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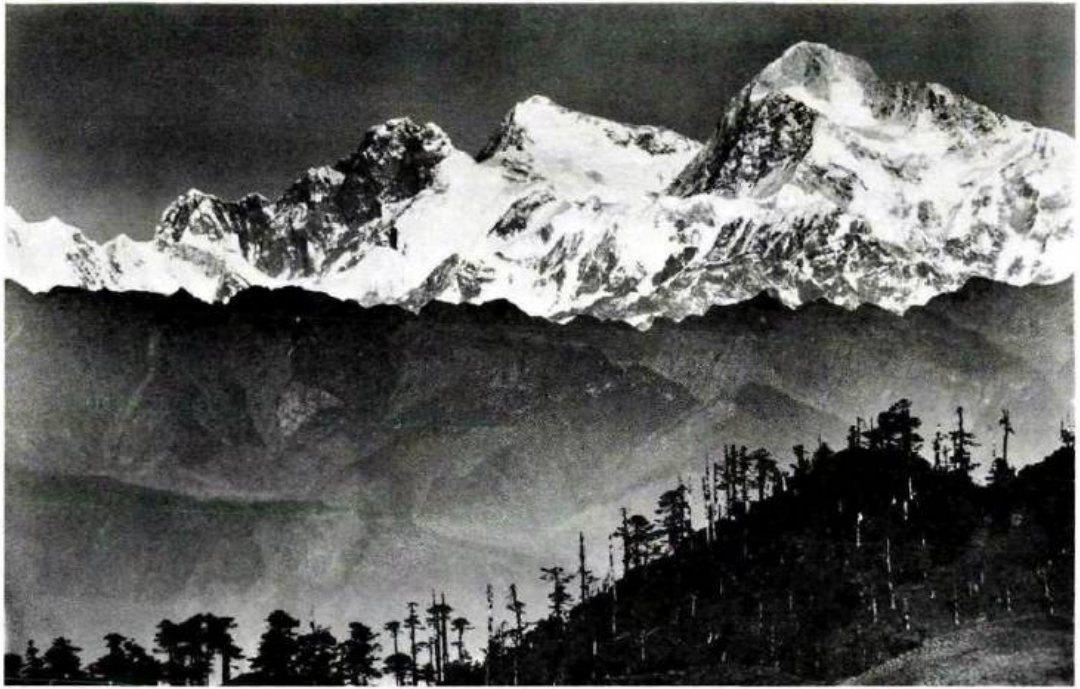
Photos h 7. L. Longland*

CAMP I (17,800 ft.).
Showing SNOUT of EAST ROXGBUK GLACIER.

RIDGE OF NORTH COL.
Porters on their way to Camp V.

TELEPHONE BOOTH ON CREST OF N. COL.
Wyn Harris telephoning to Camp III.



EVEREST
(MAKALU on right.)

THEN—AND NOW

By C. F. HOLLAND

There is a saying, venerable in its antiquity," that the onlooker sees most of the game." This, of course, can be argued, but is probably true in the main. What has to be taken into consideration is the character of the onlooker, his freedom from bias, his knowledge of the game, and whether his experience is practical or merely theoretical.

My excuses for writing about modern rock climbing from the point of view of an onlooker are that I am entirely free from bias, not a *laudator temporis acti;* have sufficient practical experience to understand how greatly the art of rock climbing has advanced of recent years, and a love for the game, the noblest game of all, that will, I trust, disarm criticism. With a child-like belief that these softening words will avail to turn aside the wrath of those who will disagree, now is the moment at which to tackle the question of the new guides, apparently a controversial matter. I cannot remember any mutterings of discontent or disapproval when the original guides were projected and eventually produced. There was, of course, criticism. One guide was too humorous, another not humorous enough; one too cold-blooded in its meticulous accuracy, another too vague in its details; one over-emphatic as to difficulty, another not emphatic enough, and so on *ad nauseam.*

What those who planned the original guides probably did not take into consideration was the inevitable fate awaiting them, that of becoming out of date, and that once official guides had been produced their supercession by new ones would be a matter not merely of desirability, but of imperative necessity.

There is a statement in one of these guides which runs as follows : " With regard to the future, the effect of the production of a guide, and incidentally the highest justification of its existence, seems to be the stimulus it gives to battalions of cumbers to try and make it out of date as soon as possible. This is an eminently desirable result."

Speaking personally, I rejoice that the Club is putting out its utmost effort to bring out a new and up-to-date series, and as

the compiler of one of the " Old Contemptibles," my only feeling is one of gratitude at having been given the privilege of helping to make a start, and at filling a space somewhere in the foundations of the temple.

It is eminently a matter for congratulation on the part of all concerned that the present generation is making such a notable advance over the achievement of its predecessors. The reason for the advance recently made seems fairly obvious, namely, that the experts of today are tackling in exposed positions problems that the great men of the past attempted only when found on boulders where collapse was unlikely to have serious consequences. Many years ago, after watching Herford perform on what seemed some particularly hard boulders near Ogwen, I put the question as to whether such severities were met with on climbs, his answer being that no one would tackle such pitches in an exposed situation.

There is no doubt that nowadays this is not so, and that exposure is reckoned as of comparatively slight moment. It is equally certain that the higher standard of difficulty thus attained has made all the old guides out of date. As Walt Whitman said : " It is provided in the essence of things that from any fruition of success, no matter what, shall come forth something to make a greater struggle necessary."

His is " The Song of the Open Road," and our tigers of today have opened a new road stretching out into hitherto unknown country the limits of which cannot yet be discerned.

A few years ago our English climbing grounds were supposedly worked out, and had lost much of their mystery and glamour, and now this has come back to them, and romance has once again draped her veil over the crags and their undiscovered sanctuaries.

The much-discussed Keswick guides, to throw another stone into the waters of controversy, are also doing a most useful work in attracting to the rocks large numbers who would otherwise remain in the valleys, and if they left them would adhere rigidly to well-beaten tracks. A certain percentage of these is sure to be bitten with desire for further knowledge of the crags and prove a source from which will come an influx of competent climbers. Is the Club going to take up some such attitude as would be adopted by a synod of bishops towards a body of

dissenters, or are we going to extend to them the right hand of friendship and help them in every way we can ?

Some years ago a proposal was put before the committee that a band of official leaders should be organised to help young persons who wished to climb; the idea was that there should be two or three to each climbing ground to take on the training of novices and ensure their development on right lines.

There were at the time a number of youths who were starting on their own, and who obviously were in grave need of instruction on technical matters, particularly with regard to rope management. Some of these lads were extremely good on the rocks, but their methods, when in a party, were fraught with danger, not only to themselves, but also to *disinterested* persons anywhere near them.

This proposal was turned down, almost without discussion, on the ground that if any accident occurred the Club would be blamed. Is it possible that there is a danger of our coming to regard the rocks as our private possession, and people who approach them in unorthodox fashion as trespassers ?

A perusal of the statement of Club ideals as originally drafted will convince that this idea was most emphatically not in the minds of those who founded it; we are a brotherhood of catholic sympathy, and our doors should be open to all who wish to enter, the only qualification, love for the fells and a desire for the peace that is among the lonely hills.

A club like ours that is so essentially a brotherhood is above jealousy ; in our ranks there is room for every shade of opinion, and all who love the hills, in what way soever, are our brothers and with us in spirit.

And what of the future ? Past generations have in their time believed that the limit of achievement has been reached, and that nothing further has been left for those who come after. The present generation has certainly gone ahead of its precursors, and the fact that it has done so points to the probability that its efforts will be surpassed in the future; this will not mean that the climbers of the future will be any greater than those of the present, any more than our experts of today are intrinsically any better than the famous men of our yesterdays. There must have been a considerable improvement of technique in many directions, but the spirit that is the driving force is the same

today as yesterday and as tomorrow, and it is this spirit that matters. This is not confined to the courage and determination that has animated and inspired so many and that is certainly no greater today than it was in the early days.

But while this spirit is driving climbers on to ever higher achievements, building up on the work accomplished by earlier generations, is it not possible that there may be other directions in which expansion may take place ? Is all progress to be confined to the efforts of the young and brilliant of each generation as it comes, while those who have had their day slip back into the comfortable ease of middle age and unadventurous life, growing ever more flabby and feeble in nerve and sinew, and disinclined for exertion, the memories of the wild romance of youth becoming ever dimmer and more remote, until they become as a tale that is told and forgotten ? If this is so, climbing takes its place among the other games that can only be indulged in by the young with any success.

It is impossible to agree that climbing is on this low level and confined within the limits of the current athletic pastimes, or that it has not an infinitely higher value than any of these.

On what lines then is development possible for those who are past the zenith of their physical powers, or cannot spare the time for the practice so essential for preserving their efficiency ?

The answer to this question must be sought among the various attitudes of mind that are taken to mountains and the reactions that we get from our relations with them. How extraordinarily these vary every climber of experience knows, not only among different men, but among individuals, and it is to be observed that in the latter case they usually follow certain definite lines. The first flush of enthusiasm manifests itself in a craze for doing everything listed, working up from moderates to climbs of the higher grades of difficulty till everything has been ticked off; this develops normally into a preference for climbs of great severity, with a rapid increase of technical proficiency and a feeling almost of contempt for anything not of the highest standard.

As time passes interest gradually wanes, climbing holidays become fewer and farther apart, the standard is lowered, and after a while the climber ceases to avail himself of the opportunities he might have had or made, and the rocks know

him no more. He probably attends climbing dinners and reads the journals with an interest ever more perfunctory as the years pass, but the rocks cease to have any value for him, nor has he any further value for them. This is a definite loss of value on both sides, and obviously something has been missed by the way in his career, something of the utmost value, something that is not open to the view, but requires to be looked for with care, something that cannot be identified with any one aspect of climbing, physical well-being, conquest of difficulties, appreciation of natural beauty, but is part of all of them, running like a thread of gold through all experience, the nerve that gives them life, and without which they have no real meaning or value.

As Whitman says, " It is only the kernel of every object that nourishes," and we must tear off the husks to get at it.

To tear off the husks is no easy matter, for they are not easily recognisable as husks. There is the attitude which regards the mountains as a sort of glorified gymnasium, and concentrates on the pleasure of physical exertion on them and the feeling of health and strength that they give, a concentration on material benefit; also that which has as its source the enjoyment of the companionship of friends under ideal conditions, and which is dependent on the presence of the right party and the absence of any passing element, when again there is an intrusion of personal consideration, an element of selfishness.

Then there is the attitude that takes the character of the climb as a criterion, regarding it as a series of problems, conforming or otherwise to a personal idea as to what constitutes a good climb ; again, one in which a regard for self and personal predilection predominates, and may even be allowed to spoil the happiness of others.

How often one has known the poise of a party and the peace of a day upset by people who allow no leisure, but are always insisting on rushing on to the next thing ; or by someone who is annoyed by the methods of another member of the party who does not conform to his ideas as to what is correct; or by a companion who grumbles at the character of the climbing and voices his discontent; in fact, may not oneself have been guilty of all these misdemeanours at one time or another ?

It is husks such as these which should be torn off, must be torn off if the gold thread is to be discovered, for they savour

of the personal and the selfish outlook, which is alien to the mountains and climbing.

Yet another attitude, and a less common one this, is that of the man who looks on his relations with the crags in the light of a personal contest, like all-in wrestling, in which the strength of the climber should be strained to the utmost limit against his opponent. Apart from the dangers of a duel of this nature, the idea of the rocks as an adversary, and of a personal triumph over them, is incompatible with the spirit of climbing, and can lead to no advancement in understanding the deeper side of our relations with them.

The high places have higher gifts to offer us than the material ones of health, friendship, happy memories, or personal success ; but they are only to be possessed by those who are on the look out for them, realise that they are to be had, and ardently desire them.

Let us in the imagination transfer ourselves to Wasdale, and in the mellow sunlight and lengthening shadows of a summer evening wander in leisurely fashion up the slopes of Brown Tongue to the rock-strewn recesses of Hollow Stones, and selecting some secluded nook facing the crags, rest for a while in lonely contemplation. Let us relax completely and allow all the preoccupations, worries and anxieties of our every-day life, the burden that we carry with us and find so difficult to lay down, to slip gradually out of our minds and off our tired shoulders.

As the quiet deepens and the perception strengthens, with the evening glow on the crags, the sense of the passage of time vanishes, and we are coming into the old companionship again as some words of Whitman float across the consciousness : " From all that has touched you I believe you have imparted to yourselves, and now would impart the same secretly to me, from the living and the dead you have peopled your impassive surfaces, and the spirits thereof would be evident and amicable with me." Surely there are figures moving on the great slabs, figures of the friends with whom we used to climb long ago on rocks that are friendly too ? Faint and far, like the horns of elfland, there seems to come floating across the luminous evening air a message from the crags, a message of hope and comfort and an inspiration for the future, a message without words, but conveying a sequence of impressions such as might be suggested

by distant music. The mind gathers these impressions, more felt than heard, and clothes them in words, inadequate though these are to give more than the bare outline of the message.

" Hullo, old friend, it gives us great happiness to see you among us again; we know you used to love us, but we don't suppose you realised that we were aware of this, or that we returned your affection, any more than you understood that between us we were creating something of value that will never be lost. This happens with everyone who comes to us with a spirit of love. There is, in fact, a bit of yourself still up here, and we in our turn have given you part of ourselves. And so there is a very real bond between us, and when the burden of life seems to be getting very heavy, don't forget that you can always turn to us in the spirit, and that with us you will find strength and recapture some of the old happiness you had with us, for that is an ever-living thing."

And so as the grey twilight creeps over the hills let us wander back to the valley, taking with us an increase of faith, hope and charity, of faith in the abiding influence for good of our friendship with the rocks, of hope in the renewal and extension of that friendship, and of charity in our judgment of and dealings with other climbers under all circumstances. Let us, who have the hills for friends, emulate their lofty detachment from the pettiness of everyday life and the commonplaces of existence which is the mainspring of their attraction for us, an influence that lifts us a little nearer the stars, the gold thread in which is entwined the value of climbing.

SOME HALF-FORGOTTEN CUMBRIAN CLIMBS

BY J. A. MUSGRAVE.

In these times, when the most complete guide book to the climbing in a particular district that has ever been published is in the hands of all Lakeland climbers, and an even more complete one is in course of preparation for them, some apology is required from any one who has the presumption to describe a climb, unless, of course, it be a brand-new first ascent. However, I hope that the following fragmentary notes may interest those who are not afraid to leave the beaten track, provided that " there is still room for a man to tell freely and without false shame the simple story of a day among the mountains."

Without entering on the merits of an ancient controversy, I think that it can be said with safety that the gullies of the Lake District are superior to any others to be found on British mountains, and it is with some of the less known of these that this article is concerned.

Moss Gill is ascended by probably a hundred climbers for every one who climbs the Penrith Gully (better known as " The Chock Gully ") on Dollywaggon Pike. Those who form the one per cent, are rewarded by a fine climb, lacking, perhaps, some of the romantic interest of the former course, but almost its equal in quality of pitch and beauty of setting. A large party, consisting of Mabel Barker, Norah Johnstone, Nancy Ridyard, John Brady and myself visited it during the Grasmere meet of 1932.

We motored up to the top of Dunmail Raise, where we left the car and then set off up the Gill, which descends from the moor near Guisedale Tarn to the roadside. The walk took us longer than we anticipated, and some time elapsed before we passed round the shoulder of Dollywaggon Pike, and arrived below the crag. The gully lies at the end of the cliff furthest from the point of arrival, and round a corner from Dollywaggon Pike gully, but it is quite unmistakable, for it is very steep and cuts deeply into the fellside. After eating our lunch at the foot

we roped up in two parties, and then opened the attack with an encounter with the right wall. The original description of the climb pronounces the first pitch quite simple, if climbed on the left, but that side looked very unpleasant, which accounted for our contrariness. All went well for perhaps a dozen feet, but at that height I began to realise that there were very few holds, that we were in the depth of winter and in poor training and generally to justify a return to the rest of the company. Just when I had overcome the reproaches of conscience and decided on retreat, a good chockstone came to light in the narrow crack in front of me. With the rope round this, a very fine piece of steep face climbing concluding with a neat traverse back into the gully was soon completed. Mabel succeeded in leading up the left side, but she found it so rickety that everyone else came up by my way, but with considerable less ado than myself.

At the top of this pitch we decided to unite our forces for the rest of the climb, possibly in view of the appearance of the next pitch, which was distinctly fearsome. But our book knowledge of the place told us that it was not so bad as it looked, and it was, in fact, quite a simple matter to reach the chockstone. Once safely seated upon it, and with the top almost within reach, I remained staring at the right wall for a long while, until in the end, as always happens, the holds at first rejected were finally trusted, and a short scuffle found one sprawling ia the screes above the difficulty. The others climbed up from the stone in a very dainty manner by facing in, supported the while by tiny holds only suitable for a lady's boot.

We were now in quite a large recess, while eighty feet straight above us was the great chockstone, to overcome which is the difficulty of the climb. Until about fifteen feet below the stone, the climbing was steep and exposed, but not particularly difficult, in fact, reminiscent of the Brant and Slape, in which we agreed with the guide book. That authority also told us that a strong leader would prefer to take the pitch in one run and not trouble with threaded ropes. The present leader, however, felt far from strong and in need of a safeguard ; so after perhaps twenty minutes of constant persuasion the rope was induced to pass behind a chockstone, which occupied a strong position, strategically speaking, but also a very awkward position as

regards the manipulation of the rope round it. The second in command now came up to occupy the small foothold which formed the only stance, while I set off up the left wall. After the first few feet it was a relief to find an excellent hold above the big capstone, and later, with the aid of this, to be grovelling in the screes once more. All were unanimous in proclaiming it a worthy pitch, and the last man rendered it more comfortable for later visitors by sending down several hundredweights of loose stones from the crest of the chockstone.

The remainder of the climb looked rather earthy, so we clambered out on the left wall and soon found ourselves on the top of the crags. There is a peculiar fascination about the fells in February, when arm-chairs and the fireside are the order of the day for most people, and so we were all delighted at securing not only a fine outing, but also a first-rate climb. I always find that my enjoyment of an unusual expedition with a large party is tinged with a regret that in all probability we shall never all meet to go over the ground together again, and that day, as we coiled up our ropes at the top of Chock gully, it was particularly strong.

Every ten years or so an enthusiastic advocate presents the climbing world with a strong case in favour of Stack Gill, but nevertheless its untarnished condition still proclaims the infrequency of its visitors. This may be due to the fact that comparatively few climbers stay at Buttermere, but then Stack Gill is almost, if not quite, as accessible from Seatoller, and it was from the latter place that four of us—Nancy, John Brady, Arthur Walmsley and myself—paid a most enjoyable visit to it one fine April day last year.

Again we started the day by motoring, this time to the top of Honister. From there we took the left-hand track down Warnscale, and then, after a short but stiff pull up the screes, arrived below the first pitch of the gill, familiar to all readers of *The Heart of Lakeland.* We discussed our lunch and then Walmsley offered to hold the rope for me during the negotiation of the first chockstone, which offered such a stout resistance to the pioneers. The first thing to do was to thread it so I climbed rapidly up to a good ledge beneath the stone, and having secured myself proceeded to try and persuade the rope to pass over it. About twenty feet of rope were pushed through the hole

with reasonable patience, in view of the fact that my boots were rapidly filling with water, but the threaded part calmly reclined on the top of the stone and obstinately refused to come down. Those below could see it plainly, and it then occurred to me that a stick we had noticed on the screes was just what we stood in need of; somebody fetched it, and then the rope answered a sharp prod with an instant descent. I tied on and for a moment was suspended like the coffin of Mahomet, but Walmsley gave a strong pull and I arrived without further trouble in a pleasant little cave. Walmsley thereupon gave us a demonstration of how the place should be climbed, and succeeded in forcing his way from under the chock and then up the wall with great dexterity and without the slightest assistance of any kind.

A series of delightful chimneys set in good clean rock then ensued until the gill widened out and a possible way of escape up to the right revealed itself. Up to this point, half the climb in fact, we had not encountered a single piece of loose rock; but the next section of about seventy feet up to the final chock-stone was, unfortunately, not quite up to the standard of the first part, though not sufficiently below it to mar a very fine climb.

Walmsley led up the last pitch by climbing up the right wall in fine style. In every respect a severe test, so much so that the rest of us preferred to climb half way up the wall until a fine hold on the stone was reached, and then to swing over to the left, whence a few feet of delicate balancing concluded the pitch, and a climb which we all voted to be one of the best of the very many we had had together.

Fleetwith Gully, on the opposite side of Warnscale, and with Stack Gill about equidistant from Seatoller, is also well worth a visit. There is only one pitch of real difficulty, but this is quite first-class, for it consists of an eighty-feet run out up a very steep rough wall of rock on small holds, an excellent test for a cool-headed leader. Now that a summer meet of the Club at Buttermere appears to be a regular fixture, perhaps those noble clefts will receive the attention they have for long so richly merited.

No dissertation on gullies and chimneys would be complete without reference to the Ennerdale face of Great Gable. Of all

the main crags of Lakeland it is probably the least visited. To recall the view down Ennerdale, framed by the walls of one of those splendid chimneys, is to me a source of constant delight. The scene from an open face is usually too extensive to be long remembered in detail. The sight of fellside with the open country beyond lingers longest in the memory when it is restricted by the limits of a small cave deep in the mountain. Such delectable places there are just beneath the final chock-stone of the " Oblique," and another quite ideal, but not attained without strenuous exertion, at the top of the first pitch of " Smuggler's."

There is an unusual charm about the very irregular formation of this side of Great Gable which no other mountain seems to possess. Twice were we repulsed by " Engineers," and twice did we vow never to pass its slimy threshold again; but this summer we returned and were rewarded by a successful ascent and perhaps the happiest day's climbing of the year.

As I think of other neglected climbs a hundred recollections crowd in upon me, of the Screes Gullies, Birkness Gully, Iron Crag, and a score more. " In novelty and not in excessive difficulty, in fresh external expression, and not in exaggerated personal sensation, lies the real romance of mountaineering adventure." Very few are they who appear to have discovered this—if the numbers to be seen any week-end on the Gimmer Alphabet have any significance.

DOG DAY

BY W. HEATON COOPER.

We start, four strong, from the village, Roy (canine, six months' sheep-dog type) the only sudden thing of the slow hazy morning, as he lollops up the lane like a rocking horse, turning to make a running leap at our faces, tongue hanging out, ready to lick.

As we pass through the farmyard a piebald shape rises from the clean blue flagstones and grins at us. It is the silliest, kindliest of hound pups, and is immediately christened " Oaf." Down the outrake come two working terriers and an old hound, and so we move, a human core with doggy tentacles spreading in all directions up the fell.

The bracken has not yet arrived at the shot-silk stage when it seems to over-accentuate the forms it covers, but now it straggles round each outcrop with a texture more like stamped velvet. Among the charms of a gray-rock country could be counted the vivid quality that is given to any small proportion of colour—such as hairbells or pale gold grasses—against the rock, and, obversely, the colour that the rock assumes in contrast with the surroundings : purple when among green, blue among yellow grass, pink against sky, and greenish umber in the snow. Gray rock shows reflected light on its neutral surface, as in Easter Gully, a room lit by the great lamp of Old Man, or on Pillar at midday.

Now the old hound is away marking by a borran high up on the scree, and the terriers—old lady teaching youngster dog-lore —move stiffly in unison, as in a three-legged race. This is Roy's first fell walk, and Oaf, trying to bring him out of his fear of the great unknown, rolls at his feet, smiling and gently biting the other's nose.

Among the myriad tiny noises of noonday the music of a waterfall predominates, and soon we are wallowing in it, racing up the green slabs, groping for handholds. . . .

We are lying by a tarn. One is watching a spider negotiate a holdless wall crowned by an overhang—spider webs can be pure magic on a drizzly scree when all else is grim; another wondering how soon after lunch we can bathe again; another trying to understand the laws governing the form of an apparently

accidental lump of rock opposite, deciding that it involves understanding of the whole mountain, district, earth's crust; dreamily wondering at all the distance that there must be behind the sun; then, in a flash, without effort, the rhythm of it all is evident.

A lizard slips away to the cold bosom of its family. . . .

As we approach the rock a quick red-brown shape darts round the base, but the hounds are too well-fed to pick up reynard's drag. Even the terriers, infected by the *laissez-faire* feeling of the day, are occupied in rolling over, straddling in pools and dragging themselves along by the front legs.

The almost forgotten line is uncoiled, a cairn solemnly built at the lowest point of interesting rock, and we leave the dogs nosing about over the scree.

There are some things never mentioned by most " tigers," such as the sensuous pleasure of feeling hitherto untouched rock with the hands and feet; discovering belays ; the intriguing surprise of finding that an easy-looking gradient is barely sloping enough to " friction " on—easy-looking by contrast with steep rock above and below it. Tiger Traverse on Dow Crag is a good example. On the other hand the angle of Gimmer Crag from the south-east always seems steeper than in fact, because the only adjacent slopes are at a gentler gradient. There is a little dwindling ledge close to a popular climb, shown to me by a friend, which looks as if it might just go, if only there is a " jug handle " round the corner. I shall never look round that corner, nor tell where it is, for fear one day of finding nail marks. Apropos of nothing in particular, Haskett-Smith's theory that Blacksail is really the name of Pillar Mountain credits the early settlers with a likely and picturesque sense of comparative form. Its straight lines fall steeply to the north, billowing curves to the south, and its dark face is nearly always against the sun.

To an orchestra of the old hound's belated music we feast on bilberries at the foot of the final pitch. Here a crack beneath an overhang decides to peter out before solving for us a direct finish, and we are forced aside over less interesting rock. . . .

Excitement and worry have completed the collapse of Roy's tenuous frame, and to the disgust of the terriers he is slung between us in a towel, riding like a Regency dowager in her

sedan, nodding dreamily to the evening hills that seem to be giving out, in lupin-blue radiance, some of the sunlight they have gathered.

This is the supreme ecstasy of the mountaineer,
to whom the morn is bright, when with his goal in sight,
some icepeak high i' the heav'ns, he is soul-'oounden tor it,
prospecting the uncertain clue of his perilous step
to scale precipices where no foot clomb afore,
for good or ill success to his last limit of strength ;
his joy in the doing and his **life** in his hand
he glorieth in the fortunes of his venturous day ;
'mid the high mountain silences, where Poesy
lieth in dream and with *the secret strength of things*
that governs thought inhabiteth, where man wandereth
into God's presence

Robert Budges' " Testament ot Beauty,"—Clarendon Press.

MORE OF ARFON

BY A. B. HARGREAVES

Poring over the long series of *Journals* of the Fell and Rock Club, eloquent of the enterprise and high achievement of its active climbing members, past and present, one is struck by the increasing preponderance of articles upon mountaineering adventures in foreign countries over those describing climbs and travellings in our own islands. This appears the more strange when one remembers that the Club's principal object is the fostering of climbing in the English Lake District, and although that is really rather a narrow constitutional field of activity, climbing in which is a subject one does not expect to see being kept to strictly by all contributors to the *Journal*, the Club is, at any rate, a British one, and in its official publication one would expect to read much more of doings at home than of doings abroad.

The reasons for this state of affairs are interesting to analyse. It is probably due to a large extent to the assiduous keeping up of the tradition that a *Journal* must be published once a year, even though sufficient entirely suitable material is not available to fill it. Naturally enough this necessity of getting together a *Journal* within a limited time seems to have gradually changed the editorial policy towards the publishing of more and more accounts of holidays spent abroad, this kind of article being much more easy to do, and consequently more easy to obtain, than really good " British " articles, besides being very probably of more interest to the readers of the *Journal* than unexciting descriptions of every-day climbs in this country.

The responsibility, however, for the shortage of articles of peculiar interest to British rock climbers is to a great extent that of the climbers themselves, and not of the Editor for the time being. Our climbers seem to be a somewhat inarticulate species, who either cannot or will not write much more about the climbs they do than the usual skeleton descriptions. Perhaps that they will not is but another example of the characteristic self-depreciation of the English cragsman, when comparing himself and his own climbing grounds with foreign climbers and their " greater " mountains. He seems to have the strange idea that

climbs done in Britain, however meritorious when judged by our own standards, are inferior, not only intrinsically, but as matters of interest to readers of Club *Journals*, to the climbs being done abroad. This idea seems to be becoming more general, and it is about time that someone with the requisite experience stated authoritatively and at length, what I believe to be true in fact, and that is, that as practised by our best exponents, British rock climbing is in as highly developed a state as that or any other branch of mountaineering art to be observed abroad, and that for the *safe* overcoming of extreme technical difficulties in most exposed situations, and under arduous conditions, certain performances on British rocks during the last few years have only been excelled by the very finest efforts of foreign professional mountaineers.

Perhaps that they cannot is because of the difficulty of dealing readably at any length with even the most interesting and exciting ascents, or even series of ascents, on the comparatively small British crags. The available material is not often such as can readily be spun into a really good article, and it seems to require a Holland or a Pigott or a Longland to do really well the job of expressing the English climber and making interesting the detail of our own rocks. Whereas he or she who holidays abroad has only to keep a diary or possess a good memory, and it becomes a comparatively simple matter to produce from the mass of material, much of it likely to be strange and new to the reader, and therefore interesting, an article which pleases the Editor, fills a large chunk of the *Journal*, and goes to further the outsider's impression that the " Fell and Rock " climbs more in the Alps and the Dolomites than in its native Lake District, or even Derbyshire, Wales or Scotland.

Because, therefore, I hold the conviction that British climbs are well worth writing about, and not at present, either in this *Journal* or those produced by kindred clubs, getting their just due in the way of space, I have undertaken, at the Editor's command, the task of describing a few of the many new climbs of importance which have been done during recent years in North Wales.

I choose Wales—the land of the " afanc," and the Kirkus; Clogwyn Du'r Arddu, and " no beer on Sundays "—because of all the home climbing districts it has been the most neglected by

members of this Club, and because, although the statement may be distasteful, and even unbelievable, to the loyal Fell and Rock-er, that country is, and has been since about the year 1929, the " centre of gravity " of rock climbing in these islands.

The old idea that all Welsh climbs were either artificial and easy, or rotten and dangerous, or grassy and uninteresting, was never really true, and has long since been exploded, though one still encounters occasionally some Cumbrian " die-hard " who, having been there once, or perhaps twice, still thinks that Welsh climbing is adequately represented by the *Milestone Buttress, Route II* on Lliwedd, the *Holly Tree Wall,* and the *Great Gully* of Craig-yr-Ysfa. Usually, incidentally, the gentleman has been discovered, on enquiry, to have been doing the boot climbs in rubbers, and has consequently a somewhat distorted idea of their real quality. The assessment of a boot climb on a rubber acquaintance is hardly likely to be an accurate judgment; but people *will* do it.

True enough, down to about 1927, the chief interest was centred in Lliwedd, with just a few other isolated attractions, on Glyder Fach, round Idwal, and on Tryfaen, and from a purely rock-climbing point of view North Wales compared very unfavourably with the Lake District. There were, for instance, not more than three or four climbs in the whole area which demanded rubbers, and most of the popular climbs were of much inferior interest to those corresponding to them in Cumberland, and were, in any case, much over-rated in difficulty in the Guide Books. Lliwedd, of course, was then, as it still is, probably the finest ground for climbing in boots in the British Isles, but its notorious peculiarities, combined with the difficulty of finding and following the best routes, some of which were unrecorded except in out-of-date *Climbers' Club Journals,* made it almost impossible of appreciation, except by those who were prepared to spend most of their climbing time there, exploring and mastering it.

In that year, however, a real impetus was given to original exploration by the discovery by Pigott and Morlcy Wood of a route up the East Buttress of Clogwyn Du'r Arddu, that cliff being the finest and largest in Wales, and for long considered absolutely unclimbable. This climb has already been well described in other journals, so I do not propose to say much

about it, except that it involved combined tactics in exposed situations at two points, and the use of artificial aid in the form of an inserted chockstone in conquering an otherwise practically impossible crack. This climb is indicated on the photograph of the crag by the dotted line marked P. C. The " Green Gallery " (marked G. G.), on which it finishes, is 400 feet or so above the " floor."

It was probably up to that time the hardest climb that had been done in this country, not excepting the *Central Buttress* of Scafell. This opinion I give after having been up it four times, and three times up the latter. Incidentally, it was led " clean "; that is to say, without previous exploration from above, which puts the first ascent in a totally different category from those in which the leader has been " immorally initiated."

In 1927, too, Waller was showing what there was to be done by his discovery of *Belle Vue Bastion* on the Nose of Tryfaen. This is a most delightfully sensational climb and provides quite an astonishing amount of variety in its 200 odd feet. It begins with a really first-rate slab, which leads to an aptly named small ledge—the Grove of Bollards—from which the tip of an undercut nose overhanging the slab is reached, and the top of the buttress by some really interesting climbing. The Nose of Tryfaen is the alternative name to the steep and continuous Terrace Wall at the top of the North Buttress, and there are several other short climbs of real merit there.

