THE JOURNAL

OF THE

Fell and Rock Climbing Club

OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

EDITED BY

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John Wilson Robinson

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN W. ROBINSON.

Before our young Lake District climbing club has lived though the year of its formation, and before the first number of this Journal or Annual has seen the light of day, the organisation has suffered a deplorable and irreparable loss. John Wilson Robinson, our beloved senior Vice-President is, alas, no more, having passed peacefully away at his residence, Ellerbank, Brigham, near Cockermouth, on August 20th last. I would that a more capable pen had been enlisted to write this brief memoir, and fervently hope that in some climbing contemporary there will be given by one of the pioneer cragsmen, who most frequently accompanied Mr. Robinson during the many conquests of the early days of Lake District rock climbing, a true and worthy appreciation of his fine powers as an explorer and climber.

If I have any qualification for presuming to write of my old friend it is because of the long duration of time that it has been my privilege to know him. We were introduced during a business visit to Cockermouth shortly after my first ascent of the Pillar Rock and scrambled up the North Climb of Scawfell with a Penrith friend in the autumn of 1874, and I remember well the eagerness and interest evinced in our trivial achievements by the man who was destined to become the future Nestor of Cumbrian mountaineers. In after years we frequently met at Keswick and Cockermouth. An identity of interset in local mountaineering, a pastime then in its earliest infancy, and rarely mentioned except to ridicule, led to a regular comparison of notes, and finally developed into a close friendship which has remained one of the prizes of my life. Up to that time Mr. Robinson, though keenly enthusiastic in his rambling pursuits amongst the fells, had not developed the rock-climbing proclivities which were so soon to bring him to the front as a local pioneer, adept, and leader of the craft.

His father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Robinson, were sturdy adherents of the Society of Friends. Mr. Robinson, senior, was one of the rapidly disappearing class of Cumberland and Westmorland Yoeman or "Statesmen," farming his own land at Whinfell Hall, in a lovely part of the Vale of Lorton. I remember him as a kindly, quiet-living, unobstrusive country gentleman, a close student of the literary associations of the Lake District, and possessing a keen appreciation of the beauties of nature surrounding his home. He must have been somewhat of a mountain rambler, for John has told me of his father so far back as 1828 discovering and sketching the Gable Needle on one of his youthful excursions across the Wasdale face of that mountain. The son held steadfastly to the faith of his father even unto the end. After the completion of his education at the Friends School, Ackworth, he assumed the management of Whinfell Hall Farm, the place of his birth. During these years of his farming life Mr. Robinson took an active share in the local government of his district, representing his parish for a time on the Cockermouth Union Board of Guardians and the Rural District Council. He was an ardent politician, and a keen admirer of the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson. In 1895 Mr. Robinson supplemented his farming by commencing a professional career at Keswick. In pursuance of this an office was taken, and "John W. Robinson, Estate Agent," was the legend to be read on the doorplate. In 1899. Mr. Robinson, senior, died at the age of 89, and a year later his son decided to let Whinfell Hall and devote himself entirely to the business at Keswick. The venture proved eminently successful. The new firm soon acquired the confidence of a wide and growing clientele. Mr. Robinson became the trusted and esteemed agent of Mr. R. D. Marshall, Castlerigg Manor, Keswick; Mr. John Musgrave, of Wasdale Hall, and other extensive land and property owners in the district. There was something almost humourously appropriate in John Robinson, the crack Cumbrian cragsman, having the management or oversight of an estate which contained the Napes Crags and the Needle-side of Great Gable, the scene of so many of his pioneer climbing exploits. In business and in public life Mr. Robinson was the soul of

rectitude and honour. His transparent honesty, amiability, fair dealing, thoroughness and unobstrusive assistance of the needy were the characteristics which endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. In this congenial occupation he was prospering, esteemed and honoured by all, when he was unexpectedly seized with the fell internal malady which so soon laid him low at the comparatively early age of 54. It was my privilege to be one of the party which accompanied Mr. Robinson on his centenary ascent of the Pillar Rock, in August, 1906, the same day that Mr. Benson Walker chiselled for us on a rock in Great Doup the memorial cross to the Patriarch Jackson. During that excursion there were slight evidences of indisposition, indicating that all was not quite well with our leader. Later last autumn I spent a night at Brigham with Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. Next day we journeyed together to the Fell Dales Association Show in Eskdale, where we met Professor Blunt, who had walked over from Wasdale. That day he seemed to be well enough, but elected to return by train instead of rambling over the Fell to Wasdale, the route taken by Mr. Blunt and myself. The last time I saw Mr. Robinson alive was on the occasion of his lecture, or as he insisted upon terming it, his "talk" to the members of the Rucksack Club in Manchester on Feb. 8th of this year. Every individual in his audience that evening will bear me out in testifying to the charming and enjoyable reminiscent " talk " he gave us, and to the apparent fitness and well-being of the " talker." On May 15th this year he wrote to me as follows : " I have an internal ailment which I hope to overcome, but it is quite impossible for me to climb this summer, in consequence, I may not cycle or walk much." The ailment from which Mr. Robinson was suffering appears to have become acute in the early part of the summer, but no serious consequences were feared until immediately before death. Two brief holidays were tried, one with Mrs. Robinson's friends in Yorkshire and later in the Isle of Man. He remained at business until within a few days of the crisis, when an operation was decided upon. This was successfully performed, but he succumbed owing to the dire weakness which had assailed him on the evening of the date above named. The news of the sad

event came as a great surprise, and was received with little less than consternation and the deepest sorrow by the entire country side. Throughout the greater part of West Cumberland, where the deceased was so well and widely known, there was grief in nearly every home as for the loss of a close personal friend. On August 23rd the last sad rites were observed. In the quiet and secluded God's Acre adjoining the Friends Meeting House at Pardshaw, near Cockermouth, within sight of many of the fells and rambles he loved, gathered a multitude of mourning friends from near and far. Reverently the congregation listened to the plain and sincere sentences of exhortation and tribute uttered by dear friends as all that was mortal of a true and loving patriot was lowered to its last resting place. The interment was followed by a brief impressive service in the Meeting House.

Reverting to Mr. Robinson's climbing career. His record is practically synonymous with the history of the sport in the Lake District. He was one of the pioneers and remained an enthusiastic and consistent devotee to the end of his days. Leaving out of account the few remote, desultory climbs referred to in another part of this journal, the real climbing era dawned with the eighties of last century, a little over twenty years after the founding of the Alpine Club in London. Up to that period Mr. Robinson had only been reconnoitring amongst his native crags, but that preliminary training was of immense service to the cult in the strenuous years beginning with 1882.

According to his diary, kindly placed at my disposal by Mrs. Robinson, that was the year of his first ascent of the Pillar Rock, his companion being Mr. J. E. Walker, of Loweswater. About the same time Mr. Haskett-Smith first found in the crags of the Lake District Fells an admirable field for the exercise of his powers and the indulgence of his love of all that pertains to mountaineering and rock climbing. When he got there he fortunately discovered a local coadjutor, a man to the manner born, as ready and keen as he was himself to tackle the varied problems which the primeval crags of Cumberland and Westmorland afforded. It was good for Lake District climbing that these two ardent pioneers should have met so early and become fast friends and col-

leagues. They were essential to each other. The local knowledge and keenness of the one, with the dash and skill of the other, and the enthusiasm and safeness of both formed them into a powerful combination for conquest. I need not dwell upon their climbing attributes or the number of their first ascents, because the annals of Lake District Rock Climbing abundantly testify to the splendid results of their efforts. The fame of their achievements and of the attractiveness of our Cumberland Crags spread, and there followed in subsequent seasons a great influx of the best climbing element to Wasdale Head. Alpine Clubmen, Norwegian Explorers, and Pyrenean Mountaineers came and no longer ignored or belittled the rock work available in the District. Many who now bear honoured names in the mountaineering world vied with each other in their search for new courses and in their love and admiration for the local unerring guide, true philosopher and kind friend, John Robinson, who they found ever ready to aid and encourage the development of his favourite sport on his native heath.

There has scarcely been one of the brilliant rock pioneers who has not considered the climbs with Robinson one of the chief pleasures of a sojourn at Wasdale Head. His diary tabulates between thirty and forty ladies who have been under his kindly escort to the summit of the Pillar Rock, and the roll of the sterner sex he has led and helped up there, on to the Scawfell Pinnacle, and the Climbs of the Great Gable must be legion. He was never happier than when engaged in bringing strangers and novices to his favourite shrine, the Ennerdale Pillar Rock. No effort and no sacrifice were too great for him to make in order to reach a given rendezvous to aid those who desired his trusty leadership. Mr. Robinson's energy, tenacity of purpose, and endurance were marvellous. When living in Lorton he frequently rose at four a.m., walked to Wasdale Head to join a party of climbers, completed a hard day's climbing, and then tramped home apparently as fresh and vigorous as when he started.

In 1885, after great preparations, Mr. Robinson and I spent a week under canvas for rock climbing, one of my happiest mountain memories. Mr. Robinson, senior, drove us to Gatesgarth and we dragged a fearfully heavy equipment

over Scarf-Gap and up to Great Doup from Ennerdale. After tea that evening my companion made five different ascents of the Rock. During the night a rain storm nearly washed us out of the wild Corrie. Next day we trudged away by the High Level, a route Mr. Robinson discovered, to Wasdale, and the remainder of our camping was done in that valley.

Until recently he seldom stayed overnight from home, notwithstanding the great distance of the climbs arranged for. His knowledge of the Lake District was unique. Every valley, fell, ravine, nook, and by-path were known to him. He stood high in the list of fell-walkers, and on one occasion covered within the twenty-four hours a distance of 70 miles over the principal summits of the district. In addition to his hundred and one ascents of the Pillar Rock between 1882 and 1906 his methodical diary shows over fifty ascents of the Scawfell Pinnacle between 1884 and 1906. Deep Ghyll he has told me was ascended by him in winter for twenty consecutive seasons, generally about Christmas. Of Great Gable nearly forty ascents were made from 1877 to 1903.

On the formation of our Club last year, Mr. Robinson was appointed one of the first Vice-Presidents, and would doubtless have been the next President. He was keenly anxious for the success of the undertaking. He was one of the original members of the Climbers' Club, but did not remain long connected with that organisation.

In 1898 he visited the Alps and climbed several Peaks. He did not, however, entertain any strong desire to renew his acquaintance therewith. although he spoke with due respect of his ascent of the Matterhorn.

His kindly disposition, sunny temperament, and lovable comradery, his modesty, gentleness, and charm of conversation inspired a strong feeling of affection in those with whom he came in close contact.

As a companion, especially on the Fells, he was friendliness and geniality personified. Who that has been out with "John" can ever forget his resourcfulness and helpfulness wherever needed ?

Who can forget the inimitable and never ending store of yarns and episodes, ready and appropriate to every possible

situation and occasion, with which he enlivened the tough or weary tramp in the dark ; or his sly alertness in pouncing upon and turning to account, in happy vein, the humourous side of men and things as they came in his way ?

Free in his praise of the exploits of others, he was too diffident and unassuming to allow of his own achievements being mentioned, let alone done justice to.

Of John Robinson it may be truly written that to him is due much that is best in the traditions of Lake District mountaineering.

His memory will be gratefully cherished in many a mountain lover's home, in many a Cumbrian farm and lowly cottage, whose inmates have had their lives brightened by his genial presence and friendship.

A long period will elapse before his beloved native crags will see his like again.

GEORGE SEATREE.

THE ORIGIN AND AIMS OF OUR CLUB.

For a number of years a coterie of keen young mountaineers, living on the southern confines of the English Lake District, employed most of their leisure hours in exploring the Fells and Rock climbs of the Coniston and Langdale sections of the District.

During the fine summer and autumn of 1906 the fame of, and desire to participate in, these rambles spread to such an extent that the desirability of founding a climbers' club for the Lake District began to be seriously considered.

The idea assumed definite shape in the autumn of that year, when, at the instigation of Messrs. E. H. P. Scantlebury and Alan Craig, of Ulverston, an informal meeting was held in the Smoke Room of the Sun Hotel, Coniston, on the evening of the 11th November.

These two gentlemen, along with Mr. Charles Grayson, Kendal, and Messrs. S. H. Gordon and G. H. Charter, of Barrow-in-Furness, were at that meeting appointed as a local Committee (pro tem.) to draw up a circular letter or prospectus to be issued to Mountaineers and likely sympathisers with the objects the promoters had in view. Fortunately for the success of the project Mr. Scantlebury undertook the Hon. Secretaryship, and Mr. Alan Craig the Hon. Treasurer-ship.

The response to the circular from many well known Lake District Mountain lovers and climbers was unexpectedly encouraging, and proved beyond question the existence of a wide spread feeling in favour of the formation of a properly constituted and comprehensive Lake District Mountaineering Club.

At a subsequent meeting of the Committee, after mature discussion, it was enthusiastically decided to proceed with the formation of the Club; to adopt the name of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District; to draw up rules, etc., and to appoint officers; all, of course, subject to the approval of the first general meeting of members.

Before the close of the year upwards of 40 members had been enrolled.

Early in the New Year the Hon. Secretary was glad to report the acceptance by Mr. Ashley P. Abraham of the office of Hon. President, those of Mr. J. W. Robinson and Mr. George Seatree of Hon. Vice-Presidents, and that of Mr. G. F. Woodhouse of the office of Hon. Editor of the Club Journal or Annual.

Dr. A. W. Wakefield and Mr. H. B. Lyon, Kendal; Mr. Arthur Lawson, Aspatria; and Mr. George Müller, Workington, were added to the Committee.

In recognition of distinguished services to Mountaineering, etc., in the Lake District, the following gentlemen were invited to become Honorary Members of the Club: William Cecil Slingsby, F.R.G.S.; W. P. Haskett-Smith, M.A.; Prof. J. Norman Collie, Ph.D.,F.R.S.; Charles Pilkington, J.P., F.R.G.S.; Geoffrey Hastings; Prof. L. R. Wilberforce, M.A.; George D. Abraham; Canon H. D. Rawnsley, M.A.; C. A. O. Baumgartner; George B. Bryant; and the Rev. J. Nelson Burrows, M.A.

The Committee gladly acknowledge the honour conferred upon the Club by the acceptance of the position by these gentlemen.

With the completion of the List of Office Bearers a revised Prospectus, List of Members, Copy of Rules, particulars of arrangements for Club "Meets," etc., were issued to the members who, by the middle of March, numbered upwards of 120, and now total 170.

The first regular General Meeting of Members was held at the Wastwater Hotel, on Easter Saturday, March 30th, during the first officially arranged "Meet" of the Club.

Those present were Messrs. N. Arnold, J. H. Burman, H. F. Caldwell, S. H. Gordon, T. C. Ormiston-Chant, F. B. Kershaw, H. B. Lyon, J. Stables, G. C. Turner, E. H. P. Scantlebury, Alan Craig, H. Goodier and C. Grayson.

In the unavoidable absence of the President and Vice-Presidents the chair was taken by Mr. T. C. Ormiston-Chant, and the chief business was the confirmation of the appointment of Officers and Committee, the approval of the Balance Sheet, the fixing of the permanent entrance fees and subscriptions,

the fee for life membership, the arrangement for publishing a Club Journal, and for several future Club "Meets" at different centres.

The gathering, though not so large as had been expected, was very enthusiastic, and the send-off thus given to the new Club was most hearty, the excellent tone of the meeting auguring well for the ultimate success of the project.

The wonder is not that a Lake District Climbing Club has been formed in this year, 1907, but that it should have come so late in the field. It is well over a quarter of a century since Mr. J. W. Robinson and the writer discussed the desirability of bringing climbing frequenters of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Crags together at Wastdale Head for some such purpose. However, better late than never.

This is a plain statement of the facts surrounding the Club's formation, and it would be ungracious and unjust to withhold from Mr. Scantlebury and his indefatigable local Committee the fullest measure of appreciation of their untiring efforts so splendidly sustained during all the initial stages.

The aims of the Club are fully set forth in the revised prospectus, the germane portions of which are here appended.

"For many years a number of mountaineers and rock climbers frequenting and residing in the English Lake District have held the opinion that there was a real need for a local organisation of their varied forces.

"It has been felt that pedestrians, mountaineers, and rock climbers, living either within the borders of the district or beyond, would be all the better for coming together and for the possession of greater facilities for cultivating each other's friendship, also for opportunities to render mutual assistance in the enjoyable exercise of their sport over our delightful Northern 'playground.' Whilst recognising the invaluable services rendered to Lake District Mountaineering by many skilful pioneer members of the Climbers' and other Clubs in the past, the desirability of, and the advantages accruing from a purely local Club, organised, officered, and managed mainly by men residing within its own borders, are obvious beyond question.

"It is not intended that the Club should be regarded as antagonistic or in any way opposed to kindred organisations; rather the Committee hope it may be useful as a feeder to the older and more important Mountaineering Clubs.

"Cumberland, Westmorland, and North Lancashire climbing men have long deplored the lack of interest of the inhabitants generally in their native mountains. It is hoped the new Club will be instrumental in remedying this, and in arousing the youth of this part of the country to a sense of the unique natural advantages which are theirs.

"The Committee are gratified to observe that the initial muster-roll is strengthened and distinguished by the names of many of Britain's most experienced and honoured mountaineering pioneers, and explorers, and by a goodly number of eminent rock climbers of the younger generation.

"A most excellent beginning has thus been made, and the Committee have every reason to be sanguine of ultimate success.

"The support of mountaineers and climbers is cordially invited, particularly those interested in the future development of the sport amongst our lovable North Country peaks, with their wealth of grand old climbs and rambles."

The objects of the Club may be summarised as follows:—

1.—To encourage and foster under the safest and most helpful conditions the exhilarating exercise and sport of Fell Rambling and Rock Climbing in the Lake District.

2.—To serve as an instrument of union, and to promote friendship and comradery amongst lovers of mountaineering, either visiting or residing in the District and near it.

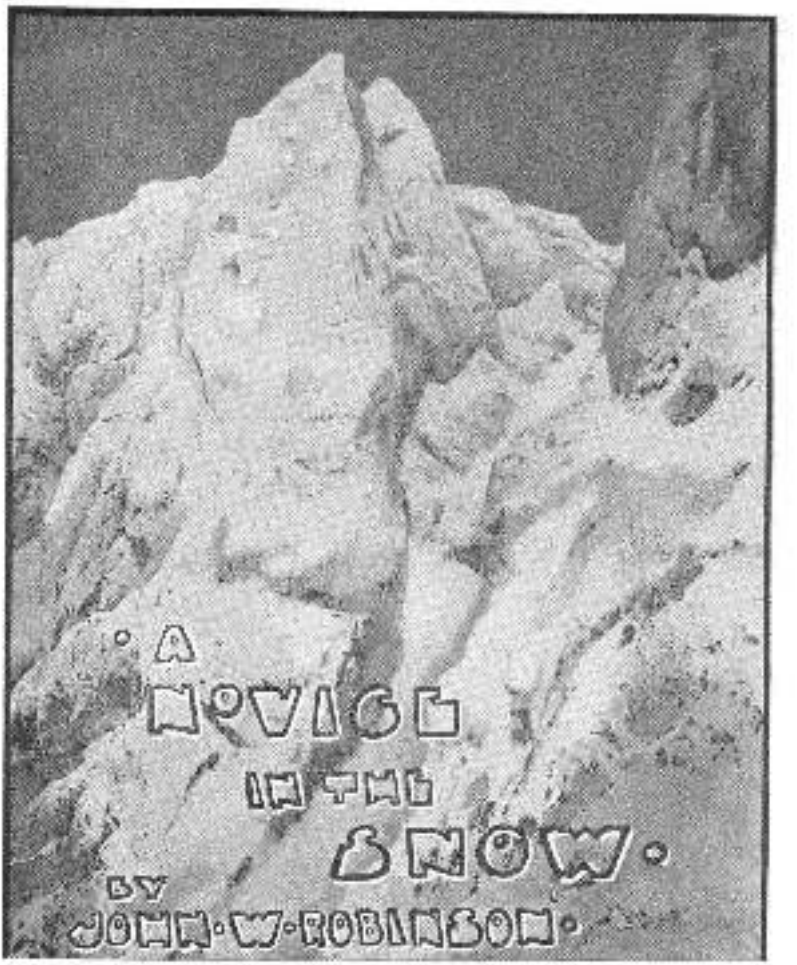
3.—To arrange for periodical "Meets" of the members of the Club and their friends in order that they may participate in either form of mountain pastime, and become a sure source of mutual aid and encouragement.

