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Photo by *Miss I. M. E. Bell*

THE BROUILLARD ARÊTE FROM THE CANTINE DE VISAILLE

A FESTA AND AN ASCENT OF THE BROUILLARD

By Dorothy E. Thompson

With the Peuteret Ridge burning fantastically in the rose glow—the Aiguille Noire four thousand or so sheer feet of diabolical colour—the Luigi Amedeo, in remote dignity towering above the Brouillard glacier, appeared almost benign by contrast. Standing by the Gamba hut, as one turned from watching the Dames Anglaises to look at the Col Emile Rey, its beautiful white curve seemed to have a certain mesmeric quality. Be that as it may, Joseph Georges le Skieur found small difficulty in fanning the wish to climb Mt. Blanc from the Italian side into an unbounded enthusiasm for the Arête Brouillard.

It is, unfortunately, always on the last day of the holidays that these inspirations occur. Cautiously, during the following twelve months one sought counsel of the wise. It could not be said that they gave the idea blatant encouragement—their advice bearing a strong resemblance to Mr. Punch's to those about to marry. Only, their word was "Bivouacs!" As I set out for my summer holiday in 1929 an invigorating missive reached me on the very morning that I left England, to the effect that a famous climber, casually, in conversation, had described the Couloir Emile Rey as a death trap; whereon I promptly decided that the ridge was not for me—a decision which it took the Alps themselves, looming gently on the horizon to revoke.

Even less encouraging was the festa. The rain had in the process of time ceased to fall; a porter (who had been up the Brouillard in 1928), Meyseiller Marcello—to Italian linguists, but to the ignorant, Marcel—was arriving at 9 a.m.; and so were my boots, provisions and a "char" to take us up the Val Veni. Alas! all this was on the eve of the 15th of August.

An apologetic concierge met me at 8-30 the next morning. All Courmayeur could not produce a char. "But you ordered ours last night!" I returned indignantly and, I think, without truth,

the expression that stole over his face suggesting a reminiscence of guilt. Leaving him to ring up Pré St. Didier, I repaired with apprehension to the "calzolaio," to find my fears justified and the boots—hastily snatched out of the nail box on my entrance—undisturbed till that moment.

Troops of pretty girls in costume were in the meantime parading the streets, headed by rows of guides with ice-axes and badges; bands were playing, carabinieri abundant. The concierge said that Pré St. Didier had no char. Joseph slipped away. Accustomed to his Admirable Crichton effects, I was not in the least surprised when, a few minutes later, he returned—plus char—how acquired I do not know! Complications, however, had arisen. This was no ordinary festa. Rumours flew of Speeches and Important Personages. Swords were seen arriving. Uniforms swarmed. The festa had begun. No vehicle other than military would be allowed to pass through Courmayeur. Joseph had also found occasion to interview "le Brigadier," who had apparently promised a "permis," for which Marcel, standing by the Great, was now waiting. Until he arrived there was nothing to do but hang on to the driver, a guardia boasting spotless gloves and a Buonaparte profile barring the way.

Our hopes rose when, half-an-hour later, Marcel could be seen approaching, clutching a chit of paper. Whether it was that the signature was illegible....for I hesitate to think that guardia could not read, it appeared absolutely necessary for him to consult Higher Authority, and our spirits melted as he marched away. His white glove could then be seen magisterially beckoning us forward, and in high hope we turned—only to find that the driver, in the short minute that we had taken our eyes off him, had disappeared.

> "....it was very provoking to find that the hedgehog.... was in the act of crawling away....and, as the doubled-up soldiers were always getting up and walking off to other parts of the ground, Alice soon came to the conclusion that it was a very difficult game indeed."

I had never felt such strong sympathy with Alice as at that moment.

The driver retrieved, we were allowed to proceed, but not—for some abstruse point of etiquette—to repose ourselves in

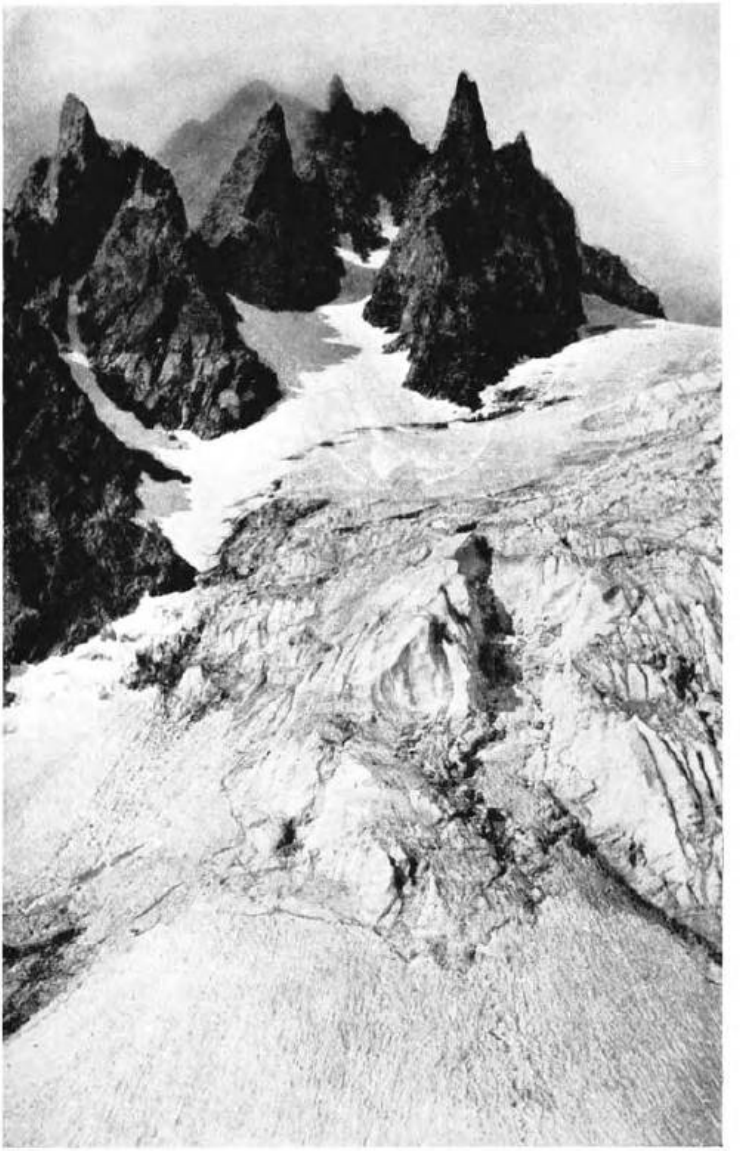


Photo by *Eustace Thomas*

THE GLACIER DU MONT BLANC.

the char, behind which our small procession trailed. Making our way through the chattering crowds, we mounted into the quaint vehicle at 11 a.m.—exactly two hours after we had intended starting. I.B. and G.S., but for whose active assistance we should not have got away even at that hour, announced their intention of meeting us at the Col du Géant in three days' time. It speaks volumes for the energy of the Fell and Rock and the L.S.C.C. that they punctually kept the appointment in the teeth of a raging thunderstorm.

Italy is fun—more especially in the Val Veni. After passing Notre Dame de Guérison, the driver suddenly leapt to the ground with every appearance of passionate excitement and insisted on our following suit. "Vous les voyez, Mlle.?" all three demanded of me breathlessly, at the same moment. A large and smaller chamois ("mère et fils" was the general verdict) were picking their way delicately over the Brenva moraine. I regret to state that "fusil" was the word most frequently tossed about during the next few minutes.

At the Cantine de Visaille there were gathering formidable armies of thunderclouds. "On risque d'être rinsé avant d'arriver," was Joseph's encouraging comment as at 1 p.m. we set off up the valley for the Quintino Sella. At the foot of the Glacier du Mt. Blanc, after covering the long, level stretch of the Miage moraine, which seemed to be inviting us into the mountain's secret treasurehold, it appeared to me a little surprising that it should take three more hours to our destination. Marcel's explanation, though brief, laid bare the heart of the matter—"Long!" It is an adjective difficult to avoid re-iterating, since everything connected with the Brouillard is—long!

Cutting up his own line on the glacier, Marcel commented on the latter to the Universe at large with an obvious relish akin to the Fat Boy's, —"Très mauvais!" Joseph, following close on my heels—prepared to field—surveyed my slithers with disapproval. They were in the end too much for him! "Mlle.," he suggested, with extreme tact, "it would give me pleasure if you were to put on crampons." It had begun to occur to me that I, also, thus might be less unhappy, and I donned them with alacrity. The state of the glacier, Marcel informed us, was even worse now than last year. Finally, the general rottenness drove us off the ice and on to the rocks at the side.

It was not till 8 p.m. that we reached the hut (my hopes having been monumentally raised by the much more conspicuous old one three-quarters of an hour below). J.G. raced off to cut steps; M.M. to fetch water. The height and isolation, and the angle of the surroundings in the twilight were overwhelmingly impressive. Darkness soaked up the scene quickly. Across the fall of the glacier the axe could be heard chipping furiously at ice of such quality that it split one of the metal supports of the head.

There was no possibility of reaching the further branch of the glacier before night, and J.G. enquired its character. "Mauvais! Très coupé!" If not exactly consoling, this at least left no room for doubt! "Si seulement le char!...." The unreconnoitred glacier brought that bogey word "bivouac" a half shade too near. Away over on the Grandes Jorasses the fury of the long-threatening storm was venting itself; and the lightning and thunder were effective, if slightly disturbing. I wondered whether it would be possible to start after the display, but at 2–5 a.m., when we left the Quintino Sella, the weather had "ranged itself"; though the entire absence of moon, which had disappeared off the earth two or three hours earlier, made a darkness that I had hardly expected. The blissfully large steps Joseph had cut across the black ice of the gully gave quick passage to the greater blackness of the dividing rocks beyond. Crossing the glacier that followed was the life of a fairy tale, when mostly anything might happen, except the ordinary. Everyone knows the problem of foretelling in which direction a worm will move. Occasionally I felt myself metamorphosed. Should I be expected next to follow head, or tail? Whenever the two lanterns were swung on high an eerie panorama of monstrous heights and depths presented itself. There followed a couple of grunts and "Oui, par là!" and one developed a talent for adjustability.

At intervals the candle went out. This invariably happened when I was poised on one foot, uncertain whether I had diagnosed the step correctly. I may say what I like about Marcel's lantern, because, as it happened, it was mine own. It is a nice lantern, and I am fond of it; but it has moods, and on this occasion, I admit, it was not at its happiest. Whenever I did not chance to be poised on one prong, I had for some reason taken off my glove, and the lantern was hot to hold while Marcel wrestled.

We were moving in the direction of the head, when, with disconcerting suddenness, he swooped round a right turn and, squatting on his heels in a style favoured by Russian dancers, pranced directly down an intimidating slope. In the pious hope that my hasty effort at mimicry bore some faint resemblance to its model (the practice was new, but " bien ! " flung over the shoulder in front gave me slight encouragement), I wondered in an odd corner of my brain unconnected with balance, what a stray visitor dropped from Mars would make of the scene ! Three presumably sane people—bunched grotesquely into legless gnomes—jabbing their claws by the jerky light of two candles into a rapid ice slope, which disappeared, for all that I could see, into a discouraging void.

Exclamations of triumph ; and with the beginnings of the dawn we were at the foot of the long couloir gazing up at that fascinating crescent. Joseph and Marcel were jubilant that little time had been lost on the glacier. I believed them. Magic carpet work, pure and simple, could hardly have been quicker, and would have been dulness itself in comparison. The " other side of things " anxiety in this instance was well satisfied. I think most people will agree that the col is as attractive from here as from the Gamba.

In the almost ideal condition of the snow the crunch of the crampons was pleasant, and for perhaps the first two-thirds of the couloir I found it delightful exercise. The continuously steep angle (Mr. Young gives it an average of 47° steepening to over 55°) made the last 500 feet a fatiguing test of muscle, and towards the top nicks were sliced in the snow for me, without, however, more than the suggestion of slowing down in Joseph's pace. We stepped on to the Col Emile Rey just before 6 a.m.

Beneath a sheltering wall of rock on the other side of the col, with a lovely, sun-lit Inominata below, we swallowed a hasty meal, preparatory to the attack on the next portion, before the sun should realise our presence.

On the right, as one faced the famous " scoop," I recognised the ice-choked gully described by Mr. Van Noorden ; on the left, the steep chimney, down which Dr. Migot's guideless party of two descended in 1928, capped by the boulder to which they attached their rope ring—now festooning it like a garland. Joseph wafted himself up the chimney, as though on intimate

terms all his life with its holds, of which the Middle Section found all too few, and the most important one out of reach.

A few points emerge from a mere medley of memory—one large rock beautifully and completely cased in transparent ice (which I should have liked to stop and admire—but did not suggest it !); a slight easing of the angle; and, throughout, the necessity for speeding warily. No stone had so far disturbed our rapid upward progress, and the Couloir Emile Rey had been blameless. The only stone of the day was just awkward. As we were on the point of emerging by a sort of bottle neck out of the worst of the danger area, Joseph looking after the rope, the writer in the chimney, without warning, the thing fell—shot like a catapult from its bed of ice. That I was not killed (being directly in its path) was surprising, and was perhaps partly due to a keen instinct for self-preservation that threw me backwards on Joseph's yell, and—still more—to his inspired dexterity with the rope. That it did not touch me was miraculous. I woke to find myself at the bottom of the chimney, with a concerned Marcel removing my head-gear, and two convenient patches of snow—just asking to be applied to the temples—one exactly under either hand. Following the suggestion, one took in with keen but entirely impersonal interest that under an appreciable portion of the world's boulders one's legs might probably be found. Shoving away the stones—still with that curious feeling of not being myself concerned in the scene at all—I discovered with intense surprise that not only were there no bones broken, but that the person I was so to speak unearthing was altogether unhurt and, in fact, in the fittest state of the three. It was the others—convinced that a broken leg must be the very least of the damage—who consumed the brandy. I did not see the original rock, but its counterpart was afterwards pointed out to me. That the bottle neck could have held at the same moment of time so enormous a chunk of mountain and anything else seemed almost impossible, the two insisting that the rock " vous frôlait " from head to foot. Not until we reached the summit of the Amedeo could I make them believe that it had not actually touched me.

Climbing in chastened mood, we arrived on the summit a few minutes after 10 a.m., where Marcel, producing a piece of paper with the names of the last visitors, I added our own. The

summit of the Luigi Amedeo brought laughter back, for on a day as fine as ours it comes near perfection as a view point. I remember best a golden Grivola and baby clouds playing at being the Wizard King's castle.

The entertaining descent which follows next down the Glacier du Brouillard side of the mountain brought us to the foot of a pinnacle soaring to heaven, which I happily took to be, if not the actual summit of Mt. Blanc de Courmayeur, at least within speaking distance. I was soon undeceived about the scale of the ridge, which has at least one point in common with Tennyson's brook, but I could not help thinking that the pinnacle had been rather unkindly treated at christening ceremonies. As one ascends it is a more obvious summit than the Luigi Amedeo. Here, as everywhere, it was necessary to tread with the exceeding delicacy of Agag. It was either here or on the next ascent that Marcel declared: " C'est ici qu'ils ont dû bivouaquer." We had been warned that the last party to climb the Brouillard, a fortnight or so before, had been surprised by the weather. A fearful glance thrown round the horizon, however, discovered a reassuring sky.

I heard the leader subsequently describe the following arêtes as " incommodes," an adjective that gave me the greater joy that my own private one was " hair-raising." Rocks had vanished, save for the emergent tips of two or three towers, under a narrow ribbon of sinking, slithering snow, over which Joseph advanced with polite caution, persuading rather than stamping down each parting step. Whether one followed the rushing atoms in their race to the Glacier du Fresnay or to the Glacier du Mt. Blanc seemed, on a glance of comparison, of little consequence.

About halfway along the arêtes, where the snow hardened to ice round the summit of a tower, crampons were mooted doubtfully by Joseph but emphatically rejected by the third member, desperately afraid of losing any part of his load "..n'vaut pas la peine."

It was about 2–30 p.m. that we arrived as near to the summit of Mt. Blanc de Courmayeur as the cornice would allow, and sat down on the rocks beyond to a frabjous meal. Later, as we descended on the French side, we found an unexpected haze obscuring the Chamonix valley, thrown on which at one moment were a complete set of three lovely, rainbow-tinted circles,

fitting one inside the other like the coloured boxes of the East; but up here, as we faced towards Italy, the atmosphere was still magnificently clear.

In our ultra sanguine moments we had never anticipated arriving at this hour—no necessity now to spend the night at the Vallot—possible even to reach Chamonix. "Vite marché!" supplied the Chorus. Chamonix was the last place I wanted to go to; and time in these gigantic regions—now that fears of a forced bivouac were retreating into nothingness—seemed, blissfully, of no import. They appeared to think it a good moment to break things to me gently. So far as the speaker was aware.... "Bien sûr!" broke in the Chorus, "jamais aucune dame.." Not having realised that no woman had ever been inveigled along this route before, and sitting up with a bump, I meditated how far they would have got me, had they told me this at the foot of the climb!

It was a pleasant stroll up the final slope of Mt. Blanc, whose mood was astonishingly calm. As, at 3-30 p.m., we stood on the summit, not a single gust of wind ruffled the Miltonic peace of the scene. Our luck with the weather had, indeed, been prodigious. Most climbers of the Brouillard arête *sans bivouac* have been forced to spend the night at the Vallot hut, and our descent to the Grands Mulêts seems to have been an unusual termination to the day. Mr. Young's original ascent, of course, ended in Courmayeur at supper time, but he does not appear to have had many imitators!

Standing on the highest point of Mr. Blanc, gazing over vast "regions mild," one remembered—almost with difficulty—the pelting fury that had reigned here on a former visit. A welter of tracks, which ended with curious precision a few yards from the summit, as though all had turned at exactly the same spot, led down towards Chamonix. At 4-15 p.m., when we reached the Vallot, we unroped and went in to make tea. Outside, it reminded me of a hut beneath the rounded hump of the Dôme du Goûter and not visible from here, into which at 1 o'clock one tempestuous morning J.G. had arrived with three rucksacks packed in neat tiers, the topmost one protruding well above his head, behind which I could just make out the figure he was bringing up on the rope. But that—as they say—is another story. Inside, one glance was more than enough, and

"dégoutant!" went echoing round the hut. Tealess, we re-roped and waded down the buffalo tracks to the Grands Mulêts, inside which we were quenching a lively thirst at 6 p.m.

I have said that we had luck with the weather. Twelve hours later, when another member of the Club was on the summit, a raging blizzard had displaced our "calm and serene air."

ELEVEN DAYS IN WIND GAP

By W. G. Hennessy.

When a measure of compulsion is exercised on a reluctant contributor to a Journal, that contributor usually retaliates by describing the editor as brutal. Unfortunately we are honoured by having a lady to control our rushings-into-print, therefore politeness forbids me so to describe her. But from the hint, I have no doubt the reader will gather my opinion on the matter. My irritation is lessened somewhat by an unholy joy in contemplating that, in our exploit this year, we have stolen a choice bit of meat from the dog of an ex-editor (I hope he will pardon the analogy) who is closely related to our present authority, in that he discovered the crag some eighteen months ago and had lain low in the meantime intending to enjoy himself more fully on some future occasion. And to think that we, in our innocence and guilelessness, ascribed the series of scratches on the easiest and most obvious route up the crag to the Keswick Guide and his hirelings!

Our party was originally three, comprising the captain and manager, the mate and self-styled cook, and the passenger (the mate would not allow him to have the very inferior, but nevertheless unmistakable honour of super-cargo). The crew was added to from time to time, but the comings and goings of the additional personnel will be duly chronicled in order of appearance. We assembled at Middle Row, Wasdale, on a Saturday, midway through June of this year. Among other reasons for our foregathering there was a desire to test, as far as possible, certain equipment which was to go out to India for service in the Himalayas, and no better test could be found locally, according to our view, than by setting up a camp as far up Pillar mountain as adequate protection from the elements, a suitable water supply, and a comparatively level site would afford.

A satisfactory site was found, well drained and level, although possessing, as we found later, a certain knobbiness not apparent to the ordinary eye. Two waterholes were found and after cleaning, deepening and damming, served us fairly well. A certain prophetic instinct caused us to erect a substantial wall to protect us from possible wind storms. The fact of the camp

being situated in Wind Gap might have had some connection with our foresight. The next day was appalling and nothing was attempted in the way of climbing.

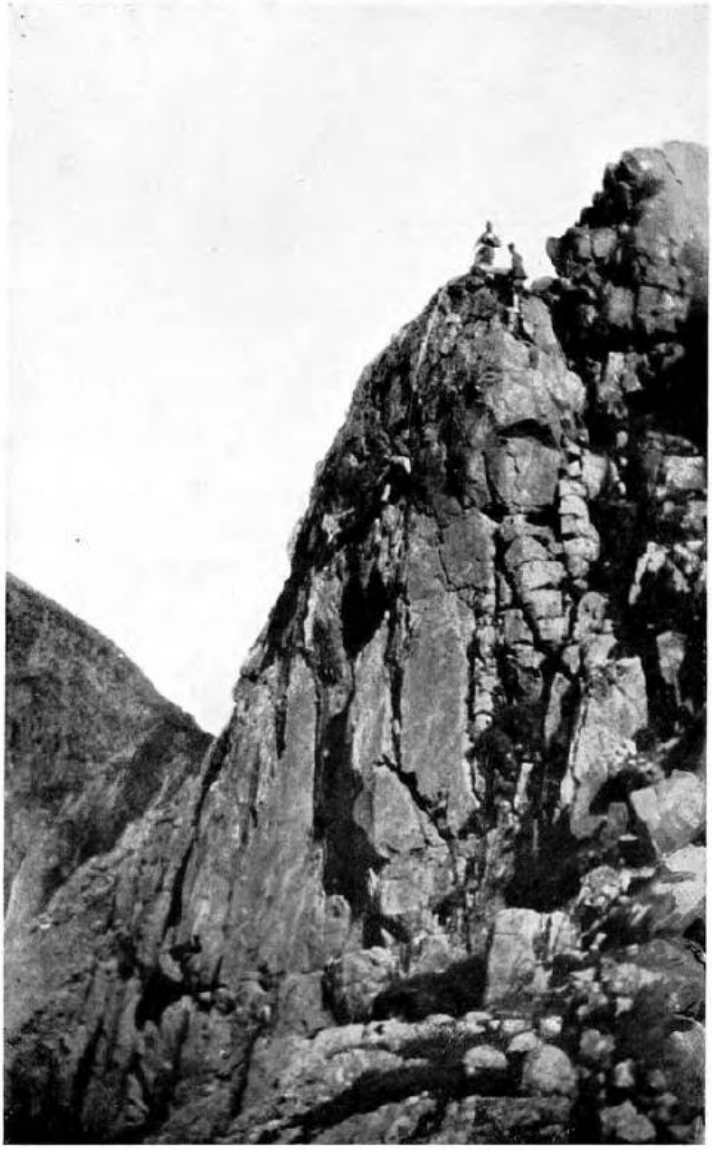
On Wednesday the party went round to Gillerthwaite by car, accompanied by the local bad weather system. From Ennerdale Bridge to Gillerthwaite by car is an experience to be remembered. On the first occasion a route was followed past the Angler's Inn and by opening eight gates, crossing four water splashes (including the ascent of a waterfall with a gradient of, apparently, one in one), and the successful negotiation of a bridge built of loosely-piled sleepers, Gillerthwaite was reached. The car was too small to fit into the ruts made by farm carts and in any case was too low built for the wheels to hold in the ruts and the back axle to clear the mounds. The result was that two wheels kept to a rut and two bounced delicately along a mound, giving a pronounced list to the car which, burdened by the huge body of the mate and lashings of stores, careened excitingly until the farm was reached. The weather was still disgusting and three more loads having been taken up to the camp, a tent erected and the stores stowed, we rested for the night in the barn, having for company, tied up in a corner, a snappish terrier, which spent the night shaking itself and scratching an ear with a back leg. During the night I was awakened by the mate turning on an electric torch and throwing a shoe at a hound which was nosing round the food. On four separate occasions the tame goat attached to the farm clumped up the steps to the barn and proceeded to wander across the very unsafe floor, each time making a prodigious clatter and rousing the dog to a very frenzy of rage. Further complications ensued after dawn when the poultry came to visit us. One hen in particular was obstreperous and, in spite of direct hits with boots, shoes, tin cups and other odds and ends, persisted in returning clucking loudly, seeking, no doubt, a lost egg or a place in which to lose (or loose) one.

On the Thursday three more loads were taken up to the camp and the wall extended to rebuff any possible assault from the east and north-east. We were protected by an outcrop of rock from the west and north-west and the wall built on the first day gave us cover on the south and south-west, so, naturally, the wind on Thursday night blew directly from the north. After setting up camp, including the removal of several large stones

which obtruded most awkwardly at spots where tender parts of the anatomy were intended to rest, and the flagging of the whole area of grass inside the walls and surrounding the tents, a return was made to Gillerthwaite for further loads. On arrival back at camp at 10 p.m. it was found that the mate had prepared a most appetising stew containing, as far as one could tell, corned beef, tinned peas, new potatoes, Symington's soups, Oxo, and Marmite. The weather was still bad, visibility being about ten yards, and an early inspection on the Friday morning revealing a similar state of affairs, we returned to our sleeping bags in approved Alpine fashion until 11-30. A couple of hours later we were on Pillar, but the wind was so strong and so cold that we gave up any hopes of climbing seriously (this made the seventh blank climbing day), and went up Pillar mountain and across Wind Gap to Steeple. Here we examined a crag which, from the camp, appeared to offer perhaps a little after-dinner scrambling (we were camped less than twenty minutes easy going from it). We soon realised that there were immense opportunities for first ascents and, after a little planning of possible routes, we returned to camp to gaze at our find from a distance, to gloat on our good fortune, and to speculate how many new climbs we could make.

During the night our foresight with regard to building a wall was amply justified. A full gale of wind accompanied by torrents of rain arrived shortly after midnight. It felt rather curious to be perched nearly 3,000 feet up a hillside lying comfortably in a sleeping bag (under a roof made of material so thin that the sun could be seen through it when the sun deigned to shine) and listening to the wind getting itself excited up on Wind Gap, swooping down on us with a hiss and a roar and then hurling away across Ennerdale in fury. By morning the storm had spent itself, although the wind was still fairly strong and cold.