The same climber shortly afterwards made the first ascent of the famous crack behind the Fallen Block on Clogwyn-y-Ddysgl. This crack is the principal feature of this quite interesting crag, and has turned many a strong and determined party. The climbing of it was a *tour de force* that has only been repeated two or three times, and it is probably one of the most difficult things in Wales.

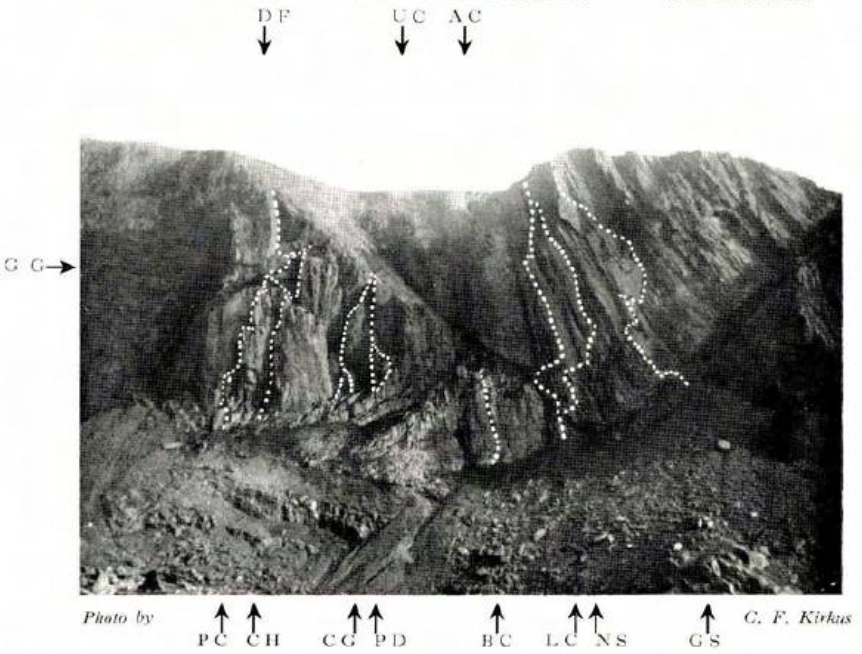
The East Buttress of Clogwyn Du'r Arddu having been shown to be vulnerable, it was not very long before the West Buttress was dealt with likewise, Longland making, in 1928, a marvellous route up the left-hand edge of it (L. C. on photograph), which is agreed by all who know it to be one of the finest climbs in Britain. It bears an extraordinary similarity to that famous climb, the *Moss Ghyll Grooves*, Scafell, than which, however, it is about twice as long, and much more difficult. Some of the

situations experienced while upon it are quite unique and never to be forgotten. For further information about it there is to be found, hidden away in *Oxford and Cambridge Mountaineering,* 1928/29, an account of it by the leader, which can fairly be described as a mountaineering classic in miniature.

A Guide Book style description of it appears in the *Climbers' Club Journal* for 1929, prefaced, incidentally, by some fatuous editorial remarks on the worn-out note of " rock gymnastics." If the first ascent and, for that matter, the subsequent ascents of this climb are not to be described as mountaineering, then for me the " fuller joys " of rock gymnastics.

It is noteworthy that Kirkus, the eventual principal exploiter of Du'r Arddu, led the second ascent of this climb on his first visit there, and I have no doubt, having had the good fortune to be with him on that occasion, that he owes much to the inspiration obtained from this ascent, which was for him (as it was for me) the first " big " climb.

In the summer of 1928 the weather was rather bad, and mainly for this reason it was rather a blank year in Wales ; but the year 1929 (which had a fine summer) saw things really beginning to move, chiefly due to the advent of Kirkus and Hicks, who realised what a lot of unclimbed, but possible, rock there was to go at. Longland, also, was to the fore, and his contribution was *Purgatory,* on Lliwedd, perhaps only a variation start to *Paradise,* but as excuse, probably the hardest single pitch on the mountain. The 90 feet first pitch of *Paradise,* if done in boots, as it first was, and should be always, is quite difficult enough for most people ; but *Purgatory* is of a different order, demanding a mastery of the special boot technique required by the peculiar Lliwedd rock, which is possessed by very few. The others were busy in the Ogwen Valley, Kirkus doing the *Central Route* on the Nose of Tryfaen, and also the famous *Lot's Groove ;* Hicks' two climbs on the East Wall of the Idwal Slabs, one on the West Wall *{Rowan Tree Slabs),* the *Girdle Traverse* of the Holly Tree Wall, and the *Piton Route* nearby. All notable climbs, particularly *Lot's Groove,* which, though people have scoffed at my original description of it as the hardest single pitch in England or Wales, has, significantly enough, only been repeated once. It lies on that fine little crag, Glyder Fach, and consists of a very steep right-angled groove of 70 feet



G.G.—Green Gallery.
P.C.—Pigott's Climb (A. S. Pigott, M. Wood).
C.H.—Chimney Climb (C. F. Kirkus).
C.G.—Curving Crack (C. F. Kirkus).
P.D.—Pedestal Crack (C. F. Kirkus).
B.C.—Birthday Crack (C. F. Kirkus)

L.C.—Longland's Climb (J. L. Longland).
N.S.—Narrow Slab Climb (M. Linnell).
G.S.—Great Slab Route (C. F. Kirkus).
D.F.—Direct Finish : East Buttress (C. F. Kirkus).
U.C.—Un-named Crack (C. F. Kirkus).
A.C.—Abraham's Climb (G. D. Abraham).

Photo by *C. F. Kirkus*

Curving Crack.
(A. W. Bridge on 1st Pitch.)

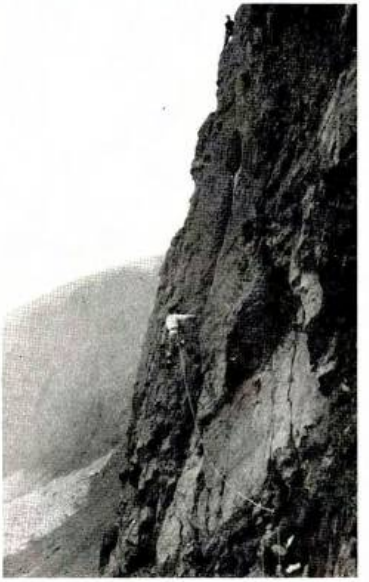


Photo by *G. H. D. Edwards*

Gt. Slab Route.
(M. Edwards and A. B. Hargreaves on 1st Pitch.)

merging into an overhanging crack of 20 feet. Opportunities for resting are negligible, unless one steps off the climb across the Chasm on the right and the would-be finisher is advised to take note of the name of the climb and keep moving.

Lot's Wife is quite nearby, appropriately enough, and puts up nearly as stout a resistance as its neighbour, the principal difficulty being concentrated in the first pitch, which consists of a cracked wall leading into a right angled, almost vertical corner, which is climbed until the edge of the rib on the left comes near enough to be transferred to just below a fine stance and belay. This climb has only been done the once—in 1931.

The *Central Route* on the Terrace Wall of Tryfaen is supposed to be harder technically than Lot's Groove, though it is not so long, and, not surprisingly, it still awaits a second ascent. From below the Wall it cannot be missed, a vertical open sort of crack passing over two overhangs up the middle of the steepest part of the face.

Perhaps the most popular, and therefore not necessarily the best climbing ground in Wales, is the Idwal Slabs, a face which has the merit of being very easily approached. The Slabs themselves, and the Holly Tree Wall above, give some quite useful and interesting climbing, but the principal attractions are really the flanking Walls of the Slabs.

The East Wall has a deceptively guileless appearance and provides far better—and harder—climbing than the ordinary Slabs, though there the *Tennis Shoe Climb,* in boots, is of about the same calibre as its easier routes. The best expedition upon it—and the best upon the Glyder Fawr face—is the *Girdle Traverse,* worked out by J. M. Edwards in 1931. Roughly speaking it starts at the right-hand bottom corner of the Wall and finishes at the left-hand top corner, having kept a middle course for some 400 or 500 feet, all of it real climbing, especially in boots, in which the standard is getting on for very severe. The technical difficulty is about that of the *Gangway-cum-Herford's Slab* on Scafell Pinnacle (in boots), but, of course, the exposure is not so great.

The straight-up climbs on this face are all good, particularly *Heather Wall,* which is superb. On the first ascent the final bulge was approached along a thin crescent-shaped turf ledge of

some 30 feet, which I shall never forget seeing begin to uncurl gently as Hicks welked gingerly up to its tip. I had the satisfaction of removing most of it with a poker some time later, leaving a mark still to be seen and an intriguing stretch of delicate climbing as well.

Rake End Chimney, the obvious crack in the middle of the face, is chiefly memorable because on the first ascent the conditions were bad, and we could not find any belays whatever. There were some exciting moments while Kirkus was getting out at the top. Owing to the industry of J. M. Edwards it is now, however, fitted with several excellent hitches and may be declared safe for posterity.

The *Rowan Tree Slabs* climb, on the West Wall, overlooking the ordinary Slabs on the right, has two longish pitches, both " of the most delicate and delectable," and has only been done three or four times, so far. It is advised that persons do not attempt it in boots—as one once-famous climber did—because it is one of those which entice one gradually into a position from which (in boots) there is no advance—and no return.

In 1930 Kirkus soon got into his stride, and to begin with brought off the first ascent of the Nose of Dinas Mot, a fine-looking crag of some 400 feet, lying just down the pass to Llanberis from Gorphwysfa. The lower 250 feet was a problem which had completely baffled all the good climbers operating in Wales since the days of the Abraham's, including Mallory, Pope and Archer Thomson in the palmy days of Pen-y-Pass, and later Longland and others. The conquering of this steep, smooth crag, with its formidable reputation, under imperfect conditions, and entirely without previous exploration, would take rank as one of the best bits of pioneering in British Rock Climbing were it not that it has been eclipsed by later feats of the same climber on Clogwyn Du'r Arddu.

The climb proceeds more or less straight up a shallow water-worn groove coming down the centre of the crag. It starts fairly easily, but soon reaches a point from which, obviously enough, the previous attackers retired. A smooth and steep slab bars the way into a black-looking greasy corner, capped by a smooth chockstone, which is something over 80 feet from the last belay. The slab is overcome by a zig-zag course, bearing the mark of genius, and the corner by some delicately difficult climbing

From there the original route makes use of an escape to the left on to the left-hand buttress of the Nose, where it trespasses slightly on the Cracks Climb. Later in the year the owner, not satisfied with the original route because of this digression from the direct line, forced an exceedingly difficult finish up the centre of the face, which fittingly crowns the climb into the *Nose of Dinas Mot Direct,* one of the very finest ascents in Wales, and equalled only by the very best in the Lake District.

There are now two other fine climbs on this crag, both of " very severe " standard. They lie to the right of the *Direct Route ;* the first on an obvious rib to the right of a conspicuous recess—the *West Rib* (C. F. Kirkus); the other up the face to the right of this again—the *Western Slabs* (J. M. Edwards). Both these climbs involved run-outs of from 80 to 90 feet up continuously steep rocks on the smallest of holds, and each awaits a second ascent. Both, of course, were led unseen.

It was interesting to learn recently that some time before these climbs were done A. B. Reynolds, then, perhaps, the best of the Lake District climbers, very nearly succeeded in making a route, incorporating parts of both, but was forced off by unsuitable conditions some way up one of the very severe sections.

In June, 1930, Clogwyn Du'r Arddu came in for some more attention, and the West Buttress went again by another route, the *Great Slab Route,* which, as its name implies, makes use of the huge slab forming the larger part of the face of the Buttress. It had always seemed fairly hopeful that this could be climbed if it could be reached, but the few attacks that had been made had not got very far, because practically the whole length of the West Buttress is undercut. Only at one point did it seem at all feasible to get over this, and the rocks above that point looked almost terrifyingly severe. Kirkus, however, succeeded not only in overcoming the overhang, but after running out a little matter of 150 feet of rope up a somewhat rotten and grassy slab, as steep as BotterilPs, and more exposed, in reaching a belay on a series of grass ledges running right across the face, below the *Great Slab* proper. Proceeding onwards, he soon found that these grass ledges, which from away looked like " walking," were, in fact, decidedly difficult to make use of safely, and he attempted to make a route straight up the left hand edge of the *Great Slab* This having proved impossible, a complicated up and down

traverse had to be made, largely by means of the grass ledges, into the corner on the other side of the *Slab.* Here there was encountered an extremely difficult open chimney, over-arching at the top, leading—he must have been thankful—to a well-equipped, shallow cave, from which it could be seen that the upper 200 feet of the *Slab* carried an ascending rake of feasible grass. That the ascent from here to the top of the Buttress had to be made in runs of ioo and 150 feet, without belay between, must have seemed comparatively mild to what had gone before.

Having had the good fortune to have been on the second ascent of this climb, I can safely say that its first ascent must have been a wonderful feat of skill, endurance and determination, which will probably go down as one of the outstanding feats in the history of British Rock Climbing. It is certainly the most arduous and sensational climb I have ever been up, and the situations are without equal in my experience for their sense of exposure and isolation.

The following year (1931) no less than three more climbs were made on Clogwyn Du'r Arddu by Kirkus, this time on the East Buttress.

The *Chimney Climb* he did with J. M. Edwards, and as regards the difficulty of that climb it is hardly necessary to say much more about it than that its originator considered it to be rather more difficult, certainly more strenuous, and at least as arduous, taken as a whole, as the *Great Slab Route,* though much shorter. Its ascent involved the removal of large quantities of turf, the insertion of at least one piton, and the giving of a shoulder by the second man, standing in loops fixed to belays not entirely above suspicion.

A characteristically witty account of this ascent, written by the second man, appears in the 1931 *Climbers' Club Journal.*

Then there was the *Pedestal Crack,* the dead straight fine-looking black one, which can be seen on the photograph towards the right-hand side of the buttress, marked P. C. On the first ascent the lower one-third of this was turned by difficult buttress climbing on the right, but even so the climb made was definitely very severe, though not as hard as the *Great Slab Route,* or the *Chimney,* or perhaps even *Pigott's Climb* (the original one). The upper part of the crack is practically vertical for something over 100 feet, and is considerably more difficult than, say, the

corresponding section of the *Gimmer Crack.* The first part of the crack was made into a *Direct Start* to the climb the following year, and was found to be much more difficult than the original start.

The third climb was much shorter—a mere 200 feet—and was made up the more broken rocks at the right-hand edge of the Buttress, directly above the conspicuous cave in the lower crag. This also was a severe climb, the last pitch of which was distinctly the hardest. This climb has not yet been repeated.

Other recent climbs on Clogwyn Du'r Arddu consist of the *Curving Crack* on the East Buttress, the *Birthday Crack* on the lower crag between the two buttresses, the *Narrow Slab Climb* on the West Buttress, and a route up the upper part of the East Buttress above the Green Gallery.

The first of these, although the last to be done on its Buttress, is, curiously enough, probably the easiest way up it, although a very strenuous climb, fairly certainly of very severe standard. On the occasion of the first ascent various attempts were made by Kirkus, Bridge and myself to make go the first 30 feet of it —an overhanging chimney with smooth walls—which we eventually gave up as being impossible to us. In the meantime Linnell had succeeded in reaching the top of this pitch, climbing up a rather fierce-looking lay-back crack round the corner. He very sportingly, however, stood down as regards the leadership of the rest of the climb in favour of Kirkus.

The deep narrow hollow in the cliff, which gives the climb its name, is guarded near the bottom by an overhanging, rather open sort of chimney of real severity, and this turned out to be the crux of the climb. Above was a very long and strenuous crack leading somewhat disappointingly on to a quite easy though very steep ridge, which had, however, the merit of being extremely exposed.

The *Birthday Crack* was done the same day, and although there is something over 200 feet of it, it has since been neglected, possibly because of being over-shadowed by the better situated climbs on the other buttresses. It has, however, its merits—and its severities—as will, no doubt, be discovered by subsequent climbers in due course. It is understood that a six inch nail came in very useful as a belay at one point!

The *Direct Finish* to the East Buttress follows the fairly

obvious line into and up the corner towards the right-hand side. of the 150 foot tower above the Green Gallery. This climb is not of such a high standard of difficulty as the others on the crag, but provides a continuation to the top of the Buttress in keeping with the climbs below.

The *Narrow Slab Climb* is the most recent, having been done this last summer. Linnell was the successful climber, and the route he took started from near the point where the Eastern Terrace ends in a wet grass fall. He made out to the right a little and then upwards until he was able to cross a conspicuous undercut rib and jump down on to the most easterly of the system of grass ledges tending across to the foot of the *Great Slab,* along which, no doubt, he could have connected with that climb if he had so desired. He had, in fact, to follow them for some distance before he could get started upwards on the *Narrow Slab,* which forms an almost continuous corner with the edge-wall of the *Great Slab* itself. Details of this climb have not yet been published, but it is understood to have been of the utmost severity, and probably even harder than the *Great Slab Route* or the *Chimney.* Those few who are acquainted with many of the other routes on Clogwyn Du'r Arddu, and have studied the line up which this climb is understood to have been taken, will fully appreciate that this is likely to be so. This ascent was undoubtedly the great event in British Rock Climbing in the season °f [1]933J not forgetting certain excellent achievements in the Lake District and Scotland. It may be mentioned that the leader on successive days the previous week-end had done the third ascent of the *Great Slab Route* and the second ascent of the *Chimney.*

The principal features of both buttresses of Clogwyn Du'r Arddu are the extraordinarily continuous steepness, the quantity and the clinging quality of the grass, the infrequency of belays, and the exceedingly limited opportunities on any of the climbs of making useful variations. On none of the climbs is it possible to get off them except at the top or the bottom without encountering greater difficulties than those of the original route. Incidentally, every single one of them was led straight through on the first ascent without safeguarded exploration from above ; they had to be! Finally, the crag is of northerly aspect, lies high, drains a large area, and is thickly vegetated, so that it dries most

slowly; socks, therefore, have necessarily to be the standard footwear, except in an exceptionally dry season.

These short accounts of the climbs there may make them sound very dangerous, but such is the technique that can be developed by constant dealing with the difficulties peculiar to the place, such as almost vertical turf and loose rock, that I think I can truthfully say for them, that upon none of these first ascents was the leader encroaching on his margin of safety, though he may have been working on a very narrow one, and nearly approached it.

Other noteworthy modem climbs in North Wales are on Craig Ogof in Cwm Silin, and in the amphitheatre of Craig yr Ysfa. The former is a very fine crag, which also has a " Great Slab," which, up to a few years ago, had, somewhat surprisingly, not been climbed. There are various easy routes up the middle of it, and to the left finishing up the ridge, but the principal attractions of the place are the two routes on the right; the *Right-Hand Route,* which zig-zags up the easterly side of the Slab—a climb of Pinnacle Face quality and character ; and the *Upper Slab Climb,* which reaches and climbs the smaller, but more exposed face to the right and above the " Great Slab "; this climb is very reminiscent of the *Great Slab Route* on Clogwyn D'ur Arddu—almost a version of it in miniature.

The westerly wall of the Craig yr Ysfa amphitheatre seems to be practically vertical throughout, and it is not at all an inviting looking place. In 1931, however, Kirkus succeeded in making a route to the top from the terrace about one-third of the way up, which he called the *Pinnacle Wall.* This climb he did solo, and he describes it as " very severe and exposed." The following year I was with him when he succeeded in reaching the terrace direct from the scree by means of an 80-feet crack, involving what seemed to me, the most desperate climbing. Anyway, it had to be done on a rope first (not at all in the tradition of Welsh Climbing), which indicates that other people will probably find it pretty difficult.

Before closing this catalogue, it is only fair to pay tribute to the incredible industry and skill of J. M. Edwards in having made, during the last couple of years, literally dozens of new climbs; on the Columnar Cliff opposite Dinas Mot, on that series of grassy cliffs around the Devil's Kitchen, and on Glyder

Fach and various outliers. Many of these climbs are of great difficulty and real quality, but unfortunately for him he came on the scene only when the really fat plums had mostly been picked.

Finally, just in case it may be thought that because there has been this bumper crop of new climbs Wales is now " worked out," I think it just as well to indicate that there are yet many opportunities for original exploration. Notably on Clogwyn Du'r Arddu, in the neighbourhood of the East Gully ; on Cyrn Las, to the right of the Great Gully ; on Craig Ogof, Cwm Silin, to the left of the *Outside Edge Climb*; and in Cwm Lafar, on Llech Du and Ysgolion Duon. Also, apart from these places, there are numerous small crags in outlying Cwms between the Nant Ffrancon and the sea, and south of Snowdon, which have not yet been thoroughly examined. It seems, therefore, that Wales for some time to come should continue to attract enterprising climbers with prospects of new routes.

Having thus briefly described the most important of these new Welsh climbs, it may be interesting to make a few comparisons between them and those of the highest standard in the Lake District. The principal advantages of the harder Welsh Climbs over those of the Lake District are that they are usually longer, generally less artificial, and almost invariably better provided with natural hazards, such as quantities of grass, loose rock, bad rock and long distances between belays, requiring a really all-round technique. To some, of course, these are not advantages at all, and such are welcome to the comparatively clean, much smaller Lake District crags, constructed of perfect rock and well sprinkled with belays. On the other hand, when once one has tasted the joys of negotiating in conscious safety pitches which, in the Lake District, would be written off as unjustifiably dangerous, one is inclined to be bored with climbs, the only reason for falling off which would be just letting go. However !

As regards comparisons of difficulty, I think we may leave out of account altogether short stunt climbs of extreme difficulty and usually painful artificiality, on which one never gets really high up, and from which one could reasonably expect to be rescued upon a " seizing up solid." Both districts have their share of the large number of climbs that there are of this class, though it is really hard to think of many in Wales of the type of the

majority of the climbs on Gimmer, Dow, Kern Knotts and the Napes, which to my mind come under that description.

Confining our attention therefore to the " big " climbs. I have already said that *Pigott's Climb* on the East Buttress of Clogwyn Du'r Arddu is about as hard as, perhaps a little harder, than the *Central Buttress* of Scafell, which though of pre-war vintage, is still generally reckoned, I think, as one of the most difficult ascents in the Lake District, and it may have been read into my descriptions of the other climbs on Clogwyn Du'r Arddu that this particular one is by no means the hardest there. Four of them, at least, are in fact greatly more difficult, and with these may be classed two at least of the other new climbs in the district.

The trouble about most of the long Lake District Climbs is that they are comparatively artificial, and this is really a fatal defect in many of them. It is a totally different proposition to start on a 400 or 500-feet top-notch climb, knowing that you have got to finish it, or else get down the way you have gone up, to beginning an ascent of similar length which you know you can walk off or climb off easily at one or more places. I hardly need enlarge upon that. This quality of non-artificiality, then, is a most important one. Let us think of the Lake District climbs there are which have it. I can only call to mind nine : the *Mickledore Grooves,* the three other new routes on the Scafell East Buttress, *Pillar Route II, Deer Bield Crack, Esk Buttress Route I,* the lower part of *Eliminate A,* and our old friend *Walker's Gully.* Examples of climbs which are more or less spoilt by there being escapes, are the *Gimmer Crack* and *Hiatus,* and to a lesser extent, *Pillar Nor' Nor' West* and *Route I.*

Now of all these Lake District climbs that have been mentioned, how many are there more arduous, taken as a whole, than that convenient basis of comparison, the *Central Buttress ?* Perhaps four or five, but none of them, I think, so very much harder as to come into the class of the three or four hardest in Wales. To make the comparison a little more definite, let us fix on *Deer Bield Crack* in Easedale. This is one of those which I rank as somewhat harder than " *C. B."*—a really fine climb of great difficulty and a very strenuous one at that. It has almost a Clogwyn Du'r Arddu flavour about it, and is, perhaps, as hard as *Pigott's Climb* or the *Pedestal Crack.* But it is hardly, I think,

in the same class as the *Chimney*, which is getting on for twice as long, involves longer run-outs, is probably more difficult in detail, and incorporates some of those natural hazards I have spoken about. Other direct comparisons are difficult to make, so I will not attempt any more and will close this, after all, rather futile argument by simply stating again, that there is nothing in the Lake District of any length which is in anything like the same class as climbs of the calibre of the *Great Slab Route*, and probably the *Narrow Slab Climb*, on the West Buttress of Clogwyn Du'r Arddu.

Getting away, however, from the purely Rock Climbing point of view, there are various other interesting points of difference between the hills of Wales and those of Cumberland, which to my mind are chiefly to the advantage of the former. The crags of the Lake District, for instance, are in most cases, if not quite all, just excrescences from the sides of round-topped grassy fells, whereas in Wales practically all of them are real mountain faces dropping down from sharp summits, which themselves are not often easy to ascend from any direction without some scrambling at least.

Moreover, the Welsh cliffs lie much higher, cover more area, and are fashioned into finer shapes and curves. In short, these are real mountains, and greatly more grand and wild and rough than even the heart of the Lake District. The only point of comparison on which they lose seems to be that of colour. It cannot be denied that the general tone of the Welsh hills is grey and just grey. Never do they show such greens and browns as those of Cumberland, though, if one gets away from the Snowdon-Ogwen district one soon sees heather schemes that would be hard to better.

Of course, for Fell Walking as such, Snowdonia has not such attractions to offer as the Lakes. The mountain district is too much intersected with main roads, and there are not the wide expanses of grassy fell country and the delectable, sparsely populated valleys. On the other hand Wales is comparatively free from the hiker-beaten paths with their myriad cairns and destruction-inviting signposts. It is, in fact, perhaps by virtue of its comparative inaccessibility and distance from large populations, as yet unspoilt by the organised hordes, though it can hardly hope to escape much longer.

Perhaps, in conclusion, I should say that although I may seem to have been rather hard on the Lake District in this article, I really have a great affection for its hills, which by reason of their geological difference of structure have an individual charm which is unique. I also have a great respect for the Cumberland climbs, which is shown by the fact that I spend at least as much time upon them as in Wales. In fact, my Climbers' Club friends would probably find it hard to reconcile much of what I have said, with the views I have often expressed to them about the desirability of iheir doing some climbing in the Lake District occasionally, instead of devoting themselves exclusively to Wales. The truth is, that there is too much concentration upon one or other of the districts, and Welsh climbers who never come to Cumberland, and who profess to scorn the climbing there, are almost as open to criticism for being unenterprising and wilfully ignorant as those Lake District climbers who never visit Snowdonia, and cling to the antiquated notions about the climbing there, which I have endeavoured in the foregoing to explode. I only hope that this article will have the effect of inducing some of the latter class to venture sometime—critically, if they like, and with contradictory intentions—into the land of Arllechwedd and Arfon.

ESK HAUSE

BY W. T. PALMER.

What does Esk Hause, King of Cumbrian passes, mean to you ? Is it a splendid aerial bridge linking together some of the world's finest fells, is it a place of magic and romance, or merely a crowd-worn grass and shingle path ? If the latter, we are mutually antagonistic and must part company at once.

The Lake country does not hold a finer series of views than those which can be seen within a few yards of the Hause—there is a glimpse down Eskdale if we step to the south ; into Langdale to the east; Styhead and Gable, with the Buttermere fells stand to the west, and away north, across the corners of Allen Crags and Glaramara,are Skiddawand Saddleback, with the Solway beyond.

I have seen Esk Hause every month of the year, and every hour of the twenty-four. I have crossed in clear starlight, in brilliant moonlight, full day; also blinded in mist, snow and sleet, in rain and a blackness that could be felt. I have sweltered on Esk Hause in January, with the sun glaring off miles of pure snow, and I believe John Wilson Robinson was of the party ; I have frozen on it in July while hailstones whitened the grass and reddened nose and ears with their unwelcome jarring.

The Hause still impresses me. The person who quotes from brief experience, " Familiarity breeds contempt," knows nothing about a mountain-crossing like this. His or her proverb is eminently double-edged. Esk Hause has a trick of baffling the easy and contemptuous, luring them with soft mist cloud, showing cairns where cairns should not be, and transferring them to Eskdale when they desire Styhead.

" I don't know how it happened ; we know the path so well," is their excuse. And then they take the bus home to Kendal by way of Keswick, instead of trying to conquer the Hause on the return journey.

To some folks money is cheaper than shoe-leather, and time counts where we used to sweat across the roughest country.

Many wonderful outlooks have I had from the Hause. After a walk through continuous mist from Langdale Head clear air has burst through, and for a moment Great Gable has soared high, wild and forbidding as the Matterhorn itself. That the fell

should fall back into Cumberland is inevitable if the air clears again, and you see it from the shield of Styhead tarn to the screes round the summit cairn. Otherwise you will dream of that enchanting, soaring peak for a night or two. At least I have done so.

At dawn in summer I have watched the mists drift through the Gable crags, and picked out each cliff and buttress in turn. I have witnessed that rosy touch which means rain later in the day, and the formation of the " Borrowdale sop." This curtain of mist hangs in mid air, clear of Great End crags and above the top of Skew Ghyll. It forms from invisible travelling vapour, and docs not seem either to travel forward or to breed more clouds, like the centre of similar vapour currents elsewhere.

Once I saw the dust of avalanche round the feet of Great End crags. It was just after a heavy snowfall, and there was a rapid change in wind and temperature. The roar was heard in Borrowdale, and I saw the torrents of white bursting on the rocks at the bottom of the gullies above Sprinkling Tarn. I was decidedly glad that I had already passed that way, though so far as I know no avalanche stuff came within a quarter-mile of the path. Wading through powdery snow is hard and slow, but not so difficult as two inches of moist new stuff, which clings to the boots and makes more slips than progress. Using ice-axe or alpenstock you can push through the powder, but the other baffles the aid of both.

From Esk Hause, on a showery day, I have followed the dodging of a rainbow among the fell tops until it was lost to view in Sol way Firth far behind Skidd aw tops. I have seen a lunar rainbow, too, on this high crossing, and that's an experience which day-goers cannot comprehend. I love a night ramble even now when the hills get steeper and the hours march much faster than they were wont to do.

I have never seen a dotterel, though that rare plover has been known to linger near Esk Hause, and Glaramara was one of its last nesting places with us. I doubt whether our fells, especially the Climber's Park series, will ever be quiet enough for the re-colonisation by this pretty bird, and we shall still have to go to the Cairngorms of Scotland, where it is a confiding little migrant, nesting among the stones. I write confiding with some diffidence. The little bird lures you on and on, and when

you wish to find the nest, lo, you have passed it. My one dotterel nest was on the Helvellyn range ; I have not seen the birds in Lakeland since the Great War.

Nor have I seen an eagle on this side of the Lake District. Before Manchester made a mess of Swindale Forest and Mardale young eagles used to be seen there occasionally. They were birds of the year, and had travelled a long way from the north of Scotland, which is their nearest home. I have witnessed, on Esk Hause, a big buzzard hawk, four feet six inches across the wings and more powerful than many eagles in flight, but poor in spirit, come through a strong head wind from Borrowdale, meet the living storm which yelled over the pass from Eskdale. That day we were glad to shelter behind boulders, and had several tosses in our crossing ; but the big bird merely trimmed its body a little to the new pressure, turned the tips of its stiff brown-edged wings, and away it cut across the blast, going out of sight over Esk Pike. I doubt whether any eagle could or would have faced such a storm as this. (You remember it, Woodsend ?)

The roar and whistle and scream of that crossing were in sharp contrast to another, so still that we heard the ravens giving friendly croaks to each other among the nesting ledges of Great End, and the mew of a buzzard on the prowl for carrion came from the depths of Grains Ghyll. There was no water sound, for an April frost had gripped the peat hags and the pools and springs were solid ice. The first birches we saw down the path to Styhead were decked with hoar frost in the most eerie and white array ; they were delicate in contrast with the solid white and brown-black around.

It is easy to go wrong about Esk Hause, even in half-dark weather, but no serious trouble should ensue. Recall, please, how each member of your party, on a thick day, differed whether the route continued straight across the trackless marsh from the last shingle on the Styhead side, or whether a slight incline to the right was proper. I am open to back that the party opened out a wider front in order to make sure of the sign-post or pile of stones (whichever it might be) on the top of the pass. It does not matter much which procedure is adopted, unless you bend to the left and contrive to climb among the outcrops of Allen Crags. Quite wise hill-walkers—even some members of the Fell and Rock Club—have done this in years gone by.

Millican Dalton I once met on Esk Hause on a misty and wet afternoon. Wrapped in a vivid plaid, he was searching for a foolish virgin or for other truant from his party. He declined the offer of our help, stating (correctly) that the lady would wander down to Brotherilkeld in Eskdale, and take tea, about that hour, at the Woolpack Hotel. Most wanderers off Esk Hause find their way to the Woolpack, but I never yet heard that a party who wished to reach the Woolpack wandered into Styhead. But, then, such parties, being aware that upper Eskdale is rough, are experienced ramblers.