4.—To provide at the Club centres or other convenient points, suitable mountaineering literature, guide-books, maps, ropes, etc. To adopt means for members obtaining the best information as to local accommodation, and all other matters pertaining to the adjacent fells.

5—To provide a Climbing Book for the use of members only, at each of the five principal Club Centres, viz. : Wastdale, Coniston, Langdale, Rosthwaite, and Buttermere. These books will be provided for members to record descriptions of ascents, notable experiences, excursions on the Fells, and suggestions for the Committee. Members and custodians are requested to guard these volumes as much as possible from all improper usage.

6.—A Membership Ticket will be issued on payment of subscription. This ticket must be produced when applying to the Hotel Proprietors at the different Centres for the use of the Club's Books, Ropes, &c.

7.—The Committee intend eventually to arrange for Lectures, the publishing of a Journal or Annual, the founding of a Library, the collection of Mountain Photographs and Lantern Slides, and in all respects to study and further the interests of the growing community of Mountaineers frequenting the area of the Club's operations.



This Article was sent in by our late lamented Vice-President a few weeks before his sad death. The following letter, which is characteristic of "the one and only Robinson," accompanied the article:—

Dalmeny House, Ramsey, Isle of Man, July 15th, 1907.

My dear Scantlebury,

On Saturday, in a rash moment, I promised I would write some recollections. I thought they might perhaps interest some one. I have sketched the enclosed, and now it is written I fear it will interest no one. Please discard it if you will. It's a description of bad mountaineering, but may warn some one not to do likewise. It was many years ago, and we had to find things out for ourselves in those days.

Yours truly, J. W. ROBINSON.

THE winter of 1885 was remarkable to us in Cumberland by reason of its unusual snowfall. Christmas was near, and knowing nothing of snow climbing, I accepted the invitation of a friend to join him at Wastdale for a week.

My friend duly arrived; I opened the door for him, and as he shook himself clear of the snow, I looked with awe and reverence at the rather heavy "Hill's" axe and rope that he carried. Expert?—I should just think so! Why had he not been twice over Crib Goch on Snowdon with this same axe, tho' a friend scoffingly professed to believe that he had blunted the keen edge on his own doorstep in Manchester?

The next morning we started en route for Wastdale, via Buttermere and the Pillar Rock. Nine inches of snow lay on the ground, so by the time we had tramped the eleven miles to the foot of the Rock the day was far advanced.

Being full of enthusiasm we heeded not these things, and proceeded to force our way up the waterfall on the west side of the Rock. The deeply drifted snow gave us easy passage over the first fall, and in a few minutes the upper fall was before us, a solid column of hard ice. This was so vertical, and as no opportunity presented itself of gaining support from the wall of the ghyll, progress was no easy matter. Steadily cutting step over step with a deep cut notch for hand holds, we were enabled to get within six feet of the top—when down came the darkness, and we quickly realised that we must make tracks at once or spend the night in that uncanny place. A sitting glissade in the deep soft snow landed us in a few moments below the terrace of the Rock.

We now decided to try our luck up the Great Doupe, for the moon was beginning to show and the light increasing. Formidable indeed, as we looked up, was the steep snow slope at the head of the hollow, surmounted by an immense cornice.

"Shall we want the rope?" I asked.

"Oh no, it's in the sack and it won't help us!"

I did not feel at all sure about this, as, unable for the moment to get any further, I crouched under the great protruding lip of the cornice, and looked into the black and uncertain depth below.

"Can we get out," I said.

"We must, so hear goes, hold my feet on this big step whilst I try to cut down the overhanging edge."

Ten minutes more, a struggle, a gasp, and breathless we emerged into the moonlight of the Pillar—6-30 p.m. We scurried away to Wastdale, and never were climbers more

thankful for their suppers. Round a cheerful fire we found three men : a professor, an Alpine man of Arolla fame, and a Cambridge undergrad.

They were full of the awful state of the fells ; Brown Tongue, they said, was as hard as ice, it had taken them three days to cut their way up Scawfell. The first day to the top of Brown Tongue, the second to the top of the first limb of Lord's Rake, and in the third to the mountain top, via Great Ghyll.—" So now if you wish to go the way is open."

We looked, I fear, incredulous, and were solemnly assured with " Alright, you'll see ! "

That night came nine inches more snow, and instead of the promised steps we had a deep snow plodge. Hard work ? I should think so ! We sank to our waists in the soft fluff in Lord's Rake. Deep Ghyll was full from end to end. The view from the top of the first limb of the Rake was grand in the extreme.

The way to Great Ghyll was cut off by huge piles of loose snow, resting at a steep angle against the cliff, and on the least movement by us off it went in avalanches over the edge and down into the rocks far below—and my friend had left the rope, " No use for it," he said.

" No ! " I said, " I am not going on. If we had brought the rope we might have had a chance but not now, we would soon be down there in an avalanche."

" We will try Deep Ghyll then," he said. " Funny, isn't it ? Far end of Lord's Rake dangerous, Deep Ghyll safe by comparison, but so it is, the circumstances are unusual."

Steadily we plodded up and up over the first pitch, quite hidden by the snow ; then in like manner over the second, no sign of it.

Here the snow became suddenly hard, and our axes came into play, for as each step was passed the snow got harder, and near the top was quite formidable ; great care was needed, for a slip here meant that we would not reach Lord's Rake but probably be carried into the rocks to the right of it.

A return was made by a sitting glissade down into the bottom on the Eskdale side and away into the scree that comes from Mickledore on the south.

We made an attack on the chimney from the bottom and,

strange to say, found it full of snow. Beaten back we sat down and glissaded again. Often have I looked since that day at the chimney in Mickledore, and wondered what strange fate it was which enabled us to begin a glissade seventy feet up that usually almost vertical place.

The next day the novice was to be shown Gable in the snow, and by a strange fate his instructor again left the rope !

The top of the mountain was a hard cap of ice, from the White Napes upward, and it took one and a half hours steady cutting from these rocks to the top. By then a dense mist had come on, and I got uneasy.

" Where is the Ennerdale Precipice ? Now if we had had the rope we might have found our way down safely to Green Gable."

" Oh, Gable is a humbug," said my friend.

" I don't think so, I have a great respect for Gable," I replied. " We will go back by a way we know, there will be plenty of step cutting down the great scree through Hell Gate," and sure enough there was ; and glad we were, when, below the Napes, we could sit down and glissade once more.

On Sunday we went to church and were received by the vicar with open arms, and regaled afterwards by stories of the dalesmen, in return for which perhaps I may be allowed to relate one or two of the vicar.

" Do you see those walls on the fell sides ? " he said. " They were built by the ancient Britons when they fled from the Emperor Diocletran ! Shades of the Romans, what antiquity ! And the Herdwick sheep farmers have kept them in repair ever since ! " On another occasion, amongst the congregation numbering half-a-dozen, two Oxford Dons were quietly seated. The Rev. gentleman did not know this and was quite ordinary in his sermon, but the following Sunday he was ready for them, and, turning to the few dalesmen he said, " Some of you, my people, will not, I fear, understand much of my discourse this morning, but, thank God, there are those present who will," and off he plunged into the Greek Testament. The Dons could make nothing of it, until one of them, pulling out his own Greek Testament and looking up the passage, discovered that the preacher had turned over two pages.

AN HOUR IN THE SMOKE ROOM AT WASTDALE.

By THE PRESIDENT.

Upon a certain Good Friday night, considerably less than a hundred years ago, the little smoke room at Wastdale was filled almost to overflowing with those peculiar people who most frequent it at that period of the year.

The greater part of them smoked and talked incessantly. Some few occupied chairs, while others perched insecurely on the edges of various articles of furniture, the while mechanically preserving their balance by some of the unusual methods they had resorted to on the rocks during the day. Others, and they were in a majority, descended to more primitive habits, and occupied most of the available floor space.

The atmosphere was laden with tobacco smoke. It was almost as difficult to see across the room as it is to catch a sight of Collier's Climb from Mickledore Ridge on a cloudy day. And to make oneself heard across the chatter of conversation was quite as impossible as it is in a high wind to hear the summons to "come on" from one's leader at the top of Slingsby's Chimney on Scawfell Pinnacle, when one is shivering on the small, well-worn ledge above the "crevasse."

The occupants of the room formed a motley crowd. Probably nowhere save at a climbing centre could such a gathering be found. Their garb for the most part was quite unusual, and ranged in detail from the latest fashionable evening dress to a certain torn and tattered brown Norfolk jacket, the only respectable part of which was the silken chamois-portraying badge of the Swiss Alpine Club. The coat was a relic of the late Owen Jones, and its present wearer looked upon it as his especial evening property when staying at the inn. Its juxtaposition to the "proper" garments of the present day afforded, to those who were in a position to observe it, an indication of the change that has come over the habitues of Wastdale; and its wearer, an "Old Stager" whose knowledge of the surrounding rocks dated back more than twenty years, formed almost as great a contrast to

most of those about him as did his apparel to theirs. He was seated on the floor at the corner of the hearth-stone, and was for a time one of the few silent men in the place. After a while he got up, and going to the window threw it wide open, somewhat to the disgust of many of his companions. But before long he was to raise an even greater dissent amongst them, and tread pretty effectually on one of their most cherished tenets.

The lull in the conversation which followed the admission of the fresh air was broken by two men sitting in the arm chair at the side of the room most removed from the fire.

"What do you think of Moss Ghyll for to-morrow?" asked the one of the other.

"Oh! Moss Ghyll's all right, but it doesn't fill in a day you know. Ten years ago men used to waste a whole day on it, and return to Wastdale in the evening, jolly well pleased with themselves. But just a week ago we went up Scawfell Pinnacle from the Second Pitch in Deep Ghyll, and then down Professor's Chimney and up the Great Chimney opposite. Even then it was too soon to come home, so we rattled down the Penrith climb and then climbed Moss Ghyll by Collier's exit, coming down to Mickledore again by way of the two pitches in Deep Ghyll."

Silence greeted this confession. There was an atmosphere of something amiss when such a number of standard courses could be crowded into one day's climbing.

The Old Stager on the corner of the hearth stone proceeded to lay his finger most unpleasantly on the cause.

"More's the pity!" growled he.

"Why?" queried he of the many ascents.

"Well, perhaps you may not be altogether pleased if I tell you. However, has it never struck you that when a small matter of ten years works such a change in the amount of climbing possible in one day, there must either be something wrong with the climbs themselves, or else that you present day climbers are vastly superior to those of ten or twenty years ago?"

"Well, I hadn't thought much about it," confessed the other, "but I very much doubt if we present rock climbers are better than some of those of the past."

"Better?" queried the Old Stager scornfully; "Do you think you are nearly as good?"—"Pardon my seeming rudeness," he hastened to say. "It has not been my privilege to climb with you; but, again pardon my speaking plainly, it must be apparent by your achievements that you cannot be quite as good. However good you may be in the actual climbing, it seems to me that you lack initiative. Where are the new climbs of the present day? What have you to set against Moss Ghyll, Scawfell Pinnacle Arête, North Climb on the Pillar, the Napes Arêtes, and so on, to mention a few of the good standard climbs? And what have you in the way of difficult climbs to beat Eagle's Nest Arête, Walker's Gully, the C Gully on the Screes, or Jones' Climb up Scawfell Pinnacle from Lord's Rake?"

"Oh, surely!" exclaimed many in the room, all anxious to speak at once.

But the Old Stager had spoken to the man of many ascents, and looked to him for an answer. The field opened up by the other's queries was such a wide one that he found some difficulty in selecting the most effective reply.

After a moment's pause, however, he began. "Well, I think you lose sight of a certain truism. You forget that now these things have been climbed we cannot make the first ascent of them! I don't for a moment wish to institute a comparison of ourselves with those illustrious men who climbed the things you have just mentioned. I fear we should emerge feeling very ridiculous. But I think you must do us the justice of admitting that there are no new climbs round here but what would prove exceptionally severe, and I know you would condemn these. It's like your 'old school' to come down on us like 'a thousand of bricks' if we climb anything very difficult. You lose sight of those difficult things you were gloating over just now! You forget that Jones' ascent of Walker's Gully, and Collier's exploit on his Scawfell Climb, and Haskett-Smith's solitary ascent of the Needle, or, even more daring still, G. A. Solly's leading up the Eagle's Nest Arête don't leave much room for your school to preach caution and wisdom! But I'm getting a bit off the route. What we really lack is the possibility of new ascents. They are all exhausted, and I think you must admit as much!"

"Not at all," immediately returned the Old Stager. "There are any amount of new things just itching to be climbed !* I can think of at least a dozen, and if you don't hurry up and do them, instead of making more evident the routes up the standard climbs, you'll have some of the older men returning and robbing you of them."

"Where are these new climbs ?" cried the others. "Tell us one !"

"Ah, no ! to tell you of them would be foolish on my part. You would climb them and begin to fancy yourselves ; then that modesty, which all must admit is one of your strongest qualities, would be likely to vanish."

All this with a twinkle in the speaker's eye and certain evidences of discomfort on the part of the others. They feared they were being "got at."

"But I think I must change my mind about giving away new climbs, and ask you a question. Have any of you ever noticed a bayonet-shaped crack descending from the skyline about midway between Moss Ghyll and Botterill's Crack on Scawfell ? No ? Has it never occurred to you that between these two climbs there is a stretch of nearly two hundred feet of unscaled rock ? No ? I bear in mind Collier's and Keswick Brothers' Climbs which follow such a bayonet-shaped line, and rather fancy this third course—but you must just take my suggestion for what it is worth."

Distrustful, furtive glances exchanged between the leaders of the various parties in the room, spoke of a certain hasty resolve. It materialized early next morning when three strong parties raced up to the "bayonet-shaped crack." After spending four futile hours thereabouts, they hastened down to Wastdale, intent upon slaying the Old Stager. He had retreated via Drigg, however, so let us return to the previous night in the smoke room.

"But I also have digressed," resumed the Old Stager. "I said 'more's the pity' when you told me of your day's climbing on Scawfell, and you wondered why. Well, I'll tell you, though I know that at first you'll probably disagree

* The discovery of many new routes during the last two years gives colour to this assertion. Even Scawfell Pinnacle is evidently not quite exhausted.

with me. The reason of your being able to accomplish in one day more than was possible in bygone days, is that the Wastdale climbs have, almost without exception, become easier."

"Rubbish!" "Nothing of the sort!" "Don't you deceive yourself!" "Quite impossible!" "They're more difficult!" and other like exclamations were roared from all parts of the room.

But when the storm had abated somewhat the Old Stager was still smiling serenely. To obtain silence, he waved in the air the black companion of many climbs, and his bearing was that of a man who is confident of his ability to make good his position.

"Now," said he, "let us discuss this matter quietly. To many of you my remark must sound like rank sacrilege. The word easy is not wont to be connected with the climbing around Wastdale, and, indeed, there can surely be no more difficult climbing anywhere. Here the best rock climbers in the kingdom have foregathered. In the pink of training, and often fresh from a curtailed Swiss holiday, they have climbed things that are just about as difficult as are humanly possible. My remarks are intended chiefly to apply to a few of the standard courses which I am in a position to speak of as they were soon after they were first climbed, and to contrast their difficulty then with what it is now."

The company gathered closer round him, and waited with evident impatience while their mentor lighted his pipe.

"Now, let us take Moss Ghyll, since it was a reference to it that started this discussion. When I first climbed Moss Ghyll it had already been climbed some half-dozen times, and still it was much more difficult than now. The holds on the rock face leading to Tennis Court Ledge were much scarcer than they are at present, and the traverse back into the Ghyll was coated with moss. The Collie step was then unmistakable, but nowadays the slab on which it occurs contains so many good footholds that even Dr. Collie himself would be puzzled to tell you which is his original step. As for the Chimney near the top of the Ghyll, the 'through route' has become so enlarged that almost anyone can get through inside, and so obviate that awkward traverse back to

the 'sentry box.' And then again, the Pinnacle from Steep Ghyll: it used to be considered quite impossible to get into Slingsby's Chimney without the aid of a shoulder. Aye! even as recently as seven years ago. But nowadays nobody dares to ask for such a thing. Why? Because doubtful holds have been cleared away, leaving firm spikes of rock underneath. Footholds have been disclosed or accidentally enlarged. With every ascent it seems to have become simpler. Collier's Climb also is a place that has undergone a great change. You will no doubt remember the fact that Owen Jones found a shoulder insufficient, but needed the extra inches that his companion's head afforded; and yet I sat to-day on Mickledore Ridge and watched the leaders of two different parties climb that initial thirty feet without even so much as a push from behind. They evidently found the bulge difficult to round, but they did it. Prompted by curiosity I went along the Progress and had a look at the lower part, and was not surprised to find that a great mass of rock has come out of the corner. This has left small holds which can be relied on till a height is reached where it is quite possible to step upward to the right on to the overhanging part."

The comparisons of the Old Stager were followed eagerly and were generally, although somewhat reluctantly, approved. It had often seemed that some of the climbs bore a reputation for difficulty which was more or less undeserved, and they had been at a loss to account for the discrepancy.

"And what about the Gable climbs? Have they become easier? Surely the Needle, at all events, has become more difficult?" queried a man who that day had, after great effort, managed to climb it.

"Ah, yes," acquiesced the other, "I really think the Needle is more difficult than it was. That step up to the left from the horizontal crack below the top boulder is more difficult to take. It has got worn very smooth and rounded. A well-known expert once jocularly threatened to knock that hold away, and so make the Needle impossible. His threat is being slowly fulfilled by those who timidly scratch their boot nails along it to see if it is sufficient to support their weight. It is still quite a good foothold, however. Only yesterday

I was sitting in the 'dress circle' and saw the leader of a party lose his hold on the top and slither down the boulder, until, most luckily, his toe caught the hold and didn't slip off. That was a narrow shave and a most unpleasant sight. I hear a rumour that the top boulder is loose, but I don't think it can be or it would have come off then.* But the Needle must be treated with great respect; in any case, with a good deal more than it gets, or it will retaliate very roughly before long. Just think of it, there were three men on the top at once to-day, all leading different parties, and they spun a coin to determine which should 'clear out' and allow the others to come up. It would have been vastly amusing had it not been so fraught with danger. Most of the other Gable climbs that I have visited lately strike me as having become easier, but of this I can only speak personally; in other words I have been able during this visit to lead up climbs with more ease than I did in the old days. And this in spite of increasing years and stiffening joints! I was much shocked to find an artificial step on Kern Knotts. That is a bad sign. I hear it has been there for some time, however, so perhaps its author has decided to 'rest on his oars.' He ought certainly to be made to lead up the crack!" This idea met with the hearty approval of all. Then the Old Stager resumed, "I am not sure, on second thoughts, that such a punishment would fit his crime, for the crack also has become very much easier. It was my good fortune to be concerned in one of the earliest ascents, and I am astonished to find the number of good holds now that certainly did not exist then. But perhaps it is just as well. It is the sort of place that needed to become easier, and, in all conscience, it is still difficult enough."

"What about the Eagle's Nest Arête?" queried a man from the other side of the fireplace.

"Oh, I only climbed that for the first time last week, and it really was very bad. I wouldn't lead up that for the proverbial 'thousand pounds.' All I can say is, that if it has got easier, the men who first climbed it must have had

* In this the Old Stager was mistaken. The top boulder is beyond doubt separate from the main rock, and a little movement can be induced by a man rocking to and fro on the top.

their triumph tempered with thankfulness when they emerged safely at the top of the first eighty feet. And then there's the Pillar. I hear that it is quite a common thing to lead over the Nose. I always had an idea that this was possible for a tall man, however, and this part is probably not any less difficult than formerly. Tall men who know where the handhold round the corner is, may now lead up it safely. The glamour of difficulty has been dispelled by an increased knowledge of the place. No doubt many other climbs have become easier for this reason, but in many cases, besides those I have mentioned, their easier ascent is due to structural alterations, chiefly brought about by people climbing them. There are two other reasons that occur to me. One is that nearly all loose rock has been removed—there is now hardly any need to test the holds, and the other is that the foot-holds can be found at once, because of the boot-nail scratches. These things mean not only easier climbing, but also that the climbs can be done with less delay and testing of holds than formerly. And now I trust you will consider I have made good my assertion, and given the reason why our friend here had such a huge ' bag ' last week. I would just like to add that, although many of the Wastdale climbs have fallen from their once proud vantage of difficulty, they are still, in most cases, far from being easy. It is, I think, a good thing they have not become more difficult. As they are they demand all one's care, and no one can afford to hold them cheaply. And they provide sport that, as far as the length of the climbs will admit, cannot, I feel sure, be bettered anywhere."

