THE JOURNAL OF THE

# Fell and Rock Climbing Club

OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

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Elected November 19th, 1910.

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# RULES.

1.—The Club shall be called "THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT," and its objects shall be to encourage rock-climbing and fell-walking in the Lake District, to serve as a bond of union for all lovers of mountain-climbing, to enable its members to meet together in order to participate in these forms of sport, to arrange for meetings, to provide books, maps, etc., at the various centres, and to give information and advice on matters pertaining to local mountaineering and rock-climbing.

2.—The affairs of the Club shall be managed by a Committee consisting of a President, two Vice-Presidents, an Honorary Editor, an Honorary Treasurer, an Honorary Librarian, an Honorary Secretary, an Honorary Assistant Secretary, and seven Ordinary Members, with power to add to their number two extra members. Three to form a quorum.

3.—The Officers of the Club shall be elected for the ensuing year at the Annual General Meeting. The President and Vice-Presidents shall not hold office for more than two years consecutively. The three senior members (in order of election) of the retiring Committee shall not be eligible for election at that meeting.

4.—The Committee are empowered to fill up *ad interim* any vacancy occurring among the officers of the Club or the rest of the Committee.

5.—All candidates for membership must be proposed and seconded by members of the Club, and will be elected subject to the approval of the Committee.

6.—The subscription shall be 7/6 per annum for gentlemen, plus an entrance fee of 5/-; and for ladies 3/6 per annum, plus an entrance fee of 5/-. Subscriptions shall be due on the first of November in each year. Members may become life members upon payment of one subscription of four guineas.

7.—No member shall vote, or enjoy any privileges of the Club until his annual subscription is paid. The Committee are empowered to remove the name of any member not having paid his subscription within three months from the date upon which it became due, but may re-admit him on such terms as they may decide.

8.—The Committee are empowered to elect as Honorary Members those who have rendered eminent service to the cause of Mountaineering.

9.—An Annual General Meeting will be held in November of each year, or at such other time as the Committee may determine. A copy of the Balance Sheet made up to October 31st, together with agenda of the business to be transacted, shall be posted to each member seven days before the Meeting.

10.—At least one month's notice shall be given of the date fixed for the Annual General Meeting.

11.—No vote shall be taken at a General Meeting on any motion affecting the rules or finance of the Club, unless notice in writing shall have been received by the Hon. Sec. at least 14 clear days before the Meeting.

12.—An Extraordinary General Meeting of the Club shall be called on a requisition in writing signed by any eight members, being sent to the Hon. Secretary, who shall call such meeting within 10 days.

13.—Books, Maps, or any other articles which the Club may provide, must on no account be removed from the quarters where they are kept.

Bookcases have been provided at Thorneythwaite Farm, Borrowdale; Buttermere Hotel, Buttermere; Wastwater Hotel, Wasdale; Sun Hotel, Coniston; and at New Hotel, Dungeon Ghyll. The keys can be obtained from the proprietors.

The Journal is published early in November at the price of 2/- net, and is sent out gratis and post free to all members.

# THE ROCK-CLIMBERS' PLANTS OF LAKELAND.

By Dr. J. E. MARR, F.R.S.

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It is generally known that a considerable number of a group of plants somewhat loosely termed Alpine plants inhabit the upland regions of this country, and our own district has a fair number of these. Most of them flourish under very different conditions from those which now prevail in our country, and it is a question of interest why they are found on the Lakeland hills.

There are abundant signs that at no distant date our uplands were occupied by snowfields and glaciers, and must then have been affected by a climate generally similar to that now prevalent in the Alpine regions of Switzerland. At that period an Alpine flora would become established here, and indeed we get evidence by examination of the lower portions of the fell-peat that when that peat was formed, a large number of Alpine plants inhabited the country, which have now disappeared. We may regard our Alpine plants, therefore, as the survivors of a much more extensive Alpine flora which occupied Lakeland during the glacial period.

These survivors are by no means confined to the higher crags. Some are lowland, meadow or beckside plants, as the globe-flower, the yellow mountain-pansy, and the bird's-eye primrose. Others, though rock and debris plants, as the Alpine ladies'-mantle, the star saxifrage and the common yellow saxifrage, are found comparatively low down. The most typical Alpine plants are chiefly found at a height exceeding 1,800 feet, and it is to these that we shall mainly devote our attention.

One of the most interesting features of the high-level plants of an Alpine region like that of Switzerland is the way in

which they have become modified or adapted to exceptional conditions. The plants have two important tasks, namely to acquire characters which permit the individual plant to flourish, and secondly to ensure the continuance of the species. The individual plant is dependent upon roots and leaves for its existence; the continuance of the species is largely determined by fertilisation of seed, though a plant can increase the number of detached portions by means of offshoots.

The important point to notice about plants of the Alps is the exceedingly short time that intervenes between the melting of the snow in spring, and the descent of snow in early autumn. During that time, a period of about four months, they must grow, develop their flowers, and ripen their seeds. Furthermore, during those months they are exposed to great extremes as regards temperature and supply of moisture. Sunny days alternate with days of rainfall, and the hot dry days are in marked contrast to periods of violent wind and night frosts. We should expect many modifications of root, leaf and flower to enable the plants to cope with these conditions, and such we find.

Many of the modifications are designed to meet the times of exceptional dryness, in order that the leaves may not lose too much of their contained water. Particularly noticeable are plants with succulent leaves, such as many of the stonecrops, others with hairs protecting the pores, as in the case of the Edelweiss, and others again, as many of the saxifrages, which close their pores with a deposit of lime. Many plants have narrow needle-like leaves with pores on the lower surface; the leaves also curl inwards beneath, thus further protecting the plant from loss of moisture. The common heather furnishes an example.

The dwarf habit of Alpine plants is very obvious. Some, as for instance, a number of the saxifrages, form cushions often of considerable extent; others, as several small willows, form carpets, while many plants give rise to rosettes. The dwarf

CUSHION OF SILENE ACAULIS (MALE).

stature is an adaptation to the climatic conditions of the high regions where fierce storms often rage.

The hairy habit, so useful in a country exposed to periods of dryness, becomes a positive disadvantage in a wet climate, where the moisture clogs the plants, as anyone knows who cultivates Alpine plants. The Swiss Alpines in winter are protected and kept dry by a covering of snow, but in our country they are constantly watered in winter when they are at their weakest. The hairy habit is not a pronounced feature of the high Alpines of Britain; the British plants which possessed that habit during the glacial period have been no doubt extinguished by the change of climate. The same remark may be made of the lime-secreting plants. There is a marked absence of the lime-encrusted saxifrages in this country. One of our high-level Alpines, however, the purple mountain saxifrage (which grows on Helvellyn, and is abundant on the high limestone of the fells about Settle, Yorkshire), has a single lime-gland at the tip of each leaf.

Of plants with succulent leaves a good example is the rose-root, one of the stonecrop family, which is frequently found on cliffs of our higher hills; while of the plants with narrow leaves, presenting little surface for evaporation and having the edges of the leaves curled over to protect the pores, the crowberry, which may be found almost on the summit of Scafell Pikes and Helvellyn, is a good example.

A great number of the Lakeland climbers' plants exhibit the dwarf habit. Of cushion-plants we may mention the purple mountain saxifrage again, and the commoner mossy saxifrage so abundant on stream sides up to high elevations, also the moss-campion or cushion-pink. Carpet plants are represented by the crowberry, the beautiful mountain-avens, and by the most glacial of all our conspicuous Lakeland-plants, the Arctic willow, which is not known to occur below about 2,500 feet, but is found on many of the fells above that level. This willow is of special interest, as it is one of

several species found on the Alps, which, though belonging to a genus usually represented by erect tree-like growths, takes on this prostrate character at great heights.

The best known of the British rosette-plants is the vernal whitlow grass, which is found in dry places at low elevations. No characteristic Lakeland rosette-plant is recorded from the high fells, though some of the cruciferæ approach the rosette habit.

A word may be said about the roots of the "Alpines." Many of the plants, which appear small above ground, send roots of great length far into the interstices of the rock, thus avoiding great change of temperature and excessive damp.

The continuance of the species is secured by the formation of seed, which is fertilised by the bearing of pollen to the ovule. This pollen is carried by wind and by insects, but by far the larger proportion of our flowers are fertilised by insects. There is no doubt that insects are attracted by brightly coloured flowers, and the exceptional brilliance of many Alpine flowers is probably a compensation for the short season during which fertilisation can take place. Of conspicuous flowers among the climbers' plants, mention may be made of the pure white mountain avens, contrasting with its dark green leaves, the pink of the moss-campion, and the crimson-purple of the purple mountain saxifrage. Sometimes the flower itself is inconspicuous, but the leaves take on a bright colour, as in the case of the Alpine bugle, found on Ill Bell. In this the blue flowers are not very noticeable, but the foliage is of a purplish hue.

Various means are adopted of keeping the pollen from being washed away by the rain, but into these we cannot enter.

It is important that seeds should be borne some distance from the parent plant, in order to secure a place not previously occupied. Various methods of securing this occur, both in lowland and in upland plants. The wind is largely responsible for this spread of the seed. Some are readily blown away,

*Photo* DRYAS OCTOPETALA. *E. A. W. Anson, M.A.*

owing to their small size. The only special modification which we will here notice is that of the mountain-avens, to the seed of which is attached a long feathery process which allows the wind to bear the seed some distance from the parent plant. Plants with succulent fruits have seeds, which may be carried for long distances by the agency of birds. Among them is the cloudberry, found on the heights above Long Sleddale and elsewhere.

Flowers of Alpine plants may, notwithstanding modifications favourable for fertilisation, escape being fertilised in the short season of the Alps; accordingly, separate growths may be detached from the main plants, to lead an independent existence. Many of the species of the genera Androsace, Saxifraga, Geum, and others, send off runners in Alpine and arctic regions, and these runners are ultimately detached from the parent plant. The common strawberry is an example in this country, but no typical climbers' plant of Lakeland exhibits this character, though the cat's-foot everlasting, which ascends to nearly 2,000 feet, shows it. Yet more interesting are the so-called viviparous plants, which are not truly viviparous, but produce little leafy shoots which are formed instead of flowers. These drop off and give rise to independent growths. The Alpine Bistort (Polygonum viviparum) found on the eastern cliffs of Helvellyn receives its specific name from this peculiarity. In this plant the little bulbils only replace a portion of the flowers. The snow-saxifrage found on Scafell, Helvellyn and High Street also forms these little shoots, though I am not aware that their formation has been observed in this district. Two of our grasses show the same thing. One, Poa alpina, is very rare, being only found on the east side of Helvellyn; the other, the fescue-grass, is much commoner, and its viviparous form is often met with at considerable heights.

Passing from the various modifications which Alpine plants have adopted to suit themselves to their surroundings, we may devote a short space to the consideration of the distribution

of the climbers' plants in our district. This distribution is no doubt to some extent affected by the nature of the rocks. The rocks of the district consist chiefly of slaty materials, but there are marked differences in their characters. North of a line drawn from near Egremont to the foot of Ullswater, the hills are formed of a rock known as Skiddaw slate, which consists of mudstones and gritstones, with little trace of lime. Between this line and another drawn from Millom to Shap Wells, the rocks are volcanic, and contain a fair amount of lime. South of this line are more mudstones and grits; but in that tract the climber is not in evidence, for there is nothing to climb. Of the two tracts first mentioned, that occupied by volcanic rocks is by far the richest in plants of an Alpine character. Of those found in the more northerly region, the Alpine pink of Hobcarton Crag is perhaps the most interesting.

Other rocks do occur, as for instance, the granitic rocks on the west side of Wastwater, extending through Ennerdale to the west side of Buttermere. The high fell flora of this tract will probably repay further examination. On the south side of Carrock Fell are certain coarsely crystalline rocks of basaltic character, forming a prominent cliff on the east side. Such rocks elsewhere often furnish a special flora. One rare plant not recorded elsewhere in Lakeland has indeed been reported from here, and the climber who is interested in plants is thoroughly recommended to make a careful examination of these crags.

On the east side of the Lake district an exceptional number of Alpine plants is recorded from the Pennine hills. The number seems to decrease as one passes westward. This suggests the High Street range as one likely to possess an abundant flora. This range does not seem to have received the attention of botanists to anything like the same extent as have the fells about Scafell, Helvellyn, and Coniston. Here again, I would suggest, is a fertile field for the botanical climber.

Certain plants common to the lowlands and the higher fells undergo modifications on the heights. Thus the golden-rod of the fells is shorter, broader-leaved, and with larger heads of flower than that of the lowlands, and a depressed form of milkwort occurs on the heights. The distribution of variations in connection with height is worthy of further study.

The Fell and Rock Climbing Club has been loud in its protests against rash climbing. May I appeal to its members to do all in their power to prevent ruthless collecting of the rare Alpine plants? It has been seen that many are now struggling against natural disadvantages in Lakeland. Wanton destruction will too surely accelerate their extinction.

A word about two books. Those who are interested in the modifications of Alpine plants will find in Mr. E. A. N. Arber's "Plant Life in Alpine Switzerland" (John Murray, 1910) an account which will enable them to understand much of the significance of structure presented by the plants of their own hills. In Mr. J. G. Baker's "Flora of the English Lake District," lists are given of the localities of all the flowering plants. Mr. Baker, in his preface, explains that the "work is not put forward as a completed Flora of the Lake District." Much remains to be done, and I would suggest that a record be kept by the Climbing Club of new localities for rare and interesting plants. I have put a copy of Mr. Baker's book in the Club Library at Wasdale Head.

# CLIMBING IN THE BUTTERMERE VALLEY.

By L. J. OPPENHEIMER

*(Author of "The Heart of Lakeland," etc.)*

The Buttermere Valley has been singularly neglected by cragsmen. It abounds in climbs of the gully and chimney order, yet I cannot discover that more than five had been ascended up to 1900; and though since then the number has been trebled, there are still one or two very fine ones which have been assailed, but not yet conquered, and many more which have not even been attempted.

This alone ought to entice those eager for exploration who complain that Lakeland is exhausted as a ground for new climbs. On the other hand, certain disadvantages may as well be confessed at once.

The rock, though in a few patches almost as good as that round Wasdale, on the whole tends to be rather rotten and unreliable. There is next to nothing in the way of a face climb, in consequence of the broken-up character of the crags, which, with one exception, are too plentifully draped with heather, and do not offer sufficiently definite routes. There is too much water in the most interesting gully climbs, and some of them are quite impossible after a heavy rainfall.

ROBINSON and HINDSCARTH, the hills on the north-east of the valley, have no recorded climbs on their Buttermere sides, though there are some good patches of crag about Goat Ghylls, above Hassness.

DALE HEAD has Yew Crag, facing the Honister, on which there is a gully (marked "A" on map), suitable for both beginners and experts. To reach it from Buttermere, follow

the Honister road for a mile and a half beyond Gatesgarth, and then strike up the fellside. YEW CRAG GULLY begins about 400 feet above the road, at the lowest part of the crag. After some indefinite scrambling a very formidable first pitch is reached. This is circumvented by climbing round it to the left, but experienced men may attempt the pitch direct. The upper third of it has not yet been done, and looks very difficult. There are a number of quite easy pitches above this, and the gully gradually opens out and dwindles away.

FLEETWITH has the famous Honister Crag, but the quarrymen have ruined much of it for climbers, and what remains untouched has no very definite route on it. On the opposite side, facing Warnscale, there are some rather poor crags, amongst which is the very fine and interesting FLEETWITH GULLY (marked "B" on map). To reach it, follow the track up Warnscale. Keep to the left-hand branch, and when it has risen to about a couple of hundred feet above the valley, strike up to the gully, which may be identified by a conspicuous cave some way up. After two easy pitches there is a rather awkward narrow, slanting chimney, usually very wet. This has to be backed up, and leads to two small pitches, above which is the cave so conspicuous from a distance. The route here is straight up the gully to a chockstone under the boulder which roofs the cave, and then up steep, wet rocks to the right, more or less under a waterfall. The second man should get upon the chockstone to belay the rope while the leader climbs out over the roofing boulder. This makes a very fine pitch both to look at and to climb. Four or five more pitches follow, one of them rather sporting, but not difficult. The cave pitch may be avoided by traversing a little to the right, and the chimney pitch lower down by traversing to the left, but this eliminates most of the interest of the climb.

GREEN CRAG GULLY (marked "C" on map), the first recorded climb in the Buttermere valley, made by Mr. J. W. Robinson in 1889, is plainly seen from the village as a dark

vertical line to the left of Green Crag proper. To reach it, follow the right-hand branch of the Warnscale track, which crosses the beck below the falls. After passing Green Crag, strike up the first stream. This comes down from the gully, and if at all full adds a good deal of sport to the ascent of one pitch near the middle, which is under a waterfall. The climbing in this is only moderately difficult, and the remainder of the gully above and below is easy scrambling.

The TOREADOR GULLY on Green Crag (marked " D " on map) is a difficult and not altogether satisfactory climb. Follow the right-hand branch of the Warnscale track as for Green Crag Gully, but strike up before reaching the latter. The gully is well seen from the track, though not so conspicuous from a distance. There is a short, stiff struggle up a crack to get into it. Then comes a long stretch of scree and rotten rock in the gully bed, which gradually steepens until it becomes necessary to back up a long chimney. This is easy at the start, but gets more and more difficult. It is climbed with the back against the left wall and the feet against the right, until, after about 80 feet of progression in this way the chimney ends, and a very awkward twist round has to be made to use the holds on the left wall of the gully. The chances of a slip in doing this are considerable, and as there are no belays, the second man ought to follow on before it is attempted, and brace himself across the chimney immediately under the leader. Above this the angle of the gully becomes much less steep, and the two remaining pitches are not difficult.

The HAYSTACKS on their Buttermere side present a line of cliff half a mile long, and from 400 to 500 feet in height. At the end nearest Buttermere there is a slight peak, known as the Big Stack, and there the cliffs are highest though much more broken up than at the other end, where they are very steep and offer good climbing. There are many easy ways up the crags on and around the Big Stack, and from its foot a grassy rake (marked " E " on map), well seen from the village, slants

across the face, and emerges about the centre of the cliff top. It is little more than a walk up this rake. To reach it and the scrambling on the Big Stack, follow the Scarth Gap track and diverge near the top. For the far end of the Haystacks it is better to take the Warnscale track up to where it forks, and then keep to the right of Black Beck, which comes down a ravine between Green Crag and the Haystacks. At this end of the cliff there are three very fine clefts, all over 400 feet high.

The one nearest to Green Crag (marked "F" on map) has not yet been climbed. One hundred feet up, it divides, forming a "Y" shaped gully, the left branch ending behind a pillar of rock about 100 feet below the cliff summit. An attempt was made some years ago, but abandoned, owing to the excessive rottenness of the lower part. The upper part looks very imposing, and suggests a fine climb.

WARN GHYLL (marked "G" on map), the second of the three clefts, is a very difficult climb, about 400 feet in height. The first pitch is a vertical chimney, 25 feet high, at the top of which a smooth rounded chockstone is rather difficult to get over. After an easy second pitch, the chimney expands into a wide deep cleft, with another easy pitch at the foot. The fourth pitch is the greatest difficulty of the climb. It is 70 or 80 feet high, starting as a chimney which gradually opens out on the right. The lower part can be climbed back and foot, through spray from a waterfall high above. Then traverse out on a sloping ledge to the right, where the leader may need a shoulder to enable him to reach a higher traverse back to the left above the top chockstone. This is a very exposed piece. The next 80 feet is up steep but not difficult mossy rocks in the bed of the gully, followed by some short chimneys. The direct finish is a continuation of these in the left-hand corner of the gully, but the top of it looks very dangerous, and Warn Ghyll has, so far, been finished by traversing to the right and up a steep rib of heather-clad rock, ending in a small chimney.

STACK GHYLL (marked "H" on map), the third of the clefts, is difficult, but has nothing so severe or exposed as the fourth pitch of Warn Ghyll. It is a more satisfactory climb, the rocks being sound, and the interest sustained to the top. The first pitch is a cave 30 feet high, and the route up a narrow chimney at the back. The leader, standing on a chockstone in this, can thread his rope so that it passes over the roofing boulder. This is advisable before traversing out on the right wall, where the holds are minute, and the difficulty of climbing round the boulder considerable. It has been found best for the second man to assist here by pushing the point of an ice-axe or a loop of rope behind the boulder for the leader to grasp. After the leader has surmounted the boulder, he must unthread the rope before the remainder of the party tie on. The second pitch is a narrow chimney, with chockstones which may be passed either inside or outside. After this, short chimneys alternate with easy, broken-up rocks, and the finish is a small but not easy cave pitch, passed to the left of the capping boulder. The top of the climb is within a few yards of the top of Stack Rake.

Between these three clefts and the Big Stack there are several shallow chimneys crossing the Rake.

HIGH CRAG has some scrambling on the shoulder called Seat on the ordnance map, near Scarth Gap, and also on the angle which faces the head of Buttermere. There is a gully on this angle, continuing the line of an old wall, which might be worth a visit.

BIRKNESS COMB (or Burtness Comb, as the ordnance map calls it), the hollow between High Crag and High Stile, contains the long range of Comb Crags, and also Eagle Crag, the finest rock in the Buttermere valley. From Buttermere village the hollow is best reached by Scale Bridge, and the path through the pine wood on the south-west side of the lake.