Have you met foxhounds, hunting alone, on Esk Hause? I have. I was alone, and the day was quiet and mild, ideal weather for sport. Suddenly along the hillside grass, from the Langdale side, I saw a solitary hound, running strongly and apparently on a good scent. In about a minute another followed, then two or three in a bunch. They passed me heedlessly on the pass, and only the last gave tongue as though to tell me to report. Until they were too small to be visible I watched the little string of hounds—white and lemon and brown spots—until they crossed between the screes of Great End and Sprinkling tarn, and went out of sight. It was a wonderful experience.

At Langdale nobody knew that a hunt was astir on the fells. It turned out that the chase started somewhere in the Ambleside area, and finished on the screes above Styhead pass. The fox was killed and the hounds wandered down to Wasdale Head or to Seathwaite in Borrowdale.

Neither horse nor man can follow hounds over such wild ground. The way in which the fox (which I did not see) led across marsh, moor, rock and pass was wonderful. He must have been a strong and determined fellow to hold out for so many hours, though it is possible that the pack had turned on to the scent of a fresh fox in the meantime.

I was present on Esk Hause at another, a summer hunt, when the scratch pack, collies, curs, hounds and terriers, somehow managed to bolt a fox out of a broken crag not far from the pass, and rolled it over in the open. It was a grim race before reynard was overtaken, and there was a scrimmage, in which he punished quite a few of the leaders before he went down under weight of numbers. I have found shepherds and hunt-followers up here, with stray or spare hounds, waiting for a chance to slip them on

a fresh scent and kill a redskin which had feasted on their lamb and mutton. The Cumbrian shepherd is slow to move against the fox, but when he moves it is to take strong and harsh vengeance.

Almost the last time I came across Tommy Dobson, the Eskdale bobbin-turner who was also a Master of Foxhounds, we crossed Esk Hause together. He had at his heels the usual couple of wiry terriers, and we left the Hause on the trot, because a fox was reported binked or gone to ground on Esk Pike. Whatever was the alarm, the incident had passed before we arrived, and the fox was facing a sharp circuit of Eskdale, and finally was killed at our feet, within a hundred yards of the actual Eskdale top of the Hause. The wise old hunter knew where the race would finish, and merely returned to the old point.

Another fine view from Esk Hause comes in autumn, when the shepherds from Boirowdale come up to gather the sheep. The pasture has been failing for some days, and the first sharp frost or snow (sometimes the two come together) means the end of all nourishment. It is on such occasions as these that you know the tremendous area of feeding ground among the crags and in the gorges which are not steep enough to interest the rock climber. It takes a good day to bring the sheep off the east shoulder of Great End, and probably altogether three hundred may be found between the cairn and Sprinkling Tarn path.

The shepherd sends his two or three dogs out on the hillside, and strolls across the slope, whistling and calling and waving when there is a chance of some rogue sheep being overlooked and left on the fell side. Not all sheep are tired of the mountain grazings, and some clever hunting and turning is necessary. While the collie on the left is turning one sheep down-hill another is creeping up behind a rock and working out of sight.

The shepherd looks upon it as all in the day's work. We onlookers certainly marvel at the cleverness and hardiness of the collies, and know that he has trained them to the long and gruelling work.

And so we come back to the track on Esk Hause where Speaker and other members of the Alpine Club will resume their ties (mine has been lost for days, and the shepherd only sees his on Sundays, or when he goes by bus to the fair at Keswick).

It has been suggested to me that some of our young, ardent and wealthy rock climbers never cross Esk Hause, and that a word in season to them is desirable. They plead the excuse that H. M. Kelly took two generations of climbing life before he actually ticked off the summit of Scafell. Why should he (she or they) go out of their way so soon to cross a mere pass ? The motor car has made it easy, too easy maybe, to avoid long trails, and at a Langdale meet, if Gimmer and Pavey Ark, also Middlefell buttress, is too crowded, the car is taken to Seathwaite for climbs on the Napes and other rocks of Great Gable. Wasdale Head can now be reached in easier time if the rocks on Scafell front or Pillar are desired.

The suggestion leaves me unmoved : this is a wild mechanical generation anyway, but I know that every mountain lover has (or will have) a regard for Esk Hause, which again I name the King of Cumbrian passes.

ON GUIDE WRITING

BY C. J. ASTLEY COOPER.

In a preface to the Climbers' Club guide to Lliwedd it is stated that the sole justification of a guide book is the fact that there is a growing body of climbers who are unable to obtain information on climbing matters by any other means. This preface was written in 1909, and the argument must certainly apply even more strongly at the present time.

It is for the novice and the stranger that the guide book should be written, not for the comparative expert, who can obtain from his fellow club-members, etc., details of any climbs with which he is unfamiliar. It follows that the guide book should indicate the position of the climbs without ambiguity, and should enable the reader to estimate the character and severity of the climbing from the descriptions. It is not expedient, therefore, to incorporate the style of a journal article in a guide book, since the lighter and often personal comments in an article are probably incomprehensible to outsiders, and, in consequence, would tend to make a guide book obscure.

It may be of interest to say that the Keswick guide, Wright, who, whatever we may think of his activities, has the best opportunity of gauging the views of strangers, tells me that the greater number of climbers with whom he has come into contact are of the opinion that all the guide books should follow the Pillar model.

The desirability of having rock-climbing guide books has long been a matter of controversy, one school maintaining that all guide books, maps, cairns, etc., should be destroyed and the district left in the form in which it was discovered by the pioneers. Unfortunately, the scratching and battering to which the rocks have been subjected, both by the pioneers and by the countless swarm of their successors, has made concealment impossible. It seems better, therefore, since the evidence of his eyes will indicate where former climbers have passed, that the modem searcher should be told into what difficulties each track will lead him, and should be given sufficient data to enable him to estimate whether his abilities are sufficient to overcome them.

Those who disapprove of extraneous help, and who prefer the

charm of re-discovery, have no necessity to purchase the guide books, and may save their money at the possible expense of becoming crag-fast.

In any case they will be under the pleasant delusion of all minorities, that they are the only exponents of the true faith, and that their hardships and perils are but the usual obstacles placed in the path of the righteous.

As the guide books are written for strangers, it is evident that they must be prepared under some uniform plan, so that the climbs in different districts can be correlated. It follows that the guide writers should sink their individuality for the common good, and attempt to standardise their descriptions and classifications as far as possible. They have no need to be brilliant exponents of the art of rock climbing, provided that they can call upon others to carry out the difficult routes.

From the foregoing it is plain that the first essential of a guide writer is his ability to call on a willing band of assistants, who, in addition to doing all the hard work, are sufficiently free from ambition to sacrifice their limited time in the examination of unheralded and often mediocie climbs. It is a real hardship when the rocks are in perfect condition to forego the pleasures of Scafell or Pillar for the necessary but rather uninspiring investigation of Green Gable Crags or the Bowder Stone Pinnacle.

It is probably my only qualification as a guide writer that I could be certain of the willing help of the partner with whom I have been climbing for some years, and could also rely on the assistance of several other helpers.

No sooner had I expressed my willingness to tackle the job than my partner was asked to take on the Borrowdale section. This, in itself, was no great addition to our labours, but on further investigation we were horrified to learn that the term Borrowdale included all outlying climbs between Shap and the sea not provided for under the main crags.

We now tremble at the postman's knock lest a letter bearing the Manchester postmark should arrive commanding us to extend our researches to the basalt cliffs of Northumberland or the mouldering ironstone of the Cleveland hills.

It is the custom of the more reputable firms in this country to provide their district representatives with a car and allowances.

We feel sure that our fellow members, when they realise the extent and difficulty of our task, will vote us a 1934 model for the carrying out of the remainder of our work with dignity and despatch.

This year we were dependent in the main on an Austin-seven, loaned with the assurance that it would never reach the Lake District, and on the willing, but not always reliable, assistance of our friends. We were fortunate in that our only serious breakdown occurred at the foot of the crag which we intended visiting, namely, the Castle Rock of Triermain, thus most of the climbs were completed, while the more mechanically minded members of the party worked with the transmission. Even the expert in Himalayan transport discovered that antiquated machinery was more difficult to deal with than recalcitrant natives.

Once having succeeded in bringing the transport as near as possible to the foot of the crag, it becomes necessary to deal with the climbs themselves. It can easily be understood that the necessity of measuring and describing the well-known routes on the Napes Ridges tends to become monotonous. We succeeded in obviating this to some extent by confining our activities in good weather to the more severe routes and tackling the easier stuff in rubbers when the weather deteriorated. We have been recommended to tackle the classical courses in boots under bad conditions, to recover to some extent the emotions of the pioneers, but I venture to assert that these climbs become even more entertaining if climbed under these conditions in rubbers. Such climbs as the Arrowhead are distinctly more exhilarating in rubbers when the polished holds are greasy. Even mountaineering expeditions, such as Raven Crag Gully, are very amusing in rubbers, particularly when confronted by a waterfall pitch, giving the choice of going slow and getting wet, or rushing it, with the probability of skating off some slimy hold.

Of even greater importance is the fact that there is a great saving in energy if the walk up to the climb is done in tennis shoes. In hot weather they are much more comfortable. When it is desired to do as many climbs as possible in a short space of time, they are much quicker to take off and much lighter to carry if it is intended to descend by some other route, while in many cases there is no necessity to change at all. In

one respect only have I found rubbers a failure, and that is in the negotiation of mossy boulders. This was forcibly brought to my knowledge when descending the most unpleasant mixture of wood and boulder below the Bowder Stone Pinnacle, for after a hasty step across a gap I found myself at the bottom of a deep hole with painful results to my anatomy. The Bowder Stone Pinnacle is not a place that I am at all likely to revisit.

While there are many other places which we left without regret, and while I am quite certain that on the completion of our work none of us will willingly revisit the Napes, yet the writing of the guide book has made us familiar with many excellent climbs which we should never have otherwise visited. First among these is the Castle Rock of Triermain, which at present provides two routes of very good quality besides several others of interest.

Boat How is another crag of great possibilities, but here we were handicapped by the weather and also by the ingenious way in which the cairns leading to the crag had been placed at points where their presence was only discovered by stepping on them.

From our acquaintance with these and other lesser-known climbs we have now got decided views on the work of the enthusiastic pioneer and recorder of small outcrops.

I have no wish to belittle the efforts of those climbers who prefer the unexplored by-ways of the district to the carefully annotated climbs on the major crags, but I have every reason to wish that they would not feel obliged to record every small climb on every little crag. I must confess to having been a party to such doings some years ago, and can only plead ignorance and a desire to see my initials in the Journal. We are all interested in the discovery of new climbing grounds, and are anxious to know the quality and nature of the climbs thereon, but detailed descriptions of obvious routes up 30-foot precipices are neither necessary nor desirable.

Again, many such climbs are very artificial, and, being seldom visited, it is often difficult for the guide writer to follow the precise route of the pioneers. The cairns are demolished by sheep, marks of human progress are obliterated, cigarette ends and apple cores have been scattered by the wind. The resulting confusion can only be solved either by giving a general descrip-

tion of the climbing possibilities of the crag, or by climbing everything regardless of previous exploration. Both methods are liable to give offence to the pioneers. These climbs are often the basis of entertaining articles in club journals, but in most cases further details are unnecessary.

The case is different from that of the bigger crags, which are of sufficient celebrity to attract the attention of novices and strangers, and are therefore deserving of detailed treatment. In the case of the smaller crags we are dealing with a different type of climber, a climber of considerable skill and experience, who prefers the charm of the unknown to the well-marked trail of his predecessors. These climbers need no further guide than a general idea of the nature of the crag with the merits of any particularly interesting climb indicated.

I fail to see the use of recording a number of climbs up a face of rock on which the technical difficulties are of the same character in each case. The merit of Kern Knotts as a climbing ground is that, in a very circumscribed area, it gives a large number of entirely different problems of all degrees of difficulty—some delicate, some strenuous. On the other hand, we made a climb last year on the big slab on Sron Na Ciche to the right of Mallory's route. This slab occupies an area of considerably greater extent than the whole of Kern Knotts, yet, having climbed it by one route, reference to any other is superfluous, since the problems involved are identical.

It would, I think, be a great boon if the recording of all climbs under 50 feet in height, and those which give climbing of a similar character to others in close proximity, should be abandoned, since they only express the self-gratification of the climbers concerned.

The same remarks apply with even greater force to many of the variation routes which have been recorded. Some have been made for amusement, and others because, as remarked by Longland, the leader was either scared or had lost his way. In general, the original route up a rock face was the easiest possible, and any variation of such a route should only be permissible if it helps to straighten out the climb and avoid original deviations, descents, etc. Otherwise they should be left in oblivion and not recorded to the bewilderment of future climbers. A good example is the face of rock above the Dress

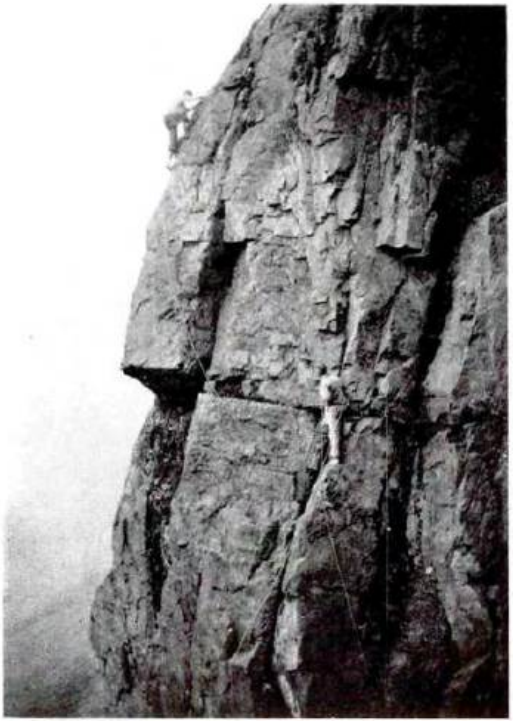


Photo by *W. Heaton Cooper*

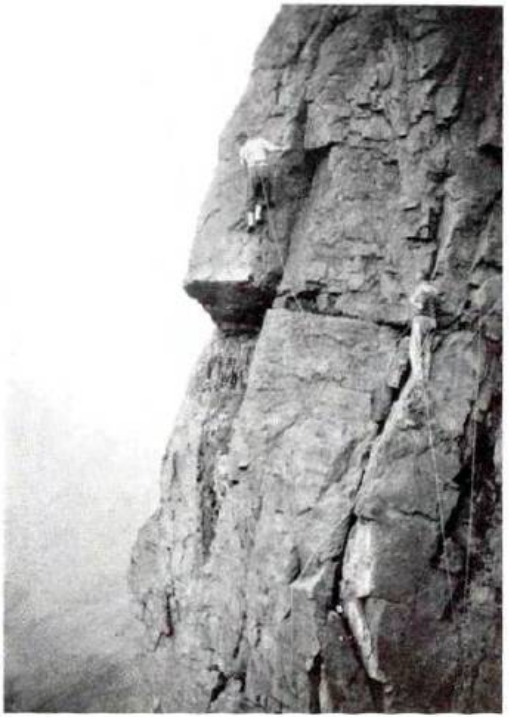


Photo by *W. Heaton Cooper*

STKEPLE BLACKCRAG.
TOWER BUTTRESS (THE NOSE.)

Circle containing Eagle's Corner and Tricouni Rib. In their upper sections both these climbs are difficult to follow, and since the rock is climbable by an infinite variety of routes, many variations have been made. There is no great difference in difficulty between any of these variations, and I think that the party climbing these routes should be permitted to vary their line if they wish, without being obliged to follow any definite variation. Thus it is possible to climb the wall on the left of the final arete on Jones' route up the Pinnacle from Deep Ghyll. I have never seen this recorded, so that any leader attempting it still has the pleasure of finding his own way, with the assurance that if he is unable to do so he can always escape by way of the arete.

The only exception is the case where it may be desirable to record a convenient means of escape for a party who have encountered difficulties beyond their capacity.

I have written at some length on these points, partly because of the load they have placed on the shoulders of the guide writer, and also because I believe that the practice of recording all insignificant climbs is being overdone. I may say that we have endeavoured to examine and describe all climbs and variations so far recorded, for having once been recorded, it is better that they should be put in a proper form.

If it should be remarked that we have recorded such climbs ourselves, it should be remembered that we have no desire to revisit many of these crags simply because some evilly disposed person has recorded a 30-foot moderate. We have therefore done them ourselves.

There is one further point which deserves mention : that is the question of classification. This is probably the most difficult problem with which the guide writer is faced, on account of the impossibility of entirely eliminating the personal element. It is well known that the difficulty of a first ascent is nearly always over-estimated, and that familiarity results in the toning down of the original view. This is quite understandable, since the nerves of a leader making a new climb are always at a greater tension than when he is leading a pitch of known difficulty, but what cannot be allowed for in classifying a climb is the actual form of the leader when any particular climb is done. Thus there is actually little difference in the severity of any of the

harder Kern Knotts climbs, yet we found, early in the holiday, that the Central Face Climb was very hard, while towards the end the Flake Climb, Sepulchre, etc., seemed quite simple. Thus one's impression of a climb depends less on the intrinsic difficulty than on the form and condition of the leader at the time of the ascent. When in good form there are few problems met with in climbing which are not perfectly simple, just as there are few which are easy if the leader suffers from an inferiority complex. It is one of the demerits of classification that it tends to instil this complex into the leader by describing the climb as very severe. The only remedy is to assume that, when in form, nothing is really difficult, and to forget about severity until the top of the pitch is reached. It is then permissible to preen oneself on having surmounted an apparent impossibility and tell one's followers how easy climbing really is.

NEW YEAR WISHES

(On Ingleborough.)

BY GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG.

If I could seal
a wish on younger eyes—then it should be
that they should see hills undisturbedly,
solitary, and in their own design.
For I have seen so much can come between
the heart of hills and mine,
record and route, rivalry, quick report,
all the cloud screen
of human witness, dictionaried sport;
and that these rainbows steal
the selfless joy mountains can make us feel,
the single light from summit and sunshine.

If I could seal a hope for younger time,
Climbers to come—then it should be for you
to know of only two
verities, yourself and the hill you climb :
only two voices, the mountain's and your own.
Others are but echoes, of the human pride
would make a sounding-board even of a hill-side :
two voices only. And one,
the small and still,
magical voice of the hill,
speaks only to you, for you alone.

SOME MEMORIES OF CECIL SLINGSBY AND OTHER MOUNTAINEERS

By ELEANOR WINTHROP YOUNG.

Only a few days ago I revisited Gordale Skar, after perhaps twenty-five years. I had half a fear, as we walked along the beck at the bottom, that like so many other things known only in childhood, it would have shrunk in size. A giant's hall, I had pictured it, and as we turned the corner and entered the chasm, it was still enormous. The waterfall ran down in its three divisions, the cliffs towered above, and there was still the climb up through one of the waterfalls to be done.

When we were children, living not far off, on the edge of Carleton Moor, our first scrambling had been practised here. We drove over in large family parties in the wagonette—so long a drive it seemed with the horses. We left the horses at the farm below and walked along up to Gordale Skar. " Up you go ! " said my father, and up we went. Towards the top we turned left and across to Malham Cove. The expedition invariably finished with our lying, in turns, on top of the Cove—held firmly by the legs (my father again)—and looking down the great face where the sooty splashes still marked the sensational descent of Tom of the *Water Babies.*

It all seemed gloriously unchanged, and my reminiscences became legion. Is this a sign of age creeping on us, this multiplication of memories ? If so, I have been growing old for many years. All these Yorkshire, and particularly " Craven " memories belong to the first ten years of my life, and my father dominates, as he needs must, over the greater part of the scene.

I have been told by an elder brother and sisters that father came into my first nursery, where the rooms were extremely low, and made us " walk on the ceiling." I can quite believe it, though I cannot remember taking part in the exercise; after all I was only two when we made our first removal—up the hill. Whether he thought it helped our balance, this crawling upside down, or made us more foot-sure, I do not know ; or whether,

which was far more probable, it was one of his whims to see us so placed, I cannot guess.

Our earliest walks were always up Carleton Ghyll, where a friendly and sometimes energetic beck ran down from the moor, or on to the moor itself. We were taken, when in the ghyll, across the beck at varying degrees of calm and angry flowing, in order to teach us how properly we should deal with the chance stepping-stones that lay sometimes ill-placed for our transit. If we stood, as I—the youngest and smallest—so often did, in mid-stream on a slippery stone, with anguish in my face and voice, my father would shout, cheerily, " Come on, now "—and always—" of course you can." We generally responded at once to his firm though joyous treatment of the situation. I have a vivid recollection of myself sitting on top of one of the highest and loosest of Craven walls, the others all ahead in the next field but one, and my father pacing just in front of me in the near field, with an ear ready for a possible crash of stones, but his eyes always straight ahead and away from me.

When I wailed, for the third time, " I can't get down ! " " Nonsense, of course you can," he said, prancing ahead and never looking back for one half-second, such was his peculiar confidence in us all—and down I came, as even he would have wished. We went farther up on to the moor, and on Sunday afternoons were taken to the " View Gate," a few minutes from the old milestone at the cross roads, and shown the lands that lay beyond us.

Over there was Ingleborough, that unique and much-respected mountain, and away, so very much farther, on clear days, we saw some of the famous tops of the Lake mountains.

My father was always at the height of his form on these walks, balancing on the edges of the highest walls, swinging us up on to a shoulder to look at Sharpah (his favourite hill in Craven); encouraging us with a wave of his hand or cautioning us at times with a half-caustic " Now, then, *that's* no good at all." Clumsiness in dealing with wall climbing, beck crossing, walking, or even going through stiles seemed to us an unforgivable sin; and if we failed to appreciate a distant view, or the certain curve of a local hill, we were conscious of an inner displeasure on the part of our guide and companion-in-chief.

And with it all he had a complete and holy horror of" Swank " [as we did *not* then call it] in any form. This remained with him to the end and all through his most remarkable mouataineering life. Many quite charming if gushing ladies were all but rudely treated by this otherwise super-courteous man. " Oh, Mr. Slingsby, you must have seen and done some wonderful things." There followed usually a pitying look, another typical gesture, half mischievous and almost sprite-like, and off he went to escape this fulsome and rather one-sided talk. On the other hand, his confidence was unbounded. It carried himself and most of his followers up or down any sort of hill, cave, ice slope—or argument.

We well remember the animated discussions that went on at his end of the large dining table at Carleton. Some Himalayan mountaineer, perhaps, was present and a very lively talk was under way. Father had never been out of Europe, and yet his knowledge of the mountain regions of other parts of the earth was quite colossal. A Norwegian friend wrote, only last year : " With infectious enthusiasm he inspired us to undertake new expeditions, at the same time placing at our disposal his inexhaustible stores of topographical knowledge."

" Only give him enough to play with," an artful elder sister whispered, and so there was generally one of us at hand to push a solid salt cellar here, or supply a pepper pot, two knives and a spoon there, and in a moment the scene had changed to—possibly Nanga Parbat or some range in the Caucasus or Andes. " My dear fellow," Cecil would say to Collie, Bruce or Longstaff, " you can't possibly go that way; there's a very nasty little glacier that comes down there," and so on, and nearly always he was right.

All of which serves to remind me of the many mountaineers who came to our house—great men all, but to us as children delightful friends and playboys of our schoolroom or nursery.

As well as the talks over the knives and salt cellars I can think back over the incidents that befell some of them who came, little events that stand out with the same vividness as their faces today.

Professor Norman Collie—a frequent visitor—I remember on a particular Christmas Eve, in the early days of this century. The whole family was gathered around the supper table, ready

for the meal, with its cold foods but hot mulled ale, of which, according to customary rites, we were all forced to sip in passing the tankard and to "say something too."

Collie came in very late, towards the end of the meal, and sat down looking most subdued, if not sad. Strange event! "Collie, what's up?" demanded my father, with a flourish of his hospitable hand. "Why so glum?" After a pause a cavernous voice replied, "I had a bit of a fall this evening, trying to get here, down your cellar steps." The story was let loose on us as the poor man gained some support from our sympathy. He had mistaken the door into our hall—from a back passage—had opened the one he believed to be the right one, and had crashed considerably down a flight of sharp and ruthless stone steps. He believed himself to be black and blue "from head to toe," but rather than spoil one moment of our simple pleasures he had hoped to pass unnoticed. I doubt whether the Professor ever suffered a worse indignity in all his Alpine career, and he certainly behaved with almost too great a consideration and restraint on this occasion.

When C. E. Mathews came to stay I only met him to say "Good night and how do you do," simultaneously, at the drawing-room door, which gave me all the more a feeling that this elderly and kindly gentleman must indeed be one of the greater ones. On the occasion of this visit I heard my mother hurry downstairs and make her way to the drawing-room, where Cecil was playing, as he often did, quite passably well, on the piano.

"Cecil, you must *never* play Mendelssohn when Mr. Mathews is here. I know he can't endure it." My father spared the older man this peculiar torture and kept most strictly to Beethoven, and possibly the other great "B's," during this visit.

Charles Pilkington, another regular visitor, spent off-hours sketching in the garden, and once made himself particularly felt when he sawed two legs off a table preparatory to a wedding next day of a grown-up sister. The energy he put into this bit of home carpentering is a thing I shall never easily forget.

The various Hopkinson brothers, second cousins of my father, but promoted by us to "uncles," on account of their charm, came and came again, and were delightful companions, whether in our skirmishes in the ghyll or in our special corners of the

playroom or schoolroom. We knew them by their curling hair and angelic smiles, which only covered quite indomitable spirits.

Geoffrey Hastings came over from Bradford so often he seemed to belong, at one period, to the local landscape. He frightened three of us one evening into fits by chasing us up into our playroom at the top of the house, hurling us into a particularly dark corner and then letting out explosions at us which we later heard were experiments in flash-light photography. His weird energy at all times left us rather breathless.

Howard Priestman created a local record, I fancy, on a " push " bicycle, on the Ilkley-Skipton road, and after arriving heated and heroic from one of these feats, demanded only rice pudding as his reward. I felt sad and rather shocked.

The " Brigg boys," as Will and John Brigg were known throughout the district, were as active in the county ball-rooms as on any field of snow or ice.

One was dubbed by us " the Modest Violet," but since that rather subtle story needs some careful telling, on the whole I think I would prefer to give it verbally. Driving home once in the dog-cart from—where can it have been ?—with my father, we drove into the Kildwick Hall gates and were greeted by two prancing and juvenile figures. " Cecil ! Congratulate us, we're forty today ! " I need hardly say they have looked less and acted accordingly both before and ever since.

Mr. Solly descended on us in his glory and proved at all times a good companion in our walks and adventures. It was alleged by two elder members of the family that at odd moments during the sermon, on Sunday morning, in Carleton church, Mr. Solly could be caught napping, and a pin was taken to stir him again into action before the final hymn. It is quite possible that during the years that have passed since these days I may be mistaken in my exact memory of this particular situation. However, on one occasion, when a pin was mine, and the psychological moment seemed to arrive, the true gentleman responded quickly to treatment, and honour on both sides was satisfied.

Mr. Richmond Powell came often to walk and talk and play, which latter he did most beautifully on our efficient Broadwood piano.

" Fitz Haskett," as Haskett-Smith was known to us, came and came again. " Mr. Haskett-Smith is expected on——" said my mother. " We shall have some good stories and much talk, I know," and it is right to say that he never failed our expectations. Before my time, on one of his earlier arrivals, when the three elder members of the troupe were still small, he disguised himself as a " German professor," who was said to be coming to give them special instruction in the holidays. The disguise, I believe, was striking, but he cast it off, after a short interval, with his usual kindly thought for the over-anxiety of the prospective pupils. (This story I have from him quite fresh only some weeks since—again !)

And Bruce—then a mere " Major Bruce "—a great hero of my young brother and myself (we even had a special " double " amongst our lead soldiers at that time). Bruce danced round our drawing-room, on an off-day once, balancing peacock feathers on his nose and singing a suitable ditty the while. The two well-biought-up daughters of the late Admiral von Tirpitz, who were spending their holidays with us, were rather horrified. " So do Prussian officers *not* behave " ; but they were secretly entranced, and I think wished that such things might be possible also in Berlin. One day my brother Laurence and I, fresh from a game with our soldiers, asked Bruce :—

"Are you descended from Robert the Bruce ? " " Yes, rather ; of course I am. You see it happened like this : At the Battle of Bannockburn we had such a—such an awful time that we ran, and we ran, and we ran . . . until we came to Wales—and we stopped there ever since."

Dr. Longstaff, then even younger than now, came, with or without beard, to talk endlessly, romp with us, and ascend Ingleborough or Pen-y-Ghent, with chosen members of the troupe. I have a photo of him still, his head only and smile, like the Cheshire cat, shewing above one of those limestone tables below Ingleborough.

Two of the most interesting and notable figures, who came several times to see us and stay, were those of two ladies, famous for their Alpine feats and courage, in the days when petticoats, I imagine, were still worn on the Matterhorn and elsewhere. Perhaps Miss Lucy Walker impressed me the most. Her bulk was becoming noticeable, and her humour was quite proverbial.

Her talk was at all times entirely up to standard. It was with the most charming gesture, one day, that she pushed me gently from the hall doorway, wishing to come through herself: " Little girl, there's only room for one like me here ! "

Mrs. Jackson had suffered the loss of her toes through frost-bite in some famous expedition, but I can see her now, sitting in full evening trim, in our drawing-room, with long ear rings, which to my point of view seemed, in some measure, to compensate for the loss of her toes. The ear-rings danced as she carried on her spirited talk, and she made a very gracious picture as she sat there, elegant and energetic too.

A little later, when the younger Alpinists were making themselves felt, on a Christmas Eve, came Geoffrey Young having driven a car across country, with Marcus Heywood, from heaven knows where. I was summoned from a stirring concert in the servants' hall, where the village brass band and choir were doing duty, alternating to their music, and also cakes and ale, to " come and dance in the hall with Mr. Young."

"A pity," I thought; " I shall miss the fun, and what are strange grown-ups to me." But I liked dancing on every occasion, and the going was certainly good.

How extremely well Geoffrey Young danced will be remembered by all those who saw him, and how much he believed in dancing as a right exercise may be realised by all who have read *Mountain Craft* and *Freedom.*

The Norwegians came, too, even as far as Yorkshire, and lively parties were taken over to Wasdale Head in mid-winter. Two of the younger Norwegian mountaineers appeared one Christmas clad in top hats, to be worn at a forthcoming wedding, but with other garments carefully put away in suitcases, ready for a flight to the hills.

There were so many who came, and I could easily write far too much of this time. How Morris Slingsby, six-foot three and broad in proportion, kept in trim for his Himalayan adventures by wild gymnastics with my brother Will in our playroom, or hid his entire length and breadth for over half an hour, during a game of hide and seek, in a miniature pantry cupboard. How the earlier Yorkshire ramblers from Leeds and the neighbourhood appeared in every sort of vehicle, or even on foot; and what talk we heard, either as privileged partakers at the long

dining-room table, or hanging over the banisters upstairs, where the myriads of mountain pictures hung round the walls, and every one had a peculiar story attached to itself. Sometimes the *Grepon* looked so black and threatening that I ran upstairs past it, thinking some sinister spirit was about to leap from its frame and hurl me to destruction from the topmost stair.

My father made a few stern rules, and kept to them. One was that none of us might go up Ingleborough, Pen-y-Ghent and Whernside under a certain stage, shall I say, more than age.

A bitter blow befell me, the youngest, on an entrancing day in August one year, when a large wagonette party, led by Cecil, and cheered on rather particularly by Dr. Longstaff, left for Ingleborough and Pen-y-Ghent. " Digging in the orchard " was my sad alternative, and mournfully enough I turned to earth for bitter consolation on that day.

A few days since we were on Ingleborough again. That ancient mountain that belongs to the beginnings of time, stood up and challenged us once more. The north-easter blew sternly; there were steps to be kicked in the snow, partly for fun, but sometimes also for necessity on the northern slopes, and we had the summit most gloriously to ourselves. Coming down later, and it seemed more than usually difficult to leave our solitary mountain, a great moon became our sentinel on one side, an evening star on the other, and the golden and red clouds that lined up behind us made a heroic rearguard.

My father loved Ingleborough as he loved all those Yorkshire hills, but Ingleborough certainly claimed one of the first places in his mind. He always maintained that the Yorkshire, and particularly Craven hills, had no rivals for shape or character. When I last talked with him, a month before he died, we looked at a certain picture of a hill—unknown—that someone had placed on the table. " I *like* that line," said Cecil, tracing the outline with his finger in his old and sure way.

And a very short time after, when we took him up to his old country for his resting place, I thought of Stevenson's lines regarding his own hills :

" Be it granted to me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home ! and to hear again the call;
Hear the. . . . . peewees crying
And hear no more at all."