On this day the party was to be augmented by a lady who, although intending to be accompanied by another heroine, arrived chaperonless. On the Sunday the guest was taken up Wind Gap and vouchsafed her first view of Wasdale Head. In Mosedale the weather was beautifully calm, as, indeed, it had been since we left on Wednesday, and we decided that if the wind were too strong to attempt anything on the new crag we would climb in Mosedale and (say it gently) go down to Wasdale Head for tea and rum butter. The wind was furious on the main



BLACK CRAG : THE LOWER SLAB.

ridge of Black Crag and we soon became absolutely chilled. Without a word of instruction from the captain, mate, passenger or guest, the party gravitated towards Wind Gap and Mosedale. Whilst going down to Wasdale Head we saw a fox in full course. Since it was not being hunted but engaged in its own lawful pursuits its grace and ease of movement were more readily discernible, and the manner in which it crossed the beck and charged up Gatherstone Head evoked expressions of envy from those who had known the toil up to the High Level Route. The party fed enormously at Middle Row and after a digestive lounge on the garden wall set off up Wind Gap. The wind had slackened somewhat, but the clouds had come down when we reached Ennerdale, and we proceeded to show the guest how luxuriously one can live in camp.

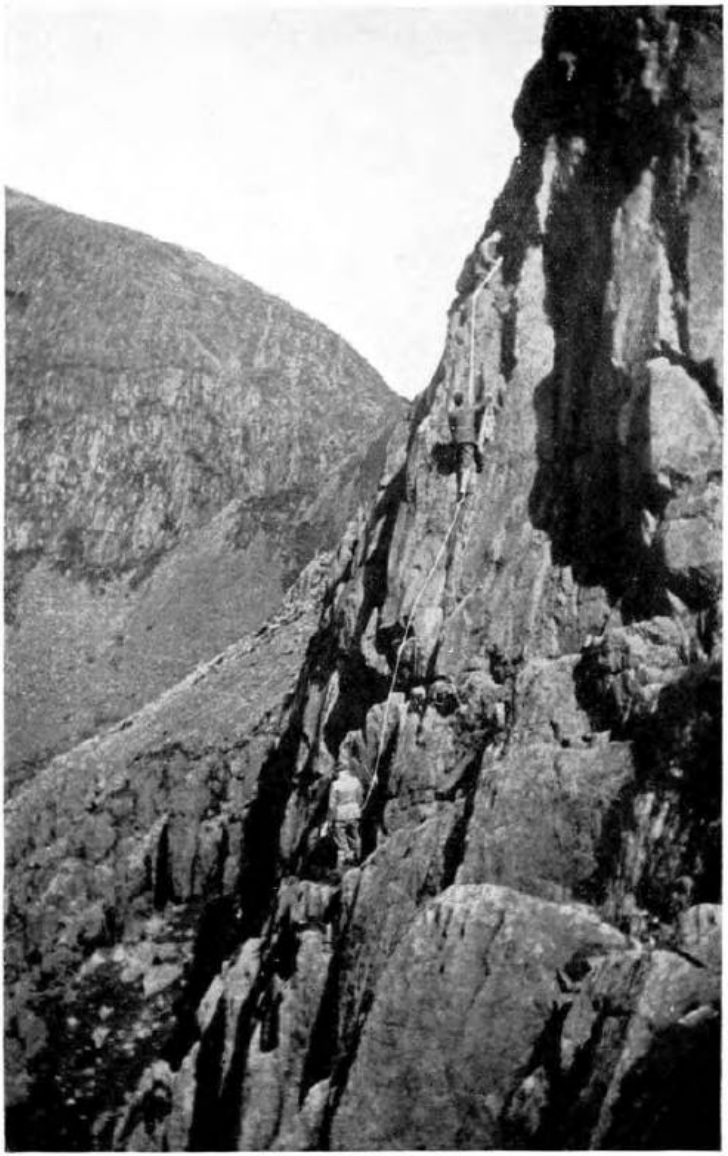
On the Monday we set to work on the new crag in earnest. We climbed the lowest buttress to the left looking from the camp and then climbed a ridge which, in view of the nature of the elements, we considered should be called Windy Ridge.

We were climbing by ten o'clock on Tuesday morning and first disposed of the Lower Slab Climb. The leader thought it too early in the day to lead the first pitch direct and traversed left about twenty feet up and then right, to a hearty belay. The mate was exhorted to climb direct but declared the wall to be too bald and also traversed. The guest, not liking to appear unsociable, also traversed. The passenger, left below for some time while the leader was working out further sections of the climb, espied sundry small screw-heads which might assist him and decided to attempt the direct climb. Having assured himself of the stoutness of the belay above and the security of the guest's stance he crawled up the face and, after a strenuous and exciting progress up a succession of friction footholds and barely adequate side handholds, managed to effect a lodgment in a thin crack about thirty feet up. With one leg in the crack and the other pressing into a shallow groove he wriggled up about six feet and reached two very satisfying hand holds, and so went on to the belay. The rest of the route followed that day was easier, but later, the climb was varied so that the first pitch as done by the leader, the second pitch, and the last done that day, were described as a separate climb while the direct route up the first pitch, the usual second pitch and a much more direct and

exciting third pitch were incorporated in the Direct Finish Climb. The Central Slab Climb was next done and, as the guest was due to depart for Whitehaven en route for the North, the party returned to camp. Fortified by Gillerthwaite ham and eggs the passenger and guest set off again on the perilous journey along the Gillerthwaite road.

On the coast we found the weather fine and warm and were assured that it had been so for the past few days. In camp the weather had been improving steadily all day; the wind had dropped and the sky was clearing. Returning to camp in the evening we had the pleasure of a glorious sunset. The pleasure of our climb in the coolness and silence of evening was enhanced by the prospect of settled weather for the next few days. When we reached camp the Solway Firth lights were already winking and the marvellous golden red and turquoise blue of the sky behind the Galloway Hills was, in itself, sufficient satisfaction for the toil up Pillar. The atmosphere was absolutely still and the scent arising from the grass, which always has a peculiar quality in high places such as is missing in the lowlands, the coolness of the dew and, above all, the absolute silence (the Liza was beyond our range of hearing and the High Beck hidden by a shoulder of rock) were intoxicating.

Wednesday broke with plenty of sunshine but with the curious sight of immense clouds on the horizon and the lake and the plain going down to the sea absolutely invisible. A strenuous start to the day was made by means of the direct climb on the Lower Slabs, first on a rope. It proved quite as difficult and strenuous as on the first occasion. The right hand route up the West Ridge was then climbed and a start had been made on the left hand route when the part-time postman arrived from Wasdale. He left his mail at the tents and then acted in a manner not usual with postmen, even in Cumberland, by tying on to the end of the rope and finishing the climb with us. After a meal the captain led off up the Tower Buttress. At one point, christened the Nose, he had to stand on a very thin hold for the left foot, reach round the corner for a left hand hold, change feet on the small stance, get his left foot on to a little knob right on the edge, and about twelve inches above the overhang—which was cut away horizontally underneath for at least six feet—then stand firmly on the left foot and look for more holds above.



BLACK CRAG : THE LOWER SLAB.
(Middle pitch direct).

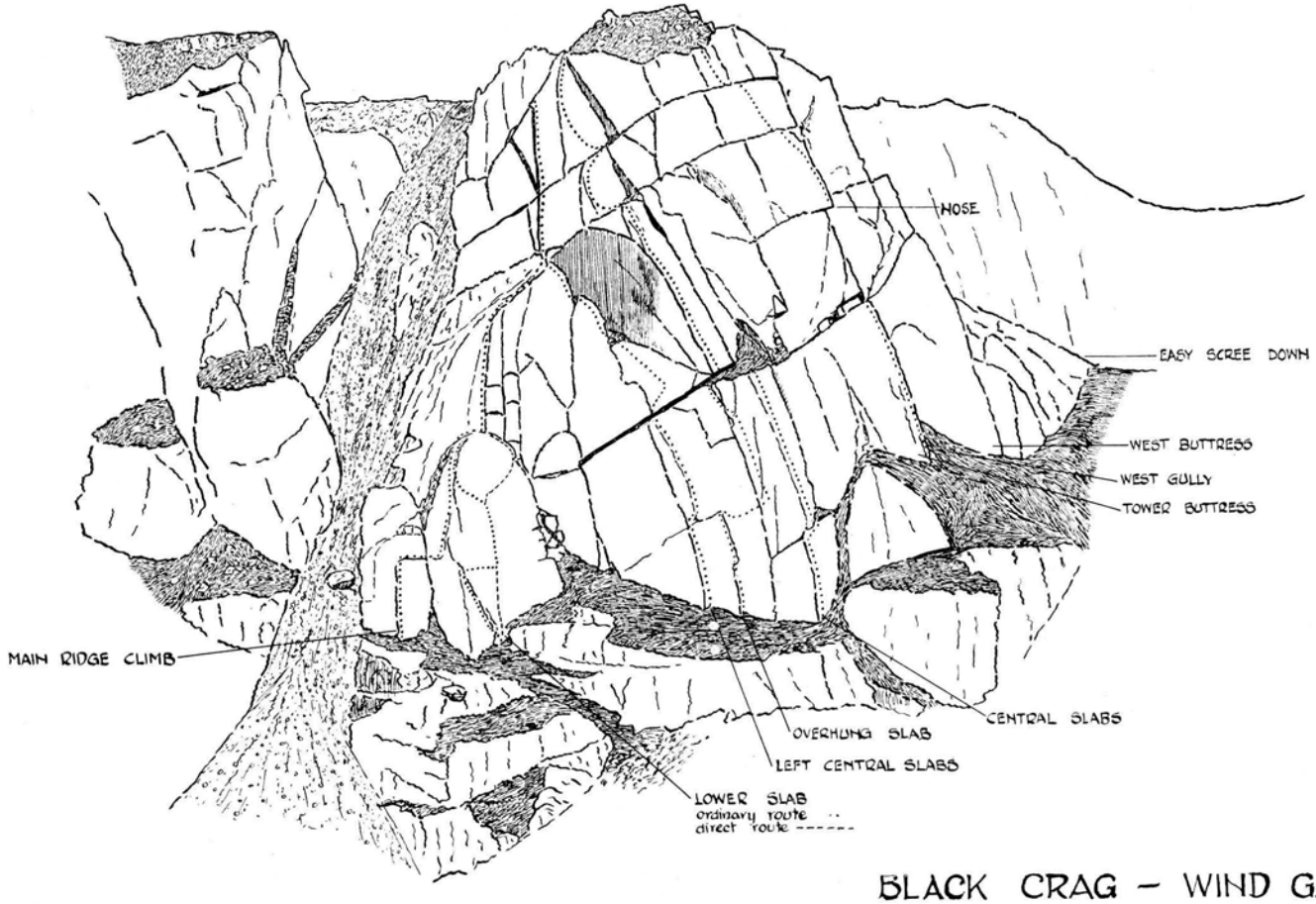
As a last climb of the day the left hand route up the Tower was attempted. The postman led up the lower buttress which was peculiar in that the rock was of the rough-cast plaster form known to the building trade, I understand, as "stucco." Actually the rock is very safe and the holds are so rough and frequent that ordinary climbing is hardly necessary. One could walk up it quite easily, although its angle appeared to be well over sixty degrees. The second buttress was also easy and we reached the lower buttress of the Tower itself. Here the postman stuck completely. The passenger, being smaller, was able to execute a very complicated layback in a niche which tended to push him out into space all the time. Above this the slab had a crack in its right hand corner which led to a wall to all appearances absolutely bald. There were no belays anywhere and after reaching, and possibly climbing the wall, a leader would need to go round a corner to climbing of a conjectural quality. Deeming discretion at the end of a long day the better part of valour, the passenger descended and had his view reinforced by the captain after an examination of the wall. The postman descended to Wasdale with strict injunctions to be early with the mail next day.

Thursday dawned gloriously clear and hot after a warm night which, in turn, was preceded by an absolutely perfect sunset. It was possible to read quite easily at 11-45 p.m., and we were reluctant to crawl into the tents. We reached the rocks before 11 a.m. and the captain climbed the bottom pitch of the Lower Slab Climb and kept right up, finishing the top pitch direct to the right hand corner on the rope. The postman arrived after a terrible struggle up Wind Gap which was baking hot (in view of his confession that he had spent seven hours reaching Wasdale from Langdale where he had deposited a tall hat, a pair of spats and other accoutrements of a wedding party, we could understand his reluctance to climb after coming up Wind Gap). He brought us some very fluid butter and a welcome dozen of oranges.

The leader was lowered down the left side of the Tower Buttress in order to explore the possibility of the left hand route attempted from below the night before. He shinned down a thin arête and landed on the slab above the wall. The wall itself looked absolutely impossible and even if it could be climbed

would involve a run-out of ninety feet from the nearest belay, and the final arête was woefully thin. We reluctantly decided to leave that climb for some more expert hands. The sudden hot spell had made us all rather tired and nothing further was done beyond the captain leading the bottom pitch of the Lower Slab Direct which, in view of the tiredness and rawness of his finger tips, was a remarkable bit of work. He was followed by the postman who suffered severely for hurrying up Wind Gap and his language when eventually he arrived at the top of the wall was lurid. We finished early that day and contented ourselves with taking long-shot photographs of the crag with the evening sun on it. Most of the crag is in shadow all day, but if one starts at the West Buttress shortly after mid-day (which as Lakeland climbing goes is very early), and proceeds to do the climbs in succession eastwards, by six o'clock the Lower Slab and the Long Central Slab are in full sunshine and very warm and comfortable. The rock is remarkably clean on the face and although the entrenching tool was used fairly extensively to remove mats of vegetation in the hunt for belays, no difficulty on this account was experienced on the face. Another feature of the rock is that most of the holds are square cut, necessitating pressure and balance for the hands as distinct from gripping with the fingers curved over knife-edges, and comfortable ledges for the flat foot as against the sharpness of the knife-edge on a rubber-shod foot.

Friday was again glorious and constituted one of the best climbing days the party has ever enjoyed. Five first ascents including three severes ! To start the day well the Direct Route up the Lower Slab was led throughout and thus polished off as a first ascent. Then we went right to the top of the main ridge—we had left it previously because of the wind and because other people had been there before us, as witnessed by the scratches. Then the left Central Slabs were climbed. They looked deceptively easy from the ground but provided a tough problem of an overhang twenty feet up the first pitch. At the top of this, half-an-hour's gardening resulted in the discovery of a belay about one inch thick. The leader then went on to a huge grass ledge and found a piece of rock shaped like a brick stuck into the slab, and a running belay on which the rope held if put on in one direction but fell off if put on in the other. From this place a



BLACK CRAG – WIND GAP

mat of moss about six yards square was shot down to the foot of the crag. On the next ledge similar conditions were found with a block stuck into the slabs providing a perfect belay. The next slab was slightly mossy and had only indefinite holds. It went, however, and eventually we finished a really jolly climb.

After a rest, the leader decided to have a look at a slab which had been attempted on the rope the day before but had not been finished because of an awkward overhang. The leader found that the run-out on the Direct Route was rather long and decided to go to the top of a subsidiary buttress to the left, from which the second could belay him up the remaining bad section. This belay was about forty-five feet from the foot of the climb and, after driving in a piton and tying on, the second belayed the leader over a rather doubtful knob. The leader went round the corner and occasional sounds of anguish and hard labour came down to the remainder of the party, culminating in a loud exclamation: "Hell! that was thin," and then complete silence for a space. After a while the second enquired whether he could come and was assured that the leader had a belay fit to hold an elephant and further that the pitch was fifty feet long and that the last two were the hardest. The second crawled cautiously round the ten foot traverse and then went up to the overhanging slab about ten feet from the summit. To reach the top necessitated climbing up a thin crack on the right for a certain distance and then traversing across the face of the slab to a left foothold on the extreme edge, changing feet on a very small half-inch ledge being required in the middle of it. When on the corner one had to reach up to grasp a doubtful-looking flake with the right hand and, eventually, the left also, and walk up the face until knife-edged holds could be reached. This flake gave the leader considerable pause for thought because it looked loose and he did not dare to trust it to the same extent that a second might. However, he decided that it must be "muck or nettles" and when the second landed beside him stated his decision to lead no more severes that day. The second agreed that he would follow the leader up no more severes and after scouting round for a possible direct finish to the summit of the crag decided to leave it until another occasion.

Meanwhile, the mate, who glories in sweating blood, hauled the luckless passenger off to do a gully climb he had been harping

on all week. He led the gully all right and then decided that it must be done in boots to rank as a proper first ascent, and the complaining passenger had to groan once again because the boots had been left at the foot of the crag right down at the east side, and the gully was between the West Ridge and the Tower Buttress, thus being much higher at the start than the Lower Slabs. The mate had still quite a lot of energy to work off and he started off on what he said was to be a chimney but which commenced with a crack very awkward to get into, and excessively awkward and strenuous to get up. Above this was the chimney proper with a big chockstone about forty feet up. To reach the chockstone required effort of the "Raw Beef and Bulldog Button" order, and when we reached the chockstone (incidentally after the mate had dropped a large stone on the rope about thirty feet up,thus requiring the second to climb on a slack rope with the possibility of getting thirty pounds of rock on his head if the rope moved the stone) we found the chimney too deeply cut and too smooth at the back for climbing and too wide for back-and-foot work. The climb then developed into a face climb by the leader going up the slab to the left of the chimney and, as a result, our eleventh first ascent was christened the "Crack, Chimney and Slab Climb." We crawled back to camp tired but happy and the mate decided to celebrate the event by making a macaroni pudding. He had omitted to leave the macaroni soaking in cold water and the resultant mess was of the consistency of boiled gas-piping.

The next day was our last. After a final meal at Gillerthwaite we bade farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Birkett and set off for Wasdale, leaving Ennerdale as gloomy, vast, bare, and deserted as ever. I wonder how Delius would translate the atmosphere of Ennerdale into music? Its emptiness and sterility are full of melancholy and when the wind howls over Wind Gap and sweeps up to Grey Knott, Brandreth and Scarth Gap, it has a song of foreboding. I once heard a cuckoo in Ennerdale but its tone was so flat and small and thin that it contrasted strangely with the memory of hearing Delius's tone poem "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring" in which the suggestion of teeming life is almost overpowering, and where the fecundity of nature is indicated in a measure remarkably different from one's feeling about Ennerdale.

INTERVIEWS WITH CLUB CELEBRITIES—H. E. SCOTT

By Our Special Correspondent

I had considerable difficulty in running my quarry to earth for the purpose of an interview, because Mr. Scott is one of Manchester's cotton magnates (though he would probably demur to the description) and it is a remarkable fact concerning men in the Manchester cotton trade that they are always busy though trade is always slack. After five fruitless calls at his office I nearly managed to capture him in St. Ann's Square, but he eluded me by jumping nimbly on to the steps of the Manchester Royal Exchange, whither I, not being a member of that august corporation, dared not follow. (I have never found anyone who was quite clear upon the exact consequences of such temerity; but there is a general impression that it would be a very grave offence—much more serious than pulling the communication cord in a railway compartment if you want to speak to the guard.) I next shadowed him to a subterranean café, but when I followed him below I found that instead of examining grey cloth through a watchmaker's glass as I had expected, he was immersed in a game of chess; and I would sooner risk immurement in the dungeons of the Royal Exchange than disturb a chess-player devouring his prey. Finally I bribed the manager to let me disguise myself as a waitress, so that in an unguarded moment the great man allowed me to approach him with a cup of coffee. When I disclosed my identity he capitulated gracefully.

"Certainly" he said, "anything to oblige a lady. What precisely do you wish to know?"

"Suppose we begin with your family history, Mr. Scott."

"Well, of course there was a Scott in the Ark."

"You are thinking of the two of everything" I enquired.

"No, no" he replied testily, "I'm thinking of Shem. *Shem*, you know, is the Hebrew form of *Scott*. The change follows Grimm's law with Hofenstauffel's modification."

I bowed a polite assent to cover my bewilderment.

"There is however some difficulty in tracing all the links of the chain right back to Shem, so we generally reckon our definite ancestry from that Great Scott who is so often apostrophized in common speech, and whose widow, Mary Queen of Scotts, built the Tower of London."

"Is the famous Sir Walter in your direct line, Mr. Scott?"

"A collateral branch," he returned; though I myself was once confused with Sir Walter by the Editor of the *Climbers' Club Bulletin*."

"The similarity in literary style, no doubt" I murmured; and it was Mr. Scott's turn for polite assent.

"Have a Val" he said inconsequentially, and pushed across the table a small paper packet which proved to contain a number of little tablets strongly impregnated with peppermint. As I did not feel I could efficiently discharge my duties as an interviewer whilst sucking peppermint, I made some excuse and would have returned the packet, but Mr. Scott waved it back.

"All right" he said, "keep them for later; I've plenty more."

"I suppose, Mr. Scott, that in the course of your career you have run across many of our leading mountaineers."

"Run after them, you mean. Well, yes. Those I did not play with in boyhood I have subsequently lampooned at public dinners. Ah!" he continued sentimentally, "it seems only yesterday that I sat dandling Godfrey Solly on my knee. I little thought then, as those baby fingers grabbed at my moustache, that he was merely practising the grip that was to lead to the conquest of the Hand Traverse."

"Speaking of the Hand Traverse, do you think it is best done in boots or rubbers?"

"I think it is best done in imagination. It is true that I once allowed Chorley to take me up it, but I was only a lad at the time, and didn't realise the extent of my folly."

"Excuse me," I interrupted, "but are you referring to Chorley, our late Editor?"

"And husband of the present one. Certainly! Is there another Chorley in the climbing world? There can't be, or I should know him. I know everybody."

"Oh, no! But it's a little puzzling when you speak in one breath of having dandled Solly on your knee, and in the next of being led up a climb by Chorley when you were still a boy."

"Why shouldn't I, if it's true?"

"But you see....er....Mr. Solly being so much the elder of the two....one finds it rather difficult...."

"Is it an interview or an argument you want?"

"Oh, I hope I haven't offended you, Mr. Scott."

"Not a bit. Have another Val!" and a second of the gaily coloured packets joined the one already beside me. "Now I come to think of it" he went on, "it was Solly who dandled *me* on *his* knee. I must have confused my moustache with Solly's whiskers. But in any case I'm only pretending to give you the broad outlines of things. Artistic truth, you know. If you're a stickler for exact mathematical accuracy, you'd better go and interview Bower or Doughty."

"I thought you were interested in figures yourself, Mr. Scott."

"I am. I'm very good at figures; but the professional mathematicians are jealous of me because I use my own formulæ and methods. For instance, when I showed how the height of Scafell Pike could be deduced from the number of animals in Noah's Ark and the date when he landed on Ararat, Bower picked holes in my calculation because it didn't agree with Newton's Laws of Motion—as if Newton's Laws could apply to a man like Noah, who studied navigation more than 4,000 years before Newton was born.

"It is just the same with the language experts" he continued. "I was the first man to establish the identity of the Biblical Kirjatharba with the modern Glaramara—a hypothesis since strikingly confirmed by the latest geographical theory of floating continents. Haskett-Smith scoffed at my theory, and said I had mistaken the meaning of an Icelandic root. As if a southerner, educated at Eton, could expect to understand the niceties of any northern language like a man who can converse on equal terms with a native of Chowbent. Have another Val."

"Which of the distinctions that have come to you in your career do you prize most, Mr. Scott?"

"There are two which I value above all others," he replied. "One of them is my position as Honorary Mandarin in the Rucksack Club, a distinction conferred on me many years ago by Laycock. He bestowed the honour on several other members at the time, but the only survivors now are Corbett and myself; and without wishing any harm to Corbett, I don't mind saying

that I am expecting some day to be the sole surviving mandarin in the world, because Laycock has gone out of the mandarin-creating business, and I believe the Kuomintang doesn't agree with it either."

"But most of all I value my position as Honorary Licensed Insulter to the Fell and Rock Climbing Club—an honour conferred on me by the late Herbert Cain. When in an after-dinner speech, for example, I have occasion to refer to the guests whose health I am proposing as "the vultures at the feast" it is comforting to recall my official position, which makes a duty of what would otherwise be merely a pleasure."

Mr. Scott had become more and more affable as the interview progressed. The little peppermint packets were now coming across the table in an almost incessant stream. Greatly daring, I ventured on my last question:

"I hope you won't be offended at a piece of mere personal curiosity; but I wish you would tell me one thing, Mr. Scott."

"Certainly, certainly; anything you like." (More peppermints).

"Well, where *did* you get that cap you wear on the hills?"

"Oh, that was specially knitted for me by one of my nieces—one of my adopted nieces, I should say. I could give you the name; but there are so many of them, and although they are all charming girls, of course one doesn't wish to give any occasion for jealousy by showing an apparent preference. I don't mind confessing to you" he went on, "that I cherish a secret ambition in this connection, though I don't know if you ought to publish it."

"And what is that?"

"I have long looked forward to the day when I might add to my other official honours the crowning honour of all—an appointment as Honorary Uncle to all the younger women members of the Fell and Rock Club."

"I am sure the women themselves would be delighted at such an appointment."

He beamed gratefully, and produced such astonishing quantities of the little packets from a hitherto untapped pocket of his waistcoat that I began to wonder how the mountainous pile before me could be reconciled with the fact that his corporeal form had not appreciably altered during our talk. To avoid an

embarrassing dilemma I swept them all into my bag (which closed with an effort) and began to make my excuses. My last recollection is of Mr. Scott gripping me warmly with his right hand, while the left explored still virgin pockets for further peppermints.

THE CASTLE ROCK OF TRIERMAIN

By G. Graham Macphee.

The Castle Rock of Triermain is best seen by a traveller approaching up the Greta Valley from Threlkeld towards Thirlmere, for it is from this direction that the fancied resemblance to a ruined castle is most obvious. One can remember once being deceived by this appearance, but it was vain to try in later years to repeat the experience. The conscious search for the illusion failed until at last on an evening when the shadow from the setting sun was leaving the valley floor and creeping up the hillside, the eye of faith recaptured the deception as if

> " Towers and battlements it sees,
> Bosomed high in tufted trees."

The effect was almost magical—the white columns rising above the dark green billowy woods, like one of

> " the stately homes of England,"

touched with the last rays of the westering sun. But the very effort to believe in the error made it

> " die away, and fade into the light of common day."

At the present day the plantation to the north-west of the crag has grown high enough partially to obscure the rock and render its appearance less impressive, as if

> ' The woods expand their umbrage o'er the deep.
> And with ambitious aim ascend the steep.
> Stage above stage their vig'rous arms invade
> The tallest cliffs, and wrap them in the shade."