" Hear ! hear ! " came from all parts of the room as the party began to break up.

" And now for the one ascent that never becomes easier—the climb upstairs to bed. We used to retire about mid-night, but now it is only with a struggle we can manage it at two o'clock. Good-night, gentlemen ! Good-night ! and, by the way, don't forget the bayonet-shaped crack on Scawfell ! "

THE CLIMBS OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

PREFACE.

By GEORGE SEATREE, J.P.

Sixteen years before the publication of Owen Glynne Jones' great book on Rock Climbing in the English Lake District, and ten years before the timely appearance of Haskett-Smith's handy and useful guide volumes to climbing in the British Isles, there was published in "All the Year Round" (Vol. XXV.), a magazine then conducted by Charles Dickens, junr., and now defunct, an historical and descriptive article in two parts entitled "The Climbs of the English Lake District," from the pen of Mr. C. N. Williamson, an early pioneer amongst the Fells and Rocks of the North.

The article was received with delight by the few frequenters of the few known climbs in those far back days of early Cumbrian mountaineering, and its perusal was the incentive to many who afterwards became keen and well-known cragsmen. Previous to this the published annals of crag-climbing were few and of the most meagre description. The writer had found in Edwin Waugh's "Seaside, Lakes and Mountains of Cumberland" (published in 1861) the account, which "auld" Will Ritson had given the author, of Mr. Baumgartner's daring and solitary ascent of the Pillar Rock in August, 1850, with Ritson watching him from the mountain side.

In a geological work, "The Scenery of England and Wales—Its Character and Origin," by D. Mackintosh, F.G.S., published in 1869, mention is made of the ascents by Lieut. Wilson, R.N., Troutbeck, in 1848; Mr. Whitehead, Whitehaven, in 1850, 1853, and 1861; and also by Mr. Hartley, Bradford, in the same year.

In 1873 Messrs. Westmorlands' rhythmical account of their ascent of the mist-laden Rock appeared in the "Whitehaven News," and in 1874 the writer re-printed in small brochure form—referred to by Mr. Williamson—an article from the Cumberland and Westmorland Advertiser, in which he endeavoured to describe his first ascents of the Pillar and the North or Penrith Men's Climb on Scawfell with Mr. Stanley Martin in the autumn of that year.

By diligent research Mr. J. W. Robinson established beyond doubt the authenticity of the legend of the earliest known ascent of the Pillar Rock by a youth named Atkinson, in 1826, by the old west route, and Mr. Haskett-Smith has continued the chronological record by eliciting and inserting in the Climbers' Club Journal (Vol. VII.) interesting particulars of the visit to the Rock of Mr. Leslie Stephen in 1863 and 1865, and that of Mr. E. Conybeare in 1863.

With the exceptions mentioned no published descriptions of the early crag climbing achievements are in exisence or at any rate available. Mr. Williamson's article was the first to deal adequately with the subject, and was heartily welcomed as a sort of text book by the very few Lake District Climbers of those days. It has been superseded by the more important works already referred to, but still retains a real interest for many old climbing men, and in the hope and belief that it may have the same value in the estimation of the younger and future generations, it has been my pleasure to receive Mr. Williamson's courteous and ready assent to the rescuing and re-printing of his graphically told story in this the first number of the Journal intended to be the organ of the climbers and ramblers of the district he knows and loves so well.

In order to continue and complete the history to date, Mr. Fred Botterill has kindly undertaken to add an important sequel to Mr. Williamson's article by summarising the many fine climbs which have been explored and added to the roll of new courses since the article was written.

THE CLIMBS OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

Being the Original Articles, re-printed from "All the Year Round."

BY C. N. WILLIAMSON.

Someone has said of England that it is a reproduction in miniature of the scenery of the Continent. It were difficult to justify the likeness instance for instance, but certain resemblances are obvious; and if the Dart be the English Rhine, the Ventnor Undercliff the English Riveria, and so on, then with much more truth may the mountains of Cumberland and Westmorland be said to stand for the Alps; and the climber who cannot reach the great European playground may well be content to practise upon the Cumberland peaks, which, by-and-by, he will come to respect and love—to respect for the difficult crag work they offer, and to love for their beauty and grandeur; their gladdening views of dale, and lake, and tarn; their keen and healthful winds, like those Charles Lamb encountered atop of Skiddaw; their flying mists and echoing storms. But he who would win their secrets from the mountains, and be filled with their inspiration, must court the mountain spirits in their solitudes, and must shun the beaten tracks and "tourist centres." Round Ambleside you will indeed find hills and waterfalls, but the waterfalls are decked with greasy sandwich-papers and porter bottles, and the hills echo the steam-whistles of the Windermere steamers, bringing crowds of thirsty "trippers" from the Staffordshire potteries. Brass bands play under your hotel windows; "char-a-bancs," waggonettes, and brakes of all colours rattle about with cargoes of tourists who have been doing some favourite "round;" touts pester you in the streets; and in the hotel coffee-room you overhear a gentleman ask angrily: "Why don't they build a 'ut on 'Elvellyn? They 'ave one on Snowdon."

Of course Ambleside has associations. Harriet Martineau and Dr. Arnold, Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge are great names. But the village is vulgarised almost beyond

hope. Let the railway be brought there from Windermere, and its ruin will be complete. Though there is now no Wordsworth to pen noble sonnets of protest against further railway invasions of the district, there is happily an energetic Lake District Defence Association working strenuously to save from the destruction which threatens it the sweetest spot of English ground. Already it has defeated the Borrowdale and Ennerdale schemes, and long may it be successful in keeping the railway promoters at bay! Lovers of mountains will avoid Ambleside. Keswick is better as a mountaineering centre; for Skiddaw and Blencathara, the minor heights round Derwentwater, and the beautiful range stretching from Grisedale Pike to Grasmoor are all within easy reach. The farther you get from the stale air of towns the better. Grange and Rosthwaite, those beautiful Borrowdale hamlets, are tempting resting-places; but he who goes to Cumberland to walk and climb will not be satisfied till he finds himself face to face with the highest peaks at Wastdale Head.

Wastdale Head—or, more properly, Wastdale, for that part of the valley below the lake is Nether Wastdale—is the finest mountain valley in England. Round its head are symmetrically grouped the highest English mountains—Scafell Pike, and its companion, Scafell, Great End, and Great Gable. The lower heights of Lingmell, Kirkfell, and Yewbarrow form stately buttresses for the loftier summits beyond. On all sides the mountains plunge straight down to the valley, and if you row over the gloomy surface of Wastwater, close to Screes, you can see the steep rocky slope continue straight down into the lake till it is lost in the black water. Approaching Wastdale Head by the carriage-road from the little coast-towns of Drigg or Seascale, where there are railway stations, the valley appears a cul-de-sac, and people wonder how they can get away again without retracing their steps. There are but three exits, and these are mere "fell-tracks:" steep, stony zig-zags, swept by mountain torrents in winter, and in summer forming the most rugged paths. Seven scattered farms occupy the valley, and its church and schoolhouse are the smallest in England. Wastdale Head has sown its wild

oats and become decorous. But get some old dalesman in a talkative mood, and he will tell you of other times, when "Auld Will" Ritson, sheep-farmer, innkeeper, and wit, was the genius of the place. What fun went on then under the shadow of Scafell; what feats of fish-spearing by torch-light; what wild fox-hunts over the fells; what fine wrestling matches on the green on summer evenings; what card parties, and dancing, and good-humoured riot! Once someone tied a donkey by its tail to the bell-rope of the little church, and the animal's struggles raised a clangour which brought the parson rushing to the spot. But times have changed. The frolic ways have been abandoned, and the dalespeople have settled down with gravity to their two staple industries of sheep-farming and entertaining tourists. Either at the inn, or at Mrs. Thomas Tyson's famous farm-house, climbing men linger through the summer. Some come in winter, and then the surrounding peaks offer excellent practise for Swiss mountaineering. They are enthusiastic fellows, these climbers. They ascend their favourite mountains time after time (one honoured pioneer of Lake climbing has made ninety-nine ascents to the summit of Great Gable); they are unwearied in finding new ways up everywhere, and their talk, when they get together, is of nicks and notches, ladders and ledges, gullies, ghylls, and chimneys, and even of cols, arêtes, and couloirs. All Cumberland and Westmorland is familiar to them; they are at home on the Blencathara Edges, looking down to the waters of the dark tarn which is said to reflect the stars at noon-day, on the precipices of Scafell, and Striding Edge on Helvellyn. They have clambered among the waterfalls of Piers Ghyll, climbed the precipice of Pavey Ark and the crags of Lingmell, crossed the sloping stones wedged in the cavern at Dungeon Ghyll, scaled the crags of Great Napes on Gable, and the great couloir in the front of Great End; yet ever do they return with greater fondness to the most enticing peak of all—the redoubtable Pillar Rock of Ennerdale.

The spell which this rock throws over the minds of those who have once visited it is enthralling. It is of the nature of a psychological mystery not to be accounted for on ordinary grounds. It is strange. The Pillar Rock is merely a mass of

crags, with no inherent difference from other masses save that it juts up boldly some nine hundred feet from the precipitous breast of the Pillar Mountain. Yet, once seen, it is as the loadstone to the pieces of iron in the story of the Third Royal Calendar. Perhaps it is the fact of its unique position, standing alone overhanging the desolate valley of Ennerdale, its apparent inaccessability, or the tragic interest which two deaths have given it. Whatever the secret of its attraction, that attraction is undoubted. One climber, a senior wrangler and member of the Alpine Club, has scaled the rock more than forty times, and younger men are at this moment engaged in beating his record.* It has been called, with exquisite inappropriateness, the English Matterhorn, and the English Schreckhorn. But it has not the terrors implied in the latter name. It is, in fact, an interesting rock, accessible from several sides, the climbs being easy or difficult, according to the side from which they are made. Let us enter into details.

Ennerdale is the longest and most desolate of the mountain valleys which radiate from Great Gable, the central knot of the Scafell system. Its upper end is closed by the magnificent dome of Gable itself, and its sides are formed by the precipitous slopes of Kirkfell, the Pillar and the Steeple on the one side, and High Crag, High Stile, and Red Pike on the other. An impetuous stream, the Liza, traverses the length of the valley, and flows into Ennerdale Lake. No habitation, no sign of human life breaks the solitude of the place. The murmuring of the stream, the cry of the raven or the hawk, are the only sounds. Upper Ennerdale is not, however, unfamiliar to the tourist; for the fell-track from Wastdale to Buttermere, after ascending by Black Sail Pass, descends

* Mr. J. W. Robinson, our late Vice-President, accomplished his hundredth ascent of the Pillar Rock on August 16th, 1906, and was heartily congratulated by the entire party accompanying him; as he would have been by the whole climbing world. At the same time Mr. Robinson deposited amongst the stones of the summit cairn a new climber's book, encased in a zinc box. Long and consistent has been "John" Robinson's enthusiasm for the fells and rocks of his native district. The history of crag climbing in Cumberland would be incomplete indeed without a generous recognition and appreciation of his life-long efforts to promote and uphold the best traditions of the sport.—ED.

into Ennerdale, and mounts on the other side to Scarf Gap, and so down to Buttermere. Those following this track may see the top of the famous Pillar Rock peering over a projecting ridge of the Pillar Mountain, and the most imposing view of the rock is to be gained by proceeding along the valley till opposite to it, and then climbing up to its base. It is a fatiguing scramble, and it has been said that the cragsman taking this route, will find the way strewn with the graves of those who have preceded him. If there is exaggeration, there is also truth in the saying. Near the foot of Black Sail Pass is a large cairn, erected to the memory of Mr. Edward Barnard, a London goldsmith, who, overcome by fatigue and heat (it was in August, 1876), there lay down and died. Not much farther, but high up on the mountain side, is an iron cross marking the spot where was found the body of the Rev. James Jackson,* who, on May 1st, 1878, fell from the precipice of the Pillar Mountain. Just to the left of the rock is the gully where the youth Walker slipped over the ice and snow, and was dashed to pieces, on Good Friday, 1883, and at any point of the walk a turn of the head will reveal the horrid gully in the precipice of Great Gable where the Rev. J. Pope was killed a year or two ago.

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

Thus did "the homely priest of Ennerdale" describe the Pillar Rock to Leonard in Wordsworth's poem, "The Brothers," and the description is accurate.

The whole Ennerdale front of the Pillar is broken up by projecting ridges which form a series of recesses or coves. In one of the largest of these coves stands the Pillar Rock, springing upward almost perpendicularly on the Ennerdale side to the height of eight hundred and seventy-five feet, but united on its other side to the Pillar Mountain by a neck, about one hundred feet below the summit of the rock. All climbs are best begun from this neck, and to reach it from Wastdale it is best to ascend the Pillar Mountain from the Black Sail Pass, and walk on the level grassy summit till the small heath-covered top of the rock is seen in air on the

* See portrait on page 40.

right-hand side, many feet below.* An easy though steep scramble down the mountain side then lands you on the neck. This route saves the long climb up to the base of the Rock from Ennerdale. Heated pedestrians approaching the Pillar from the valley have even been known to get bewildered by the many crags, to dispute among themselves as to which was the Pillar Rock, and to fall out by the way.

Standing on the narrow neck the Rock is immediately in front, and steep gullies sweep down to right and left. The left or western gully can be descended, and from a point about half-way down the "West Climb" is commenced. The right or eastern gully, after descending steeply for several yards ends in a sudden pitch. Viewed from the neck the rock does not justify its name. A scramble round its base will reveal it to be a cumbrous mass of crags, its greatest length extending north and south up the mountain side. In three places it is cleft perpendicularly by deep gullies or chimneys, whose lines of cleavage are parallel to Ennerdale, and therefore at right angles to the greatest length of the Rock. These gullies split the Rock into four separate summits; the highest is called the "High Man," and the others "Low Men." (In the Lake District all lower summits are called "Low Men.") From the neck an easy way to the highest summit seems to present itself directly in front. The climber mounts gaily and with confidence, only to find himself cut off from the High Man by an impassable cleft, forty feet long on the level part at the bottom, thirteen feet wide at the bottom, and broadening towards the top. Opposite rises the main rock in a fine wall sixty feet high. This is the most southerly of the three gullies mentioned above. By an authority on the Pillar this false rock has been christened Pisgah, and the gap, Jordan.

Descending then from Pisgah to the neck, the attack must now be made from the right hand or east side. Looking

* The easiest way to reach the Pillar Rock from Wastdale is to follow Black Sail pass, and when near the summit, bear to the left up a steep grass slope to a "neck," a little higher than the top of the pass, called "Looking Stead." From here an excellent path will be found called the "High Level Traverse," leading direct to the foot of the Pillar Rock, which avoids the necessity of having to go to the top of the mountain.—ED.

[Photo by] [W. J. C. Payne.

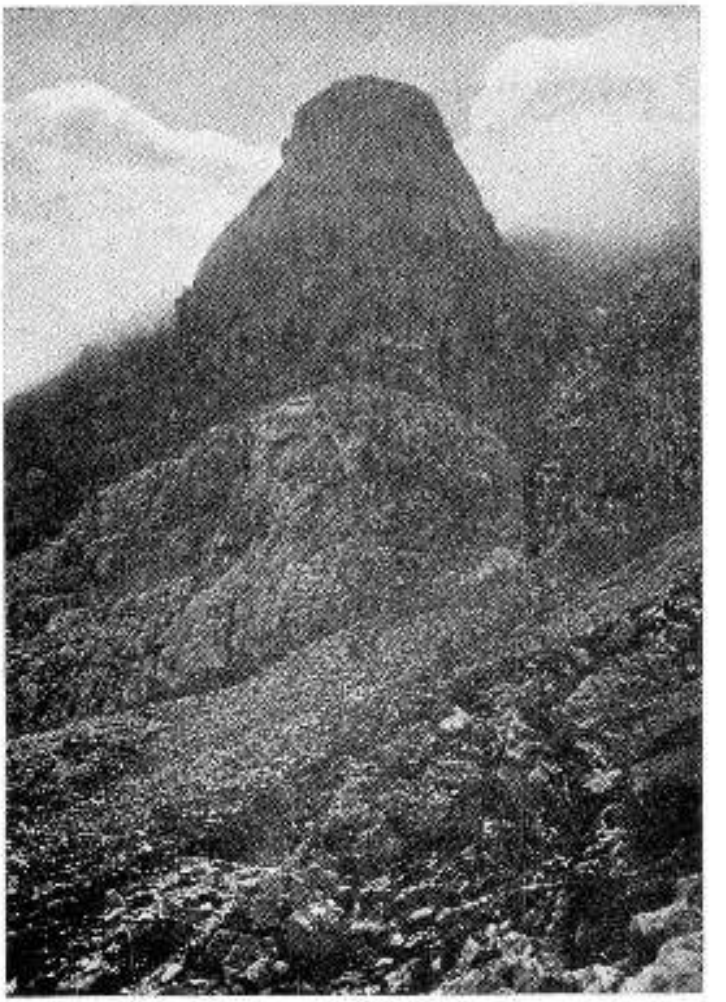
PILLAR ROCK.

West Face.

across to the Rock, a smooth sloping slab is conspicuous on its side. Make for this by scrambling a few yards down the east gully, and then ascending two natural steps (known as "the first ladder") about six feet high, which conduct to the upper edge of the "Broad Slab." The slab is covered with grass on its upper part; the lower part is smooth, and ends abruptly over the east gully. It is forty feet in length, twenty-nine in width, and slopes at an angle of thirty-seven degrees. A crack about two inches wide runs horizontally across the slab, and without this aid crossing it would be a matter of some little difficulty, for there is a considerable drop on to the rough rocks of the east gully from the lower edge, and a slip here is not to be recommended. The crack affords good foot-hold, and a few steps carry you across the Broad Slab. A few yards of uneven but safe walking conduct to a sort of corner, where the climber is confronted by a projecting curtain, with a deep notch between it and the main mass. To the left rises the erect wall of the Pillar; on the right is a precipice of about sixty-feet. From this grassy corner there is a perplexing choice of inviting (or uninviting) routes, and strangers have been known to bother about for half-an-hour or more and then sometimes give up the ascent, unable to find a way. From the corner there are, however, three ways of ascent, known respectively as the routes by the "notch," the "ledge," and the "arête." The notch way is far the easiest. Scramble up to the left hand, aiming for the floor of the notch, between the curtain and the main mass. A moderate climb of twenty-four feet lands you on the floor of the notch, here twenty-one feet thick, and you find yourself on the south wall of the "Great Chimney," which is the name given to the middle one of the three gullies which have been mentioned as dividing the main mass of the Pillar Rock. The Great Chimney begins just at the top of the steep pitch in the east gully, and cleaves the rock almost to its highest summit. Seventy feet from its base, the chimney contains a sloping shelf, covered with rough grass. This shelf is sixty feet in length, slopes at an angle of forty-five degrees, and is known to the esoteric circle of "Pillarites" as the "Steep Grass." At the top of the Steep Grass the Great Chimney suddenly

narrows, and dwindles to a small perpendicular chimney twenty-three feet high, about the width of an ordinary human body, and containing a large stone jammed half-way up. When on the floor of the notch the Steep Grass can be reached by a drop of eight feet. The easiest way, however, is to continue the ascent over comparatively easy rocks, keeping the Great Chimney on the right till you emerge on the grass at the top of the small chimney, whence a run carries you to the highest summit. Here you may add your visiting card to the others in the tin-box hidden in the cairn, or you may sign your name in the visitors'-book obligingly left for this purpose by two London climbers in 1882.

This is probably the easiest way of ascending the Rock, though it is almost unknown. The only way which seems known to the local guides is that by the ledge. To ascend by way of the ledge from the corner below the notch, the climber must first get up the cleft or natural ladder in the curtain, which is directly in front after coming over the broad slab. The cleft—the "second ladder"—runs up the face of the curtain for ten feet, then broadens out into a scoop and ends; but from the scoop a ledge is to be seen running to the right and winding round the curtain. The second ladder presents no difficulty to a moderate climber, as the hand-holds and foot-holds are plentiful. It is not, however, a place to run up, as the face of the curtain here turns outwards toward the precipice in an unpleasing manner, and a slip would precipitate the climber on the rocks of the east gulley, some sixty feet below. Once up the ladder, the scoop offers a safe refuge, and the right foot must be placed on the ledge which is here only about eighteen inches wide. There is, however, excellent hand-hold and foot-hold, and though there is a deep fall immediately behind, none but those with very unsteady heads need be afraid to trust themselves on the ledge. Almost immediately it curves round the curtain, broadens out to ten or fifteen feet, and inclines downwards, when you step from it on to another corner of grassy ground. A swing round a little jutting rock with a seventy-foot drop just behind lands you on the lower edge of the Steep Grass. Scrambling up to the top, the small chimney is attacked by insinuating the body, and working upwards till just under



PILLAR ROCK.