On our last day in Yorkshire we drove over from Wensleydale and down into the heart of Upper Wharfedale, stopping by the way to scramble on Buckden Pike. The climbs were short enough for even my daughter, but the limestone stood steep enough to remind us that the game was going to be as good as ever. Lower, down the valley, we stopped below Kilnsey Crag and wondered at the overhang and the most dramatic profile of rock face. What could be better than those outlines ?——and away behind and beyond lay Malham and Gordale Skar and the necessary desolation of Malham Moors.

On the return, I made the party glance aside into Cray Ghyll, above Buckden, where the steep crags form another and smaller cove with the beck that races down from the heights above. Here had been yet another training place. I could close an eye now and see two of us half-way up a certain rock face and the water cheerily scattering spray around us. " Father, it's *wet,* I can't get up here ! " and once more the wave of the hand, the all comprehensive gesture and the encouraging call. " Of course you can, up you go ! " And up and on we went.

CLIMBS, OLD AND NEW

BY A. T. HARGREAVES

Out of a Club with 600 members, and in spite of a magnificent summer, there has been practically no use made of the climbing books provided in the hotel bookcases. Beyond a single entry in the Langdale Book of new climbs on a small crag, Kettle Crag, there is not one climbing entry, except those made by the writer.

Surely we are not to suppose that nothing new, partly new, unusual or interesting has been climbed in a whole year.

I would urge members to enter all their doings in the books, in the manner of a log book. In all the centres there is a book provided for this purpose, with the addition that at Wasdale there is a special book for rock climbers in which to enter only first and second ascents.

It is to be hoped that much greater use will be made of these books in future.

WASDALE : Pillar Rock, Hadrian's Wall Climb.	14/4/33. Severe, very, under wet conditions. Leader needs 70 feet of rope. Starts about 40 paces west of the North Climb, and few yards east (left) of the Westerly Variation, about 12 feet above the Green Ledge. In the latter half of the first section it probably gets mixed with the Westerly Variation.

(1) 30 feet. A short rib to a grass ledge is followed by a traverse left over a bulging rock under a short overhang. Thread belay and rock stance.

(2) 35 feet. A grass-covered corner or an incipient chimney abutting on a low wall. Belay.

(3) 30 feet. Tread left for 20 feet and up to a bilberry corner. No belay.

(4) 40 feet. Ahead and then left over bilberry ledges. An incipient chimney. Ledge on right. Belay.

(5) 35 feet. A short chimney and grass ledges lead to a recess. Block belay and cairn.

(6) 35 feet. A deeply cut V chimney, good stance on right, thread belay.

(7) 35 feet. A short chimney with overhanging chockstone leads into a corridor, above which is Hadrian's Wall. Further on the North Climb will be identified by the Split Blocks.

(8) 55 feet. For 20 feet the route goes up an exposed wall; the small holds of this are succeeded by a series of ledges. There are two belays, of which the higher is the better. (This pitch forms part of the Girdle Traverse.)

(9) 45 feet. A short staircase of small steps trending left leads to an exposed entrance to a chimney. This is smooth and strenuous, but soon ends at a grass ledge on the right. The route can now go via the small protruding blocks or a stride out to the left may be taken. Bilberry ledges follow. Spike belay.

(10) 40 feet. A V chimney is climbed for 20 feet, then a movement is made below an undercut and up the wall on the left. Belay.

(11) 60 feet. This is mostly up the arete bounding Stony Gully, and ends on the summit of Low Man. Cairn.

A.T.H., W.C., W.E.-S., R.E.H., W.G.M.

Second ascent. 4/6/33. A.B.H., W.H.C., H.M.K., G.R.S.

Nor' Nor' West Climb.

Second ascent. 4/6/33.
A.T.H., W.C., H.M.K., G.R.S.

LOW MAN : West Face, Ledge and Groove Climb.

22/10/33. Very difficult, with one severe pitch. Leader needs 60 feet of rope. Starts on a ledge 20 feet to the left and down from the start of the West Wall Climb.

(1) 25 feet. A staircase leading back to the right to the foot of the second pitch of the West Wall Climb. (The V chimney.)

(2) 45 feet. Traverse left along a ledge (the ledge) to its end and ascend slabby rocks to a stance and belay round a large block.

(3) 55 feet. Step over a little wall to the left, ascend grass to a crack with loose flakes. Climb the crack till it is possible to break out on the right to a stance and belay.

(4) 30 feet. A delightful slab leads to the belay on the upper traverse of the West Wall Climb.

(5) 40 feet. Reverse the traverse to the pinnacle at its right-hand end.

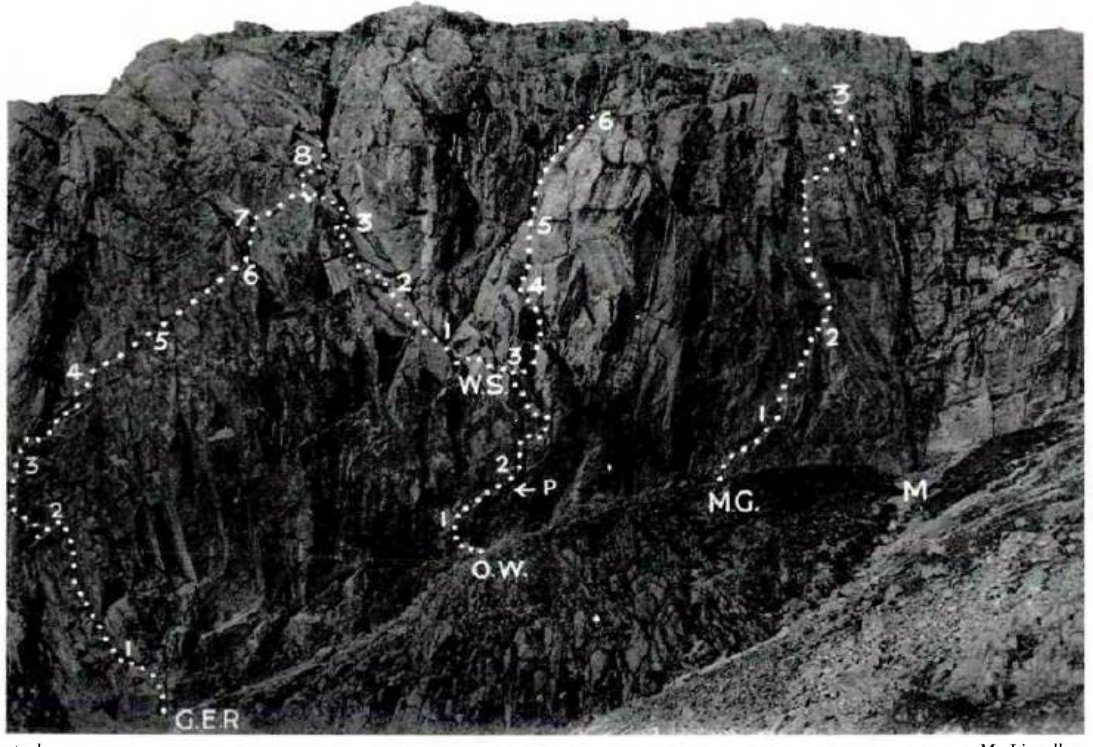


Photo by *M. Linnell*

SCAFELL EAST BUTTRESS.

G.E.R. : Great Eastern Route.

O.W. Overhanging Wall.
W.S.: White Slab Var.

M.G. : Mickledore Grooves.
M. : Mickledore Chimney.

"P indicates Piton"

(6) 35 feet. Climb the steep groove just to the left of the pinnacle. The start is awkward and the exit is to the right. Wobbly belay.

(7) 45 feet. Cross the grass to the right, then go up an easy crack and a staircase leads to a cairn on the Old West Climb.

A.T.H., G. Barker (non-member), R.E.H.

SCAFELL : East Buttress. This is the mass of rock which extends all the way from Mickledore Chimney to Slime Chimney. The route described in the last journal as the East Buttress Climb has been rechristened the Great Eastern Route, owing to the discovery of new routes, and East Buttress is descriptive of the whole mass. Apart from the (1) Overhanging Wall Climb and its variation *(a)* the White Wall Climb, and (2) Morning Wall Climb as well as a variation on Great Eastern Route named *(h)* Yellow Slab Climb, all of which are printed in detail below, there are only two other climbs on the East Buttress of Scafell, viz. :—

1. The Mickledore Grooves, and
2. Slime Chimney.

Mickledore Grooves. 1931. Very severe. A magnificent climb. Leader needs 150 feet of line. Start at a cairn about 20 yards left of the foot of Mickledore Chimney.

(1) 30 feet. A little overhanging wall is climbed by a stiff " pull up " and the slab on the right is crossed and climbed to a stance and belay at the foot of grooves.

(2) 55 feet. The left hand of two grooves is climbed for 15 feet or so and a very difficult step is then taken into the big right-hand groove. Its bed is followed to a grass ledge with a large block belay.

(3) 140 feet. Step on to a grass ledge on the face of the slab to the right. After a step or tv/o to the left follow a diagonal crack up to the right. There are good holds to overcome the overhang. The objective is a groove away up on the right. The large mass forming its right wall is undercut at the level of the foot of the groove. Climb the groove with difficulty to the level of the first turfy step on the right. This is attained by an awkward step. A sloping ledge is then reached. The climb goes round

the corner on the right and continues horizontally for about 25 feet, when a mossy opening in the wall above gives access to the scree. By walking back to the left a little way a stand in a crevasse is found. There are good belays and the rest of the party should be held from here. Unless following a spell of very dry weather the grooves are likely to be found greasy, also the traverse and mossy wall at the end of the last pitch. This last section is not really difficult, but the drag of the rope makes it awkward.

C. F. Kirkus, I. M. Waller, M. Pallis (non-members).

Great Eastern Route. Second ascent. 21/5/33. A.T.H., M. Linnell (non-member).

Overhanging Wall Climb. 23/7 33. Very severe. Leader needs 70 feet of rope. Starts about 40 yards down to the left from Mickledore Chimney at a cairn on a ledge on which are two large stones.

(1) 12 feet. Climb the awkward corner to the left to a good stance. Belay up to the left.

(2) 35 feet. Ascend about 3 feet and traverse delicately to the right and upwards to a rib, descend on the right of it, and after a long stride to the right, climb a very difficult crack, mainly by pulling hard on a piton which has been inserted. Small stance with a movable but mechanically sound belay.

(3) 40 feet. Swing round into a crack on the right, climb over the bulge and ascend a few feet till it is possible to traverse right, and after a pull up reach a good resting place. Traverse a slab to the left (avoiding loose blocks), work into a corner, and climb to a good grass stance and belay.

(4) 45 feet. Step into a recess on the right and climb the bed of a corner to a good belay.

(5) 45 feet. Continue up the corner ; it is steep at first and then eases. Small belay.

(6) 50 feet. A vertical chimney is backed up for 20 feet. The angle then eases and another 30 feet leads to a good belay just at the top of the chimney in a groove on the left.

M. Linnell (non-member), A.T.H.

White Slab Variation. 10/9/33. This is an alternative finish to the preceding climb. It gives a finer climb than that originally followed.

(1) 20 feet. From the stance at the top of pitch 3 of the Overhanging Wall Climb traverse left to a grass ledge at the foot of the great White Slab.

(2) 50 feet. Climb the Slab to a large square block in its centre. Belay round block.

(3) 30 feet. Straight up from the top of the block, on small holds, to a ledge. No belay.

(4) 20 feet. Start at the right-hand end of the ledge. This pitch is nearly always wet, but presents no great difficulty in socks.

M. Linnell, H. Pearson (non-members).

Great Eastern Route, Yellow Slab Variation. 10/9/33. Very severe. Leader needs 90 feet of rope. Starts from a good belay and stance just above the stance at the top of the third pitch of G.E.R.

(1) 30 feet. The crack on the left may either be started direct, or by pulling up on one small hold reached by standing on the point of the belay, then traversing in. Either start and the remaining portion of the crack requires both strength and skill. The belay is suitable for line and is close to the top of the crack. Awkward stance.

(2) 80 feet. Climb the Yellow Slab till it finishes in an impossible wall. Traverse to the left and discover a steep crack just round the corner. This is best started as a lay back and finished by wedging the left arm and leg. It is very strenuous. Belay on shelf to the left.

(3) 65 feet. Escape round the corner on the left, first climbing upwards with the help of a good leaf, then working diagonally to the left. This pitch is exposed and quite hard enough after what has gone before.

M. Linnell and H. Pearson (non-members).

Morning Wall Climb, 13/8/33. This climb traverses the overhanging wall which looks across to Bowfell. Below the foot of the buttress is a fan-shaped opening of grass and rock. By going up this a terrace is reached from which

three grooves slant up to the left. The climb starts in the right-hand one. Leader needs 60 feet of rope. Very severe.

(1) 40 feet. Go up the right-hand groove till a convenient opening allows of a descent into the second groove to a good rock stance and a large block belay.

(2) 25 feet. A vertical crack with a niche in it and very ill-supplied with holds leads to a V corner. Step over a rib to the left to a good stance and belay. (The leader used a shoulder for this pitch and the second and third men pulled up on a rope hung over the belay.)

(3) 25 feet. Continue the traverse along a widening ledge to a spike at the foot of a vertical chimney. (The first part of this traverse was done lying on the left side.)

(4) 50 feet. A very delicate step up to the left and another back to the right leads into the chimney, which has few holds and is climbed with difficulty to a recess. A little boulder pitch follows. Small belay high up on the right wall.

(5) 25 feet. A sloping slab with a wide easy crack in it leads to a crevasse. Belays.

(6) 45 feet. Proceed up a recess to the left then traverse along another crevassed block to the right to an easy chimney. Ascend this and finish up a cave pitch straight ahead. Cairn.

A.T.H., W.C., M. Linnell (non-member).

GREAT GABLE : Long John. Whitsuntide/32. Very severe. The wall above the pinnacle was climbed and proved much harder than any other part of the climb.

C.J.A.C, E.W.-J., D. Lewers (non-member).

LANGDALE : Pavey Ark, E. Buttress direct, via Stoats' Crack. 28/6/33. Exceptionally severe. Rubbers. 100 feet rope. From the foot, of Skew Gully can be seen Stoats' Crack, cutting the E. Buttress for about 100 feet.

(1) Ascend a small wet chimney and traverse left along a grass ledge to foot of crack.

(2) Ascend crack for 80 feet to a grass ledge. Small belay.

(3) Traverse upwards and left over an exposed nose on small holds to a small ledge. Good belay.

(4) An awkward pull-up leads to a scoop, climbed with great difficulty by means of sloping footholds. A grass ledge beneath an overhanging block is attained. Belay on a small elm tree.

(5) Follow the grass ledge left and traverse upwards and left into Bilberry Crack, which ascend. With 100 feet of rope a stance and belay are attained.

(6) Climb mossy rocks to the right, using small sloping holds. In 90 feet a ledge is reached, with a sloping stance and flake belay above.

(7) Traverse ledge to the right and then upwards to the left to a small platform. No belay.

(8) Grass ledges lead to a large sloping block.

B.R.R., J.R.J.

KETTLE CRAG. This is the lowest crag on the slope of Pike o' Blisco, facing towards Wall End Farm. The climbs, four in number, lie to the left of a wide grassy gully, and start out of it.

(a) An Arete. 21/7/33. 50 feet of rope. Any footgear. Starts at a cairn 60 feet above the foot of the gully.

(1) Step off the boulder above the cairn and ascend the arete for 45 feet to a stance and belay.

(2) Exit on the right from a loose but safe block.

V.O., F.G.S., J.W.

(b) Major Slab. 21/7/33. 100 feet of rope. Severe. Rubbers desirable. Starts 50 feet further up the gully, between two ash trees.

Climb upwards and to the right. Passing over a slightly overhanging block, ascend the steep face above to the left of a crack. After about 60 feet the crack is used for 10 feet, until a long step can be made on to the face on the left. Above this the top is soon reached. Belay 15 feet higher.

An alternative start commences to the right of the slab, above a small grass gully.

J.W., F.G.S.

(c) Minor Slab. 21/7/33. 60 feet of rope. Any footgear. Starts a few feet higher up the gully. Climb left to a detached block, thence straight up to a rock ledge. Belay 10 feet higher.

J.W., F.G.S.

(d) Minor Slab 21/7/33. 60 feet of rope. Severe. Variation. Variation. Rubbers.

Follow above route for 8 feet, then upwards and right for 8 feel. Ascend straight up finishing right of the previous route.

F.G.S., J.W.

WHITE GHYLL SLABS: Route II. Cairn marks the start 40 to 50 feet left of the ordinary route.

(1) 30 feet. Climb upwards and slightly right for 20 feet, then traverse left for 8 feet to a good stance and belay.

(2) 40 feet. Continue up the narrow crack behind the belay for about 20 feet, then make a short traverse of 5 feet to the right across a groove to a ledge. Finish up a narrow crack to a good ledge. Belay on ordinary way.

(3) 5° feet- Work to the right of the ordinary route and keep to the right of the bulge to the top.

S. Cross, E. Fallowfield, C. Tatham (non-members).

BORROWDALE : 20/9/33. 5° feet- Severe.

Bowder Stone Pinnacle. Direct Start. Starts at the lowest point of the buttress.

Climb broken rocks on the right of a corner to a ledge which is traversed right to the foot of a steep crack. Ascend the crack to vegetation-covered ledge. Finish out left to belay at the top of the first pitch ordinary route. The climb is rather dangerous on account of loose rock.

C.J.A.C, E.W.-J.

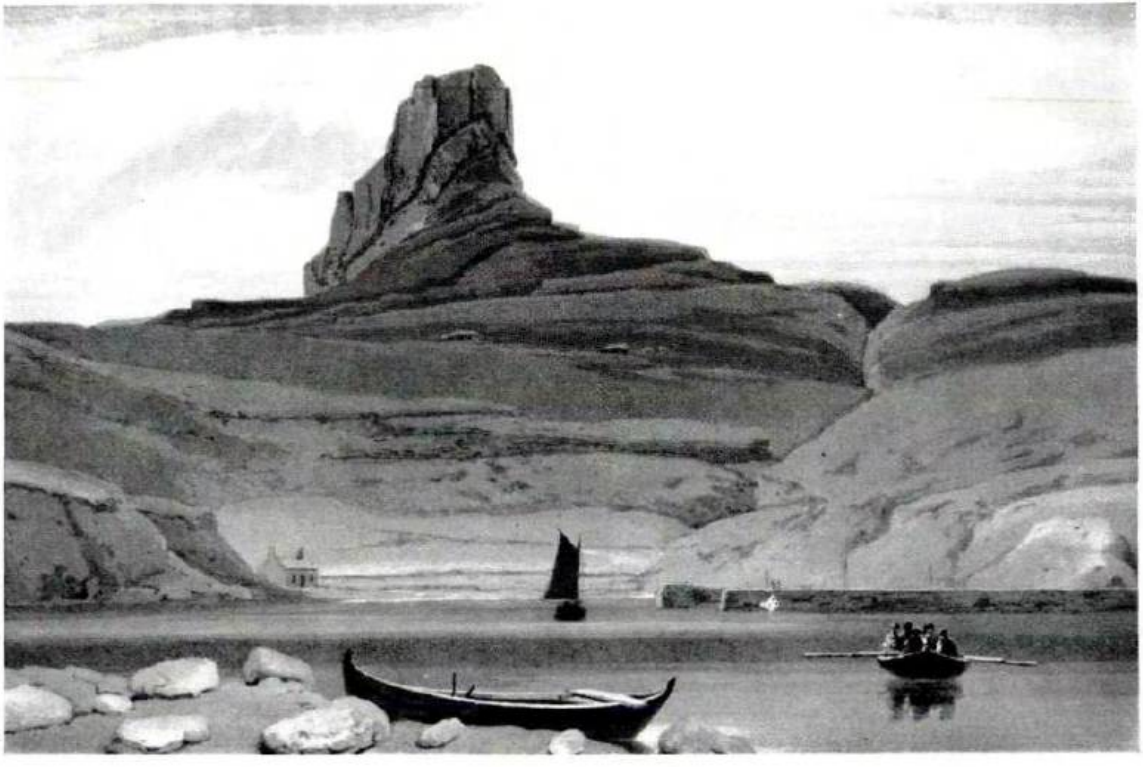
Bowder Stone Buttress. 20/9/33. 110 feet- Difficult. The second small buttress to the left of the Pinnacle. Starts at a small tree.

The climb follows an obvious crack on the left side of the buttress. A belay can be arranged about half-way along a ledge.

E.W.-J., C.J.A.C.

Key to initials :—

C. J. Astley Cooper	H. M. Kelly
W. Clegg	W. G. Milligan
W. Heaton Cooper	V. O. ————
W. Eden-Smith	B. R. Record
A. B. Hargreaves	G. R. Speaker
A. T. Hargreaves	F. G. Stangle
Mrs. R. E. Heap	J. Wharton
J. R. Jenkins	E. Wood-Johnson



THE SGUIR OF EIGG.

CANNA AND RUM

BY E. W. HODGE

There is definitely something about an island. One cannot see its blue shape, roosting inaccessibly far away on the glittering sea, or in fragments looming at long intervals of time through the tantalising haze, but one must wish to be there, and one cannot land without a sense, not very easy to describe, but almost like that of contact with a personality. It is an artistic whole. One's appreciation of it must be accomplished in the limited time between landfall and hoisting anchor. Natural features, which on the mainland would perhaps be mere boulders or bog not worth a second thought, are here elements in the complete impression. Here are the three dramatic unities of time, place and action. On an island of no more than a couple of dozen people there are ample enough to supply the personages of a drama. Even Dr. Samuel Johnson, always ready to puncture the bubbles of any one else's imaginings, was not himself insensible to these influences. Several times in his tour of the West Highlands he returned to this theme : he would keep up a state as laird of Island Isa, he would mount cannon, he would erect a fortification, he would sally out and take the Isle of Muck. He used to urge his hosts to keep up the authority of a chieftain ; this they usually seem to have met with the remark " mphmm," in one or other of its numerous meanings, since a more definite reply is not recorded. But perhaps, after all, these are the sort of ideas which would be much more likely to occur to the mind of a touring Southron, than to the natives, from whom one usually meets nothing but kindness and welcome to go where one will. Before the extension to the Highlands of Lowland legal ideas, it bad probably never occurred to people that ownership could be employed to expel the inhabitants, to stop up tracks, and to close to every one great areas employed only as deer forests. The older instinctive ideas (which once constituted the law) are still innate in the minds of most. As a matter of fac^, my opinion is that the degree of exclusion practised is much exaggerated by rumour, and probably belongs more to the bygone Edwardian days than to the present or future. I have hardly heard of any settled policy of keeping people off entirely.

As Macbrayne's steamer, the *Lochearn,* neared the Isle of Canna, my intention of landing there wavered a little. The island was evidently built up of horizontal sheet basalt, like much of Skye, and quite grassy ; to my mind a type of scenery apt to be on the dull side : a flat-topped island, rising in sudden steps of moderate height, to some four hundred feet above sea-level. So small an island ! What if I couldn't hire a boat there after all, to cross over to Rum ? However should I pass my time there until the steamer paid her next visit ? Crushing down these unworthy doubts, I saw my luggage swung ashore along with a mail bag and one other package, and myself stepped on to the pier. At Canna the pier is in deep water and sheltered, so the steamer comes alongside, otherwise than at Rum and Eigg, where the landing is by motor boat.

As is usual, all the able-bodied of the island's two or three score people were there to meet the steamer. No one else got off, except a Catholic priest, and to guard against the bare possibility of permission to land being refused me, I judged it advisable to mingle unostentatiously with the populace until the *Lochearn* had actually rung full steam ahead. I then enquired of an elderly native whether there was any house on the island at which I could board. As a matter of fact I had with me a tent and supplies of food for several days, but I wished to save the provisions for my intended stay on Rum. My interlocutor replied in the Gaelic, which I was unable to understand; but his manner seemed to convey shocked, guilty surprise and deprecation. Those standing nearby shrank away, whilst the priest gazed on me with strongly marked doubt. The third person to whom I spoke was one who had an air of being in charge of the proceedings. (He afterwards turned out to be the gardener at the big house.) " Giide Goad ! " said he, in a strong Lowland accent, and an awkward silence ensued, of ten seconds. Then, " Ye'd baste goo an see the prooprayetor." So off I went, guided by his young son. Mr. Thorn, the proprietor, to whom I applied for permission to camp, pointed out two or three sites, and apologised for his island's lack of facilities; and when I, in my turn, tendered my regrets for troubling him, he reciprocated by expressing his satisfaction that my tent would not be disturbed by animals, and would be in a position sheltered from the harsher blasts of wind.

On my return from the house several natives were waiting to ask me how I had got on. "Aye, Mr. Thorn '11 no be the one tae hender ye," said they, by way of assurance to me that they wished to associate themselves with their chieftain's goodwill.

Having pitched my tent I explored the shop near the pier. As I expected, its stock consisted of boiled sweets, tinned fruit, soap, and the four kinds of laxative medicine usual at Highland stores. More satisfying things, such as sago or flour, may have lurked in sacks under the counter; food is not bought here in frivolous cartons or tins. Here, at the cost of ae pennysworth of Lord Nelson's Balls (anglice: Peppermint Humbugs), I learnt what I could of the island's polity and oeconomy, especially its relations with its neighbour island of Rum.

Canna is connected with Skye by telegraph, and with heaven by the ministrations (monthly) of a Catholic priest and a minister of the Established Church, both of whom live on Eigg. **The** Catholic church, which I visited in the priest's company, is a modern building in the Norman style, complete with dog-tooth ornament on the chancel arch, and heads of mediaeval warriors and ladies sculped on the corbels, and so on. Canna is indebted for this to a church-building fund left by a member of the Marquis of Bute's family. The building requirements of all other parishes within the fund's field of operations having been fully satisfied, it was decided to do something for Canna. The font, said the priest, was a joke ; he had never had a christening there in seven years, and, indeed, only one marriage. Though there are only two Presbyterian families, the island also has a tiny modern " parish " church, as the priest called it. **The** architectural simplicity and solidity of this remind one of some mediaeval Celtic remain. It is built in the form of a single arch vault, of great unhewn stones disposed in a jazz pattern, and heavily cemented, without separate roof or ceiling. At one end is a little round bell-tower, of diminishing diameter, with a cone-shaped top. This provides a short climbing pitch, of the back-and-knee type. The building stands always open, and it was a considerable satisfaction to me to reflect that it would be available for shelter if my tent should be blown into Cuillin Sound at any time in the night, or for meditation and the Quiet Reading of Some Good Book if it should rain all the time until the steamer's next call.

Canna is rich in ancient remains. A quarter of a mile from the pier, on the opposite side of the headland, is Coroghon Mor, a rock about seventy feet high, shaped like a mud-pie, and crowned by a small fort, of which the gatehouse still stands. The only access is by a slippery and rather exposed scramble. Some half-dozen antiquities of various sorts : earth-houses, a cashel or nunnery of the Celtic church, lying impregnable between upper and lower ranges of sea-cliff, a fort, sculptured slabs and cross-shafts, and a Viking burial mound, are described in the Ancient and Historical Monuments Commission's Report. Rum is not so fortunate, having only the remains of a sixteenth-century church of no special interest, at Kilmory.

For the rest, what can one say of Canna ? " It's a bonny island, Canna," is the description its people give, and one may agree with them. Its houses lie, backed by the hillside, facing the spacious land-locked harbour. This is enclosed on one side by the island of Sanda, which is connected with Canna proper by a footbridge, some ninety yards long. Half the cottages are embowered in fuchsias; azaleas grow; and although there are sheep on the farther parts of the island, round the harbour it is rich in wild flowers. All spoke of the severity of the winter gales.

Canna has no deer. It has one or two fields of potatoes, and even grain. Fishing boats may call there once or twice in a week, for water, etc., but when they have a catch on board they make straight for Mallaig. Yachts frequently lie up there for the night.

I had word from one of the lobster-catchers that he would take me to Rum next day in his motor-boat. The charge for this *ought* not to be excessive, as these men set creels on the coast of Rum as well as Canna. From inland points in Canna, Rum, with its great sea-cliffs, looks so near that one could believe it part of the same island. The shortest distance from headland to headland is something over two miles, but the passage is quite exposed to the ocean. In summer weather, however, a landing on Rum is easy on the little beach at Guirdil on the west, or that at Kilmory on the north, or, better still, at Harris on the south, not to speak of the east, which one might reach from Eigg.

My camp at the foot of Glen Guirdil was pitched in a situation as romantic as could well be. I took care it should be hidden. I need never have troubled. In front was a steeply sloping beach of pebbles, bisected by a natural rock jetty, fantastically eroded,

whilst behind honeysuckle grew in abundance on a bank, over which a small cascade tumbled. To the right, high sea-caves pierced the red sandstone cliffs, whilst on the left rose the sombre flank of Bloodstone Hill, so called from the carnelians one may pick up thereabout. The actual cliffs at the base of this are of only moderate height, but half-way up its precipitous seaward side there jutted out, like a shield, a steep cliff of rock some hundreds of feet high. This, unfortunately, I omitted to visit. The head of Glen Guirdil is closed by a curtain of precipice some two or tliree hundred feet high, nearly at the top of Orval, which I ascended on the evening of my landing. This might perhaps afford climbing, as the rock appears to be a basalt, different from the rather soft red sandstone which forms all the lower part of Rum.

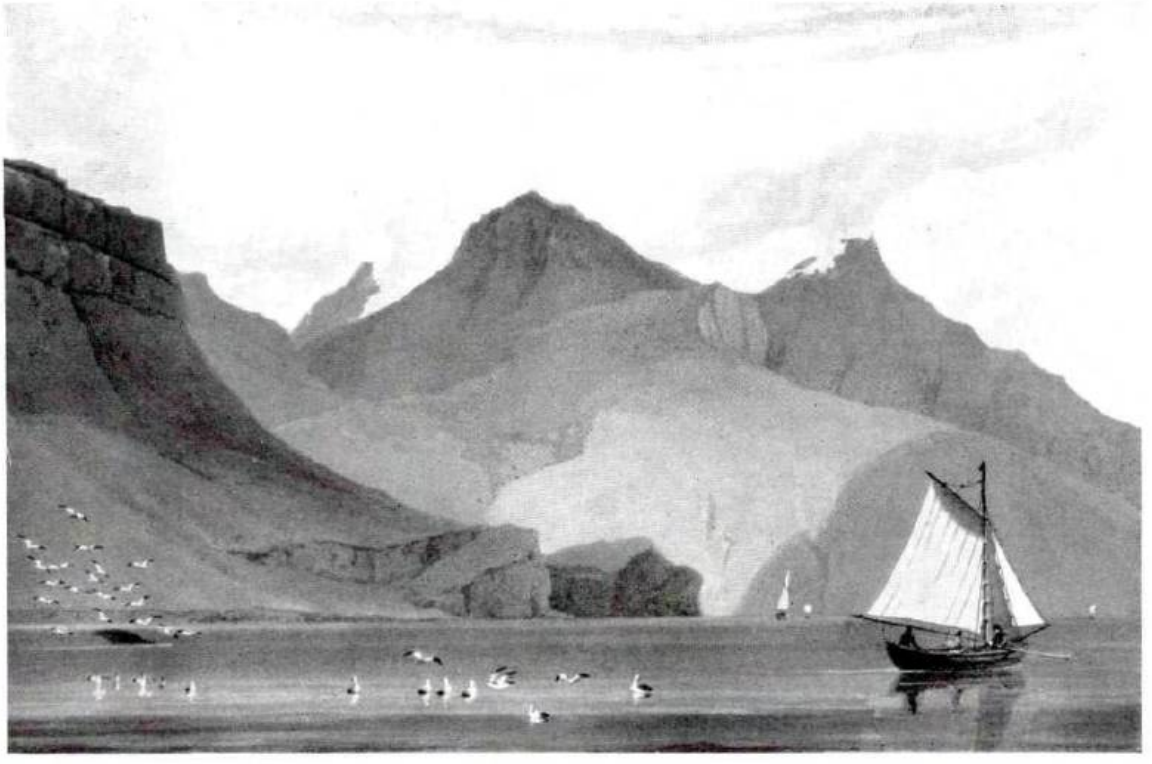
Next day, crossing the col behind Bloodstone Hill, I came to the sea cliffs, which occupy nearly all the south coast of Rum. These are from three to six hundred feet high, and vertical in many places. The moist south-west breeze swept up them steadily, and was converted, by loss of temperature, into cloud at about the level of their crest. Now and again the cloud would suddenly rise and disclose a fresh stretch of moorland. At these times, take cover as I might, my presence must have been declared to any gamekeeper within a mile by the speed with which the swarms of deer would evacuate the whole valley. They were certainly much warier than those in forests where people are seen more often, and the island is so full of them that one cannot avoid starting them. But where unaccustomed to being disturbed, they come down readily to sea-level, and were giving tongue close to my tent at night. There are also a few goats, reposing comfortably, as goats will, on the most surprisingly steep and loose places. But there are no sheep, as they have all, nine thousand of them, been shipped off. This should, in time, result in the reappearance of the flowers, which the close-cropping sheep extirpate.