So far as one has been able to discover, the Castle Rock seems hitherto to have escaped mention in the "Journal." Even in the popular guide-books to the Lake District only a brief reference, if any, is made to it, and this appears the stranger as the Castle Rock was well known 100 years ago, and nearly every traveller who recorded his experiences in this wild region made some remark about it. The classic description often quoted by later writers appears in Hutchinson's " Excursion to the Lakes " (1773-4) published in 1776, and runs as follows :

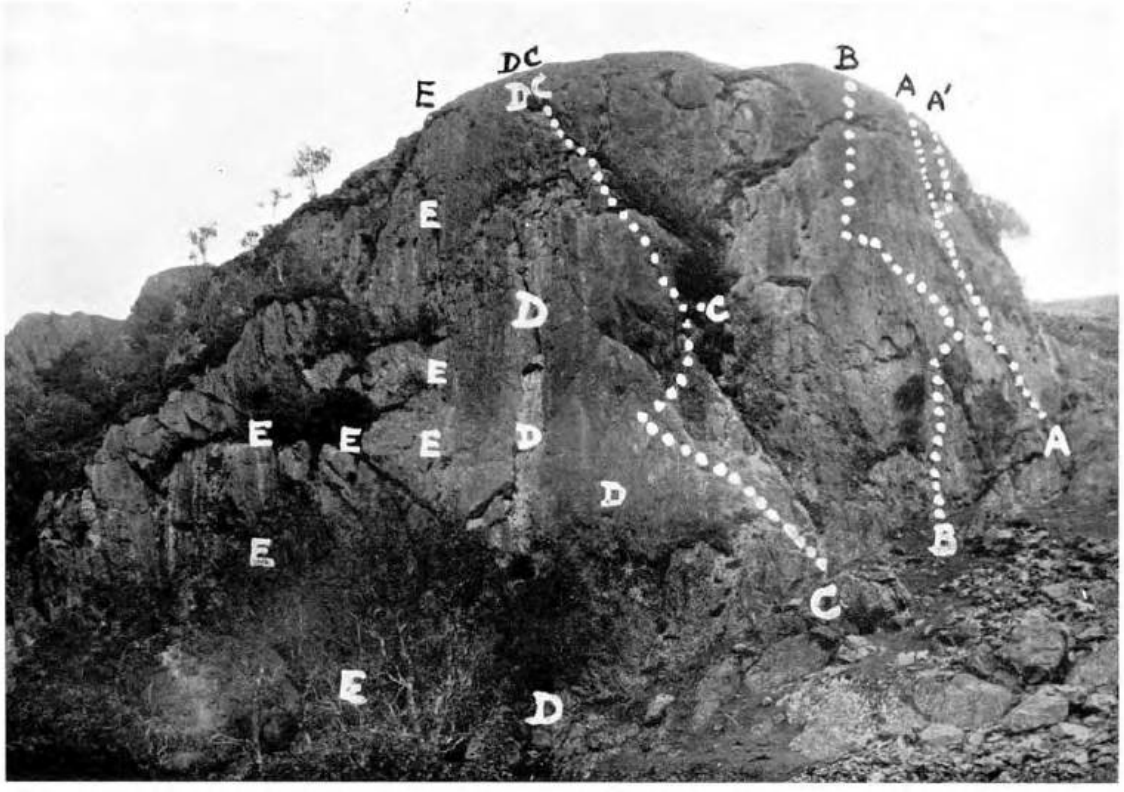


Photo by *G. G. Macphee*

THE SOUTH CASTLE ROCK OF TRIERMAIN.

A—Slab Climb. B—Gangway Climb D—Direct Route.
A¹—Variation. C—Yew Tree Climb. E—Scoop and Crack Climb.

"—We now gained a view of the vale of ST. JOHN'S; a very narrow dell, hemmed in by mountains, through which a small brook makes many meanderings, washing little enclosures of grass ground, which stretch up the risings of the hills. In the widest part of the dale you are struck by the appearance of an antient ruined castle, which seems to stand upon the summit of a little mount, the mountains around forming an amphitheatre. This massive bulwark shews a front of various towers, and makes an awful, rude, and gothic appearance, with its lofty turrets, and ragged battlements; we traced the galleries, the bending arches, the buttresses; the greatest antiquity stands characterized in its architecture; the inhabitants near it assert it is an antediluvian structure.

—The traveller's curiosity is rouzed, and he prepares to make a nearer approach; when that curiosity is put upon the rack, by his being assured, that if he advances, certain genii who govern the place, by virtue of their supernatural arts and necromancy, will strip it of all its beauties, and by inchantment transform the magic walls. The vale seems adapted for the habitation of such beings; its gloomy recesses and retirements look like haunts of evil spirits; there was no delusion in the report, we were soon convinced of its truth; for this piece of antiquity, so venerable and noble in its aspect, as we drew near, changed its figure, and proved no other than a shaken massive pile of rocks, which stand in the midst of this little vale, disunited from the adjoining mountains; and have so much real form and resemblance of a castle, that they bear the name of THE CASTLE ROCKS OF ST. JOHN'S."

A fancied resemblance of natural rocks to ruined castles was remarked by other writers about this time, and John Housman in his book (1802) uses the simile in describing Gordale Scar: "the apparent ruins of a huge castle....The gloomy mansion strikes us with horror....The walls are black; and....project frightfully over their base"; Hulpit Hole "looks like the ruins of an enormous Gothic castle"; and Witherslack Scar: "an immense castle in ruins." Thomas West, the author of "The Antiquities of Furness" in his "Guide to the Lakes" refers to "old Langdale's solid towers" (meaning the Pikes) and writes of "the romantic castle-like rocks of St. John" which he says "have the shew of magnificent ruins."

This idea got worn rather thin from repeated use, and the veneration of the older writers in the presence of Nature's work gave place to the present-day attitude of never seeming to be impressed by anything, so that we find the Castle Rock

referred to in a recent book as " simply a piffling pimple." There appears, however, in some quarters to be a recrudescence of the romantic spirit in peopling the mountains with ghosts, fairies, Ice Kings and so forth.

Local tradition avers that Cromwell's artillery fired on the Castle Rock under the impression that it was a fortress, but this story does not seem to be well supported historically. Sir Walter Scott, in " The Bridal of Triermain," mentions the illusory appearance from which Hutchinson thought the Castle Rock derived its name.

There is, however, a more tangible reason for the name in the shape of ancient remains on the top of the South Castle Rock. These represent not " a massive bulwark " but a very primitive dwelling of dry stone walls. Professor W. G. Collingwood has stated that the building is probably of late pre-Norman date, possibly erected by a descendant of the Vikings, and his views were published in the Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian and Archæological Society, Vol. XVI.—New Series. The site of this ruin is on the southern portion of the rocks about 800 feet above sea-level; the main crag rises to 1,000 feet. The " castle " must have been little more than a defensible house, and probably depended for security on its position, and also on concealment from those passing along the valley beneath, as the shoulder of rock would hide it. The summit of the main crag would make a good look-out post, but if held by an enemy would also command the " castle." Excavations were suggested by Professor Collingwood and might reveal some " finds " but so far have not been undertaken. Dwellings of this type were " the precursors of the earliest motte castles in the sense that they share with them the principle of perching a private house on a place difficult of access."

The Vale of St. John's is said to derive its name from the Knights Hospitallers of St. John. The Castle Rock may be so called from its appearance but more likely from the ancient edifice, as this is mentioned in old documents, and in 1278 " seems to have been known as Castel Lindolf or Liadolf (or Lindolf). As Castel Ewain means the castle of Ewain, so this is the castle of Lindolf; or Castel Eadulf is possible."

* * *

It is surprising that in this age of intensive rock-climbing in the Lake District nobody seems to have climbed the Castle Rock. None of the experts who were consulted had ever even heard of the crag. I had often remarked it from the road and determined to explore its scansorial possibilities, but perhaps its very convenience, only a few minutes' walk from the car, led to its neglect. It lies at the western extremity of Watson's Dodd to the north of the Sticks Pass on the Helvellyn range, and is close to Stanah in the Vale of St. John's on the main road from Keswick to the south, and is unmistakable. When I did arrange to visit it with George Basterfield "some fine day" to climb in rubbers, the weather during the summer of 1928 was unkind and no fewer than ten times successively did our plans come to nought. "The Secret Crag" became a standing joke.

At last Miss M. M. Barker of Caldbeck, to whom I am indebted for some of the information used in this article, kindly volunteered to join me, and for once the rain ceased falling, though the rocks were still wet. The crag faces west and consists of three portions, a northern part discontinuous and earthy, an imposing central precipice, and a smaller southern mass. We decided to attack the main central face, as at former solitary visits I had noticed two possible routes. This face, about 300 feet high, is very steep, and appears to be in places what carpenters would call "above plumb." We started gaily in boots up a small crack, but progress was slow and was finally arrested about 40 feet higher owing to the cold, wet condition of the rock. A second attempt was made farther to the north, traversing up to a ledge and then surmounting a bulge. A large mass of rock was well tested but failed to support my weight, and shattered itself and our *morale* by crashing on the screes below.

This was rather different from our optimistic visions of making a couple of routes up a brand-new crag, and we felt more surprise than anything else at such complete and ignominious defeat almost before the battle had begun. Obviously the Castle Rock required more preparation before the next assault, such as exploration with a rope held from above. Somewhat crestfallen, we decided to do something on the South Castle Rock, which had at first seemed scarcely worth looking at, but we found even this crag by no means easy. The climbs done on this occasion, and at later visits in dry weather, may be found duly recorded in another

place. A direct route up the centre of the face was explored and climbed partly on the rope, but it has not yet been led all the way, as circumstances, chiefly meteorological, have so far always frustrated my attempts.

The four routes already climbed should provide a moderate half-day's exercise, and the direct route on the South Castle Rock, as well as the climbs we started on the high central face, might absorb any superfluous energy, apart from new climbs to be explored. The views from the top of the rock are interesting, especially to the north " where giant Skiddaw shuts the scene," and it is pleasant to bask in the warm afternoon sun, *procul negotiis*, and contemplate from the summit the constant procession of motor coaches and private cars on the road beneath. Surely nobody who has witnessed this horrible spectacle could seriously wish to have a road over Styhead. Even our humble efforts on the Castle Rock attracted quite a crowd of spectators, and on one occasion fully a dozen cars were drawn up at the roadside. One can easily imagine what Kern Knotts would be like with a main road at its base. In any case, why should one of the last pedestrian sanctuaries in the Lake District be violated ?

As the Castle Rock is so near the road, it can be visited *en passant* without undue loss of time, and is particularly accessible from Keswick, a place described by our old friend Hutchinson as " but a mean village, without any apparent trade." (The tourist traffic had not developed in those days). As on most newly-climbed crags there are or were some loose holds, and degardening could in places be practised with advantage. The appearance of the rock is worse than the reality, for it gives one the impression of " a riot of luxuriant vegetation," in fact volumes might be written about the botany of the crag ; but not by me. The rock on which one actually climbs is reasonably clean, but the cautious climber may even go off the route to attain the arboreal excrescences which used as belays afford a comforting sense of safety, and a well-known climb in North Wales may be cited as a precedent in forsaking the true rock to seek sylvestrian security.

Geological information is difficult to obtain, but I understand that the Castle Rock is Lower Silurian and lies in the area of the Volcanic Series of Borrowdale near the region of the Skiddaw Slates. A fault line runs north-east from near the north end of

the rock, and a plumbiferous mineral vein runs eastwards from near its southern extremity. The valley floor consists of gravel alluvium and upper terraces of alluvium, but the crag is composed of breccia and volcanic ash, with a lava belt at the eastern part, while diorite and felsi-dolerite are also mentioned. There are two kinds of rock, one of them " a fine-textured grey rock with small porphyritic felspars scattered through it....The general mass of the rock is a microcrystalline aggregate of quartz and felspars."

THE LOFOTEN ISLANDS

By P. Dewhurst Thomas

On July 16th, 1928, in wind and rain, we* boarded a Norwegian boat at Kirkenes and, after the grimmest voyage that we ever hope to experience, rejoiced in a superb evening for our first view of the Lofotens.

These islands lie within the Arctic Circle—roughly 1,200 miles north of London. They are north of Iceland and most of Siberia and, were it not for the Gulf Stream, they would be covered with snow and ice both winter and summer and surrounded by a frozen sea. In this latitude the sun never sets from May 28th to July 16th, but as it was after this date when we neared the island of Ust Vaagö, we were rewarded by a sunset that will live long in our memories. The sun had slowly circled low down round the horizon, casting deep purple shadows on the mountains, and their shattered outlines stood out against the brilliant crimson clouds which floated idly across an orange sky. It is in vain that such wealth of colouring can be described, colouring that can only be seen where the Gulf Stream produces an atmosphere laden with water vapour.

At 10 p.m., July 18th, we arrived at Svolvaer. It is the chief fishing village and port of call for all boats to the Lofotens and, after bidding farewell to our drunken companions of the steerage, we made our way to a comfortable-looking hotel on the quay. Never has a bath, such an excellent dinner, or a bed been more welcomed.

As the first fortnight of our holiday had consisted in a trek across Lapland, our quickest approach had been by boat round the North Cape. The orthodox way to these islands from England takes nearly a week, and is by Newcastle to Bergen; thence by a fjord boat *via* Bodo to Svolvaer.

The next morning was spent in the difficult process of buying provisions—difficult in that neither of us could speak a word of the language; but somehow it ended and, with all our kit on board a small motor fishing boat, we were soon threading our

* Dr. Clark Kennedy and Self.

way between the innumerable small islands which surround the harbour. It was a dull afternoon: the wet grey crags rose steeply out of the fjord, their heads deeply buried in the clouds. At intervals the rugged shore was broken by a quaint wooden house in front of which floated the elegant Nordland boats. Numerous eider-duck and an occasional black guillemot drifted lazily on the deep green water.

We landed at Laupstad; a scattered village at the head of the Ostnes Fjord—and we pitched our camp where the stream from Lilandsdal tumbles into the sea.

For two days after our arrival the weather grew steadily worse. A strong north-westerly gale with heavy rain beat unceasingly against our tents; and before many hours were over waterfalls descended from the flapping roofs and pools appeared on the floor.

There seemed only one thing to be done—we must build a house. In sheer desperation boulders were collected and piled up until the walls stood some four to five feet high. Except for a narrow entrance, every conceivable crack was filled with turf and mud. At this stage, considerable interest was being taken by several of the village; it resulted in a substantial roof of new floor boards from a boat they were building and these covered by an old sail. This was to be our home for a week and excellently it served us.

On the 22nd, the weather began to mend. At 3 p.m. we set off for the ridge, some 2,000 feet straight above our tents, whence we hoped to straighten our hazy ideas of the complicated geography of this district. At first a veritable swamp had to be crossed, but soon we rose steeply by the side of a magnificent waterfall; after some thousand feet of easy going,we found ourselves in the huge basin which forms the head of this valley. Here *silene acaulis* was in full flower, while the only apparent inhabitants were some exceedingly tame ptarmigan with their young. Smooth glaciated rock and steep snow gullies led to the skyline, and to one of the gullies we turned our attention. Above this was a small snowfield, then more hard "step-kicking" brought us finally to the top of the ridge.

In the few seconds allowed by the mist, we could distinguish the peak, Gjeitgaljar (3,560 feet). With a further clearance, all

serious difficulties dwindled away, and soon we stood on the summit of our first Lofoten peak. On the eastern side for more than a thousand feet the rock falls sheer, and far down beneath us we could see our friends from Laupstad fishing in the fjord.

Again, the rain set in with renewed vigour, and for the next three days the deluge continued. To be kept at sea level, cold and wet, proved trying enough; but heart-breaking were our feelings of the hidden peaks all round us and our days to climb them rapidly wasting away.

On the 26th, however, a magnificent morning quickly cheered away our gloom and, after hanging up clothes and sleeping bags to dry in the sun, we were soon making our way through the dwarf birch scrub which covers the lower slopes of Liljandsdal. We had decided to-day to attack Higraf Tind (3,780 feet), the second highest mountain in Lofoten, but not until we were at the head of the valley had any definite route been planned. To our left, the southern face of Higraf tempted us with the choice of many snow gullies; immediately above us rose the steep bare crags of the ridge which leads to the top and in spite of several fierce looking pinnacles it seemed the more interesting route. In places we had considerable difficulties and our going was slow, but eventually we reached the summit. We rejoiced in the immense blocks of granite which form the top of the mountain after the patches of treacherous rock we had encountered along the ridge. To be accurate, alas, our victory was not complete. Some twenty feet away and a few feet higher was the real summit, but with an awe-inspiring gulf between us. By a careful search, a feasible crack on the eastern side was found to lead into the gap, and from here two more gave us a moderate ascent to the top.

The view was bewildering; the evening perfect. Immediately beneath us lay the Blaskovl glacier with the Troldfjordvatn beyond—a clear, still, sheet of silver, reflecting in its placid surface the deep purple of the rocks and the pink glittering of the snows. Away across the Raftsund lay the island of Hindö. To the south and nearer were Gjeitgaljar and Rulten, while across the Ostnes fjord stretching far away to the south-west lay the outer Lofotens—a chain of countless peaks, each a rival to the other in its particular shade of blue, or fantasy of shape.

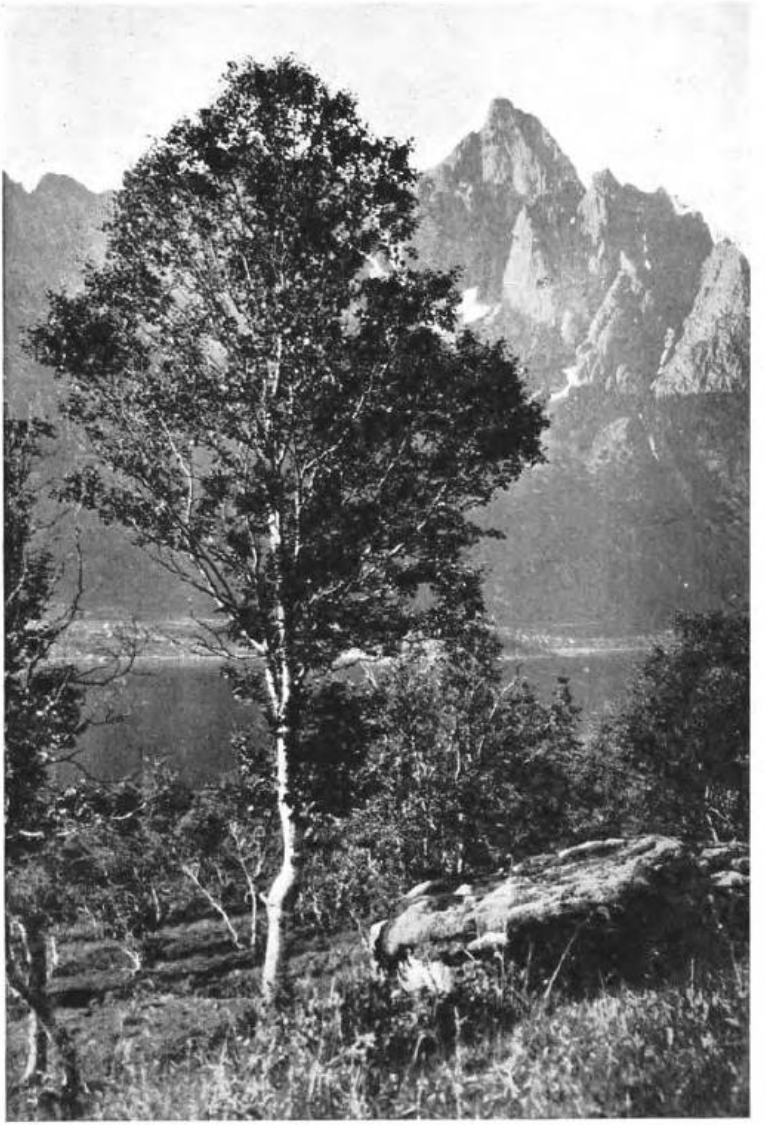


Photo by *P. D. Thomas*

GJEITGALJAR.

July 27th. Another perfect day. Going by boat across the Ostpollen fjord, it was not long before we were clambering up the lower slopes of Rulten. The ground, which consisted of huge boulders, was completely hidden by dense vegetation. Interspersed with dwarf birch trees were ferns, many of which were well over six feet high, and through which we laboriously fought our way. Two hours of this followed by steep heather ledges, brought us at last to the first welcome snow. Some thousand feet above us was the ridge which, according to our map, must soon lead up to the summit. Hard snow and excellent rock helped us to make up for much lost time and, with keenness for our first near view of this mountain, we hurried on to the ridge. There stood the savage looking Rulten—of our chance of climbing it there remained no hope.

Given even moderate going, eight hours more would have taken us only to the foot of the final peaks; and it was later discovered that after two minor summits of this Langstrandtinder group further progress was quite impossible.

We gazed with awe at the many hundreds of feet of perpendicular slabs which constitute the top of this desperate mountain: with admiration we viewed the success of Professor Norman Collie's strong party in 1904.

Wreaths of sea mist, slowly drifting up the lower slopes, now turned our thoughts towards home. No boat awaited us to save a weary detour round the fjord, and we were tired when we arrived back at our camp. Long into the night it was debated as to how we should spend the remaining four days. Our eagerness now to conquer Rulten weighed heavily against our greed for further acquaintance with this wondrous chain of islands, but the latter won.

We started for Moskeneso, the furthest of the big islands of Lofoten, on July 28th.

To try to describe every sunset and the colouring effects of such extensive views, is to attempt the impossible; but on this warm and peaceful evening the display was almost more amazingly beautiful than anything hitherto seen. The small steamer from Svolvaer took us as far as Balstad; here, at the hour of 1 a.m., we bought eggs and milk and then hired a boat to take us the four hours' journey to Moskeneso. The night was clear and cold. A primus was lit in the fo'c'sle and, in company

with two of the most delightful natives, we enjoyed hot cocoa and cakes.

On arriving at the Fors fjord, much difficulty was experienced in finding some spot level enough to pitch the tents. At last a site was chosen and to the roar of two waterfalls thundering down on either side, we wearily went to sleep. At 4 p.m. a start was made for Hermandals Tind. It is the highest mountain in the island and unlike so many of the Lofoten peaks—mere pinnacles of rock—it is a real mountain.

We ascended the steep lower slopes of grass and soon reached a col from where we had an uninterrupted view of the eastern face. Dark, uncertain looking rock rose out of a tarn which lay some few hundred feet below us. In it, here and there, floated small icebergs.

Instead of attempting to force a direct route up a tempting snow gully on this face, we bore to our right and made for the northern ridge. Until we reached the head of the gully, no serious climbing was found necessary. From here, however, rock of moderate difficulty confronted us, but before an attack on this, our unique position claimed full attention. On the one side far down and directly beneath us lay the partially frozen tarn; on the other at our feet nearly 3,000 feet below rolled the lonely Arctic Sea. It is hard to conceive a more barren or impressive corner of the world than this western side of Moskeneso; where precipice after precipice descends to the restless waves of so deserted an ocean.

It was nearly midnight when we gained the summit and successful photographs were taken with normal exposures.

How long we remained here I do not know, but what need for hurry in the land of the midnight sun?

And so good-bye to Lofoten. Enchanted islands where beauty of scenery and first-class rocks are only equalled by the charming hospitality of its unspoiled people.

DOE CRAG

Thy base, deep down
In Mother Earth firm thrust.
On variant skies
Thy shattered turrets traced.
Grey Crag—Part of Earth's first defence,
Thy head and face
Bared to the onslaught,
Thy walls resound
The roaring guns of God!

Piled on the west
In high and broken line,
Face to the east
To greet the birth of day,
Glad for the sun
That bids thy mosses live;
Washed by the torrent,
Beaten by storm,
Anon, serene
Against the blue of peaceful skies
Or vain, through trailing mists
That screen thy strong bird's flight.

By fitful north, clothed in gemmed purity
Beautiful when starglint
Sparkles on thy crayoned edge—
And silver-flashing
Vanities of night
Cluster about thy jet masonry.

Darkness and light,
Wind and torrent,
Snow and ice,
The stress of age; thy breast
Against the rage of years
Steadfast; defiant;
Thy broken face
Speaks wisdom of them all.

In silence, still,
Old Crag;
Piled on the west in columns grey
Part of Earth's first defence,
Tearing to rags, erstwhile,
The swiftly fleeing skies,
Tendering expectant Earth
The broken storm
Which is the Gift of Life.

GEO. B.

TOURS IN LAKELAND

By A. B. Reynolds

One of the less obvious disadvantages of solo expeditions is that when you are asked to write an account it is impossible to avoid the first person. One might, of course, place witnesses at strategic points and then form a publicity sub-committee from their number to report. In the absence of such a body I must do my best to convince you that this story is the real stuff and assure you that although it may appear that my trumpeter died recently it is only because he was not second on the rope on this occasion.

I had long had a scheme for racing round all the major crags in the district and doing a climb on each, but had never worked out a detailed time-table and had it typed in the approved style. The summer weather would not last for ever, I knew, and I felt that something should be done about it. The week-end of July 13th offered a favourable opportunity, so having carefully packed and weighed my sack I set off for Langdale and got away from Middlefell at 2–30 p.m.

My aim was to tick off Gimmer, Kern Knotts, Napes, Pillar and then bivouac at Hind Cove. I reached Gimmer in good time and started up "A." Now I have never liked the lower section of Lichen Chimney in boots, nails don't seem to bite on the rather glassy rock; I also found that a 23-lbs. sack and 120 ft. of line seriously upset one's climbing balance at this point, so the sack was dumped at the belay and hauled up afterwards.

I arrived at Sty Head by way of Stake and Esk Hause, but did not make a very fast time as boots and stockings gave troubles threatening to blister my heels. After a snack at Kern Knott. I took my boots off again and started up the Crack. Those who climb in bare feet will know that after a long walk in hot weather your toes lose their strength and are about as useful as rubber dummies. I wished I had kept my boots on before I got to the top; for the little holds outside did not seem like holds at all.

It did not take long, after sliding down West Chimney, to reach the Napes and do the Needle. The President would have made better time, I know, but I had only been up twice before, so could not hope to do it in 60 seconds, or whatever George's record stands at.

I swung round by Beck Head on to Kirkfell; suddenly I remembered that I had no matches! Now a bivouac without matches was unthinkable—no bacon, no porridge, no coffee! It flashed across my mind that I had once found a box of matches on the fells, but, though I kept my eyes glued on the ground, I did not discover even a burnt match stalk. The situation was serious and necessitated a change of plan. The High Level cairn was soon reached and I sat down to a cold supper, thinking about incendiary things in general and matches in particular, while I watched an extraordinary cloud-cap suddenly form over Scawfell, out of a clear sky, until it completely enveloped the crag and then faded away as quickly as it had come.

Leaving my sack at the cairn I trotted along to see about Pillar, and after descending New West I crossed the waterfall, pausing for a moment before making a bolt for Wasdale to watch the sun, a clear red ball of fire, slipping down behind the Isle of Man.

Mrs. Whiting, although somewhat taken aback by my sudden appearance in the kitchen at such an hour, treated me to tea and sandwiches and presented me with a box of matches, so that I went on my way rejoicing.

