on a rope from above.

Gamma. First ascent, 29/20/1927. G.G.M. and C. M. Barnard (non-member). From the top of Beta Climb traversed about 50 feet to the left when a narrow rib of rock, flanked by wet chimneys, and looking like a pinnacle from below, is seen. There is a square buttress on the left.

The narrow rib is climbed direct throughout in two pitches first 40 feet to stance and good belay, then 30 feet to cairn. Done in boots.

Theta. First ascent, 29/10/1927. C. M. Barnard (non-member) and G.G.M. Boots. Cairn at foot and top.

(1) 25 feet of scrambling to stance and good belay.

(2) About 40 feet up the arête to stance and good belay.

(3) 30 feet up arête—stance and good belay.

(4) 25 feet up face—stance and belay.

(5) About 50 feet to left of overhang to platform and belay.

(6) 15 foot wall climbed direct.

Ipseelon. First ascent, 27/11/1927. G.G.M., G.S.B., and H.S.G. Boots. Cairns at bottom and top.

The right hand buttress of the main mass of crags, between Gamma and Eta climbs.

About 15 feet of easy work leads to a grassy platform.

A smooth slab may be climbed, to the left of a small overhang, but, owing to the cold and wet conditions, this slab was avoided

by the small gully to the left. The true arête was joined about 15 feet above the platform and followed for about 20 feet to a step. A block belay was found in the corner to the right. Stepping back on to the true face, this was followed to the top. A broken grassy platform was crossed to an easy 12 foot step, cairned, and another grassy platform led to the final 30 foot wall, which was climbed direct on splendid holds.

The rock was somewhat slimy owing to the wet.

The cairns referred to in the above accounts were probably made by F.G., who it is believed investigated these rocks a year or two ago.

G.W.

LANGDALE : Gimmer Crag. Hiatus Route. First complete ascent, 10/7/1927. G.S.B., A.B.R., A.W..W and G.G.M. This course was contemplated and partially climbed by G.B. and J.R.T. a year ago, on which occasion the title pitch of the climb, a series of severe movements, was ascended with the safeguard of a rope from above. The leader on the present occasion was greatly helped by such immoral initiations.

Starting from the large gully on the western side of the crag three pitches of excellent quality are followed by a dirty corner leading to a large fernery dominated by a solitary rowan tree. Mossy slabs continue easily to conspicuous overhangs. Just below these is a recess, beside a tempting block which was not considered safe for a belay. The second man untied and passed the leader's " rope " through loops tied around a small, slightly wobbly chockstone, which appeared to be jammed in a crack above the recess. The third man was brought to a good stance and thread belay about 20 feet below. Further loops were passed around this second chockstone and the leader's line was also passed through these and temporarily tied to the third man. Thus encouraged and morally fortified, the leader traversed to the left and upwards until it was possible to stand on a " foot scraper " just below a steep, mossy slab. This was climbed up the corner on the right, using, when possible, foot holds on the right wall of the corner. Striding to the left and descending a few feet, the leader traversed to the left below an incipient overhang until it was possible to climb steep but easier rocks

to an excellent rock niche with a perfect belay above, about 45 feet from the upper thread. Climbing the rocks on the left of the niche and squirming, with great difficulty, sideways fashion, on to a narrow mantelshelf, the climb was completed by a severe crack immediately above the mantelshelf. The start of this crack is extremely difficult, but an excellent handhold on the left at the top can almost immediately be attained. Twenty or thirty feet of scrambling lead to the cairn. Wide choice of belays,

Rubbers recommended for believers in boots.

BLEA RIGG CLIMB. This climb is still in situ and what may be the second ascent was made on the 2nd October, 1927, by G.G.M. and H.S.G.

The cairn at the start, having now come of age, is of somewhat venerable appearance. Owing to the mossy and lichen-covered nature of the rock the climb is not recommended on a wet and stormy day, such as the above day was.