COMB CRAGS stretch for about a quarter of a mile in length, and are from 300 to 400 feet high. They are not very steep,


Photo Courtesy Hardings

EAGLE CRAG BIRKNESS COMB.

and are broken up by four principal gullies, and horizontally by various grassy terraces. There are a number of chimneys which do not extend the full height of the crags. Many of these have been ascended without the discovery of anything very interesting, but it is quite possible that some good climbs may still be found amongst them. There are plenty of easy routes.

EAGLE CRAG is much steeper, and a much sounder kind of rock than Comb Crags, from which it is divided by Birkness Gully. The crag top can easily be seen reached from the Comb by the scree shoot at the west end. The angle towards the top of High Stile seems to have possibilities in the way of a very fine face climb, which has not yet been attempted. The Central Gully facing Hassness has been partly climbed, but not yet completed.

BIRKNESS GULLY (marked " J " on map) is a climb of about 150 feet, of moderate difficulty. Most of it being under the shelter of the top boulder, it is perhaps the best climb in the valley for a wet day. Most of the way is back and knee, or back and foot chimneying up to a cave 12 or 15 feet below the under side of the top boulder. Level with the floor of the cave is another large boulder bridging the gully some distance out. The leader should stay in the cave while the second man traverses out to the bridge and up into a higher cave immediately under the top block, where he should thread the rope behind some jammed stones, as the top pitch has very poor holds, and, though not difficult, would be dangerous without this safeguard. The leader can then go on to the bridge and finish the climb by small ledges on the vertical right wall—chiefly a test of balance.

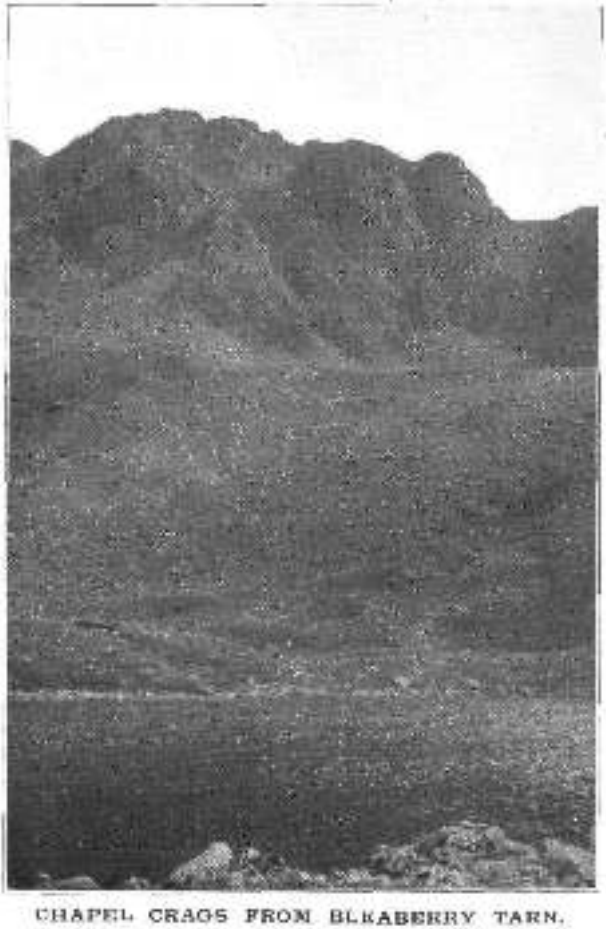
BIRKNESS CHIMNEY (marked " K " on map) is one of the best climbs in the district. It is all interesting, the rock is good, and one pitch is very difficult. The chimney faces Gatesgarth, and starts from the scree shoot leading up to Birkness Gully. After a steep, grassy corner there follows a 20 ft. chimney,

and then a 30 ft. one, both wet, ending on a grassy terrace. Then there is the choice between another chimney and a vertical wall to the right of it, with good small holds. Above this is a stiff, short crack, leading to a cave which is the principal difficulty. Thread the rope for safety behind a small stone jammed fast high up in the crack at the back of the cave. The leader may need some assistance in working up immediately under the outer edge of the large overhanging rock which makes the cave. It is best to use both sides of the chimney until it becomes too wide, and then push off from the left wall and catch a hand-hold on the right. When once in the groove between the overhanging block and the right wall, it feels safe, though progress is fatiguing. After a pull over the chockstone at the top of the groove, there are two more pitches, both simple. The total height is about 240 feet.

The CENTRAL CHIMNEY (marked "L" on map) is about 300 feet high, and very formidable looking. The upper 100 feet has not yet been climbed. The attempt on it was made in very bad weather; but even with conditions at their best, it would be very difficult. The lower part consists of vertical chimneys separated by stretches of very steep, treacherous grass. The difficulty which stopped further progress was a cleft 30 feet high, with smooth walls, and the back overhanging. Above this there appeared to be another, twice or three times the height, and just as uncompromising.

HIGH STILE has very little more than easy scrambling on it.

Bleaberry Comb, the hollow between High Stile and Red Pike, contains CHAPEL CRAGS, on which are several climbs. They are best reached from Buttermere by Scale Bridge and the pine-wood track. A few yards after passing Sour Milk Ghyll, a branch to the right leads steeply up the fell side, and this should be followed until it gives out a little below the lip of the hollow.



CHAPEL CRAGS FROM BLEABERRY TARN.

The BLACK CHIMNEY (marked " M " on map) is at the end of Chapel Crags nearest to the High Stile summit, and is well seen from the Buttermere Hotel. A long scree shoot leads up to it, but the climb itself is very short, and consists of two chockstone pitches, both somewhat difficult.

The CENTRAL CHIMNEY (marked " N " on map) is approached by a recess towards the middle of the main mass of Chapel Crags, facing Bleaberry Tarn. After following this for some distance up steep grass and scree, turn slightly to the right. This chimney also consists of two difficult chockstone pitches.

BLEABERRY CHIMNEY (marked " O " on map) is the only continuous climb which has been made up Chapel Crags. It lies about half way between the Central Chimney and the scree shoot at the west end of the crags. The first 50 feet is indefinite scrambling up steep grass and rock, in a slight recess. Above this there is a well-defined narrow chimney almost to the top of the crag. The climbing is interesting and only moderately difficult.

To the right of Bleaberry Chimney there is a gully which has not yet been climbed. It appears to have two difficult chockstone pitches, this time at the foot, with scree and steep grass above.

At the west end of Chapel Crags proper there is a scree shoot (marked " P " on map) which leads up to the main ridge, and is the shortest way from Buttermere village to the Pillar, but though very direct it is more tiring than the longer route over Scarth Gap.

There are some smaller crags west of the scree shoot with a few short chimneys.

GRASSMOOR (lower down the Buttermere valley than is shown on the map) has two long gullies, close to one another. They are reached by following the Cockermouth road for a mile and a half, and then striking straight up the grassy slopes. Both gullies are very easy, but they are much the longest climbs in the district, and lead up to one of the finest view-points.

If only a limited number of the above climbs can be tried, I should recommend the Grassmoor Gully, nearest to Buttermere, and Yew Crag Gully, amongst the easy ones; Birkness Gully and Bleaberry Chimney amongst the moderately difficult; Fleetwith Gully, Stack Ghyll, and Birkness Chimney amongst the severe.

# BY THE LAKE SIDE.

By CLAUDE E. BENSON.

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The splendour falls on . . . .
Snowy summits old in story,
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
*" The Princess."*

---

The voice of the mountain waters, the burden of torrents and rills
Written in notes of silver on the breast of the sparkling hills,
Ringing in resonant chorus from the tumult of surges and spray,
The message of bye-gone climbers to the hearts of their children to-day.

The visions that glance on the waters when the sun is sinking to rest
And the golden tracks of his chariot wheels flash out to the radiant west,
And the folds of his evening pavilion are changing with every hue
Of crimson and gold and topaz, of amethyst, opal, and blue.

In the dream of the sunlit waters, in the music of mountain and vale,
We can see the familiar faces, we can list to the oft-told tale,
The tale of toil and of conquest, the tale of struggle and strife,
The tale of men and of manhood, and the joy of the mountain life

Not in the dim cathedral, whose marble sepulchres keep
The dead who have lived for England safe in their honoured sleep,
Not in the storied window, not in the sculptured stone,
Read we the blazoned records of the deeds our sires have done.

Not these ! but the Alpine summits where eternal winter reigns,
Where the dark stern crags of the frowning cliffs o'ershadow the smiling plains,
The peaks of Himalaya, in Alaska's icy clime,
The rocks and fells of the homeland are their monuments for all time.

Still the trace of their glory lingers on the golden sands that we tread,
And the ripples that flash in light at our feet are gilt with the fame of the dead,
And the burnished path of the sunset, and the sunbright summits of gold,
Are rich with the memory and promise of the prowess of men of old.

And the waters are calling, calling " On you the bequest is laid ;
It is yours to fulfil it manfully, to face it and not be afraid,
Till the toil and the trouble are over and you joyfully pass to your rest,
Down the path of the golden sunset through the gates of the shining west."

# A FORTNIGHT'S FELL-WALKING AT BUTTERMERE.

By R. J. Porter, B.Sc.

Buttermere! What memories the name alone recalls—memories of past days actively spent on the breezy fell-sides in all weathers and seasons, or more passively upon the waters of some broad lake, surrounded by panoramas which, familiar though they may be, never fail to retain their hold upon the enthusiast, however often he may repeat his visits. Such, at any rate, has been the writer's experience, and also undoubtedly that of scores of others, who make their stay at one or more of the favoured spots of our glorious Lakeland.

At five o'clock in the evening of Friday, August 25th, of this never-to-be-forgotten summer, I rode into Buttermere, finishing the last stage of a prolonged cycle tour amongst the Scottish Highlands. I had arranged for a fortnight's walking round Buttermere, during the last week of which I was to be joined by three companions. The weather had been showery all the way from Carlisle on the previous day, but the clouds had lifted for to-day's morning run, though they descended again when I had reached the top of Whinlatter Pass. As I entered upon the level road by Crummock Water, the mists were fast lowering upon Red Pike and High Stile and heavy rain was beginning to fall. This continued most of the night, but morning broke with intermittent sunshine.

At 10 a.m. I decided to stroll up Fleetwith Pike as an easy half-day to start with. The best mode of ascent from an artistic point of view is undoubtedly to walk up Honister Pass to the top, climb to the summit of the Crag near the "drum-house," and then proceed along the ridge, keeping as close to the right as possible. By this means all the best views are seen without having to look back, the descent being made direct to Buttermere through Gatesgarth.

However, I decided to ascend by the shortest route, and, having taken the road by Hassness to Gatesgarth, I struck at once up the grassy ridge which slopes so finely down to the smooth fields at the south-east end of the lake. The great advantage of a ridge-walk from a scenic standpoint is the double set of views obtainable, especially if the ridge be narrow. I had not been climbing long when Pillar showed its dark front over Scarth Gap, and almost immediately afterwards the well-known cone of Causey Pike popped up over the depression between Robinson and Hindscarth. There is, I should imagine, no better position from which to gauge the size of the huge flank of Robinson which descends with such apparent steepness to the carriage road at the bottom of Honister Pass. At a higher point of the ascent, the top of Black Sail Pass was seen to the left of the knobby summit of Haystacks.

Skiddaw and Saddleback now appeared to the north, and some few minutes later, I was admiring what view was to be had from the cairn at the top of Fleetwith Pike; this, on such a cloudy day, was of course disappointing, Glaramara and the Scafell group, in particular, being quite obscured by masses of cloud coming over from the south-west.

After a short rest at the top, I began the descent to the flat depression across which the track from Buttermere to Great Gable passes. This is boggy in places, especially after heavy rain. Having reached the top of the ghyll which runs down into Warnscale Bottom, I followed the unmistakable track down the south-west side of Fleetwith. Hereabouts more heavy rain came on, greatly adding to the imposing appearance of the cliffs of Haystacks and High Crag, which every minute or so loomed up black and glistening out of the mist. The wind was rising fast, promising a stormy evening, so I lost no time in returning to Buttermere along the road.

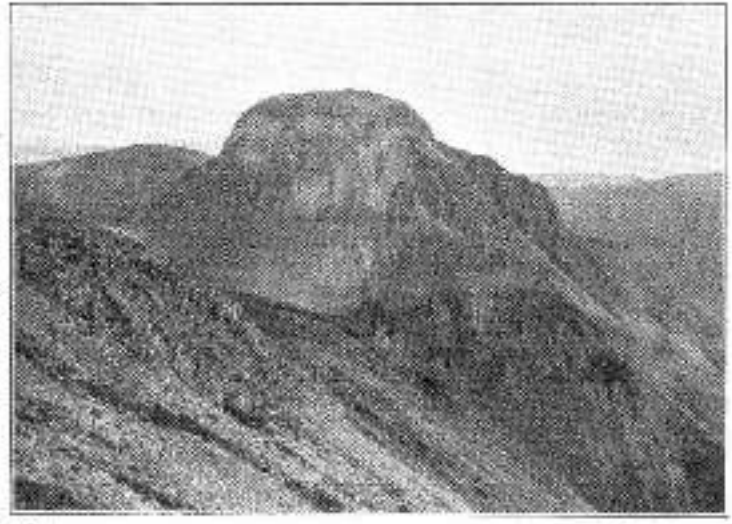
The next morning was fine though threatening, so I decided to spend the day on the fells, and started up Buttermere Moss at a quarter-past ten *en route* for Dale Head. Visiting the tops

of Robinson and Hindscarth, I reached the cairn on Dale Head a little after mid-day. No views were possible, as on the previous day, in the direction of Scafell, but northwards the prospect was fairly clear. The precipitous slopes of Eel Crags were seen to great advantage during the descent to Dale Head Tarn. Here rain began to fall, and continued for most of the day, so, as the views were necessarily limited, I made good progress over Narrow Moor and Maiden Moor, descending into Newlands Valley without going up Catbells. A very wet walk over Newlands Pass brought me back to Buttermere at a quarter past four.

Tuesday was fearfully wet, and no climbing could be done, but Wednesday proved a most magnificent day, and gave an opportunity for one of the finest walks I have ever had on the fells. The sky was almost cloudless and, except for a slight haze round the horizon, the views were perfect. At half-past nine I began the ascent of Red Pike by Sour Milk Ghyll, following the oblique track through the wood till I came out on the steep hill side below Bleaberry Tarn. Here I worked up to the right and crossed Sour Milk Ghyll a hundred yards or so below its point of issue from the tarn. At this stage of the ascent, Red Pike is seen immediately above on the right, and High Stile with its frowning black crags on the left. I took a slanting direction up to the small cairn on the "saddle," whence, after a few minutes' steep climb up the red slopes which give the mountain its name, I reached the summit cairn. A most wonderful view could be seen westward, the haze having almost disappeared. The Isle of Man was beautifully defined, with Snaefell rising in its centre, the whole island being of that curiously deep but dull shade of blue, so different to that of the surrounding sea. But the special charm of the prospect from this summit is the number of lakes visible: Bleaberry Tarn, just below, looking on this occasion as though it were a part of the sky which had fallen into the hollow, so splendid was the colour reflected by its unbroken surface; Buttermere, Crummock and Loweswater all appeared to the greatest advantage in

their rich settings of green and yellow slopes. Further west a part of the desolate Ennerdale Water could be seen, with the long spurs of Steeple and Pillar descending in its direction. The Scafell range presented a most magnificent appearance, as did also Great Gable and Kirkfell. The Pillar Rock is so foreshortened against the face of Pillar Mountain that it almost seems to merge into and form part of it.

The walk along the ridge to High Stile is easy and short, and the crags of the latter show up well on the left. I continued along down to the slight depression which connects High Stile and High Crag, getting fine views into Ennerdale all the way. Great Gable and Kirkfell, in particular, attracted attention, the crags of the latter being sharply defined in the brilliant sunshine and almost threatening to slide down and block up the top of Black Sail Pass, whose well-marked track leads over to Wasdale. From the top of High Crag a steep scree slope with grass on the right leads down to the summit of Scarf Gap, which connects Buttermere with Ennerdale. Here, having chosen a convenient slope by one of the various streamlets which descend to Buttermere, I halted for a little lunch, and then began the climb up Haystacks. This offered some pleasing alternative scrambles over low crags till its rough summit was attained and a view of the almost level range from Grey Knotts to Green Gable presented itself. I decided to visit the tops of Grey Knotts, Brandreth and Green Gable in turn, and took to the left in the direction of Honister till the somewhat sodden grass gave way to light-coloured rock. The ridge being once reached, I turned to the right again, and made my way almost due south for Great Gable. The mountains round Borrowdale, and especially the Helvellyn range, here made a fine panorama. As I passed from Brandreth to Green Gable, the view down Ennerdale became more and more direct, and the Pillar Rock with its characteristic gap stood more and more away from Pillar Mountain, its profile view being very effective against the sky.



GREAT GABLE, FROM KIRK FELL.

As I reached the summit of Green Gable, human voices, so far to-day unheard, were unmistakable, and I soon met a party of six on the way to Honister Pass. Away upon the top of Great Gable, more moving figures appeared, all evidently out for the full enjoyment of the grand weather. Crossing the gap between the two mountains, I reached the top of Great Gable at three o'clock after the usual rocky scramble necessary from this side.

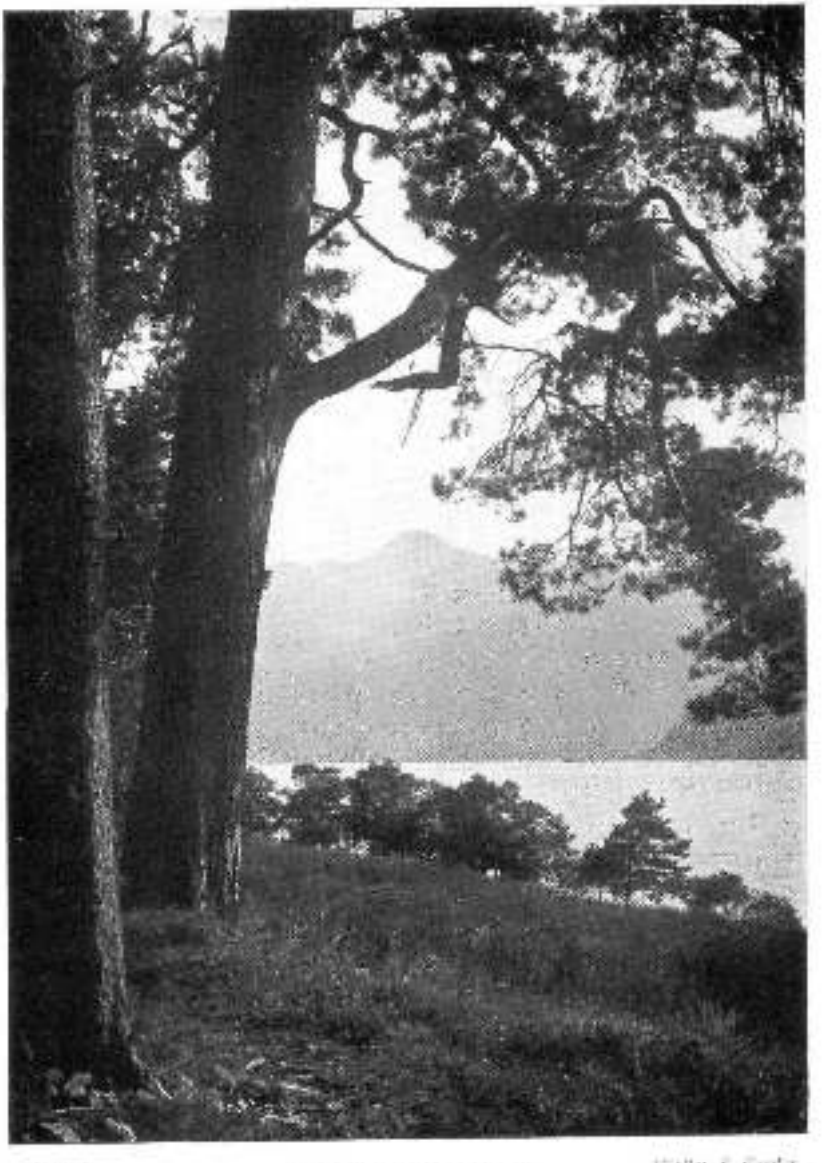
The Isle of Man again invited admiration, as did Wastwater and the Screes descending so sharply. The Scafell Range across Sty Head Pass looked quite close in such a clear atmosphere, and the flat fields and stone walls of Wasdale gave a striking contrast with the huge scree slopes of Yewbarrow and Red Pike. Having spent a short time at the summit cairn, I descended rapidly to the highest point of the depression between Great Gable and Kirkfell, and then climbed the latter direct, following the wire fencing which runs straight over the summit. Taking a straight course, I picked out quite a pleasant route down Kirkfell Crags, arriving at the top of Black Sail at half-past four. At this point I decided to leave Pillar and Steeple for another day, turned down into Ennerdale, and crossing Scarth Gap arrived in Buttermere at a quarter to seven, after the most invigorating and enjoyable day I have ever spent in the district.