Regular night-walkers, who are familiar with the way in which trees and other objects appear to leap out of the darkness as you approach them, will sympathise with my nervous starts as each thorn tree, on the way up to Brown Tongue, pounced on me like a wild beast out of the night. My nerves must have been badly shaken by the time I reached the stream, for, after bending down to drink, I stood up, slightly dazed, to see three tall white figures, who stood over me for a second and then resumed their natural function by splashing quietly into the pool. There were no ghosts to disturb my rest at Hollow Stones and I slept like a log on the softest turf in the Lake District.

The sun was shining on Scawfell crags when I woke and everything was drenched with dew. It did not take long to cook breakfast and I packed up and got away soon after 9 o'clock.

I climbed Pikes Crag by Wall and Crack, complete with rucksack, which was left by the spring while I paid a short visit to Scawfell and did Keswick Brothers.

The difficulty was to know what to do next; the day was going to be a scorcher; I gazed longingly across at the dim shape of Dow, which could just be seen through the haze, and wished that I was there. That was as near as I got to the Coniston Group; I decided to make it a 24-hour jaunt as I had comfortable time to get round to Bowfell and slide down the Buttress.

When getting off the Pike I met Wakefield, who wanted to know what I was doing wandering about by myself. To have to make such a confession to Wakefield, of all people, was rather hard, and although he was very nice about it I could see that he was saying to himself: "Shades of the three cairns he's left out Dow Crag!"

I discovered I had forgotten my sun hat as well as the matches and the heat was getting me down. Bowfell Buttress was reached with just 1½ hours to spare. I started down cheerfully but stopped to think about things when I got off the traverse; the notion of descending the nose with all that weight on my back did not seem so fascinating, so I lowered the sack on the line; it seemed to sit comfortably on the grass ledge below, but as I turned to descend I just caught sight of it rolling off and made a wild dive for the belay. I had to lower it right down to the grass terrace before it found a resting place to its liking.

I left the Buttress at 1-30 so had ample time to get down to Langdale, but the day was hot and having no pacers to keep me up to scratch I rattled along the high level and ran down to Hell Ghyll Fall thinking of cool water and sunny laziness. I bathed and fed and lay in the sun for the best part of 4 hours before returning to Middlefell, where I found "t' lads fra Yorkshire" celebrating their day's successes by drinking large quantities of beer on the Hotel lawn; they were politely incredulous when I told them where I had been and I doubt if I convinced them that I had ever left the dale, but then, Yorkshiremen are made that way.

JULY 13–14

Langdale	dep.	2–30 p.m.	
Gimmer	arr.	3–15 p.m.	"A" route (up) dep. 3–50 p.m.
Stake	„	4–30 p.m.	
Esk Hause	„	5–15 p.m.	
Sty Head	„	5–45 p.m.	
Kern Knotts	„	5–50 p.m.	Kern Knotts Crack (up). West Chimney (down). Dep. 6–30 p.m. tea.
Napes	arr.	6–55 p.m.	Needle (up and down).
Blacksail	„	8–15 p.m.	Dep. 7–10 p.m.
High Level	„	8–30 p.m.	Dep. 9 p.m. Supper.
Pillar	„	9–30 p.m.	Slab and Notch (up). New West (down). Dep. 10 p.m.
Wasdale	arr.	10–55 p.m.	
	dep.	12–05 a.m.	
Hollow Stones	arr.	1–05 a.m.	Bivouac. Dep. 9–05 a.m.
Pikes Crag	„	9–20 a.m.	Wall and Crack (up). Dep. 9–55 a.m.
Scafell	„	10–10 a.m.	Keswick Brothers (up). Broad Stand (down). Dep. 10–40 a.m.
Bowfell	„	12–55 p.m.	Bowfell Buttress (down). Dep. 1–30 p.m.
Hell Ghyll Fall	„	2–00 p.m.	

EXTRACTS FROM A SIKHIM DIARY

Of George Wood-Johnson

12th October. All away from Yoksun at 7 a.m. and to our great joy reached the first day's stage at 11 a.m. Off again at noon and now are within an easy day's march of Jongri. The weather has been ideal for a good pace; dull, cool and no rain. Throughout the day we travelled above the left bank of the stream, through very beautiful forest land. We are now in a typical Himalayan upper valley with precipitous sides flanking a swiftly-flowing torrent.

Camp is at the junction of the Praig Chu and Ratung Chu. My tent is pitched on the only piece of level ground, which is on the Jongri side of the Praig Chu bridge. The site is very damp but happily it is only for one night. Shall have to get busy with the Keatings to-morrow. Lobsang is an artist in the ranks of flea Shikaris, he must have a perfect touch. 6-30 p.m. Just about to turn in. Hope it does not rain in the night, as people are living under boulders.

13th October. A day of hard work, practically the whole of the way steeply uphill. The track was through a tunnel composed of a type of dwarf bamboo and rhododendron, through whose branches—clothed in masses of creeping plants—the sun could not pierce. About 3 o'clock we suddenly came out of the forest on to a grass covered hillside. The path was almost level as we crossed the numerous shoulders towards Jongri. I enjoyed the last mile-and-a-half of walking simply because it did not require a big effort of imagination to persuade oneself that the path was on a mountain at home. My thoughts strayed to rum butter, fruit and cream and teas of the past. Arrived at Jongri, 13,200 feet, for tea. The yak herdsman had accompanied us from Yoksun and threw open the doors of his somewhat dilapidated two-roomed hut to all comers. The scene very quickly became a cheery one as the men collected firewood and water, and cleaned a certain amount of yak dung from their prospective beds. My

tent was soon up and I quickly turned in out of the cold wind. Expect the other people to-morrow.

14th October. Had a most restless time last night. The yaks were continually around the tent, falling over guy ropes and butting their heads into the canvas—the last effort usually followed by a rasping lick of the tongue, which sounded like thunder to me. Another pastime was to lick the tops of two of the venesta boxes which had been placed near the tent door. These lids had been converted into quite good salt licks by the coolies carrying bags of salt on them. I threw every stone within reach of the tent door at the beasts, and eventually stopped them by rubbing the best part of a bar of carbolic soap into the much-licked surfaces. All this meant crawling out of a nice, warm sleeping bag and going outside into the snow which fell steadily through the night.

I turned out to a beautiful morning. The views of Pandim and Jubonu were superb and I was eager for work. Took one or two photos and watched Lobsang, wife and Todki do a pujah to the snow god beseeching him to allow no more snow to fall until our return to Darjeeling. We had long looks down the track to where the other people should have camped last evening but saw no signs of them, so I pushed off with Lobsang to Kabur (15,814 feet). We kept to the east side of the spur and soon entered thick cloud. After a time we passed the gap between the spur and Kabur and looked in vain for Freshfield's easy route. At a point which I thought could not be more than five hundred feet from the top we started to climb steep rocks, using the rope. The climbing was on fairly good, sound rock of about the "difficult" class. After some interesting pitches, at least two of them severe, I was confronted by a steep, nasty-looking slab with sloping and iced holds. I brought Lobsang up and he said that the top of the slab, 20 feet above us, was the summit of the mountain. As I could not climb the slab under such conditions we were forced to return by the route we had ascended.

15th October. No snow this morning and no disturbance from yaks in the night. Shouts from the watchers that a sahib approaches. W. has arrived and says the others are close behind. I must get busy.

Later. Writing this in camp at Alukthang. This afternoon, W. and I pushed up as high as firewood, in the form of dwarf

kicking steps or using the axe at this height were rather strength absorbing actions. We reached the top after about 600 feet of step-making in snow of moderate condition, and were just in time to obtain a view of the N.W. ridge of Pandim, also to identify the Cloud Gap and several other features. This was my first view of Kanchenjanga from a close range and the magnificence of the mountain impressed me deeply. L. and S. joined us later and it was decided that the day was too far spent for us to attempt to establish camp on the La. Stores had been coming up all day and camp 1 was beginning to look a well-stocked place.

Any amount of discomfort or toil demanded of one is more than amply repaid by our experiences and impressions to-day whilst on the Guicha La.

19th October. Everything has gone splendidly. One eels after to-day's performance that the team spirit has animated sahibs and coolies with a vengeance. We were up at 5–30 a.m. The morning was clear and frosty; our only cause for worry was a heavy bank of clouds stealing up from the plains at an earlier hour than usual. W., S., and L. were away with the vanguard before 7 o'clock. I left about half-an-hour later with the balance of the gear. Macleod was working like a trojan at the base and sending things up beautifully to time. In the meantime the party ahead of us had put in some stout work and had advanced a considerable distance up the snow. We caught them up about 200 feet below the summit of the La on a particularly steep and nasty patch of snow. It was decided to run a rope from this point to the top to safeguard the porters. I am thankful to record that we all arrived safely on the La. The place selected for the tents was just below the summit, on the Talung side, where we were protected by a natural low wall of rock from any winds which might blow up from the glacier. Snow had to be stamped down solidly before the tents could be pitched, and there was a host of other things to be done. The greatest moment of the day was when the ingenious L. made the primus work after the demoralising discovery that no meths had been brought. Leaving the others, very busily making our new home comfortable, I returned down the difficult snow with the porters and sent them on with instructions to bring up the remaining loads from camp 1 as quickly as possible. I made myself as comfortable as circumstances would allow behind a boulder sticking out of

the snow, and settled down to await the return of the men. My attention was arrested by the sight of a dark object moving quickly up the rocks towards me. The animal came nearer and nearer to where I was lying in the lee of the boulder, with the camera ready. Unfortunately, when the wretched creature was within three yards of me it bolted up the steep rocks to the left and climbed impossible-looking places at an amazing pace. I envied its speed and style. It was a specimen I had not previously seen. In build not unlike a rat, with longish grey hair, small ears and pointed nose, but about as big as a large rabbit.

About this time I saw people moving up from below. The clouds that had threatened all morning were almost upon us. They were preceded by the usual fall of fine snow which heralds the approach of a heavy downfall. With many jokes and much light talk we got the men up to camp 2 in good time. Our arrival in camp was greeted by the comforting roar of the primus, with the triumphant L. vowing he would not allow the thing to go out as long as the oil lasted. Snow now fell in earnest. The tent of S. and L. faced the Talung Peak, W.'s and mine Pandim. The doors were about a foot-and-a-half apart, and as an extra safeguard against being blown away we fastened the tents securely together. With the help of the flaps and ground-sheets we converted the tents into one and called it the " tunnel." The temperature has been low all day and as I write is—low. The whole of the afternoon was spent inside and tea came as a welcome relief. Our appetites were good,although food did not taste quite as nice as usual. However, meals were dealt with in a very businesslike manner. After tea singing was our chief pastime and helped us to forget the cold. It was very amusing to see us all, as one man, stop in the middle of a song, absolutely incapable of continuing from lack of breath. There would be a pause for a dozen beats or so and then we would weigh in again. At last, having exhausted the whole of our repertoire, we crawled into our bags, hoping to sleep in spite of the intense cold. The porters started a sing-song in their own tent ; that and the roar of the primus which was in their tent, were very happy sounds.

We are now relatively comfortable, have enough provisions, etc., for four sahibs and four porters for four days. The porters are Lobsang, Chettan, Nimoo and Teshi Timboo. Snow is falling thicker than ever and I am not very hopeful for to-

parts, had steepened to an angle of 50–60 degrees. By 7 a.m. we were just below what one member of the party aptly called the third rock step, and something like 2,000 feet above our camp. Despite the fact that it was very important that some knowledge of the condition of the ice beyond the rock step should be obtained, I decided the right thing was to turn back as the snow was becoming positively dangerous. We were down two hours later.

I found cutting and kicking steps above 17,000 feet just a little trying and after every dozen or so had to pause to regain normal breathing. On the way down I developed a slight head for half-an-hour but this left me as we regained camp. It may have been due to the hot sun, as the glare was severe and my lips are swollen. Had a somewhat chilly bathe in the muddy glacier stream coming from the ice about a hundred yards above camp. It is now 3–10 p.m. and I am writing in my bag. It is cold again and cloudy. Hope to get away at 2 a.m. to-morrow but conditions are not very promising.

22nd October. Up just before 2 o'clock. A perfect morning with no clouds or wind. Todki again came to the rescue with cups of hot cocoa. After sundry delays caused by people having to deal with frozen boots, find gloves and the usual paraphernalia W., S., L., Lobsang and I got away at 2–45. The walk up the moraine was rather slow but we kept faithfully to the correct route and reached the snow in good time. Fortunately the previous day's steps were in good condition and we were not long in coming up to our highest point of yesterday's effort. Our objective was the third rock step and having reached it to work along it until we could see the top of the glacier, which must be crossed to reach Kabru. It was now a case of kick and cut—furiously. After some of the hardest work I have known we reached the step. This is a sloping shelf about a hundred feet long and six feet wide, with an awkward outward tilt. The angle of tilt was not improved by six inches of rotten snow concealing hard ice twixt it and the rock. The next move demanded caution. L. and Lobsang went ahead on the uncertain snow whilst I belayed from a chockstone in the wall. Unfortunately they were unable to round the corner and see what the glacier was like. Although we were so near to the longed-for view we were compelled to turn back. A start down the snow was made

before the rays of the rising sun reached us. S. lost his topee whilst on the upper snow slopes; it finally disappeared on the glacier below. He was fortunate to discover it lying in a patch of soft snow apparently undamaged after its swift flight. We were in camp at 8-15 a.m. and after a huge brekker had a useful nap in the sunshine until mid-day. At lunch I discovered that a move will have to be made if I am to return to Darjeeling to time. It was, therefore, decided to fall back on Alukthang.

I cannot describe my feelings when perambulating down the glacier. Something like leaving Skye or Pillar—only more intense.

MRS. HARRIS.

MRS. HARRIS.

A Tribute to Memory

By W. T. Palmer

The sad announcement, in last year's *Journal*, that Mrs. Harris, of Parkgate, Coniston, had passed on came as a great shock to many of us who frequented Coniston in the early years of the Club and have not ceased to hold the place in respect for that reason. In pre-war days there wasn't a rock-climber in England and Wales, and mighty few in Scotland, who didn't know the name and fame of this ideal hostess of the fells. Mrs. Harris was known for a broad smile of sympathy, and for her joy in dispensing hospitalty. Why, I've had tea at Parkgate with Presidents of the Fell and Rock, Rucksack and Yorkshire Ramblers' Clubs at the same time, and have introduced two separate native Presidents of the Scottish Mountaineering Club. As Scots know the exact virtue of high tea with complicated dishes, that was rather running a risk, but I knew my hostess! More than two Presidents of the Climbers' Club, and one even of the great Alpine Club, have been known to loiter awhile to chat with Mrs. Harris. Climbers' Cottage, England, was said to be sufficient address for Parkgate in those days.

And now Mrs. Harris is gone—what made her fame great? There are plenty of places with first-rate inducement, but which could offer the same happy personality in their hostess? To some of us, in later years, Mrs. Harris stood perhaps as a sort of elder sister, but a deal more genial. She knew something from direct confession of our mountain failures, but could be relied upon to keep her counsel at the awkward moment. By the merry twinkle in her eye, her friends knew that she could instantly upset the narrator of some adventure yarn by a tale about some one who lost himself on the moor just above the house, and took an hour to find the gate into the lane. And it wasn't dark really, only a bit misty.

In its prime Parkgate stood for a particular period of climbing history. When the Fell and Rock Club was very small and more ambitious of its position as a society of local climbers, "The Cottage," with its rose-walk and white walls, was a strong

secondary centre for parties. Doe Crags were explored from Parkgate, and in the old Climbers' Book there are still records of great feats. Perhaps it will not serve much to say who were associated with the great Cottage days, but of those who have passed, let there be mention of Alan Craig and Sholto Hamilton Gordon.

To many of the mountain craft who have now gone far into the world,Mrs. Harris of the cheery face stood for a great personal friend. She had letters again and again which showed that her " boys " had not forgotten—and they never will. Some who went to Parkgate as scrubby penny-sparing apprentices and students are now mightly swells in the world, but they have memories of the cottage rooms beneath Coniston Old Man which they would not change for all their success. One often wondered how many confidences, large and small, were locked up in Mrs. Harris's ample mind. There are some of mine, I admit. She wasn't tall, and she wasn't slender—and it was no use going to her with a yarn of despair, for she never believed in such. Her bustling outlook on life's troubles sent them far away. " Don't fash about it, but go straight on " she would say as, at the back kitchen stove she tended a big dish of frying bacon and tomato. She sent more than one back to the outer room with courage to face their trials.

What about Mrs. Harris's local fame? I know she had a standing in the Coniston village community, that she had interests elsewhere, but it was as a wonderfully-loved person among climbers that one knew, and regrets her most. Memory goes back a good many years. In the old time the Monday evening after the Climbers' Dinner at the Sun used to be devoted to music and yarns down at the Cottage. There was a general invitation, and few who were staying in the village failed to arrive. Probably two-thirds of the week-end visitors had gone, but there were enough left to crowd the room. And the stories—there's a chap somewhere in Central Europe who spent half-an-hour describing a terrific first-climb up snow somewhere about Great End. It was the work of an expert party and at the end the experts rose in fierce vigour and denied that any single word of the tale was true. And the rest yelled with delight.

The Cottage was a great place, thanks to Mrs. Harris. I know that finicky persons do not care for the oven to be in the middle

of the dining room, but that was no trouble to the cottagers. Some of us used to think it quite homely to stroll into the dining room in late afternoon, and to feed on the mixed sniffs of meat and vegetables and puddings. It wasn't like the rancid smell of a city kitchen anyway! We could scent our favourite dishes—yes, and see the plates warming on the fender in front of the fire. Perhaps the room was more than a trifle hot by the time dinner was transferred from oven to table, but who cared about that?

There was another memory to which tribute must be given. She had ever a genial smile for the lame dog, and a generosity which managed to give the lad and lass who came to the Cottage with scanty funds as much return as possible. Some have been on the half-price list there—and I hope they don't forget it.

And now Mrs. Harris has passed on—she is but a memory in the hamlet beneath the crags of the Old Man. But those of us who knew her loved her for her qualities as hostess, and this is due tribute to her memory. We shall not look on her like again.

A CORSICAN NARRATIVE

By A. E. Storr

An expedition to Corsica had been in our minds for some years, but it was not until 1928 that it actually came to pass, and a party consisting of C. M. Sleeman, A. M. Binnie, G. R. Smith, G. Manley and myself, left England on April 4th. We took out with us two tents, sleeping bags and a supply of porridge, hard biscuits, bully beef and a few luxuries. The boats which cross from Marseilles to Ajaccio are not of a very reassuring size, and the cabins and saloons were so stuffy that after a rather debilitating lunch at the start of the voyage, I had a feeling that it would be wiser to remain in the fresh air and avoid further meals, and as the night was warm, I spent it on deck in a sleeping bag. It was, in fact, so warm that I woke to find the sleeping bag stuck to the caulking of the deck. After a calm seventeen-hour crossing, we reached Ajaccio at dawn, and transferred ourselves to the railway. Five men, five rucksacks, six kit bags and a bundle of ice axes and fishing rods take up an embarrassing amount of space, and our occupation of a complete compartment of the small Corsican railway carriage which took us from Ajaccio to Corte, seemed to be viewed with some disapproval.

At Corte the problem was intensified by the purchase of another kit bag full of provisions. Hopeless though it appeared at first, the entire party was forced into a single auto and we departed on a hair-raising ride to Calacuccia, the village which is the base for the Viro valley peaks. The Golo valley at Calacuccia is desolate and ugly. The semi-tropical scented maquis of the coast has been left on lower levels and the great forests of Corsican pine are not yet reached, while the breadth of the valley robs the surrounding peaks of their apparent height.

On the third morning after our departure from England we packed the luggage on a couple of mules under the charge of one Jean Thomas Geronimi, and walked a mile or two up the road to the hamlet of Albertacce, where a track mounts the hillside and climbs into the Viro valley. The scenery improves at once.

The valley is narrow and forested and the rough track climbs into the heart of a ring of magnificent rock peaks, like the Dolomites for steepness, where sharp pinnacles, snow and ice-filled couloirs, long jagged ridges and desperate faces promise climbing of the finest. But at the time we saw none of this, for it was all in cloud, and we walked up in ever-increasing rain. At a point about 4,000 to 4,500 feet above sea level, and three hours' walk from Calacuccia, where a long ridge descending from Paglia Orba ends above the stream, there is a cave called the Grotte des Anges. The usefulness of this grotto, which is formed by a group of overhanging boulders, has been greatly exaggerated in accounts of the Viro valley. There is not room for more than one party and in heavy rain the whole place drains into the level part of the floor, but no doubt in fine weather it would give a fallacious sense of security and protection. It was already occupied by three Italian woodcutters who, however, were only too anxious to get out of it and were building themselves a wooden hut away on the hillside. As soon as the rain ceased, Geronimi departed and we put up our two tents among the pine trees by the stream, and before nightfall we had succeeded moderately well in drying our clothes over a big fire.

Our first attempts on the Viro peaks did not meet with success. On the first day a furious blizzard drove us back from the Col Foggiale, on the way to Paglia Orba. We reached camp in drenching rain. The Italians had gone down to Calacuccia for a holiday and we spent a miserable afternoon sitting in pools of water in the grotto speculating on the nature of the angels who had given it their name and moodily drying our clothes before an immense bonfire. White squalls of rain drove intermittently up the valley and with each squall fresh sheets of water drained off the boulders on to the floor. As someone remarked: "If we'd wanted this kind of thing why didn't we camp out on Esk Hause?" One of the party performed prodigiously with the woodcutters' axe, but the rest of us were not surprised to be asked by the chief woodcutter when we next met: "Say, what did you fellows do with my axe that night? I had to take him to Calacucc' to get him sharp again!"

The second day was fine but the snow slopes were in such a state of softness that we reached the Col de Crocetta, below the Punta Larghia, so late in the day that all we could do was to

return again. On the third day success came at last. Paglia Orba is the most striking peak in Corsica. Seen from the Viro valley side it has all the savage isolation of the Matterhorn and its thin dark head rears up above the pine trees with something of the suggestion of a snake about to strike. We climbed in 2½ hours from our camp up a side valley ending in soft snow slopes to the Col Foggiale.

From here the aspect of Paglia Orba is different. Easy snow slopes—easy but for the wretched softness of the snow—rise to the north to a long almost unbroken line of precipice. One possible route appeared to be up a steep and narrow couloir. First, however, we went off to the right to a broad snow col at the foot of these cliffs from which we could see across the whole face to the east ridge. No better route appearing we went back to the couloir and began the ascent. The snow was firmer and the angle extremely steep. We were enclosed by walls of conglomerate, of which the right hand one overhung and showered water on to us. The couloir portion was two or three hundred feet altogether and led out on to less steep snow slopes. We turned to the right and with no further trouble reached Paglia Orba's summit five hours after leaving camp.

The easy snow slopes of the south and west ended abruptly in a cornice overhanging the great precipices of the north and east faces. Beyond the mountains blue folds of forest fell to the myriad bays and points of the coast and Sardinia could just be seen faintly to the south as a rather cloudy line. The best part of the day came after the descent when, having bathed, we strolled back through the giant pines making a leisurely return to camp. In the distance the last gleams of sunlight flushed deep red the snows beyond the Golo valley. The forest was wild and untouched, great trees lay and rotted where they fell; on the upright there hung livid tufts of mistletoe and foul cobwebby nests of caterpillars.

Illness and further bad weather now came to upset our plans and in the end we had to return to the Hotel des Touristes in Calacuccia, from which three of the party (C.M.S., G.M., and A.E.S.) climbed Monte Cinto, the highest peak of the island.

Starting at 4-25 a.m., about half-an-hour before dawn, we walked up the bare hillside to the village of Lozzi where the women were already busy with the day's baking, heating up

Photo by *A. E. Storr*

MONTE CINTO AND PAGLIA ORBA SEEN FROM TAFONATO.

the smoke-blackened outdoor ovens with brushwood fires. A good mule track led round the hillside above Lozzi into the Erco valley, finally crossing the stream and mounting to the Bergeries D' Ascia, a group of stone huts where it is possible to spend the night (reached at 6–25 a.m.). We continued across rough moorland country,mounting diagonally to the left until an hour later we halted for breakfast at the foot of the conspicuous 2,000 foot snow couloir which descends from the right of Monte Cinto. To our unspeakable joy the snow was reasonably firm and we made comparatively rapid progress upwards. The normal summer route is to turn to the left when the rock wall of the first peak is reached and traverse out to a ridge, but under our snowy conditions we preferred to remain in the couloir. It became much steeper and narrower and bent to the left behind a nose of rock, in fact at the end it was as steep as it would go without its snow core dropping out altogether. We emerged on to a narrow corniced ridge below the summit rocks. On the far side steep snow precipices vanished out of sight in the Asco valley. Sensational rock towers rose from the ridge between us and the Capo Al Berdato. There remained an awkward little rock corner, a few yards of steep hard snow slope and at 11–05 a.m. we stood on the summit of Monte Cinto. White clouds hid all the view to the south but very far away and faint in the north beyond the sea there wavered the dim line of the Maritime Alps.

Late in the afternoon, with coats off, we were swinging down through Lozzi when a peasant emerged from a building and with a serious expression held up his hand. "Ah!" he said, "how the sweat runs from your forehead! Look—there is Calacucc' barely a little quarter-of-an-hour away, and you have yet three hours of daylight!" We did not attempt to convert him to the doctrine of speed for speed's sake, nor even explain that what we wanted was not leisure but a large tea. At 4 p.m. we reached the inn and it was not long before the large tea was actually produced and being consumed.

Three of the party returned to England at this point, and G.R.S. and I decided to make a camp at the head of the Golo valley and try for the Tafonato. Our friend, Jean Thomas, this time with one mule only, conducted us to a spot on the upper edge of the Valdoniello forest, about five hours from Calacuccia, and left us there with instructions to come back

and rescue us on the fourth day at noon. All this was made clear by a prodigious amount of counting on the fingers and pointing to the sun. The spot was wild enough. We were still in the forest, but it was rather open so that one could see a great way over the boulder strewn ground between the vast trunks. To the north there was less protection and the valley narrowed to a dark gloomy gorge looking like the gateway to unknown and desperate peaks. The weather grew worse in the night. Gusts of wind rattled the tent and ended our sleep. Rain came driving horizontally out of the mouth of the gorge and the pegs began to pull out of the thin layer of earth. In the early hours of the morning G.R.S. turned out with a lantern and pegged the tent down with boulders. The wind increased to a steady roar and at 5-30 every peg tore out and the tent blew up. It was my turn to go out into the sleet in the grey light of a wretched dawn and make things secure once more. The rain ceased at 6-30 and at 7 we rose and strengthened ourselves for the trials before us with colossal helpings of porridge. The clouds were only a few hundred feet above us and the wind strengthened to a gale. When the ridge of the tent began to tear out we lowered it for good, packed everything up and set off to find better shelter.