GENERAL VIEW OF NORTH-WEST FACE.

the jammed stone. Throwing the arms round this, the climber gets his breast upon it, and then a brief struggle, while the feet are unoccupied in mid-air, enables him first to kneel and then to stand upon the stone. The upper part of the chimney is then attacked with ease, and the climber emerges at the point reached by the climb from the notch already described. This route by the ladder, ledge, and chimney, was, it is said, first discovered by Mr. Leslie Stephen and a party of University men, about the year 1854. It is a pleasant and varied climb which does not overtax the powers of a moderate cragsman. Mr. H. I. Jenkinson, indeed, in his excellent Guide to the English Lakes (6th edition, 1879), says: "The rock has been scaled by very few, and it is exceedingly hazardous and foolhardy to attempt it"; but it must be presumed that this very exaggerated warning is intended for the waggonette-tourist, and not for the cragsman. The ascent from the notch by the arête (or south wall of the Great Chimney) is a much harder climb than either of those already described. At one point near the top, where both hands have to be clasped round a pinnacle rock while the weight is partly sustained by the knees, it verges on the dangerous.

The three climbs already described are all on the east side of the rock, and they lead direct to the High Man, the total height ascended being about one hundred feet. But there are other and longer climbs both on the east and west side of the rock which conduct to the summit of the Low Man, whence there is some good climbing to reach the highest point. As far as the summit of the Low Man, where the east and west routes unite, they are scrambles rather than climbs; but during the whole ascent great care is necessary, for on slipping on these sides of the rock the cragsman, would bound from one rocky ledge to another, and finally pitch to the very base of the rock, if not beyond—a matter of some five hundred feet. More than one way may be taken from the Low Man to the High Man, but one is chiefly used. Care is necessary throughout; and the worst bit is the ascent of a wall of rock close to a poised block which is easily recognisable. The descent here is especially awkward. Indeed, in nine cases out of ten the descent of rocks is more difficult

than the ascent; had we eyes in our heels the difficulties would be equalised. Two ascents* to High Man have been made from Jordan Gap by Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith, the first cragsman who has accomplished this feat. Much of our recent knowledge of the Pillar is due to Mr. Haskett-Smith, a most skilful and daring climber. This gentleman has ascended the rock by more than twelve distinct routes, and to his courtesy we are indebted for several of the measurements of parts of the Rock.

Of early ascents of the Pillar Rock little is known. By the dalespeople it was long considered inaccessable, and Mr. G. Seatree, in his little pamphlet on the Lake District, says it was first scaled by "a hardy young dalesman named Atkinson, in the year 1826." Speaking of this, or some other early ascent, to a member of the Alpine Club, an old dalesman said, in that Cumberland dialect which is now becoming so rare: "Fwoks deah sai theer waz a chap at yance gat tul t'toop efter a fox, bit t'chrag waz seah brant an' stape in yah pleace at theer waz neah hod for owdther hand ner feut, an' he had to ram his jackalegs inta a lahl crack to sarra for a step up." It may be noted that the shepherd James, in Wordsworth's poem "The Brothers," is described as being killed through falling from the summit of the Pillar Rock, and the supposition that the poet was here confounding the top of the rock with the top of the mountain, is precluded by the accurate description he gives of the place in an earlier passage. The writer of Murray's Handbook to the Lakes was not, however, so well informed; for he makes the astounding assertion that the Pillar Rock is the top of the Pillar Mountain. Of ascents between that of the dalesman in 1826 and that of Mr. Leslie Stephen about 1854, little or nothing can be discovered, though the name of a Mr. Baumgartner is mentioned as among the first.† It was not till 1874 that

*Now known as the Right Pisgah and Left Pisgah climbs.

†Owing to the accidental discovery of Mr. C. A. O. Baumgartner's name in a subscription list by Mr. George Seatree in 1875, that gentleman was brought back into the climbers' light of day, and soon afterwards renewed his interest and visits to the scene of his remarkable exploit of 1850, the year of his first ascent. Very interesting particulars of this are in Mr. Seatree's possession, and may be perused by any member of the climbing community interested. Mr. Baumgartner is happily still in the land of the living, and a vigorous member of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club.—ED.

the Rock became known. About that time a bottle was deposited upon the top, and visitors left their cards; but on June 29th 1876, two navvies, who reached the top, carried away the bottles, cards, handkerchiefs, and other mementoes of the early climbers.* As far as can be ascertained, a Miss A. Barker, who ascended July 9th, 1870, was the first lady to reach the top; Miss Mary Westmoreland, of Penrith was the second (1874); Mrs. Ann Crears (June, 1875) being the third; and Miss Edith Maitland and Miss Butler (August, 1875), the fourth and fifth.

But of all the earlier climbers of the Pillar Rock, the Rev. James Jackson, the octogenarian clergyman of Sandwith, near Whitehaven, was the most remarkable. This enthusiastic old mountaineer was a man of character; energetic, quick-tempered, and eccentric. He was a bit of a versifier, had travelled on the Continent, and had brought home certain relics from Loretto, which he deposited on the top of the Pillar Rock, whence they were ruthlessly carried by the vandal navvies in 1876. He had an enthusiastic love for his native lake mountains, "from Black Combe to Skiddaw," and in his ramblings on the fells he had often looked down longingly to the Pillar Rock from the mountian, but deemed it inaccessible. Having read however, a rhyming account of their ascent, contributed to a local paper by Messrs. Thomas and Edward Westmoreland, two noted Penrith climbers, the old clergyman resolved to try, and aided by ropes and spiked nails he succeeded in reaching the top on May 31, 1875. Mr. Jackson was then

* On September 14th, 1874, the names which were found by Mr. Martin and Mr. G. Seatree, in two bottles in the Cairn on the Pillar Rock were:—

"William M. Pendlebury, Charles Pendlebury, M. Pendlebury, Liverpool; C. Comyn Tucker, Beachcroft, Melville; E. J. Nanson, Trinity College; Henry B. Priest, Birkenhead; Henry Lancaster, Lamplugh; Tom Westmorland, Ned Westmorland, Pollie Westmorland, Penrith; William Gilbanks, Borrowdale; J. G. Whitehead, H. R. Wyndham, Cockermouth; and Mr. Charles Pilkington."

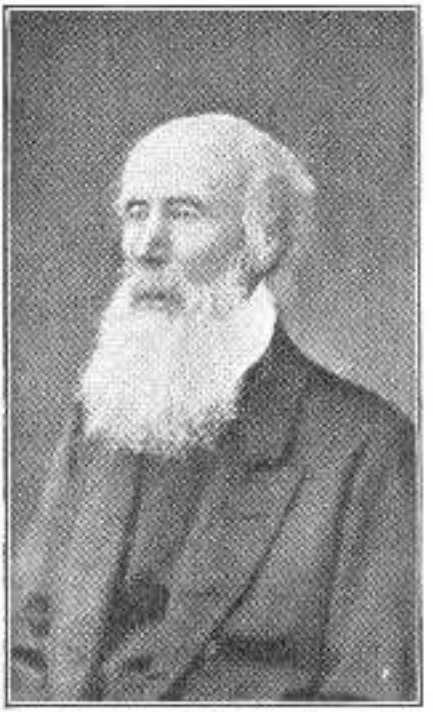
And inscribed on a piece of slate were the following:—

"G. Scoular, Falkirk; M. and A. Barnes, Portinscale; W. Grave; H. Wooley; R. Whitwell and W. G. Holland."

On a fresh sheet of note-paper there was the following:—

"Ascended this rock with a lady in 1869, Charles Arundel Parker, Parknook, Gosforth; Henry A Barker, Ellerslie, Gosforth. Visitors are requested not to remove this paper."—ED.

in his seventy-ninth year, and he was immensely pleased with his achievement. He dubbed himself "Patriarch of the Pillarites," and at once took the rock under his especial care.



THE REV. JAMES JACKSON.

On May 1, 1878, this fine old mountaineer, then in his eighty-second year, fell a victim to his passion for climbing. He started for Wastdale, provided with poles and ropes, intending to ascend the Rock; but as he did not return, search parties were organised, and on the second day his body was found in a large hollow called Great Doup, somewhat to the east of the Rock. The 1st of May had been misty, and it was evident he had approached too near the edge of the precipice, had lost his balance, and had fallen a distance of about three hundred feet. In a bottle in his pocket, which he had intended to leave on the Rock, were these lines:

> Two elephantine properties are mine,
> For I can bend to pick up pin or plack;
> And when this year the Pillar Rock I climb
> Fourscore and two's the howdah on my back.

Two years later two veteran lovers of the Lake Mountains (Mr. F. H. Bowring and the late Mr. J. Maitland, who had been playfully appointed "presumptive patriarch" by Mr.

Jackson) placed a cairn and iron cross on the spot where the old man's body was found.*

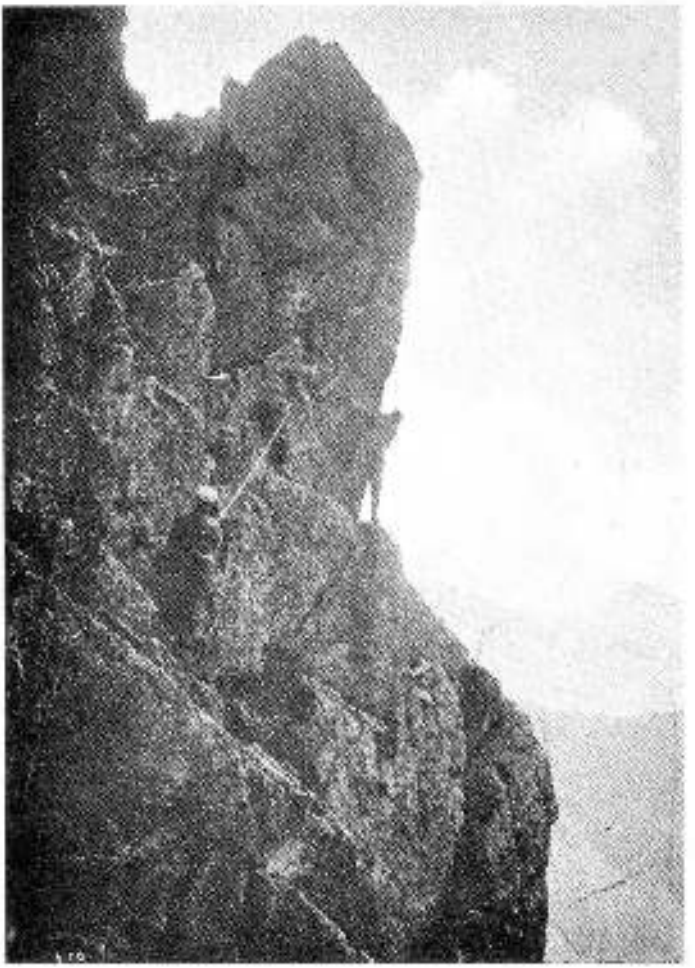
The sad death of the youth Walker, who was killed on Good Friday, 1883, by slipping on the snow and falling over the precipice of the east gully, has also led to the belief that the Rock is more dangerous than it really is. No accident has yet occurred on the Rock itself, nor need there be any if it be attempted in proper weather by active, steady-headed cragsmen. Between twenty and thirty persons reach the summit every year, and of these probably three or four are ladies. Almost all ordinary climbers go by the ladder, ledge, and chimney route. Ladies attempting the ascent will find an Alpine dress a great convenience. The actual top of the Rock is small, and to look over into Ennerdale gives something of the impression of being on a mast-head at sea.

To climbers, Scafell is a more interesting mountain than its companion, Scafell Pike. On the upper Eskdale side the latter has some fine precipices and crags, which are almost wholly unexplored, but nowhere does it offer such interesting ascents as those to be found on Scafell immediately around Mickledore. To be filled with the sense of the grandeur of the Scafell crags, it is best to approach them from below—that is, from Wastdale. On rounding the low shoulder of Lingmell above Wastwater, and following the course of the stream on the right hand, the stranger will find himself in a grand mountain cove. On either hand are Lingmell and the low shoulder of Scafell, while the rugged cliffs of Scafell and the Pike are in front. Between the two mountains is the strange square, toothlike gap called Mickledore, and from it the Scafell cliffs rise in a grand serrated curve, like the back of a scaled monster rearing itself in air. From below Mickledore descends for more than half a mile a long, tapering, grassy mound, locally known as Brown

*The Cairn and Cross came to grief during subsequent winter storms, but on August 16th, 1906, a more lasting Memorial was undertaken. Mr. Baumgartner, in conjunction with Mr. J. W. Robinson and Mr. George Seatree, had the initials J. J. and the date 1878 chiselled on the face of the nearest suitable rock by Mr. Benson Walker, marble mason, Cockermouth. Mr. Benson found the rock to be very hard, but in a few hours an effective memorial was completed.—ED.

Tongue. The resemblance is complete, and the wild mountain cove in which the tongue reposes may well be likened to the cavernous mouth of a giant. The place is solitary, remote, and impressive. It becomes more imposing the nearer the cliffs are approached, and when close under the "battlemented front of Scafell," the wildness of the scene fills the mind. It is wholly grim and stern; no touch of beauty relieves the austerity. Whether sun-smitten in the summer noon, or enwreathed with flying mists, the cliffs of Scafell are always grand. They compose the finest rock scenery in England, and there is nothing grander on Scuirna-Gillian or the Cuchullins.

Mickledore may be reached by scrambling up the steeply sloping "screes," which form its Wastdale slope; but the easier and more romantic approach is by the grassy ledge, which will be seen projecting from the face of the Scafell precipice. This ledge or shelf is in but few places less than four feet wide. In places it is composed of shattered heaps of rock, which seem barely to keep their equilibrium; but though there is a precipice of considerable height on the left hand, the passage along the rock is free from risk, so long as the rock wall on the right is closely hugged. By one who watched from below the passage along the ledge of some of the early pioneers of Lake climbing, it was christened the "Rake's Progress," and the name appears apt, when it is remembered that the ledge leads from the lower limb of the Lord's Rake to Mickledore Ridge. Stepping from the Rake's Progress on to Mickledore, the stranger finds himself in what the guide-books call "one of Nature's most savage retreats," and truly the scene is wild enough. The summits of Scafell and Scafell Pike—the two highest mountains in England—are but one thousand two hundred yards apart in a single line, but between them is the strange gap called Mickledore. From the summit of Scafell Pike, its rock-strewn sides slope gradually towards Scafell. Presently the slopes steepen on either hand, leaving a saddle-shaped ravine. The saddle dwindles to a roof-like ridge, which stretches in a gentle curve from mountain to mountain, till it ends abruptly against the wedge-shaped cliffs of Scafell, which rise almost vertically for five hundred feet and more.



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ROUNDING THE NOTCH.

Though the slopes of the ridge are steep, and the ridge itself is so narrow that it may easily be bestrided, there is no danger whatever in walking along it; yet appalling are the terrors of this gorge as told in the older guide-books. "It may indeed be crossed," says Murray, "but the passage is difficult, and at one point dangerous, and it should be attempted only by experienced cragsmen, or members of the Alpine Club." In another passage the same writer thus speaks of the southern slope from the ridge to the strange solitudes of Upper Eskdale, a slope which is indeed steep, stony, and tedious, but nothing more. "The descent into Eskdale is over terraces of slippery turf, and down slanting sheets of bare rock, which makes the enterprise, even with the assistance of a guide, one of peril. Some have attempted this descent, and turned back in terror at the difficulties before them; but there are places from which a tourist might find it even more difficult to retreat than to advance."

Looking up at the Scafell cliffs from Mickledore, the direct ascent appears impossible, as, in fact, it has hitherto proved. But there is more than one way of successfully turning the flank of these forbidding precipices. The routes by the "Broad Stand" and "Chimney," on the left or Eskdale side of Mickledore, are now tolerably well known to Lake climbers; they are even described with more or less accuracy in Guide Books. The Broad Stand is reached by descending close under the cliffs for twenty-one yards till a cleft, eighteen inches wide, is seen between two small upright rocks. Any man of moderate size can worm his way through the cleft and climb out at the end on to a grassy corner. From this point there is only one practicable way. It lies up walls and slopes of rocks, and "to any ordinary cragsman it presents," said Professor Tyndall, writing in the Saturday Review in 1859, "a pleasant bit of mountain practice and nothing more." The Professor admits, however, that "to persons given to giddiness, or lacking sufficient sureness of foot or strength of grasp," the climb is not recommendable. The danger consists in slipping on any of the slopes or walls, when the climber would go bumping down many feet without any chance of stopping till, with considerable personal discomfort, he reached the base of the precipice.

The entrance to the Scafell Chimney (a gulley two feet wide running into and up the face of the cliff) is a few yards lower down than the entrance to the Broad Stand. It is impossible to go straight up the Chimney, as the way is blocked by an overhanging slab, and escape must be made either by the right hand wall near the top, where the hand hold is miserably inadequate, or by the "corner" forty feet up the Chimney. The passage of the corner is a matter of stride and balance, as there is no positive hold for the hands. There is a bad drop into the Chimney behind, and a slip in rounding the corner would end in broken limbs if not a battered skull. A man essaying the corner must apply himself like a plaster to an unpleasant projecting rock, and then by shifting the weight from one foot to the other (for the legs are stretched widely apart) he can creep round. These climbs in the Chimney are very little known, and none of them should be attempted in wet weather, when the Chinmey is indeed a mere spout. Even when the escape is made from the Chimney by the routes named, the remainder of ascent requires care, as the rocks here are smooth, and they slope steeply towards Eskdale, some at as great an angle as fifty-four degrees.

A young and active climber, forgetting for a moment the caution that should always go hand-in-hand with daring, attempted to cross one of these smooth, sloping rocks. He slipped, slid rapidly down for twenty-seven feet vainly catching at the smooth surface, and then bounded through the air in a leap of seventy-feet, falling full on his face at the edge of the dry watercourse below the Chimney. Happily the place on which he fell was loose and not rocky ground; and he escaped with a broken rib and some dangerous face and head wounds. The escape from death was almost miraculous; many men have been killed by falling a quarter of the distance. The adventure may serve to remind other climbers that the Scafell cliffs must be treated with due respect.

There is yet another and more direct way of climbing the Scafell cliffs from Mickledore, which, for want of a better name, we may christen the "North Climb." This route is known to very few. It was discovered for himself in 1874, by Mr. George Seatree, the author of a pleasantly-written

little pamphlet on the Lake District, now, unfortunately, out of print. When Mr. Seatree ascended, he was with a friend, and the Wastdale people received his story with incredulity, "auld Will Ritson" declaring that "nowt but fleein' thing could get up theear." Mr. Seatree, however, was preceded in this ascent by Major J. P. Cundill, R.A., who climbed this way both up and down alone as long ago as 1869. For the benefit of climbers we quote here Mr. Seatree's description: "From the ridge we traversed a ledge of grass-covered rock (the Rake's Progress) to the right, until we reached a detached boulder, stepping upon which we were enabled to get hand-hold of a crevice six or seven feet from where we stood. To draw ourselves up so as to get our feet upon this was the difficulty; there is only one small foot-hold in that distance, and to have slipped here would have precipitated the climber many feet below. Having succeeded in gaining this foothold, we found ourselves in a small rectangular recess, with barely room to turn round. From here it was necessary to draw ourselves carefully over two other ledges into a small rift in the rocks, and then traverse on our hands and knees another narrow ledge of about eight feet to the left, which brought us nearly in a line with Mickledore Ridge. From here all was comparatively smooth sailing."

The "detached boulder" may be identified with certainty by noticing that it is embedded in the Rake's Progress close to the top of a funnel-shaped grassy gully, about ten or twelve yards from Mickledore. None but experienced climbers should attempt the "north climb" from Mickledore. It is unpleasant to stick on one of the higher ledges, for from these the climber looks almost vertically down to the valley many feet below. In these circumstances a sudden seizure akin to sea-sickness may assail the cragsman who has not his nerves under thorough control.