Thursday proving very unsettled, I did no serious walking, but contented myself with strolling up to the foot of Whiteless Pike. The wind had again risen, and Friday morning was very stormy.

I was due to meet my companions in Keswick in the early afternoon, and was resigning myself to a thoroughly soaking cycle ride over Newlands Pass, when at the last moment the rain stopped, the clouds lifted, and a blazing sun broke forth. I took this as a good omen for the second half of my fortnight, and such in truth it proved to be, for not another drop of rain interfered with us till the day of our return.

On the following day I repeated the first half of Wednesday's walk with my three companions, under ideal weather conditions, and on Sunday, W.H. and I climbed Fleetwith Pike and descended the quarry path on to Honister Pass, after exploring several of the long tunnels which penetrate the crag.

On Monday, September 4th, we again divided parties, and while the two younger members amused themselves in the immediate neighbourhood of Buttermere, W.H. and I set off to make the ascent of Scafell Pike. We did not start till 10-15 a.m., but made good progress over Scarth Gap and Black Sail, and arrived at Wasdale Head Hotel at 1-15 p.m. This part of the district was hitherto unknown to W.H., and he found the wild grandeur of the scenery very impressive. At 1-30 we started along the track for Brown Tongue, and made that tedious ascent in a very close atmosphere, which rendered it rather more tiring than usual. Arriving in Hollow Stones we got wonderful views of the huge crags of Scafell and saw several climbers upon the Pinnacle. Following the cairns to the left, we mounted rapidly, and at 3-35 we were standing with a group of others upon the summit of Scafell Pike. A very good view could be had all round, rather better, in fact, than any previous view I had obtained from the same point. Descending to the depression on the Langdale side, we got a striking view of Great Gable and Sty Head Tarn. At the top of Esk Hause, we turned to the left and took the track to Sprinkling Tarn, from which the cliffs and gullies of Great End make an imposing picture. It was now about half-past four, and the sky was beginning to assume those wonderful rose-red tints which, in such weather, make an evening walk in these regions a delightful experience. In another hour we were down at Seathwaite enjoying a most welcome and refreshing tea. Continuing along the valley to Seatoller, we then began the ascent of Honister Pass. The scenery below became by degrees yet more lovely, the long beams of the westering sun lighting up the wooded slopes, and making the bare mountain flanks glow with a gorgeous copper tint, which faded gradually as the sun



CRUMMOCK WATER.

sank little by little below the ridges towering above us. Far away down the pass on the Buttermere side rose-coloured mists began to settle slowly, and the air feeling slightly chilly as we descended, we put on the pace a little more, arriving at Buttermere at a quarter to eight, having stored up a host of exquisite recollections which will last as long as life itself.

The next day was rather hotter than usual, and by general agreement, most of the day was spent on the brink of Crummock Water in luxurious idleness. On Wednesday we all set off at 10 a.m. for the ascent of Grassmoor by Coledale Pass, under a burning sun. Following the road round Rannerdale Knott by the edge of Crummock Water, we passed under the west side of Grassmoor, which is by far the finest. Near Lanthwaite Farm we took the footpath leading between Whiteside and Grassmoor. When the lower track became awkward, we climbed up the scree on the north side to a higher track, which continued all the way to the top of Coledale Pass. Here the appearance of the graceful cone of Grisedale Pike was very pleasing, while on the right Eel Crag and the higher part of Grassmoor were well seen. We took a slanting direction up the side of the latter, and after visiting two lower cairns, we reached the highest a little after one o'clock. The view was slightly spoiled by banks of white cloud in the far west, and wisps of mist occasionally rolled down upon us. All the well-known points were fairly clear, except Scafell Pike, of which only the cairn was visible above the clouds, which were rather low in that direction. Parts of Crummock shone under the sun's rays like burnished silver, and Loweswater appeared in the north-west. The summit of Newlands Pass showed up well during the descent over Whiteless Pike, and a succession of long grass slopes led us down to Buttermere, which we reached at a quarter to three, having had a very enjoyable climb. This was our last excursion of any length, but we had a fiercely hot walk up Newlands Pass on the morning of the 8th, when, with bags and rucksacks, we returned to Keswick, homeward bound.

# THE COOLIN FROM END TO END.

The traverse from end to end of the Coolin Ridge in one day has for years been a fruitful source of discussion amongst climbers. Perhaps the conjectures regarding it have not been quite so varied and indefinite as those used in speaking of the ultimate ascent of Mount Everest, but opinions have been as equally divided.

Several good authorities have declared this "ridge-wander" to be impossible, whilst others have had faith in its feasibility. However, these latter have qualified their belief by such a detailed statement of its difficulties, and the necessary qualifications of the man to accomplish the feat, that it was generally felt that they also believed it to be outside the range of possibility.

The bogey has now been laid for ever. Messrs. L. G. Shadbolt and A. McLaren (the former of whom, I am glad to say, belongs to our Club) set out from Glen Brittle at 3-35 a.m. on June the 10th and traversed the ridge in its entirety from Garsven to Sgurr nan Gillean, in less than seventeen hours.

What this performance means will be appreciated by a great number of our members, who know the wonderful Coolin of Skye intimately, and I feel sure they will be glad to have a record of the route taken, and the times occupied from peak to peak.

From the following short account it will be seen that Messrs. Shadbolt and McLaren "shirked" nothing, but climbed over every obstacle direct, finishing down the South-East Ridge of Sgurr nan Gillean, as being a fitter culmination than the tame walk along to Sgurr na h'Uamha.

From Glen Brittle they reached the top of Garsven at 6-7 a.m., and thence over Sgurr nan Eag (6-50) to Sgurr Dubh (7-45), traversing the Casteil a'Garbh Choire *en route*. Ten

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**THE RIDGE OF THE COOLIN FROM BRUACHE NA FRITHE, LOOKING SOUTH.**
(Sgurr Alasdair is seen just tipped with cloud, and to the right of it Sgurr Dearg, the highest point of which is the famous Inaccessible Pinnacle.
In the mid-distance, immediately below the two peaks, is Bidein druim nan Ramh)

minutes later they reached the Bealach (or col) between Sgurr Dubh and Sgurr Tearlach, where they rested twenty-five minutes and had refreshments. A few minutes later they were swinging down the short side of the famous Tearlach-Dubh Gap—a huge break in the ridge which for many years was considered quite impassable. The long side of this is about 70 feet high, is pretty well perpendicular, and distinctly difficult. However, they took it " in their stride," and reached the top of the highest of the Coolin, Sgurr Alaisdair, at 9 o'clock—very fast going.

Sgurr Tearlach was their next peak (9-8), and then they scampered along the narrow, jagged ridge until confronted by the fearsome wall of Sgurr Mhic Choinnich. They soon dissipated its terrors, however, and gained the top at 9-50.

From here an easy route can be taken to Sgurr Dearg (crowned by the most wonderful pinnacle in Britain) by descending to the left of the ridge, and thence along under the crags. They conscientiously kept to the skyline, however, and climbed over the " cock's comb " of An Stac, and up the long eastern side of the Inaccessible Pinnacle (10-55), descending the western side to the cairn on Sgurr Dearg, where they spent three-quarters of an hour.

Mid-day saw them under way again, and they struck due north, passing over the summits of Sgurrs na Banachdich (12-30), Thormaid (12-42), Ghreadaidh (1-7, resting here until 1-20), Mhadaidh (1-40, over all the peaks), to Bidein druim nan Ramh (2-40).

After climbing all three summits they faced the long tramp to Bruache na Frithe, arriving at its apex at 4-45, and feeling confident, in spite of the difficulties of Bhasteir Tooth and Sgurr nan Gillean, that the Main Ridge was theirs !

Leaving Bruache na Frithe, Sgurr a'Fionn Choire was traversed (4-50), after which half an hour was passed in resting and replenishing the inner man. Their next task was, perhaps, the most formidable they had set themselves, for Naismith's climb up Bhasteir Tooth was singled out as an appropriate

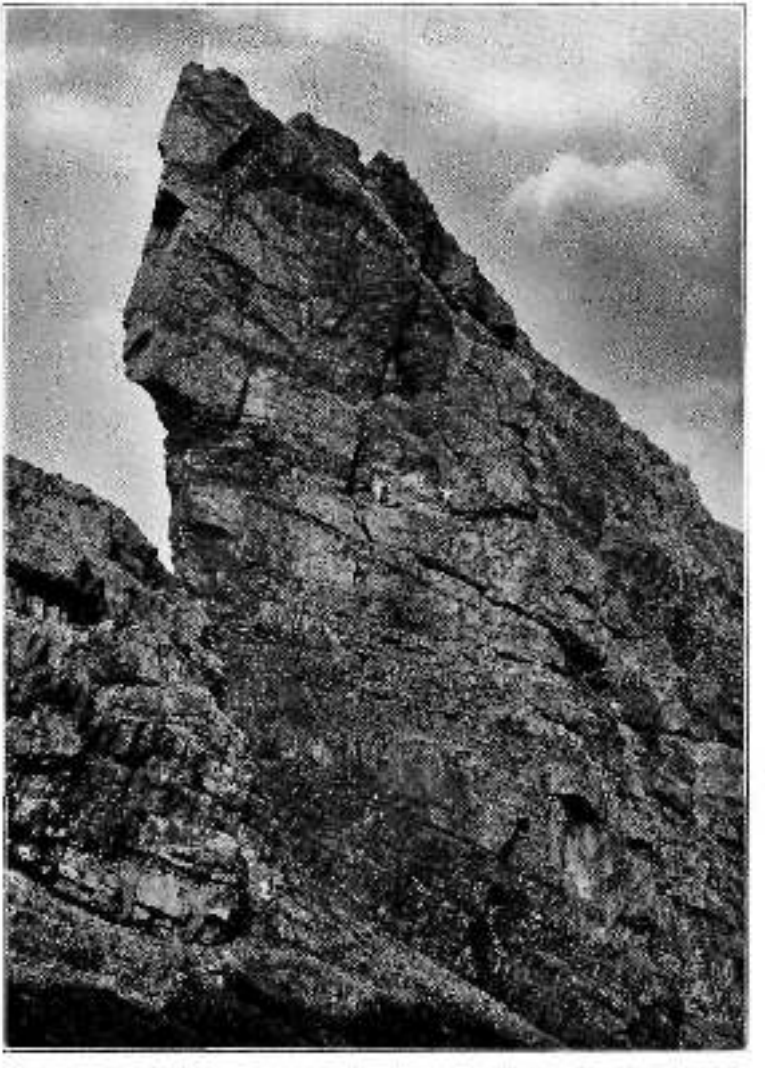
route. This was safely accomplished, and the top of Bhasteir reached at 6 o'clock—a truly remarkable climb, when we consider what had gone before.

Twenty-five minutes later they were on the top of Sgurr nan Gillean, and, without halting, started down the south-east ridge to Glen Sligachan, whence a trudge of about five miles over the heather brought them, at 8-20 p.m. to Sligachan Inn.

All food, drink and ropes, were carried by Messrs. Shadbolt and McLaren themselves, and the project was executed without the aid of pacers or parties with provisions. Both men were quite fresh at the finish, and their achievement was carried through so entirely without incident that one feels inclined to think the older authorities had made too much of it.

If such should be the thought of any of our members, they might try to emulate this "ridge-wander," when I feel sure they will be convinced that June 10th, 1911, witnessed one of the most remarkable feats of endurance, and mountaineering and climbing skill, ever accomplished in our home mountains.

ASHLEY P. ABRAHAM.



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THE BHASTEIR TOOTH.

This was one of the most formidable obstacles, and had to be climbed almost at the end of the "walk." The figures show the line of ascent.

# "APRIL FOOL" IN LABRADOR.

By Dr. ARTHUR W. WAKEFIELD.

April 1st, 1910, a day I shall not forget in a hurry, for it was the biggest "April Fool" I ever had in my life! After more than seven weeks' continuous travelling by komatik* and dog-team through the wilds of Labrador I was at last homeward bound, and hurrying south for all I was worth to the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen Hospital at Battle Harbour. I still had about 350 miles to go before the "break-up." In winter most of the travelling is along the coast, crossing the innumerable bays and inlets on the salt water ice. We had come to "Big Neck," a neck of land said to be 50 miles across, and without a single house. About half way across is "Big Brook," running east, and thus dividing the projecting land roughly into equal parts. Our route south crossed this brook at right angles, and at the crossing was a rough log tilt, where, at the time in question, we knew that there was dog food, and the carcase of a deer recently killed by hunters.

I was travelling with two komatiks and dog-teams. Both my drivers (Charlie and John) had the British blood in their veins liberally tinged with Eskimo. Going north we had travelled round the coast in order to visit some small settlements, and none of us had ever been across "Big Neck." Therefore we engaged Jim, mine host at Tissiujalek, the nearest house north of Big Neck, to come as pilot with his komatik and dogs.

We were wishful to get a good start, so arranged to get up at 3 a.m., and to be away as soon as possible afterwards. At 3 a.m. Jim looked out and reported that it was a dirty morning, wind, snow and drift, too bad to make a start. This report made me exceedingly anxious, for the conditions at

* A komatik is a big sledge, something like a bob-sleigh.

Tissiujalek made it impossible for us to stay there. The little one-roomed shanty dignified by the Eskimo name of Tissiujalek sheltered not only Jim and his wife, but also Jim's brother and his wife and child, in addition to a sister and her two children. That, however, was no unusual state of affairs; the difficulty was that grub was almost out. The only food possessed by these three families was a few pounds of flour, a pint or two of molasses, and a few ounces of tea. They had no money to buy any more, and even if they had possessed the "wherewithal," there was no flour obtainable nearer than the Hudson Bay Company's post at Rigolet, some 70 miles south across Big Neck. I had an ample supply of grub to take four or five people across the neck, but a single day feeding all these hungry mouths would exhaust my supply, and I could not possibly see my hosts going hungry. In addition they had almost finished their dog food, and were unable to feed my two teams properly, and I could not let my poor dogs go unfed.

The night before I had worked it out so nicely. Jim would pilot me to Rigolet, where, with his earnings as pilot, he would buy flour to carry back to his starving household. But I had reckoned without mine host, or rather without taking the Clerk of the Weather into consideration. So from 3 to 4 a.m. I lay awake in my sleeping bag on the floor, pondering all sorts of "ponderations," and wondering what was the best way out of this awkward fix. At 4 a.m. Jim looked out again. He reported that the weather was a little better, and that we could at any rate make a start, but that unless the improvement continued we could not push through. In a moment everyone was at work, for every moment might be of value later in the day. After hurriedly donning our outside clothes, we swallowed our breakfast of hard-tack and raw tea before going out to harness the dogs and lash up the komatiks. Two of the dogs were missing, and it was some time before we found them curled up asleep under the house.

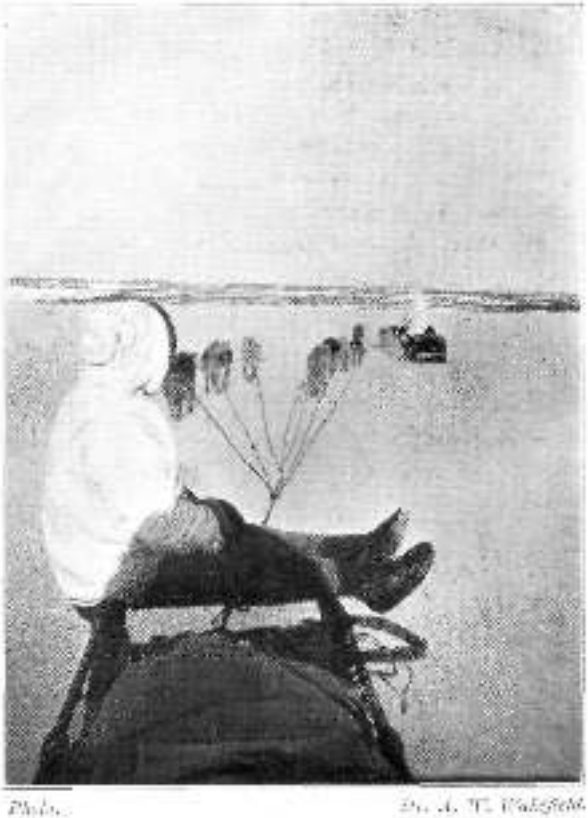

*Photo.* *Dr. A. W. Wakefield.*

SMOOTH GOING.

At about 6 a.m. we bade farewell to our hostesses and "the family," and with an "Ou-eet, Ou-eet" to the dogs, bumped over the "ballicatter" (local for "barricades," viz., the rough ice crevassed in some places, at others raised into miniature mountains, by the regular rise and fall of the tide at the landwash), and then sped out on to the smooth ice of the arm. Two or three miles of this brought us to the outlet of Tissiujalek Brook, and we commenced a most arduous ascent. For about three miles the brook ran through thick woods. Here the snow was very deep and soft, and the brook being very steep, progress was slow and difficult. I walked ahead on snowshoes (locally called "rackets") to beat a path, then came Jim, who had a light komatik, then Charlie with my "first team," and finally Johnny with my "second team."

This first stage took us about two hours; then we cleared the woods to come to what was, if possible, even worse going. The brook, still almost as big as ever, had, as they say in Labrador, "quarried" out over the hill side, which was consequently all covered with a thick layer of ice. Up this we had to make our way as best we could, unprotected now by the woods from the wind, which blew great guns right in our teeth. Fortunately it was much warmer (9° F. at Cartwright), but the wind frequently caught the komatiks, plunging them, dragging the dogs after them, down some steep ice slope up which they had just, with infinite difficulty, been hauled. At other times, on the more level stretches, a gust would blow the komatiks crooked or right out of the course altogether. The dogs too were frequently unable to keep "nose on" to the wind on the smooth ice. The question of turning back was raised. Jim, with whom the decision properly lay, was non-committal. I was very anxious to press on, for reasons already stated; also, having now toiled up so far, I did not want to throw away all the labour by beating a retreat. Jim said that we could at any rate go on to Tissiujalek pond,

a big tarn at the top of the brook; and, as though to encourage us, the weather continued to improve. At last the pond was reached. One of my drivers definitely wished to retreat, the other was undecided, while Jim refused to express any opinion. Just before we stopped for our council of war I had seen a little fleeting patch of blue sky, unnoticed I think by the others. This had settled my own mind, for I felt sure it was clearing. So I decided to go on, and forward we went.

The going soon became very good, for the wind had blown away the loose snow, and we had reached the high barren land over which the greater part of our journey lay. Up hill now alternated with level going or down hill. The wind almost died away, and soon the sun came out to smile on us. Under such good conditions we made so rapid progress, that by 10 o'clock we were only some three miles from the tilt on Big Brook.

Suddenly there arose a wild howl, our dogs dashed forward, frenzied with excitement. A broad trail of broken snow had crossed our path at right angles, the track ("footun'," they call it here) of nine caribou, and quite fresh! The first time we had seen such a sight during the whole winter. The men seemed almost as excited as the dogs. Quickly we brought the teams to a halt, and got out our rifles. I insisted on a short halt to get a little food, for we did not know—little did we think—how long a chase we would have. After hastily munching a few mouthfuls of hard tack and parkin, and having a hasty pull at the Thermos flask, Jim, Charlie and I set off after the deer. Johnny was left in charge of the three komatiks and dog-teams. Expecting to be gone only an hour or so, we put nothing in our pockets except a few cartridges.

It was just 10-15 a.m. when we set off, in high glee at the thought of being in such close proximity to a bunch of deer. Their trail zig-zagged here, there and everywhere, leading first to one little group of stunted willows, then to another. This indicated that their object was feeding, and not travelling. At every little rise we expected to see them just beyond. On and still on we went. We were trending roughly south-east; but turning and twisting about as we were doing, it was quite

*Photo.* *Pte. A. W. Winfield.*

THE HILL DIFFICULTY.

impossible to say exactly in what direction we were going. In one place we picked up the trail of a wolf, but soon lost it again in following the deer. The wind began to rise, and soon there was quite a drift of snow. Moreover the sky clouded up, and the mist came down. I asked Jim if he was sure he could find his way back, but he only laughed. Just after this, during a slight lull, some dark specks were sighted on a hill side, perhaps 400 yards away. The men thought they were deer lying down, so we stalked with consummate skill, only ascertaining when we got behind a big rock fairly close that our "deer" were but boulders. This stalking had occupied some considerable time. It was now 12-15, and the weather getting dirtier, so we decided to abandon the chase at once.

Jim said he could take a short cut straight back to the komatiks, and that it was unnecessary to retrace all our roundabout journey. He would have no difficulty at all, for he knew exactly where Johnny had been left, just under the shoulder of Wilson's Hill. So off we went, Jim boldly leading the way north-west or thereabouts. An hour passed and we had seen neither dogs nor komatik, and Jim confessed that he had lost the way. Another hour was spent firing guns, shouting, sweeping round in circles, and trying every scientific manœuvre we could think of. Once we heard the dogs barking, but fortune in the shape of an echo was against us, and we took a direction exactly opposite to the true one. Again and again we nearly lost each other trying to scout in "open order."

The weather was dirtier than ever, and it was clear that we must reach shelter for the night or be frozen. So we decided to steer for Big Brook, which must lie to the south, hoping to strike the tilt and grub. We reached the brook just before dark, but there was no sign of the tilt, and Jim did not even know whether we were east or west of it. We had no axe with us, so pulled down branches from the trees to lie on, and dry sticks for a fire.