Jean Thomas had mentioned a bergerie in a small side valley descending from Castelluccia and at noon we discovered it—a group of uninhabited stone huts and goat pens, about 500 feet higher than our first camp. We took a stout sapling and returned for the rest of the kit. Having lashed the main bundle in the centre of the sapling and slung a kitbag at either end we hoisted the contrivance on to our shoulders and set out, reminding me strongly of a picture in the Family Bible of the two spies returning from the Promised Land groaning under the weight of an incredible bunch of grapes. The journey was more than awkward. The leading man was buffeted violently in the rear by the swinging kitbag and invariably thrust rudely forward or flung violently to the side just as he attempted to balance delicately over loose rocks. Nor was the man behind in much better case, while the shoulders of both were aching and bruised from the weight. When at last the whole equipment had been dumped at the bergerie a fresh blow fell. As soon as we entered the hut a host of voracious insects hastened forward from all

quarters to the attack. Starving from their winter's fast they bit recklessly until death overtook them. The hut was uninhabitable. As a last resort I sat down in a goat-pen and set to work to stitch up the tear in the tent roof. At 5-30 p.m. we erected the tent in the pen, made a meal of fried potatoes and cheese and turned in.

In the morning the wind was still strong and the weather looked bad all round. Clouds were racing just above us through the gullies and buttresses of the westerly wall of Castelluccia. At mid-day we were obliged to turn out and make an attempt to get warm. We ascended our valley, which we named the Val Tribulazione, for about 1,200 feet to a col at its head between Castelluccia and an outlying shoulder. The wind was terrific and too cold to allow a moment's inaction. We descended from the col into the upper part of the Golo valley. The hills on the western side are comparatively low so that this part of the valley seems open and unprotected. No trees or shrubs broke the desolate waste of snow beyond us as we sheltered for a few moments to watch the gale drive the writhing clouds over the peak of Tafonato and lash them against the snow-plastered cliffs of Paglia Orba. Great rents of blue were torn through the clouds at intervals so there seemed some hope that the storm was about to clear, but we realised rather gloomily that a rock climb of any difficulty must be in an appalling condition. That night only the walls of the goat-pen saved our tent from destruction, for the gale reached its worst fury and even the stout Corsican pines began to crack out on the open hillside. The wind came in squalls. High up in the peaks above at first, it sounded like a distant roll of drums before it rushed in a long-drawn-out nerve-racking charge down the valley, the note rising as it came until we held our breath waiting for its shock, then it burst with a shriek on the hut and our shelter, shook and worried the tent and passed, leaving us to relax tightened muscles and sorely tried nerves. In the end we lowered the tent and lay and stifled under its folds for a time. Towards dawn the storm began to die down, we pushed up the poles once more and snatched an hour or two's sleep.

When we turned out at 5-30 the gale was over. A cuckoo was calling down in the valley, and little fleecy clouds floated peacefully in a cold pale blue sky. Only the water frozen in our

drinking cups showed how bitter the night had been. Once again we fortified ourselves with platefuls of superb porridge and set off upstream to the col at 7–15. At every waterfall the wind had blown the water far and wide and the spray had frozen as it fell on the moss and maquis so that every leaf had its thick casing of ice. The snow on the col too was frozen hard as iron. From the col we gained the ridge below Castelluccia and suddenly had the most wonderful breath-taking view across the shadowy forest depths of the Viro valley to the great ring of peaks, from Ucello and Tighietto round to the Cinque Fratri, all sparkling and white after the storm and brilliantly clear in the early morning sun.

Crossing over a point which might be called the Pic Foggiale we came down to the Col Foggiale and then traversed across snow slopes below the cliffs of Paglia Orba to the Col du Trou between that peak and Tafonato. The snow slopes were troublesome only through the extreme hardness of the snow. Steps could not be kicked but had to be scraped with the axe all the way round these slopes. At 10–30 we left the Col du Trou and set to work on our peak. Tafonato is in the form of an extremely narrow ridge running north and south, with two summits. Its most extraordinary feature is that it is pierced right through from east to west by a natural hole.

We climbed rocks from the col to a ledge which runs to the south underneath the cave, ascending as it goes. When this ended we climbed straight up easy rocks for a few feet to an upper ledge which leads back practically horizontally to the cave. The cave was sensational in the extreme. At one moment on our left there rose the solid wall of rock; the next we looked right through the mountain into the middle atmosphere and far away to distant ranges, points, bays, headlands and the sea, all framed in the great impending arch of rock. Below us a few feet of steep icy slabs on the left ended abruptly and the eye met nothing beyond their frozen edge until it came to the forest three thousand feet below. There was thus no floor to the cave beyond a knife edge of rock. Nor was there any roof. The mountain bulged out from an inverted knife edge, not immediately above that of the floor but displaced somewhat to the left or west, and then rose above us for another five hundred feet. After crossing the ridge below the arch we continued by

the ledge,which now took a steep upward cant and became much narrower. Soon we had to chop steps in the hard snow which filled it. As we worked round to the north of the mountain we had excellent views of the precipices of Paglia Orba and the white cone of Monte Cinto beyond. We rose on a spiral of narrow snowy ledges which ended in a difficult icy traverse to a little snow col below the final rocks. A narrow crack, rather troublesome through the ice,was the final problem and at 3 p.m.we gained the north (and highest) summit. The continual step cutting had made us too late to think of a traverse to the south peak,from which the descent is difficult and requires long abseils. All went well on the return and nothing could have been more delightful than the steep descent gradually turning round the flank of the mountain, high up on our narrow ledges. We made a leisurely descent down the valley, through the Guagnerola gorge, past our first camp and so finally up to the bergerie in the dusk. After dinner we sat late in the glow of the fire, smoking a last reflective pipe. From the high platform on which the bergerie was built we looked out over sombre miles of lonely forest to the distant snows beyond the valley, a great contrast to our earlier camps—the first hidden in a tumbled chaos of boulders, hemmed in by trees, the second below the black-mouthed gorge which concentrated on us all the force of the gale. This was our last camp and Tafonato our last climb. Faithful to his word, or signs, Geronimi appeared punctually the next morning and transported our kit to the road over the Col de Vergiou and so to Evisa, whence we reached Porto and finally, by the P.L.M. auto, Calvi.

April had not been kind to us in Corsica. Anything like difficult rock climbing was out of the question, and it was no fun ploughing knee or waist deep up soft snow lying on maquis, with the comforting reflection that the descent was going to be almost equally exhausting and far more exasperating. But in spite of the sad contrast between our early plans and our actual achievements we left knowing the charm of the island, and regretted the leaving when from the eucalyptus groves of Porto we looked inland at evening and saw above a mist of sinking cloud red-flushed pinnacles seamed with purple shadows floating miraculously high and unreal in the air. The island had relented at the last and slowly unveiling gave its invitation to return.

NOTES

MAPS :

French Ministry of the Interior, 1 : 100,000.

LITERATURE :

D.O.A.V.Z. 1901 and 1903. Hochtouren auf Corsica. Felix von Cube.

A.J. Vol. 24. 1908–09, p. 520 : Ascent of Tafonato from Grotto ; p. 645–660 : Nineteen days in Corsica. By T. G. Ouston.

A.J. Vol. 26, 1912, p. 92–93 : Note taken from La Montagne ; No. 8, 1911, giving bibliography.

A.J. Vol. 29, 1915, p. 49 : Corsica in May. Garry.

A.J. Vol. 39, 1927, p. 292–294 : Notes on the Viro Peaks of Corsica. G. I. Finch.

Climbers' Club Bulletin : November 1927. Notes by A. E. Gillimore

Romantic Corsica, by Renwick, contains a chapter on the climbing by T. G. Ouston.

G. W. Young's, " Mountaincraft " has a chapter on Corsica by G. I Finch, and chapter 2 of G. I. Finch's,"Making of a Mountaineer," deals with Corsica, including a description of his unrepeated climb up the north face of Paglia Orba.

Hachette's " Guide pour la Corse " is useful.

THE ASPIRING NOVICES *"IF"*

By B. C. Rawlins.

With compliments and apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

If you can mount the everlasting grass-slope,
And tread with airy grace the rolling screes,
If you can trust your precious life to thin rope,
And scramble up a precipice with ease ;
And if you can negotiate a chimney,
Nor lose in grace what you make up in speed,
If you, while hanging to a ledge most grimly,
Can spare a second for a Second's need—

If you can hang for ages over nothing,
Supported by an eyelash, in dire plight,
And after make them think that you were bluffing
When you made sounds indicative of fright.
If you can wrench (convulsed with terrors hidden)
Your eyes up from the depths so deep and blue,
And with composure false can turn as bidden,
Pretending to admire the distant view—

If you can climb with boobs and keep your daring,
With Abrahams, nor lose the modest touch,
If you can lead beginners without swearing,
And scare them just a bit—but not too much.
If you can cheerfully subsist on water,
A sunburnt sandwich and a sat-on bun
And, of a precious orange, a mauled quarter,
And really find it most tremendous fun—

If you can climb in nailed boots or in stockings,
In aged tennis shoes with half-a-sole,
If you can calmly scorn non-climbers' mockings,
And proudly overlook each tear and hole.
If you can hide your scrapings and your scratches,
Your painful bumps and bruises black and brown,
And boast not that your hands are flayed in patches,
Nor how you did a scree-run—sitting down.

If neither heights nor vasty depths appal you,
Nor wily chimney, nor elusive grip,
If many winter evenings' toil has taught you
Bowline and Middleman that will not slip:
If you can fill the thrilling, slippery minute
With sixty seconds' worth of climbing done,
Yours is the Fell and Rock and all that's in it—
If you can manage to get in, my son!

WINDERMERE TO WASDALE

April 1875

The following letter, describing a fell walk done by two lads fifty-five years ago, has come into my hands and may be of interest to publish.—Ed.

My Dear ———,

..... Of course the chief item of interest is our tour, of which, though your geography will probably not be sufficiently detailed to enable you to fully understand it without the ordnance maps, you will get a fairly good idea. We have certainly had the grandest views I have ever seen and some also of the loveliest. The lakes and valleys have not, of course, that serene beauty which they possessed when you were with us three years ago, but they had their early spring charms in full force, though no trees were out and very few plants.....

We left Carnforth on Friday evening, our train being about an hour late; rather provoking when you have to wait after racing to be in time. However, we arrived comfortably at Windermere Station and then took the bus down to the Crown Hotel, intending to get a boat across the lake to the Ferry Inn. The hotel people however said that the boatmen would all have gone to bed, not to speak of the dangers of crossing in the dark, so we allowed them to persuade us and stopped the night there; it is a large hotel and about as expensive as any we stopped at during our walk.

On Saturday morning we had breakfast (ham, eggs and potted fish) in good time and walked down to the ferry, by which we crossed the lake and then, going in a rather roundabout way, we passed through Sawrey and by Esthwaite water to Hawkshead, a quaint old place, where we bought some safety pins for our plaids. Continuing our walk, we went a mile north of Hawkshead and then westward ho! to Coniston. Coming into Coniston this way you get some of the most beautiful views of the lake that are to be had anywhere. We bought here some bread, milk and butter and then went up the road to the first lead mine, then turning left across the brook caught the road higher up again and

along it till we were nearly over the little tarn under the top reach of the mountain; here we were obliged to shelter from the snow which was pelting along and up most furiously. The hut we were in had been crushed in by an avalanche which had left a block of snow inside some three feet thick. After the snow had abated somewhat we pushed on and reached the top—the view was rather restricted. We could see south and east moderately well, but the Wetherlam was thick in mist at the far end, the front looking very fine with its patches of snow. After sheltering from the wind while we got our breath and gave our plaids an interval in the reception of snow, etc. (we were nearly half-an-inch deep in snow and ice on our backs) we resumed our journey, going slantingly down the ridge towards Seathwaite and against a regular storm of icy wind which froze my plaid quite stiff and swelled E.'s fingers. However, we got nicely down to the head of Seathwaite tarn and then went down the north side of the lake, seeing plenty of glacial traces, nearly to the bottom of the valley, where we struck across to the Duddon, up which we went to Cockley Beck (where it divides and the main stream turns towards Ambleside). From this place we went straight in the direction of Scawfell Pikes across a great stretch of boggy moorland and against another storm of wind, hail, snow and rain, which nearly finished our supply of fuel. However, we took a little brandy and went on to the watershead, where we were rewarded by the grandest mountain view in the whole district, Bowfell on our right, the Pikes in front, and next Scawfell, in all their grandeur thrown into greater prominence by the extensive patches of snow which here and there bestrewed them.

Had we been fresh we should have gone right over Scawfell to Wastwater, but hunger is an imperative master, so we went down Eskdale and at the first farmhouse bought some bread and cheese and milk. *How* we digested the cheese, I don't know, it was as hard as bone and tough exceedingly, but the *how* does not matter much, we did it and went on our way rejoicing down Eskdale, which is a nice valley and very grand at the head where it rises in the mass of mountains described before. When we reached the Woolpack, the inn furthest up the valley, we turned aside and struck across, first along a zig-zag road and afterwards across the moors by Eel tarn to Burnmoor tarn, which we reached about dark; however we toiled on till we found the path which

carried us safely on till within a mile or so of Row, where the Wastdalehead inn is. We could see the lights of the farm at Down-in-the-Dale, and so after shouting till we were hoarse and wandering in vain trying to find the road again, we struck straight for the light and after crossing sundry streams, hedges and stumbling into holes with water in, etc., etc., (etc. means that the description needs words) we reached the light and were put on the road. We then soon got to the inn and found that it was full and that numbers had been sent away; however we arranged for a bed on a sofa. And then about ten-thirty, after a considerable amount of waiting, we had an excellent tea, including some fresh trout, to which we sat down with great glee, though in a strange plight. I was in a pair of trousers that came out when touching my back about half-a-yard in front. However by diligently holding them up I managed with due decency and went to bed soon after twelve, which was as early as our sofa was ready.

GARIBALDI NATIONAL PARK: British Columbia

The President has sent us on the following letter from J. R. Tyson In view of the enthusiasm aroused during the last year in the National Park idea, it has a rather special interest.—ED.

Sept., 1929.

DEAR GEO. B.,

Your ever welcome letter safely to hand. As usual I am somewhat late in replying to same. The nights are drawing in rapidly and I get a little more time of an evening now, so here goes.

Since last writing you I have spent a week with the B.C. Mountaineering Club at their summer camp in Garibaldi National Park, about fifty miles north of Vancouver up the coast. I found them, as are all mountain lovers, the best and truest of friends; never—I do not wish to depreciate the Fell and Rock—have I been with a finer, kinder or more courteous bunch of people in my life. The very atmosphere of the camp breathes love and comradeship. I will never forget the reception the girls and non-climbers gave our party on the successful return from climbing Mt. Garibaldi; they made and called us *heroes*.

I will attempt to describe in a brief way the mountain park and camp, etc. I feel a little article in the Journal would "take on" but am too pressed for time.

We sailed from Vancouver and by boat and train arrived at a little place called Daisy Lake. From here the trail leads in to the park, a distance of nine miles by man power, thirteen by "hoss" power, through bush all the way until, at 4,000 feet, the first mountain meadows are reached. Mosquitoes and wasps made life anything but pleasant until we left the bush behind. Another thousand feet through bush and over a hog-back ridge and then come the second meadows, flowers everywhere, four hundred varieties in all, beautiful little creeks and rills and purple and white heather in great mats, the lucky variety predominating. It grew dusk as we reached the open meadows and we lit our bugs—syrup or lard cans with a hole

Photo by *J. R. Tyson*

GARIBALDI LAKE.
Castle Towers, Sphinx and Sphinx Glacier and Sentinel Peak.

punched in the side for a candle and a piece of wire for a handle—to locate the trail. Presently three will o' the wisps twinkled into sight which turned out to be three boys plus bugs who were with the packer and his horses. Camp, they said, was about fifteen minutes away, and we were glad; the thought of hot tea and soup and grub spurred us on. Soon camp fires twinkled in a hollow midst the mighty peaks and we were given a rousing welcome. The camp was arranged on either side of a pretty creek, ladies' and married quarters on one side, men's and the commissary on the other. You can imagine a night's repose on sweet-smelling firboughs at 5,300 feet elevation. Rocking was unnecessary.

Breakfast was at 7 a.m., served in a big community tent. Our cook and assistant knew their job and turned out some excellent food. Lunch we usually had in our sacks as at home, dinner was usually about 7 p.m. and afterwards we had camp fire sing-songs round a huge fire.

I "did" several good things; Black Tusk (twice by two different routes), a rock peak, 7,500 feet, Helmet Peak, 7,000 feet, Mt. Garibaldi, 9,000 feet, the *pièce de resistance* of them all. To climb Mt. Garibaldi it is necessary to row across Garibaldi Lake—500 feet below the camp—about four miles, camp for the night and make the climb next day, returning, if lucky, the same night. We had perfect weather conditions and are supposed to have made one of the fastest and most successful ascents ever recorded. J.R.T. was on the first rope and am certain the prestige of the Fell and Rock was in no way lowered.

I had the misfortune on Black Tusk to be the first casualty and but for the presence of mind of another boy might have been knocked about a little. I got under a small boulder dislodged by a climber higher up a chimney and if a friend had not caught me as I toppled I'd have probably *hurtled*. Anyway, I lost part of my scalp and an Indian hasn't it on his wampum belt either.

It was worse than leaving home quitting camp, but many good friendships were made and many happy memories will live with us for the rest of our days.....

THE LAKE DISTRICT: A National Park?

By H. V. Hughes.

"Nay, when I become a millionaire I'll buy for the nation—the Scawfell and Bow Fell Groups, and the mountains round the heads of Ennerdale, Borrowdale, and Langdale—the Old Man Group also I would like, but no, no, I'm afraid Coniston is too much spoilt; the quarries on the Honister might perhaps be cleared away, along with the wire railings on some of the Ennerdale tops, and then we'll have a Trust to see that there are no more railways or sordid industries," says the Tall Man.

"No, I put not my confidence in Trusts, nor my trust in would-be benefactors," replies a Pessimist.

From Lehmann J. Oppenheimer's, *The Heart of Lakeland.*

It is now nearly fifty years since the shadow of the company promoter lying across the northern half of the English Lake District brought into existence "The Lake District Defence Society," a group of influential people, largely literary and scholastic, whose aim was "the retention of the Lake District for its present uses—*the health, rest, and recreation of all classes.*" In 1883 the Society successfully contested in both Houses of Parliament a bill to construct a railway from Braithwaite to Buttermere, a mineral line to run alongside Derwentwater and through Borrowdale; later in the same year it was instrumental in securing the rejection of the Ennerdale Railway Bill, promoted to develop iron-mining in the valley. When the Ennerdale Bill was resurrected in 1884, the Society again put such evidence before the Select Committee that, as a result, the Bill was unanimously rejected: almost simultaneously it successfully objected to a scheme which would have marred the beauty of the southern shores of Rydal Water and Grasmere.

The post-war schemes of the Ambleside to Keswick Railway and the Langdale to Ennerdale Road, together with a resuscitation of our hoary old friend the Sty Road, show that the mentality of the Philistines has undergone no change, despite the rapidly growing opinion that certain areas of the earth's

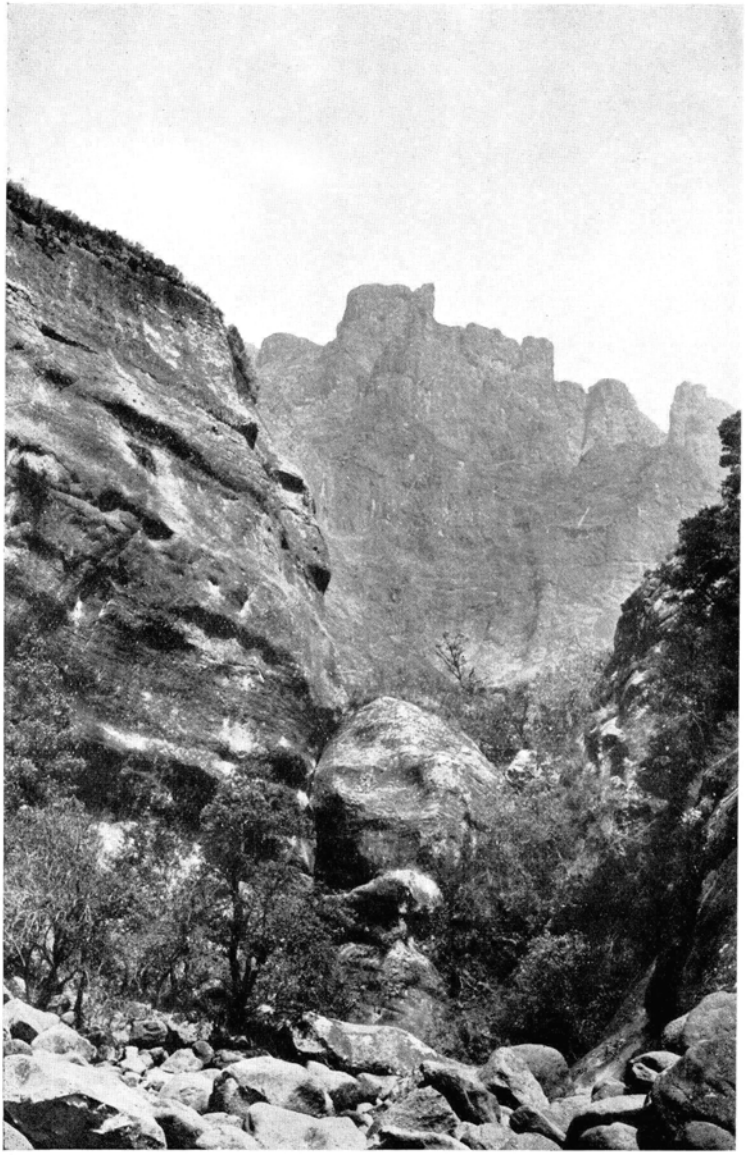


Photo by *B. S. Harlow*

TUGELA GORGE AND MONT-AUX-SOURCES.

Graians as an Italian National Park, and even Spain has recently nationalised two areas; the Covadonga National Park including the Picos de Europa (see F.R.C.C.J., Vol. 8, page 34 *et seq.*); and the extremely beautiful Valle de Ordesa. Thus, perhaps the finest valley in the Pyrenees, is now safe from the spoilers, though threats to its beauty must be slight compared with recent attacks on Ullswater.

Unfortunately no official move has yet been made to save the English Lake District, and it has been left to private persons to organise the protests against individual schemes at different times; this year (1929) it is only after a hard struggle that an objection to overhead wires over Whinlatter Pass has been upheld and the line diverted to the north, and the attempt to keep the Keswick district free of pylons has ended in what can only be described as failure.

In only one direction has official action been taken to preserve objects of national importance; under powers granted by the Ancient Monuments Consolidation and Amendment Act, 1913 (3 & 4 Geo. 5, ch. 32), the Commissioners of Works can list objects of archæological or architectural interest as of national importance, such objects cannot then be pulled down or defaced without notice being given to the Commissioners; under this Act during the period ending 31st December, 1928, 52 objects of widely differing types were listed in the area under consideration. (Appendix A).

Fortunately, during the last half-century large areas of land in the less densely populated portions of Britain have been secured by various bodies—national, municipal and private, for widely differing purposes but with one common result, the prevention of those areas being industrialised or ruined by the builder, speculative or otherwise.

These areas include:

(*a*) Land secured for water schemes, thus automatically preventing building and even leading to depopulation, *e.g.*, Thirlmere and Mardale.

(*b*) Areas set apart for afforestation, *e.g.*, Ennerdale.

(*c*) Estates secured by municipal authorities as public parks and, unlike the formal parks within the city boundaries, left more or less in their natural state, *e.g.*, Lickey Hills, City of Birmingham Park; "The Duke of Argyll's

Bowling Green," the Ardgoil Estate of the City of Glasgow.

(*d*) Bird Sanctuaries, etc.

(*e*) Property vested in the National Trust.

To these of course can be added the village greens, commons and other lands on which villagers and townsmen have rights; such lands as escaped the Inclosure Acts of the early nineteenth century being now protected by legislation (Commons Act, 1876, etc.). Although, contrary to the general opinion, the public has not necessarily any rights on common land (a Common being a profit which a man hath *in the land of another* as to feed his beasts, to catch fish, to dig turf, to cut wood, or the like, there being restriction of Right of Common to specified individuals, *e.g.*, villagers or farmers, the general public having no claim or share in their use), yet the common rights place a very effective check on a landlord anxious to dispose of his estate. Under the Commons Act, 1876, the Mungrisdale and Matterdale Commons have been enclosed, but the latter has been the subject of regulation and the right to walk over portions of it has been established; under the Commons Act, 1899, commons may be enclosed as places of exercise and recreation subject to the approval of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. The enclosure of a common of six-and-a-half acres at Kirklands, Kendal, in 1910, was proceeded with under this Act.

Finally came the Law of Property Act of 1925. Section 193 gives the public right of access for air and exercise but NOT recreation (organised games or sport) to all metropolitan commons and commons situated in a borough or urban district, together with every rural common to which the section is applied by declaration of the owner. Section 194 provides that no enclosure or appropriation of land commonable on 1st January, 1926, shall be lawful without the consent of the Minister of Agriculture, who can consent to enclosure only if it is in the interests of the public as distinguished from those of the owner of the soil. Another section provides that an owner of land may dedicate it to the use of the public for air and exercise, a method which should prove of great value in areas such as the Lake District pending further developments.

With the acquisition by municipalities of large areas of upland country for water schemes, the general public have, so far from

wanton and thoughtless destruction of a small part of the area. We wonder if Oppenheimer's Pessimist would still lack confidence in Trusts and would trust to luck that without our interference everything would remain for the best in this best of all possible worlds; we think not!

Public opinion in Britain is slowly but steadily accepting the idea of National Parks; in Scotland a committee is actually sitting to consider the purchase of a portion of the Cairngorms as a Scottish National Park; Lord Bledisloe has suggested the acquisition of the Forest of Dean as a National Park and we are informed that the Commissioner of Works is considering the suggestion favourably, while a group of interested persons are attempting to formulate a scheme whereby Snowdonia will become a National Reserve. Moreover, a Committee has been appointed by the Prime Minister to take evidence and enquire into the whole position in regard to National Parks. A deputation, representing a strong committee appointed by various Lakeland associations and societies, placed a comprehensive scheme for the preservation of the English Lake District before the National Parks Committee on December 17th, 1929, but the report of the National Parks Committee has not yet been published. For a generation there has been vague talk of the Lake District as a National Park, but, until recently, little had been done towards that end. In the nature of things the Lake District can never be isolated as are the great National Parks of the U.S.A.; there are too many inhabitants with widely divergent interests, but prevention of further development on undesirable lines is possible and necessary. This is recognised by the widespread approval of the Regional Planning Schemes, but more is needed for an unique area such as Lakeland.