WHITE GHYLL. On the Dungeon Ghyll side of White Ghyll, on the first high rocks on the south side—say about 120 feet in height—will be noticed a continuous ledge, which traverses rocks apparently unclimbable above. The ledge goes in an upward direction from right to left and ends at a tree, behind which a short steep chimney leads to easy ground. This ledge was, on 7th October, 1927, traversed and the chimney climbed by J. Summermatter, a young Randa guide who was spending some weeks with me. He had very great difficulty indeed in reaching the tree from the latter part of the ledge and as he is certainly a very strong climber the ascent may be called severe. A rope would be of no assistance unless held from above. A.R.T.

About a quarter of a mile before reaching Dungeon Ghyll there will be noticed two boulders above the road, the lower containing as everyone knows, a good crack facing the road. Above the boulders will be noticed an outcrop, about 65 feet high, containing two cracks. The left one is choked with a vicious-looking thorn bush but a platform is reached in about 25 feet by difficult rocks on the right or by easier rocks on the left. It is now necessary to

force a way through a holly bush, whose aid will be doubtless invoked to make a very difficult exit. The climb is to be recommended to the thick skinned. The right crack, which is a little lower and contains some grass, is probably quite unclimbable, but a way was made on to the arête which forms its right wall. The rock is very smooth indeed.

Both climbs were done alone by J. Summermatter. They are severe as a whole, especially the latter, which entails a 60 feet run out at least. Both were marked by cairns. A.R.T.

BUTTERMERE : Friars Ghyll. A.R.T. and R.W.H. report that in November, 1926, they found the large chockstone above the first pitch quite loose and asked the farm people below to tell climbers. The pitch may be climbed in a way which almost avoids touching the chockstone.

HIGH STYLE : Bleaberry Combe. Chapel Crag Gully. "This gully is just to the left, looking up, of the big scree shoot on the right of the crags. It contains three pitches. (1) A 10 foot pitch, followed by (2) a 40/50 foot cave pitch, and higher up by (3) another 40/50 foot pitch. Cain mentions in Journal No. 7, page 23, that the second pitch was climbed on a slack rope by George, Avery and Allsup. He, however, calls it the first pitch and omits the little and rather difficult pitch just below. The second pitch is most formidable. First it is necessary to ascend in the bed of the gully till under the chockstone and then to traverse out by the left wall. The bed of the gully seems to consist of rocks embedded in brown mud and the traverse out on the left wall is highly sensational. The rope forms a doubtful safeguard for the pitch. The best way is that adopted by Brown and Hall in 1925. After climbing the little pitch they avoided the second pitch by a groove in the right wall. They climbed the final pitch by the wall on the left."

A.R.T. 26/10/27.

ROUND HOW. This crag, which was mentioned in Journal No. 20, has received considerable attention from K.B.M. and others, but the crack with an overhanging start has not yet been

accomplished. One attempt, on a rope from above, was frustrated above the overhang, by a wet pitch.

Two courses were climbed on 17th April, 1927, the first starting slightly to the left of a small wet chimney and near to some loose blocks beneath the crag. For the first pitch, make up to a scoop about 25 feet up and then work out of it straight up to a grassy ledge where there is a good stance but no belay (60 feet). The next pitch goes straight up slabs above until another ledge is reached. There is a good stance and a belay can be found a few feet away to the right (70 feet). A short but stiff right-angled chimney (?) about 12 feet high is next climbed and slabs above lead to the top (25 feet). About 160 feet of good climbing on very good rock. The start is cairned. First ascent, J.R.T., B.E., J. Fisher (non-member), and K.B.M.

The second course is on the left side of an obvious grassy gully towards the right hand end of the crag and starts about 15 feet to the left of the gully. For the first pitch work up the face, surmounting a bulge, to a large stance with loose blocks but no belay. Twenty-five feet higher a flake belay will be found (70 feet). The second and last pitch goes straight up the face over rough slabs, merging into a wall in places. A sort of " nest " is reached in about 45 feet but there is no belay and the pitch is continued to the summit where a block may be used as a belay (about 80 feet). The last pitch is fairly exposed if the real course is adhered to. First ascent, J.R.T., B.E., and K.B.M.