Nothing had passed our lips all day except a little snow which we had sucked, but it had done us no good and we were terribly thirsty. Charlie bethought himself of a little two-ounce "Capstan" baccy tin, given him a few days before to hold

his snow-glasses, which we used as a kettle to melt the snow. We all drank eagerly many "kettle"-fuls of water, and later got a certain amount of sleep, and were not so cold as we had expected.

Next morning the wind had gone down, but a thick mist lay on all the high land, and we could see very little. After a council of war we decided to strike west up the brook. Here amongst the trees the snow was terribly soft and deep, and at every step we sank in almost to our knees. We took turns at breaking the trail. By mid-day we had not got more than a few miles. We were tired, and weakening from want of food, for we had not seen a single living thing to shoot. Jim had become absolutely bewildered, and was useless as a pilot. He was constantly recognising landmarks, which on closer inspection proved to be entirely false.

After a while I decided we must change our tactics and strike south to the landwash. Accordingly we set to work to tackle the wearisome ascent of the ridge of hills bounding Big Brook to the south. About 2 p.m. we reached the crest, and at this very moment the mist lifted for a short time, just sufficiently for us to see Hamilton inlet, some twenty miles to the south, where Charlie recognised Pompey's Island and Green Point. He told us the nearest house was at Tom Liscombe, close to Green Point. Promptly we took our bearings ere the mist closed down again, and set off down the southern slope of the ridge. Had we sufficient strength left to cover those twenty miles? The answer to this question would depend largely on the going.

Our spirits raised by the prospect of reaching human habitations, we made rapid progress for a time. The going was hard and good, and it was downhill. And as we went we talked of how we would sleep that night in warmth and comfort. But soon we began to feel the weakness from our thirty hours' fast, and the pace slackened.

Before dark we were in thick woods once more, still some

five or six miles from the landmark, and eight or nine from Tom Liscombe. The going was *terribly* bad. The snow was so soft that we often sank, snowshoes and all, well above our knees, even to our hips, and we were *very* tired. Actual hunger we did not seem to feel. The two men had hours ago eaten their seal-skin mittens, and I had been eating moss off the trees, rather in the hopes of gaining a little nourishment to keep up our strength than from any sense of hunger. I had tried the seal-skin, but I could not stomach it, and on the plea that it would give me indigestion went back to a moss diet.

At dark we camped, and again drank many "kettle"-fuls of smoky melted snow. Our camp-fire sank five or six feet and melted out a big circle in the snow, over which we dangled our legs and warmed our toes. During the night a big wind got up, and the weather became very dirty—it was indeed lucky that we had good shelter in the woods.

At 5-10 a.m. we set off again, very, very slowly in the deep, soft snow. At 6-15 we saw three white partridges (ptarmigan) walking about on the snow. Jim shot, but his rifle missed fire. I then fired and knocked one over. We hardly waited to cook him. I divided the bird into three portions, A, B, and C respectively. Then Charlie and Jim, without looking, chose which piece they would have. Strange to say, we all felt much weaker after this partridge. We constantly stopped to rest, or to look at the compass. Charlie and I had several attacks of cramp in the legs, caused by the unwonted strain of hauling the rackets out of such deep snow holes at every step. The weather was now exceedingly dirty, a big wind, heavy snow and drift. Crossing any marsh or open space we felt it badly, but in the woods we were sheltered.

About this time I lost my compass, having slipped it, I suppose, into the opening of my coat instead of into my pocket. Fortunately we were so near the landwash that we were able to find our way all right.

After what seemed a never-ending struggle, sinking knee-

deep into the snow, and wearily plugging our rackets out again at every step, we at last came out on to the sea just three miles from the house at Tom Liscombe. That three miles on good going, with the wind almost behind us, took us exactly one and a half hours, and we got in at 12-45, having been out just 50½ hours. Charlie and I both had a smart attack of snow-blindness for some days afterwards, as he had left his goggles behind, and mine had therefore been obliged to do for the two of us.

By the time a relief party could be got together to look for John, who had been left with the komatiks and dogs on the top of the neck, it was too late to start. Next morning was one of the worst storms of the year, and it was quite impossible to make a start. I was very anxious about Johnny. Certainly he had lots of grub, a tent, and four sleeping bags, but he had no stove nor fuel, no rifle, and practically no dog food, and he was only a boy not yet eighteen. He might easily get scared and wander off and lose himself, or do something foolish. In any case, the neck was a nasty place on which to be left alone for four days in such weather.

Next day the weather cleared, and by 4 a.m. the relief party was off. John's camp was found without much difficulty, but he, the dogs, and one komatik had gone. His trail, absolutely fresh, led north, and later we learnt that John, after waiting four days snugly ensconced beneath the tent in the sleeping bags, had set off for Tissiujalek just before the relief party arrived at his camp.

Thus ended my first caribou hunt. Whenever I think of it I can see those nine deer leisurely trotting away, looking back now and again to leer at me, while their hoofs go "click, clack," in a unison which seems to ring out to me "April Fool, April Fool."

# WASDALE HEAD IN "AULD WILL" RITSON'S TIME.

By GEORGE SEATREE.

In olden times the lowland plains and valleys of Cumberland and Westmorland, with their numerous abbeys, castles, feudal halls, and manorial strongholds, had their share of the fierce internecine struggles to which our country was subjected. But according to the annals—or rather the lack of annals— the more remote mountain dales of Lakeland appear to have escaped active participation in most of the bloodstained movements which through the centuries devastated so large a portion of England, Wales, and Scotland. The tide of war and of civil and ecclesiastical strife surged around and near. Happily they left our mountain valleys in quiet isolation and peace. Even the swashbucklering rievers from across the border spared the homes of Lakeland vales from their foraging attention—though it is to be feared more likely because of the probable lack of booty than through love for the inhabitants or regard for the scenery.

Very little is known of the history of the out-of-the-way valleys of Lakeland. May we not therefore gladly assume that no records are good records? Even the local county histories give us but slight insight into the life and customs of the inhabitants of our dales during those dark mediæval times. The now famous valley of Wasdale is no exception to the general rule, and indeed one can well understand how its remote, secluded situation, and the difficulty of access in those days of slow pack-horse travelling ensured its isolation and quietude.

The following paragraph from Hutchinson's history of Cumberland, published in 1794, takes us perhaps as far back as any authentic annals now obtainable :—

" Wasdale Head is supposed to be part of the Manor of Eskdale, and Nether Wasdale is a distinct manor in itself. Above Irton in the fells

and mountains lies a waste forest ground, full of red deer, which was called the Wastedale, now Wasdale, the inheritance of the Earl of Northumberland, and before the Lucy lands being a parcel of their third part of the Barony of Egremont, which Thomas Lucy got with his wife Margaret, one of the daughters and co-heirs of John Moulton last of that name, Baron of Egremont."

Hutchinson also states that at the period of which he was writing, the dale was infested by wild cats, foxes, martins, and eagles. What anxious times there must have been in farmers' poultry-runs! The number of inhabitants appears to have varied little during the last century. In the early part of that era there were eight families, three being landowners or "'statesmen," four farmers and one labourer, in all thirty-five persons. It is recorded that the Fletcher family has been amongst the "'statesmen" of the dale for over seven hundred years.

Coming to comparatively modern times one turns in vain to the early Lake district guide-book writers for any but the scantiest information.

In describing an excursion to the Buttermere district, Mr. West in his guide-book (1778 and 1780 editions) gives only the following bald and vague reference to Wasdale:—

"When the roads to Ennerdale and West-Water are improved they may be taken in this morning's ride."

Robinson's guide-book (1819), referring to the scenery of Sty Head Pass, says:—

"The scenery around this place is calculated to inspire emotions of the most awful kind, but on reaching the brow on the opposite (Wasdale) side of Sty Head a most delightful view opens to the eye . . . . But however charming and extensive the scenery is, the idea of its beauty is almost immediately lost in the overpowering sensation of danger which seizes the mind when contemplating the path to be descended."

In the first edition of Wordsworth's guide-book (1810) we obtain a higher note of appreciation:—

"Wasdale is well worth the notice of the traveller who is not afraid of fatigue; no part of the country is more distinguished by sublimity."

Otley's guide-book, published in 1844, by which time a considerable stream of tourists and mountaineers must have

*Photo.* WASDALE HEAD AND STY HEAD PASS. *J. Fisher, Kendal.*

begun to cross the passes and visit the dale, contains the following note :—

"Wasdale Head consists of about half-a-dozen dwellings sheltered by trees, and a small chapel in the midst of an area of arable land encircled by the loftiest mountains. A public-house is much wanted, the kind hospitality of the inhabitants being not infrequently drawn upon by strangers, but it is expected that a licence to entertain travellers will shortly be obtained by one of the householders."

Coming to a later period, in fact to our own time, that energetic pedestrian and mountaineer, the late H. I. Jenkinson, was perhaps the first to realise the potentialities and true character of the famous climbing centre. After many visits he wrote, in the first edition of his practical guide-book (1873) :—

"Wasdale Head lies secluded at the foot of the most wild and lofty mountains. It is a favourite retreat of the lover of mountaineering. Here he may remain for weeks and still find plenty of work."

How well Jenkinson's observation has been justified is evidenced by the thousands of enthusiasts who now frequent the birth-place of British rock-climbing.

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century the advent and development of modern mountaineering brought the dale into great prominence, and, though threatened, it has not so far lost the charmful physical character of its old-time seclusion and restfulness.

The few available annals of Wasdale Head during the middle decades of that century are closely associated with the personality of William Ritson—"Auld Will," as he came in his later years to be familiarly termed ; and as the home of this typical Cumbrian dalesman, "'statesman" and wit, the valley during that long period derived much significance.

The climbing men who knew Will Ritson intimately are now few and far between, and in response to the call of the Editor the few records and recollections of the Wasdale worthy at my disposal are readily given to the readers of this journal. By the younger members of our Club "Auld Will" may be regarded as a somewhat mythical figure. To such may I say,

he was anything but mythical to the small community inhabiting the wild and lonely valley during his best days.

Very little is known or at least recorded of his father, John Ritson, except that he was provided with an annuity out of the estate when the property was left to Will by his grandfather. Judging from the following incident, however, the son must have been somewhat of a "chip of the old block." In Will's young days father and son had occasion to visit Loweswater. On arriving at the Kirk Stile Inn, refreshment was found desirable. The younger man helped himself and proceeded to charge his father's glass, saying "Thoo mun say when, fadder." Old John was silent, and Will filled the glass until it began to overflow, whereupon he remarked "Thoo nivver said *when*, fadder." "Nea, Will," said John, "a lucky man may mak his fortun be hoddin his tongue."

The subject of these lines was born in 1808 at Row Foot, Wasdale Head, then a small farmstead, which he afterwards inherited from his grandfather—a Bill Ritson—the property having originally come into the family by purchase from the Tysons.

Ritson used to say he could remember being christened, and this might be quite true; for in those days of periodical christening services, it was not uncommon for children to be several years old when baptised. It is on record that when the time came for taking him to church he had bolted, had to be hunted for and run down; also that when the parson did the sprinkling the boy responded with remarks which were much more personal than courteous or respectful.

Of Ritson's early youthful days not very much is to be gleaned, but he grew into a fine type of dalesman, tall, muscular, heavy boned, and athletic. In the wrestling rings of West Cumberland he was known as a powerful local champion and exponent of the ever popular Cumberland and Westmorland sport. His prowess had to be reckoned with in many a doughty tussle. His favourite pastime was undoubtedly hunting, of which

*From a Water Colour.* *By Miss E. M. Scobell.*

HUNTSMAN'S INN, ROW FOOT, WASDALE HEAD.

he was passionately fond. At a comparatively early age he was appointed huntsman to Mr. Rawson, of Wasdale Hall, and subsequently to Mr. Huddleston, of Gosforth, both gentlemen renowned for their love and enthusiasm for the local chase. Later in life, when Ritson entered on the duties of landlord of the Huntsman's Inn, he was a keen enough hunter to form and maintain an effective pack of fox hounds of his own, and never were mountain hounds more deftly handled than were his. Even on his death-bed he expressed a wish to get up and see a run by the Blackcombe Beagles, then hunting in the locality.

Ritson's hunting proclivities and experiences gave him a complete knowledge of the West Cumberland fells and foothills—a knowledge which in later years he turned to excellent account, for he became one of the most trusted and popular guides in the district. His services and good company were eagerly sought for by the few tourists who pioneered the passes and peaks in the days when mountaineering as a pastime was in the first stages of its infancy.

As a "'statesman" farming his own land, he had the reputation of being a shrewd and industrious manager and worker, ever foremost in all weathers to take his share alike of the arduous fell shepherding, or the easier but equally necessary home work of his dalehead holding.

Interesting and creditable as are the foregoing brief details of the famous dalesman's youthful career, it is his later record as landlord of the Huntsman's Inn, afterwards the Wastwater Hotel, which has caused his memory to be treasured and will keep it green to posterity. Prior to Row Foot becoming a licensed house (about 1856) the building was small and very primitive. When Ritson, who had by this time married his wife Dinah—one of the Fletchers of Nether Wasdale—conceived the idea of supplying tourists with ham and eggs, etc., he built at the south end of the farm a small wing, which he believed would provide ample accommodation for all the tourists and travellers ever likely to come his way. He had

now reached a mature age, and with the assistance of his hard-working help-mate the Inn rapidly grew in custom and popularity. Several of the Lake Poets and other eminent men of letters, students, etc., found Wasdale to be an unspoiled place in a situation of uncommon grandeur. They took delight in the old-time primitive methods of the people. They revisited the valley many times, and in Ritson always found a willing aider and abetter of their sports and frolics. Amongst the dalesfolk he held the sway almost of a local potentate. He was looked up to as their philosopher. Never was he at a loss when appealed to on any conceivable subject. Be the topic under discussion agricultural, sporting, or political, the landlord was ever ready with the last word, which was given at times with perhaps a little more emphasis than authenticity.

The old, quaint, wooden benched kitchen of the Inn was a popular rendezvous of farmers, shepherds, guides and stray wayfarers, and not infrequently of the local parson. Here in the broadest sou'-west Cumbrian dialect the topics of the day, local and general, were discussed. Ritson reigned supreme. He was landlord, waiter, and customer by turns. As the nights wore on the fun became fast and furious, the company being kept in fits of laughter by his quick-witted jokes, banter and racy stories. It was on such an occasion I first beheld Auld Will, and well I remember his characteristic reply to an inquiry anent the crags on Great Gable: "What's makk'n ye chaps fash ye'r sels' seah mich aboo't crags noo-a-days, isn't t' fells gud eneuf for ye?" He was then well up in years, it is true, but hale and active, full of fun, and the faculty for creating it when in the humour, but brusque, blunt and even uncouth enough when out of it. During the last six or eight years of his occupancy it was my good fortune to visit the inn frequently. On those occasions we had many interesting "cracks" together. More than once out of the season we appeared to have the house to ourselves, save for old Dinah, who went quietly about her work and said nothing.

Many of Ritson's best stories were not original, and therefore cannot be ascribed to him, or quoted as such, but the inimitable way in which he related them in the pure local vernacular, his smart repartee and his sly sallies were entirely Ritsonian, and never failed to bring down the house. My recollection of Ritson's own yarns or "lees" is that they were of a very harmless type, much more calculated to astonish and amuse than to deceive. Nothing suited him better than to "take down" anyone who tried to presume upon his own credulity. The following lines by Richardson are founded upon an actual incident of the kind :—

"WILL RITSON'S MACHINE."

Auld Will was famous at a crack ;
An' thowt 'at nin could tell
A better teal or bigger lee,
Nor he could deu his-sel'.

Ya day, a stuck-up chap com in,
'At thowt Auld Will to jeer ;
He sed he'd been to Manchester,
An' telt what he'd seen theer.

Aboot their butchin' swine, he talk't,
Three hundred in a day,
An' yan could druss them off, as fast,
As two could tak away.

Says Will, " It's wonderful, neah doot,
Sec butchin' feats thoo's seen ;
Bit in that granary loft, oot theer,
We hev a queer machine.

" Thoo sees t' auld sewe, on t' midden theer,
I'll bet a pund, an' win,
If thoo'll just tak her to t' machine,
An' pop her nicely in—

" An' give 't three turns aboot, she'll come
Oot bacon, nicely dry't,
Anudder turn, an't hams 'ill be
Weel boil't, an't flicks weel fry't.

" Weel mead aw t' sossiges 'll be,
Just by a turn o' t' crank,
An't' brussels, min' 'ill come oot teu,
Good brushes riddy shank't."

T' chap glowered at Will, an' then he sed,
" Oh, what a horrid lee,"
Says Will, " Does thoo think i'd be bangt
Wi' sec a thing as thee ? "

The late Dr. A. C. Gibson told a story which Ritson heard, appropriated and gave with stolid gravity. After a dalesman in the kitchen had reeled off a " thumper " about an enormous vegetable he had read of in an East Cumberland newspaper, the host gravely chimed in :—

" O, that was nowte tull a crop o'turmets at was grown abeun twenty year sen be Clem Mossop o'Prior Skeal, nar Co'der Brig. It's guddish grund theer, and what wid that, and heavy muckin an' wide thinnin oot, he rais't sec turmets as niver was heerd tell on ayder afooar or sen—they wer' sa big.

" Fwoke com fray o' parts to leuk at them ; an' aboot Martimas a young bull fairly eat his way intul yan o' them, as a moose mud intul a cheese, an bead theer. They thowt t' beast was lost till a while efter Kermas, when he woak't oot on t' a gat bit fatter ner he went in. Clem was sa plees't 't he hed t' skell o' t' turmet carriet yam, an't mead a famish hen hull—t' hens o' sat in't at neet—while next winter, an' than it soffen't an' fell to gidder efter a hard frost."

The following interesting description of Ritson and the doings in Wasdale at the period under review is from the pen of the late Edwin Waugh, who along with a friend undertook an autumnal pedestrian tour to the seaside lakes and mountains of Cumberland in 1859. The party struck a spell of Wasdale's worst weather, and were storm-bound at the inn for two days. The dialect parts are a blend of Mr. Waugh's Lancashire and Ritson's Cumbrian :—

" To ourselves it was a disappointment to be pent up in the heart of that sublime group of mountains, Yewbarrow, Pillar, Great Gable, Kirkfell, Lingmell, and Scafell—and yet unable to behold them. But it was something to feel that, although unseen, they were standing awfully around us in the tempestuous gloom. Our little parlour faced the storm ; and we had a bright fire in it. There was an accordion and a few books in the window-sill ; and we got through the wild day very

AULD WILL RITSON AND HIS WIFE DINAH.

well. On the previous night Ritson had spoken doubtfully of the weather, and he had advised us not to attempt the ascent of Scafell. All chance of climbing that mountain during our visit was now gone, and we made the best of the matter.

"In the course of the day I went into the kitchen now and then, to talk with the company there. Ritson was full of tales of the mountains. Speaking of the wild crag which gives name to Pillar, the great mountain between Wasdale Head and Ennerdale Head, he said there was a bottle deposited upon it, containing some half-dozen names of people who had climbed to the top of it. The last man who ascended it was Baumgarten. 'Before Baumgarten set oot,' said Ritson, 'he left his watch an' his purse an' a note, an' he said 'at if he never cam back again a' would be mine. Aa went a lang way up with him,' continued he, 'but aa tell't him aa wadn't gan to t' top. Aa knew t' way varra weel; but aa didn't like to engage it again. So he axed me what were t' reason, an' aa tell't him aa'd mair nor mysel' to think on now, an' it was ower big a risk. Bud, nowt wad sarra, bud he must gan up; so he shook hands wi' me, an' aa gev him t' best instructions aa could, an' he went forret, and he was seen soon after sittin' stride-legs upo' t' edge o' t' rock, sheawtin' an' wavin' his hat. He left his neam i' t' bottle at top; an' a gay time we hed when he cam' down again safe and sound.'

"Thus the talk wandered on, quaint and simple, from one thing to another, on that stormy day. The chapel at Wasdale Head is one of the smallest in England. Ritson told us of an old parson of Wasdale who kept a churn-ful of sermons, which he used to preach down to the bottom, then turn over and begin again. 'Yan Sunday,' said he, 'when t' aad priest cam to t' forenoon sarvice, what should he see but Birkett, t' clerk, straddle't upo' t' chapel riggin' with a girt hammer in his hand. 'Why, Birkett,' says he, 'whatever are ye doing there?' 'Well,' says Birkett, 'ye see, sic a yan hes borrowed t' bell-raap, to leaad hay wi', sea aa's cum up a-ringing t' sarvice in wi' t' coal-hammer.'

"Ritson told of a parson in a little Cumberland village, who, finding one Sunday forenoon that his whole congregation consisted of three of his intimate neighbours, hesitated before beginning the service, and said to them, 'What think ye three men if we all go up to t' 'Mortal Man' public-house, an' hev a pint of ale a-piece?'