During the penultimate decade of the Victorian epoch the first organised protests of the growing body of intelligent people who regarded the English Lake District as an unique "National Recreation Ground" were directed against the encroachment of the railway and mining company promoter to whom no beauty spot is so sacred that he would not mar it with a mineral line, and now nearly fifty years afterwards we are still fighting the same battle, sometimes over almost identical battlefields, against the blind materialists who fail to see that by "developing" the Lake District on sound economic lines they will destroy for

ever that charm which, for so many of us, alone makes it the corner of England, so well known yet ever new, of which we never tire.

Already 10–15 per cent. of the total area of the Lake District is definitely made safe for our enjoyment either by the National Trust or under the water schemes, legal machinery is already in existence to regulate some of the rest, how soon can the remainder be secured for posterity?

It is, then, much to be wished that a better taste should prevail among these new proprietors: and, as they cannot be expected to leave things to themselves, that skill and knowledge should prevent unnecessary deviations from that path of simplicity and beauty along which, without design and unconsciously, their humble predecessors have moved. In this wish the author will be joined by persons of pure taste throughout the whole island, who, by their visits (often repeated) to the Lakes in the North of England, testify that they deem the district a sort of national property, in which every man has a right and interest who has an eye to perceive and a heart to enjoy

From Wordsworth's Guide Through the District of The Lakes.

APPENDIX A

List of Monuments in the Lakeland Area scheduled by the Commissioners of Works in pursuance of the Ancient Monuments Consolidation and Amendment Act, 1913 (3 and 4 Geo. 5, ch. 32), up to 31st December, 1928.

Taken from the List of Monuments published by H.M. Stationery Office, by kind permission of the Controller of H.M. Stationery Office.

CUMBERLAND (part of)

Barnscar British Settlement, Muncaster.
Burnmoor, stone circles on, nr. Boot.
Calder Abbey.
Castlerigg, stone circle on, Keswick.
Dean Moor, stone circle on.
Dunmallet hill fort, Dacre.
Eamont Bridge, Penrith.
Egremont Castle.
Elva Hill, stone circles on, Setmurthy.
Hardknott Castle, Roman fort, Birker.
Keswick Town Hall.
Maiden Castle, Watermillock.
Penrith Castle.
Shoulthwaite Ghyll hill fort, nr. Thirlmere.
Walls Castle, Ravenglass.
Wythop, Castle How.

WESTMORLAND (part of)

Arnside Tower.
Arthur's Round Table, Penrith.
Beetham Hall (curtain wall and pele tower).
Brougham Castle.
Brougham, Roman fort.
Burneside Hall (the pele tower and gatehouse).
Castle Crag, British earthwork, Mardale.
Castlesteads, British settlement, The Helm, nr. Kendal.
" Druid's Circle " on Knipe Scar, Bampton.

Eweclose British settlement, Crosby Ravensworth.
Gunner Keld stone circle, nr. Shap.
Hazleslack Tower, nr. Beetham.
Hugill British settlement, nr. High Borrans.
Kendal Castle.
Kendal, Castle How.
Levens Bridge.
Mayborough, nr. Penrith.
Millrig British settlement, Kentmere.
Moor Divock, circles and tumuli, including the Copstone and Cockpit on, Askham.
Nether Bridge, Kendal.
Shap Abbey.
Swarth Fell standing stones, Barton and Sockbridge.
Watercrook, Roman fort.

LANCASHIRE (Furness)

Furness Abbey.
" Giant's Grave " (cairn), Kirkby Ireleth.
Gleaston Castle.
Hawkshead Hall, gatehouse.
Heathwaite Fell, British settlement on, Kirkby Ireleth.
Holm Bank Plantation, camp, nr. Urswick.
Knapperthaw stone circle, Lowick.
Newby Bridge, Colton.
Pennington, Castle Hill.
Pennington, Eller Barrow, 600 yards E. of St. Michael's Church.
Piel Castle, Piel Island, Barrow-in-Furness.
Urswick British settlement.
Wraysholme Tower, Ulverston.

APPENDIX B

NATIONAL TRUST PROPERTY

Chronological List of Acquisitions.
Compiled with the assistance of the National Trust.

1900. RUSKIN MONUMENT. Friar's Crag, Derwentwater. Subscription.

1902. BRANDELHOW PARK, 108 acres. Western Shore, Derwentwater. Public subscription, £6,500.

1906. GOWBARROW FELL AND AIRA FORCE, 750 acres. Northern Shore, Ullswater. Public subscription, £12,800.

1908. MANESTY WOOD. (*see* 1913).

1910. GRANGE FELL AND BORROWDALE BIRCHES, 310 acres. Borrowdale, includes the Bowder Stone. Public subscription, £2,220.

1911. Near STYBARROW CRAG, 5 acres. Land between the road and Ullswater. Local subscription, £250.

1912. BORRAN'S FIELD, 20 acres. Ambleside, including the Roman fort. Public subscription, £4,000.

1913. DRUID'S CIRCLE, 9 acres. Keswick. Local subscription.

MANESTY (partly acquired in 1908), 105 acres. Part of Manesty Wood and rough land near Great Bay, together with 9 acres of Lake Derwentwater, including manorial and fishing rights. Public and Private subscription.

QUEEN ADELAIDE'S HILL, 20 acres. Windermere. Public subscription, £5,000.

1917. PEACE HOWE. Grange-in-Borrowdale. Presented by Canon Rawnsley as a Memorial to Keswick men killed in the war.

1920. SCAFELL PIKE. Summit and land above 3,000 foot contour. Presented by Lord Leconfield as a Memorial to the men of Lakeland.

CASTLE CRAG. Keswick. Presented by Sir W. H. Hamer as a Memorial to his son and the men of Borrowdale.

1921. FRIAR'S CRAG, LORD'S ISLAND and the Shore of SCARF CLOSE BAY between Lake Derwentwater and the road under Walla Crag. Memorial to Canon Rawnsley. Public subscription, £2,575.

1923. The HIGH FELLS bordering the STY PASS, Land above the 1,500 foot contour including the summits of Kirkfell, Great Gable, Great End, Glaramara, etc., 3,000 acres. Presented by the Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District as a Memorial to the members killed in the War.

1925. SCAFELL. All land on Scafell and the Pikes above the 2,000 foot contour. Presented by A. C. Benson, Esq. and Gordon Wordsworth, Esq.

CROW PARK, COCKSHOTT WOOD, and CASTLE HEAD, 60 acres. Between Keswick and the Lake. Presented by Sir John and Lady Randles.

KELSICK SCAR, 14 acres. Ambleside. Presented by Holden Illingsworth, Esq., as a Memorial to his wife.

WHITE MOSS INTAKE, 5¼ acres. Grasmere: Pasture at Dunnabeck overlooking Rydal Water. Presented by Miss Hills as a Memorial to her Father.

1926. ENNERDALE, 3,350 acres. (*a*) High ground above the 1,000 foot contour to the watershed, including Pillar Rock and the summits of High Stile, Haystacks, Steeple, and Pillar Mountain. Leased for 500 years from H.M. Forestry Commissioners.

ENNERDALE, 274 acres. (*b*) Head of the valley from the Scarf Gap track to the 1,000 foot contour. Presented by Sir Albert Wyon.

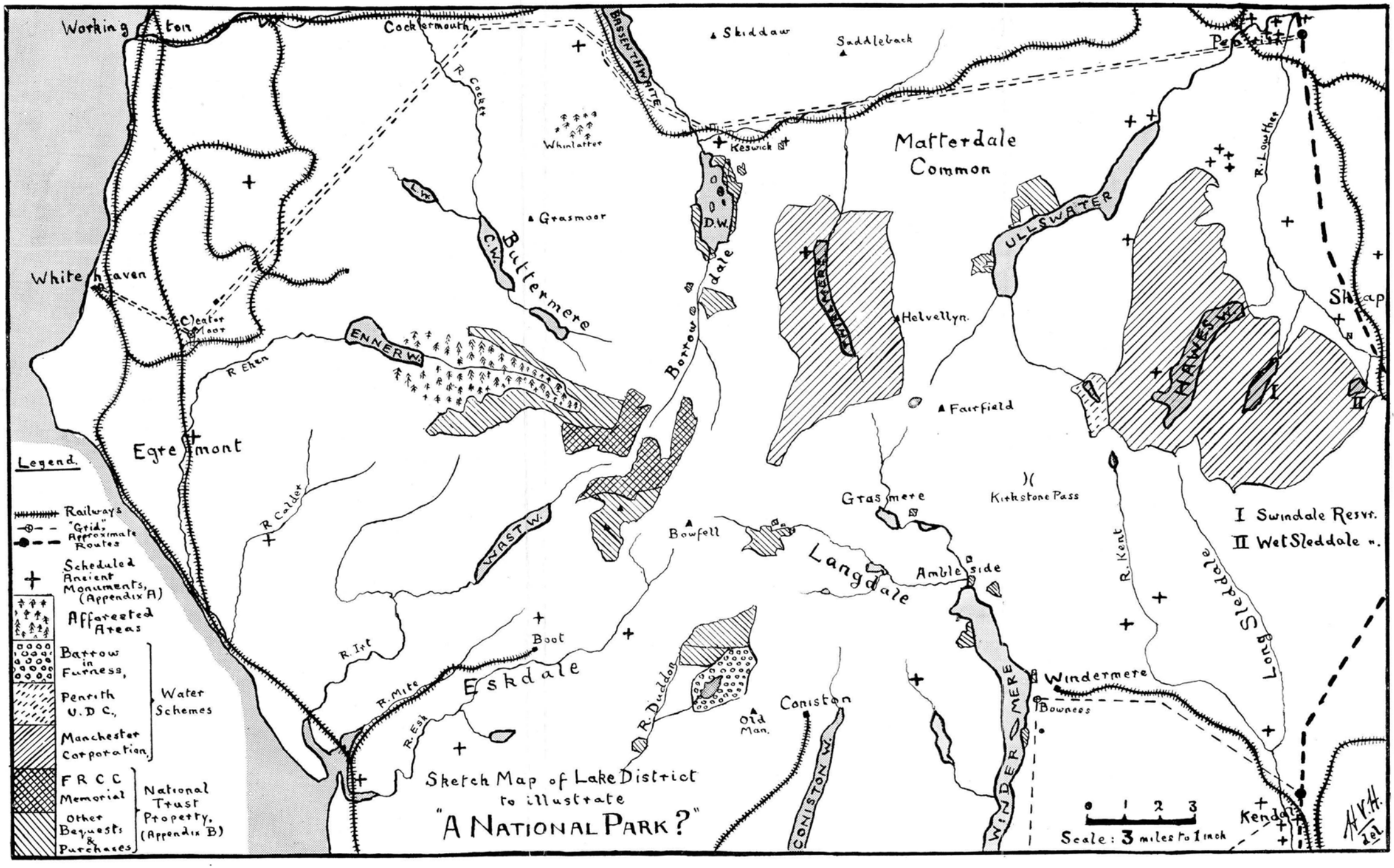
1927. RECTORY FARM AND COCKSHOTT POINT, 33 acres. Bowness-on-Windermere: Lake shore near the Ferry. Mainly local subscription, £9,900.

1928. GLENCOIN WOOD, 180 acres. Ullswater. Mainly local subscription, £2,700.

BEE HOLME. Windermere. A small island sometimes joined to the western shore. Presented by Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Hayes.

1929. POST KNOTT, 5 acres. Bowness. A viewpoint overlooking Windermere. Presented as a memorial to his great-uncle by Rev. R. Ullock Potts.

SKETCH MAP
TO ILLUSTRATE
THE NATIONAL PARK


Workington
Cockermouth
R. Cocker
Bassenthwaite
Skiddaw
Saddleback
Penrith
Whinlatter
Keswick
Matterdale Common
R. Lowther
Ullswater
Grasmoor
L.W.
C.W.
Buttermere
D.W.
Borrowdale
Whitehaven
Cleator Moor
Ennerdale W.
R. Ehen
Helvellyn
Fairfield
Hawes W.
I
II
Shap
Egremont
R. Calder
Wast W.
Grasmere
Kirkstone Pass
Bowfell
Langdale
Ambleside
R. Kent
Sleddale
Lowther
I Swindale Resvr.
II Wet Sleddale R.
R. Irt
Boot
R. Mite
R. Esk
Eskdale
R. Duddon
Old Man.
Coniston
Coniston W.
Windermere
Bowness
Windermere
Kendal
Legend.
Railways
"Grid" Approximate Routes
Scheduled Ancient Monuments, (Appendix A)
Afforested Areas
Barrow in Furness,
Penrith U.D.C.,
Manchester Corporation.
Water Schemes
F.R.C.C. Memorial
Other Bequests & Purchases
National Trust Property, (Appendix B)
Sketch Map of Lake District to illustrate
"A NATIONAL PARK?"
0 1 2 3
Scale: 3 miles to 1 inch
A.V.H. 1921

CASTLEBARROW HEAD, 27 acres. Silverdale. A headland overlooking Morecambe Bay. Presented by F. J. Dickens, Esq.

LANGDALE HEAD, 400 acres. Three farms in Langdale comprising the whole of Oxendale and most of Mickleden. Presented by Prof. G. M. Trevelyan.

COCKLEY BECK, 880 acres. Duddon valley, including the Shire Stone and Carrs. Presented by Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Simon.

DALE HEAD, 335 acres. Duddon valley, including Grey Friars. Presented by R. Noton Barclay, Esq.

WALLOWBARROW CRAG. Duddon valley, near Seathwaite. Presented by F. W. Caulfield, Esq., and the Hon. O. Brett.

RAMPSHOLME. Island in Derwentwater. Presented by H. W. Walker, Esq.

STABLE HILLS, 57 acres. Derwentwater, including Broomhill Point. Presented by Mr. and Mrs. R. Noton Barclay.

STRANDS HAG, 20 acres. Derwentwater, adjoining Friars Crag and the above. Local subscriptions, £1,000; Sir John Randles, £1,000.

WRAY CASTLE, 64 acres. Windermere, including the lake frontage. Presented by Mr. and Mrs. R. Noton Barclay.

BUILDINGS

1918. KELD CHAPEL. Shap. Pre-Reformation building, probably fifteenth or sixteenth century. Presented by Sir S. H. Scott.

1928. BRIDGE HOUSE. Ambleside. Probably late seventeenth century. Local subscriptions.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

By Ida M. Whitworth

Ambleside—October 12th and 13th, 1929.

At the Annual Meet of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District on October 5th the following resolution was passed unanimously. "That the Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District are of the opinion that the time has now come when the question of preserving the Lake District as a National Park should be actively taken up."

The substance of the above resolution was the main theme of discussion at the Conference held in Ambleside on October 12th and 13th, being the Lake District Extension of the second National Conference for the Preservation of the Countryside. The first part of this Conference was held in Manchester, at the Town Hall, under the Presidency of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres.

The different aspects of spoliation were dealt with and resolutions passed, urging all local authorities to deal with these abuses by means of town-planning schemes and byelaws; it was pointed out, both in Manchester and later on in Ambleside, that the practical way in which each member of the public who cared for the beauty of our countryside could make his or her contribution to the solution of these urgent problems, was by more careful study of the existing laws and bye-laws and seeing that full use is made of them.

The President of the Lake District Extension was Lord Ullswater. He was unfortunately not able to be present but sent a message of good wishes to the Conference in its task of impressing on the public the importance of keeping intact as far as possible the charms and amenities of their beautiful countryside and maintaining it for the rest and recreation of

the busy townsfolk in search of change and holiday. There was an active local Committee with Mr. R. B. Marriott of Windermere as Hon. Treasurer. Mr. Kenneth Spence was the Hon. Secretary, assisted by Mrs. Spence and myself.

Over one hundred delegates were present representing fifty-eight societies, also a number of private members of the Conference. Amongst the Societies and public bodies represented were some of the local Councils, Natural History and Scientific Societies, the National Trust, Council for the Preservation of Rural England, the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, several Ramblers' Clubs, and other Societies interested in maintaining the traditions and natural beauty of the Lake District.

The Press was well represented, and the newspapers proved, as always, valiant allies in the cause of countryside preservation.

There was an excellent photographic exhibition, shewing atrocities already committed and beauty spots threatened, as well as many beautiful pictures of some of the finest scenery in the district; this Exhibition was almost entirely organised by Mr. Octavius Wilmot of Ambleside; the mounts and stands for the exhibits had been lent by the Lake Artists' Society.

The first Session of the Conference opened on the Saturday morning, October 12th, in the Queen's Hotel Pavilion. The Hall was crowded. The Chair was taken by Mr. Charles Roberts, Chairman of the Cumberland Regional Planning Committee. The success of the main session of the Conference and the concrete results attained were due in no small measure to the skilful and sympathetic handling by the Chairman. In his opening remarks Mr. Roberts urged that the Conference to be successful must limit itself and concentrate on the best means of saving the beauty of the Lake District. Reference was made to the Committee set up by the Government to enquire into the question of National Parks, and to the fortunate coincidence that the Conference was being held immediately after this announcement.

Town-planning schemes were not considered adequate in themselves, though a good deal could be achieved in that way.

The idea of a National Park needed careful definition; there was a certain danger lest the word "park" might mean some kind of artificial Amusement Park, whereas the ideal to be arrived at was an unspoilt reserve. Mr. Clough Williams Ellis

suggested in a later speech that the word " domain " might be a safer title than " park."

MR. GEORGE L. PEPLER (Chief Town Planning Adviser to the Ministry of Health).

Mr. Pepler was the first Speaker. He enlarged upon the main theme for discussion; "A Policy for the Preservation of Lakeland." The gist of Mr. Pepler's address was that the essence of the problem was to conserve the character of the region while allowing opportunities for developing the traditional human activities in keeping with the district. He urged all local authorities to join the Regional Planning Committee and the importance of some plan being drawn up locally rather than that the control should emanate from Whitehall; in this way, by pooling local resources, they could be masters in their own house.

PROFESSOR PATRICK ABERCROMBIE, M.A. (Professor of Town-Planning at Liverpool University).

Professor Abercrombie proposed the following resolution which was amended later in the Session. The original resolution ran: " That this Conference welcomes the appointment by the Government of a Committee to consider the question of National Parks and is of opinion that in the interests of health and recreation and for the preservation of the beauty of Lakeland for future generations it is time for the acquisition of the large area of the Lake District as a National Park; also this area is to be under the control of National Commissioners with power to prevent the spoliation of the countryside by industrial development, unsightly building operations or unnecessary construction of motor roads."

The Professor outlined a very practical scheme for safeguarding the Lake District. The problem he regarded as two-fold, technical and administrative. With regard to the first part of it, the district could be divided into three sections:

(1) The wild parts to be left in their primitive and savage state.
(2) The Lakes and Valleys to be treated as distinct from the Mountains.
(3) Certain parts where the development of new villages should be encouraged.

Photo by *G. P. Abraham*
(copyright) Keswick

COCKLEY BECK.
(Bought for the National Trust in 1929

Professor Abercrombie pointed out that so long as certain areas were under public control, purchase was not always necessary; the Regional Planning scheme would prevent the destruction of the beauty of the district and prevent the erection of ugly and unsuitable buildings and prevent through-traffic routes and the opening up for motor traffic of what are at present "cul-de-sacs."

SIR ARNOLD T. WILSON, K.C.I.E., C.M.G., D.S.O. (A Member of the Royal Society).

Sir Arnold Wilson spoke of the valuable work done by the National Trust. This body had accomplished more in the past twelve months than the Government had done in 100 years. The Trust had acquired the building rights over large areas at a small cost. Sir Arnold thought that this policy might well be extended and developed.

Sir Arnold suggested that it might be better to wait until the new Government Committee had reported before formulating a definite scheme for a National Park for the Lake District and proposed to amend the resolution so that it should finish after the word "parks." They could then express their views after receiving the Committee's Report.

MR. W. D. CARÖE, F.S.A., representing the Commons and Footpaths Preservation and other Societies, seconded this amendment. He did not believe in transforming the Lake District in any way. It should be kept as it was; its present delightful lonely valleys should remain lonely valleys; its present farms should remain farms as they had been for generations. With regard to development, this was bound to come, but should take place wisely and under some form of control.

MR. S. H. HAMER (Secretary of the National Trust, and representing various other Societies) was also of opinion that a National Park Scheme might not be the best method of protecting the Lake District. The most important thing to aim at was to keep the Lake District as it was. He looked forward to some board or Committee of Control of the whole district, not to prevent development, but to supervise and shape that development.

MR. GRIFFIN (Secretary of the Council for the Preservation of

Rural England) pointed out that the idea of the National Park had not yet been properly defined and the Conference might attempt to persuade the Select Committee to accept their definition.

SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN, M.P. (Minister for Education) received an enthusiastic welcome from the Conference. He did not want to guide the Conference definitely, but thought it would be a mistake to turn down the resolution and suggested an intermediate way; that a Committee should be set up to work out the idea of a National Park and to put their scheme before the Government Committee. The Government was going to consider a new thing, because people like those present cared about such matters. If these people did not care to have an opinion themselves, they could hardly expect the Committee to have an opinion. It was necessary to get it into the minds of the community, and so into the minds of the Government, that it must take drastic steps if necessary with regard to the preservation of this property, and to stop spoliation. Secondly that the community through National Commissioners or the National Trust or otherwise, should exercise control over the way in which private or public property in the Lake District was used.

DR. T. R. BURNETT, representing the Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District, and its Ex-President then spoke.

Dr. Burnett referred to the resolution passed at the Annual Meeting of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club the previous week, that the Lake District should be scheduled as a National Park. The definition of a National Park was essentially part of the matter with which they were dealing at the Conference. All were agreed on the main idea and the Fell and Rock Climbing Club wished, as far as practicable, for the district to be maintained in its present state. He assured the National Trust that the Fell and Rock Climbing Club was in hearty co-operation with what the Trust had done, and reminded the Conference that the largest of the red patches which they saw on the map, of the places secured for the Nation, was the Memorial given by the Club which he had the honour to represent.

The time for dealing with the Lake District piecemeal had passed. A new outlook and vision were needed; he recom-

mended that they should confine themselves to the first part of the resolution agreeing to the appointment of a Committee and the scheduling of the Lake District as a National Park.

The original resolution having been carefully altered to embody the suggestions put forward during the morning Session was carried by the Conference and in its final form it ran: "That this Conference welcomes the appointment by the Government of a Committee to consider the question of National Parks and is of opinion that a Committee should be formed to represent to the Government Committee what form of preservation is suitable for Lakeland."

Before the Session broke up, an important paper written by Mr. Ewart James of Whitehaven was read by Mr. F. J. Hayes of Wray. Mr. James was unfortunately prevented by ill health from attending the Conference, though he had rendered untiring service beforehand to the Committee in working out preparations and plans for the Conference.

Mr. James' paper outlined suggestions for the formation of a Lakeland Trust, with full legal powers, which after establishing definite boundary lines and zones, would advise upon and control all subsequent development and ensure protection, not only to special features of natural beauty, but to the whole rural and urban landscape of the region; also to the features of historic, antiquarian and literary interest, to its special cultural traditions and customs, its ancient industries and its flora and fauna.

The suggested regional survey, regional plan, and more detailed town-planning schemes would between them, indicate where and under what circumstances, the various other agencies could be brought into more effective operation.

The most formidable obstacle was that of cost. Normally this would fall on ratepayers. It was necessary that some means be devised for transferring the whole or part of the cost for the above schemes from the local authorities to a Trust Fund raised for that special purpose. Since the advantages of Lake District preservation were nation-wide, it would appear unreasonable that the whole of the cost should have to be a charge upon the local rates.

It was further submitted that the Lake District Trust would not usurp the functions of existing bodies, but would serve to weld them together into a powerful instrument with adequate

funds for securing the object they all had in view—the preservation of the Lake District as a National Heritage.

The second resolution, passed at the morning session, was as follows: "That for the purposes of regional planning in the area, the authorities in the Lake District, and the County Councils, be recommended to establish executive joint town-planning committees; that the various societies interested in the preservation of the Lake District should be co-ordinated so as to concentrate effort and avoid overlapping; that a small committee with power to co-opt be appointed from this Conference to draw up resolutions and to consider the question of the establishment of a preservation trust to secure the appropriate regional reservations and to prepare proposals to put before the Government Committee."

The Conference decided that its committee to approach the Government National Park Committee should consist of one representative to be nominated by each of the following organisations: The National Trust, the Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising (Scapa), the Society for Safeguarding the Natural Scenery of the Lake District, the English Lake District Association, the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian Society, the Cumberland Nature Club, the Rock and Fell Climbing Club, the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society, the Federation of Rambling Clubs, and the two original North and South Lakeland Town-Planning Committees. Mr. Kenneth Spence was authorised to act as convener of the committee and to approach the National Park Committee at the earliest possible date with a view to the effective presentation of the views of the Lake District Conference.

The other important speeches made during the Conference were to a second crowded audience in the Conference Hall, at a Public Meeting on the Saturday evening. The Chair was taken by THE HON. OLIVER STANLEY, M.P., who, in his address, referred to the dangers which threaten the National heritage of beauty in this district, and urged that the task of those who cared for these natural beauties was not to obstruct but to divert; to try to find the balance between the practical and the ideal, between utility and beauty.

SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN then addressed the meeting. He hoped that the Lake District would be secured as a National possession. What would happen to their grandchildren unless some wild places were left secure to them? If there were a big hotel on Styhead, with a finely-graded motor road up to it, the place would not be one where they could go for their holidays.

Sir Charles was in favour of more afforestation on the lower hills provided that the trees planted were not chiefly larch and other conifers, but birches and other indigenous woods; the forests might act as screens, thus enabling more houses to be built without spoiling the landscape.

Touching on the human side of the question, Sir Charles laid great stress on the increasing necessity for those living in the towns to get into the pure air and beauty of this unspoiled fell country. Rambling was on the increase, it was the best holiday any man or woman could get; a holiday in the hills, up among the great spaces, must last as capital for the next twelve months.

There is room for thousands of ramblers there, but one motor over Sty Head would do more to mar the spirit of beauty and wild loneliness than thousands of men and women walking among the fells; there is ample space for all, but if the district is to be preserved, we must take action at once.

MR. CLOUGH WILLIAMS ELLIS gave the impressions of a Snowdonian on a first visit to the English Lake District. He congratulated the Lake District on being so little spoilt, but uttered a warning that its beauties would need careful guarding and watching.