All who have been on the top of Scafell, near Mickledore, must have looked down with wonder and admiration into Deep Ghyll, that vast, almost vertical funnel, which descends from the top of the mountain to the Lord's Rake. It can be descended straight down its whole length, though in one place there is a very steep pitch, and some little danger is

incurred from falling stones. But the most conspicuous object at the upper part of Deep Ghyll is a pinnacle rock with some slight resemblance, from certain points of view, to the celebrated Pieter Botte in Mauritius, except that the stone on the top is much smaller than the knob which forms the summit of the Mauritius mountain. The Deep Ghyll pinnacle is perhaps best named the "Scafell Pillar,"* for on examination it will be found to have several features in common with the Ennerdale Pillar. Both have a Pisgah rock and a Jordan gap, both have a high and low man, and both have a slanting slab in similar positions. So inaccessible does the Scafell Pillar appear, that it is probable no one ever thought of making an attempt upon it till Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith, looking at the rock with the eye of a genius for climbing, thought he could see a way to the top. He made the attempt alone in September of this year,† and successfully reached the top, being the first man to set foot on the summit of this forbidding peak. A week or two later Mr. Haskett-Smith, accompanied by Mr. J. W. Robinson, a local cragsman of much enthusiasm, judgment, and skill, made another attack upon the rock. Starting from a point about sixty yards from the lower end of the Rake's Progress, and climbing upwards, they soon entered a very long, narrow, almost vertical chimney, the ascent of which taxed their strength greatly. Emerging at last, they reached a steep arête, which led direct to the ledge of the Scafell Pillar, and thus to the top, where they left there names in a glass bottle. Now that the way is known, the Deep Ghyll Pillar will doubtless be attempted by other climbers. On the whole Wastdale side of Scafell there is fine climbing, nor are the minor mountains which buttress the great heights by any means deficient in interest.

Of all the natural features of the Wastwater district, Piers Ghyll is perhaps the most noticeable. No one coming over the Sty Head Pass from Borrowdale can fail to see this remarkable fissure which, after making an almost right-angled bend in the low ground at the foot of Lingmell, suddenly narrows, and runs straight into the face of the Lingmell

* Now known as "Scawfell Pinacle."

† This was in 1884.—ED.

crags. So far as can be ascertained, Piers Ghyll has never been climbed.* It is one of the few places which have resisted the assaults of the present generation of climbers. Of course when we speak of *climbing* Piers Ghyll we do not mean merely penetrating into the fissure till further progress is barred and then climbing out up one of the sides. The Ghyll cannot properly be said to have been climbed until all the obstacles in the ravine have been overcome, and the climber emerges at the top, under Lingmell crags. In all probability this feat will soon be achieved; but so far, notwithstanding the elaborate attempts which have been made with ropes, ice-axes, and steel wedges, everyone has failed. Anyone may scramble a good way along the torrent-bed in Piers Ghyll. Soon the ravine narrows, the stream is pent in narrow bounds, the walls on either hand rise higher and are almost perpendicular. Daylight is obscured, and after heavy rain the noise of falling water is deafening. The first difficult place is a smooth steep slab of rock on the left hand. This can be passed; but the difficulties begin at the third waterfall, where there is a vast curving rock shelving towards the stream. Much, of course, depends on the state of the stream.

Long ago, when Mr. James Payn, then a young man at college, visited the Lake District, it was his ardent delight to roll huge stones down the mountain side and hark as they thundered into the *Pease* Ghyll (for so the novelist spells the name). Mr. Payn tells how a shepherd of Wast-dale, collecting his sheep on Lingmell in the snow, slipped and fell into Piers Ghyll. His iron heel caught in some crevice and wrenched off the boot sole, thus breaking the fall, and the man survived his perilous adventure.

There is a rumour too that a hardy climber, resolved on conquering the passage of the Ghyll, passed difficulty after difficulty till he reached a spot from which advance and retreat seemed equally impossible. He lost nerve, and dared not make an attempt. There he remained for twenty-four hours, his shouts rendered impotent by the roaring waters. At last, when starvation stared him in the face, he gathered

* Piers Ghyll was first climbed through its whole length by Dr. Collier in April, 1893.—ED.

courage, and flung himself from his resting-place into the deep pool formed by one of the falls. The water broke his fall, and he scrambled back a sound man. But his adventure is not forgotten; and the local guides tell you flatly that Piers Ghyll cannot be climbed. So did the Swiss tell Mr. Whymper that the Matterhorn could not be climbed, and that its summit was the haunt of evil spirits. But the Matterhorn succumbed nevertheless, and so, we doubt not, will Piers Ghyll when the right man appears. To climb the whole length of Piers Ghyll, and then scale the Lingmell crags above, and so reach the summit of the mountain, is pronounced by a competent judge the hardest and finest climb in the English Lake District, and one which would keep the climber as severely on the stretch as any piece of rock-climbing in Switzerland.

The inexhaustible richness of the Wastwater District, from the climbers' point of view, tempts us to linger too long in it, to the exclusion of other districts. We will not speak, therefore, of the chimneys in the north side of Great End, of the "Horn," the "Screen," and "Westmoreland's Chimney" on Great Gable, of the Stirrup Crags on Yewbarrow, or of the rotten gullies in the Screes, but will pass to the consideration of climbs in other parts of the district.

Of these, Striding Edge on Helvellyn, is by far the best known. Scott's grandiose poem and Wordsworth's exquisite verses have given immortality to Striding Edge. Save for the ugly dam which banks up the shore of the Red Tarn for the convenience of the Glenridding lead mines, which have almost destroyed the beauty of the upper reach of Ullswater, all is now as it was when young Gough—Scott's Pilgrim of Nature—slipped over, and was killed, in the spring of 1805.

If you chance to be on Striding Edge on a stormy day, when the mists are boiling up from the coves of Grisedale, you will say it is a place an English Manfred might choose for his soliloquies. But as for danger, there is hardly any. To the cragsman it is a promenade; for ladies merely a pleasant piece of exertion. If any persons are rendered giddy by the steepness of the slopes, and on the Grisedale side they are certainly steep, they can be perfectly secure

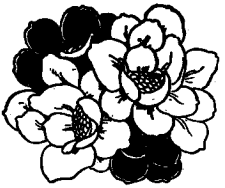
by taking the lower path. Not far from the Patterdale end of the ridge is a small iron cross, set up to the memory of one Robert Dixon, who was killed on Striding Edge while following the Patterdale fox-hounds in November, 1858. The cross is small, and may be easily missed among the rocks.

Far more imposing than the Striding Edge on Helvellyn, is the little known Sharp Edge on Blencathara. Blencathara is one of the very few lake mountains about which legends are told. On the neighbouring Sowter Fall, marching regiments, troops of phantom horsemen, and all sorts of strange apparitions have been seen ; and in Scales Tarn, lying at the foot of the precipitous Tarn Crag, the stars are to be seen at noonday. The Broad, Narrow, and Sharp Edges on Blencathara are among the most interesting things to be seen among the lake mountains, and the Sharp Edge is certainly the sharpest in the district. It is much narrower than Striding Edge, but nowhere does it offer any difficulty to the ordinary climber. The ascent of Tarn Crag, after leaving the ridge, is indeed much more unpleasant. In ice and snow these ridges present real difficulties. In the winter of 1880-81 an overhanging snow cornice extended for a mile from the first to the second cairn on Blencathara, and so solid was it, that it was possible to stand on the cornice well out beyond the edge of the mountain.

Wherever there are mountains, the climber can always find ascents for himself, but nowhere are the climbs so interesting and so numerous as in the neighbourhood of Wastdale.

To see the Lake District properly, it is best to take a certain number of centres, and explore thoroughly the country round each. Let no one be persuaded to strap a knapsack on his shoulders and roam the country. Beautiful scenery is not to be enjoyed by rushing through it with a heavy weight on your back ; you must live in it to love it. Bowness, Keswick, Langdale Valley, Wastdale, Patterdale, and Mardale Green will be found excellent centres. Round each of these places there is scenery of differing character. Few things are more remarkable in the Lake District than the variety of its scenery ; the elements are of the simplest ;

the effects produced are most varied. The district is seamed with mountain valleys, yet no two are alike. Nature seems to have lavished all her beauties on this unique spot of English earth. It is exquisitely compact. The most varied beauties lie side by side, but they never jostle or compete with each other. There is space enough for each to have its appropriate setting. It is this compactness of the English Lake District which constitutes at once its charm and its danger.



THE trudge along the dusty road from Keswick, the solid grind over the Sty Head Pass, had nearly finished me, and it was with a feeling of sincere relief that I threw my rück-sack down in the hall of the Wastdale Head Hotel. After a clean-up and an excellent lunch, I lit my pipe and sank into an easy chair, at peace with all the world. Drowsiness was speedily overcoming me when I heard a voice addressing me :

" Climbing ? "

I picked up my pipe, rubbed my eyes, and looked at the questioner. A short sturdily-built man with a bullet-shaped head stood in front of me. His hair was cropped as short as a convict's, but the thinness in places evidently did not owe its presence to the barber's scissors. His complexion was deeply tanned by the sun, and his whole bearing spoke, nay shouted, of the open-air life, of glorious robust health, of wiriness and physical strength. I glanced at his clothes and my hand went searching for odd coppers (for his patched and ragged tweeds would have made a scarecrow blush), when a certain dignity of bearing and the glint of intelligence in his keen north-country eyes, caused me to desist.

"Climbing?" he repeated. "It seems a pity to waste such a fine afternoon." (I may here remark, in parenthesis, that this was my first visit to the Lake District, and I did not then understand how priceless a fine clear day was).

I replied to his question by saying that I was anxious to climb, in fact, I had come to Wastdale for that very purpose. Having strolled up most of the mountains in Wales, I was eager to bag a few of the peaks in Cumberland, but I must say here that I was quite ignorant of the fact that the verb "to climb" had become specialised to mean the ascent of such precipices, that the normal person only attempts in nightmares. However, in blissful ignorance, I set out from the inn, and I had gone fully a hundred yards before I noticed the coil of rope my companion had suspended round his neck. Then the awful truth dawned upon me! I remembered the thrilling pictures I had seen at Keswick, in Abraham's window. I was with one of those madmen who risk life and limb in foolhardy attempts to climb places where man was never intended to set foot. I had thoroughly made up my mind to turn back when a casual remark from my companion, reflecting on the physique of Londoners, roused a sense of rivalry within me. I saw that he had thrown away the stump of his cigar, and it was with intense satisfaction I remarked the pace was a little too fast for him; he was puffing and blowing like a porpoise, and the sweat was rolling in a goodly stream down his face. Despite the fact that I had dined excellently overnight at Keswick, and the meeting with old friends had necessitated the opening of sundry bottles and the consumption of much tobacco; taking the lead, I allowed no "easies," and when we got to the foot of the climb, I had the north-countryman in a fair state of subjection, with at least some small respect for my walking capacities. But he was going to have his revenge, and speedily too. He mopped his brow (it needed it!) and pointing to a gigantic spike of rock, said laconically, "We'll do the Needle for a start."

I looked at it critically. "Climb THAT!" I said to myself, "I think not; this is really not quite the right sort of sport for a staid (and I hope respectable) medical practitioner."

I was thinking of some suitable excuse to turn back when—well, I didn't quite like the remark my companion had made about the anæmia that he alleged all Londoners suffered from, so I determined to take my courage in both hands and see the thing through. The rope was tied on and the ascent commenced. I watched him, fascinated. Holding where apparently there was no hold, standing where there appeared to be no foothold, he forced his way upwards. How the directors of his assurance company would have shuddered if they could have seen him ! Then my turn came. "Ah," I thought, "if I only get through this in safety, I will lead a better life in future." The crack went fairly easily, but, of course, I got my knee wedged in the usual spot and had it not been for the herculean efforts of the leader, I fear it would still remain there to make the way easier for future novices. How I finished the last pitch I really don't know, but at length, bruised and battered, breathless and exhausted, I lay stomach downwards on the top, alongside the man who had already saved my life at least a dozen times. (Ah, Rob, when the hand can find no resting place, when even a toe-scrape is lacking, when the sides of the Chimney are damp and slimy, may you ever be safely anchored above me and the good Alpine rope, taut as a harpstring, between us !)

That evening at the hotel I enjoyed my dinner like a man who has thoroughly earned it, and surrounded by a genial band of climbers, I felt quite at home, for I hope I have not omitted to tell you that I am a resident in an asylum. A good anecdote will bear repeating, and if what follows should by any chance meet the eye of anyone who was sitting in the smoke room at the Sligachan Inn, the night I first told it, perhaps, even once again, it may bring a smile to his face.

After dinner I was initiated into that wonderful game of "Fives," that is played on the billiard table at a certain hotel. My companion of the afternoon, in a gallant attempt to score swept the ball clean off the table. At that moment an inoffensive-looking curate had the misfortune to enter the room, and the ivory sphere, travelling with the velocity of a rifle bullet, struck him full in the abdomen. He doubled up and fell into the arms of the proprietor, who came in just in time to catch him. The clerical gentleman appeared much

astonished at his reception, but this was nothing to the surprise he exhibited when next morning, on calling for his bill, it is alleged he found thereon a charge of one shilling for billiards!

But although the above is written in lighter vein, my first climb was a real land-mark in my life. I have learned to love the sport and the surroundings it takes me to. Content no longer to spend my leisure amid the attractions of great towns, I feel the mountains call to me and willingly I answer to their summons. Brain-weary and fatigued with the worries, incidental to the task of earning one's living, I seek renewed health and strength in the noblest sport man has yet invented; the sport that gives the finest training to eye, limb, and nerve—the sport that fires the blood!

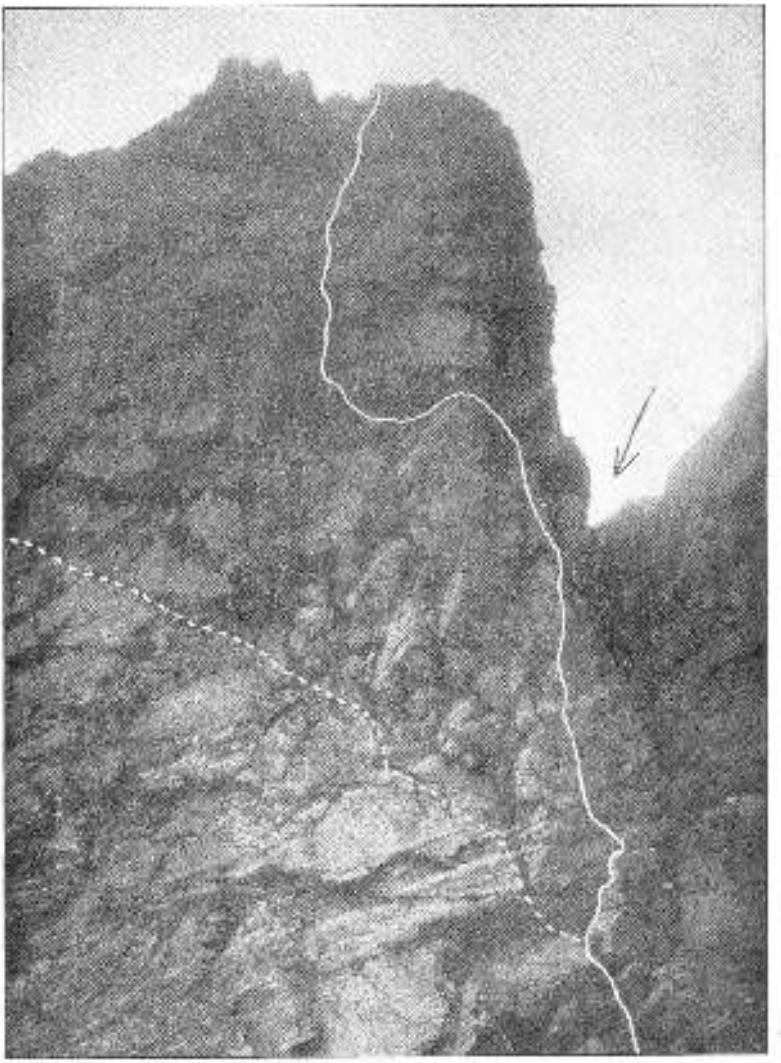
A NEW CLIMB ON SCAWFELL PINNACLE.

By A. G. Woodhead.

In response to a pressing invitation from the President, I will do my best to acquaint the members of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club with the result of an afternoon's exploration on a rarely attempted and possibly hitherto unclimbed buttress of Scawfell pinnacle.

A reasonably fine day towards the end of August found W. L. Collinson and the writer at the foot of Lord's Rake. We had come out to do two climbs—the Great Chimney on the west wall of Deep Ghyll, and the Pinnacle from the top of the second pitch. We screwed ourselves out from under the chock-stone of the Great Chimney in the orthodox fashion, confided to one another that it would be some time before we wanted to do it again, and made our way back into the Ghyll.

Sitting on the rocks opposite the Great Chimney, some small ledges caught my eye on the vertical southern face of the pinnacle which is passed on the left on the way towards the Professor's Chimney, and a trial of them suggested that it might be possible to traverse into a small crack near the edge of the wall. This crack came out on the steep ridge of the pinnacle formed by the meeting of the southern and Deep Ghyll faces, and the wild idea of attempting to climb up this ridge to the summit immediately seized us. However, prudence suggested that a preliminary survey from above would be highly advisable, as well as strictly in accordance with precedent; so, with a view to getting to the top of the Pinnacle, we proceeded down the Ghyll to the top of the second pitch, and surveyed the Long Crack reaching up towards the Low Man.



SOUTH FACE OF SCAWFELL PINNACLE.

The white line indicates Messrs. Woodhead's and Collinson's route, the dotted line that of Messrs. Jones and Collier. The arrow is pointing to the Old Professor's Chimney.

We were both much in awe of this climb. Even Mr. Jones seemed to have had trouble on the arête above ; but as he describes the climb as " one of the very best in the district," we were wishful to try it. We are now able, very cordially, to endorse this opinion ; moreover, an excellent belay has come to light near the bend of the crack, greatly enhancing the safety of the leader. Treating the climb with the utmost respect, we reached the Low Man in about thirty minutes, and in five minutes more were on the summit.

C. now placed himself firmly on the ridge, while I ran out our eighty feet of rope down a shallow grassy gulley, which appeared to lead towards our ridge, and proved quite easy. A good belay was found near the bottom, so C. came down to it, and another excursion was made, this time over rock, which brought me within sight of the top of our crack. Nothing now remained but to connect up the climb from the bottom.

On my way up again I took the opportunity to remove considerable quantities of superfluous moss, earth and stones from the various ledges, and gained an insight into what the beaten tracks on the Pinnacle must have been like before they were " cleaned."

Much encouraged by the unexpectedly easy character of the upper part of the climb, we were soon again in Deep Ghyll, but instead of starting up the southern wall and traversing to the left into the crack, we thought we might as well go right to the foot of the buttress, and do the whole climb on the Deep Ghyll face. But here the start looked most unpromising. We were confronted by a very steep slab with only the most rudimentary holds, while twenty feet above was a miniature chimney, the counterpart of the crack on the southern face. Twice while balancing by toes and fingers on the tiny ledges of the slab did I despair of reaching the foot of the Chimney. But with a little pertinacity the necessary holds were gradually found, and eventually access was obtained to the very corner of the buttress by a flight of three steps, plainly to be seen in the right hand bottom corner of the accompanying photograph.

Securing myself by a couple of turns of rope round the top " step," I called out that I was ready for the next man, and C. attacked the slab. Very unfavourable comments upon

the character of the route were soon to be heard, followed by an injunction not to pull so hard. It was not long however before he was ready to take my place, and the climb was continued by standing on the top "step" as a take-off, and doing some peculiar work on ledges, rather wider certainly, than those below, but at the same time further apart. I should have called this "mantleshelf" climbing, but the veriest jerry-builer would scarcely dare to furnish his most ramshackle cottage with mantel-pieces two inches wide. Perhaps they are more aptly described as "window-ledges."

We had now joined the route surveyed from above, and knew the rest to be comparatively easy. A short chimney above the "window-ledge" section is capped by an overhanging rock, necessitating a long stride to the right round a rib of rock, a small notch in which served as a belay. Next, a scramble of fifteen or twenty feet brought us to another overhang, underneath which we traversed back to the left, and down on to a good broad ledge. To climb from this ledge over the projecting rocks above was the only remaining difficulty. Having discovered by our preliminary trip which was the right place for attack, we built a small cairn to indicate the spot to any future climbers who might chance that way, and an arm-pull, followed by a few feet of easy climbing, brought a good belay within reach. This was fortunate, as projecting rocks at that height up the wall, should receive due respect. Finally, a scramble up the grassy gully down which I first reconnoitred brought us again to the summit of the High Man. The climb occupied about 40 minutes.