"I was most interested in Ritson's anecdotes of famous men who had visited Wasdale. He had wandered many a day with Professor Wilson, Wordsworth, Professor Sedgwick, De Quincey, and others. Ritson had been a famous wrestler in his youth, and had won many a country belt in Cumberland. He once wrestled with Wilson, and threw him twice out of three falls. But he owned that the Professor was 'a verra bad un to lick.' Wilson beat him at jumping. He could jump twelve

yards in three jumps, with a great stone in each hand. Ritson could only manage eleven and three-quarters. 'T' first time at Professor Wilson cam' to Wasdale Head,' said Ritson, 'he hed a tent set up in a field, an' he gat it weel stock't wi' bread, an' beef, an' cheese, an' rum, an' ale, an' sic like. Then he gidder't up my grandfather, an' Thomas Tyson, an' Isaac Fletcher, an' Joseph Stable, an' aad Robert Grave, and some mair; an' there was gay deed amang 'em. Then, nowt would sarra bud he would hev a boat, and they must all hev a sail. Well, when they gat into t' boat, he tell't em to be partickler careful, for he was liable to git giddy i' t' head; an' if yan ov his giddy fits sud chance to cum on, he mud happen tummle into t' watter. Well, that pleased 'em all gaily weel, an' they said they'd tak varra girt care on him. Then he leaned back an' called oot that they must pull quicker. So they did; and what does Wilson do then but topples ower eb'm ov his back i' t' watter, with a splash. Then there was a girt cry—'Eh, Mr. Wilson's i' t' watter, Mr. Wilson's i' t' watter,' an yan click't, an' anudder click't, but nean o' them could get hod on him, and there was sek a scrowe as nivver. At last, yan o' them gat him round t' neck as he popped up at teal o' t' boat, an' Wilson taad him to kep a good hod, for he mud happen slip him agean. But what, it was nowt but yan ov his bits o' pranks—he was smurkin' an' laughin' all t' time. Wilson was a fine, gay, girt-hearted fellow, as strang as a lion, and as lish as a trout, an' he hed sek antics as nivver man hed. Whativver ye sed tull him ye'd get your change back for it gaily soon . . . Aa remember, there was a'murry neet' at Wasdale Head that verra time, an' Wilson an' t' aad Parson was there amang t' rest. When they'd gotten a bit on, Wilson med a sang aboot t' parson. He med it reight off o' t' stick end. He began wi' t' parson first, then he gat to t' Pope, and then he turned it to t' devil, an' sic like, till he hed 'em fallin' off their cheers wi' fun. T' parson was quite astonished, an' rayder vext an' all, but at last he brust oot laughin' wi' th' rest. He was like. Naabody could stand it . . . T' seam neet there was yan o' their wives cum to fetch her husban' heam, an' she was rayder ower strang i' t' tung wi' him afore t' heal company. Well, he took it all i' good pairt, but, as he went away, he shouted oot to t' aad minister, 'Od dang ye, parson, it wor ye at teed us two tegidder.' . . . It was a' life an' murth amang us as lang as Professor Wilson was at Wasdale Head."

An amusing sidelight is thrown on Auld Will's character in the following incident. During a visit to Keswick in his later days he called upon an eminent Lake district photographer, and whilst sitting for his portrait looked very serious and glum. "Now then, Will," said the artist, "let me see you smile, it's not a funeral, you know." "Smile," replied the sitter, "hoo

can a fellow smile when he's nobbut gitten a beuk to leuk at? Noo if thoo'll fetch ma a mug o' yal ah'll smile for tha reet eneuf." The photographer departed for the desired stimulant, and on his return Auld Will's countenance brightened up wonderfully and the smile was duly "taken" before being buried in the mug. In the evening, when the plate was developed, it was found to be all fogged. During the artist's absence Auld Will had opened the dark slide and laughingly boasted afterwards that "it was a gey good jwoke for't likeness takker hed lost beath his beer and my smile."

Auld Will and Dinah retired from active business in 1879, and the inn was let to the late Daniel Tyson. One of the last sad duties of Ritson as landlord was to give evidence at the inquest held after the fatal accident to the Rev. James Jackson. After their retirement the aged couple took up their residence at Nicol Ground, Nether Wasdale, and there spent the remainder of their lives in quietude and rest. The old warrior died in 1890, and was interred in Nether Wasdale churchyard, the faithful companion of his life having been taken about twelve months earlier. They had two sons, but both predeceased them, leaving four grandchildren—one of whom, Mr. William Ritson, of Liverpool, is the present owner of the Wastwater Hotel, whilst Miss Ritson and Mr. J. Ritson Whiting, both relations, are the occupants.

Though twenty years have come and gone since this remarkable local worthy passed away from the scenes of his strenuous career, his life and character are not forgotten, and the memory of him still clings to, and will long remain a kindly asset of the wild mountain glen.

The grand dale head is little changed since those days. In the forty years I have known it there have been very few alterations. The narrow lanes and byways, the wide heaped up cobble dikes separating the few level meadows, the quaint little old church and burial ground nestling within their border of stunted firs are all just as of yore. The old inn is

now but a diminutive annexe to the commodious extension built about twenty-four years ago, and renamed the Wastwater Hotel. A new vicarage has been erected, and that is all. The jerry-builder has found no footing in the dale, and the other builders have, let us hope, been busy elsewhere. Thus the old-time secluded and restful character of the hamlet, with its many happy memories, is still retained, so that the Wasdale Head which attracted Wordsworth, Professor Wilson, De Quincey—aye, and Auld Will Ritson—and their contemporaries is yet unspoiled, and the favourite haunt of another and vastly increased generation of mountain lovers. Long may it so remain.

# IT CAPS OWT.

By Dr. John Mason.

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Weel, I'se nut so fond o' climmin' t' fells as sum fwolk is. What, yan noo-a-deas sees a terble lot o' quality o' ya mack or anudther on t' fells whedther wet or fine. Ther was ya dae t' last back-end or mebbe at t' forend o' September, an' a terble het an an' oa, I was at Wy'burn, an' ther was ivver so many traps an' cwoaches theer; an' t' fell was fair black wi' fwolk. I says to Jimmy Thwaites 'at was sittin' whiet in t' shade again t' hoose side, "Noo, Jimmy, where 's yours?" "Oa the're scratten up aback o' t' woa theer is mine." An' theer they war, varra nigh a scoor on 'em nobbut meaken a varra modtherate job on it, wi' parasols an' baskets an' sick like, sum on 'em wi' ther cwoats off, an' wi' t' handkerchers oot moppin' awae ivvry minnit. Weel, I thowt, if I ga up t' fell ov a het foorneun it 'll likely be to lait summat, an' nut fer pleasure. But I was mistean; fer nobbut this year I was at t' Girsmer spworts, an' efther sittin' a bit I slipt away an' thowt I wad just ga up to t' flag whoar t' fellers ga i' t' fell reace. My sarvice, it was a job! What it was that brant yan med ha' rowlt fra t' top to t' boddom, that is if yan heddn't brokken to peeses afoor yan gat theer. An' to see them chaps cum up efther! What they fairly ran meast o' t' wae, an' what's mair they lowpt doon that fast ye waddn't believe! An' they whemmelt ower scoors o' times till yan wad ha' thowt they wad ha' brokken ther necks. But they geddthered thersells up, an' off agean as if t' divvel was efther them.

I nivver hard tell wheddther on 'em wun t' reace, but I thowt aboot what auld Josy Dickison used to say when t' lads wer for ivver toaken aboot this footba'. He says, "It's a queer thing ther's neabody leammed at this footba' wi' that many 'at's *killed* at it!" But than I'se gitten auld an' mebbe a bit soft.

# A MOUNTAIN PORTFOLIO,

By HERMANN WOOLLEY.

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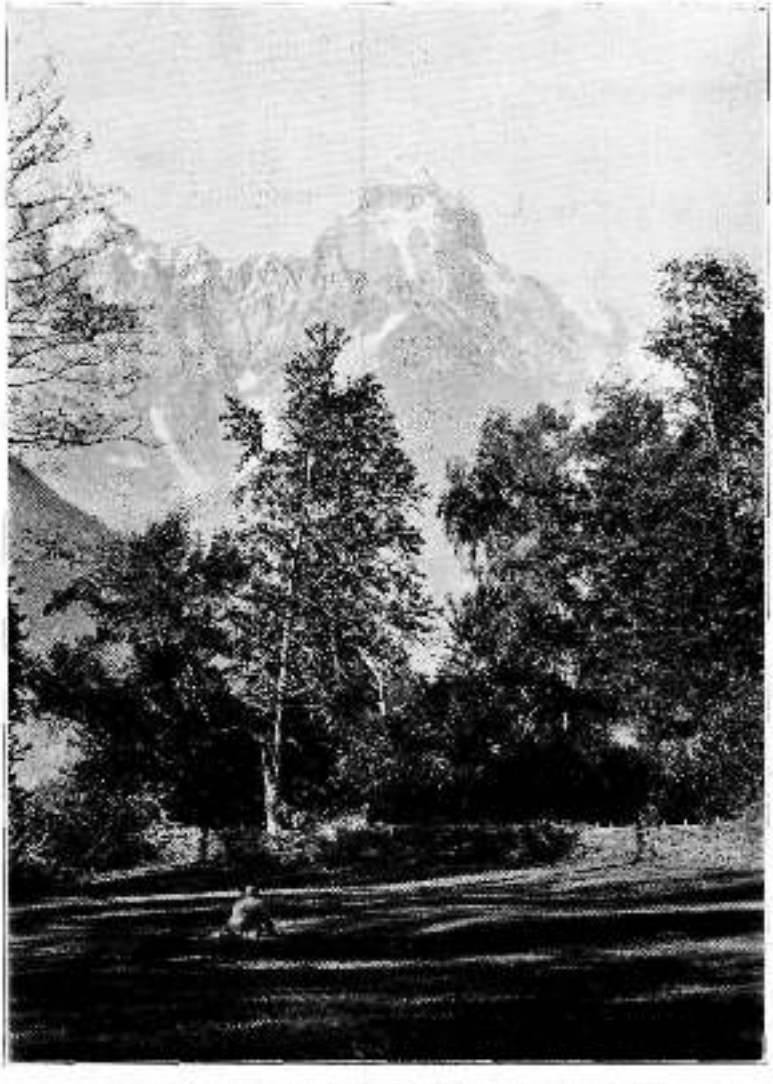
Words of introduction to Mr. Woolley's beautiful mountaineering photographs, are, to use a Dale's colloquialism, "a day behint t' fair" among members of our Club. We have revelled in the pictures in, say, Freshfield's "Exploration of the Caucasus," and Dr. Collie's "Climbs and Exploration in the Canadian Rockies," to name the first couple of books which come to mind. We have been, in a manner, brought up on them, yet—phrase after phrase comes up only to be discarded as inadequate to describe the great merits of "A Mountain Portfolio"—views of rock and snow and ice, taken in the Alps, the Dolomites, and the Caucasus.

L'AIGUILLETTE (CHAMONIX) IN WINTER.

*By Alexander Wardle.*



USHBA FROM THE SOUTH (Central Caucasus).

By Alexander Khanzhy.

MISCHABEL RANGE FROM THE PLATTJE (Saas Fee).

*by Hermann Woolley.*

ROSENGARTENSPITZE FROM NEAR THE GRASLEITEN PASS (Tyrol).

# THE CURBING OF CHRISTOPHER, OR THE BIOGRAPHY OF A CLIMBER'S BOOT-NAIL.

By PHILIP S. THOMPSON.

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Of myself I need tell nothing, save only how it came about that his story was confided to me. My master had removed the pair of boots in which lay my life's work, and had put on a pair of scarpetti for greater comfort in the climb that he had in view. I was, therefore, resting at ease at the foot of a mountain called Llewidd when a weak though authoritative voice forced my attention. What I saw I shall ever remember with pain. It was the shattered remains of a once strong and zealous boot-nail, rusty and broken, but with his hardy spirit still stout and sound, though life was almost at an end.

"You are young," he said, "listen then to the voice of wisdom, and profit, if it may be, by my experience."

* * * * *

My name is Christopher, Christopher L. Inker to be exact. I was born in Switzerland. In my earliest childhood my sterling qualities were so apparent that I was selected to travel with some others to England, and again from among my companions was chosen to represent my country in a Northern city. Even then, modest though I am by nature, my worth could not be concealed, and within a week of my arrival I was placed as the leading nail in a new pair of climbing boots.

For a little while a not unnatural pride filled me, but soon I remembered that I had a mission in life to perform, and must set about to choose a proper man on whom to rely for the fulfilling of my destiny. Chance in this aided me. A youth entered the shop one day, I caught his eye, and after a slight

examination he said, "Very good, send them home at once, please."

For some days I gave him the chance he desired of making my acquaintance. I went walks with him in the evenings for an hour or two, and eventually, finding him of a decent, not to say kindly disposition, I allowed him to take certain liberties with me in the matter of oil and grease, which he considered—I do not say wrongly—to be good for my health.

It was a fine day in the spring that we went together for our first expedition. Well do I remember that start, how eager he was to get off in the morning, how, with his friends, he rushed along the road from the hotel. I knew that the speed was foolish, so crossing a stream where I fain would linger, a stumble made him check his pace.

> "After his feet had laid aside the haste
> That mars the dignity of every act,"

as one of his companions quoted, we began a long and toilsome ascent, every step of which was to me a pleasure—buried as I was in the coarse grass and warm earth of this mountain in the land of my adoption.

By and bye we halted at a place covered with wild rocks which they called Hollow Stones. Here they recovered the breath that the walk had taken out of them, and shortly afterwards began to re-ascend, this time over rougher, harder ground. From the glimpses that I could gain of the country I was able to lead them to the very foot of some fine cliffs, and along a narrow path that cut the rocky face some feet above the scree.

After a while they stopped to put on the rope for greater safety—not that I was afraid—and at once assuming the position that was mine from birth, I took the lead.

I now felt that my life had begun in earnest, and realised how much depended upon me. Some days of mist and rain had made the rocks both cold and wet, but in spite of this my heart was undismayed, and I put forth all my strength to lift my colleague from ledge to ledge and pull his companions

after him. Presently, after a short twelve-foot pitch of great severity, where I had to cling on with my full powers, we reached a place they called Tennis Court Ledge. Here I first really appreciated the qualities of my colleague, for instead of pushing on or putting me to one side as it was in his power to do, he sat down and for some little time by keeping his feet stretched out towards the very edge of the precipice, he allowed me full opportunities of admiring the grandeur of the prospect. Meanwhile, to occupy his own mind, he sorted out and removed from his rucksack some paper packets which were a needless weight as much to him as to me.

On the prospect I will not dilate—we climbers know the glories of such views from situations won by our own efforts.

To continue the climb on which I had started, I found it convenient to use the hand proffered by my colleague's companion, thus obviating what might otherwise have been a tiring effort. It was only twelve feet, however, and reaching the Fives Court—as my companion called the next ledge—we quickly pulled up the second man. Then followed a most delightful thirty feet or so on an open face of rock, with a world of air and distance beneath me. Thirty feet further on again we all collected at a conspicuous pinnacle of rock, and I had a subtle sense that my colleague was feeling more nearly that confidence in me that I deserved.

After a long and sensational stride, a scramble up a greasy slab —during which I once more proved my metal—and a stiff climb of a ten-foot wall, we started upon the only unpleasant part of that ascent. It consists of a long upward traverse on small tufted ledges until fully fifty feet of rope was trailing out below us. I say "unpleasant," and not without reason, it is unpleasant to anyone, however brave, to be in the position that I was in with the knowledge that the climb—not to say the safety of the party—depended upon efforts that the nature of the ground rendered ineffectual. When almost within grasp of safety a kink in their despicable new rope caught in a

projection, and my colleague slipped backwards. But I am not of those who are powerless to act in an emergency. It was I who saved the situation, saved the party, made for myself a name. Quicker than thought I grasped and held a slight edge of outcropping rock that I had just left, and hanging there until the rope had been freed I then could place my colleague in a place of safety.

Here he shouted to his friends (to my secret diversion) " I'm perfectly firm here and could hold a house," just as though he, and not I, was responsible. I bethought me of the old fable: " The fly sate upon the axle-tree of the chariot wheel, and said ' What a dust doe I raise! ' "

The rest of the ascent was uneventful as a climb, but my soul was stirred with visions of earliest youth, conjured up by the sound of a familiar language, as one of my colleague's companions intoned sonorously those familiar words—

" My weary frame
After short pause recomforted, again
I journeyed on over that lonely steep."

The climb ended, my work for the day was practically over, for a leading nail does not suffer itself to be much inconvenienced during the mere downward plodding of the homeward way. One is then content to wrap oneself in silent contemplation, or it may be listen to an exchange of bold thought between the members of one's party.

So the days passed, those sweet days of early innocence before sadness had found its way into my life, and while I was slowly learning the lessons of adolescence. From day to day I began to perceive what I had not at first suspected, that my colleague could and did give me considerable assistance in our expeditions. I found that as I got to know his ways and to allow for his little weaknesses, that we could do together what by myself I could have hardly hoped to successfully lead him over.

It was, I must confess, a blow to find one day that others

before us had gone over the same hard places, had taken the same risks, and as I now gathered, had lived.

Many of these thoughts only came to me some time afterwards during that period of inactivity that I like to take after strenuous efforts, a period I spend in darkened seclusion.

One day, after such a period, I heard the voice of my colleague softly humming as he came towards my resting-place, and as he took me up I could catch the words :—

"Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the bye-way nigh me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above
And the road below me."

I was not far wrong in supposing that we should soon be once again among our mountains, for only three days later we were walking together over dry hot ground covered with coarse grasses and heather, and in air quivering with heat and heavy with the scent of bog-myrtle.

My colleague had only one companion with him this time, and the country was as unknown to them as it was to myself. The way was all too tiring, the ground easy though steep and soft ; but the heat was severe and withal so thick the haze that the mind was not to be distracted from these little discomforts.

"'You should be as a pipe for the wind to play on' must be our motto," said our friend. "Oh, for that wind," came the wistful reply.

In a little while, however, the steep part ended, and we found ourselves on a ridge, along which we could stroll to a distant summit. It was not a high ridge, and across a narrow valley rose a greater mountain, its summit burdened with cloud. In front of us and behind us—beyond the valley from which we had ascended—there also rose higher mountain masses,

but to the west the air was clear of haze, and we saw that ours was

> ". . . . a mountain at whose verdant feet
> A spacious plain outstretched in circuit wide
> Lay pleasant . . . . "

Crossing to the main mass of cloud-topped mountain, in about an hour we were steering our course by compass. Here a feeling of dependence, which I experienced for the first time, weighed upon me in a manner that was most distasteful. I felt that it was no longer I who was leading, that my usefulness was lessened, my power curtailed.

Against this feeling I strove in vain, and at last ceased to interest myself in the petty ramblings of these two men, in whose company I was forced to continue. Three hours of this would have worried, and even irritated lesser minds than my own; but as for me, when at the end of that time I suddenly stepped out of the mist as it were on to the edge of the world, I felt at once as fit and as capable of looking after the interests of our party as though the whole day had been one of my choosing.

It was indeed a curious place; stretching gently behind us into the mist was the grass slope down which we had sauntered; to right and left mists boiled upwards against crags dropping into the valley; in front I found myself overlooking a sweep of lichen-covered cliff, broken by ledges crowned with wind-blown grasses, and seamed with short steep chimneys, down, down, down to where

> "The moorland spreads out like a wonderful dream
> Of a purple robe with a silver seam."

The questions were, "How to get down?" "Is it legitimate without a rope?" "Ought we to go back?" After my companions had ended a short discussion on the first point, I decided that the other points could well be thrashed out at a time of greater leisure, and started the descent. I went forward with the utmost care, avoiding the loose stones with which the slope was littered and clinging to all available holds.

P.A.M. F. J. Haughton.

STOB DEARG.

By and bye the slope lessened, and our companion chose a parallel route to our own, and close at hand. At a small difficulty a slight slip sent a shower of stones rattling down from him over our way.

Our warning and request for care was answered with a quotation more apt than exact :—

> "You sure and firm set louts
> Hear not my steps which way they walk, for lo
> The very stones prate of my whereabouts."

The climb continued, but without further incident, and as usual on a descent my own work soon became very light, till by and bye we reached the main road up the valley. Of the long and weary walk home that evening I would fain not speak, for it is not to my credit, but a true history must be told for the enlightenment of the world. Let it suffice to say then that my spirit, soured earlier in the day, and bittered by contact with the unsympathetic macadam, turned me for the time against my colleague, and I struck him so repeatedly that he reached home weary and footsore.

My regrets were of no avail to heal the damage done, and for days I was left in disgrace to ponder in unwilling solitude.

It was thus that I learnt my first lesson of the need for endurance; the need for self-control; that the bearing of discomfort and pain leads to an ennoblement of character, and in things material makes for future happiness, thus reaping its reward.

A further indignity was in store for me, which, had I known of it during my imprisonment, would have deepened my misery. It was some days afterwards that we together made what my colleague and his companion thought was in great part a new climb. As we were nearing it, I recognised the mountain as being what had previously been referred to as Stob Dearg, and I noticed that we were making for a gully about a quarter of a mile on the southern side of the Crowberry Ridge. It was a fine looking gully, stretching from top to bottom, although

evidently broken in many places in a way that would lead a climber to stray into side issues out of the "narrow way." My feelings can be better imagined than described when I found that I was not to take the lead that day, and I had not recovered from that news when a chance word showed me with shocking plainness that my party had already made the ascent, and without me, of the Crowberry, on which I had set my heart.