Harris Lodge loomed in sight, the mist making it seem infinitely far below. After carefully stalking it for some time, I became sure, from the movements of the deer in its vicinity, that it was unoccupied, as was the bothy near it. This was so. It is a plain one-storey shooting-box of half a dozen rooms. Here I began to realise that, except for one or two cottages near

the castle at Kinloch, the island was deserted. Seaward of the lodge stands a structure, called on the Ordnance map " Mausoleum," a name which had powerfully appealed to my curiosity. It was an open-sided affair, raised on columns, like the Parthenon, perhaps eight yards by five, the roof rather incongruously surmounted by a cross at either end, and sheltering a cenotaph bearing the words : " John Bullough, of Rum and Meggernie, 1839-1891." It is in connection with Accrington, perhaps that the family is best known.

Across the valley to westward rose the lower slopes of the greater hills of Rum. But the mist now came down in earnest, and the best I can say of Glen Harris is that it is not quite as dismal as Glenbrittle can be under the same conditions. After messing about wretchedly for some time in a corrie on the eastern side, I was glad to return to the guidance of the metalled road which connects Harris with Kinloch Scresort, some six miles odd. This, with the road from Kilmory, which joins it about the middle of the island, is the only road on Rum. Examination of the spoor on it suggested (in July) the passage of a stalker on a pony about once a fortnight, or less often, occasional carts engaged in its repair, and a motor-car just once in post-diluvian times, but no bootmarks at all, though plenty of deers' hoof-prints.

Two puzzles suggested by the map awaited solution by this road : First, why do streams appear to flow north, south, and east as well, down from Loch Long ? Second, why does not the road follow the side of this loch instead of going farther round and several hundred feet higher up ? These two things together seem to suggest boggy ground, but on examination such explanation seems inadequate. Later, however, I saw an old map which showed that the road had been made first at the end nearest Harris Lodge, no doubt merely as an access to the western hills, and not to connect with the Kilmory road. As regards the first point, an elaborate artificial channel a mile long now conducts the waters of the loch down the Scresort valley, perhaps to provide sufficient water for a generating plant lower down, or more likely for fishing. There are also the remains of a large roughly built dam, perhaps twenty feet high by sixty feet long, at a slightly lower level than this, on the abandoned course of the Kilmory burn. Another puzzle is the reason for the name,



RUM.

"Ashworth's Model Loch," on the hill north of Loch Scresort. One's fancy recreates some honest Lancastrian of mid-Victorian days, captivated by the charm of this little dub ; or, more likely, in practical vein, suggesting improvements to it, but here inspection of the place gives little help.

On the Harris road, a little above the junction, stands a small open, but weatherproof, galvanized iron shed, which would be useful as a bivouac. It would be much easier to carry heavy Bergans and other baggage up here from Kilmory by the road than up the boggy and almost pathless Glen Shellesder from Guirdil. Kilmory can be reached by chartering the motor-boat *Minerva* from Locheynort in Skye, and arrangements with the owner of this boat can be made by Mrs. Chisholm at Glenbrittle.

The next day I walked across to get a view of the settlement at Kinloch Scresort, half a dozen miles, going by Kilmory, to give the weather time to clear. The castle here is said to have cost £40,000, a great square red building of two storeys, with a turret, and a portico all round, rather like a Florentine palace. It is backed by a few acres of trees, the only ones on the island. (Some more fun stalking, here.) Only five families now live on Rum, all of them at Kinloch. These are not the descendants of the ancient inhabitants of the island, who were Macleans, for in 1826 all the original inhabitants (who numbered four hundred), except one family, were shipped off to America, and their country turned into a sheep farm.

Rather late in the day the weather cleared somewhat and there were views of Alival and Askeval, the latter of which rises to 2,650 feet. My inability to reconnoitre more successfully these mountains of the south-east, which are Rum's chief glory, is less unfortunate since there is in Vol. X. of the Scottish Mountaineering Club's journal a systematic description of them, ridge by ridge. (The number is out of print.) But there are no details in this article of the climbs and (at its date—1907) no difficult climbs are mentioned. Almost the only hill on which climbing might be looked for seems to be Askeval. It certainly possesses a fine, serrated skyline, looking, in profile, of similar character to that of Tryfan; but this appearance results from thick dykes, rather horizontal than vertical, and much shattered, intersecting less steeply inclined slopes, like a cock's comb. But I caught no glimpse of any high continuous face of rock,

either from west, north, or from seaward to the east. There is, however, said to be only one really easy approach, by way of the south-west face, and the narrow summit is precipitous. One ridge of Askeval is said to give 600 feet, and another 1,000 feet, of easy climbing.

I returned 10 camp by way of the fragmentary stalker's path which runs from near the road junction, over the bealach north of Orval, and down Glenguirdil. The distant views from near the bealach were fine, and curiously enough included the Old Man of Storr, on Skye, and, of course, all the grand southern wall of the Cuillin, from Thuilm to Garsbheinn, as well as Barra and its satellites. The track is pleasant throughout, and as it keeps in the dips of the moor the deer are not scared. In mist, however, it would be easy to make the wrong bealach.

But on the whole I prefer this path to the Glenseilisder one, though it rises more than twice as high. Often, in these humid climates, it pays to climb as early as possible out of the enervating lower air, and specially so perhaps on days when hills are hanging out their pennants of cloud.

From all over Rum and Canna one gets glimpses of Hyskeir and its lighthouse, to south-west. Looking even from the Cuillin this seems no more than a half-tide skerry, but whilst on Canna I was told that a few sheep were occasionally sent there for pasture by Mr. Thom. The Ordnance Map, that mine of quaint legend, supplies the note that Hyskeir is " part of Small Isles Parish," but the enthusiast who salts these maps with "Ancient Fort " or " Roman Road " has overlooked it.

Walking in Rum is easy. The island's average length and breadth is about seven miles, and its extreme dimension about nine. The moors are certainly no rougher or wetter than those of Skye, which they resemble, and the isle scarcely deserves to be called, as it has been : "A jumble of mountains and bog, without a foot of level ground." Such a description would much better fit, for example, the country at the head of Loch Hourn. There is, indeed, little cover, but there are excellent camp sites at most places. None of the streams should be hard to cross dry-shod (that is, if one should be so degenerate as to wish to do so), except in spate. Thus it is possible for an island to get a bad name merely on the strength of a few thoughtless remaiks made by some long-forgotten visitor and solemnly repeated from gazetteer to gazetteer.

From my camp, as I watched Canna appear and disappear among the rain showers, I spent my remaining time hoping that my boatman would be faithful to his engagement, and meditating, alternately, on the Scotch law of trespass, and on the number of journeys it might take to carry my camp equipment across to Kinloch. At last he came and we re-embarked almost as much tinned food as I had brought. He seemed to be wondering just why I had really chosen to spend three days in such a place. From the weight of my baggage I think he more than suspected I knew of some way of turning the carnelians into money, for he asked me if they had any value. It was pretty clear, I thought, that he knew the island himself, and the ways of its deer, much better than he cared to admit. By the best accounts the trawlermen steal a hundred deer a year from this convenient source of supply, and even when they are caught one understands that their offence is not regarded locally as the most heinous. Once more I pitched my tent on the headland at Canna, this time on an evening of calm beauty; only to rise in the middle of the night, for the return of Macbrayne's steamer. An hour and a half later, dawn found us hove to in Loch Scresort, on the way to Mallaig. A puff of smoke was already rising from the chimney of a cottage near the castle. A big motor boat came out to meet us, manned by two grim-looking giants. I looked overboard to see whether any and what sort of being would seek to land on the forbidden island. No one did ; only a perambulator in a crate was loaded on to the launch. " For the heir to the throne," said one of the launchmen, in a deep, deep, voice like Mr. Jetsam.

N.B. The illustrations of Rum and Eigg are taken from W. Daniell's coloured aquatints, published in 1818 in the now valuable " A Voyage round the Coast of Britain," and thus are, I believe, the earliest, and nearly the only drawings of Rum or Eigg. Pennant, whose "Tour" of 1772 contains rather crude engravings of Skye, etc., and one of Canna, has none of Rum or Eigg. Daniell's aquatints often catch amazingly well that indefinable " likeness " of scenery which escapes the camera. The one of Rum reminds me of several spots on that isle, though I can't say positively which it is meant for, as perhaps it is not quite " literal." The view of Eigg is from the south. Incidentally, the Sguir, seen from near this, has both its sides overhanging for most of their height.

THOUGHTS ON HIMALAYAN EXPLORATION

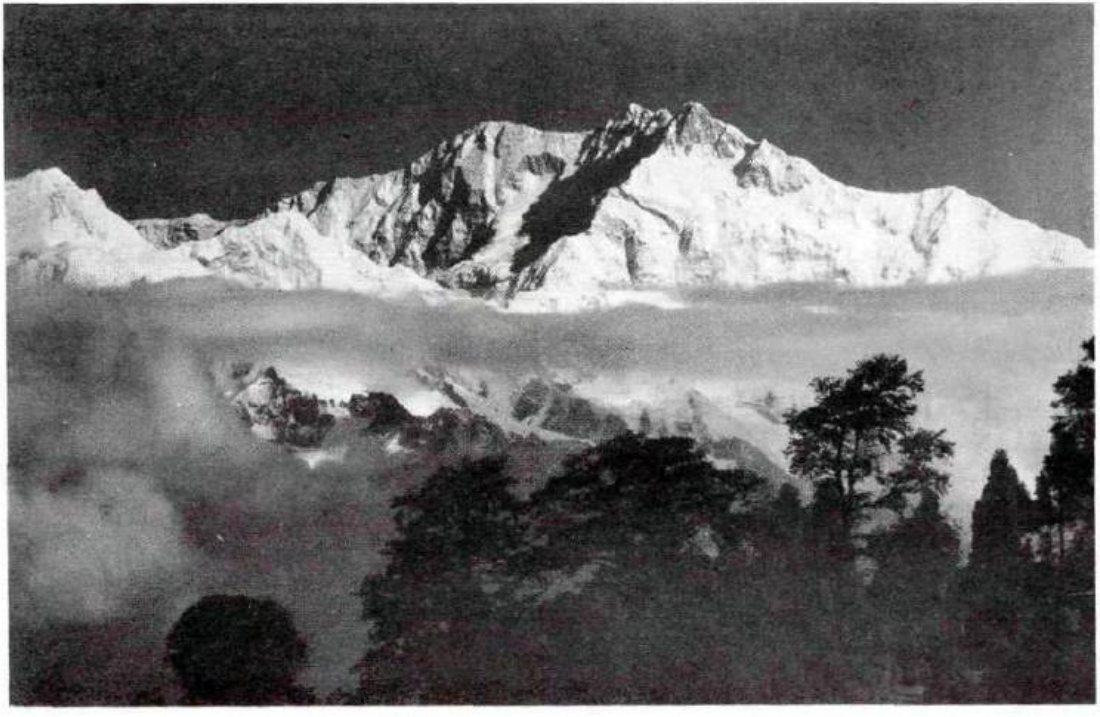
BY C. G. BRUCE.

This year—1933—has really been a most remarkable one from the point of view of British enterprise in the Himalayas. Naturally, overtopping every other form of enterprise is the fourth attempt on Mount Everest. This, a glorious failure, affords a very good hook on which to hang a few remarks on the subject of the evolution of mountaineering in the Himalayas. The year, too, is rather a case in point as we have, to begin with, the great expedition, which was most carefully, thought out, carefully equipped and carefully rationed as far as it was possible to do so. No expense was spared either in providing personnel or in realising and, we hope, adequately meeting all possible difficulties with regard to clothing, food, equipment, tents, etc. Every conceivable question which might arise in mountaineering life was thought out, and everything that experience of past expeditions to the Himalayas afforded us was, we trust, efficiently dealt with.

After that came the second and also most sporting expedition which was organised and carried out by Mr. Marco Pallis, on a lesser scale no doubt, but which was, however, nearly equally adventurous and extremely successful. The details of this expedition are, for the moment, not to hand, but their final achievement—the conquest of the Peak Leo Pargyal—is, in itself, an outstanding success.

Here then we have a number of mountaineers, hardly any of whom have had any adequate experience of Himalayan travel, who were able to organise and carry out, at infinitely less expense, than for the great expedition, what in the old days would have been considered most formidable undertakings.

And, in the third degree, we have the very small expedition consisting of P. Oliver (of Coke's Rifles, P.F.F.), and David Campbell who, on practically no outfit at all, and with hardly any expenditure, attempted the conquest of Mount Dunagiri, Campbell returning and Oliver finally, with Kesar Singh a



KANGCHENJUNGA.

Marcha Bhotia (who climbed Kamet with Frank Smythe), reaching the summit of Trisul (23,382 ft.), the second ascent, on June 21st.

So there, in one year, one runs through the whole gamut of what is possible in the Himalayas—each expedition remarkable in itself, and each expedition giving hope for the future as well as absolutely giving the lie to the idea that enterprise among young Britons is dying out.

Now I have been specially asked by the Editor to give a little sketch of the evolution of mountaineering in the Himalayas, but how to do so in a short article such as this, is rather a difficult task. But let me refer, to begin with, to Mummery's book on his climbs in the Alps. He classifies them in the following way : absolutely impossible; then the most difficult climb in the Alps; and then an easy day for a lady. Well, the Himalayas have been through exactly those stages and the explorers and climbers had to deal with precisely the same problems. There was, and is exactly, though now even much more so, the same great fear of the mountains and the same great respect for them that existed in the Alps until quite lately. But just think of the criticism that used to be levelled at high climbing. An elderly scientist once informed me, to my fury, after I had returned from Conway's Expedition, that it was a well-known fact that cloud could not form at over 20,000 feet, and that all the things I had been telling him were nonsense. And this not so very long ago when one comes to think of it. Nor is it really so very long ago that one reads, about the time when de Saussure first climbed Mont Blanc, that all one wanted on a mountain was a bottle of scent and a parasol, and that one couldn't hear the explosion of a pistol on the top of Mount Blanc (15,800 ft.).

There is always, I think, among mountaineers, a slight inclination to belittle the efforts of their forerunners. But these forerunners had a great deal to put up with. Everything grows and one climbs always on the back of the experiences of those who went before. I wonder whether present mountaineers, both professional and amateur, who are now so familiar with the Alps, really consider themselves physically more powerful and better able to handle mountain difficulties (that is, of course, minus their modern education) than the great pioneers of the early days of Alpine exploration ? Although climbs are done now which would have seemed quite impossible in those early

days, are people so very superior, say, to the Laueners or the Aimers ? If they had been moderns wouldn't they have been just as good men as the best of the modern people ? So let us examine for a moment how Himalayan travel also has developed, and let us also try to visualise the disbelief in the climbs, say, of Johnson of the Survey and the still greater disbelief in the possibility in the early eighties of Graham's ascent of Kabru and the reasons for it.

There were also very many quaint beliefs in the Alpine world among a certain type of mountaineer. I remember so short a time ago as '91 being introduced to a distinguished member of the Alpine Club who was sitting in the Foreign Office and who informed me that in the Himalayas there had been no climbing (I am glad to use the word " climbing " and not " mountaineering "), although there had been a great deal of going up hill. There seemed to be about that time an idea that if you were roped to first-class guides, three and possibly four in a row, even a comparatively easy mountain came under the heading of mountaineering and climbing, whereas some of the most terrifying experiences which I had ever had, i.e., following game in the Himalayas, over very awkward ground, were only walking up hill.

I was very confused at this terror-striking interview and by the time it was over, had a very exaggerated idea of what was meant by mountaineering. People had been for a great number of years on most exacting and difficult expeditions, whether after game or exploring, carried out in the Himalayas under conditions which could never have been realised in the Alps in modern times, although probably in olden times, i.e., conditions of food and equipment. Passes were crossed, snow and glacier, without precautions.

However in these days that is all changed but on the experiences of the shikari and especially of the Survey Department, Indian mountaineering was founded. To begin with, Johnson of the Survey, a subordinate but a man evidently gifted with imagination and enthusiasm, climbed several peaks east of the Karakoram on the borders of the Ladakh and Depsang plains between 20,000 and 22,000 feet. These were all looked upon with the greatest suspicion, although from a modern point of view they were all quite easy of attainment. Then came Graham

and Emil Boss and Christian Kaufmann's undoubted conquest of Kabru and their very remarkable campaign also in the Rishi valley in Garhwal, their attempt on Dunagiri. Graham was undoubtedly one of the worst recorders of experiences who have ever written about the mountains, but the absolute wave of disbelief that he could possibly have reached a height of 24,000 feet on Kabru now appears to us absurd, just as it appeared equally absurd at that time in India and in mountaineering circles in England that he could have accomplished it. Nearly all the explorers in England, with the exception of the more broadminded, looked upon it in much the same way as Du Chaillu's description of the gorilla—as a prodigious exaggeration—whereas nowadays it is looked upon as no more than quite an ordinary exploit. All these three mountaineers were most enduring and experienced and capable.

What one might describe as the first full-dress attack on the Himalayas was Sir Martin Conway's on the Karakoram. In a way that was a model. It was done on an extraordinarily small expenditure of money and covered a great deal of, up till then, unknown country, and it also had with it one of the finest travelling guides that ever visited the Himalayas and who was at that time in his prime—Mathias Zurbriggen. In some ways it had not set out to climb any particular peak, as it was more of an exploring than simply a climbing expedition. But from the point of organisation—and successful organisation—and also the selection of things which are most important— for instance, suitable foods and tents—it was far in advance of anything that had taken place before.

The history of that expedition has been told by Sir Martin Conway in two excellent volumes. The highest point reached was Pioneer Peak (22,600 ft.), which nowadays would command but little respect, and the exploration of otherwise unknown great glaciers in the Karakoram was carried out. In some parts the steps of Col. Godwin Austen's Survey party were followed, notably up the Baltoro Glacier at the head of which stands the second greatest mountain in the world, K.2, also called Mount Godwin Austen (28,250 ft.), which is situated in probably the most difficult mass of mountains in the whole system of the Hindu Kush and Himalayas.

There is no doubt whatever that the Conway Expedition gave

a great stimulus to Himalayan exploration. It was followed very shortly afterwards by others and from that time up till now expedition has succeeded expedition. But every one of these, or nearly every one, has been undertaken with a view to climbing some particular great giant. First we have Mummery's expedition of '95, the first attempt on Nanga Parbat (26,629 ft-) which he attacked from the great Diamarai valley where some of the most desperate mountaineering was undertaken, which even up to this day has hardly been exceeded. That exploration, too, was carried out with a very small amount of equipment and expense-hardly more than a shooting expedition would have cost.

After that we have numerous attempts in different parts, beginning with the carefully organised Guillarmod, Eckenstein and Crowley attempt on K.2, which underwent an immense amount of hardship but met with no particular success. In the same neighbourhood we have had since that time many other remarkable explorations. There was the expedition of the Duke of the Abruzzi in 1909 when he established the actual record for height, on the Bride Peak (25,110 ft.), reaching a height of 24,600 ft., and later on again a further Italian expedition under the leadership of the Duke of Spoleto. We must not forget, too, the many expeditions of the Bullock Workman family. These last three expeditions mentioned had the assistance also of the very finest professional guides in Italy and Switzerland.

Of course, it is quite impossible to mention all who have travelled in these parts, who have climbed and explored, but one of the foremost natmally has been Dr. Longstaff's exploration of the Siachen and Zemo and Baltoro Glaciers.

Before leaving the Karakoram it will be impossible to pass over the exploits of and surveys carried out by Mr. Visser and Madame Visser Hooft, accompanied by the late lamented Franz Lochmatler, who lost his life this year on the Weisshorn. The Vissers have been among the most adventurous of Himalayan explorers; probably their most adventurous and successful expedition was North and North-East of Hunza in exploring the great glaciers that lie behind the Shimshal Pass—the most onerous expedition ever undertaken by a lady. Even for those who have climbed on Everest it is very difficult to explain to them the terrible nature of the Central Karakoram. The

country is infinitely more difficult to travel in; there is no comparison—supplies are impossible, people practically non-existent or very, very few, and the tracks incredible, especially round the Shimshal.

But I am getting far beyond my scope. This article will not allow me to mention many, many other explorations. However, mention must be made once more of Dr. Longstaff and his campaigns in Garhwal and Tibet, that wonderful climb on Gurla Manuhata (25,365 ft.) and afterwards his conquest of Trisul; also Meads, Kellas, Morshead, and Slingsby and their attempts on Kamet (25,431 ft.) culminating in the successful expedition led by Frank Smythe two years ago. Naturally we cannot leave the subject of exploration without turning to the Eastern group. Eliminating for the moment the fight for Everest (of which this year's expedition was the fourth attempt) we have those very splendid explorations of the Kangchenjunga massif. This is a part of the world probably the most romantic of any of the Himalayas, and no wonder it has attracted adventurers. The view alone from Darjeeling must fill any man of imagination, who loves mountains and mountain exploration, with a desire to penetrate into its deepest fastnesses. Beautiful as it is, it is as difficult as any part of the Himalayas to tackle. Stretches of bad weather are so continuous, exposure to all the warm winds from the south and the tremendous deposit of snow during the summer as well as the winter months add so enormously to the difficulties. But still, right from the time when Hooker made his journeys round the foot of these mountains, it has attracted attention.

No account of the exploration of this great group can possibly omit the name of Dr. Kellas. Dr. Kellas, to give hope to the poor, probably travelled lighter and fed more simply than any other serious mountaineer. At his best and when he was in full health his energy and resistance to fatigue and cold were outstanding. He was also probably the first who initiated the local Tibetans into the use of axe and rope, for indeed Freshfield's tour round Kangchenjunga did not require a high standard of mountaineering from the porters, splendid as that journey was.

In later years, we have had three outstanding expeditions. First that led by Professor Dyhrenfurth, of which Frank Smythe

was also a member, and then the prodigious performances of Dr. Bauer and his Bavarian party. The standard of achievement, the view of what man can do at great heights and in tackling the difficulties there met, has in truth enormously advanced.

It is hardly worth my while to refer to the four great attempts on Everest—they are too well known to require reference but I may point out quite clearly that every single one of these expeditions profited immensely by the ones that went before it or by the experiences of other mountaineers in this portion of the Himalayas.

In the present year we have nothing whatever to be disappointed about. The scale has again advanced and difficulties, equal to if not greater than at any time, have been met with a fortitude and stamina unsurpassed even by the Bavarians on Kangchenjunga.

We have been dealing almost entirely with the great expeditions into the Himalayas, but my hope for the future lies in the fact that it can be made a great training, as well as a great playground, over and above the requirements of those whose interest lies in shikar or in hunting hill game. I can here quite clearly point out that it is perfectly easy to combine a magnificent shooting trip with adequate mountaineering. Nearly all climbing expeditions to the Himalayas have been to attack either a great peak or to explore a great district: in fact, achievement has been at the bottom of it. Now achievement or some great aim is not for the multitude, but there are innumerable, countless possibilities of climbing and quite sufficient climbing, to satisfy the wishes of any ordinary human being, to test his stamina and his capacity as a mountaineer absolutely to the end, which can be found in much more modest objectives, district after district in the Himalayas providing the most magnificent scenery with not too great a standard of altitude, and also which do not require equipment, as I have said before, more than that necessary for a shooting expedition.

And now that the Himalayan Club is established and it is thoroughly understood what is required and also that an ice-axe and rope are not looked upon as infernal machines, things are easier.

There is one little difficulty that is worse than in the old days, and that is that transport is more expensive and more difficult

to obtain and this probably means harder work for the climbers and a certain curtailment in their rapidity of travel.

Let me give you just for a moment the story of the way in which we used to carry out little climbs in the old days. (What I say now with regard to my own experiences as an impecunious young officer applied also to other impecunious officers in other districts, with local modifications.) Well, I may tell you to begin with that I probably in the early days owned the only ice-axe in India. Here is a sketch of a fifteen days' leave that I used to get as a young officer. My very light kit, with the lightest tents which we could manage —which, incidentally, were not very light—were sent on some days ahead with two or three of my Gurkha orderlies who joined the party. Private letters were dispatched to headmen of certain villages and when the first day of my leave came I managed to travel 50 or 60 miles by cart and pony and legs the first day, caught up my kit the second and then using the old Survey maps we would lay out the way for ourselves. We might have a mountain to cross or a new pass, at any rate with the exception of the villagers no one seemed to know anything about the countryside at all and no one had ever been on any of the peaks whatsoever.

After living on the lightest foods, usually cooked by the Gurkhas, picking up any milk from the villagers themselves (quite irrespective of the fact that it was contaminated to a degree) and any food we could find in the village, and after a considerable amount of scrambling and an attempt by me, terribly ignorant myself, to impart the little knowledge of snow I had to very active and quite irresponsible Gurkhas, who are excellent rock climbers of a sort, we managed to stagger back to my base, from where I made another dash by pony and cart back to my station usually having a new Peak or Pass in our pockets. I was lucky if I could get away for a longer leave, and always went for climbing expeditions, accompanied by a rifle. They were quite joyous times, but how on occasions we managed to survive I have often wondered. A greater knowledge of snow and ice on my part would, no doubt, have enabled us to tackle questions at which we shied, and also prevented us from getting into trouble which we had no business to get into. But still one lives and learns.

I think for a moment it might be worth while just to suggest to all who wish to visit that part of the world that the handling of native porters must be taken most carefully. In nearly every hill village, if you can find them, there are some capable and good men ; in every hill village there are a number of people who do their very best to dissuade everybody from going on a mountaineering expedition. There is nothing whatever in the life of most of the villagers which excites them or gives them the wish to climb the great peaks. They are generally underfed and always underclothed and their footgear is not worth looking at from a mountaineering point of view. It is far better in the west, among the Mohammedan tribes on the border of Kashmir, and in the north in the Hindu Kush, where the booting is bad and the clothing is good, and where, owing to the cold winters and the deep snow, and to the fact that there is a good deal of intercommunication between valley and valley, the people are accustomed to deal with a good many of the ordinary snow questions. Against that comes the trouble from one end of the Himalayas to the other of all questions of superstition. There may be fairies in the west among the Mohammedans, demons and gods of every sort and kind until China is reached.

Of course, I have not mentioned many of the less ambitious explorers, such as the brothers Neve, and their travels around Kashmir, but I think it has been quite worth while to draw attention to the very considerable amount of mountaineering, as understood in Switzerland, for health and pleasure and for the enjoyment of the mountains, which has been undertaken in a modest way in the Himalayas—in truth it is a glorious range—no, ranges.

> "In a hundred years of the good I could not tell the glories of Himachal, as the dew is dried up by the morning sun so are the sins of mankind by the sight of Himachal."

Let us hope mine are—I have worshipped long at this shrine !

EVEREST, 1933

BY J. L. LONGLAND.

The door into Tibet, that most serious obstacle between us and the top of Everest, is shut for a period which may equally well be a couple of years or a couple of decades, and this makes it rather appropriate to review the impressions of last year while they are still fresh to hand. To attempt any detailed critical account of the expedition would be out of place, with Hugh Ruttledge's book on the eve of publication, and it seems a waste of opportunity merely to write down once again the record of events, as it has appeared in the press or in the *Alpine Journal.* So it is perhaps better to assume that the readers of a mountaineering journal prefer a commentary to a chronicle, even if this commentary has no firmer base than the tentative conclusions of a single member of the party.

In the maze of possible subjects for discussion the only useful signpost seems to be that pointing to events or conclusions which were not necessarily good publicity value at the time, but which may lead us in the only useful direction, that of putting the next expedition on top of the mountain. This may be an excuse for the very tentative character of this article, which only aims at presenting a few deductions and comparisons for the consideration of those who will be members of the next Everest party.

With the composition of such a party it may be best to begin. It is not possible to hold any more the heresy that the successful heroes will be a team of Olympic athletes, walking to the top, cheerfully shouldering enormous numbers of oxygen cylinders. That old dream of Captain Noel has had too much cold daylight let in upon it since he fust described it after the 1924 expedition. With the gradual realisation that Everest is a very difficult peak, in its rock and snow defences just as much as in its particularly villainous compound of wind and weather, has come the obvious lesson that a varied and prolonged experience of mountaineering is the first qualification for inclusion in the party, for the absence of which no possible combination of physique and stamina can compensate. A man who is not a competent ice-man is as much a danger as a hindrance on the North Col, and any one without sufficient general Alpine technique to be able to move with

security and comparative speed upon the upper slabs of the north face is a greater danger still. It is also clear that the best resistance to exhaustion and lack of oxygen on the final pyramid will be shown by climbers whom long experience in all conditions has taught to keep their rhythm and general form in utter fatigue, just as the long training of the distance runner enables him to finish a hard race because cumulative fatigue has not been allowed to destroy his style.

To train for Everest, therefore, is, for young climbers sufficiently interested in Himalayan exploration, not at all an impracticable ideal. Of course the selection of any one man is predominantly a matter of luck, including the luck of being able to offer himself at the right age, with the right experience, just at the moment when the door into Tibet swings open again. But that is the greater reason for a young climber to set himself to acquire the qualifications that can be gained by keeping in mind during his climbing seasons the kind of thing that will be needed on Everest. Actual Himalayan climbing comes to very few people, and most have to do without the knowledge and increased capacity to acclimatise which only such climbing can give. Its advantages were very obvious this year, when you watched the difference between those who had been on Kamet two years earlier and those who had nothing more than Alpine experience behind them. The Kamet party seemed to advance without discomfort at least as far as Camp Five, while most of the rest of us found each gain in height, from base camp onwards, a separate purgatory of effort against the drag of altitude. But I am not sure that a climbing career that has been entirely Himalayan is necessarily the best for Everest; too long an apprenticeship among the biggest mountains may very well drain away all confidence of reaching any summits at all. The view from the North Col, of forty or fifty peaks all looking unclimbable, is a very chastening experience for the Alpine climber, but to be habituated by years of contact to this feeling of impotence among impossible obstacles may not give a man the blend of confidence with experience that the final shock troops on Everest will need. The Bavarians who made those two great attacks on Kanchenjunga showed how far confidence and superb technique, learned from the most difficult Alpine climbing, can carry a party in the teeth of every natural and

climatic obstacle. I doubt if they would have done all they did if they had been watching their peak for several years from Darjeeling : their assault on Kanchenjunga was one of piece-by-piece courage, defeating enormous difficulties one by one, as a leader must do on a great new rock climb, and never letting the mind be discouraged by the hopeless succession of similar obstacles stretching away along their ice ridge as far as they could see.

The Bavarians also taught by their practice a better standard of companionship than the Himalayas had seen before. Belonging to a single great Munich climbing club, they were, almost before they left Germany, what any successful party on Everest has to be, a climbing team. Comradeship and mutual trust, as well as technical skill and confidence, had been fostered by days in the Alps when they had attacked together all the problems that summer and winter could bring. With that foundation of confidence in one another, built by climbs that had tested every kind of skill, from winter ascents of the Four-thousanders to the last desperate inventions on the rock faces of the Eastern Alps, they made the strongest and best qualified team that has ever attacked a great Himalayan peak. So they set new standards of climbing ; they taught us that it was possible for Europeans to carry loads and pitch high camps themselves when porters failed, as Longstaff had shown on Trisul years before. They were prepared to learn to get over the discomforts of double sleeping sacks to save weight high up on the mountain, and their team spirit was sufficient to send them back to the attack after their companion Schaller and the porter roped to him had been killed.

Casualties, or at least the possibilities of them, have to be regarded in one way in the Alps and in another among the Himalayas. The craft of mountaineering owes its growth to the fact that it is really a form of organised cowardice, an art of getting up and down and across dangerous terrain with the minimum risk to your person. So Alpine climbing has developed as a decorous and gentlemanly sport, admittedly with the spice of risk which it shares with blood sports and big game hunting, but its delight consists largely in a feeling of being safe, through technical competence, in situations where less happy mortals would be very unsafe indeed. Consequently, when Alpine

casualties arise, through inefficient technique, disregard of the margin of safety, or the search for a bubble reputation for daring, above the irreducible minimum, the authoritative journals rightly show their disapproval. It is as with certain cavalry regiments in the war : fighting on horseback is a traditional game in which a gentleman will not be so niggardly as to expect always to escape without a little human and equine wastage ; but it has certain rules which, when a brigade emerges from the shambles of a modern engagement, with only twenty per cent, of its original strength, he feels to have been transgressed with a somewhat pointed vulgarity. So in lesser degree when Everest is attacked. Certain consequences, deplored by the Alpine journals when they occur in the ordinary Alpine season, will ensue. For one thing, the attitude towards permissible equipment changes. Pitons, oxygen apparatus, fixed ropes, any triumph of mechanical invention which may be deplored by conservative Alpine climbers, all become accepted as part of the necessary armament in the war against Everest, because the mountain is obviously too big an opponent to allow his assailants any scruples of foolish knight-errant gallantry about the choice of weapons. He is to be hit as hard and as often as possible, preferably below the belt and when bending (if such a combination is possible!), with all the weapons which forethought and providence may place in our hands, short of a parachute that will drop us on the summit from a circumvolant aeroplane.