We are agreed that this climb is decidedly inferior to that up the Low Man from Deep Ghyll. The comparatively tame finish is not what one would expect from such a noble rock as Scawfell Pinnacle. On the other hand the views from the wall of the Pinnacle looking across Deep Ghyll, are, if possible, even more impressive than those from the Low Man climb, as the opposite wall is higher here. A feature which will recommend the climb to the cautious, is that the difficulties are almost all at the bottom, and any party who accomplish the first twenty or thirty feet need have no anxiety with regard to the finish.

GIMMER CRAG.

By Andrew Thomson.

Gimmer Crag, though perhaps only known by name to some climbers, is so prominent a feature in the outline of the Langdale Pikes as seen from the railway when approaching Windermere, that few indeed who have passed this way do not know it by sight.

Nearly all the views from the Windermere side give the impression that Gimmer Crag is a part of Pike o' Stickle, whereas it is a separate peak jutting out from the ridge which joins the latter with Harrison Stickle. Deep gullies divide the main precipice from the broken rocks on either hand, and all are included under the one name by the shepherds. The total height of the crag, which presents the appearance of a huge buttress, is about 300 to 400 feet.

Its left or north west wall gives the impression of being quite vertical, and is in fact, nearly so; for on this side a

large mass of rock near the summit overhangs so much that a stone dropped from its edge falls into the bed of the gully without striking anywhere during its descent.

The south west or front of the crag is interspersed for some way up from its base by heather-covered ledges, which for the most part slope sharply downward to the right, separated by steep slabs of much weathered rock. At a point about half way up, the rocks steepen, and from here to the summit only the merest trace of vegetation can be seen on this face.

The south-east side presents a broken appearance all the way to the top, but the rocks separating the ledges are nearly vertical, and at some points quite so.

Early Exploration. We have been unable to trace any record of previous exploration, except for a few notes inserted in the visitors' book at Stool End Farm, dealing with the gullies that lie to the left of the main crag. Mr. Haskett-Smith, in his book on Lake District Climbing, also mentions that good scrambling is obtainable here. "Good scrambling" is a term which certainly covers the climbing about the adjacent rocks, but the upper portion of the main precipice has yielded climbing of too sporting a nature to be dismissed with such slight reference.

It is surprising in these days of systematic exploration that a rock face so prominent as this should remain so long untouched. This may be accounted for, partly at any rate, by the fact that Langdale has never enjoyed the prominence as a climbing centre that Wastdale possesses, and that for the most part climbers only pass the night here *en route* for Wastdale. Certainly nothing of the size of Gimmer Crag does, or could, remain in that neighbourhood unexplored.

Our attention was first drawn to it by a desire to find more climbing near at hand to which we could turn when a short day was desirable, or when the weather had curtailed the available time. We had also noticed in looking up from the Mickleden track that at a third of the way up on the south-east face, there started two cracks or chimneys (see photo D) merging into one chimney higher up, which continued to the top and gave promise of some good climbing.

It had been very stormy one day during the Easter Holidays of 1901, but it cleared up somewhat in the evening, and when I suggested a nearer look at these chimneys as a profitable way of spending the short period of daylight that remained, my proposal was approved. We found on reaching the rocks that it was too late to attempt any climbing, so contented ourselves with an examination from the foot of the crag. Whether the waning light or the depressing weather was the cause of it, I cannot say, but the fact remains that we came away with an impression of great difficulties which subsequent visits did not bear out.

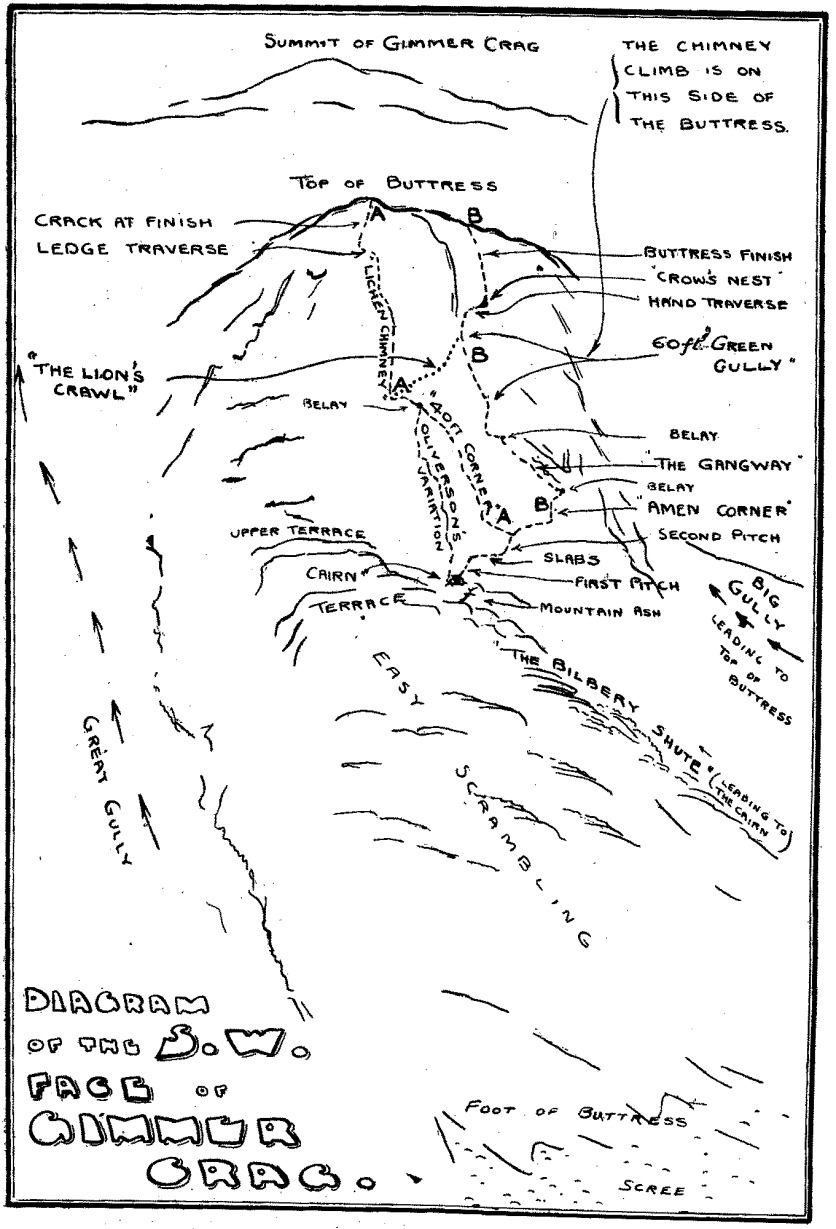
The first serious attempt at exploration was undertaken by E. Rigby, with the writer's assistance; the idea being to prospect a route up the face and not the chimneys. It was on this occasion that we hit off the best way of reaching the crag, which I describe here for the benefit of others.

At the foot of the rocks immediately behind Middlefell Farm a track commences, which runs up over the second shoulder on the hill side. This we followed until just after the crag was in sight, then, keeping up to the right to avoid dipping down into two deep gullies, we crossed at the head of these to the boulders that mark the commencement of Gimmer Crag on this side.

On reaching the crag we found that, metaphorically speaking, the bright sunlight had swept away all our previous difficulties, and that the impossible looking face below the chimneys now looked not only possible but even easy. We proceeded with the exploration of the face route which we had mapped out, until brought up by a problem which, though of no great length, was so difficult that we were not certain of effecting a retreat if progress beyond should prove impossible.

This decided us to turn our attention to the chimneys. We determined to explore these with a rope from above, and at the same time investigate what difficulties lay above "Amen Corner," as my friend termed the difficult pitch that had just repulsed us.

Reaching the summit by an easy gully to the right, we found the top of the chimney, and Rigby, with the safeguard of the rope, climbed down, pronouncing it to be fairly easy as far as the rope reached, except for a few feet at the top,



Drawing by] [*E. Scantlebury.*

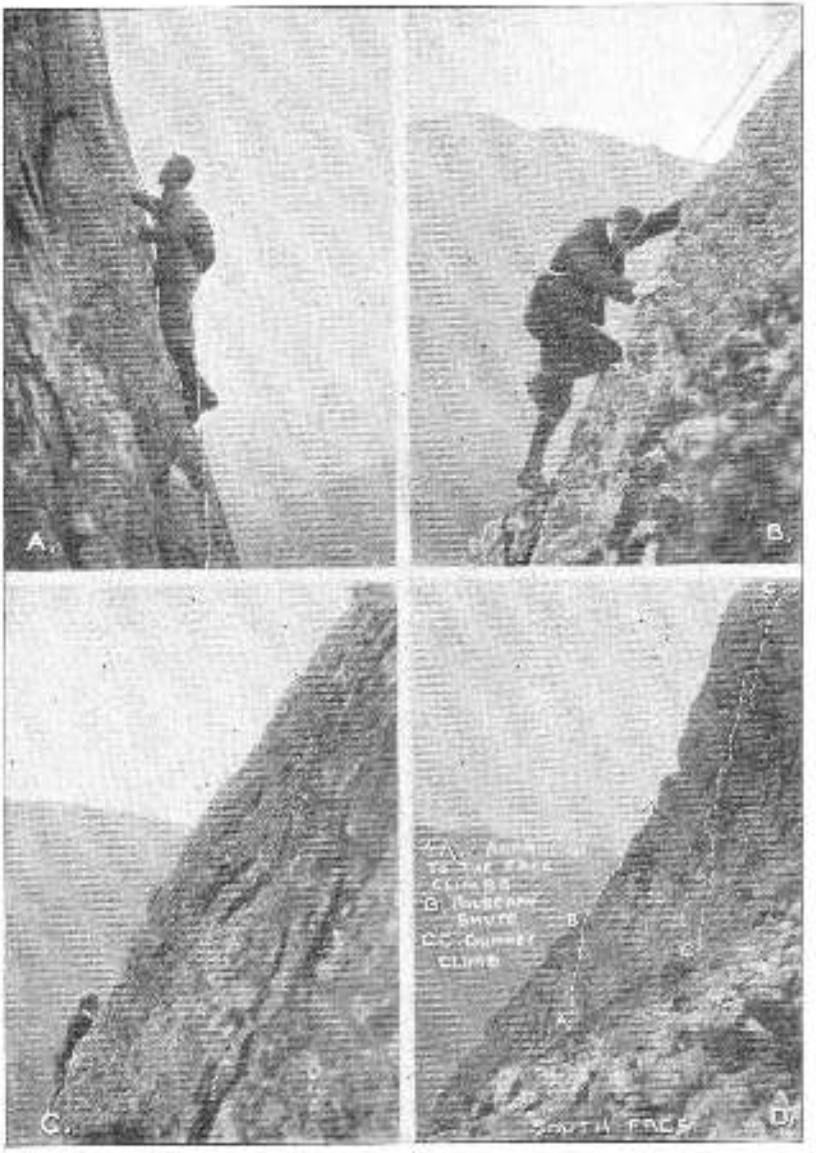
which he thought would be easier to climb up than down. The 90 foot rope only just reached to the point where the chimney divides into two (see photo. D). Looking down these he expressed the opinion that one of them would prove feasible, but that the other was doubtful.

It was getting late, and as a cycle ride of a dozen miles lay before us after getting down from the fells, we decided not to attempt the ascent of the chimneys then, but to leave it until some other occasion, when we could have a third man with us.

The Chimney Route. On November 2nd, 1902, E. Rigby, J. Sandison, and myself made the ascent of the chimney route.

We had observed that the right-hand chimney, though not well defined for some way up, really started at the foot of the crag, and we made it our aim to follow this throughout if possible. The first 40 feet presented no difficulty, but the chimney at this point had opened out to an obtuse-angled corner which permitted of no backing up, and was remarkably devoid of holds. At the foot of this pitch, and to the extreme right of a well-defined grass ledge, which continues outward and slightly upward, the rocks seemed more broken. An attempt to get above the difficulty on the right and traverse back into the corner was successful. One awkward bit was met with on this traverse, the problem being to arrive on a small ledge which had just served as a hand-hold. It was necessary first to climb into a kneeling and then into a standing position without any positive hand-hold, a vertical rib of rock only serving to steady one during the operation. With this accomplished, a good hand-hold could just be reached, by means of which the pull up to the heather-covered ledge at the top of this difficulty was effected.

Easy scrambling now followed until a ledge was reached situated at the base of a pinnacle, the summit of which is just on a level with the first of the two clearly defined chimneys as seen from below. We were now surprised to find that (to use an Irishism) the right-hand chimney was not a chimney at all, but only a very narrow crack, and quite unclimbable even if we could get at the foot of it, which seemed doubtful. A few yards to the left of the pinnacle just mentioned, a



Photos by] [G. C. Jones.

shallow chimney started, which appeared to be an attenuated continuation of the upper one on the same side. It might be possible to reach the foot of the upper chimney by climbing the pinnacle, but we were exclusively confining our attention to chimneys that day, so decided to take the one to the left.

To reach this an awkward stride had to be taken, the difficulty of which became greater as one lacked length. The completion of this chimney, which presented no great difficulty once the stride was accomplished, brought us to a recess behind the pinnacle, where good anchorage was found for the leader whilst tackling the next pitch.

The chimney which now followed also started awkwardly, being wide at the bottom it was difficult to back up, and the first hand-hold was out of reach until some upward progress had been made.

Our leader, after a preliminary survey to decide which wall of the chimney it would be best to face, started off with his back to the left, and shortly afterwards disappeared from our view.

Judging from the scratching and scraping noise that was going on above, we guessed that he was having a lively time.

Upon asking whether it would "go," we received the reply that it would "go" alright, but that his clothes might not last out to the finish. We found when our turn came that progress was made only with much labour and deterioration of clothing, the rock being so exceedingly rough.

We were now on the ledge from where the two chimneys start, and on to which we had looked down during our previous visit.

The chimney directly above us, which is really a continuation of the one we had just completed, was the chimney that Rigby had thought doubtful.

We each had a try at it in turn, but found it too tight a fit, so were obliged to traverse to the right and up the chimney that we knew, or at all events were fairly sure, would "go."

However, before doing this, Rigby expressed a wish to explore the ledge to the left, and though we could not see what it had to do with the climb on hand, we fell in with his idea to the extent of finding a belay.

From our point of view it looked as if one could easily walk across this ledge, so that when we saw him very carefully picking his way across it on all fours, we could not understand such excessive caution, and did not hesitate to remark upon it.

" Just wait until I get back, and then try for yourselves," was all we received by way of explanation. We did not try then, however, but on a later occasion found the need for care on this traverse ; it is not difficult, but the consequences of a slip are so apparent that one does not take any unnecessary risks.

The explanation of this desire of our leader to explore was given upon his reaching a small notch nearly at the end of the ledge, when he exclaimed, " Just as I thought, it is ' Amen Corner '."

We had now the satsfaction of knowing that, should we succeed in climbing this difficult pitch, we should be able to get forward without serious hindrance.

Proceeding with our chimney climb we found the right-hand one easy, as also that into which both merged, except for the little bit at the top which is rather narrow. Our climb had been accomplished more easily and more quickly than we had anticipated ; this being so, we still had a reserve of time and energy to expend, which we thought could not be better spent than in further exploration.

Further Exploration.

Walking along by the edge of the precipice and looking down for possible routes, we came to a point where we thought the descent seemed feasible for some distance, starting off a ledge about 30 feet below us. To reach this ledge seemed at first sight somewhat of a problem, unless one was lowered with the rope like a bale of goods, for this 30 feet of rock was practically vertical. The solution came with the discovery of a crack which reached down to a small platform a few feet above the ledge.

Tying on the rope, Rigby arranged for rope signals in case he should not be able to make himself heard ; a precaution which proved to be a wise one, for we found difficulty in hearing him after he had climbed down some distance.

I tied myself on to the other end of the rope (or more correctly speaking, I tied the other end of the rope on to myself) and stood near the edge to pay out the rope whilst Sandison anchored both of us.

The means we took to secure safety were quite elaborate, but were not quite so unique as those adopted on other occasions by a friend of mine, who frequently surprises us by the originality of his methods. He was once leading three of us up a nameless but difficult ridge to the left of Raven Crag Gully, and noticing how his superior skill was put to the test, we were anxious to know if a secure belay was available. We were very pleased with the note of confidence in his assurance that he could hold an elephant, and with that moral support, managed the difficult part rather better than anticipated. However, on reaching the top of the pitch not a glimpse of the leader was visible; the rope could be seen for some distance ahead, but it disappeared from view into a wall which had evidently been built by shepherds to guard their flock from becoming more than honorary members of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club. We eventually found our friend sitting with a foot on each side of a hole in the wall, through which he had threaded the rope, and was quietly hauling in the slack.

To return to our subject: Rigby started off down the crack, and by jamming an arm and a leg into it found it climbable. The way below the ledge seemed to give him much more trouble, but as no jerk came on the rope we knew that he had succeeded in climbing down. About 170 feet of rope had been run out, this reaching to a point just above the level of "Amen Corner," and 50 feet or so to the left of it. We had been nearly as far as this point from below in our first attempt on the face.

Rigby now succeeded in climbing up again without any assistance from the rope, but he did not seem quite certain that he would care to lead up it, though he said it would "go" alright.

Several attempts were made on this route during the winter that followed, but were frustrated by bad weather, and it was not until spring that success was ultimately attained.

[Plate VI] W. N. Lyon

"AMEN" CORNER.

[SHOWING THE UPPER PART OF THE PYRE.]

"Amen Corner." After one of these unsuccessful attacks we climbed "Amen Corner" and finished the chimneys. I say *climbed*, but as a matter of fact only the leader actually climbed it; the others all came off and were hauled up ignominiously. This pitch is certainly not more than 15 feet in height, but presents difficulties quite unique. It is simply a right-angled corner with a narrow crack in the right-hand wall; but, and it is here that the "shoe pinches," both walls overhang. (See photograph page 68.)

It was ultimately climbed by gripping the edge of the crack with both hands, and *walking* up the left wall, the body being almost in a horizontal position. The strain on the arms is terrific, and one gets into a position with a hand actually on the double hand-hold by which the final pull-up is effected, yet too exhausted to do so. There is one redeeming feature about it and that is, there is no real danger, for if the rope is held in the corner one would fall upon a soft grass ledge.

The "A" Route. On April 7th, 1903, E. Rigby, D. Leighton and J. Sandison, made the first ascent by the "A" route. J. Sandison and the writer made the second ascent about six months later. On this occasion we had started out with a large party for Scawfell, but a fine view of Gimmer Crag in the bright sunlight proved too tempting for some of us, and we suggested that the day should be spent there.

This brought a shower of insults upon us, one of the party hinting that we were lazy, and that the view of Rossett Ghyll had been too much for us. Another suggested that we would probably get back to the farm in time for the mid-day meal if we did not hurry too much. It ended, as such discussions almost invariably do, in a split of the party, J. Sandison and myself made our way to the crag, whilst the others proceeded on their way to Scawfell.

We walked leisurely up to the foot of the rocks, then scrambled up the easy pitches which lead to the ledge from which the real start is made. This ledge, from which both the face climbs start, stretches across the front of the crag, at a point about half way up. A large cairn, close to a small

mountain ash, will be found at the commencement of the climbs, and in order to reach this spot one must follow the line of least resistance up the "easy scrambling." Referring to the photo. of the south-east face on page 64, the easiest way to the cairn is shown by a dotted line; this route has been dubbed the "Bilberry Shute." The climbs start near the point marked A.

Never before had we appreciated the benefit of having climbing so close at hand; being actually at the foot of our climb with all the day before us, we were able to sit and enjoy the view without feeling that time was being wasted which would be regretted later. Basking in the glorious sunlight a contented feeling came over us, so that we were in danger of fulfilling our friends' predictions by getting nothing done. This idea must have struck my companion, for I was roused from my peaceful attitude by his knocking the ashes out of his pipe against a rock and remarking in a vigorous tone that it was quite time that we made a start. After tying on the rope we scrambled up the slabs which constitute the first pitch; we then traversed over the broken rocks, round the corner to the right, on to a broad ledge which slopes towards the south-east side and is cut off from the rocks in front by a shallow "crevasse." There are three points here where a way *looks* possible, but a closer survey reduces the number to two, and then strangely enough, the one which appears the more difficult is the better route. This was climbed, on our first attempt, by the face, and we followed the same course on this occasion. A party recently climbed by the alternative way, but did not find that the variation merited any special comment.