It must have been the shock of these tidings that dulled my powers of observation, for of the first 450 feet I remember little. Then other feelings dwindled to insignificance behind an overwhelming anxiety, as I—a mere spectator—watched the leading of a nail in our companion's boot, which I well knew to be both rash and incapable.

We had a thousand feet of climbing before us, and it was some time before I was relieved to find that my own example, aided by the skill of our companion, was turning the foolishness of this giddy nail to good account, and making the leadership of the party that day no disgrace to me, his teacher.

The climb contains seventeen pitches, some easy, some very difficult, all interesting, and nowhere did I see any of those markings which we nails love to leave behind us on the rocks to cheer comrades who may follow. It was this fact which led us to agree that the climb must be new.

Many things serve to make me ever remember this holiday. It was here that I first met a nail whose nobility of character and unfailing good humour, whose modesty and cheerful unselfishness attracted me as much as the good qualities of his master attracted the members of my party. It was this nail that helped me greatly to bear the burden of my punishment, who reconciled me to what I had considered to be slights during this last day's work. He it was also that first taught me to see in the true light the relationship between man and nail—showed me that he whom I had looked upon as a colleague, was to all intents my master, that his were the plans, ours the duty of helping them to a conclusion.

For a long time after this, I lay more or less dormant at home, till one day I was taken out by my master many a long mile by train to a small town in a valley between the hills. The air was bitter, and the ground covered with a coat of hard crusted snow. It was only a short holiday, but one that roused me to enthusiasm.

Our companion was quite unskilled in anything that pertains to mountain craft, and his mind much preoccupied with problems of local nomenclature. The question whether Allt Ddu at the foot of the slope, and Corn Ddu at the top related to the same fact, and whether the names of the summits Fan Big and Pen-y-Fan were justly placed, gave him keener pleasure than the places themselves as he came to them.

It is therefore a fact hardly for surprise that my master's word of caution when the descent was begun passed unnoticed.

It had been a hard winter, even at low levels, and our mountain for the topmost 1,500 feet on its south-east side was covered with snow of the most icy description. Ignoring the warning to keep exactly in my master's footsteps, our companion attempted to walk by his side, and soon slipped.

Carrying my master with him, down they both went, gaining impetus at every yard. The position in which my master fell made it impossible for me to be of any service, so seeing no immediate danger, I became an enthusiastic spectator of the incident. We took the glissade more calmly than did our literary friend, who, poor man, plunged with unseemly gyrations, now head foremost, now feet foremost, and then broadside on, down ahead of us. In the soft snow at the bottom we slackened speed and pulled up.

The silence was broken by our literary friend, who, indicating certain damage to my master's attire, considered that the slope might be called, and probably was called, "Clunllom Goch" (a red, bare haunch). We were content to let it go at that.

Our adventures were hardly at an end, however, for shaken and tired, our friend was hardly fit for the eleven miles' tramp to the nearest station for home. It so happened that there had been a funeral at an inn on the road, and as we walked the hearse caught us up on its return journey. The driver beamed upon us, and insisted on giving us a lift, taking no refusal. For the sake of peace, my companions accepted, and the drive was done in what, for a hearse, was no mean time. At the outskirts of the town my master wished to get down and finish the way on foot, but the driver was of a hospitable nature, and said, "You was for the stations, whatever. I do drive you there, yes indeed."

I must pass over, without comment, the expeditions that followed during some years. They were years of no less importance to my experience than the incidents that I have already related, but the experience was gained more by repetition than by added facts, by keener observation than by new data.

I had now reached sober middle life, had made many friends, seen many failures, come in touch with characters nearly as noble as my own, and many times renewed the friendship with that nail of superlative qualities to whom I have already referred.

It was my privilege one year to re-visit in his company the place of my birth, with him to look down through the clear Swiss air, over stone-scarred slopes of ice, across miles of snow-field with delicate lines of crevasses, away into the valley of my native village—just a touch of gray in that immense panorama—from whence came so faintly the tinkle of the cattle bells.

Long were the tramps we had together, up deep valleys, where the pine-covered lower slope itself seemed to reach the blue heaven, tramps which often ended in a night in a wooden hut amid the snow.

I hardly, even now, can say whether the tramp itself or the evening spent by the fire afterwards was the most enjoyable.

It was during these evenings that my friend would often unbend, and tell many a good story of adventures he had seen or heard of. From my experience, I can fancy that his stories all had their moral, all pointed to the light of his ideal—devotion to his master. No solemn stately affairs, however, these tales of his, but lightened with humour and dressed in pretty wit, for his motto was, "He who is of the brotherhood does not travel in search of the picturesque, but of certain jolly humours," and in his company we were jolly indeed.

My friend, I am now old and rusty, but for you it is different, and so I will not weary you with more of my life, but tell you of my last climb. It was in this gully that you see rising into the mist above us. The day was warm and fair, the rocks as dry as could be expected. I was not feeling at my best, and had a premonition of ill. We started about 1 o'clock, I in the position due to my age and experience. The rocks were at an angle of nearly 60°; and with barely a halt for more than was necessary to allow our companion to advance in four stages, we climbed a trifle over 200 feet. As we advanced I felt more and more ill at ease, my grip I knew was less firm, my feelings were becoming numb. I felt that at a crisis I was no longer to be relied upon. Just now the slope for a moment eased off in angle, and foot-holds were good and plentiful. I had time to consider . . . should I hold on in the hope of winning home and of spending my declining years in ease and comfort, or should I sacrifice myself at the first opportunity and perish in the mountains for a sense of duty. With divided mind and unsettled intentions we went on. I was still tossed upon a sea of uncertainty, when fate decided for me. My master made a false step, and without thought, by merest instinct for right, I gripped the little ledge of rock past which his foot was slipping. Oh, the agony of that moment!—still gripping, my senses left me. . . . When I came to myself I found that I was alone. With thankful heart I saw above me my master, climbing, still probably unaware of his loss.

Then I looked about me; above was a smooth slab ending in a bulging ledge of white quartz; to the left the mountain face opened out into precipitous slabs; to the right all view was blocked by the great Eastern Buttress; below I dared not look, for I knew and could feel the unbroken sweep of that gully which we had been climbing, slanting downwards hard and merciless, away to the screes. The merest gust of wind I felt would send me down; and in the midst of my alarm I was suddenly calmed and cheered by the remembrance that but for my last grip it might have been my master who would now be lying at the foot of that great slope.

* * * * *

He stopped, and as I looked, above him seemed to rise a cloudy column—

"Cold, odorous, impalpable . . . .
Then round about him closed the mist."

# A NIGHT OUT IN DAUPHINÉ.

By J. WALTER ROBSON.

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A voluntary bivouac, in a selected spot which offers a reasonable shelter from the wind or bad weather, is often pleasant, or at least free from serious discomfort to mountaineers. One's sympathies go out to the four men who spent two days on an ice slope, on account of the misery of the freezing night and the impossibility of their obtaining any sleep in so insecure a position. Their heroic endeavours to surmount the interminable slope abundantly proved their courage, but at 3 a.m. their spirits must have been at a low point.

The truth is that climbers do not choose to sleep under the stars, at a height of say eight thousand feet and upwards, if they can find shelter. Blankets, sleeping bags, thick clothing and hot food will do much to mitigate the rigours of a frosty night; add to these a warm fire and a merry party, and your climber will speak in glowing terms of his experience.

I have slept in a half-walled shepherd's shelter, and also on the open hill-side; but both these places of repose were luxurious in comparison with the middle of the Glacier Noir in the Vallouise.

My friend and I were waiting the arrival of our guides at La Berarde one August. For training purposes we decided in the meantime to go over to Ailefroide by the Col du Sélé, returning by the Col de la Temple. Both are comparatively easy passes and offered two days of interesting walking. We took with us very little extra clothing, as the days were very hot, and we carried our own loads. We were, however, provided with candles and lanterns.

We were both unacquainted with the two passes, but we took Duhamel's map, and, of course, the Climber's Guide to the

district, also a compass. Our food was the usual one day's supply.

We had no difficulty in finding our way over the Col du Sélé, and we reached Ailefroide early in the afternoon. The heat of the day was intense, and the sun almost blinding, but as evening came on, a cool rushing breeze from the north first relieved, and then chilled us, so that we were glad to turn in for an early dinner.

Ailefroide is a dirty and most unromantic village. No high mountains are visible, but on the east side there is a long ridge of hills, smooth faced, of a dark shaly substance. Across the face of this range the shade line caused by the setting sun slowly ascended, whilst the upper part took a rich purple colour from the sun. This one phase redeemed Ailefroide in our eyes from utter condemnation.

At the primitive inn we were provided with a passable evening meal. There did not appear to be a single visitor from the outside world in the village, other than ourselves. We yawned, paid our bills, and went to bed.

All night long strange noises kept waking us. First a loud-mouthed hound bayed and barked—not at the moon, for none was visible; then we heard shrieks as of some traveller being robbed and murdered. One old pig, talking in his sleep, grunted for hours together; at early morn the cocks began.

We started off late—it was quite 2-30—but we expected an easy day. The glen narrowed a mile or two up, and one of us got on the wrong side of the stream, the ground higher up being on that side strewn with huge boulders. The going became very bad, and at last an impassable corner of rock hemmed in the man who was straying from the track. He had to climb down 20 feet of rock to the stream, and make a series of long jumps from boulder to boulder across a boiling eddy of waters before he was able to re-join his companion.

At length we reached the Pré de Madame Carle. Romantic name! Madame Carle's meadow! This lady lived in the

fifteenth century, and legend says she maintained a family of ten children out of land in this neighbourhood. The Pré is simply a sandy waste covered with small stones, and if all the land was equally sterile, the brood of youngsters must have starved! At the head of this piece of the valley stands the Cézanne Hut. We found the occupants just rising, and were able to get some soda-water and milk. The hut seems to be placed in a most unsuitable spot from a climber's point of view. The small inn at Ailefroide, however, now displaces the Cézanne Hut to a great extent.

Through a wilderness of huge stones we reached the foot of the Glacier Noir. The entrance to the glacier glen opens out a very fine view. There is a high ridge of rocky peaks on your right looking up, whilst on your left the huge mass of the Ailefroide and Mt. Pelvoux dominate the glacier. You walk on perfectly smooth but dirty ice, with a gradual rise.

It was a delightful morning. We were in anything but a serious mood, and looked upon our journey across the Col de la Temple to La Berarde as a picnic.

And so it should have been. But we loitered on the way, then sat down and smoked and studied the fine rock peaks of the Ailefroide, and then sauntered on slowly. Soon on our right hand appeared a likely gully of about 1,000 feet. Somehow we did not feel very confident that it led up to our pass, but it looked a good climb, and we had plenty of time—the long day was before us. The gully proved interesting and not difficult. As we ascended, it gave us fine views in all directions except the north, and we made rapid progress upwards. At length the little col at the top was gained, and looking down the other side we saw a fearfully steep gully dropping sheer to a glacier some thousand or fifteen hundred feet below. This glacier descended from the magnificent face of Les Ecrins, which was right opposite. The season was an extraordinarily dry one, and the south face of the peak glistened with ice. If we had been able to climb down the

new gully it would have brought us on to the Glacier Blanc, and as an ascent of the Col des Avalanches would be impossible to us, we should have been compelled to follow the glacier down and return to Ailefroide! The great ice couloir leading up to the Col des Avalanches was a wonderful sight. It has been ascended once, but it is a fearsome looking streak of glittering ice, set at an angle almost impossible to ascend without a covering of snow. We rattled down the gully we had ascended, now realizing how fast the hours were passing, and wishing we had been a little more energetic in the early morning.

It was about one o'clock when we regained the Glacier Noir, and we continued ascending its still easy surface until we saw again, on our right, a thin ribbon of snow running up to a little col high up on the rock ridge. It appeared to us to be the Col de la Temple. We looked at Duhamel, at the peaks on the right bank of the glacier, and took our bearings. These observations confirmed our opinion.

After a few minutes' halt for lunch, we started up the couloir, the snow steepening at every step. Soon we were ascending ladderwise, digging holes into the snow with our hands, and kicking them for our feet. The snow was firm, and rapid progress was made. About two hours of steady work brought us to the top. We stood upon the rock ridge and looked round. There was no corresponding gully on the other side—in fact there seemed to be no way on, at any rate in the direction we desired. We were still too much to the east of Les Ecrins and of Pic Coolidge, and—in fact, this was not our pass! It was 3-30 p.m.

We began to descend the steep couloir, and soon found that we could not expect the snow hand-holds to bear our weight if we used the long steps by which we had ascended. We were compelled to kick steps in between, and the descent was a slow and ticklish process.

However, the glacier was gained at about five o'clock, and we

pushed on, believing that round the next rock corner we *must* see our pass.

We found a gully with smooth sides and difficult sloping buttresses. Climbing this as rapidly as we could, we soon discovered we had again made an error! By this time it was getting dusk, and the speed of our descent was much greater than was compatible with safety. Just as the darkness fell, we reached the glacier once more. The Glacier Noir had become a too affectionate friend from whom we could not rid ourselves. The question was, how and where were we to spend the night?

The glacier was separated from the rocks by a wide schrund, and the slope of the rocks and debris on the bank forbade our remaining there with comfort or safety. We saw on the glacier itself three pieces of rock embedded in the ice, one of which stood up like a small monolith. In the gathering darkness we could see no other resting-place, and so we made for it.

We reached the spot hot and tired. We looked in our sacks and found we had sufficient food for two modest and frugal meals. We had no cooking stove, but enjoyed the cold dinner eaten by the light of our lantern.

At about 9 p.m. the natural heat of our bodies began to decrease, and we longed for some warm clothing. A chill wind crept down the glacier, and the stars became clearer. There was no moonlight. The stillness was intense. Occasionally a distant roar would tell us of stones falling down a gully, but there were no avalanches.

We talked—still by lantern light—and occasionally got up and shook ourselves. The glacier sloped steeply from our hotel down to the bank, and we could not therefore walk about in the darkness.

At ten o'clock we both felt drowsy, but very cold. The wind grew stronger and more chilly, and our teeth chattered. We sat in turn with our backs to the monolith, which offered some little shelter from the wind. Then we tried putting our heads—

in turn—between two of the lower stones, but could find no comfort, and certainly no sleep. Our candles came to an end. Our clothing seemed about the thickness of tissue paper, and we could not escape the freezing wind. Our teeth chattered, our limbs shook, and we became incapable of anything but gibbering speech, born of numb brains and incapable tongues. Midnight came, but what an age! We watched the stars rise and set behind the mountain tops, and I remember one particularly sharp aiguille of Mont Pelvoux which I mentally christened "Le Glaive de Roland," and which stood out against the sky, faintly illuminated by the stars.

Then began a weary time of restlessness, during which we dozed frequently, until a paroxysm of shivering wakened us. The icy wind blew steadily through us, until we began to feel frozen internally as well as in our limbs. Somehow, neither of us cared to make an attempt at conversation, for we could hear each other's teeth rattling.

But the night comes to an end, and at three o'clock a faint glimmer of dawn crept up the glacier. Hope of a speedy end to our discomfort raised our spirits. Soon we could see the surface of the glacier, and we determined to make a move. A steep ice slope above us necessitated step-cutting, but we could neither cut steps nor stand on the ice slope, on account of our shaky limbs. We walked about until the blood circulated through some portions of our bodies; and as the first rays of the sun struck the ice we felt the warmth immediately. From that moment our troubles were over. We pushed on almost to the head of the glacier, and found signs of a track up a gully of loose stones leading to the Col de la Temple. It was a simple walk up to the pass!

Another hot day followed, and we arrived hot, dusty, tired and with parched throats, about 2 p.m., at La Berarde. A bath and some clean clothing left us an appetite for afternoon tea. After that, dinner was an occasion for thankfulness.

The effects of the exposure have not entirely disappeared

from either of us. The cold was severe, but not so severe as to have caused us very great inconvenience, had we been provided with warm clothing and hot food. Still, I prefer not to repeat the experience under the same circumstances.

What is the moral? Unless your map is on a large scale (which Duhamel's is not) a few directions from someone who knows the route to a pass or a peak are advisable. Also, don't loiter on an easy expedition. On a difficult one, we all know that an early start and persistent going are necessary for success.

# THE STAINTON CAVERN.

By G. H. CHARTER.

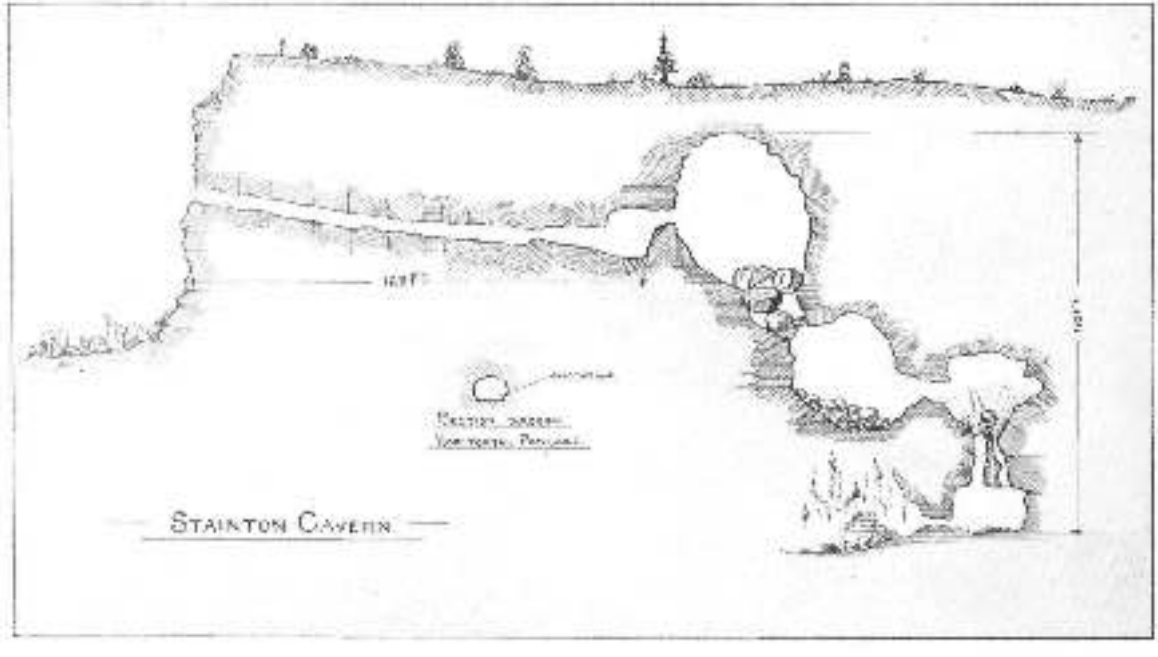
It is indirectly due to Mr. George Seatree's interesting description of his descent into Alum Pot, in the second number of our Journal, that I became aware of a pot-hole, or at any rate cavern, situate in a lime-stone quarry about four miles from Barrow. I had lent my bound volume of the Journal to a friend who is much interested in Lakeland doings, and in a discussion on the contents later he asked whether I had visited the caverns in Stainton quarry. Forty years ago, in company with four others, he made an exploration, reaching four separate caves without appearing to have reached the limit of a singular limestone "drift." Since then the place has been rarely visited.

A few days later I came across a pamphlet in the local library detailing the first visit of my friend's party. Mr. J. Bolton, a local geologist, and one of the explorers, wrote the account—its date is 1871—which closes with—

"We have thus proved the existence of still another dungeon, which it is possible will never be explored. Sufficient has already been accomplished for the purposes of science, and human life must not be sported for mere curiosity. And, moreover, the bottom of the fourth dungeon does not absolutely determine the limit of this gigantic fissure, which appears to have rent the hill of Castle Haw almost from the surface to an unfathomable depth below."

This paragraph, showing the possibility of further exploration in the "fissure," made me keen to inspect the cavern, so early in February, 1911, a party of five—Messrs. T. C. Ormiston-Chant, T. H. G. Parker, E. R. Thackeray, G. Arrowsmith, and the writer—visited the quarry.

The entrance to the cavern was found to be half-way up the face of loose limestone, about 30 feet from the ground. The


STAINTON CAVERN

cliff slightly overhangs, and is extremely loose, so that, until a rope was let down from above, we could not make an entry. The first man safely in, he soon got up the rest, and we found ourselves in a narrow water-worn passage, 4 feet wide by 3 feet 6 inches high, and running E. by N. This passage had a floor of hard dry mud, and showed the usual formations of stalactite and stalagmite. Lighting our candles and lamps, we advanced in an almost horizontal direction for 125 feet, when the passage opened out, the roof rising to 10 feet 6 inches. Here we put on overalls, etc., for the conditions had already begun to alter—the sides and rocks in the passage now being covered with a soft red clay, and in places water dripped from the roof.