So the traditions and prejudices of Alpine climbing have to be judged by an Everest climber solely in view of their relevance to the very different problem he has in hand. Alpine climbing has evolved gradually from the European tours of the eighteenth century Dilettante Club, who began by going round the various interruptions of rougher surface they found in their journeys, and ended by going laboriously over the tops of them. So mountaineering evolved out of travel as an essentially reasonable sport, fitting men against obstacles and dangers strictly commensurate with their power of overcoming them. Such a sport is naturally suspicious of excess, whether of too much professionalism, subordinating the end of well-being to the greedy snatching of summits that lie on the path to it; or of too many artificial aids to the puny climber, whereby certain anomalies have been perpetrated, permitting the disfiguring ladder because

its rungs supported the feet of the pioneers, but frowning on the rock piton which the less wealthy climber carries today as a more convenient substitute; above all, the guardians of the sport have condemned any appearance of a large casualty roll. The accident to Whymper's party held back Alpine exploration for a generation, and a little later Queen Victoria took counsel of Mr. Gladstone whether the sport should be forbidden in view of the distressingly frequent disappearance of active bishops down crevasses. Today the guardians of unalterable law distrust the Nordic berserk self-devotion of the young academical climbers abroad, and fulminate against the resultant corpses at the foot of the north walls of Matterhorn and Grandes Jorasses.

Now these normal reactions of the middle-aged Alpine mountaineer have a modicum of application to the problem of Everest. To that opponent we cannot triumphantly call game, set, match, unless we emerge safely from the summit after our toilful ascent. Also that modicum becomes a maximum when we are considering, not the European climbers, but the porters. They are to be protected, by all the rules of Alpine precautions and Alpine chivalry, even if it means wasting climbers who are capable of reaching the summit as escorts to watch them safely down the mountain. Time must be apparently lost to see that a steep bit is made secure for laden men by fixed ropes ; equipment as good as that of the climbers must be given to high-going porters; and even high camps must be abandoned, as Camp V was abandoned this year, if the porters are noticeably suffering more from bad conditions than the Europeans. Any notions that the porters are so good on steep ground that they can safely move up and down by themselves have to be suppressed, at any rate above Camp V ; for the higher you go from North Col the steeper the angle becomes; higher again the treacherous coating of snow on the slabs may increase, and with every step taking you away from the defining north ridge, the more overwhelming grow the odds on men who are not trained mountaineers losing themselves on that vast north face. The reason for this extravagance of care is not merely a tender humanitarianism towards the native members of the expedition, who have not got the compensation of an attempted goal if they get killed on the mountain, but a realisation that the porters are not cannon

fodder for the single expedition by which they are at the moment engaged. The morale of the porters is a legacy to subsequent expeditions, and any party that treats its porters at all badly or takes avoidable risks with them, is prejudicing the future of Himalayan climbing in general for a period of years. And on Everest in particular, the more expeditions that return without loss of porters, the easier it will be to get them to go to 28,000 feet and, if need be, further still. Himalayan climbing is a record of how the word impossible is pushed higher and higher up the mountain. Frank Smythe slept three nights in a tent at a point five or six hundred feet higher than the utmost efforts of driven men were able to reach in a last assault in 1922. With the porters this increasing ability, which sent them in 1933 seven hundred feet higher than they had ever reached before, at nearly double the speed they had achieved before above 25,000 feet, has to be jealously guarded. This year Llakpa Chedi, the best of the tigers from 1924, still retained enough instinctive and ingrained fear of the mountain to be muttering his prayers hard all the way up the ice slopes to Camp Four; Lewa, who has shown his unique qualities on half a dozen great expeditions, seems to have lost his fears through familiarity almost to the point of embracing a cheerful atheism, since the gods have failed to destroy him in spite of repeated intrusion into their sanctuaries ; men of the younger brigade, such as Da Tsering, perhaps the best of our 1933 porters, showed a cheerful contempt for the mountain, and a confidence that they could show up better than any porters who had been on Everest before, which was a great tribute to the excellent handling of porters on some recent Himalayan expeditions. But this steady improvement in confidence and going power can only be maintained by making the safety of the porters a paramount consideration. A few bad smashes, or multiplied instances of inattention to their safety, and the weight of centuries of superstition and terror of high places comes flooding back. We only have the men with us for a few months, their priests and their traditional terrors have them for all the rest of the years.

With the climbers themselves, who presumably would not be there unless they wanted to be, the reasonable traditions of Alpine climbing have only limited relevance. Everest is not a reasonable mountain, therefore some ideas have to be revised,

some margins of safety pared down. An obvious instance is the ease with which the breaking of an established Alpine convention was accepted this year. Smythc, when his companion was unable to go any further towards the summit, after assuring himself that the other was capable of descending by himself, made the decision, entirely and absolutely right in the circumstances, to go on towards the top by himself. He knew this was in all probability our last attempt of the year, and he had to take on trust his companion's reliability on a solitary descent, just as much as his own reliability in continuing the climb alone. Here an established convention of the mountaineering that developed in the Alps was calmly broken, and broken rightly. Horizons change with height, and conduct changes with the particular chances of the occasion. A party that knows it is making the last assault of a season, and that perhaps no other expedition will be possible for years, may decide to disregard the usual margin of safety, to risk a descent in the dark back to their last camp by pushing on beyond the usual hour for return. And if they do not return, the survivors are not the men to blame them, since each party attacking the summit is sole judge of the chances and possibilities and risks of each particular occasion.

The question of support parties on the mountain is similar. Where they are necessary their presence behind the attacking line is an admirable witness to the team feeling and self-sacrifice of the party. But we need to consider straidy if they are necessary. We adopted this year a plan, based on the varied experience of previous parties, which would allow a series of waves of assault to follow each other to the summit whenever good climbing conditions should arrive. Since those conditions never did arrive, the plan had to be modified, although actually the second assaulting party were up at Camp VI the evening of the day on which Harris and Wager made the first attempt. But I am not sure we did not fall between the stool labelled support and that labelled second assault. As the weather obviously continued bad, it would probably have been better to give up the plan of keeping the parties each a day and a camp behind the one ahead. In fine weather the waves of assault might have followed each other with the precision of manoeuvres on a parade ground ; but the real war is different from the piping plans of peace, and we ran the risk this year of following

up an advance party too closely to allow for weather delays. Two examples : when Camp V was first occupied its occupants intended to move on next day to Camp VI, and to vacate Camp V for the second assaulting party, which followed a day behind. In the bad weather of the day following the pitching of V, we failed to see from down below, at Camp IV, the signal telling us that weather had prevented any movement towards VI. Consequently Smythe and Shipton went up to Camp V and found no room there, and so the first assault wave, Harris and Wager, had to return to Camp IV, a manoeuvre wasteful of time and energy. Later, when Camp VI was finally established, Harris and Wager made their attempt on the summit, but were unable to complete their reconnaisance of the second step on the ridge, as they might have done on the day following their unsuccessful bid for the top, because Smythe and Shipton arrived at Camp VI during the day of the first attempt, and the little Meade tent had only room and equipment for two climbers. Smythe and Shipton then had to spend two nights at Camp VI before the weather allowed an attempt on the summit, and had they been followed by a third assaulting party also *one* day behind, as had been originally intended, further disorganisation and waste of climbing power would have resulted. From these happenings it is obvious that the weather rules the roost, and your plans must be elastic enough to fit its vagaries. But I think another fact, logically unescapable, but not at first sight plain, also emerges, and that is that you must give up your old and gallant tradition of supporting parties. If they follow on the heels of the first party they may dislodge them from their high camp before their job is finished; if they hang on one camp below waiting till the first party return, they will probably deteriorate in condition, especially if we have, on a future expedition, to pitch yet another camp, and they are waiting at a Camp VI, above 27,000 feet, for a party occupying a Camp VII at more than 28,000 feet. It is necessary to consider realistically what a support party can actually do. If the attacking party has a real smash they can do nothing. If one climber is incapacitated and cannot get down from the highest camp under his own steam, they can equally do nothing. By backing up closely, or by waiting one lap behind high up on the mountain, they may be wasting possible assaults on the summit. So it

seems that another honourable convention must go, and that an attacking party must be launched upon the mountain unsupported, to decide its own movements according to the weather, and only to return when it thinks it has done everything possible. Once the first party returns, or is seen to be about to return if any reliable system of signals can be made to work, the second party advances, and makes its attempt in similar isolation. If the first party fails to return the second advances after a prearranged number of days, to make its own attempt, rather than with the idea of rescue. On Everest the traditional Alpine search party has no place, and not only corpses but incapacitated climbers cannot be brought down. Climbing Everest is not a reasonable and amusing sport; it's a kind of war. Nobody enjoys climbing over the 25,000-foot mark, and nobody should expect that all the rules of Alpine climbing, developed as a form of physical pleasure, will apply in a form of mountaineering that would soon disappear if judged merely on hedonistic principles. So in this matter of supports we may minimise the risk run by the attacking party in two ways, which are less wasteful than the scheme of a party which keeps one stage behind the storm troops : One, Camp V, at 25,700 feet, may next time become the advanced base from which assaults set out, and not, as this year, Camp IV at 23,000 feet; so the actual distance of the storm troops from their permanent supports will be diminished, even if additional camps have to be made between Camp VI and the summit. Two, everything has already been done to minimise the risks of accidents before ever the party reaches India, by picking a team with which such happenings are the least likely to arrive.

The climber's mind then must be accustomed to unfamiliar ideas on Everest, and he must be trained to allow nothing of tradition which is not relevant to interfere with the focussing of all his aims on the summit. The more so because everything will conspire, when he assaults the mountain, to make him accept the tradition of reasonable risks and reasonable discomforts. At 28,000 feet every physical faculty, possibly combined with extreme isolation (as the likelihood of only one of a party of two being fit to advance must be clearly realised), will reinforce the ingrained tradition of retreating before what seems inhumanly forbidding. In addition comes the fact that just at this point, when the climber gets beyond the limits of his acclimatisation, just

at the very moment when increasing lack of oxygen makes him need it the more, the main defence of Everest is obtruded in the shape of the great band of steep rock running right round the mountain at 28,000 feet. The force making the climber listen to the dictates of prudence will be almost overwhelming, and victory will come to the man who carries the least top hamper of prejudices irrelevant to the situation.

Moreover, Alpine tradition is changing too. High and repeated bivouacs, pitons and elaborate rope manoeuvres, the use of crampons and ice pegs on slopes where step-cutting would be too long and too dangerous, all these changing methods are not solely practised by the few suicidal notoriety hunters. The effect of changes in technique has to be studied, not among the middle-aged climbers who are unwilling to learn new circus tricks, and who may through their authority be most vocal in protest against their introduction, but among the young climbers who are beginning the whole jolly game today; to these latter-day adventurers pitons and twelve-point ice-claws, sash line and *Zdarsky* sacks are common form, and their use will be natural, since thought has already been accustomed to them. It is with the younger generation that the craft moves on. Take our own hills. Arm-chair vaticinations and septuagenarian rumblings form a continuous chorus to each new development in rock-climbing ideas; but meanwhile young minds have accepted the new, and climbing on 200 feet of light line becomes standard practice; so does the use of rubbers on wet rocks; and the delicate combined tactics, forty feet from a belay, during Pigott's great climb on Clogwyn Du'rArddu East Buttress, once intrepidly performed, are absorbed into the advancing army of the normal and understood. So a new generation takes off, metaphorically, from the shoulders of the preceding, and we put agile beginners on to severe rocks, lest the easy climbs of traditional novitiate should lead them to think that climbing is a game for mugs and weaklings. In our own hills all those changes have been accepted and passed into common use without a noticeable increase in fatalities, or any considerable glorification of the stunt climber.

Similarly, among the Himalayas the climber needs neither a desperate clutch on all traditions nor yet a desperate jettisoning of the whole weight of mountaineering experience, but a critical

mind, capable of measuring what is relevant to the changed conditions, and treating old traditions and new ideas equally without sentiment and without false heroism. Getting to the top and back again has to be his sole object, getting there not necessarily with the maximum of Alpine decorum, nor with his eyes fixed solely on security. Not that he is sowing to reap a crop of useless fatalities, if only because he has an eye on subsequent parties, and does not wish to make it harder than it already is for them to separate real objective danger from crashes due to insufficient or inapplicable technics. Even the public at large has to be considered, since these monster expeditions depend on public support, whether directly financial or more generally sympathetic. And on one side public support will not be given indefinitely to a long-drawn-out series of unsuccessful attempts, for human endeavour repeatedly matching itself against what appears patently impossible will cease to be heroic and become ludicrous, as the siege of Troy would have done had someone not bethought him of the wooden horse, that first of the tanks, to break the deadlock of siege warfare. That type of heroism will not attract, nor will that other type which ends in wholesale massacres. For although the general public likes climbing fatalities, it would quickly tire of holocausts, and any literal form of *Heldensucht*, which sent back only Rorke's Drift survivors from a series of terrific expeditions, would quickly over-satisfy the taste for blood.

But there is a distinction between futile sacrifices and a recognition that Everest is a mountain with which risks have to be run. Since you will never have the man-power to allow parties of three to make final assaults, the breakdown of a climber may again send a single man towards the summit. Men have to be economised very jealously ; this year only five out of the party of fourteen were able to reach Camp VI, and of them only two can be assumed to have been reasonably capable of reaching 29,000 feet on the right day, if the conditions had allowed. In view of this inevitable wastage, and the known difficulties of the mountain, many apparently revolutionary suggestions may have to be entertained. The mountain must be left clear for the assaulting party ; the last camp may possibly have to be pitched without help from porters, since if the difficulty of the actual climbing increases with altitude, it might not be possible to get camp-

carrying porters up and down in the day ; perhaps we must face the possibility of a tentless bivouac with a *Zdarsky* sack, or sleeping bags, on the descent from the summit; or of an attempt to descend in the dark to a final camp fitted with a small electric beacon, as Smythe has suggested. The exhaustion of altitude, and the complementary mental impairment, would obviously make it extremely difficult to descend from Everest in the dark. But because the phrase "to be caught by darkness high up on the slopes of Everest is certain death," may be a useful lecture catchword to give a vivid picture to an audience which has never seen a great mountain, it need not be an obstacle to the consideration of its possibility, and there is a danger that phrases coined for popular consumption may have come to be implicitly believed by experts as well as laymen, when the next expedition is preparing for its attempts. It is all a question of measuring the minimum safety factor you must allow on any one occasion. There will always be close shaves. For instance, you cannot budget for sudden blizzards striking you when you are most exhausted or farthest away from shelter. If you did budget for them the right course would be the old Alpine tradition of sitting at base camp and waiting for secure weather that never came. One such blizzard I ran into when returning with the porters from establishing Camp VI, and we were lucky to get down. Three days later a similar storm nearly finished Shipton when he was on his way to Camp V. Next day, again, exactly the same happened, and Smythe thought himself fortunate to get out alive. We *were* fortunate this year, but our fortune should not make us blind to the obvious possibility of losses on a mountain of such sudden changes.

This is not a preachment of suicide, but an attempt to draw right deductions from two peculiarities at Everest that play against a policy of safety first and all the time. One is Tibet: no expedition can tell when the next will be able to follow its footsteps, and at any moment a gap of years may ensue, with consequent waste of acclimatisation and accumulated experience. The second is the weather : in a good season you will have to capitalise your good fortune by being prepared to go more bald-headed for the summit. For if the luck of the weather runs against you, you might pit any number of parties, strong in experience and in the knowledge gained by their predecessors,

even in successive years against the mountain, and the weather will call the tune, and send them home, party after party, with their tails between their legs. So a great adaptability to the occasion is demanded, and a great willingness to learn from other parties. An American party climbed Minya Konka, nearly 25,000 feet high, doing all their own carrying for their last camp. The Bavarians did similar carries on Kanchenjunga. They also were confident enough to push their assault to a moment in the winter storms, when a less expert party would not have been able to get down alive. Even here we have to beware of imitating them simply because they were brave men. Everest and Kanchenjunga are very different mountains, and close thought is needed to decide how much of the Bavarian methods may be useful in the changed conditions. On Kanchenjunga the party found ice caves were better than tents; on Everest there is no place for them, except on the way up the North Col, where you are sufficiently sheltered not to need them. Again, Bauer decided that for the attack on Kanchenjunga, a snow mountain, it was better to climb right through the monsoon. So far we have decided that Everest, a rock mountain, is not possible during this period; but even that generalisation must be open to revision, as the avalanche powder snow on the col and slabs may consolidate and make safe going later in the summer.

The results of the Kanchenjunga attempts are a worrying problem for Everest parties. Even the extraordinary exertions of the Bavarians have not yet proved that Kanchenjunga can be climbed in the course of a single season, and a party cannot, as in the Antarctic, bivouac high up on that N.E. spur through the winter. How far do the methods employed on the difficult lower section of that spur apply on Everest; intensive backing up by relays of climbers, parties relieving each other on short terribly exhausting sections of ice work, camps in consequence set close together, a few hundred feet apart on the ridge ? All these methods were developed out of a technique invented for certain very severe Alpine climbs, where three successive bivouacs, on ledges or in ice caves, might be necessary, and the lower ridge of Kanchenjunga cannot be climbed any other way. But on Everest it appears that only the wall of the North Col, in similarly awkward conditions to those we found this year,

calls for similar tactics. Even so the tactics must be modified, since what may suit the lower slopes of the sheltered side of Kanchenjunga in the warm monsoon weather may need adjusting to the conditions on the North Col before the monsoon, when the roaring N.W. wind is in full blast, and low temperatures are increasing the risk of frost-bite if complicated icemanship is required. Also the Bavarian method of quick relays of workers brings up the question of conservation of energy. The Bavarians, after tremendous efforts, reached a height of not much more than 25,000 feet. It has to be considered how far their checking at this point was due to the lateness of the season combined with the obvious dangers ahead, and how much to the using up of energy and resolution to reach the summit after the weeks of unremitting effort they had endured. This is why it remains a question whether Kanchenjunga can be climbed in the time at any party's disposal.

So the Bavarian methods, camps pitched a short distance apart, frequent relays, and the rest, have to be studied. It might have paid us to put a little flying camp at the crevasse a third of the way up the North Col slopes; it might even have been worth putting an intervening camp between IV and V at the top of the great snow slope, at 24,500 feet. But the same problem of exhausting reserves of energy arises, and such reserves may be better conserved by a few long carries, with rests between them, than by a series of short bursts at closer intervals. On Everest, since only excessive difficulties need actually compel these very short advances, and since the North Col wall is the only considerable obstacle until 28,000 feet is reached, it is probably better to make long carries, once Camp IV has been reached. The pitching of Camp V at 25,700 feet proved that our porters were capable of nearly 3,000 feet of ascent in the day, and those of us who went with them to Camp VI feel pretty sure that if the weather had allowed a properly early start we should have pitched the camp at 28,000 feet and not at 27,400 feet. But between Camp VI and the top it is quite possible that the Bavarian " dump and short carry " plan may have to be used ; a dump of oxygen cylinders near the great couloir that splits the summit pyramid from the main north face, so as to give the assaulting parties an " oxygen cocktail" to help them across the great band of steep rock; possibly also *two* camps above

Camp VI, one just on the edge of the couloir at 28,000 feet, and one above the band on the summit pyramid itself above 28,300. For we are not certain that the mountain can be climbed and descended in the day, even from a camp at 28,000 feet. The descent of the band and the traverse of the slabs near the couloir may well take exhausted men at least as long on the way down as it did during a successful ascent.

It has at least become clear that Everest is in no sense an easy mountain, that it adds considerable technical difficulties to the already enormous handicaps of height and weather, and that in consequence it will need exceptional methods for its eventual conquest. Even after the warnings of Dr. Longstaff in 1922, and Brigadier Norton in 1924, even after the obvious inferences to be drawn when Mallory, the best climber of his generation, fails to return from his attempt, we were this year convinced at first that the mountain was fairly easy. From Rongbuk and again from Base Camp, we all, with the exception of Crawford, whose pessimism is usually based on a more accurate estimate of facts, gravely underestimated the difficulties. And even at Camp VI, when I left Harris and Wager before their attempt, I looked at the summit and repeated the mistake. I do not think that we were all exceptionally stupid, but that the structure of the mountain is peculiarly deceptive, and the horizontal stratification conceals the steepness and the continuity of the intruding band that runs round the mountain at 28,000 feet. After the attempts we realised how extremely effective that simple line of fortifications is, coming at a point when the attacker himself is weakest.

Nevertheless, I remain convinced that Everest will be climbed, not perhaps next time, nor the time after that. But it will be climbed with the least delay and waste if each successive party on returning is almost over-scrupulous in appraising the experience and opinions it hands on to its successors, the more so because permission to enter Tibet may come so intermittently. Perhaps three years will elapse, perhaps thirty, and the longer the period the more certain it is that the only valuable thing a superannuated Everest party has to hand on to the next is the critical temper. This is a temper that will not gloze over failures either with men or equipment, hiding them to save a reputation; that will not cast a rosy haze over past events, through which

they appear more heroic and more unimpeachable as the colour grows deeper; but a temper which promotes a dispassionate estimate of the factors that made for failure as well as for success, and a consideration of all relevant knowledge from other fields of mountaineering, and which is focussed on one point only—the top of Everest.

It may be useful to end by asking an old question. Is it worth continuing these attempts on the mountain? This may seem an odd enquiry in a journal written for people who have presumably already settled in their minds the question of the validity of mountaineering. But there is one side of it which may be worth the thought of those who are already priests and proselytes. Are we acting in the best interests of Himalayan exploration with these monstrous expeditions? Isn't the real line of progress that of the small party quietly working out a small district, without the trumpetings of the Press or the complications of height records, the line of Longstaff, and Meade, and Pallis, and Eversden?

To put the case against Everest first. We pile up a cost of about £12,000, we put great pains into organisation, we take a party away for seven months from England, and elaborately transport it and its 25 tons of stores across 300 miles of Tibet, and set all this to a hazard, of which the odds have not yet been statistically ascertained, of a fortnight's reasonable weather between the tearing north-westers of the winter and the blanket of snow thrown over the mountain by the monsoon. Expedition after expedition may be defeated by a succession of seasons as bad as or worse than the season we met this year. If we could only attack every year, or at least with pauses dictated only by the need for recuperation of members of the party who were going out again, and not by the caprices of the Tibetan government, then I doubt if any member of the last party but believes that the top would be reached in the next half-dozen years. But if Tibet only gives permission at long intervals, is not the world justified in grumbling at costly and repeated exercises in futility?

Even then I still think it would be worth persisting, though I think the future of Himalayan climbing lies chiefly with the small private party and not with the big advertised expedition. Not only because the mountain in itself remains a gigantic challenge, but because so much work has already been put into

answering that challenge. The experience, courage and sacrifice that have already been lavished on the problem of reaching the highest point of the world make it obligatory to carry on the work, and not now at this late stage call for cutting our losses. The final conquest, as Sir Francis Younghusband has pointed out, will be most hearteningly symbolic ; symbolic of the range of human adaptability, of the increasing power of technique and experience pitted against an obstacle that cannot invent new defences, cannot change its tactics, except by some new variety of even worse weather, nor increase its height. So success will be symbolic of human indomitability and equally of human capacity to learn by mistakes, conquering an apparently irresistible force which is nevertheless inanimate, unreasoning, and inadap table.

This seems to set the struggle above questions of exact weighing of values, to leave success not computable in terms of incidental increases of physiological or geological knowledge, and make of it the triumph of the power to learn and adapt, call it creative evolution or what you will, over the most challenging and most enormous natural obstacle that has been placed on the surface of our planet.

" The ascents of the Gemelli and Badile couloirs, as well as the scaling of the Cengalo by the north face, have not been repeated as yet. This does not surprise me, for rock scrambling is the dominating interest nowadays, and in connection with this, peak-bagging. And whenever or wherever human power and skill arc inadequate, one resorts to artificial means : pitons, wall hooks, and for so-called new descents, though they may not be practicable in the ascent, rope rings. On none of my many mountain climbs have I ever carried pitons or rope rings in my rucksack, though, of course, I tackled only such problems as could be solved without artificial aids. Wall hooks and rope rings belong to the new trend in mountaineering equipment.

" I should be exceedingly sorry if the ideal side of mountain climbing were to be driven out by mere sport. In my opinion, he who only goes in for the sensational in mountaineering is merely pursuing a sport."—*Christian Klucker* (1923).

THE TWO THOUSAND FOOTERS OF ENGLAND

BY W. T. ELMSLIE

Some eight or ten years ago, having as I thought ascended most of the principal mountain summits in England, and being unable for geographical reasons to attempt a systematic onslaught upon the Munro Peaks of Scotland, I decided to make a list of all the points in England of two thousand feet and over, and to make an effort to reach them all. This delightful task having been completed by the ascent of High Willhays on October 20th, 1933, I am setting down a few impressions for the benefit of any others who may feel disposed to undertake something similar.

The first task was to decide what points should be included in the list; and I soon found out that it was necessary to use a uniform series of maps, and to lay down some hard and fast rules to determine the eligibility or otherwise of any given height. Here personal factors at once come in; but being concerned simply to make a list that would satisfy myself, I shall not be surprised if others take exception to my methods.

For maps I selected Bartholomew's Half-Inch Contoured Maps; sufficiently good for ordinary tramping, yet not so detailed as to multiply unnecessarily the number of minor humps which might aspire to be included in the list.

I then adopted three rules, by which I judged the eligibility of summits to be included. (1) A height marked on the map by a cairn, above the two thousand foot contour, must be included. (2) A point marked on the map, with a height-figure of two thousand feet or more, must be included, whether a cairn was marked there or not. (3) Any point which was shown by the contours to rise above the two thousand foot line must be included, whether or not a cairn was marked or a definite height given.

These rules do not quite meet the case. On the one hand they include several points which are not true summits at all, notably Red Tarn on Helvellyn (!), two passes at the head of Weardale, and a number of cairned points in the Pennines not on the top of any hill. The personal factor must necessarily enter, when

deciding which of these are worthy to be classed as "two thousand footers"; but I have included each one in my list, in order to be on the safe side.

On the other hand, these rules exclude a certain number of real summits; and it might be better to add a fourth rule that any point which is shown by the contours to be a summit, should be included also. In the Lake District there are a number of such points, rising independently above the 2,500, 2,750, and 3,000 foot contours. I have included these points in an appendix.

Including these points, we reach the following figures for the "two thousand footers of England":

Above 2,000 feet	347 points
Above 2,500 feet	78 points
Above 3,000 feet	7 points

From these must be subtracted an uncertain number of points which are not true summits, viz.:

Lakes.	.1
Passes.	.2 or 3
Cairns.	.20-50

The Editor asks me to add a few personal notes with regard to these ascents. It is difficult to do so without being either too sketchy or too diffuse, but the notes that follow may perhaps be of some interest.

The most difficult summit in England to reach—in wet weather at all events—is the Cheviot, which is an island in a bog with only one practicable route across it! In order to reach the Cheviot peaks I had to make three one-day expeditions to the district from Middlesbrough, and to take advantage of an evening meeting in Alnwick to make yet another onslaught the following morning. On that occasion the weather was at its worst, in mid-winter; and I shall not soon forget my feelings when my unfitness caused a violent attack of cramp in both legs, whilst I was negotiating a lonely ridge by myself in thick mist and a driving snowstorm, miles from the nearest house. The Cheviots, like the Cairngorms, always give me a sense of bigness and spaciousness, which is not easily found elsewhere in Britain.

A parson takes his week-ends on a Monday, and then only at long intervals. During most of the period referred to in this article I was stationed near Middlesbrough, and did most of my tramping by driving up into the Pennine valleys, and bagging a

peak or two each time. Once I succeeded in capturing no fewer than seventeen fresh summits, leaving the car at Grains o' the Beck Inn. I was accompanied on that occasion by a strong young fellow from my congregation, who happened to be out of work at the time, and who had never previously been on a hill. He made the thrilling discovery, I remember, that grouse are not a species of rabbit! I am afraid that before we had finished he had had quite enough of the Pennines ; especially as during our penultimate descent he stepped into a small bog in which was the carcase of a sheep. He was almost up to the armpits in the filth and slime before I succeeded in extricating him; and I have seldom come across quite so pungent an odour as that which he exuded all the way home !

I have often wondered whether Bastifell and Nine Standards Rigg have not changed names; for the remarkable series of cairns that might well be the " Nine Standards " are on the summit of what the map calls Bastifell.

I shall not venture to make any comments upon the Lake District summits, for each one of them must be known to all the readers of the Journal; except to say that visits to some of the lesser-known peaks are well worth while, if only for the unusual views that they may give of the more familiar giants. It may interest some readers if I add that the last summit which I attained in the District, Tewit How, was reached from Gillerthwaite through a veritable meadow of white heather ! I do not think that I have ever seen so much of it as we found there last August.

My most memorable ascent of Ingleborough was on the day of the total eclipse of the sun. Two of us camped below its northerly slopes, hoping to see the eclipse from the summit. As there were mists upon it, however, we watched the eclipse from near Ribblehead—a most impressive spot for such a spectacle ; and went up the mountain afterwards.

Two of the summits on the Penyghent-Fountains Fell massive were climbed one memorable Midsummer Day. We were about to set out from Middlesbrough early in the afternoon, when we were begged to go to a village near Ripon to rescue a girl, who said she was being compelled by the farmer's wife, in whose service she was, to sleep in a tree ! Having satisfied ourselves that the story had been invented to persuade her father

to recall her home, we reached the point at which the car was to be left, shortly before 8 p.m. Our summits were completed by 11.30 p.m., when the by-road was so thick with rabbits that my passengers stood on the running boards grabbing them as we passed ! The sun had risen before we were back home again.

I travelled one day to the Snake Inn, to meet a friend who had similarly come north from Coventry. It was our intention to do some rock-climbing, but the weather was hopeless, and we determined instead to bag peaks. A gamekeeper at the inn proved most offensive, threatening us all manner of things because of our alleged intention to trespass. I am afraid that I could not set down in the pages of the Journal the language he used when we invited him to accompany us three or four miles along the right of way track, and then to see what we did. It seemed that he was not prepared to do that in such weather for anyone " in heaven or earth or under the earth."

I had been bagging two thousand footers for some time before I discovered the Black Mountains on the map ; and for a time the discovery threw me into despair. I had already expended gallons upon gallons of petrol on my task ; but a journey to the borders of South Wales was too much to undertake. Fortune, however, favoured me. I was invited to take part in a Conference in Bristol. I promptly accepted the invitation ; and took a night train to Abergavenny, to whose station master I had already written asking for a bicycle to be ready for me when I arrived in the wee sma' hours. Everything went according to plan. A porter lent his bicycle. I rode up to Llanthony Abbey, and reached my first summit in bright weather. I had just time to survey the ground, when the mist came down, and enveloped me for the rest of the walk. As the ridges are somewhat feature-less, and most of the summits cairnless, I was dependent entirely upon map, compass and watch; and was not a little relieved when I emerged into the valley again at exactly the right spot, and so knew that I had accomplished my task. That night I was in Bristol.

Zvly Devonshire trip was similarly combined with duty, in this case a couple of spare days between engagements in London and in Bath. The area in which the two summits are situated is marked on the map " Danger Zone : Artillery Practice." It was therefore a relief to learn that, in spite of the bitter wind and

cold at the time when I made the ascent, I should have been prevented from making it at all, had I visited the district in summer time. The completion of my whole enterprise was celebrated nobly in Devonshire cream !

The hardest walking, by the way, was undoubtedly on those Pennines which are intersected by deep peat " crevasses." If any readers of the Journal want exercise, let them try one of those summits on a day when each " crevasse " is filled with soft snow just level with its edge !

Red Tarn was " climbed " by bathing in it on a summer's day when mist and wind made me semi-numb before I had completed the stripping process. Half-an-hour later I met a shivering tourist on the summit of Helvellyn. " Ugh ! " he shuddered, as a break in the mists disclosed the tarn deep down below us, " how would you like to have a swim in that ? " I am sorry to say that he clearly considered me an unqualified liar, when I informed him that I had just had one !