The route which we followed on this occasion starts at the lowest or east end of the ledge, where a leaf of rock leans against the main mass, forming a small buttress. Its service in helping to support the crag may indeed be trivial, but its use to the climber is important. Wedging myself in the "crevasse," I had an excellent position for watching how a man somewhat under the average height would require to tackle the problem. It would obviously be of little use to the majority for me to describe the holds I used myself, seeing that my reach is the abnormal one of eight feet six inches.

Scrambling up this buttress until he could grip the top edge, Sandison drew himself into a kneeling position, then, steadying himself with the right hand, reached up with the left for a small hold, which enabled him to stand up. Standing on the top of the buttress he could just reach holds in a shallow recess above him. He drew himself carefully up into this, and then continuing forward, reached a sloping ledge where a traverse to the left was made.

This ledge not only slopes down towards the edge sharply, but from left to right also, which would make it—if the rock were not very rough—a most uncomfortable situation. I joined the leader on this ledge ; he then went upwards to the left and round a knob of rock, which demanded a little special care in balancing until a corner was gained, where he again waited for me before proceeding (see diagram. 'The Forty-Foot Corner.")

The next pitch, which is a right-angled corner, necessitated a " run " for the leader of about 40 feet, but I was assured that at the top I should find the finest belay in the district. This was alright as far as it went ; but I wanted anchorage to hand and could find nothing satisfactory, so wedging myself, I put the rope over a little spike of rock which, though it might not stand much of a jerk, steadied me so that I had both hands at liberty to manipulate the rope. I now had an excellent position from which to watch the leader's progress and methods. For about half the distance the best holds were on the left wall ; then it became necessary to turn, because the rock on that side became smooth. Small holds in the corner and an occasional reference to the right wall, provided the means of progress until near the finish, when the left again provided good holds up to the belay. When my own turn came I made no great difference in my method of tackling this pitch, but found the upper portion fairly stiff.

It is just as well that there is a good belay at the top of this section, as the ledge barely provides accommodation for one, and I had to hang on to the belay until the leader moved forward. The next "run" took over 60 feet of rope at that time, but anchorage, at the end of the traverse which commences it, has since been discovered, thus reducing the risk considerably.

This traverse, which is to the left and slightly upward, carries one round the ridge to the foot of another shallow chimney. We called this the "Lichen Chimney," because every hold had to be cleared of this growth. Situated as I was at the belay round the corner, I did not see the leader climb this pitch; but on a recent ascent, I was at the foot of the chimney, so I had a good opportunity, being the last man of the party, of studying styles and methods. The start of this chimney is from a small platform about five feet above the ledge which completes the traverse. The commencement of this requires a manœuvre known in the gymnasium as the "slow upstart," as done on the parallel bars, but the performance here has to be done on indifferent hand-holds.

When the "straight-arm" position is attained, the right hand has to be removed to a good hold only just within reach, the left having to carry the main weight of the body during this operation, as no very satisfactory foot-hold can be obtained. The transference of the weight on to the right arm sets the left hand at liberty to assist in raising the body to a point where the foot-holds improve.

The remainder of this pitch has to be climbed by using a downward pressure upon the hand-holds rather than a pull, as the holds are not of such a shape and size as to enable one to use the latter method. The finish of the "Lichen Chimney" brings us to the broad ledge at the feet of the crack which constitutes the final pitch.

This is a little awkward to start, and it is best climbed by wedging the left knee and arm in the crack. This pitch makes a very enjoyable finish to the climb, surprising one by its abrupt termination at the summit of the crag.

Oliverson's Variation. Whilst exploring the face of Gimmer Crag recently, an excellent variation of this route was discovered by C. H. Oliverson, which makes it possible to avoid the rather zig-zag character of the lower portion of the climb just described, and to follow the "A" route almost direct from start to finish. (See diagram.)

Commencing at exactly the same place as before, the wall in front is followed vertically for about 20 feet until a small platform is reached slightly to the left of the starting point.

From here a traverse of a few feet to the right is necessary, which brings one to the skyline of the buttress, and the outside edge of this is climbed until it finally merges into the "Forty-Foot Corner," described earlier in this article.

Good anchorage will be found half way up the buttress, and this effectually safeguards the leader while he negotiates the rather stiff upper portion which terminates at the belay at the top of the "Corner." From here the original "A" route is followed for the remainder of the climb.

A good idea of the sensational character of this variation can be gathered from the photo. marked A; it is however quite safe, owing to the satisfactory nature of the holds. The other members of the party on this pioneer ascent of the variation route were G. C. Turner and F. B. Kershaw.

"B" Route, Exploration. While C. H. Oliverson and party were working out their variation route on "A," another party, composed of H. B. Lyon, J. Stables and the writer, were similarly occupied on an exploration which resulted in the discovery of the "B" route.

Both Lyon and Stables had an idea that a route would be found up this face of the crag, but more to the right. A faintly defined gully, the upper part of which can be discerned from below, seemed to justify their opinion.

Reaching the foot of the crag we found that it was not possible to break away from the "A" route until the second pitch was passed. Roping up therefore in the following order, H. B. Lyon, J. Stables and the writer, we started upwards, and not being pressed for time, we took the opportunity of photographing the first two pitches.

At the top of the second pitch the sloping ledge is reached which stretches round this portion of the crag, reaching from the foot of the "Forty-Foot Corner," on the extreme left, to "Amen Corner," at its other and lower extremity.

From the centre of this ledge we could see the commencement of the gully about fifty feet above us, but how to reach it was the problem. A direct ascent seemed barred by the wall of rock in front, broken only by two small chimneys which converge and unite at the point where they finish.

[Photo by] [A. P. Abraham.

FIRST PITCH, "B" ROUTE.

Photo by] [*A. J. Thomas.*

SECOND PITCH, "B" ROUTE.

Not approving of the appearance of these, we decided to follow the original "A" route up the "Forty-Foot Corner," hoping to find a means of traversing out to the right higher up. However, no likely route presented itself until the top of this was reached. Then, after waiting for the second man to come up, the leader found that he could work out on to the face across the steep slabs on his right, and continuing this traverse (see diagram, "The Lion's Crawl") in an upward direction, he finally reached the gully which was our objective, and which, on account of the vegetation on its ledges, we named "Green Gully." This traverse was long, and, owing to its exposed situation, rather sensational. The holds, however, were excellent and there was good anchorage about two-thirds of the way across, where the second man could stay while the leader finished. This was by no means a comfortable resting place, and when my turn came to stop there, a bad attack of cramp in both my legs made me very glad to quit it.

"Green Gully" reached, the next step was to find a halting place and belay, both for getting the rest of the party across and for the negotiation of the remaining portion of the climb. No such place could be found in the gully itself, but a few feet higher a broken ledge or hand-traverse running round the buttress on the right, seemed to offer a means of escape from the gully.

After working round this ledge—which by the way, requires some very delicate balancing—Lyon found a comfortable recess with a grassy floor, which we afterwards named "The Crow's Nest." Here there was ample room for two, and what was more important, there was an excellent belay.

Ensconced therein, we took the opportunity of having our first real rest since starting the climb, a good bird's-eye-view being obtainable of the surrounding country. We could also examine at leisure the latter portion of the route, by which we had just crossed the face of the crag, and which for want of a better name we called "The Lion's Crawl."

Before leaving our comfortable quarters we carefully examined the gully we had just left, and situated as we were, rather more than half way up, had an excellent position for doing so from the extreme edge of our recess.

"Amen Corner," on this occasion, presented all its usual difficulties, demonstrating once more that freshness and fitness are a *sine qua non* for those who attempt this pitch. Stables being the only one who succeeded in getting to the top without assistance.

After a short rest at the top—which consists of a rather wide, sloping ledge of rock—Lyon proceeded to work up the outer edge of a steep slab of very rough rock, which ends in a grassy recess on the nose of the ridge.

This slab slopes sharply to its left hand extremity, running parallel with which is a rough rib of rock that provides the necessary hand-holds. We likened this to a ship's gangway, but scarcely thought the Board of Trade would pass it for regular passenger traffic. (See diagram, "The Gangway.")

On joining the leader we found ourselves almost immediately above the chimneys which had caused us so much trouble earlier in the day, and we could see the point where they converge about thirty feet below; a closer inspection of the rock face separating us from them made us heartily glad that we had abandoned the route they afforded.

Only a short wall of rock now separated us from the commencement of "Green Gully," the difficulty of which lay in the scarcity of the hand-holds. This style of climbing is a strong point with Stables, and—while Lyon and the writer were debating how it *might* be done—he gave us a visible demonstration of how it was *being* done; but he then came down to let Lyon continue the lead.

Once in the gully the holds were fairly good, though extreme care had of course to be taken in testing all of them during this first ascent. There was no halt for the leader until the "Crow's Nest" was reached; about 70 feet of rope being out at this point.

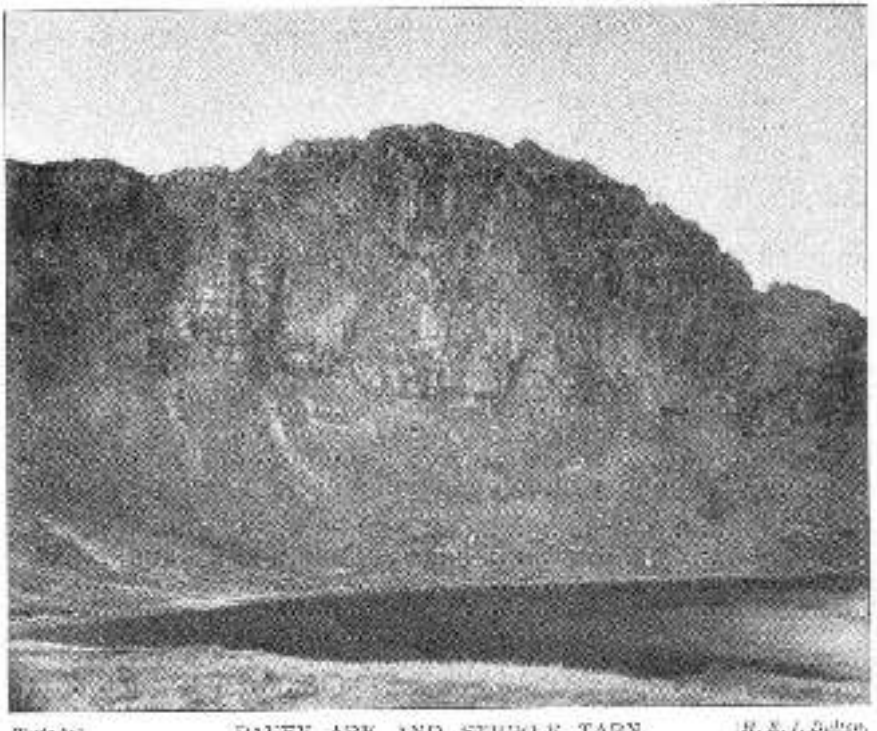
Although from a distance the gully has the appearance of being overgrown with vegetation, yet the climbing in it as far as this point had been on perfectly clean rock. This, however, cannot be said of the remaining portion, for as soon as the last man was safely ensconced in the "Crow's Nest," the leader, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, insisted on finishing the gully direct. Situated as we were round the

corner and out of sight of the proceedings, we could only judge of what was going on by our leader's requests for more rope; soon a large mass of turf came rumbling by, and to our alarm, this was followed by a perfect avalanche of earth and stones. This, unfortunately, had the effect of giving our friends, who were watching the proceedings from above, a bad impression of our climb, which it certainly did not deserve.

Needless to say we could not be persuaded to follow up that portion, but finished a most enjoyable climb on the arête immediately above the "Crow's Nest." (Photos. B and C, page 64.)

Thus ends the short history of the subjection of Gimmer Crag, and in these days when so much is heard of "exhausted Lakeland Climbs," the story of these new routes may probably astonish many who have merely gazed on its magnificent rocks and so passed on to Wastdale Head.

Doubtless even here there are numerous variations, and perchance new routes yet to be discovered; but even failing these, no true follower of our mountain sport who makes the acquaintance of Gimmer Crag, and treats it with that respect which its difficulty demands, will come away disappointed.



[Photo by] PAVEY ARK AND STICKLE TARN. [W. E. J. Dutton.
The Dotted line shows "The Crescent" Climb.

THE CRESCENT CLIMB, PAVEY ARK.

By Fred Botterill.

For the last few years I have been experimenting with tents and camping outfits, with a view to a party of two or three climbers being able to set out and carry in rucksacks all necessaries, including eight days' provisions. Although I have not yet realised the height of my ambition in this direction, perhaps our experiences on a trial trip last Easter (1907) may be interesting; more especially as we managed during that trip to do a "first" on Pavey Ark, which I shall describe.

There are a good many tents on the market, some that may be placed in the coat pocket, and others that would require a vehicle to remove; but the mountaineer wants none of these, the first essential of his tent being its capability of withstanding a mountain gale. Most climbers know what this means, especially those who have camped in Skye, where the perfect harmony of camp life is apt to be interrupted by the abrupt departure of the tent in first-class aeronautic style. The mountaineer's tent, therefore, must not be of the "zephyr" variety. The material must be strong, and any economies in weight must be made in other directions rather than sacrificing stoutness of material. The best form is distinctly the triangular-shaped; but this may be improved by one of the gable ends being gored to a half circle, the extra space being used for luggage.

We three—P.R. and S.F.F-G. and I—set out from Ambleside at 9-30 p.m., each with a huge rücksack reaching above his head, by the side of which the average rücksack looked a mere sponge bag. At 10-45 we pitched our camp by the roadside, glad to drop our 45lbs. after a walk of four miles.

The next morning we reached Dungeon Ghyll and fixed ourselves by the stream just beyond Middlefell Farm. The usual duties attendant upon life in camp kept us busy until one o'clock, at which time we set out for Pavey Ark. My two companions were rock-climbing in the district for the first time, and we chose therefore the Little Gully as a suitable commencement. Having accomplished this, we descended the Great Gully and returned to camp, where Robinson (our cook) prepared an excellent meal. It was 11-0 p.m. before we turned in to commence the tussle with our sleeping bags. The camper who sleeps in a bag knows what an exciting time one has when turning in; we were each doubly blessed in this case, and as soon as one bag was satisfactorily adjusted we had to start with the second, which effectually disarranged the first. In readjusting this, the second bag rucked most mysteriously about the legs, and so on *ad infinitum* until we fell breathless, and peacefully slept, lulled by the musical rhythm of the adjacent stream.

On awakening in camp on a bright day, I have observed with curiosity that, for 15 or 20 minutes, one's eyes are unable to

bear the light in the tent. This, I think, must be caused by our civilized habit of sleeping in darkened rooms where the sun's true light value never penetrates. This particular morning was certainly no exception, and we realized as we rubbed our eyes that the weather was all one could desire, a fact which pleased us more than usual because our way was long and our errand important. We were about to establish on the top of Scafell Pinnacle the climbing book in its tin case which, owing to a blizzard, we had failed to place there when the northern section of the Climbers' Club met at Wasdale Head in the New Year.

As is usual in such cases, when we had gone about a mile it was discovered that everything had been remembered save the book itself; so one of us ran back to camp for it, the others proceeding to the junction of Rossett and Stake Passes to await his return.

It *had* been our intention to ascend one of the Gullies of Great End, and thence pass over Scafell Pike and Mickledore, but owing to this delay we were obliged to abandon the idea. We safely reached Mickledore, and ascending the Broad Stand, overtook on the easy way up the Pinnacle, a party of three—a lady and two gentlemen—who assisted in the little ceremony of re-building the cairn and fixing the tin case; then, having signed our names, we descended to Wasdale for the night.

We spent the next two days in climbing, first on the Gable, where we ascended the Kern Knotts Chimney and the Needle, and afterwards on Gimmer Crag, ascending the larger of the two well-marked gullies there.* In these ascents nothing occurred out of the ordinary that need be mentioned here, but they live in the memory of the true climber, as all climbs—great or small—live in his memory, to be recalled and climbed again and again in the hour of retrospect; and what climber has not recalled the delightful time spent on the mountain side. Be his bed the soft one of home or the hard one of camp; be it in the jolting train or on the restless sea; be it in the desert heat or on the cold glacier; what climber, as he lays him down, has not recalled his past failures;

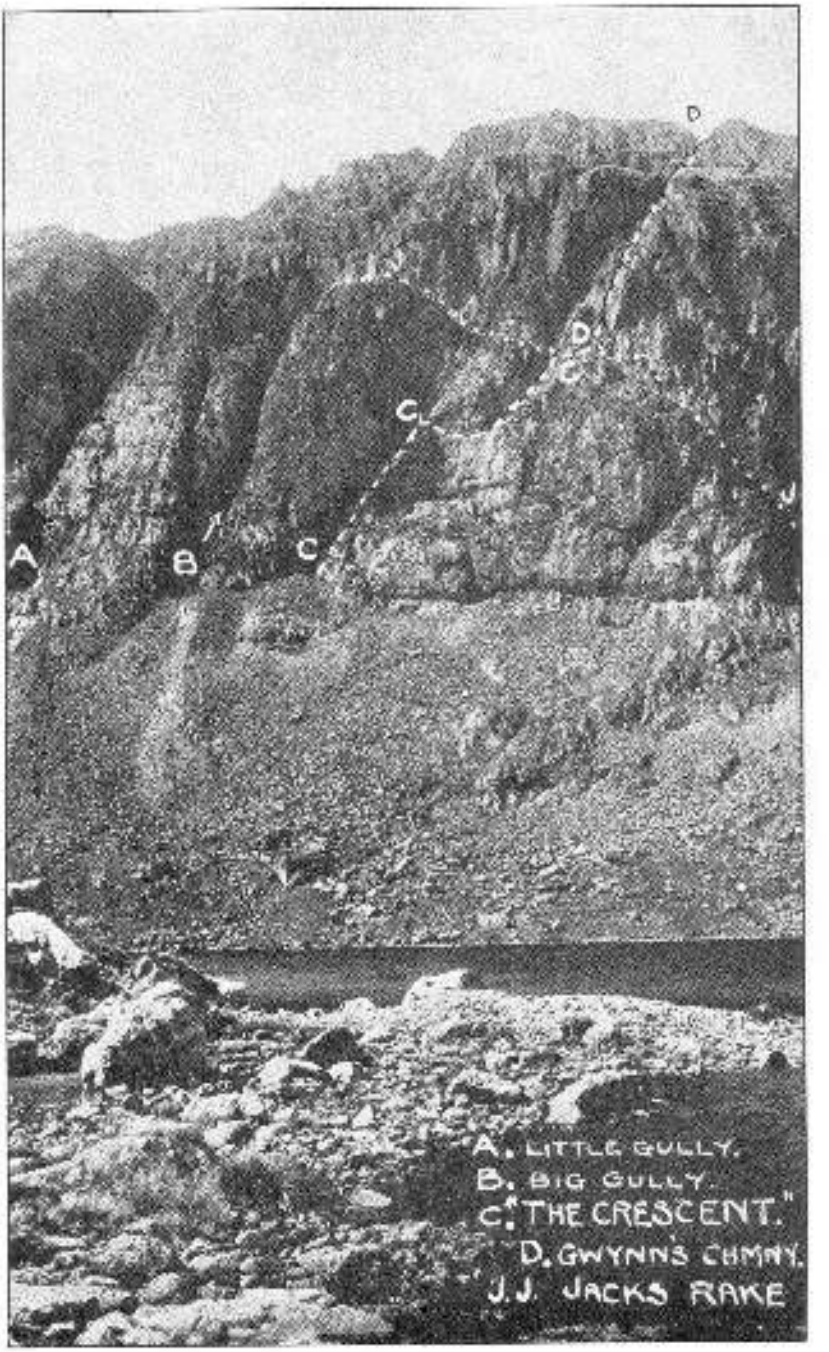
* Now known as the Great Gully.—ED.

his past triumphs; that difficult chimney; that steep ice slope; that long detour to avoid the avalanche; the giant crag; the eyrie far aloft; the panorama of fell and field, of cloud and sky; the tiny house; the distant sea; the silvery thread of the mountain torrent; the pure air; the scent of rare flowers; the echo taking up the voice and repeating it until it be finally merged in the distant music of a hundred streams. A hundred streams!—how beautiful is that mountain music in which all sounds are heard and blended in perfect harmony; that mountain music which equally echoes our delight and mocks our misery—which repeats our sharp "look out!" and its attendant crash of falling stones—repeats equally the joyful call of happiness or death's last despairing cry—repeats all and will continue to repeat for ever and ever until streams are hushed and mountains cease to be.