Ascending sharply for a few yards, we reached a ledge, from which we looked into a cave some 40 feet across and 50 feet high. This first chamber is roughly egg-shaped, its narrow bottom ending in a neck filled with large boulder-stones, piled one upon the other. Under and behind these we had to climb, then by lowering ourselves about 12 feet we touched the floor of the second chamber. This is made of large boulders thickly covered with the red clay, and dips sharply in a northerly direction. From this, and also the first chamber, were several small passages, but they were soon proved to either finish abruptly or to become too small for exploration. Descending to the bottom of the dip we traversed several yards, then ascended to where the roof dipped sharply, nearly meeting the floor. From this recess we looked down into a third chamber, about 20 feet by 25 feet, the wall descending in every direction towards the south-east, giving it the appearance of half a cone. At the bottom we found several large rocks jammed into an opening in the floor.

Here we met a great disappointment. The shaft or hole, 25 feet in depth, below these rocks was full of water, our way was barred, and our hopes of further exploration destroyed. So far, we had found everything exactly as described by the

original explorers. Nothing was left but to return. In the second chamber, whilst waiting for the rest to ascend, I made a rather interesting discovery. In one corner was a large, smooth, clay-covered boulder, and on it, as if written yesterday, were the names of the first exploration party of March 25th, 1871, over forty years ago, just one year after Alum Pot in Ribblesdale was first explored to the bottom.

The presence of water in the shaft below the third chamber was, we presumed, due to mines about two miles away having recently shut down. It is a well-understood fact among mining engineers that many of the underground waterways in Low Furness are connected. Our theory or presumption was refuted on a further expedition in July, when I was accompanied by Messrs. J. P. Rogers and W. C. Persey.

This time our first man was lowered from the top of the quarry face, a quicker and easier way to enter the horizontal passage. Some time was next occupied in measuring and making a rough plan of the caves. When we reached the third chamber we found that the water—probably owing to the dry summer—had entirely disappeared, and that the way was open for further investigation. The descent was continued down a vertical shaft about 4 feet wide—the sides were too smooth to afford either hand or foot-hold, so that we had to be lowered the 25 feet. At the bottom of this pitch we entered the fourth chamber, about 18 feet by 7 feet, called by the original explorers "the Railway Carriage." On the floor here were a good number of specimens of iron ore, and owing to the recent presence of water the walls and odd boulders were not covered with the usual coating of red clay. The air too was very fresh, coming through a small opening low down at one end of the chamber. This raised our hopes to a keen pitch.

The opening, not unlike that of many a fox's hole, was a small horizontal tunnel 5 feet long, 14 inches high by 20 inches broad, and it was only by lying face downwards in the wet mud and propelling myself with my toes that I was able to wriggle

through. My companion, being of more sturdy build, was unable to follow. I was now in a narrow drift in the rock, extending to a great height, but sloping sideways at an angle of about 75°, and being barely 2 feet wide in places. The going was very awkward, so, not seeing any direct way forward, I thought about my return. The conduct of my acetylene lamp, which had now been burning several hours and threatened to give out, settled the question for me. Beyond the small tunnel I found my companion waiting in darkness, his candle having burnt out, then, assisted lustily from above, we soon scrambled up the 25 feet shaft above the " Railway Carriage." In the second chamber my lamp went out, and progress became difficult, our way being lighted by the remains of two small dips. The ropes we had left, made the climb out of the first chamber much easier, and soon we were in the horizontal passage.

When we reached the open air, the moon was shining—we had spent more time below ground than we had anticipated—and we made tracks for the farm where our bicycles had been left, looking no doubt like a trio of iron miners, so red were our overalls, boots and ropes.

Although so far we have not actually penetrated much further than the first explorers, our expeditions in this Lakeland pot-hole have proved an interesting experience to men more used to the fells and rocks of the upper air than to delving in the bowels of the earth. We have not, we hope, made our last visit to the Stainton Cavern, and, with the experience gained, hope to explore the further drift at some time in the near future.

# SOME CLIMBS FROM KINGSHOUSE.

By H. E. BOWRON.

To one who re-visits Glencoe after an absence of several years it is a disappointment to find that some of its remoteness has gone for ever. For into this part, as into many another sanctuary, the motor penetrates constantly, and at no hour of the day can one feel safe from its intrusion.

Our party of three (consisting of W. and J. Tattersall and the writer) travelled North on a broiling Saturday in June, arrived at Bridge of Orchy at about 8 p.m., and having had enough riding, packed the luggage on the trap and walked the fourteen miles to Kingshouse Inn. The cool fresh air, fragrant with scent of bog-myrtle and pine, and the sight of big mountains looming in the twilight, were so exhilarating, that we got in at 11-45, and did justice to a late supper.

An almost universal custom among Christian nations seems to be that of getting up late on Sunday morning, and it was quite in accordance with our scheme for an easy day that we made a late start for the Sron Dearg face of Buchaille Etive Mor. Four weeks of fine weather had effectually dried up the bogs, and a comfortable way could be taken direct to the mountain, first along the right bank of the river, and then by making a bee-line for the crags across the moor.

The morning was warm, and from some comfortable couches of heather from which we surveyed the climbs, it seemed to us that the Curved Ridge, which had a seductive reputation for easiness, would enable us to look about a little and see something of the Crowberry Ridge. All the buttresses on this face, with the exception of the last, are too broken up to give much continuous climbing. Good stretches of steep, firm rock occur at intervals, and up these, routes of varying degrees of difficulty can be made. The rock itself is on the whole rather loose, and many tottering blocks are met with.

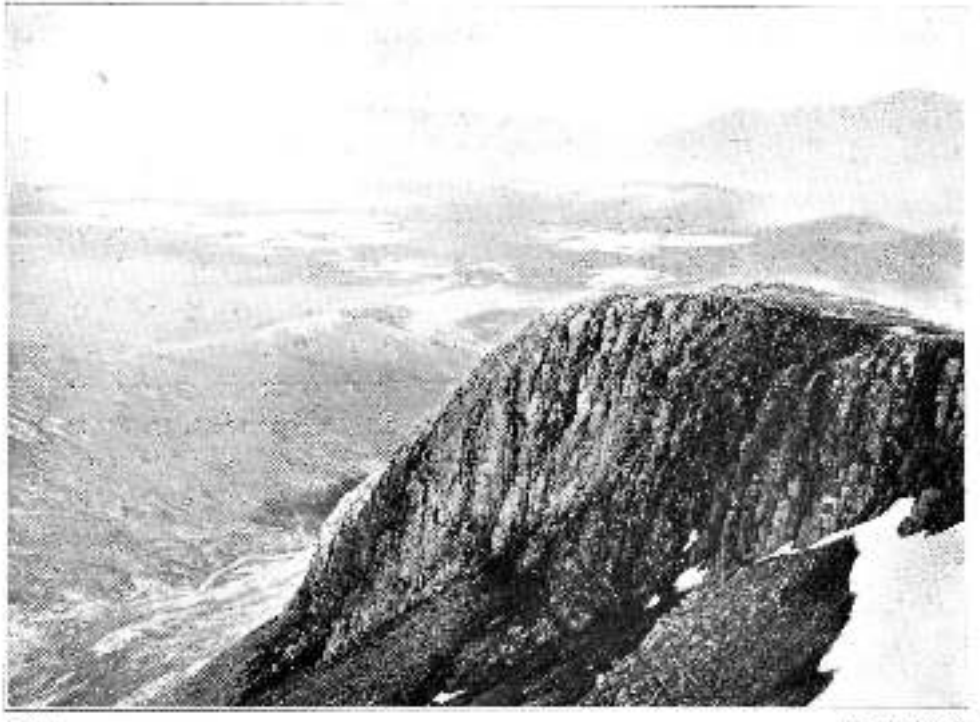
We found the Curved Ridge sufficiently entertaining; for W. Tattersall, who led, has a penchant for "airy" traverses, and he discovered many ways of avoiding the too easy parts. Just above some upper screes, in which the ridge loses itself, a rock wall rises and extends towards the Crowberry Tower. By bearing slightly to the right we reached a shallow chimney in it, which looked as if it would go. The ascent was the stiffest in our day's work. The angle is very steep and a wedged boulder, some distance up, was found rather awkward, so that the leader ran out 50 feet of rope at this part before reaching a secure position. We emerged just below an enormous overhanging block with a conspicuous rectangular recess beneath it. Above this the summit was quite near, and we ate a late lunch on the cairn.

Roughness is the feature of all the quick descents, excepting that down the south corrie, where a long tongue of grass enables one to avoid scree and reach a low level in comfort. We seized the opportunity afforded by favourable weather to make sure of the Crowberry Ridge. The lower cairns were reached by way of interesting rocks; and then a delicate corner, a traverse, and a little chimney brought us to the well-photographed ledge. At the further end of this each in turn traversed out on to the face, and looked up at the 40 feet of slabs which formed the direct route. They appeared uncommonly severe, and we were not tempted to try them. Instead we dropped down the little chimney, and by Maclay's variation (an excellent one) reached the crest of the ridge again, just above the slabs. Here there is another delightful platform on which to linger and gaze away across the Moor of Rannoch to Schiehallion and Loch Tummel. These resting-places may remind frequenters of North Wales of similar points of vantage on Lliwedd. The climb is now up splendid steep rock, with excellent holds, and interest continues to the Tower. On this we sat and lunched until the mist which hung about the upper slopes enveloped us. We then descended the further side (which

is in a wretched state of disintegration), crossed the neck and soon reached the summit.

To the left of the Curved Ridge, and separated from it by "D" gully, is a narrow triangular ridge, which does not seem to be named, but is referred to in "British Mountain Climbs." We reached it by climbing several pitches of the gully, one of which was quite good, and breaking out on the left to the foot of the first steep rise of buttress. From this point the course, though rather short, yields climbing equal to the best. The leader will require a full fifty feet of rope, and will take out this length on two or three occasions. Whilst walking up the scree above, a ptarmigan rose at our feet, and half a dozen chicks scattered and crouched. We raised a couple to examine them more closely, when the courageous mother fluttered up to within a yard of us. A similar incident occurred a little further on, but at the second peak many scattered feathers showed that here a less fortunate bird had ended its days.

Without doubt the most interesting feature of the mountain is the Great Chasm, a large edition of Piers Ghyll. As we saw it after a long spell of dry weather, it was evident that some of the pitches were still impossible. We climbed about five, turning a cave with slimy walls, and another with big projecting roof, and found ourselves in a large open part, with nearly level floor. The way we took was along an upward sloping grassy ledge, on the left wall of the main gully, round a sharp corner to the right, and into a cave. From this point the leader, a light-weight and agile as a cat, made one of his favourite traverses round a broken and extremely rotten corner, and ascending by a trough reached a position above us. The second man (of heavier build) preferred a crack which rose straight from the cave mouth. About half way up this a block, against which his shoulder was braced, began to give way. A clenched hand in the crack and a minute foot-hold gave sufficient support to enable him to press off the mass behind him, and there was then disclosed a convenient ledge,



RANNOCH MOOR. FROM THE CLACHLET.

of great immediate comfort and subsequent utility. The pitches above now looked very stiff and watery, and some yet await a conqueror. They seemed to stretch up one beyond another to the very crest of the mountain. We broke out and finished up on the right wall, which gives some moderate climbing.

The huge North Buttress, which plunges into Glencoe, on closer inspection is found to be very broken, but though one can scramble up it, we found that good climbing can be had on its west side, quite near to "B" gully.

A sojourner at Kingshouse Inn is sure to cast an inquiring eye on Sron Greise, a bastion of the Clachlet, and a rocky face which extends eastward from it.

We spent a couple of days on and about the mountain, bagging all the peaks and "slacking." There is a striking little pinnacle of the Cioch type on the west side of the "Greasy Nose," and in the north face the rifts, visible from below, are grassy gullies. The east face of the most northerly peak has a very imposing appearance, but the nature of the rock appears unreliable. We descended the valley of Ghiubhasan to Glen Etive, surprising a raven and buzzard at close quarters, and finding many lizards on the lower slopes nimbly threading their way through the stiff baked grass. A stalking track takes one pleasantly down past a charming wooded ravine, which is spanned at the lower end by a light wire bridge, and then glorious clear and deep reaches on the river invite one to linger. On the eighth day we sent down our bags to Ballachulish pier, and dawdled down the pass, intent on recognising familiar features, and taking no heed of time, until it suddenly dawned on us that barely an hour and a quarter remained in which to walk six miles and catch the boat for Oban. We reached the pier in a decidedly heated condition, on point of time, but of course the boat on this occasion was half an hour late.

# THE FIRST TRAVERSE OF THE RATEAU.

By H. SCOTT TUCKER.

"Pitons! what are they going to do with pitons?"

Christophe—Christophe Turc des Etages—to me the only Christophe—and I had often talked of one or two good things left in the Dauphiné, and in 1905 we resolved that given luck—without which even the alpiniste strives in vain—we would unite next season to tackle the Rateau and the—others, though Christophe, slim and supple still, confessed that he was not as furious for fresh things as in the days when he made new climbs with Monsieur Eaves on the Pic Bourcet, and with Monsieur Bradley on Les Bans in one year. We had marched three times to the Aiguilles d'Arves, but the stars in their courses fought against us, and it was only after a night at Rieu Blanc—a truly Savoyard hamlet—that we found ourselves at La Grave, ready for the Rateau. Christophe, who thinks of everything, did not forget l'imprévu, and resolved to fortify the caravan with pitons, or as they are sometimes wrongly called, "crampons," en Dauphiné, "grampons," from the village smithy. Hence the question, "Pitons! what are they going to do with pitons?" The smith's productions might have passed for iron alpenstocks, and Christophe was soon striding down the street to visit upon his head some of the pointed comments which the crowbars had provoked in the Salle des Guides.

Even this, and the greater difficulty of provisions, were overcome at last, and early in the afternoon of July 16th any La Graveyard who had survived the perils of lunch and the heat of the morning, might have seen three laden travellers wandering through the woods to the Châlet Pic, officially but in vain

THE RATEAU FROM THE GLACIER DE LA GIROSE.

called the Châlet Evariste Chancel, for the personality of Madame Pic dwarfs the memory of the one time President of the Briançon section of the C.A.F., and so la mère Pic and her châlet are the source of many a good-humoured quip.

What an afternoon! how we simmered in the sun; had the rest of the way to La Bèrarde been as hot, the Rateau must have awaited the coming of some Alpine salamander.

We were, as I have said, three; for Christophe had taken his son, Christophe the Second—a sturdy, sober lad—to bear him company.

From the little plateau on which the Châlet stands, the ridge of the Rateau is in full view. I spent part of the afternoon in examining its crinkled edge. The old name, "Le Peigne," was not given for nothing. The change recalls the street in Grenoble, once Rue du Prêtre, now Rue de Pasteur. The great gap cleaving the western part of the arête in two, with its fine gendarmes, looks impassable from below.

While I wondered what the morrow had in store, Christophe père and fils snored steadily before the Châlet, in picturesque attitudes, undisturbed by the hardness of their beds. Christophe, a capitaliste, was I suspect already converting the proceeds of the season into new sheep browsing amongst his flocks in the Carmargue. But dinner came at last, and, heedless of the morrow, we did justice to Madame's cuisine. I never can resist Pommes au Gratin Dauphinois. And then to bed, to be roused a few moments later with the news that it was one o'clock. I tumbled out in that murderous frame of mind common to all mountaineers but the most amiable at such a time, and stumbled outside to find the country bathed in brilliant moonlight. How disappointing it is at that hour to find that the day promises to be fine! We were soon crawling up the Glacier de la Girose, stopping on some rocks to breakfast. I have no tales of dainties found in capacious sacks, or delicacies in boîtes à chauffoir; the day passed without gastro-

nomic incident. We ate so little that our sacks reached the Vallée des Etançons almost as they left La Grave, save for a lost piton. To this in part I attribute our great fatigue when the day was over, but while it lasted we were buoyed up by the exhilaration which virgin ground always gives. The absence of broken bottles and rusty tins is much.

After breakfast we pressed forward, passed the north-west spur which runs down to the Col des Ruillans, and climbed up the glacier. The bergschrund was not difficult, and at 6-15 we stood on the Col de la Girose, at the foot of the south-west arête.

Early in the morning I resolved to make some notes, but these grew more and more scanty as the climb progressed, and disappeared altogether before it was many hours old. I cannot now pretend to describe our adventures in detail. The whole day grows vividly in my mind as one of splendid exertion, prolonged until the combatants, almost worn out with fatigue, were sustained only by the pride of victory. Decadence has entered even Alpine literature, and it is permitted to the climber who has forgotten, to write a narrative as indecisive as some of the gems of modern art.

The ridge was so broken at its start that instead of climbing to its top we scrambled for an hour along its many-toothed base. Soon the north-west and south-west arêtes joined, and we found ourselves on the main ridge of the mountain. Beyond us rose a square peak, upon which we built our first pyramid an hour and a half after leaving the Col. We were soon to learn that it was impossible to follow the ridge for long, and were forced to descend into the gap marked by two gendarmes, both so frail that one expected every puff of wind to hurl them on the glacier below. Although the level of the ridge varies little, the fantastic shapes of its rocks effectually banish all monotony.

Passing these gendarmes on the south-east, we descended till we reached a couloir full of broken rocks, recalling the

moraines below. Thence up and down, and up and down again; sometimes on the ridge, sometimes on the southern side of the mountain, but never on the northern, for there the mountain fell as sheer as the Meidje itself below the Brèche Zsigmondy. How far we went in this fashion I cannot guess; our march along the ridge was a game of chess, in which we—the pawns—were threatened at almost every step by towering castles. At last we came in full view of the great brèche. Were we to cross it, or would it prove as impassable a barrier to us as its mighty rival on the Meidje to its earliest explorers? From where we stood no one could say what was in store, but we were in no mood to turn back. Had we known what was ahead we might perhaps have hesitated.

Down some broken rocks, whose every hold called for careful test, across two or three more couloirs, and we stood in the great brèche itself; to it Christophe proposed to give the name of his Monsieur. Nor were the inevitable gendarmes wanting.

From the brèche the view to the north is terrible indeed; the mountain wall is almost perpendicular. Some way from its foot lies a group of dolls' houses—La Grave. On that side no mountains crowd in upon the traveller, but on the others rise Dauphiné's mountain giants—to the east, La Meidje, la Grande Ruine, les Ecrins, and le Pelvoux, all with their trains attendant.

To climb up the wall on its east side seemed impossible; therefore we crept at its foot, but not for long. It was soon clear that we must conquer it and the peak which crowned it, or own defeat.

I well remember standing looking up at the mighty wall, only broken here and there by tiny cracks; but our blood was up, and after a moment's rest, Christophe and I climbed almost side by side, each grunting at the difficulties of his road, and wishing that he had taken the other. The summit received,

as it deserved, a pyramid of its own. Going down the other side we came upon a curious shelf of rock forming a sloping terrace, on which we walked with ease a while; on the left the ridge rose steep and high above us; on the right the mountain fell rapidly to the Glacier de la Selle. At the beginning of this shelf is a hole in the mountain; through it you can see La Grave and its surroundings. Its very shortness shows that here all the higher part of the mountain overhangs.

I forgot to say that our second peak seemed that morning as high as the accepted summit; but as its first visitor, Mr. W. A. B. Coolidge—whose authority none will lightly dispute—had no doubt that his was the Allerhöchste Spitze, and we were enshrouded in fog before we reached it; we must not dogmatise, yet I'll wager that the summit has small advantage.

Passing more brèches, we returned to the arête, here very narrow and steep; sometimes we rode astride, at others crawled *à quatre pattes*. At 3-35 p.m. we reached the summit, then crossed the eastern arête, with its knife-edge, descended to the snows, and a little later lost our way in the fog, now extremely dense. We strayed in the disagreeably soft snow till suspicion, confirmed by the compass—too little used upon the mountain—warned us of our error. We thought, mistakenly I believe, that we had gone too far to make it worth while to steer for the Promontoire hut, and continued along the ridge until we reached the Brèche du Rateau, from which we ran down the Corridor des Avalanches into the Vallée des Etançons as the last daylight began to die.

How tired I was! My sack seemed lead, my axe iron, my legs another's. I would cheerfully have spent the night on the hardest of the stones in that stony valley, whose boulders seem under cover of the night to throw off their passive resistance, and aggressively to attack the weary voyageur stumbling hutwards to Chatteleret. At last, at 9-30 *soir*, a

seeming boulder, larger and more aggressive than his fellows, proved to be the long desired cabane.

> " Be the day weary, be the day long,
> At last it ringeth to evensong."

Chatteleret, now overshadowed by the Promontoire, never was a palace among huts, but when I woke the sun was streaming through its chinks, and my guess that it was about 4 a.m. was nearly five hours too early.

We trudged down to La Bèrarde to enjoy the first meal for many hours. My note in the visitors' book that we had come by the Rateau was read by the waitress, who straightway demanded, " Quel bateau ? "

# THE COMPLETE (AND REPLETE) CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

By HENRY BISHOP.

"Forsooth, brothers, fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell; fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death: and the deeds that ye do upon the earth, it is for fellowship's sake that ye do them."