One of the problems which I set myself, when visiting the remote summits of the Pennines, each one of which possesses its own peculiar interest and character, was to discover whether there is any point in England from which both the North Sea and the Irish Sea are visible. I have not been able definitely to decide this question; almost always the atmosphere was hazy either to East or to West. I believe, however, that I saw the Solway, as I certainly saw the North Sea, from Windygate Hill in the Cheviots, and I believe that there may be other summits in the neighbourhood which would provide the double view. I am informed that it is not possible to see both seas from Cold Fell (it was hazy when I was there, in both directions), which otherwise looks a likely viewpoint. Further South, Pennines and Lake District interfere with each other's view; but I think it not impossible that some summit about the head of Wensleydale might fulfil the conditions in very favourable weather.

The lists of summits follows, divided for convenience into districts.

List of summits over 2000 feet in England, according to Bartholomew's Half-inch Map.

Section I.—DEVONSHIRE

	Yes Tor	2028
	High Willhays	2039

Section II.—BLACK MOUNTAINS

(i.)	Black Hill	2102
	Black Mountain (Frontier)	2143
	Black Mountain (Frontier)	2306
	Do. do. do.	2091
	Do. do.	2010
(U.)	Fwddog Ridge (Frontier)	2228

Section III.—THE PEAK

(i.)	Kinder Low	2077
	Anon.	2086
	Anon.	2062
	Crowden Head	2070
	Kinder Edge	2031
	Fairbrook Naze	2049
(ii.)	Bleaklow Hill	2060
	Shelf Moss	2061
	Higher Shelf Stones	2099

Section IV.—SOUTH OF WENSLEYDALE-DENTDALE

(i)	Great Whernside	2310
	Do. do	2187
	Do. do	2245
	Do. do	2000
	Buckden Pike	2302
	Tor Mere Top	2023
(ii.)	Yockenthwaite Moor	2109
	\.ether Fell	2015
	Dodd Fell	21S9
	Widdale Fell	2203
(iii.)	Fountains Fell	2191
	Darnbrook Fell	2048
	Pen-y-ghent	2273
	Do.	2231
	Birks Fell	2001
iv.)	Ingleborough	2373
	Simon Fell	2088
(y.)	Whernside	2414
(vi.)	Crag Hill	2239
	Do	2250
	Foul Moss	2052
	Greygarth Hill	

Section V.—CALF AND SWALEDALE (From Section IV. to Stainmore : Darlington-Tebay Line.)

(i.)	Lovely Seat	2213
	Great Shunner Fell	2340
	Ure Head	2186
	Black Fell Moss	2257
	High Seat	2328
	Fair Hill	2105
	Nine Standards Rigg	2008
	Bastifell	2024
(ii.)	Rogan's Seat	2204
	Water Crag	2188
	Do.	2176
(iii.)	Wild Boar Fell	2324
	Swarth Fell	2235
	Baugh Fell	2216
(iv.)	The Calf	2220
	Lt. Piked How	2150
	Wind Scarth	2000
	Fell Head	2045
	Yarlside	2097
	Anon	2047

Section VI.—STAINMORE TO PENRITH-ALSTON-TEESDALE

(I.)	Warcop Fell	2106
	Do	2028
	Do	2042
	Long Fell	
	Do	
	Do	
	Burton Fell	2399
	Do	2123
	Do	2096
	Hilton Fell	2446
	Do	2146
	Do	2252
	Mickle Fell	2591
	Do.	2547
	Do.	2486
	Do.	2247
	Long Crag	2209
	Lang Hurst	2085
	Bink Moss	2028
	Murton Fell	2207
	Do.	2061
	Do.	2206
(ii.)	Narrowgate Beacon	2151
	Backstone Edge	2262
	Do. do	2053
	Do. do	2221
	Anon.	2292
	Anon	2120
	High Scald Fell	2256
	Knock Fell	2604
	Do.	2532
	Dufton Fell	2403
	Do. (Ruins)	
	Do.	2213
	Do.	2303
	Do.	2284
	Do.	2291
	Do.	2104
	Do.	2137
	Do.	2116
	Green Castle	2466
	Anon	2478
	Anon.	2108
	Iron Howe	2010
	Milburn Forest	2780
	Do. do.	2761
	Hard Hill	2225
(III.)	Cross Fell	2930
	Do.	2893
	Do.	2799
	Grey Scar	2378
	Black Dub	2687
	Fallow Hill	2583
	Lambgreen Hills	2280
	Bullman Hills	2002
	Rake End..	2283
	Anon.	2026
	Long Man Hill	2150
	Pikeman Hill	2022
	Calvert End	2196
	Calvertfold	2249
	Anon.	2074
	Round Hill	2222
	Do.	2054
(iv.)	Skirwith Fell	2562
	Green Fell	2429
	Do.	2362
	Brown Hill	2185
	Melmerby Fell	2331
	Hard Rig Edge	2056
	Knapside Hill	2247
	Little Knapside Hill	2153
	Do. do.	2107
	Fiends Fell	2082

Section VII.—TEESDALE TO WEARDALE

(1.)	Outberry Plain	2143
	Westcrnhope Moor	2215
	Do. do.	2115
	Newbiggin Common	2099
(ii.)	Dora's Seat	2158
	Langdon Common	2072
	Fendrith Hill	2284
	Chapel Fell Top	2294
	Langdon Fell	2042
	Do.	2056
	Do.	2079
	Noon Hill	2072
(ill.)	Three Pikes	2133
	Causeway Hill	2072
	Do. do	2212
	Do. do	2001
	Ashgill Head	2274
	Do. do	2342
	Burnhope Seat	2452
	Do. do	2368
	Dead Stones	2326
	Nag's Head	2207
	Lamb's Head	2127
	Moss Moor	2096
	Knoulberry Hill	2195
	Cowhorsc Hill	2036
	" Road Summit "	2056
	Windy Brow	2015
	Flinty Fell	2013
(iv.)	Herdship Fell	2070
	Viewing Hill	2097
	Bellbcaver Rig	2035

Section VIII.—WEARDALE TO TYNEDALE

(i.)	Wellhope Moor	2014
(ii.)	Slate Hill	2113
	Killhope Moor	2116
	Middlehope Moor.	2203
	Do. do.	2051
	Do. do.	2018
	Do. do.	2075

Section IX.—NORTHERN PENNINES

(i.)	Hartside Height	2046
	Black Fell	2149
	Do.	2179
	Anon	2071
	Middle Carrick	2154
(ii.)	Cold Fell	2039

Section X.—LAKE DISTRICT : EAST OF KIRKSTONE

(i.)	Grey Crag	2093
	Harrop Pike	
	Tarn Crag	2176
	Do.	2118
	Selside Pike	
	Anon	2333
	Adam Seat	2180
	Raven Crag	2397
	Harter Fell	2509
(ii.)	Rainsborrow Crag	2292
	111 Bell	2476
	Froswick	2359
	Anon	2183
	Grays Crag	2286
	High Street	2663
	Rough Crag	2062
	Kidsty Pike	2560
	Rest Dodd	2278
	High Raise	2634
	Do.	24S5
	Do.	2358
	Low Rise	2191
	Red Crag	2328
	High Kop	2179
	Weather Hill	2174
	Loadpot Hill	2201
	Do.	2144
	Hart Hill	2057
(iii.)	Place Fell	2154
(iv.)	Stony Cove	
	John Bell's Banner	2502
	Low Hartsop Dod	
	Hart Crag	2072

Section XL—LAKE DISTRICT : KIRKSTONE TO KESWICK

(i.)	Red Screes	2541
	Raven Crag	
	Snarker Pike	2096
	Middle Dod	2106
	Little Hart Crag	2091
	Anon	2155
	Hart Crag	2698
	Heron Pike	2003
	Fairfield	2863
	St. Sunday Crag	2756
	Do. do.	2040
(ii.)	Seat Sandal	2415
	Dollywaggon Pike	2810
	Whelpside	2412
	Helvellyn	3118
	Do	3033
	Browncove Crags.. Above	2500
	Clenridding Common	2318
	White Side	2832
	Raise	2889
	Black Crag	
	Stybarrow Dodd	2756
	Hartside	2481
	Watson's Dodd	2584
	Great Dodd	2807
	Calfhow Pike	
	Clough Head	2380
	Red Tarn	2356
(iii.)	Saddleback	2847
	Mungrisdale Common	2038
	Bowscale Fell	2306
(iv.)	Carrock Fell	2174
	High Pike..	2157
	Great Lingy Hill	
	Do. do.	2000
	Coomb Height	2058
	Knott	2329
	Great Calva	2287
	Do.	2014
(v.)	Dead Crags	2189
	Skiddaw	3054
	Low Man	2837
	Carl Side	2400
	Lonscale Fell	2344

Section XII.—LAKE DISTRICT : WEST OF DUNMAIL RISE

(i.)	Grisedale Pike	2593
	Anon	2010
	Hobcarton Pike	2525
	Whiteside	2317
	Crasrnoor	2791
	Eel Crag	2749
	Do	2649
	Anon.	2533
	Whiteless Pike	2159
	Sail	2500
	Causey Pike	
	Robinson	2417
	Hindscarth	2385
	Dale Head	2473
	Scawdale Fell	2143
(ii.)	Great Borne	2019
	Do.	
	Starling Dodd	2085
	Red Pike	2479
	High Stile	2643
	High Crag	2443

(lii.)	Fleetwith Pike	2126
	Grey Knotts	2287
	Brandreth	2344
	Base Brown	
	Great Gable	2949
	Kirk Fell	2631
(iv.)	Looking Stead	2058
	Pillar	2S27
	Steeple	2687
	Scoat Fell	2746
	Red Pike	2629
	Yewbarrow	2058
	Tewit How	2012
	Haycock	2619
	Seatallan	2266
	Caw Fell	2188
	Iron Crag	2071
(v.)	Slight Side	2501
	Sea Fell	3162
	Scafell Pike	3210
	Lingmell	2649
	Do	2104
	Great End	2984
	Seathwaite Fell	
	Allen Crags	2572
	Glaramara	2560
	Rosthwaite Fell	
	Bowfell	2960
	Rossett Crag	2106
	Crinkle Crags	2818
	Red How	2426
	Cold Pike	2259
	Pike of Blisco	2304
	Harter Fell	2140
(vi.)	Harrison Stickle	2401
	Pike of Stickle	2323
	Thunacar Knott	2351
	Sergeant Man	2414
	High White Stone*	2500
	Greenup Edge	20S1
	Ullscarf	2370

(vii.)	Wetherlam	2502
	Carrs	2575
	Grey Friar	2537
	Great How Crags	2630
	Old Man	2633
	Do.	2611
	Dow Crag	2555
	Brown Pike	2239
	Walney Scar	

Section XIII.—CHEVIOTS

(i.)	Windygatc Hill	2034
	Bloodybush Edge.	2001
	Cushat Law	202n
(ii.)	The Cheviot	2676
	Do.	2656
	Do.	2547
	West Kill	2353
	Auchopecairn (Frontier)	2382
	Do. do.	2419
	Cairn Hill	2545
	Comb Fell	2132
	Hedgehope Hill	2348

Summits included under Rule 4 :—

Section X.

Thornthwaite Crag	Above 2500

Section XI.

Dove Crag	Above 2500
Great Rigg	Above 2500

Section XII.

Green Gable	Above 2500
Kirkfell (N.E. Top)	Above 2500
Broad Crag	Above 3000
II] Crag	Above 3000
Ksk Pike	Above 2750
Glaramara (S. Top)	Above 2500

KÖNIGSPITZE, ZEBRU, ORTLER

BY J. FIRTH BURTON

It was all the fault of Andrews of the M. A.M. Andrews wrote a very useful article on the Order Group in the B.MJ. ; but that does not excuse him for suggesting that a suitable trip in that district would be the traverse of its three great peaks in one day.

My five friends and I spent two days doing easy trips from that comfortable mountain hotel, the Citta di Milano Hut, above Solda (late Sulden).

We looked longingly at the trio of fine summits, nicely arranged in a row, but the connecting ridges appeared pretty long and tough. We knew that all the main ridges had been climbed, even those facing Solda, but these latter looked terribly steep and dangerous. It appeared that once committed to the main ridge it would be a question of going over all three peaks or retreating down the easier routes on the side remote from Solda.

Taken from the Citta di Milano the ridge to the summit of the Konigspitze offers no great difficulty, and had already been climbed when we were inspecting it, although heavy snowfalls had obliterated the tracks.

We knew that good tracks existed on the far side of the third and highest peak, the Ortler. The ordinary route is there and would take us down easily towards the Payer Hut, connected by good tracks with Solda. The remaining four ridges had not been climbed this season, although it was now mid-July, due probably to the heavy late snowfall. The guidebook leads one to expect plenty of fun on these four ridges, especially the Suldengrat of the Konigspitze and the Hochjochgrat of the Ortler.

It must be explained that all three peaks are composed of a type of dolomite, with its accustomed steepness, overlaid with snow, forming knife-edged ridges and fine cornices and hanging glaciers. The rock on the actual ridges is pretty rotten ; anywhere else it is particularly foul. The whole mass rises from a base of mica-schist. This blackish, shaley rock gives the valleys a somewhat rubbishy appearance, especially with clouds covering the peaks. All the more reason to accept the challenge when lifting clouds disclose great white pyramids rising from the

glaciers, whose dirty snouts grub in the black screes of the Sulden valley. The Königspitze reminds one of the incomparable Weisshorn. The Order just resists the temptation to enter the 4,000 metre list.

So on a perfect July afternoon I descended with my wife from the Citta di Milano to Solda, having an appointment with five young members of the Rucksack Club for 2 a.m. the next day at the Hut.

The Hotel Eller at Solda is one of the cheapest and best I have visited anywhere, and we had dinner without veal or caramel pudding. I turned in and promised my wife to be back for dinner the next evening, perhaps a little late.

Stealing down the stairs at 12, groping about for electric light switches, I had the usual attack of remorse. Breakfast with a thermos of coffee was in the hall, and no sound but the faint snoring of the hotel porter in a room nearby.

Then I stole out and lighted my lantern. It was my first experience of a hut-grind alone by night. Two hours seemed to last a long time, but I only took one wrong turning, soon corrected.

I kept recalling a much harder grind, years ago, when a party of us left Zermatt at 9 p.m. after a long heavy day. We were crawling up towards the foot of the huge, over-towering Matterhorn, with a full moon throwing a giant shadow of the great wedge across the sky. I was younger and greedier then.

At last the welcome lights of the Citta di Milano were visible and I was soon having a second coffee.

We roped up soon after 2 a.m. in two threes, followed across the glacier by two guided parties, bound for the Königspitze (return tickets). Their lights bobbed behind us for a time until we forgot them.

The ascent of the Königspitze proved quite straightforward, except that huge cornices near the summit needed care. The descent to the Suldenjoch (between the Königspitze and Zebru) was quite another matter. At first razor-edged ridges of snow dropped down in steep waves, giving no choice but the absolute crest, and that often at an unpleasant angle. Later on snow alternated with perished rock, still steep and even less pleasant. When within sight of the pass my leader (I was middle-man at this time) got tired of rotten rock on the crest and tried the

steeper snow slope on the Sulden face. After a few cautious steps his feet went through a thin crust of snow on to hard ice and he shot downwards. We were moving together, and although the rope was tight the jerk started me slipping. I remember noticing the schrund several hundred feet below and deciding that that was the first stop if I lost my footing. With wonderful luck I got one foot on a small protrusion of rock and pulled up. The last man said afterwards that he could have held both of us. Perhaps he might, but we were all content to crawl gingerly down the rotten rock for the rest of the descent.

We rested on the col until the second caravan was within hailing distance, and we learned that they had decided to drop down from the col to the nearest hut and complete the Zebru and Ortler the next day.

We commenced our attack on the Zebru about 10.30, and were soon finding trouble in turning overhanging gendarmes of rotten dolomite. Two or three times we were spread out on steep disintegrated slabs trying to keep a footing in breaking snow steps. It was a great relief when we reached the ridge beyond the pinnacles. Then I do not remember any special detail until we were backing carefully down a steep slope of very hard snow towards the Hochjoch.

It was four when we reached the col and investigated our provisions. After putting some brandy and chocolate into reserve we demolished the balance, which consisted of one tin of jam and a small ration of brandy, taken concurrently. At four-thirty we started up the Hochjochgrat of the Ortler, valued in the guidebook at four hours. The main impediments to progress were some steep gendarmes of suspicious rock which exacted unwelcome care and struggling. It was dusk and misty when we reached the summit snow of the Ortler at eight o'clock, grateful for good tracks leading down towards the Payer Hut and Solda.

We lost no time in descending, and had no leisure even to admire the afterglow, which, when we emerged from the mist, had become a deep crimson band across the horizon. The route was straightforward, but steep for hurrying, and the snow had already hardened. In spite of every effort it was ten o'clock and pitch dark when we left the last glacier and struck the vast ridge of black shale, somewhere on which stood the Payer Hut at not

more than half an hour's distance. I lighted our only lantern and we groped our way along a rough gallery on the edge of a steep cliff. Then the track petered out. Below seemed to be all very steep and unlikely. Above was a less steep bank of rotten rock with open galleries and chimneys. In forcing our way up one of these I parted company with the lantern, which we heard go clink, clink, from ledge to ledge far below. We were now in total darkness as there was no moon. We pushed upwards carefully but became more and more convinced that we were not on the track. Soon we found ourselves on the top of the ridge. We could not be far from the hut, but there were no lights visible except those of Solda, far below our feet. We shouted many times without result. The ridge looked vast and jagged in the direction of our objective, with outlines big enough for the hut. It seemed dangerous and futile to attempt a retreat. On the other side was the precipice dropping towards Solda.

It soon became obvious that we had reached our night quarters, but it was some time before we gave in to the idea of lying out until dawn.

Fortunately there was room for all three to lie down. More luckily still it was a clear night with very little wind. We kept on the rope and tried hard to think of some form of action, but it was no good. By about ten-thirty we had accepted our fate and settled down for five hours in which to curse our inefficiency and thank our stars for not exacting a greater penalty.

I had often wondered what it was like to be benighted, and I found the worst thing was the feeling of helplessness and frustration. All through the eternally long hours we could see plainly below every light in the village, including those of the Hotel Eller, where I was going to be very late for dinner. Every quarter of an hour the village clock mocked us. We put on the few extra clothes we had, took off wet boots and stockings, and tied feet and legs in our sacks. It did not pay to doze off, one waked shivering too much. A patch of snow nearby ceased to melt and drip. Occasionally sudden small rock or snow avalanches disturbed the silence.

Day began to appear at last, but it was a long time before there was enough light by which to force insensible feet into unyielding boots. Then we stumbled down the way we had ascended, and again failed to find the continuation of the

track. After following two false trails we heard voices below complaining about our stones. It was a party bound for the Ortler from the Payer Hut.

We were soon on the right track now and busy telling each other what we should consume at the hut. We arrived there in about twenty minutes, only to find that the staff had gone back to bed and locked up. So we drank water greedily from a trough and settled down to the long zig-zags leading to Solda.

We reached the Hotel Eller at six-thirty, turned in for a couple of hours sleep, and by breakfast time began to discover that we had been enjoying ourselves.

THE LAY OF A MOUNTAINEER

A cheery old tramper was resting
His limbs at the end of the day,
At peace and contentedly humming,
And this was the trend of his lay:
Get me boots, rope (pipe), map, compass and rucksack,
The best of companions to me,
And we're off to the heights and the moorlands,
We're off over fell, rock and scree.

We've known all the glorious mountains,
The lovely things seen from on high;
Valleys, seas, streams and peaks spread before us,
The sun and the clouds in the sky.
Get me boots, rope, etc.

We've seen the great snows in their whiteness,
Kicked steps up their slopes in the ghylls;
The sparkle of sun on the tarn ice,
The silence of frost in the hills.
Get me boots, rope, etc.

We've known rainstorm and mist and cloud drenchings,
Faced all that the North wind may send,
And full many a hard day has brought us
To calm and blue sky at the end.
Get me boots, rope, etc.

We've loved stars and moon in the darkness,
The glamour of dusk on the fells,
The peace that comes over the valleys,
The twinkle of light in the dells.
Get me boots, rope, etc.

We've roamed all the free open spaces,
With companions now grave and now gay,
And the one priceless gift it has brought us,
Content at the end of each day.
Get me boots, rope, etc. C.P.L.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. GRISEDALE of Middlefell

Mrs. Grisedale of Great Langdale, who died early this year (1933), was one of the Club's first hostesses. It was a tragedy of successful development which caused the official removal to more convenient quarters. To the Kendal and Windermere climbers, Mrs. Grisedale had already been friend and hostess for years, and Middlefell Farm was definitely the base for the pioneer attacks on Gimmer. This task brought together the isolated parties fiom Westmorland and Furness, and proved the necessity for a club. After the Club was founded, Middlefell witnessed the expansion of parties, in number, frequency and in skill as well. The great courses on Gimmer were forced, and exploration of the crag was made. In many minds, Middlefell, Mrs. Grisedale and the Gimmer climbs are all intimately associated, and will be, until time for us is no more.

In those early years, the spick-and-span hotels were apt to look askance at the dirty, wet, hungry and miserable climbers : at Middlefell, Mrs. Grisedale was an indulgent hostess for the right sort of lads. On our return from the hills, buckets of hot water appeared as if by magic from beside the kitchen fire ; wet garments were cast off, taken away and dried; and a meal promptly appeared. A jolly big meal it was too, for Mrs. Grisedale knew something about mountain appetites. The establishment did its best on simple resources : Middlefell has remained a Westmorland sheep farm, and has never shed land and flock to become, with a title or otherwise, a private hotel. For a generation her succession of daughters looked well after us, while she schemed and contrived the best hospitality.

To many of us the dales flavour of everyday chat in the kitchen, and among the neighbours who used to call, was another great charm of Middlefell. However busy she might be with her visitors, Mrs. Grisedale could always spare a word for any farmer who might drop into the kitchen. She might exchange the coaise brown apron for a blue-check affair of state when evening came, and she was at comparative leisure. She was then a dales woman of dales women, a woman of wonderful memory, and her opinion stood for a deal in the social affairs of Langdale.

She was a great hostess in those early years before the motor-car came to destroy the serenity of life among the fells. To be " at the end of the road " was formerly to be at peace ; now it is tantamount to living in a parking-ground for cars. But the old times live on in memory.

In the low-ceiled, old-fashioned rooms at Middlefell, many early committees and climbing conferences were held. Such pioneers as Scantlebury, Craig, Grayson, Hamilton Gordon, Andrew Thompson, Lyon and Leighton were prominent in the throng. I seem to recollect Wakefield in his pre-Labrador days as well. At that time the Visitors' Book had the names of many who did pioneer service for the Club, and there are many others who will bring up memories from the past. The late W. B. Brunskill was about the first man to camp and climb from Middlefell. Millican Dalton camped into my view somewhat later than the foundation of our Club. All were welcome, whatever their tastes and resources. At times Mrs. Grisedale had a boisterous lot, but usually her hints to " keep whiet, keep whisht" for the benefit of other guests were obeyed. Admittedly however, in winter time, when the road from Kendal or Barrow was wet and nasty with mud and leaves, there u«ed to be some noise.

I find it difficult to write further: I am just home from the 1933 dinner of the Club where the youths at my table-foot found an Original Member about as funny as original sin, and I doubt whether the rank and file of present climbers and ramblers will appreciate some of my allusions to ancient history in our craft. Still there are, scattered about the world, men who knew the Club in its early years, men and women who passed through Great Langdale and halted at Middlefell Farm, who will be able to fill from memory the many gaps in this brief sketch. To most of us, on the Westmorland side of the great crags at any rate, Mrs. Grisedale meant much. We saw her face smiling in the dim light of the old kitchen as we came down at dusk after a wild day among the tops or from our climbs among wet, mossy and cold rocks. It was a welcome worth having—a welcome which meant food and hot drink, dry clothes and creature comforts, yet, remember, it was a welcome which spoke to the heart as well. I doubt whether any veteran of the mountain paths or of the rocks will ever forget the influence of Mrs. Grisedale.

W. T. PALMER

CLAUDE ERNEST BENSON

One of the most entertaining of modern writers on mountaineering and kindred subjects was lost to us by the death of C. E. Benson. Just before making his personal acquaintance about 1902, I had read his new book, *Crag and Hound in Lakeland,* in which he first displayed his insight into the technique of rock climbing and a knack for showing the neophyte how it is done. Then he came for several short holidays to Derbyshire, and the Climbers' Club Journal contains no article more amusing than his account of one week-end which he entitled *Concerning Gritstone,* and signed " A Gritstone Novice." It is in the sixth volume, and was his thank-offering for election to that Club in 1903. We had many good times together afterwards, in the Lakes, in Yorkshire, and elsewhere among the hills, not to mention his sojourns with me and mine with him at Harrogate and merry evenings in London at the Thatched House Club, where Benson loved to gather two or three friends around him and discuss his own and other people's climbs in the most minute detail, and with a humour that had a distinct Irish flavour. He was an insatiable talker, and he wrote as he talked, with point, wit, and amusing illustration. The only difference was that he wrote more carefully, and never allowed a slovenly sentence to pass, no matter how trifling the topic. He was cram-full of stories, many from direct experience, others the flotsam and jetsam that a devoted clubman who is both communicative and an appreciative listener skims from the ocean of talk. What saved him from mere frothiness was his literary conscience and his passion for accuracy. Benson was a sound classic ; educated at Elstree and at Harrow, he would have taken his degree had he not gone straight to the War Office. He was never at a loss for an apt quotation, and what is more, could always give the reference for anything quoted by someone else.

The miscellaneousness of the knowledge with which his mind was stored always excited my wonder, for none of it ever got stale. The first literary effort of his that I can trace is a chapter on *Cricket for Beginners,* in a volume edited by A. C. MacLaren in 1893. After that he wrote, not only on fox-hunting and rock-climbing, as in *Crag and Hound,* but also manuals of skating and bandy, ju-jitsu, and mountaineering at home and abroad,

and magazine articles on the most diversified subjects. He must have got up some of these for the occasion; but, unlike the ordinary journalist, he made himself a specialist for the occasion and remained an authority and permanently interested in the subject. You might ask a question on the habits and customs of snakes, and find that Benson had read everything about them and would offer enthusiastically to show you round the serpent houses at the Zoo. Before he took to climbing, he had been a keen fisherman. He was also interested in boxing, with the gloves or without, and not more ashamed of certain facial evidences of ancient pugilistic encounters than of his powerful biceps. To my mind, the most vivid pages in his first novel, *This Fair Outcast,* are his description of a " mill." His other work of fiction, apart from a large number of workmanlike stories, *Miles Ritson,* embodies much Lakeland and climbing lore.

But it was in the guide-books to which he applied himself latterly that Benson's scholarship and unwearied zeal for exactness comes out strongest. Baddeley, the veteran author of the *Thorough Guides,* to whom our generation owe an untold debt for kindling a general interest in our native scenery and a love of wandering with a rucksack, hoped that Benson would carry on his work. Benson did bring out an enlarged and corrected edition of the Lake District guide, a business-like piece of work, which he regularly kept up-to-date. He also wrote new ones to Oxford and Cambridge, which were approved by exacting judges.

Benson served on the committee of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, and occupied the position of vice-president. He was better as a teacher than as a practical exponent of the rock-climber's art, and the list of his initiates must be a long one. He taught his wife to climb, and he taught her so well that by his own admission she often showed herself the better half on a difficult pitch. It is sad to think that she survived him for so brief a space. His services to mountaineering clubs in the capacity of self-appointed recruiting sergeant deserve a monument, and it should be in gritstone. I, at any rate, am glad of the privilege of offering this affectionate tribute to the memory of a warm-hearted comrade who, with all the experience of a man of the world, kept to the end the spirit of boyhood.

E.A.B.

HAROLD CARNEGIE JENKINS.

Harold Jenkins was one of those rare and lovable personalities with whom, although contact may seemingly be of a casual nature, one glides almost unconsciously into friendship and lasting affection.

It was my good fortune to climb with him occasionally in the Lake District, and join him in caveing in Derbyshire. The first climb is well remembered : he led me up Eagle's Nest Chimney, and we met Raymond Bicknell bringing his son down. At these times, besides the charm of his companionship, there was confidence arising from the knowledge that he was a highly skilled engineer—keen and alert under all conditions.

From a man of such wide activities and numerous responsibilities climbing may be said to have taken its full quota. In the earlier days of the Club he was regularly at Mrs. Harris's, and he will be remembered with affection by all that happy band who were usually to be found at that unique climbers' haven. Later on came opportunities for climbing in Switzerland, and he became a member of the Alpine Club. In 1931 he joined the summer camp of the Canadian Alpine Club, an account of which was given in their journal of that year.

Jenkins filled for me, at various times, the main relationships that can exist between one man and another—friend, employer, colleague. In each of these he was invariably just and impartial, but beyond that he revealed always a deep understanding and sympathy. His attitude through an unprecedented period of world difficulty was exemplary in every way. It was not his habit to act as a prop for weaklings, but by example to impart that confidence which would help a man to help himself; this personal stimulation was felt very much by those who saw him only at long intervals and for brief periods.

The extent of the loss sustained by the passing of a man of such outstanding character and ability can scarcely be computed. It is certain that as long as any of his widely scattered friends are alive his name and influence will live on in their hearts. One might well say of him, as Neville Usborne says in his poem, *Upwards:* " Thank God for the man with a soul . . . untouched by ingratitude, mocking or jest, fierce, tender and optimist, true under test, as he sweats in the Van of Mankind." J.B.W.

THE YEAR WITH THE CLUB

BY L. H. POLLITT

It must be a long time since we had such a wonderful year for climbing, and our members have taken the fullest advantage of it. Meets have been well attended and a great deal of fine climbing has been done.

There are splendid new climbs even on such popular crags as Pillar and Scafell. True they are mostly for the expert, but perhaps the experts will spend their time on them and leave us our old favourites.

October, 1932

Langdale was not kind to us. The gathering was small if select and little was done except walking, for the weather was so bad that one party from Manchester turned back at Preston on the Saturday (and went to Blackpool—so the cynics said), and floods were the order of the day.

December.

Christmas at Wasdale saw a large party of what G.B. calls the orphans, and those of us who spent it at our own fireside could not have been without moments of envy on thinking of G.B. reciting " When you were a tadpole and I was a fish," or perhaps giving his election speech to an audience too full for cheers or boos.

January 1st, 1933

Buttermere, as usual, drew a large and jolly crowd and gave some of us an experience of wind which we shall not forget for a while. In spite of it, Chorley managed his usual ascent of Pillar, so tradition was maintained unbroken and the meet was a great success. Others blew off their spare energy in the smoke-room : the Club strong man (pocket edition) showed how to break eggs with disastrous results to himself; Speaker showed us how to climb through a stick and some of us are still undergoing massage through trying to copy him. It was a pleasure to see Solly back again after his absence the previous year; his presence helped to make it a real Buttermere meet as well as a good and happy beginning of the New Year.

February

Grasmere attracted its particular habitues, who filled the Moss Grove and afterwards went to the Dialect Play. **The** weather was kinder than usual and in spite of some ice quite a number of climbs on Gimmer and Dow were done and plenty of tops **were** traversed.

April

Easter at Wasdale started with a wonderful day and as a result the whisperings and mutterings in the smoke-room materialised into a fine new climb on Pillar. Other parties enjoyed themselves on the more Christian courses. Everybody was happy, thinking what a providentially good Easter we were going to have; but, alas, the weather could not keep it up and the rest of the week-end was poor. However, some good climbs were done on Scafell and one party had plenty of fun on Keswick Brothers. Committee was notable for the resignations of the Hon. Treasurer and the Hon. Editor and the appointment of their successors; it will be nice to be able to meet Milligan without wondering whether or not one lias paid last year's subscription.

May

Buttermere in May was a new departure and proved, according to general opinion, one of the best meets of the year. A large party forgathered and bathing was as popular as climbing. One very strong party had a look at Birkness Chimney and being overcome by the heat were to be seen sleeping on the adjacent buttress. Another party tried it, but the chimney got much the best of it and the would-be conquerors retired, to take their revenge on neighbouring climbs. It is doubtful whether so many people have ever before climbed at one time in Birkness Coombe: the Secretary's rope alone would have made a good meet.

June

For some of us Borrowdale, at Whitsun especially, is the most beautiful of all the dales. This year we were blessed with weather which was almost too hot for comfort and the pools in Sour Milk Ghyll were in great demand. To escape the heat, one party spent a night walking and climbing and the following day bathing. Thornythwaite was crowded and Mrs. Jopson had her hands full; yet she managed to keep as cheerful as ever and even had kindness to spare for the crowds of campers who made the fields

look like a gipsy encampment. Many good climbs were done, including C.B. twice, and Moss Ghyll Grooves, and the Pinnacle face was quite a popular promenade.

July

At Coniston a good crowd assembled for the July meet, but the weather was not too good. Nevertheless, plenty of climbing was done and some members made their first visit to our new H.Q., which should prove extremely popular. Our new hosts spared no efforts to make us feel comfortable and at home and their attention to the inner man left nothing to be desired or improved upon.