Our party were augmented that evening by W. E. P., who had arranged with me to come over from Wasdale and join in an attempt on a gully on Pavey Ark which lies immediately to the right of the Great Gully.

Leaving camp at 11-45 next morning we first visited Dungeon Ghyll Falls and amused ourselves by climbing out of the ravine by its (true) left wall. Proceeding thence to Stickle Tarn we lunched and surveyed our route. Making a rough sketch of the Gully I asked P. R., who was remaining below, to kindly correct us should we diverge from the route as sketched.

Starting only a few yards to the right of the Great Gully (see illustration), we climbed over grass and loose material until we reached a little pitch which was awkward owing to its rotten state. About this time, to make matters worse, we were visited by a storm with thunder and lightning. It was impossible to take shelter, so we proceeded in the rain to a point where the gully finishes out on the face. So far the climb had every appearance of being a first ascent. I had forseen the difficulty of proceeding upwards where the gully ceased, and had decided to work out horizontally to the right round a crescent shaped crack. The start of this was nothing more than a crack, and was negotiated by placing


D
D
C
A
B
C
A. LITTLE GULLY.
B. BIG GULLY.
C. "THE CRESCENT."
D. GWYNN'S CHIMNY.
J.J. JACKS RAKE

the hands in the fissure and the feet on the rock face below, where good holds were found. After a few feet of this method of progression, the crack widened until it was possible to sit upon the ledge thus formed. Proceeding, it was soon possible to crawl on all fours, then to walk comfortably, until finally the ledge afforded sufficient space, at about 65 feet from the commencement, to allow us to build a small cairn.

This crescent-shaped traverse is the *piéce-de-resistance* of the new route, and will be found to be very interesting. Beyond this the climb upwards is somewhat disappointing, being over grass ledges until Jack's Rake is reached, where commences an excellent chimney, which we have since learned is named Gwynn's Chimney.

The whole of this chimney is composed of splendid rough rock, and is the more interesting for the climber having to come out on to the face, where the chimney narrows.

At about 70 feet from Jack's Rake the leader may rest at a projecting chockstone which we named " the Cannon." The finish is on the highest part of Pavey Ark, thus forming one of the longest climbs on the crags. The going is not really difficult anywhere, and we hope this route will prove to be an interesting change for climbers visiting Pavey Ark.

Sixty feet of rope is advisable between each climber, though not absolutely necessary. I find there is a tendency—and rightly too—to use more rope than formerly, the leader running well out to a secure place rather than rest on an insecure one at a shorter distance, where the second man would in his turn have to remain.

Our time, 1¾ hours, included a long interval spent in clearing out loose material. Arrived at the top of the crags, we descended by the Great Gully, taking only 18¼ minutes without undue hurrying, showing how different one's time might be in good weather, than when the rocks are wet, greasy, and in bad condition.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION

Between a rock-climber and one who has never caught the disease.

" Hallo there ! Going climbing ? "

" Rather, ripping morning, is'nt it ? "

" What the dickens is that rope for ? Are you going to hang yourself ? "

" Not if I can help it, we're going to do some rock climbing."

" You don't mean to tell me that you need a rope to climb these hills with. Why I went up Skiddaw last August Bank-Holiday and I had no one to pull *ME* up with a rope."

" You don't understand old chap ; we, that is myself and another luna . . chap, are going to do one of the chimneys to-day."

" Chimneys ! What chimneys, which chimneys ? You told me just now that you were going climbing. May I enquire if you are setting up in the chimney-sweep business or that of the steeple-jack ? "

" Neither, you miserable prevaricator, we are " Pillar " Jacks not " Steeple " Jacks this time, but we intend to make a clean sweep of the chimney."

" And what do you want those pick-axes for ? "

" Pick axes be blowed, those are ice-axes."

" Oh I see—are they—oh, yes—very nice, and all that, no doubt, but give me a golf stick."

" Or a bag of marbles."

" Yes—WHAT ? No no—rotting apart, I can't understand what you fellows see in it, blessed if I can—mug's game I call it."

" Look here, old chap, it's an acquired taste, join the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, then come along with us and acquire it ; it is all so simple, you pay half-a-crown down and sixpence a day—sorry, I was mixing up encyclopædias, I should say you pay your sub. and there you are ; see."

" Yes, that's just it, you pay your sub. and there you are—where ? No, thanks ; I've only one neck and I need it, s'long."

" Humph—man's mad."

E.S.

THE CLUB MEETS.

The Committee have much pleasure in reporting that the Club Meets have been most successful in every way, and, taking into consideration the fact that this is our first season, they have been as well attended as we could expect.

Our first "Meet" was held at Wastdale, at Easter, and proved a great success. We were favoured with ideal weather, real summer weather in fact. The rocks were in perfect condition for enjoyable climbing, being warm and dry.

It is hardly necessary to enumerate the various climbs which were accomplished by our members, suffice it is to say that most of the better known climbs on Scawfell, Great Gable, and the Pillar were scaled by one or another of them.

Three of our members caused some anxiety at the hotel one night by not putting in an appearance until about 11 o'clock. They had been seen rather late in the afternoon half-way up the North Climb on the Pillar Rock, and seemed to be experiencing some difficulty owing to not having a sufficiency of rope in order to lower their leader into Savage Gully. Fears were entertained that they would probable be benighted on the Rock. However, a bright moon made its appearance later and enabled them to make their way safely back to the Hotel.

The Whitsuntide Meet, also held at Wastdale, was quite as successful, though that all-important factor the weather was not so kind and gracious as at Easter.

Fourteen members were present at this meet, and in spite of the broken weather they had a most enjoyable time.

At Coniston, on June 6th to 8th. twelve members put in an appearance, and some very enjoyable climbing was done on Doe Crags.

The Intermediate Gully was "bagged" by three separate parties. By the way, it is rather fortunate that this climb was taken during one of our summer meets, as the waterfall pitch is best climbed when the weather is warm.

At Dungeon Ghyll, in July, a goodly gathering was recorded, and some very enjoyable climbing was had on the new playground, Gimmer Crag, also on good old Pavey Ark.

The Borrowdale Meet, in August, was not as well attended as was anticipated, in spite of the fact that our enterprising committee man, Mr. Charles Grayson—who was engineering this meet—had previously notified all members by post card. However, those who did arrive had a good time.

The first day was ushered in with much rain, so that the eight members staying at Jopson's Farm, Thornythwaite, amused themselves in the morning by making first ascents up the barn wall into the hay loft. An hour or two was beguiled in the loft with hay climbing, obstacle races and wrestling.

After dinner, the weather being a little finer, a start was made for Dove's Nest Crag, situated on the west side of the highest point of Rosthwaite Fell, at the head of Comb Ghyll valley, and opposite Raven Crag Gully.

There are here some remarkable fissures and underground chasms in the rock, which are quite unique and are well worth visiting.

On this occasion we were provided with candles and a lantern from the farm.

The entrance to these underground passages is not easy to find. It is situated about half-way up the face of the crag, and is reached by climbing a very large and broad crack in the rocks, which terminates in a cave. One needs to be cautious here, as without a light, one is liable to step into a three-foot-wide crack 70 feet deep! Our party, numbering seven, were led by Mr. Andrew Thomson to a small hole at the end of the cave, resembling in shape and size a boiler man-hole, and with the aid of our lantern we climbed down a chimney of about 20 feet, landing us into another cave about six feet wide by 20 feet long, out of which led several cracks and passages; one of these we traversed for some distance, after which the direction of the route is somewhat vague to the writer. After what seemed half-an-hour's crawling and climbing up chimneys and squeezing through impossibly narrow and awkwardly shaped corners, we once more emerged into the daylight.

The next day was spent on the Gable Ridges, and the following day on the Pillar Rock.

Our September Meet, at Dungeon Ghyll, was a great success, sixteen members attended, and were favoured with glorious weather.

Gimmer Crag was again the *pièce de resistance*, in fact several members spent the whole day on the Crag, others made their way to Pavey Ark.

Both the "A" and "B" routes were climbed, the latter including the notorious "Amen Corner." at which the majority required some rope assistance from above.

Several unofficial meets have been arranged at different week-ends between members living in or near the District, so that altogether the Committee feel very pleased at the way in which the Club has already been the means of enabling climbers to become acquainted with one another. Several keen novices have been initiated into the proper use of the rope, etc.

It is hoped that next season the Club meets will be even better attended than this year.

We are informed that one of our members, Mr. H. B. Gibson, climbed the "Direct Mickledore," *i.e.*, the steep and rounded rocks leading straight on to Broad Stand from Mickledore Ridge, on 12th September of this year.

His ascent recalls the fact that no record exists in the Wastdale Climbing Book of this having been accomplished before, except by the aid of an ice-axe.

It would be of interest to know if any other of our members have used this route. It was discussed a good deal some time ago, but seems to have escaped notice of recent years.

A LADIES' WEEK AT WASTDALE.

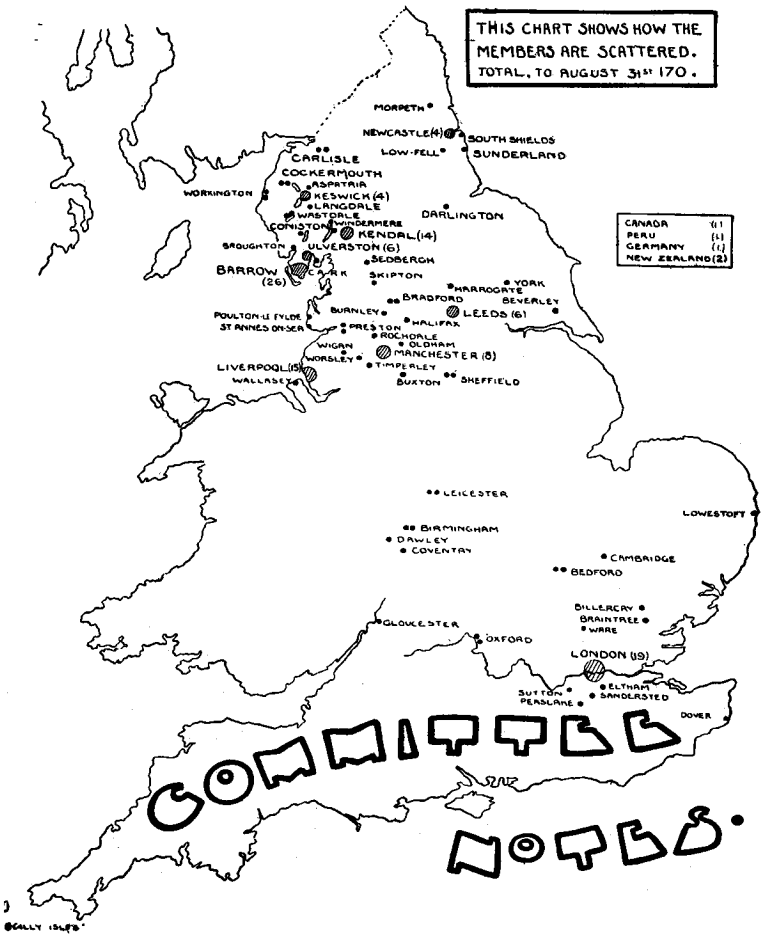
A man hates a "mannish" woman; but when a slight girl equals him at his favourite sport and yet retains her womanliness, he readily admits her claim to a place "on the rope," and admires her greatly in consequence.

It was with unbiassed feelings of admiration, perhaps occasionally tinged with a little envy, that a privileged few watched the daughters of our worthy V. P., and the ease with which they recently waltzed up some of the stiffest climbs around Wastdale. It is no little feat, and one I should say rarely equalled by a lady, for the Misses Annie and Evelyn Seatree to have bagged, during a ten days' stay in the dale, such climbs as :—

" Eagles' Nest Arête " (difficult way). Probably the first ladies' ascent.
" Moss Ghyll " (Collier's Chimney Finish),
" North Climb," Pillar Rock,
" Scawfell Pinnacle," by Steep Ghyll and Slingsby's Chimney,
" Kern Knotts Chimney "
" Gable Needle,"
" Oblique Chimney,"
" Doctor's Chimney,"
" Pillar Rock," by both Right and Left Jordan,
" Pisgah," direct,
" Great End Central Gully," (New Chimney Finish),
" Eagle's Nest Ridge," (ordinary way),
" Arrowhead Arête,"
" Pendlebury Traverse," Pillar Rock,
" Scawfell Pinnacle," by Deep Ghyll, and Professor's Chimney, &c., &c., &c.

under the leadership of one or two Yorkshire members of the club.

Moreover our good friend and pioneer, Mr. George Seatree, himself was not idle, but was one of those to attack and conquer Moss Ghyll (Chimney Finish), Scawfell Pinnacle by Slingsby's Chimney, Gable Needle, and Great End Central Gully, and our hearty congratulations are offered to him and his daughters on their achievements.



The Annual General Meeting will be held at the Commercial Hotel, Kendal, on Saturday, November 23rd, at 6-30 p.m., and will be followed by an informal dinner. The Committee would welcome a full attendance, and hope members will make a special effort to be present. Full particulars will be sent out in due course.

The Committee desire to convey their best thanks to the Committee of the Climbers' Club for their kind offer to incorporate our Club Notes in their Journal pending the production of our own. This offer would have been gratefully accepted had it not been decided to launch our own Journal this year.

Club ropes and climbing books have now been supplied to all the official quarters. By the kindness of the President and Mr. George Seatree copies of Owen Glynne Jones' " Rock Climbing in the English Lake District " have been supplied to the Wasdale and Coniston quarters for the use of members.

The meeting of the Committee held at Ulverston on September 25th was of melancholy interest.

The following motion was carried in solemn silence :—

> " That this Committee has received the intelligence of the death of Mr. John Wilson Robinson, the senior Vice-President of the Club, with the deepest sorrow, and records its keen sense of the great loss which the Club, mountaineers generally, and the whole community have sustained by the sad event."

At the same meeting Dr. Arthur W. Wakefield was unanimously elected Vice-President to fill the vacancy caused by the lamented death of Mr. Robinson. Mr. Andrew Thomson was also unanimously elected to fill the vacancy thus created on the Committee.

Dr. Wakefield and Messrs. Andrew Thomson and H. B. Lyon have been elected life members of the Club.

In response to requests by several members, the Committee has discussed the subject of a memorial to our late senior Vice-President, and finally decided that the object would be best attained by the appointment of a committee composed of friends of the late climber, irrespective of their connection with any club or organisation.

In accordance therewith the following resolution was unanimously adopted on September 25th :—

> " That it is desirable to promote a memorial to the late John W. Robinson, and that the following gentlemen be invited to form the committee for carrying out the necessary arrangements :—

Wm. Cecil Slingsby, F.R.G.S.,	representing	Yorkshire, etc.
Geoffrey Hastings, Esq.	,,	Yorkshire, etc.
W. P. Haskett-Smith, M.A.	,,	London
Prof. J. Norman Collie	,,	London
C. N. Williamson, Esq.	,,	London
L. J. Oppenheimer, Esq.	,,	Manchester
F. W. Jackson, Esq.	,,	Manchester
Walter Brunskill, Esq.	,,	Durham, etc.
George D. Abraham, Esq.	,,	Keswick
George Muller, Esq.	,,	West Cumberl'd
E. H. P. Scantlebury, Esq.	,,	Barrow, etc.
Prof. Wilberforce	,,	Liverpool
George Seatree, J.P.	,,	Liverpool.

Acting on the above initiative, we are informed that the first meeting of the Memorial Committee was held in Manchester on Saturday, Oct. 19th ; there was a good attendance, presided over by Mr. Charles Pilkington.

We understand that a resolution was adopted to raise a fund for a suitable Memorial to be erected within the borders of the Lake District, the site to be hereafter decided upon ; and for such other purposes as the Committee may subsequently direct.

Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith was elected Chairman, Mr. George Seatree (39, Merton Road, Bootle, Liverpool) Hon. Secretary and Treasurer ; and the following gentlemen were added to the Committee :—

Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., Cumberand.
Canon H. D. Rawnsley, M.A., Keswick.
Principal Hopkinson, Manchester.
Prof. Procter, Leeds.
Chas. Pilkington, Esq., J.P., Manchester.
George B. Bryant, Esq., London.
W. W. Naismith, Esq., Glasgow.

The maximum subscription was fixed at 5/–. The Hon. Secretary was requested to prepare a circular inviting subscriptions, and the Secretaries of the various Climbing Clubs will be asked to further the purpose of the Committee by distributing it through their Journals or with Club Notices.

The following members have been elected since the publication of the last list :—

Bennett Gibbs, Esq., The Grove, Sunderland.

H. B. Gibson, Esq., Roseville, Station Road, Gt. Shelford, Cambridge.

William W. Harris, Esq., Waterhead, Ambleside.

Fred. W. Jackson, Esq., "Bleasdale," Belfield Road, Didsbury, Manchester.

Hugh Livingstone, Esq., Junr., Highgate, Kendal.

Dr. John Mason, M.D., J.P., The Crossways, Windermere.

Godfrey Crake Parsons, Esq., 1, Marine Parade, Dover.

W. Preston, Esq., 2, Osborne Terrace, Kendal.

J. Stalker, Esq., Junr., "Sunny Cote," Kendal.

W. G. Williams, Esq., 92, High Street, Oxford.

By an unfortunate error, the name of one of our Honorary Members was omitted from the last list, viz. :—Rev. J. Nelson Burrows, M.A. ; also, Mr. Gilbert Binley's name was mispelt as Bowley. The Committee tender their apologies to these gentlemen for the mistakes made.

Members are particularly requested to notify the Hon. Secretary of any change of address.

EDITORIAL.

ACCIDENTS.

It is said that "familiarity breeds contempt," but it behoves our members to refrain from cultivating this form of familiarity in relation to the rock-climbs of the Lake District or of any other district for that matter. There have been four distressing rock-climbing accidents this year, three of which have been attended with fatal consequences, and undoubtedly there must have been many other accidents of a less serious nature, accounts of which are not made public.

Rock-climbing, though admittedly one of the most fascinating of pastimes, is fraught with very grave danger unless proper precautions are taken. So long as climbers will neglect these precautions and take unnecessary risks, persisting in their attempts to advance when they feel that it is beyond their power to do so, then, so long will there be such accidents; which will, of course, increase in proportion as the pastime becomes more popular.

The first accident, which occurred towards the end of the Easter holidays, was happily not very serious. It occurred on the Overbeck Chimneys, near Wastdale. Very sensational accounts of it were published in the daily papers, but these were grossly misleading. Two climbers attempted the ascent of one of the Chimneys but failed, and in descending the leader fell on to the second man; both were precipitated, and would have been killed had not the rope caught on a tree stump, thus checking their fall. They were both unconscious for some time, and were badly bruised and shaken.

During Whitsuntide Messrs. T. Graham and G. W. Smiley attempted the north-east buttress of Ben Nevis. This ridge is difficult owing to small holds. Smiley, who was leading, when about 200 feet up, found the rocks rotten, and resolved to return. Unfortunately he slipped and fell but was stopped by a projecting ledge in a chimney. Graham, however, got a nasty gash across the skull which proved fatal.

Glyder Fach, in North Wales, was also the scene of a fatal accident during Whitsuntide. Messrs. Stephenson and Slater were ascending the Eastern Gully, when Stephenson, who was leading, was struck by a stone and fell some 70 feet. Slater was saved by a belay.

Lastly, on August 31st, Messrs. A. T. Reid and Biggs attempted the ascent of the Devil's Staircase. This climb, which is close to the Devil's Kitchen, is very difficult. Nothing is known as to how the accident happened, they were both found lying at the foot of the climb. Mr. Reid was dead and Mr. Biggs in a critical condition.

Our Committee desire to tender, through the medium of this journal, their deepest sympathy to the relatives of those who were killed.

Mr. Fred Botterill's sequel to "The Climbs of the English Lake District" will appear in our next issue.

An article on the use of the rope and compass has been prepared, but has unfortunately been crowded out of this issue. It will, however, appear in our next.

The promised list of farms, hotels, etc., has also been crowded out of this number.

A few last words to our members before going to press. Let us all combine to make each succeeding Journal better than the last. Members can assist in doing this by submitting particulars of new climbs, interesting episodes and experiences in rock climbing or fell rambling, descriptive articles connected with the Lake District, either historical or modern. Folk-lore hill sketches, good photographs, and any other matter pertaining to local, British, or foreign mountaineering will be heartily welcomed.