Both the above climbs were done in boots on greasy rock and may be classed as fairly difficult.

A face climb well to the right of " the " crack finishing up a short chimney near the top was climbed on 7th June, 1927, by G.S.B., B.E., and K.B.M.

LITTLE ROUND HOW. Slabs to left hand end of front were climbed in boots. Moderate climb on good rock. " Suggested title, " May Day Slabs."

J.R.T., B.E., and K.B.M. 1/5/1927.

Gatesgarth to Green Ledge, below Pillar, in 1 hour 30 minutes.

C.E.G.B.

The following is the key to the initials used :—

G. S. Bower	G. G. Macphee
G. Basterfield	H. S. Gross
A. B. Reynolds	Graham Wilson
G. W. Wood-Johnson	A. W. Wakefield
E. Wood-Johnson	A. R. Thomson
C. E. G. Brown	R. W. Hall
Miss. M. M. Barker	J. R. Tyson
C. D. Frankland.	Miss B. Edmondson

K. B. Milne

There is irony in that we who lay claim to the solitude of the sanctuary should strive ourselves to draw others to its secrets. These things we cannot explain. But you and I know what we have found in the hills and why we want to call the world to witness.

CLAUD SCHUSTER.

THE LONDON SECTION

LIST OF OFFICERS :

President : Dr. Chas. F. Hadfield.

Honorary Secretary and Treasurer : G. R. Speaker.

Members of Committee :

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

LONDON SECTION FIXTURES FOR 1927.

The following were Walks arranged by the London Section for Members and their friends during the year :

January 23rd—Walk led by W. McNaught from High Wycombe and returning from Gerrards Cross. The Walk arranged in conjunction with the London Members of the Climbers' Club.

March 6th—Walk led by R. S. T. Chorley from Whyteleafe through Childon and Merstham to Chipstead.

April 3rd—Walk led by Miss D. E. Thompson from Clandon to Guildford.

May 1st—Walk led by W. P. Haskett-Smith from Purley over Hamsey Green along the Kent boundary and back to Purley.

May 29th—Walk led by R. H. Hewson from Chesham over Hawridge, Lee Common to Gt. Missenden.

June 19th—Walk led by A. F. Godwin from West Wycombe over Bledlow to Princes Risborough.

June 26th—Mrs. Hadfield very kindly invited all Members to tea at The Dovehouse, Dunmow, Essex, of which invitation unfortunately only a few Members were able to avail themselves.

June 29th—J. B. Wilton and several Members arranged to try and see the Total Eclipse of the Sun from the Summit of Snowdon.

July 16-17th—A midnight Walk arranged and led by G. Anderson from Esher over Wisley Common and St. George's Hill to Walton-on-Thames. The Walk started at 12-6 a.m. and terminated at Waterloo at 8 a.m.

September 25th—Walk led by Miss L. Bray from Guildford over Farley Heath and Hurtwood, Shere (Tea with Miss Bray at the Manor House) and Horsley.

October 16th—Walk led by J. W. Brown from Amersham through Penn Street and Tyler's Green, Shardiloes to Amersham.

November 13th—Walk led by R. H. Hewson from Hatfield through Essendon and Bayford to Hatfield.

The 8th Annual Dinner of the London Section took place on Saturday, December 10th, at the Indian Suite of the Hotel Cecil, with Dr. T. R. Burnett, the Club's President in the Chair. The Guests of the evening were Sir Alfred Hopkinson, K.C., M.P., and Brig.-Gen. The Hon. C. G. Bruce, C.B., M.V.O. Over 100 Members and guests were present and the proceedings terminated very happily with the singing of the Climbers' ditties, " Fell and Rock," and " Rock and Fell " (latest contributions by John Hirst).

December 11th—Dinner Walk led by G. Anderson from Virginia Water *via* Sunningdale, etc., back to Virginia Water, attended by 43 Members and friends.

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