He likened the Conference to a meeting of the shareholders of "Lakelands Beauty Limited" but stressed the point that the beauty was strictly limited and it was necessary to beware of the speculators who would so easily spoil it all.

SIR ARNOLD WILSON then spoke of the beauty which had been put into Lakeland by the work of the dalesmen—the green pastures for the sheep and the beautiful farm houses, put up by their own hands and from their own plans. The shepherds had also given a charm to the district which even the farmers had not done. He went on to suggest that possibly in future

years the pylons or electric standards or masts would be as little objected to as are now the stone walls erected in bygone years by the shepherds on the fells, and which were now looked upon as part of the landscape. Sir Arnold pointed out that electricity was going to make its contribution to the ultimate beautifying of England by abolishing the smoky chimneys, thereby cleaning and beautifying the towns, and that would have its sure influence in stemming the spoliation of our countryside.

The general feeling of the Conference was, however, strongly opposed to the erection of electric masts or pylons in the Keswick area, and from a special Session on the Sunday afternoon an urgent message was sent to the National Trust to support it in its negotiations with the Electricity Commissioners, urging the "total elimination of masts between Penrith and Cleator Moor, or alternatively to secure that the line be not constructed until engineering skill had discovered an economical and efficient means of burying the wire during its whole length throughout the Lake District."

Between the serious business of the morning Session and evening Meeting on the Saturday, an expedition for the delegates was arranged for visiting the various National Trust properties near Keswick. Mr. Charles Marshall kindly acted as guide pointing the different properties on or near the route.

A procession of about 40 motor cars drove from Ambleside to Keswick and round Derwentwater that afternoon; on the way to Keswick a visit was paid to the Druid Circle, where Dr. Goodchild gave a brief explanation and history of the stone circle.

Other expeditions were planned for the Sunday. Dr. Burnett, Dr. Wakefield, and other Members of the Club took parties on to the high fells.

Mr. Gordon Wordsworth took about 20 delegates on Windermere Lake by launch to view the National Trust properties in the neighbourhood. Mr. Herbert Bell took parties over some of the disused footpaths between Skelwith Bridge and Loughrigg.

On Sunday morning an address was given at a special Service at Ambleside Parish Church by the Bishop of Carlisle, who had come over at much inconvenience, but whose coming was much appreciated.

His address was the culminating point in a very stimulating week-end. The Bishop pointed out the urgent and increasing necessity in the present-day for people to be able to escape from the material civilisation of the daily round by returning to nature and that it was only when face to face with nature that man could think out the mysteries of life. The English Countryside must be preserved because the spirit of religion moves and inhabits there.

The last item of the Conference was a most delightful and interesting lantern lecture on the Sunday evening by Dr. Vaughan Cornish on the English Countryside. There were slides dealing with the Forest of Dean, the Peak District, North Wales and the Lake District, all of which were very clear and many of which had only been obtained at the cost of much discomfort and endless patience on the part of Dr. Vaughan Cornish himself.

The foregoing is necessarily somewhat disjointed, but the Conference certainly produced real concrete results, as may be seen on looking back at the discussion which took place, and the resolutions passed during the Saturday morning Session. The valuable work accomplished during this Session was very largely helped forward by the able Chairmanship and under the skilful guidance of Mr. Charles Roberts, who kept the discussion limited to the main theme—"The Policy for Safeguarding the Beauty of the Lake District as a National Heritage."

The Westmorland Gazette and *Lake District Herald* gave very full verbatim reports of the Conference, and I wish to acknowledge here the kind permission I have received from these papers to use their reports as the basis of my digest of the proceedings of the Conference.

THE YEAR WITH THE CLUB, 1928-9

By T. R. Burnett

The Dinner Meet of October, 1928, is sufficiently described in the last issue of the Journal, but some reference may be made to the Annual General Meeting. On that occasion the new rules, the revision of which had occupied the attention of the Committee for some months, were passed practically without alteration. While perfection is not claimed for them even in their present form, anyone who examines the old and the new must admit that great improvements have been made. It is true that, thanks to the harmony which has always prevailed, the weak points of the past rules were never brought into prominence, but legally-minded members might now find much amusement in examining the loopholes and picturing the extraordinary positions which could quite legitimately have arisen under the former régime. The exercise may be commended to those who are tired of climbing and crosswords. A noteworthy addition to the rules was the provision for the election of Trustees, and we are fortunate in having secured the services of particularly suitable members for these offices.

Langdale let us down as regards weather, and the November Meet there calls for little comment. Some amusement was afforded on Gimmer, where on several occasions the rope came tight just as the unfortunate climber was traversing a waterfall.

New Year and Buttermere immediately recall the loss we have sustained through the death of Miss Edmondson. A more genial hostess nowhere was to be found, and both the district and the Club are the poorer for her passing.

While there was no repetition of the delightful skating of the previous New Year the hills had their usual attractions to offer, and this Mid-Winter Meet brought much enjoyment to the large number who participated. Perhaps the most important incident was the official interview with Mr. Phelps, the head forester in Ennerdale, which had been arranged through the courtesy of the Forestry Commissioners. A number of the Committee

and other members discussed with Mr. Phelps the question of stiles and footpaths in the planted area, particularly with regard to the route from Scarf Gap to Pillar, and an agreement satisfactory to all was reached. The thanks of the Club are due to the forester and commissioners, and we should show our appreciation by adhering to the routes which have been placed at our disposal.*

Some horror was felt and expressed at the developments which had taken place at Honister since our last visit. While the old quarry workings and buildings were no ornament to that famous pass, there was previously nothing to compare in offensiveness with the new erections. Anything less fitting to the surroundings than steel girders, corrugated iron, and overhead lines can hardly be imagined, and the advent of these eyesores makes one think seriously. It will be for the Preservation Committee (to which reference is made elsewhere) to consider whether industrial developments in the district should not be under some measure of control.

More and more are we coming to associate the various meets with particular centres and events, and the date of the Grasmere Play seems to have established its influence so far as February is concerned. As usual, there was a large gathering and arrangements were made for members to sit together at the show. On the Sunday, forces were much less concentrated, for, while the stalwarts walked the tops in mist and rain, many preferred the attractions of the valleys and the hotels.

The summits take little account of the seasons; for which of us has not basked upon them in mid-winter and shivered when summer was nominally at its height? But, even so, Easter 1929, was truly exceptional. In place of the usual snow and ice-axes and mufflers we had bathing, camping, and light raiment. Even the Pillar was balmy, and a press-man, who hoped to get some sensational photographs there, sank down exhausted by the heat before reaching Black Sail. Pikes Crag was a popular hot spot and it may be of interest to say that members climbing there found garnets which for size and perfection of crystalline form were superior to any seen elsewhere in the district.

One evening, in place of the usual sing-song, a lantern show of climbing slides was given in the barn and voted a great success.

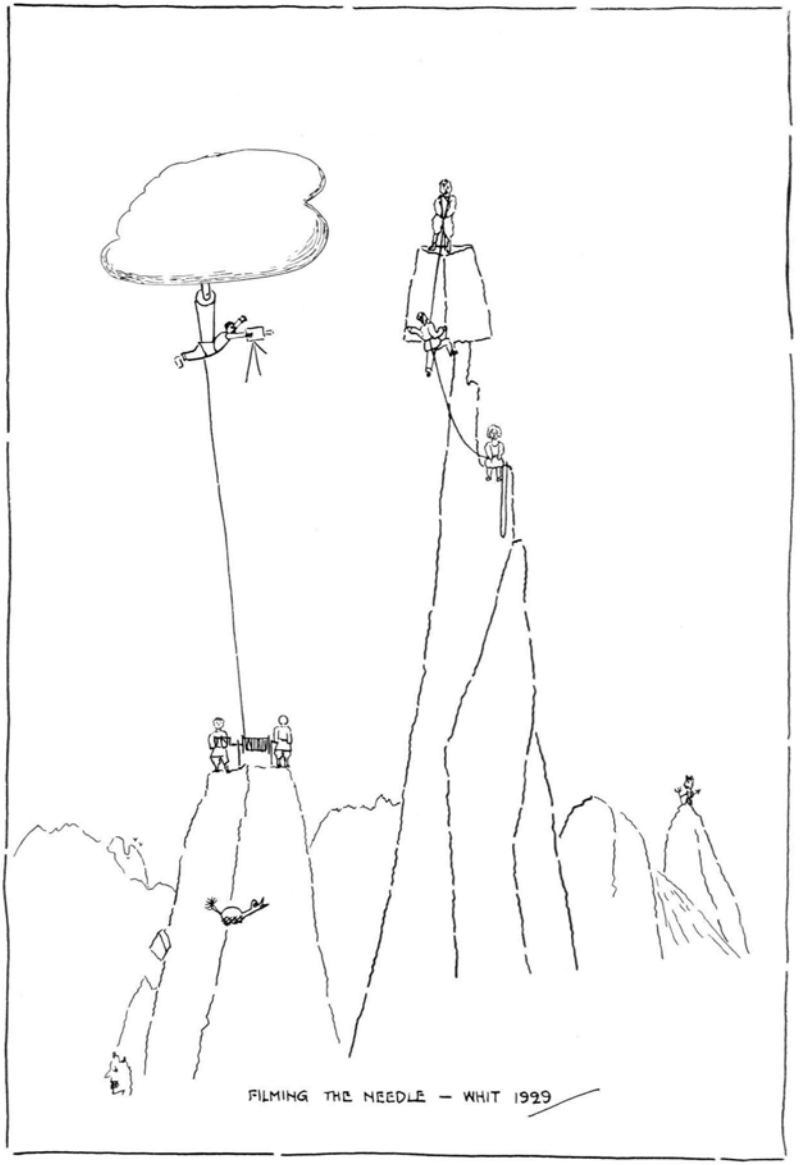
* See Editor's Notes.

Coniston Meets are still not largely attended, but those who did turn up there in April were well rewarded. A phenomenon new to those who observed it was an electric discharge at the top of Dow Crag. Not only was it distinctly audible, but sparks passed when the hand was brought close to the rocks. The facts can be vouched for by witnesses who are generally regarded as reliable, otherwise the experience would have remained unrecorded!

Whitsuntide and Borrowdale surpassed themselves, and nothing more convincing can be said. But the Napes on Whit-Sunday are really becoming overcrowded, and the Dress Circle simply could not contain the whole party at lunch time. Miss Pettitt and friends from Keswick made a film which has kindly been shown at two subsequent meets.

The meets of June and August call for little comment except that one would like to record the pleasure which it gave to those at Langdale to welcome our Honorary Member, N. E. Odell. His cheery presence and obvious enjoyment made us regret that the Atlantic now separates him from the homeland hills which still occupy premier place in his affections.

September saw Eskdale fuller than ever and hotter than ever. The Saturday, in particular, was literally tropical, and as members approached from various directions they found it necessary to interrupt their journeys for frequent bathing. The feature of Sunday was the remarkable atmospheric effect on Scafell. After toiling up through a Turkish bath the parties emerged through a definite horizontal belt of mist into brilliant sunshine on the summit. The *Nebel Meer* maintained its even surface on to which the shadow of each climber was sharply cast and surrounded by a halo or "brocken" in brilliant rainbow colours. The like had seldom been seen even by the most experienced Alpinist present. Needless to say, rock climbing in such circumstances was delightful, and the courses on the Pinnacle were very popular. For those of us who were travelling north, the Mickledore Spring was a welcome resting place, and much tea was consumed there. And that reminds me that the "fellside tea league" to which I referred in last year's notes has been at once a great success and a great failure. What I mean is that while I have found multitudes ready to accept the tea when made none have joined me in making the provision!


FILMING THE NEEDLE — WHIT 1929

IMPRESSIONS—NO. 1.

Of the 1929 Dinner Meet others will no doubt write fully. What a jolly re-union it always is! One meets the old friends, laments the absence of others, and welcomes the new. The Howards were, unfortunately, absent on account of health, and the Editor, for family reasons, but to the great satisfaction of all, Pryor was sufficiently recovered to join us and right glad we were to see him again.

THE DINNER MEET, 1929.

We again met with somewhat inclement weather which had only one advantage—that it the better demonstrated the kindness and goodwill of Miss Briggs and her staff, not to mention the excellent bathing and drying arrangements of the Hydro.

The meet was as well attended as ever—many were those who sought rooms outside the Hydro—but owing to a wise limitation of numbers, there was actually elbow-room at the dinner. As usual we were well served by our speakers. The new President's speeches were particularly apposite and effective—that touch of poetry and idealism which it is so difficult to introduce successfully, were especially welcomed.

The keenness—both of walkers and climbers—was very evident; that, perhaps, goes without saying. Perhaps the most notable feature of the meet, however, was the interest displayed in the movement for making the Lake District a National Park, which met with much support.

R.S.T.C.

IN MEMORIAM

William Cecil Slingsby, 1849-1929—A Memoir

By Lawrence Pilkington

The following notice appeared in the Alpine Journal of February, 1880 :—" A meeting and dinner of members of the Alpine Club has been arranged to take place at Portinscale Hotel, Derwentwater, near Keswick, on Saturday, April 3rd, at 7-30 p.m. . . . Some members of the Club intend meeting at Wastdale Head on Friday, April 2nd, and walking to Portinscale via Buttermere next day, making the ascent of the Pillar Rock en route."

Several members did meet at Wastdale and visited the Pillar Rock on their way to Portinscale. When descending towards the Rock, a mountaineer was seen coming quickly over the slopes from the Gable to join them, and I remember someone saying, " That's Slingsby, one of the new members, a true Yorkshire dalesman, a good fellow, and a good goer."

In those days the rocks of the English Lake District were practically unexplored. It was only in 1882 that Haskett Smith " Spent nine weeks at Wastdale Head and began his systematic search for new climbs on the neighbouring hills," *vide* Mumm's Alpine Club Register, Vol. III. Until then members of the A.C. were inclined to look upon rocks below the snowline as slimy and treacherous, only fit for the roots of heather and wild grasses to harbour in. Slingsby's first British Isles Record (Mumm, Vol. III., p. 280) runs thus :—" 1885, attempt on Deep Ghyll, Scawfell, with Hastings." In 1886 these two completed the ascent and Slingsby read a paper before the Alpine Club entitled, " A New Ascent of Scawfell " which ends as follows—" For further information I refer the members of the Alpine Club first of all to the fells and ghylls themselves, and next to the November number, 1884, of ' All the Year Round.' Do not let us be beaten on our own fells by outsiders, some of whom consider ice-axes and ropes to be ' illegitimate.' Let us not

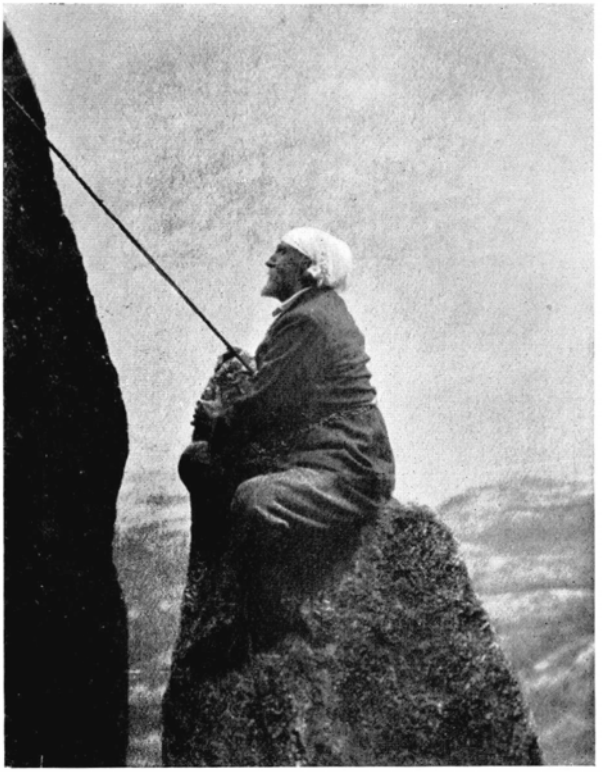


Photo by *F. Schjelderup*

W. CECIL SLINGSBY ON STANDAATIND, 1912.

(Republished by kind permission from the Alpine Journal.)

neglect the Lake District, Wales and Scotland, whilst we are conquerors abroad."

Long before this, in 1872, Slingsby had started climbing in Norway. In his obituary notice in *The Times* it was well said, "It is, however, with the exploration of the peaks and glaciers of Norway that his name will be especially connected; and his first ascent of the greatest of Norwegian peaks, Store Skagastölstind, when his companions turned back and he intrepidly completed the ascent alone, will remain an epic so long as mountaineering stories are read and told. For Norway, indeed, he felt some hereditary affinity, and he acquired an almost unique knowledge of its people, legends, and remote fastnesses. In return, Norway celebrated his name and his exploits, even in his lifetime, almost as those of some hero of saga or myth; and when he returned for the last time, to unveil a memorial to the 4,000 Norsk fishermen who had lost their lives in the War, his welcome had the dignity of a Royal progress."

In 1883 there is a gap in his mountaineering record. In 1882 he was married to Alizon, a daughter of William Farrer Ecroyd, M.P., the "fair trader"; accordingly in 1884 we find her accompanying him to Norway. Amongst other expeditions she made the ascent of the Romsdalhorn, this being the first ascent by a lady.

Referring to the review of his book on Norway in the Alpine Journal, Vol. XXII., p. 82, it will be seen how thorough his exploration of that country was. The following brief extracts give some idea of this: "Until Mr. Slingsby began, in 1872, his long career of discovery and conquest, no first ascent of importance had been made in Norway by an Englishman . . . Amongst the strayed adventurers who from time to time have felt and yielded to the fascination of the north, no Englishman can vie in knowledge or achievement with the author of the work before us. He is an indomitable climber, whose unrivalled acquaintance with every mountain district in Norway is balanced by a wide and varied experience in the Alps. He has an artist's eye for the beauties of form and colour displayed in Norsk scenery, and the interest of a naturalist and a sportsman in the flora and fauna. He has a working knowledge of the language, and is an enthusiastic student of the treasures of Scandinavian legend. Above all, every page of his work is

animated and inspired by love for Norway and her people. . . . The descent, never likely to be repeated, of the ghastly icefall of the Kjendalsbrea, made in August, 1881, is an exploit even more remarkable in its kind than the first ascent of Skagostölstind."

The reviewer's remark on the style of his writing is also interesting: "The general style of the writing suggests the varied conversation of a well-informed and cultured traveller amongst appreciative listeners, rather than the more formal periods of a literary craftsman."

Slingsby's book was published in 1904, the title being: "Norway: the Northern Playground. Sketches of Climbing and Mountain Exploration in Norway between 1872 and 1904."

The following entry in Mumm's Register is significant: "1874. First passage of the Rüngsskar (probably the first glacier pass ever crossed in the Horungstinder), with Rev. A. G. Girdlestone and others,"; especially when read in conjunction with the only item in 1878—"Alps (first season). Attempt, guideless, on N. Arête of Grand Cornier, with Rev. A. G. Girdlestone and E. Javelle."—for it will be remembered that Girdlestone was the first to begin climbing without guides, a practice which Slingsby so ardently pursued.

In 1892, along with Carr and Mummery, he made an attempt on the Aiguille du Plan from the N.W., described by Carr in his paper, "Two Days on an Ice Slope," (A.J., Vol. XVI., 422); a wonderfully plucky expedition which only just failed to succeed. Mummery says of this (Chapter XIII. of his book, "My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus"). "On that occasion an evil fate drove us back, beaten, battered and hungry; and as we slunk wearily homewards, the huge seracs poised above the first wall of cliff, seemed in the uncertain light of dusk to be grinning and pointing the finger of scorn at our tattered and woebegone appearance. None the less, baffled and bruised as we were, Slingsby was strongly of the opinion that, 'we'n powler't up an' down a bit an' had a rattlin' day,' or rather two days, and averred with enthusiasm that it was the finest ice-climb he had ever had the luck to be on. . . . Amid the flicker of the winter fire I can still see the swing of Slingsby's axe, as, through the day that followed, he hewed our way ever downwards towards the sunlit pastures where cow-bells tinkle and where merry brooklets

ripple amongst the stones, towards friends for whose glad welcome our very souls were pining. I can still hear him saying, as we scrambled over the 'bad bit' at the head of the long couloir—a more than perpendicular wall of ice, as ugly a place as aught chronicled in Alpine history—'It certainly is a glorious climb'."

In his account of their successful climb, a year afterwards Mummery remarks, "Immediately opposite were the gaunt crags we had tried to scale, and we recognised, with a feeling akin to pain, that from our furthest point the ridge could have been reached, in two or three hours at most, and the summit won."

In 1893, Slingsby made the first ascent of the Dent du Requin, one of the last of the Chamounix Aiguilles to succumb, with Mummery, Hastings and Collie; *vide* Collie's paper, A.J. XVII., 9, read at the December meeting of the Alpine Club. Former attempts by the N.W. arête having failed at the foot of the final tower, it was decided to try to cross the face underneath it and finish the climb by the S.E. arête. Having carefully examined the face through telescopes under varying conditions of light, they determined to climb the N.W. arête as others had done; then descend to a snow-patch some distance down the face, traverse across what seemed a perpendicular crag to the bottom of two extremely steep gullies, then ascend a great buttress of granite by these and finish by the sharp eastern arête. Just before they turned in for the night a thin film of mist floated by the snow-patch and disappeared behind a tooth of rock, invisible from below; in doing so it showed the face was much more broken than it appeared and the traverse seemed almost a certainty—and so it proved in their successful ascent next day.

In the English Lake District, Slingsby effected many new climbs with Haskett Smith, Hastings, the Hopkinsons, Jones, Solly and others; but as most of the members of the Fell and Rock Club are familiar with these, it does not seem necessary to allude to them here. He also joined in various climbs in Skye, on the cliffs of Ben Nevis and on other mountains of Scotland; nor did he neglect the exploration of the caves and pot-holes of Yorkshire.

He was a member of the following clubs, &c.: Alpine Club, elected in 1880 (Committee 1889, Vice-President 1906); Scottish Mountaineering Club, 1896; Subscriber to the New Zealand Alpine Club; One of the founders of the Climbers' Club, 1898 (Committee 1898–1901, President 1904–1906); Hon. Member of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, 1892 (President 1893–1903); Original Hon. Member of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club (President 1910–1912); Hon. Member of the Rucksack Club, 1906; Member of the Norske Turist Forening. He was also a Member of the Société de la Spéléologie; and a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, 1893.

With such a record it seems hardly necessary to say that he was an accomplished all-round climber. His rock climbing was cat-like. I never saw him on ice. Light and active on his feet, with great powers of endurance, he was one of those ardent explorers that infected others with his enthusiasm. He not only made many enduring friendships among the foremost band of climbers but he was always ready to stretch out a helping hand to beginners.

During the early days of guideless climbing there was a good deal of criticism of those who practised it, the older climbers thought it was leading the inexperienced into danger. Now no one was more ready to take on beginners than Slingsby, and his good nature did sometimes lead him into difficulties on such occasions; but he had a wonderful power of inspiring confidence, and his unfailing care and patience prevented any untoward consequences. Perhaps he was lucky; but may we not rather infer that his impulsive nature was endowed with such a sensitive sympathy that he knew instinctively those whom he could trust? For he was always so truly interested in other people that he seemed more intent on their doings than on his own.

In his native village he was beloved by all. He played the organ in the church, trained the choir, and spent his evenings in getting up concerts and entertainments during the winter seasons. He was always happy. Even towards the end, when his memory began to fail, he remained cheerful and content; happy in watching the changing moods of nature which recalled broken memories of his earlier days; happy in watching the

birds, the flowers, and the passing clouds and sunshine. I like to think that—

> His spirit, passing like a summer breeze
> That draws its fragrance from the heather slopes,
> Still wanders on to greet the tufted grass
> Within the crevices of some high rock
> Where distant views entrance: Such natures show
> The peace of nations is no empty dream
> Beyond the reach of our humanity.

As I am probably the oldest friend of Cecil Slingsby who still survives and as he always seemed to be the embodiment of the best spirit which inspires lovers of fell and rock, a few words in the "Journal" of personal reminiscences from times long ago may not be unwelcome to members of the Club.

We always claimed cousinship—as a matter of fact, we were second cousins on the mother's side. My earliest recollection of him was when we went as children in the "fifties" to my grandfather's cottage at Airton, a pleasant little village in Airedale not far from Malham, and occasionally paid visits to the Slingsby family at Bell Busk. The earliest walks which we boys took together were over Malham Moors, Fountains Fell and Penyghent, and it was among the Yorkshire dales that the love of moorland, crag and crystal stream first struck those deep roots which nothing in after life could eradicate.

It is significant that Slingsby's title to be a great mountain explorer is from his expeditions in Norway, where he was a pioneer when the higher ranges of that country were still almost unknown. The Craven district of Yorkshire and parts of Westmorland and Cumberland and their inhabitants have a certain similarity to Norway and the Norsemen. The "by" in family and place names, the fells, the crags, the becks, the "towns," the "thwaites," are all Scandinavian.

Others who shared with him in his more important expeditions will no doubt write full accounts of his work, but one cannot forget that most interesting first ascent of Mjölnir (Thor's Hammer), near Dale, where his name was long remembered.

It was made with my brother Charles in 1883 and is described in Slingsby's book on Norway. I never had the advantage of climbing with him there, but to follow any of his footsteps among the Norwegian mountains always meant to receive a hearty welcome. Anyone who had the privilege of visiting him in later years in his beautiful home on Whitbarrow will understand the kind of simple charm which left such happy memories of him wherever he went. Though no one was a more expert mountaineer in those days, he was always ready to let others lead if he thought it would amuse them, but to take the place of real difficulty wherever there was a call for it. Cheerful, courageous and full of the spirit of adventure, knowing thoroughly the craft of the climber, with wide experience among the hills of his homeland, in the Alps and far away north to the Lofoten Islands, he was an ideal comrade and those who knew him for more than half-a-century ever found him a truly faithful and affectionate friend.

ALFRED HOPKINSON.

First ascents in the Lake District in which W.C.S. took part:

North Climb, Pillar Rock, Savage Gully exit, hand traverse.
Slingsby's Chimney, Scafell.
Slingsby's Pinnacle, Doe Crag.
Great Gully, Doe Crag.
Gouldon Gully, Coniston.
Eagle's Nest Arête, The Napes.
Arrowhead Ridge, The Napes.
Mouse Ghyll, Borrowdale.

C. H. OLIVERSON

In the early days of "Fell and Rock," about 1903, when the climbs on Gimmer Crag were being explored, Oliverson was brimful of enthusiasm and did an immense amount of real useful pioneer work; always thorough and painstaking he was a most

C. H. OLIVERSON.

reliable climbing companion; his article on *The Rope*, Vol. 1, No. 2, page 169, with photos taken to demonstrate how to use the rope is very instructive and capably written; his words of advice and caution to beginners are just as applicable to-day.