August

Wasdale attracted a number of friends who return there almost every summer, but most of the regulars were away in the Alps, Skye, Scotland, and other more or less delectable places.

September 2

Eskdale always makes one feel that the year is drawing to a close from a club point of view. Those who came had fair weather and some remarkable mist effects which in one case at least were not appreciated as they might have been.

September 30

The dinner meet at Windermere was one of the best in recent years—splendid weather, a good crowd, and good speeches. On Saturday a large party commenced the Dow Crag Girdle and, after bivouacing at Windermere on Saturday night, finished on Sunday. Another party, not so large, managed to finish in the day. Some climbed on Gimmer, others on Bowfell, and most of the peaks round about were traversed by members and friends. The standard of the speeches after the dinner was exceptionally high. Gen. Bruce was his inimitable self and told us of an expedition to the Himalayas carried out by his nephew and a friend ; also of his own hurried visit to India during the earlier part of the year, which showed that his spirit of adventure is in no danger of dying out. Ruttledge gave us a few words about the Everest expedition, on which Longland expanded in a highly interesting manner. Milligan, as the new President, made a splendid speech, remarkable for its clarity and sincerity. Scott, as official insulter, was his usual self; one cannot say more than that to those who know him. Winthrop Young treated us to a

delightful piece of phantasy, but I fear many of us were too full of food and good wine to follow him in all his explorations of time and space. After the dinner there was the usual crowd in the corridor seeking out old faces and making new acquaintances. Once more our thanks are due to Miss Briggs for her kindness and care, which helped to make the 1933 dinner one long to be remembered.

November

The meet in Langdale was well represented. Members were scattered up and down the valley and parties were out on all the surrounding crags.

December

Wasdale at Christmas once more brought the faithful together round the smoke-room fire. Such climbs as Cust's Gully were done, when they could be found.

EDITOR'S NOTES

The outstanding mountaineering event of the year, the Fourth Everest Expedition, was another splendid effort by a team of climbers under Hugh Ruttledge. But the luck of the weather was not with them; they hardly had a single perfect day; winds, often blowing with hurricane force, tested their physical and mental resources to the utmost. Indeed, the fact that they should all have been brought safely back speaks volumes, not only for Ruttledge's fine leadership, but also for the extraordinary determination and power of endurance of those who went farthest up.

How much has been learned about acclimatisation and deterioration, amongst other things, will be evident from Jack Longland's analytical survey which appears elsewhere in these pages. That added knowledge should place future expeditions in a much better position to succeed—if they are fortunate enough to get a succession of five or six days of fine weather for their final attempt.

Of our other members in the expedition, Raymond Greene and Eric Shipton were temporarily incapacitated, but neither appears any the worse for his experiences ; and George Wood-Johnson, who has now returned to Darjeeling, has, we are glad to hear, made a good recovery from his unfortunate indisposition.

In Lakeland climbing a high standard of achievement has been maintained—witness the new routes on the Mickledore face of Scafell (now named East Buttress), so long considered inaccessible. There are now quite a number of excellent routes on it, and in only one instance was a piton used, and then just to serve as a belay for greater safety.

At a time when rock and ice climbers abroad have adopted new engineering tactics, and are climbing more and more with the aid of pitons, the admirable restraint shown by the leaders on the more severe of our courses is as commendable as it is reassuring. To a great many of us the general introduction of mechanised climbing would rob this wonderful and noble pursuit of ours of a great deal of the force of its appeal and of its charm.

The article by A. B. Hargreaves is a most welcome statement of the activities and ideals of the Modern School of Climbers. There is in it plenty of room for discussion and perhaps, on some points, disagreement, notably on the point as to the artificiality of Lakeland climbs as compared with the recent ultra-severe discoveries in North Wales.

It is a matter for congratulation that the Club possesses so many young members of a calibre which has made these more than remarkable new climbs possible; they are the life-blood of the Club, and from them is coming the progress which is indispensable for its continued well-being.

There is no disguising of the fact that many of these new routes are excessively difficult, and indeed dangerous, or at least would be dangerous for less skilful exponents ; but the danger of any particular ascent is entirely relative to the capacity of the climbing party, and we cannot condemn as unjustifiable any climb successfully accomplished ; we can trust in the judgment of those who have done it as to whether at any point the limit of what is justifiable has been passed.

We believe that youth has in the past had legitimate cause for complaint that its efforts have been crabbed and opposed by older and possibly less brilliant generations.

Any attempt to impose the limitations of an earlier standard, or to indulge in negative or destructive criticism, is both unfair and unwise. The new generation generously recognizes the fact that they are building on the foundations laid in the past, and in this sense we can feel that they are extensions of our former selves, that we are wholeheartedly in sympathy with them, and are out to give them every help and encouragement that lies in our power, including an absolutely unfettered scope for expressing in print to the fullest possible extent their achievements and their ideals.

A. T. Hargreaves' plea for recording old and new climbs in the books provided for the purpose at all centres will, it is to be hoped, receive the active support of all climbers. It is very desirable information from the point of view of every member—interesting and important evidence of the Club's activities.

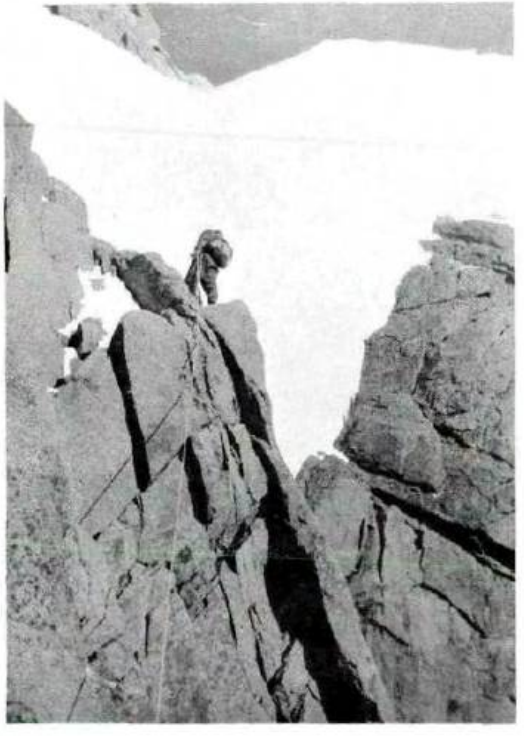


Photo by T. Graham Brown

MONT BLANC, BRENVA FACE.
"Via Delia Pera" Climb.
Rounding Corner from E. to N. face of
(Pear buttress)

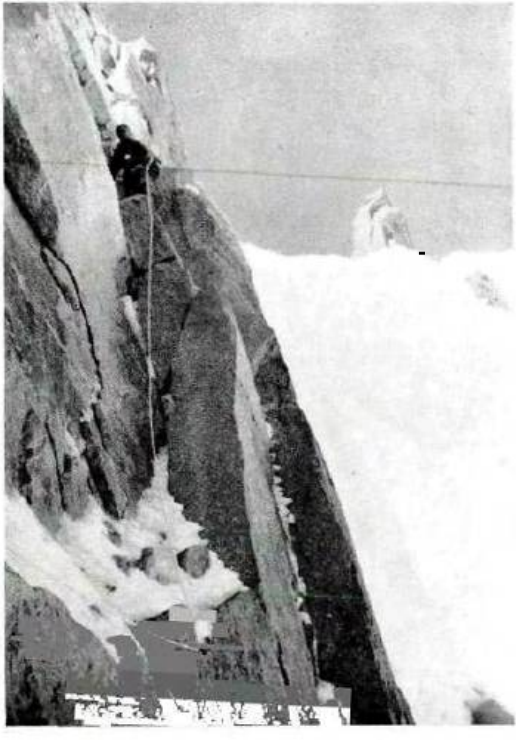


Photo by *T. Graham* **Brown**

MONT BLANC, BRENVA FACE.
"Via Delia Pera" Climb
The final Chimneys of N. face of "Pear" buttress.
(Aiguille Bella Etoile Behind.)

A. T. Hargreaves had the bad luck to break his leg while skating on Goat's Water—an unfortunate check to his lately rather intensive climbing activities. We trust he will be about again in time for the Easter meet.

Many members were attracted to the Alps by the perfect weather during the summer months of 1933, and some excellent climbing was done.

Graham Macphee made a new route up the S. face of Petites Jorasses, and a traverse. He also made an apparently new direct route up the S. face of the Aiguille Noire de Péteret—alone—joining the old route just below the summit.

Another member, Miss M. D. FitzGibbon, with the amazing Joseph Georges le Skieur, ascended the N.W. face of the Wetterhorn to the summit of the Grindelwald " Dm," by the Finzi Route, and climbed with him the Hoernli Buttress Route of the Eiger to the Mitteleggi Ridge. We congratulate her on these highly meritorious first ascents by a lady.

T. Graham Brown made the first ascent of Wellenkuppe N., Nordend (Gorner Glacier face), and Pic Moore S.E.; first traverses of Col Moore and Col Major; three first ascents on Mont Blanc de Courmayeur, by Via della Pera, by the arete E. of Innominata, and direct from the Grand Plateau. With Basil Goodfellow : first complete traverse of Ailefroide from Pic Oriental to Pic Occidental; and first ascent of Les Bans N. face direct. Ten firsts and nine other major expeditions in 21 days, even allowing for the luck of good weather, is a remarkable and probably unique record of accomplishment in the Alps—frequently stated to have nothing left except unjustifiable routes or faces.

Bentley Beetham climbed around Kandersteg and Zermatt with G. S. Bower and J. B. Meldrum during the summer, and at Christmas, with Leslie Somervell, made the first winter ascent of La Rognosa at Sestrières.

Earlier in the year an unfortunate accident occurred on Pillar which cost the lives of a Miss Crommelin and her brother. They had been staying at Burnthwaite and set out for Pillar to climb the Old Wall Route. Although the sister had climbed previously, neither would appear to have had much experience, and a slip by one of them must have pulled the other off while they were

moving together. The other possible explanation put forward at the inquest was that a loose belay gave way when the pull came upon it and precipitated them over the top of Walker's Gully, at the foot of which, 600 feet below, their bodies were discovered by the search party. Neither of the climbers was a member of the Club. An imperfect knowledge of climbing methods most probably brought about this lamentable loss of two promising young lives. We offer their parents our warm sympathy.

An accident on Kern Knotts Crack resulted in a very serious spinal injury to the leader, who climbed it direct from the " Blocks " below. The second, had he been brought to the niche, could no doubt have held the leader, and in view of this very regrettable accident the necessity for following that practice appears to us worth special emphasis.

Another mishap, happily resulting only in severe bruises, occurred on the traverse of Jones' route on Dow Crag. On the same Crag, on Central Wall, the leader of another party fell 20 feet clear and was brought up with a jerk by the rope jamming somehow. Miraculous escapes both.

British mountaineering suffered a great loss on August 17th, when four highly experienced and competent members of the Alpine Club, the Eton masters, Messrs. E. V. Slater, E. W. Powell, C. K. White-Thomson, and H. E. E. Howson, fell to their deaths on Piz Roseg. It would appear from the fact that three deeply embedded axes were found in the couloir leading to the Sella Glacier, that the cumbers vainly tried to save themselves when the snow—presumably started by their snow-filled crampons—avalanched from the ice underneath and carried them over a lock ledge 900 feet down to the glacier below. The fact that they were considered an absolutely safe party only adds to the poignancy of the loss of these splendid men, of whom we mourn E. V. Slater in particular as a life member.

A notice exhibited under the Law of Property Act, 1929, on Burnmoor, by the Ministry of Agriculture towards the end of August, gave rise to a good deal of groundless apprehension that the powers thus invoked by the owner of the 7,000 acres of land might be used to restrict access to Burnmoor. In effect they merely confer upon the Lord of the Manor the power to

prevent persons from leaving litter of any kind and stopping all other abuses by the public. From that point of view one could wish that these powers could be extended to and more especially enforced in other parts of the Lake District. Unfortunately the liner nuisance is by no means on the wane ; an astonishing amount of rubbish is left behind each year on the summits of Great Gable and the Pikes, to be cleared up from time to time by altruistic Club members and others.

The decision of the National Council of Ramblers' Federations to way-mark the route from Liverpool to the top of Snowdon has been met with the keenest opposition by all interested in the preservation of the amenities of our climbing centres. We joined forces with seven other clubs in protesting publicly, in the columns of the *Manchester Guardian,* but unfortunately, beyond undertaking to use nothing more offensive than a green triangle or diamond five inches in length, no definite promise to drop way-marking has so far been obtained. It is still hoped that these activities will at least be localised, and that the Lake District will be preserved from this practice, which is unnecessary, odious, and harmful.

H. J. Gross met with a serious gliding accident, but we understand that his recovery, although inevitably somewhat slow, has been steady. We hope he will soon be himself again and none the worse for this contretemps.

The Club's collection of lantern slides needs bringing up to date and enlarging. Will members therefore assist the Hon. Librarian in making it more fully representative not only of Lakeland but also Welsh subjects, of which latter the Club has very few.

Of Alpine subjects, members well known for their artistic eye have supplied an abundance of excellent photographic views. Otherwise, except for purely climbing photographs the crop is disappointing in quantity and quality. If those who excel in Alpine photography, and indeed all others who are by way of being camera artists, would go out of their way, if necessary, and devote some of their talent to the making of Lakeland pictures, perhaps from fresh angles, and if photographers on

the spot who have not hitherto thought to send in specimens of their best work would give the *Journal* the first chance in future, it would be infinitely easier in the *Journal* adequately to express our own climbing district.

Much progress has been made by the Stretcher Committee, working in close co-operation with that of the Rucksack Club. Once the most suitable design of stretcher is evolved it is proposed to install it at each of our five centres and to bring the first-aid equipment generally up to date.

While home on leave during the summer of 1933 the President of the Natal Mountain Club addressed the following letter to us :

" Should any of you visit South Africa I would welcome your getting in touch with the Secretary (Harvey Williams, Standard Bank, Maritzburg) of the Natal Mountain Club, for the Drakcnsburg Climbs. Your headquarters would be best made at the Hotel Natal, National Park, and I offer the hospitality of our hut on the Mont aux Sources (at 10,100 ft.), where there is some fine climbing. We occasionally meet members of your Club, but far too seldom. Our annual 16-day meet is in July and we climb from a base camp situate somewhere along our 65 miles of climbing."

In bringing this cordial invitation to the notice of our members we express our appreciation of so kindly a gesture from our friends overseas. Although we cannot offer them the hospitality of a hut we shall gladly seize upon any opportunity to introduce members of the N.M.C. to our crags.

Mr. Alex. Harrison, Hon. Secretary, Scottish Mountaineering Club, 21 Rutland Street, Edinburgh, 1, has addressed the following letter to our Hon. Secretary :—

" My Committee has recently had under consideration the use of the Charles Inglis Clark Memorial Hut, Ben Nevis, by members of kindred Clubs and I am instructed to inform you of the conditions governing the use of the hut by these members (male only).

" The charges for use are as follows :—

For over-night occupation	. . 4/— per head per night.
Coal	. .5/-per measure.
Oil for cooking or lighting	. .6d. per half pint.
Fire lighters or wood	. .6d. per bundle
Meta	. . id. per stick.

" The hut is only to be used by amateur climbers and it is understood that the cost of any damages or breakages will be reported to the Custodian and made good.

" The hut has eight beds. It is well appointed and it is hoped that all making use of it will exercise care and leave it in good order.

" All applications for use must be through the Secretary of the kindred Club, who will give the names of the members who wish to use it. Applications by parties of not more than four members may be made at any time to the Hut Custodian, Mr. R. R. Elton, 43 Peel Street, Glasgow, W.i. ; but in order that members of the S.M.C. may have priority, definite permission will not be given more than one week before the commencement of the proposed occupation.

" Applications for the use of the hut for meets of kindred Clubs should be made to me.

"The only access to the hut from Fort William is by the Ben Nevis public path to the half-way hut and thence circling round the Cam Dearg Cliffs into the Corris Leis."

This should encourage our members to extend and improve their acquaintance with the Scottish hills and their hospitable hosts of the S.M.C, whose friendly invitation will no doubt be greatly appreciated and made good use of.

Yet another welcome offer, gratefully received and accepted, comes from the Pinnacle Club, who generously place their Welsh Hut at the disposal of our women members. The Committee write as follows :—

" The Committee of the Pinnacle Club have decided to place their Hut at the disposal of women members of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club. Notice should be given at least one week beforehand to the Hon. Hut Secretary, Miss E. Worsley Lowe, Erw Mair, Deganwy, N. Wales, from whom the key is obtainable.

" The fees are : First night, 1/6; subsequent nights, l/-.

" A small stock of emergency provisions is kept in the Hut, but guests are advised not to rely entirely on these, which, if used, should be either paid for or replaced. Milk can be got at a farm within ten minutes' walk and eggs from Mr. Williams at the Power Station. Provisions can be ordered for delivery from Messrs. Pritchard, grocers, Beddgelert.

" Postal address : Pinnacle Club Hut, c/o North Wales Power Co., Ltd., Nant Gwynant, Beddgelert, N. Wales.

" Situated close to the Power Station in the Gwynant Valley, i£ miles below Pen y Gwryd."

THE LONDON SECTION

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

George Anderson.	J. W. Brown.
Miss Joyce Chapman.	R. S. T. Chorley.
R. H. Hewson.	J. B. Wilton.
W. P. Haskett-Smith.	Tom Hardwick.

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

The activities of these members, referred to in the annual report furnished by their Hon. Secretary, give ample proof of their keen enthusiasm for preserving unimpaired their Lakeland outlook and identity, despite the three hundred odd miles separating them for the greater part of the year from the Cumbrian Hills.

This they achieve partly by a well-devised system of Sunday walks, which any member may in turn be asked to work out, preferably without adventitious aids of any sort, and lead—notwithstanding bad weather and possibly sadly thinned ranks. In that way, amongst other things, interest in " exploration and difficult route finding " is kept alive, since the depredations of the builder have robbed them of the more easily accessible walking centres within the cheap-fare radius around London.

Another method by which the ties of F. and R. fellowship are kept in being, and possibly strengthened, is by arranging occasional evening lectures on climbing subjects, to which kindred Clubs are also invited—a useful innovation and one that deserves the fullest support of the Section as well as of the kindred Clubs.

But we are glad that the greatest event of the London contingent, namely, their Annual Dinner, is generously admitted by them to depend for its success almost entirely on the loyal and kind-hearted support of their northern confreres, who, in token of their sympathy with their dispossessed southern fellow members, have never yet failed to appear in goodly numbers and help to impart tc the gathering the true Cumbrian atmosphere so much enjoyed by all.—ED.

Last year **the** Hon. Editor accorded several pages of full-size type to the Section. Pressure of space alone must be our excuse for reverting on this occasion to the earlier practice in the interests of matter of greater priority.—ED.

The Committee early in the year decided in favour of shorter walks, 10 to 12 miles, for Club meets, which are held every third Sunday. In the result the change proved a happy one—a more leisurely pace provides a better opportunity for enjoying the scene, one's companions, and particularly an occasional rest.

Weather conditions during this exceptionally dry year were good ; only three out of the sixteen walks were taken in rain or drizzle. Unfortunately the annual midnight walk in June, led by H. C. Amos over the Sussex Downs from Lewes, was one of those ; but although the drizzle persisted for two hours, a very cheerful party of nearly twenty revellers completed the 19 miles in great style at 8 a.m. at Steyning and disposed of an excellent breakfast at the inn.

Only three weeks earlier a large and thirsty party whom R. S. T. Chorley had conducted over the surrounding country, were entertained to a sumptuous tea by Mrs. Chorley and then wandered about the charming grounds until it was time to take the bus back to London.

On June 25, Mrs. Hadfield invited members to take tea with her at the Dove House, Dunmow, after a short walk led by Dr. Hadfield from Hatfield Broad Oak. Tea and strawberries and cream in her old-world garden are pleasant things to hark back to—and to look forward to !

In July, Nancy Irons led her farewell walk. Donald Murray claimed her for his own *j* after being married to her at Rosthwaite Church in September he carried her off to Swanland in Yorkshire. They had and have our heartiest wishes for their happiness, for a better liked pair it would be hard to find.

Dr. Finzi's excellent lecture on the Bregaglia early in January was followed in February by Prof. T. Graham Brown's on Brenva Climbs—a truly amazing record of achievement illustrated with excellent slides. Later, in November, Gen. Bruce delivered his interesting and, of course, entertaining lecture on Hindu Kush and Karakoram which attracted a large audience from our Section and kindred Clubs, who had been invited. Again we have to thank the Alpine Club for placing their Hall at our disposal; this had made possible the continuance of these successful Club evenings and we hope to be able to make good use of the Hall in the future.

The 14th Annual Dinner was held on Dec. 9, at the Connaught Rooms, with Dr. Hadfield, President of the Section, in the chair. Among those invited by the Club were Sir Francis Younghusband, Gen. Bruce, N. E. Odell, and the Everest Expedition, of whom, besides their leader, Hugh Ruttledge, only Frank Smythe and Colin Crawford were able to come. Our newly elected President, who was with us, gave one more proof that London in December was just another meet of the Club like Windermere or Buttermere, where an almost equal number of northern and southern members testify to the intimate bonds that hold our big family together. Mrs. Milligan's presence and that of the Hon. Secretary and Mrs. Appleyard made that still more clear in a very happy way. As to the speeches : Sir Francis gave an interesting historical survey of events, culminating in the various attempts on Everest. Odell's

all too brief remarks on Everest made us wish he had been in a more expansive mood. And that also applies to Haskett-Smith's speech—it was too tantalisingly cut down and surely a case for introducing a minimum time limit of 15 minutes ! Una Cameron, representing the Ladies' Alpine Club, and Cecil Brown proposing " The Club and the President," were both highly entertaining. W. G. Milligan's reply was admirable in the warmth and sincerity with which he summed up the Club feeling. Darwin Leighton was there to sound the Windermere note by leading the Club songs, and so winding up a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

The annual business of the Section was disposed of at the Dinner—our General Meeting—which re-elected the President and the **Hon.** Sec. & Treasurer, and reluctantly accepted the resignation of Dorothy Thompson and G. C. M. L. Pirkis, both of whom were too busy in other directions to give the necessary time. Pirkis was an indefatigable helper and will be sorely missed. In his stead we were fortunate to secure Tom Hardwick, a popular addition to our pathfinders.

The last proposal before the General Meeting concerned the thorny question of finance. A sympathetic Committee proposed and an equally understanding General Meeting sanctioned the raising of the annual subscription of the London Section from 2/6 to 5/—, as from Jan. 1, 1935, to help the affairs of the Section to be put upon a sound and self-supporting basis.

The members of the Committee were then confirmed : George Anderson, Miss Joyce Chapman, R. H. Hewson, W. P. Haskett-Smith, J. W. Brown, R. S. T. Chorley, J. B. Wilton and Tom Hardwick.

On the following day, Sunday, Mary Glynne led about 30 members and friends on a walk from St. Albans, finishing at the Garrod's home, Bankcroft, at Harpenden, where Mrs. Garrod had prepared an excellent **tea.** Needless to say, their kind hospitality was warmly appreciated and done **full** justice to.

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THE CHAIR.

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C. II. FRENCH.

SPEAKERS AT THE 14th ANNUAL LONDON DINNER.

A MONT BLANC PORTFOLIO

By

G. GRAHAM MACPHEE

and

BENTLEY BEETHAM

Photo by *G. Graham Macpkee*

GRANDES JORASSES and COL DOLENT.

Photo by *G. Graham Macphee*

„, MONT BLANC.
PETERET RIDGE FROM AIGUILLE DU GEANT.

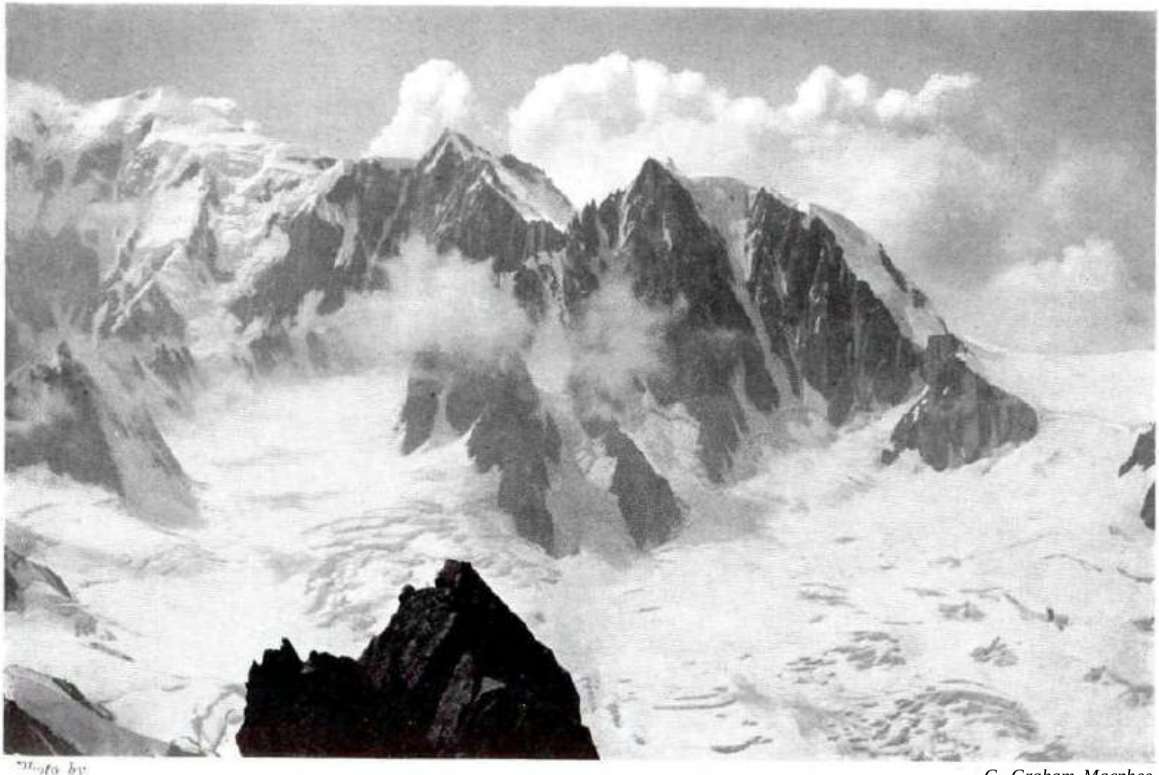
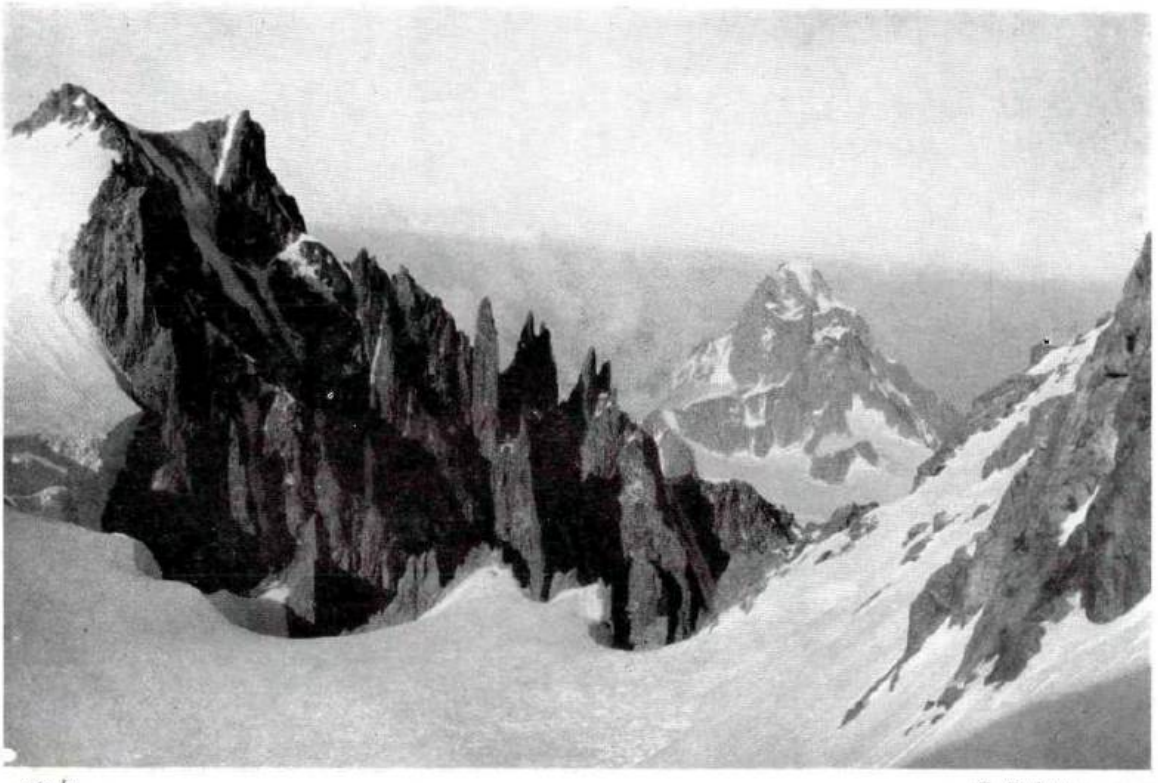


Photo by *G. Graham Macphee*

MONT BLANC, MONT MAUDIT, MONT BLANC DE TACUL.
(From AIGUILLE DU GEANT.)



oto by *G. Graham Macftfiee*

MONT MAUDIT, AIGUILLES DU DIABLE, GRANDES JORASSES.

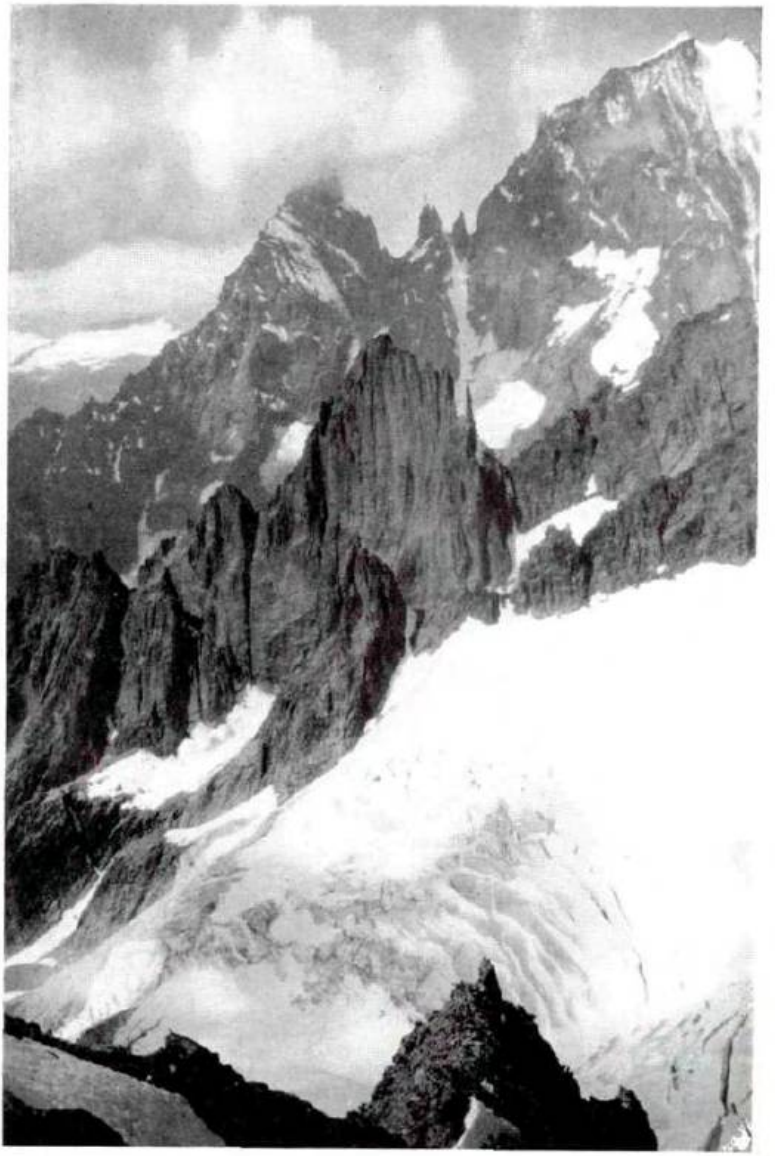


Photo by G. Graham & Macphee

PETERET RIDGE AND BRENVA GLACIER.
(From TOUR RONDE.)

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TOUR NOIR.
(MONT BLANC in Background.)

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AIGUILLE VERTE AND DRUS.

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CONTENTS

INDEX