He was elected a member of Committee in 1908 and as Vice-President in 1921–2.

A splendid type of athlete, he was famous in Kendal football and hockey teams. As a fell walker those of us who had days on the fells with him remember his marvellous pace and steady stride; he was a genial and kind companion, well versed in knowledge of engineering; in latter years he took a great interest in Motor Reliability trials and was for several seasons captain of The Westmorland Motor Club. He died after a brief illness May 22nd, 1929, and was interred at Goosnargh, near Preston.

He is survived by his widow, two sons, and two daughters, to whom we tender our sympathy in their great loss.—D.L.

T. D. BUTTERCASE

MRS. W. G. PAPE

Mrs. Pape never became a member of the Club, but she frequently attended meets with her husband and was well-known to all of us. It seems more fitting, therefore, that we should remember her among the In Memoriam notices of our own members than among those less intimate tributes which we pay elsewhere. She will be much missed in the Club; and all who knew her and her husband will want to give him very sincere and respectful sympathy.

K.C.C.

EDITOR'S NOTES

Let those who complain that Lakeland has been searched with a magnifying glass for fresh crags and that there is no new thing under the sun—or rain—hold their peace. During 1929, two crags of importance have been explored. These are described in detail elsewhere. Suffice it to say here that the one was well-known to literary and guide-book fame some hundred years ago. (It is a reflection no doubt on the spirit of the age that it was rediscovered by the climber *as motorist* and not by the same climber as scholar!) The other was found out by a somewhat indecisive party who reconnoitred it very tentatively and put it off until another and a longer and a warmer day. They have since been regretting their weak-kneedness—but one of them at any rate has found some consolation in wielding the editorial scissors—so that pitches which would certainly not have come within the editorial climbing span may come within the span of the Journal!

1929 has also seen various "feats of endurance." Two of these are detailed elsewhere.

It has been noticeable that one of the chief topics of discussion in newspapers during the last year has been the question of how best the English countryside may be saved from the evils that go hand in hand with an industrial civilisation. The subject closely touches Lakelanders and those of us who have the Lake District for our holiday home. We make no apology therefore for devoting a certain amount of space in this number of the Journal to a survey of the work that is being done at the present time and has been done in the past towards keeping the Lakes unspoilt and the agencies through which individuals can help. In this connection, members will be interested to know that representatives from the Club gave evidence before the Government Committee on National Parks. Unfortunately, we are precluded from publishing this evidence by the desire of the Committee who wish it to remain private while the whole question is still *sub judice*. However, our representatives, Dr. Burnett, Messrs. K. Spence and R. S. T. Chorley, were well

pleased with the reception accorded them and the interest shown in the scheme put forward for safeguarding the Lakes for all time from the eyesores of industrialism in its various phases of villa-building, racetrack roadmaking, pylon-planting, etc.

The mention of pylons leads to the question of Keswick and its neighbourhood. It is satisfactory to note that the project for putting the masts over Whinlatter has been scotched, but the efforts of the Keswick community to keep the immediate environs of Keswick free have not been successful. After much anxiety and discussion, the matter was left in the hands of the National Trust to negotiate with the Electricity Commissioners. As a result of this negotiation, a somewhat meagre concession was secured and agreed to by the National Trust. By this concession, it appears that a short length of cable would be laid underground, round Keswick town, but the valley and Latrigg would be disfigured. The question, however, is still undecided, for Keswick is determined not to throw up the sponge so easily.

Reference was made last year in these notes to the Nag's Head at Wythburn. The building is still standing and will remain on condition that it is no longer used as an inn.

Members who are particularly interested in this question of preserving Lakeland will be glad to know that an afternoon was actually saved for a discussion of the subject from the crowded programme of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, meeting at Glasgow.

At the New Year's Meet 1929, some officers of the Club and Committee members interviewed the Head Forester of The Ennerdale Afforestation scheme when arrangements were made for stiles and paths at suitable places through the plantations so that the Pillar might be easily approached from the valley and Buttermere. Unfortunately, these arrangements do not appear to have been carried out.

During the year, the Club has lost another ex-President—perhaps the most lovable and best loved of any—William Cecil Slingsby. We should also wish to pay tribute to the late H. V. Reade, whose name is associated with our crags, though he was never a member of the Club, to Samuel Turner, who has died in New Zealand, and to Captain Farrer. Though never a Cumber-

land climber, Captain Farrer's services to mountaineering make it fitting that his name should be recorded here.

In the early winter, Miss Edmondson died very suddenly at Buttermere. It seemed lonely to come at New Year and find the place vacant of her beneficent presence. She was the best of hostesses. Fortunately for us, her nieces are carrying on in the old tradition, and made the New Year Party as comfortable and happy as ever in the past.

The Stretcher Sub-Committee report that they have advanced considerably the evolution of the perfect stretcher. None the less, they hope that their theories may never need to be put on trial.

A certain difficulty has been met with by "novice" members and those who do not "lead" themselves in getting on to the crags. Naturally, "novices" or "passengers" with common modesty do not like to ask for a place on the rope of experienced climbers; equally naturally the experienced, who would be quite glad to help, may not realise that the novices are only panting for a chance to get on the crags. This difficulty was aired and seems to have been successfully overcome at two or three meets when a notice board was put up in the hotel with the suggestion that those who wanted leaders should put down their names, while those who were ready to lead were asked to add theirs. In this way everyone who wanted a climb was happily provided for. It is hoped that the practice will be continued.

Good luck to the Wayfarers and their Club hut in Langdale. It was a most friendly gesture of theirs to offer us its hospitality.

We understand that the lantern slide collection is improving, but too slowly. Perhaps some of our photographer members will take note and help to bring it up-to-date.

We are right glad to welcome back Mrs. Seatree as a member.

Inter-Club marriage: E. Mary Anson and A. J. Jackson. Congratulations and good wishes to them both.

CLIMBS, OLD AND NEW

From the Club Books and Elsewhere

By H. S. Gross

The "Annual Stocktaking" has yielded little that is new, as far as the old, well-known crags are concerned. However, the "discovery" and thorough exploration of two "new" crags, shows that much is still possible to the very keen.

Black Crag, in Wind Gap Cove, Ennerdale, must be known to many who have passed it *en route* from Pillar to Red Pike. In fact it has been visited previously—the explorers found scratches at some points—but it is interesting to find that such a number of routes has so long gone unrecorded.

"The Castle Rock of Triermain" might be the title of an exciting novel—actually, it is a crag in the Thirlmere Valley, and in plain view of the main Keswick road.

WASTDALE. "Fellwalking." Ascended all the 3,000-foot summits (eight of them) in 24 hours. 1–2/12/28. G.G.M.

Visited *Tower Buttress, *Scawfell Pinnacle, Scawfell Summit, Lingmell, *Napes Needle, Gt. Gable, *Gable Crag Pinnacle, *Pillar Rock, in one day (sunset 3–45 p.m.). 8/12/28. G.G.M.

ESK BUTTRESS. From the waiting room, above the fourth pitch, a grass ledge, starting from the level of the top of a pinnacle, was followed to the right until an extremely difficult traverse of 15 feet was made across a vertical wall in the direction of an 8-inch cube of red rock. This requires careful use as a handhold for the next move, and a further traverse of great difficulty to the left leads to a belay above a rotten chimney, and at the foot of the final chimney. C. F. Kirkus (non-member) A.B.H. 11/6/29.

BLACK CRAG In Wind Gap Cove, Ennerdale. The crag is reached *via* Wind Gap, by traversing the screes to the

*Inaccessible to ordinary fell-walkers, as per Presidential Speech at the Annual Dinner 1928.

left and slightly down into Ennerdale. The main mass is 300–350 feet high and remarkably clean and sound. It is composed chiefly of slabs which lean like those on Scawfell.

The climbs are described from East to West, viewed from the front and "up."

Main Ridge Climb. 300–350 feet. Climbed in boots. Classification, "very difficult." Leader requires 70-feet of rope. The climb starts at the lowest point of the main crag and is the first to be seen when approaching from Wind Gap. There is a cairn at the foot of the climb.

(1) 50 feet. A difficult buttress.
(2) Cross grass ledge to the right and over a gully to the foot of a ridge. Belay. From here the climb goes direct.
(3) 20 feet of easy rocks.
(4) 60 feet scrambling.
(5) 25 feet. Difficult sloping ledges.
(6) Walk up rock glacis and climb 15-foot crack ahead.
(7) 30 feet of rather more difficult climbing lead to the top

pitches 5, 6, and 7 were nail marked. E.W.J., A.W.J., E.W.M., W.G.H. 26/6/29.

Lower Slabs Climb. Climbed in rubbers. Very difficult. From the cairn climb a groove on the left to a narrow rock ledge. This is traversed for 10 feet to a belay on the right, then straight up to the left to a perch and belay. The route then lies to the left and up an arête to finish. E.W.J., A.W.J., E.W.M., W.G.H. 26/6/29.

Direct Route. Rubbers. Severe. From the cairn climb direct to a small grass ledge, then directly up, slightly to the right of a thin crack. After 8 feet go to the left two steps, on the left of a shallow groove on side holds. The route proceeds direct on friction footholds to a crack which is climbed for 6 feet. There are two good handholds at the top. Thence to the belay and easy going for 55 feet. The second pitch is the same as for the first route. E.W.J., C.J.A.C., A.W.J., W.G.H. 27/6/29.

The third pitch and direct finish (done 28/6/29) starts from the belay block. Traverse diagonally up to the right on small holds finishing on the right-hand corner. Two places appear

unsafe, but were well tested. Beyond the second block two or three bad steps are encountered owing to the overhang. E.W.J., W.G.H.

Left Central Slab Climb. Severe. Rubbers. The climb crosses the North face from right to left, the last two pitches being at the foot of an overhanging wall.

(1) 30 feet. Direct to large block belay; difficult overhang at 20 feet.

(2) 40 feet. From belay traverse right to slab trending left. A small belay is found on a well gardened stance at the top of the slab.

(3) 50 feet. Climb the face above and a similar slab going to the left, to a large grass ledge with a rock belay. The pitch is exposed but has good holds.

(4) 30 feet. Mossy slab to a smaller grass ledge and belay.

(5) 20 feet. Slab.

E.W.J., W.G.H., A.W.J. 28/6/29.

Overhanging Slab Climb. Rubbers. Severe. The climb starts between Left Central Slab Climb and Central Slab Climb and is about 80-feet long.

Cairn:

(1) 40 feet. Climb up ridge to left of main slab until a grass stance and doubtful belay is reached. (A piton was used to belay the leader at this point).

(2) 50 feet. From the stance climb down 4 feet and traverse to a slab on the right. Climb the slab and at the overhanging top work out to the left corner where a flake can be grasped to enable the climber to ascend the final 6-foot slab. This part of the climb is the most difficult and is very exposed.

E.W.J., W.G.H., A.W.J. 28/6/29.

(From the top of the pitch it might be possible to "stomach traverse" to the left down a ledge and climb a 25-foot slab to a wall).

Central Slab Climb. Rubbers. Mostly severe. The slabs commence at the bottom corner of the main rock and run up to the left for about 250 feet.

Cairn :

(1) 40 feet. Moderate climbing to a grassy corner.
(2) 60 feet. Climb the slab on the left to a belay.
(3) 50 feet. Very difficult slab.
(4) 45 feet. Difficult climbing to the crest of a ridge.
(5) 55 feet. A crack in a slab to the left is climbed to a good ledge and a final slab leads to the top.

E.W.J., A.W.J., E.W.M., W.G.H. 25/6/29.

TOWER BUTTRESS : Left-hand Route. A chain of small buttresses was climbed from the bottom of the crag to the lowest point of Tower Buttress. The point can be identified by a poised block 8-feet high. The slab above was climbed, and an attempt to climb the wall failed.

Right-hand Route. 200 feet. Rubbers. Very difficult.

Cairn :

(1) 70 feet. Slab either moderate or severe.
(2) 30 feet. Climb the right edge of the buttress to a belay.
(3) 60 feet. Traverse left to the top of an overhanging nose on the skyline and climb to a ledge below the top slabs.
(4) 25 feet. Slab.
(5) 15 feet. Slab. Severe.

Scrambling to summit.

E.W.J., C.J.A.C., A.W.J., W.G.H. 26/6/29.

Climbs in West Gully. Difficult. Boots. The gully divides Tower Buttress from the West Buttress.

(1) 30 feet. Cave pitch climbed on the left.
(2) 20 feet. Climb the right-hand corner of the block ahead.
(3) 25 feet. Back and foot over vegetation to a large cave.
(4) 25 feet. Cave pitch climbed on left up to belay blocks.
(5) 35 feet. Back and foot to chock passed by slab on right.
(6) 40 feet. Scrambling.

A.W.J., W.G.H. 28/6/29.

Crack, Chimney and Slab. Difficult and strenuous. Boots. From the foot of the first pitch in the gully traverse right to the foot of a sloping crack.

(1) 30 feet. Crack; climbed facing right with left arm in crack. Belay.

(2) 45 feet. Chimney. Through route, mostly back and foot work. Belay on the chockstone.
(3) 35 feet. Slab on left of chimney. (Climbed on rope from above, after having been 7 hours on the rocks).
A.W.J., W.G.H. 28/6/29.

West Buttress Climbs. Left-hand Route. Difficult. Boots. Cairn :
(1) 25 feet. Moderate climbing to belay.
(2) 30 feet. Up to grassy corner. No belay.
(3) 20 feet. Diagonal traverse to the left. Belay.
(4) 35 feet. Work to the right for 10 feet then straight up the ridge.
(5) 35 feet. Up rib ahead to a belay.
(6) 25 feet. Rib. Climbed either on right or left.
(7) 25 feet of easy rock.
A.W.J., E.W.J., C.J.A.C., W.G.H.

Right-hand Route. 190 feet. Artificial. Difficult. Boots. Cairn :
(1) 30 feet to stance and belay.
(2) 50 feet slab climbed by crack on left and then straight ahead.
(3) 15 feet traverse to the right on to a rib and in another 30 feet a belay is found.
(4) 20 feet. A rib on the left.
A.W.J., E.W.J., C.J.A.C., W.G.H. 26/6/29.

PILLAR ROCK. Savage Gully. "The last handhold before crossing the rib on to the grass ledge 40 feet up, appeared to be dangerously loose."

KERN KNOTTS CHAIN. J.A.M., N.R. First traverse by a lady. 2/9/29.

SCAWFELL :
Central Buttress.
Direct Route to Moss Ledge. J.A.M., N.R. First ascent by a lady. 27/8/29.
Central Route. Deep Ghyll Slabs. J.A.M., N.R. First ascent by a lady. 26/5/29.

CONISTON :

Doe Crags.

Eliminate " B." J.A.M., N.R. First ascent by a lady. 13/5/29.

Eliminate "A". J.A.M., N.R. First ascent by a lady. 12/6/29.

Girdle Traverse. J.A.M., N.R. Second traverse—first by a lady. 25/6/29.

Black Wall. J.A.M., N.R. First ascent by a lady. 17/7/29.

Eliminate " C." J.A.M., N.R. First ascent by a lady. 23/6/29.

Gt. Central Route. J.A.M., N.R. A. Walmsley (non-member). First ascent by a lady. 23/6/29.

Great Gully. " The top pitch of Great Gully has collapsed and is now a mass of loosely poised boulders."

LANGDALE : Gimmer Crag.

Hiatus. J.A.M., N.R., A. Walmsley (non-member).

The Crack. J.A.M., N.R., A. Walmsley (non-member). First ascents by a lady. 14/7/29.

" TRAVERSE OF GIMMER CRAG."

The South-East lower traverse was followed as far as " Amen Corner." Just round the corner to the left of the latter is a narrow crack which was "Amened " with the feet on the right wall, until it was possible to swing round on to a sloping platform on the right, about 12 feet up. Starting from the top left-hand corner of the platform is a small ledge about 3 inches wide which was followed up and to the left for about 30 feet. Here an airy right-angled corner was reached. This was passed by moving slightly downwards and utilizing a small incut hold round the corner for the left hand. The climber swings round and, after changing hands, footholds were reached from which a long stride was made to the left. This gives on to a point halfway up the second pitch of " C " route, which was followed as far as a ledge at the end of the gangway. Having brought up the second man, the leader descended " C" for three feet. Then, starting with hands on a large flake on the left, he made an upward traverse, arriving at the top of " Forty-Foot Corner." This was descended as far as the belay at the top of the second pitch of Oliverson's variation. Taking off from the top of the belay, a downwards traverse was made on small holds, until it was possible to enter a small right-angled corner which was

climbed straight up for 30 feet, landing at the belay at the foot of Lichen Chimney. From the top of the belay a horizontal traverse was made for 40 feet across a vertical wall until the crack on " D " route was reached at the top of the first pitch. A finish was made up " D " route. It is possible that portions of this route are new. J.A.M., N.R. 8/8/29.

THE CASTLE ROCK OF TRIERMAIN. This crag is at the foot of the western spur of Watson's Dodd on the Helvellyn range, near the North end of Thirlmere and about 5 miles from Keswick by road. It consists of three parts—a broken-up northern portion, a large imposing central portion not yet climbed in spite of several attempts, and a southern part on which the following climbs have been made. The South Castle Rock faces West, but has a short face to the South.

Slab Climb This short climb is on the southern face at its western edge, and goes up a rib of rock to the left of a rowan tree. A slab is reached and climbed to a steep square-cut corner with a good finish, whence scrambling leads to the top. If this corner is too difficult, a traverse to the right facing the crag may be made to some turf above a holly tree (which may be used as a belay) and the wall above provides an easier finish. The climb is only about 60 feet long, but rubbers are recommended.

First ascent. 3/7/28. M.M.B., G.G.M. (variation).

Second ascent. 29/9/29. A.T.H., G.S.B., G.G.M. (direct).

Gangway Climb. At the southern end of the West face a cairn rests at the foot of a steep rib of rock, facing West. This rib is climbed till a recess is reached in 25 feet level with the start of the Slab Climb. From this, a step up to the left (facing the rock) leads to a gangway which is followed to a corner, whence the climb goes straight up to the top—an 80 feet runout. The climb was done in boots.

First ascent. 19/5/28. G.G.M., J. W. Baxter (J.M.C.S.).

Second ascent. 15/9/29. G.S.B., G.G.M.

Yew Tree Climb. Further North than the Gangway Climb a vegetation-filled groove is visible. From a point below this the

climb goes up diagonally to the left (facing the crag) over rough rock to a ledge with good belays. From here a rib of rock on the right is climbed over jammed blocks to a steep crack. By stepping to the right a massive yew tree may be reached and used as a belay, but the climb continues straight up for 60 feet, till an ash tree belay is reached. From this, a steep corner is climbed for a few feet to the summit. Done in boots.

First ascent. 31/3/28. G.G.M., M.M.B.

Second ascent. 19/5/28. G.G.M., J. W. Baxter (J.M.C.S.).

Direct Route. This starts at the foot of the crag to the right (facing the crag) of a dry stone wall which abuts on the rock. For the first 20 feet there is an overhang of about 2 degrees till a pedestal is reached. The angle eases off and the climb continues up and to the left until the conspicuous crack is gained, but it is better for the leader to climb up and to the right from the pedestal to reach the good stance and belay at the top of the first pitch of the Yew Tree Climb. After bringing the second here, a slight descent and traverse on a small ledge will enable the leader to regain the route at the foot of the crack. This crack is climbed past a sentry box—where a belay would be useful—and is steep. From the top of the crack, a finish is made up a steep little wall with "pigeon hole" holds, close to the finish of the Yew Tree Climb. The Direct Route has not yet been led throughout as a climb.

Scoop and Crack Climb. This route starts 35 feet north of the stone wall at the foot of the Direct Route, in a cairned recess. The thin crack on the right is climbed or an easier and less meritorious route on the left can be used to reach a large platform 30 feet up. There are good belays. The leader mounts a shelf formed by a jammed block, and climbs the scoop. The holds diminish, but there is a finishing hold far to the left of the corner at the top of the left-hand wall. A tree on the platform may be used as a belay. A traverse is made to the right along the platform and after crossing the tops of two small buttresses a narrow rising shelf is reached on the same level as, and 25 feet from, the top of the scoop. A poor belay exists here. From the far end of this shelf the leader climbs a small crack to

a point 20 feet up, where two belays invite the second's presence. The climb continues straight up the crack, but the angle eases off after 15 feet, and holds improve. A finish is made close to a massive rock, used as a belay and cairned. The climb is about 150 feet long, and vegetation can be avoided with care. Rubbers were used. First ascent. 3/7/28. G.G.M., M.M.B.

BUTTERMERE : Oxford and Cambridge Buttress. A variation was made at the start of this climb starting about 8 feet to the right of the usual route. Starting up the arête for 10 feet, a movement was made to the left on to a slab which brought one to a belay in about 20 feet. A swing round a corner on the right and a traverse for 8 feet; then up a vertical crack for 15 feet. The usual route is joined here.

The crack mentioned above was climbed straight from the gully.

18/8/29. M.M.B., M.B., S.W., C.J.M., Miss C. Jackson (non-member).

Slabs Climb. A direct start was made to the above climb, by a crack 25 feet to the right and considerably lower. It was found very wet and mossy. The usual route was joined here and followed for 20 feet. A traverse was then made to the left for 40 feet and a slab ascended directly for 20 feet. Poor belay. The rock above was very loose, so a traverse was again made on to the side of the crag. C.J.M., M.B.

At the foot of Slabs Chimney various climbs were made on three small pinnacles. The Pyramid furthest from the chimney yields a 30-foot climb up a block to an overhang—a difficult movement to the left on to a large block which proved to be loose, but resisted efforts to detach it. C.J.M., S.W.

BORROWDALE. A note dated May 23rd, 1929, is the only entry in this book. " When visiting Gable Crag with the intention of descending Central Gully, it was found that a large quantity of loose rock and earth had fallen from above the direct finish, and covered every hold with earth and stones. The fall had completely smashed the bridge rock at the bottom of the Gully; some rock at the top still looks very loose." K.W.

The following is the key to the initials used :—

G. G. Macphee	J. A. Musgrave
A. T. Hargreaves	Miss N. Ridyard
E. Wood-Johnson	J. Brady
A. Wood-Johnson	Miss M. M. Barker
Miss E. W. Milne	A. B. Hargreaves
W. G. Hennesey	G. S. Bower
C. J. A. Cooper	C. J. Mustchin
M. Beattie	S. Wilson

LONDON SECTION

LIST OF OFFICERS:
President: Dr. Chas. F. Hadfield.
Committee:

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

G. R. Speaker, Hon. Sec. & Treasurer, Abbotsmead, Twickenham.

All members are eligible for membership in the London Section on payment of a subscription of 2/6, due yearly on the 1st January.

The London Section has now become affiliated with the Commons, Open Spaces & Footpaths Preservation Society, and with the Federation of Rambling Clubs, in order to be more closely identified with, as well as to get the full protection of, these two societies, who aim to protect the amenities of the countryside, and more particularly the use of the footpaths in the immediate outskirts of London which are rapidly tending to disappear.

The Federation to which the London Section now belongs has fallen in with the suggestion of the Automobile Association that in order to minimize risks to pedestrians an urgent appeal be made that in all cases where there is no footpath, pedestrians, whether alone or in company, should keep to the right-hand side of the road facing the oncoming traffic, so that they can see and be seen at all times of the day. At the same time motorists are being asked by the Automobile Association to pass pedestrians by driving to the offside.

The following is a summary of the activities of the Section during 1929:—

Sunday, January 20th—Walk of about 15 miles, led by G. C. M. L. Pirkis, from Chelsfield to Merstham, via Green Street Green, Westerham Hill, Tatsfield, Marden Park, and White Hill.

Sunday, February 10th—A circular walk of about 11 miles, from High Wycombe through Bradenham and Hampden, led by W. P. Haskett-Smith.

Sunday, March 3rd—Walk led by R. H. Hewson, from Kings Langley via Chipperfield Common, Flaunden, Ashley Green, and Bovingdon, to Boxmoor.

Sunday, March 24th—A forest walk between Brookwood and Ascot, led by George Anderson.

Sunday, April 14th—Walk of about 15 miles, led by A. Godwin from Knebworth via Shephall, Benington, Watton, and Burnham Green, to Welwyn North.

Sunday, May 12th—A walk from Merstham, via White Hill, Marden Park, Tandridge, Tilburstow Hill, Bletchingley, to Redhill. About 15 miles. Led by G. C. M. L. Pirkis.

Wednesday, May 29th—An evening stroll around Elstree.

Sunday, June 9th—Walk led by Miss D. E. Thompson, from West Wycombe, via Cadmore End Common, Moor End, Shillingridge Wood, and Bovingdon Green, to Marlow.

Sunday, June 23rd—Members at the invitation of Mrs. Hadfield foregathered at The Dove House, Dunmow, for tea, and returned subsequently to London from Bishop's Stortford.

Saturday, June 29th—Night walk on the South Downs, led by H. C. Amos.

Wednesday, July 10th—Evening stroll in and around Richmond Park, led by George Anderson.

Sunday, July 14th—Walk in the Burnham Beeches district, led by R. H. Hewson.

Sunday, September 22nd—A circular walk from Luton, via Barton Hills and Ravensburgh Castle, led by A. F. Godwin.

Saturday, October 6th—Club Annual Meeting and Dinner at Windermere.

Sunday, October 20th—A walk led by Mrs. Garrod, from Tring, via Pitstone Hill, Ivinghoe Beacon, Icknield Way, and Dunstable Downs, to Dunstable. About 11 miles.

Tuesday, November 12th—A lantern lecture by F. S. Smythe, on "Climbing in the Mont Blanc Range and Dolomites," enlarging on comparative methods.

Sunday, November 17th—A 12-mile walk from Wendover to Chesham, led by R. H. Hewson.

Saturday, December 7th—Tenth Annual Dinner of the London Section. The completion of the President's tenth year of office was made the occasion for an exceptionally large gathering of members and their friends (131 in all) The guests of the evening were Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C., M.P., Mr. Arnold Lunn, Mr. T. Howard Somervell, Mr. F. S. Smythe, and M. J. Morin, G.H.M., and their health was proposed by G. H. Doughty. Each member was presented with an artist's proof of a woodcut of The Needle, the work of Margaret Pilkington; a limited number remains, which the Secretary will be pleased to present to such members as were unable to attend the function this year.

Sunday, December 8th—A cross country walk from Ashstead, via Walton-on-the-Hill to Buckland Hills, thence on to Reigate, was led by G. R. Speaker, and members and their friends were received by Mr. and Mrs. Holland at their school, The Rock, Reigate Hill, and generously entertained to a Cumberland tea.