*William Morris.*

—He may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love,—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

*Owen Meredith.*

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Shakespeare.*

Some years ago, during a Lakeland climbing holiday, I chanced upon certain persons called Chimney-Sweepers. Their motto, "Pleasure before business," being one which is blazoned on my own banner, we fraternised; and before the holiday came to an end, I was initiated a member of the Chimney-Sweepers' Society, with right to practise all the forms of amusement provided for in its rules. I remember that the most important rite connected with the initiatory ceremony consisted in the transference, from myself to an adept, of certain discs of precious metal. This matter being satisfactorily settled, I, now an adept, was conducted to a part of the Society's lair, where stood a board covered with green cloth, and was invited to commune with an individual as to which of us could first "scoop" (I think that was the term employed) an ivory sphere through a small chimney situated at the upper left-hand corner of the board. I noticed that, to ensure secrecy, the closed windows were covered by thick

screens of wood, light coming at intervals from an oil-lamp suspended over the board. Occasionally, active Chimney-Sweepers moved gracefully about, with hands on the board and feet high up on the wall; and all the ceremonies seemed to be very pleasingly conducted.

I well remember my first expedition in the company of Sweepers, which was undertaken on the day following my initiation. Having repaired to a large Pillaroc (so all adepts pronounce the name) I was desired to advance up a conspicuous opening called Shamrock Gully, it being represented that, by going first, I should have more leisure to admire the view. Perhaps I had; but, chancing to look down, I detected my companions at the foot of the pitch, busily disposing of fruit. Whereat I was minded to hurl rocks upon them.

Once a year the Society holds a dinner. The popularity of the function is due to the fact that it is held in the neighbourhood of many chimneys, which may be swept next day. The following impressions of three dinner-meets are offered in the hope that they will prove of interest to adepts who were unable to attend.

I think that the presence of genial, racy and reminiscive W. Cecil Slingsby would ensure the success of any Sweepers' dinner party. . . . . In climbing with him next day, contrive that he be near you on the rope, for so shall you better enjoy his conversation. (But oh, Slingsby, give not of thy best when we shall be in midst of very stiff pitch, or we may be tempted to dally awhile until thou shalt have concluded.)

His comrade, Colin B. Phillip, is cast in similar mould. It runs in my mind that one of the neatest phrases heard at a Society gathering,—" Green that *shouts* at you," once used by Slingsby to describe the colouring of the Coniston bracken at a particular time of the year—originated with him, although, if I mistake not, the expression was not first used during after-dinner proceedings, nor was " Coolin " a Chimney-Sweeper at the time. I believe he represented a more northerly club.

However, the latter omission has now been rectified; and, having thus become famous, he will, I doubt not, smile benignly when the phrase, coined in what may be termed his obscure days, is claimed as a Society possession, and is used accordingly.

Most repaying is it to corner these two adepts (they generally hunt together), and judiciously to direct conversation to the subject of mountain scenery. I recommend the process to all Sweepers—if their temerity, and the patience of their quarry, are equal to the strain.

There is an idea current that a man should not smile at his own jest,—that he should forbear to take of that which he has prepared for the delectation of others. I love to see a wag *taste* his joke at its presentation; to watch the smile flicker on his lips, and gradually light up his face as the point of the jest is approached. At the time (now nearly three years ago) when Kaiser Wilhelm was busily wrangling with his Chancellor, interested Sweepers were credibly informed by Godfrey A. Solly that the former personage was to be made an honorary member of a certain Pot-holing Society, on account of his having just performed the greatest feat of "climbing down" known to history. Solly's fancies are so appropriately rounded off by play of features, that, were he heard *in a darkened room*, half the pleasure of listening to him would be lost.

Midway through the proceedings, the Society's slogan, or dirge, "Oh, we be Chimney-Sweepers," was soulfully performed.

* * * *

George Seatree, Chief Sweeper in 1908-10, can always be depended on for an interesting speech. Although, in rising to propose the health of the Society, he professed to feel very nervous about the "pitch" immediately in front of him, he "led" it so safely, and with such absence of effort, as compelled one to the conclusion that he climbs several of these "exceptionally severe" courses every day of his life.

I was thinking of elections)—I mean they pay their subscriptions. Especially should fair Sweepers be welcomed if they come headed by so unflinching a spokeswoman as Mrs. Ashley Abraham. Rarely, if ever, have adepts listened to so brilliant a Vindication of Woman as was unfolded in Mrs. A.'s Speech for the Defence. Our comrade must have felt like a lion in a den of Daniels.

* * * *

The flying spray on Goatswater, the hail-chilled holds in Easter Gully, the fine climb on "A" Buttress, the stream amongst the pine-trees, the feel of warm rocks, the retreat from Great Gully, with its ice and hailstones, the buttresses masked by six inches of snow—and comrades who swept them! . . . . . Memories of all these will remain long after the difficulty of evenly dividing one frozen orange amongst five frozen adepts shall have been forgotten.

* * * *

The dinner-meets of the Chimney-Sweepers have yearly increased in popularity; and, now that the ladies have shed on us the light of their countenances, I am minded to venture a prophecy as to the forthcoming gathering of the Society. I see huge crowds of adepts, with their cousins and aunts, arriving by special trains from all parts; I see the available accommodation bespoken weeks, nay, months in advance; I see Treasurer Craig, prematurely grey-haired and broken, attempting to cope with the colossal demand for tickets . . . . . I perceive that the whole face of Dow Crag is infested by a seething, struggling mass of humanity; whence issues, at intervals, a long-drawn, fearful sound, as of lost souls in anguish. Can it be——? *it IS!*—that slogan!!

# IN MEMORIAM.

## SHOLTO HAMILTON GORDON.

Since the publication of our last number, the Club has suffered an irreparable loss in the death, on the 25th of January last, by an accident, of one of its founders, and perhaps its keenest member, S. H. Gordon.

The Club tenders its deepest sympathy to his family in their sad bereavement. He was only 31 years of age, a rising engineer and trusted servant of the firm of Vickers, Ltd.

Our Editor has asked me to write a brief memoir of our late friend and companion. The task he has set me will be but poorly done, as I am no writer; my only claim to put pen to paper lies in the fact of my great friendship and regard for our late comrade.

> "Who is the happy climber? Who is he
> That every mountaineer should wish to be
> . . . . . .
> It is the mountain lover . . . . . .
> Who, though most joyful on a first ascent
> Of some great snow-wreathed mountain, wildly rent
> With well-known English hills can be content."
>
> (*L. J. Oppenheimer in C. C. Journal*).

"This description fits Gordon like a glove." So thought I when first I read it, and I have never had occasion to change my mind. A happy mountaineer and a good one was our late friend, and what better could be said of any man! He was the best of companions on the fells, which he loved, and I think never so happy as when rambling or climbing among them. It has been one of the greatest pleasures of my life to have been his companion on many a climb, both difficult and easy, and for many a ramble through Lakeland. Although fond of the old and recognised climbs, his greatest delight lay in finding

Photo. Frank Grant.

THE LATE SHOLTO HAMILTON GORDON.

a new climb or scramble, or even a new route up one of the many boulders scattered about the Coniston fells.

Most of our readers will remember that in September, 1909, he discovered and led the first ascent of a new route up "A" buttress on Doe Crag. In the following year he made many new climbs, most of them short ones, round about Levers Water; and these climbs, he has told me, were the most enjoyable things he ever accomplished.

It has been my greatest privilege to ramble through Lakeland with Gordon as sole companion on many occasions, and I can testify to his keenness as a mountaineer, his deep and abiding love of the fells, his pluck and never-failing energy on a climb, and his most delightful companionship.

As a rock-climber Gordon may lay claim to our admiration for his singularly safe methods and his expert use of the rope. He was a great authority on knots, and would refuse to lead, or climb at all, if he was not absolutely certain of every knot on the rope.

He was once attacked by a buzzard on Ill Bell, an experience which falls to the lot of few (I only know of one other) in this district. He managed to beat off the infuriated bird with his ice-axe, but not before he had received a few scratches.

Gordon was one of the five founders of the Club, and a member of the first Committee. He also acted on the Dinner Committee in 1909 and 1910. He was a most painstaking and conscientious Committee-man, and his loss, in this sphere of work, to the Club, will be felt for many years to come. He was a keen photographer, carrying as a rule a post-card plate camera, and often a small stereoscopic camera as well. He was also a fisherman, but his rod was seldom used in Lakeland.

ALAN CRAIG.

## The Rev. W. M. PLUES.

Many members of our Club and readers of the Journal will learn with deep regret of the death at the advanced age of 83 years of the Rev. W. M. Plues, which took place at the Vicarage, Wasdale Head, on March 30th last.

The venerable and kindly clergyman, who had held the living of the remote parish since 1899, will be greatly missed by many climbers who have attended the pleasant and well-ordered services at the little church amongst the mountains during the last decade. During his vicariate Mr. Plues endeared himself to all classes in Wasdale by his devotion to church work, and care for the welfare of his parishioners, whilst his bright, genial disposition, his helpful efforts and friendliness will be long cherished in the dale.

In his younger days Mr. Plues was a keen and enthusiastic Lakeland pedestrian, and even after the turn of his sixtieth year would think little of undertaking a hill ramble over the tops from Windermere to Penrith by High Street, Mardale, or Howtown.

The temperance cause has lost a zealous friend in Mr. Plues. Before entering holy orders (which did not take place until he was nearing his seventieth year) he was for close upon twenty years the successful organising secretary and lecturer for the C.E.T.S. in the diocese of Carlisle.

The deceased clergyman was laid to his last rest in the beautiful and quiet little God's Acre at Wasdale Head, on the Tuesday following his demise, amidst every token of the heart-felt and respectful sorrow of a large gathering of relatives, parishioners, and friends.

## EDWARD WHYMPER.

Every member of our Club will have heard with regret of the death at Chamouni, of Edward Whymper, the doyen of mountaineers. Born in 1840, he lived through the strenuous age of Alpine exploration, and saw in his later years the recrudescence of interest brought about by the inception of rock-climbing. Mr. Whymper made his first visit to the Alps in 1860. He was commissioned to sketch the mountains, but soon proved himself to be a true mountaineer.

Between 1861-5 Mr. Whymper made many new ascents and passes in the Alps, including eight attempts on the Matterhorn from the Italian side. His ninth attempt was from Zermatt, by what is now the usual route, and was crowned with success. But on the descent four of the party slipped and were killed, and only the breaking of the rope saved Mr. Whymper and the two remaining guides from the same fate.

In later years Mr. Whymper climbed much in the Andes and the Rockies—his last expedition to Canada being within recent years. Only a short paper in the Alpine Journal records his remarkable journeyings in Greenland—an attempt to cross the great ice plateau of that country, which years later Nansen was to follow successfully. Great climber that he was, Edward Whymper was still greater as author and artist. Who has not revelled in "Scrambles among the Alps"—the first primer of so many keen mountaineers. "The Great Andes of the Equator" is also a fine record of adventures among volcanoes, and other volumes dear to the heart of Alpine readers deal with Chamouni and Zermatt.

# THE FOURTH ANNUAL DINNER, CONISTON.

## A RECORD GATHERING.

" On mighty Mount Olympus long ago,
The gods and goddesses with feast and mirth
Together revelled o'er their sport on earth
Of tricks 'midst frail humanity below.
On earth, when men to god-like deeds aspire,
A nobler sport, on heavenward crags they choose,
With rope and axe and iron-girdled shoes
They feel the glowings of celestial fire!
We women too, earth's highest joys desiring,
(In spite of garb a goddess would disdain),
Wild scenes of mountain, stream and cloud admiring,
Would tie the rope and towering rocks attain.
But this, our crowning bliss, ne'er goddess won,—
To feast with Rockefellows in the SUN."

The above lines were written by a lady member shortly after the Coniston Dinner. They are a vote of thanks to the majority, for a unique feature in climbing annals—the presence of ladies at the Annual Dinner of a British Mountaineering Club. Mr. Bishop's article, " The Complete (and Replete) Chimney Sweeper," deals with all phases of the dinner, except the list of members and guests present, and a few notes of the actual speeches. Eighty-six in all made their way to the dinner-table—some after braving the perils of the General Meeting, others by less dangerous and less crowded routes:—

The President (Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby), Ashley P. Abraham, George D. Abraham, G. P. Abraham, G. B. Balfour, E. H. Banks, G. Barlow, H. Bishop, G. Boden, W. B. Brunskill, T. R. Burnett, J. Bowen Burrell, W. Butler, T. H. Capstick, G. H. Charter, F. C. Clitheroe, J. Coulton, Alan Craig, C. M. Cross, J. M. Davidson, R. B. Domony, Ernest W. Earl, the Rev. R. Ellwood, S. Hamilton Gordon, Charles Grayson, Eric Greenwood, F. B. Kershaw, J. Hanks, Henry Harland, W. P. Haskett-Smith, J. G. Howard, H. Lee, Darwin Leighton, H. B. Lyon, A. Midgley, H. Midgley, Philip S. Minor, C. H. Oliverson, L. J. Oppenheimer, T. C. Ormiston-Chant, William T. Palmer,

T. H. G. Parker, J. H. Pass, T. Cooper Pattinson, J. B. T. Randal, J. Randal, J. Walter Robson, J. Rogers, M. F. Rogers, M. G. Rollo, George Sang, Edward H. P. Scantlebury, J. R. Scott, George Seatree, Malcolm Shaw, L. Slingsby, L. B. Smith, Godfrey A. Solly, Dr. Solly, E. W. Steeple, A. Wells, Horace Westmorland, J. Ritson Whiting, J. B. Wilton, A. G. Woodhead, G. F. Woodhouse, J. C. Woodsend, J. W. Woodsend, W. A. Woodsend; Mrs. Ashley P. Abraham, Mrs. J. Coulton, Mrs. Charles Grayson, Miss M. Holden, Miss E. M. Howard, Miss Lee, Mrs. H. B. Lyon, Miss Moore, Mrs. C. H. Oliverson, Mrs. L. J. Oppenheimer, Miss Robertson, Miss S. Robertson, Mrs. Seatree, Miss Seatree.

The following gentlemen were present as delegates of their various Clubs:—W. P. Haskett-Smith (Alpine Club); George Sang (Scottish Mountaineering Club); T. C. Ormiston-Chant (Climbers' Club); J. M. Davidson (Yorkshire Ramblers' and Wayfarers' Clubs); and A. G. Woodhead (Rucksack Club).

After the usual loyal toasts, the PRESIDENT (Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby), in proposing the health of "Kindred Clubs," said: I am in a position of more responsibility and less freedom than ever I cared to be. On arriving here to-day I had a fearful shock—I was told that I should have to preside over this record gathering. However, it would hardly do to be even an honorary member of a very sporting climbing club and to vanish into thin air as soon as I saw there was work before me. In the ordinary slang of the day, to propose the health of the Kindred Clubs is a tall order, because their number now runs into four figures; they are everywhere, in every land, and some of their titles seem totally unpronounceable. The first Kindred Club, and there are members of that Club present to-night, is the Alpine Club. This was, so far as is known, the first Club to recognise that mountain-climbing and mountain-exploring was a great sport. This impetus given to all kinds of mountaineering in all parts of the world by the formation of this Club was very great. In the early 'eighties, a curious despondency seemed for a time to settle over the Club, and even Mr. Dent, one of its great Presidents, felt compelled to state that the great days of climbing were over, and that the Club had apparently accomplished the object of its formation. The making of great railways in almost every corner of the globe has opened out magnificent playgrounds for mountaineers. Mountain groups that were hardly known a few years ago to the geographer even are becoming almost as accessible as Switzerland. Mountaineers are beginning to climb seriously among those giants, the Himalaya, the thorough exploration of even a part—that small part

accessible at present to Englishmen—of which will last a generation at least. There are members here, too, of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, the first really British kindred club. Among those present, I am glad to see the President-elect, Mr. Godfrey A. Solly. The " S.M.C." is to-day hailed as the greatest British Mountaineering Club, and it is only right that this should be so. There are certain pithy terms with which the Scotsmen have enriched the vocabulary of mountaineering. There are, for instance, the letters " A.P."—absolutely perpendicular. Used no doubt with the best of intentions by its originators, the term was open to slight mis-use. For instance, a lady once told me of a climb up an absolutely perpendicular wooded precipice ten thousand feet high—she did not, however, use the magic " A.P." By devious admissions, the lady was led to a statement that the angle was at least 180 degrees. A few weeks ago I was climbing on Doe Crag with some of our younger members, who led me to a piece of work which was more than " A.P." It was a most sensational and equally delightful traverse of a hundred feet, across " A " Buttress. The first part of that traverse at places overhung, the rock bulged—and I was thankful that the cautious Scot, with his " A.P.," had limited the scope of our climbing language. The next club on my list is the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club. I do know something of this club, and am proud to have had a long connection with it. Next comes the Climbers' Club, which has annexed the glorious climbs of North Wales in somewhat the same fashion as our Fell and Rock Climbing Club has " thrown its cloak " over the Lake district fells. The Rucksack Club will never be in want of an advocate so long as it has a Minor (laughter). Appropriately, the Wayfarers' Club hails from Liverpool—the port at which so many fare their way towards the Rockies, the Himalaya, to the great mountain groups of the world. Then we have the Cairngorm Club. If there is one part of the British Isles where glacier traversing can be studied under true conditions, it is the area between Cairngorm and Ben Macdhui. We have also present a representative or representatives of the Italian Alpine Club, which possesses in the person of the Duke of the Abruzzi one of the best climbers and sportsmen in the world.

The toast was coupled with the names of Mr. George Sang, of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, and Mr. J. M. Davidson, of the Wayfarers' and Yorkshire Ramblers' Clubs.

In replying to the toast, Mr. SANG, in a witty speech, expressed his great pleasure in making the acquaintance of the Club. There must be something in the science of mountaineering which binds all climbers in the bonds of brotherhood, no matter of what nationality we may be.

Our appearance never seems to be against us, whether "munroing" on Scottish uplands, working up your highly-polished climbs, or disappearing into Yorkshire caverns. Mr. Harold Raeburn and Mr. W. N. Ling brought me South, and introduced me to Napes Needle, Scafell Pinnacle, and to the ghylls. (Here Mr. Sang introduced a really humorous parody, "Put me amongst the Ghylls.") On many Scottish climbs, he continued, there were still the pleasures of the pioneering days—the abundance of loose stones, insecure belays, hand-holds, etc. There is also the doubt of "the way up," faint traces only of previous parties, often no visible traces at all. Quite recently two companions and myself spent almost an hour and a half trying to find a descent from one of the Scottish climbs. There was an obvious route, but right in the stiffest part stuck a very loose rock. It had just come down from above, and was so badly perched that we dare not pass it. However, after a good deal of work, we persuaded it to move on its natural course, and then began our descent with easy minds.

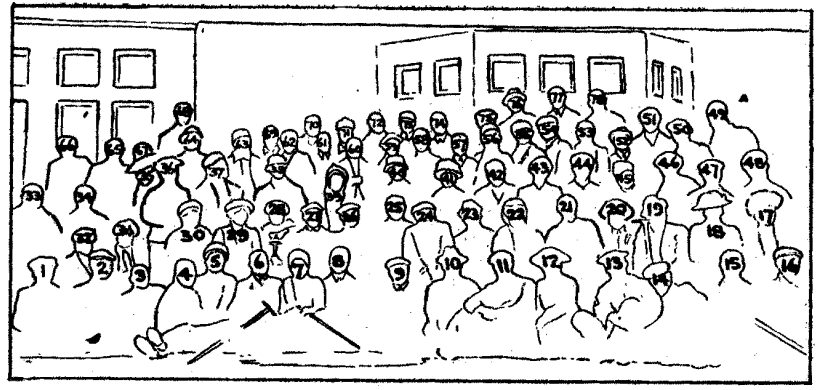
Mr. J. M. DAVIDSON replied on behalf of a big boy, the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club and his baby brother, the Wayfarers' Club, and Mr. A. G. WOODHEAD on behalf of the Rucksack Club.

The toast of "The Ladies" was proposed by Mr. GODFREY A. SOLLY, who after expressing his pleasure at such a unique gathering, mentioned the example of the Alpine Club of Canada, which had a large proportion of lady members, a lady Secretary, a number of ladies on the Committee, and had even had a lady Editor. This was the first mountaineering dinner at which he had had the pleasure of meeting ladies. "My first experience of a lady climber was on the Montanvert, where I was asked to give a lead on a climb with which I was totally unacquainted. After some time, I could not see a good route ahead, and said so. The lady demurred, at which I suggested, that as she had done the climb before, she had better take the lead—which she did most successfully." Mr. Solly emphasized the necessity of care on the mountains, and more especially addressing the ladies, spoke strongly on the subject of suitable preparation for climbing, food, clothing, etc.

Mrs. ASHLEY P. ABRAHAM responded, both for lady climbers and for those ladies who had chiefly to do with the repair of climbing clothes, and the oiling of climbing boots. She felt it a great honour to be the first lady speaker at a British mountaineering dinner.

Mr. T. C. ORMISTON-CHANT proposed the toast of the Club, which was responded to by Mr. GEORGE SEATREE.

The health of the President was given in an appropriate and enthusiastic speech by Mr. W. P. HASKETT-SMITH.



1 B. Randal.
2 J. Randal.
3 D. Leighton.
4 A. Craig.
5 Mrs. C. Grayson.
6 H. Westmorland.
7 Miss Howard.
8 J. R. Whiting.
9 E. E. Earl.
10 F. H. Capstick.
11 M. G. Shaw.
12 Mrs. Oppenheimer.
13 J. W. Woodsend.
14 G. P. Abraham.
15 F. B. Kershaw.
16 J. C. Woodsend.
17 Miss W. Chadwick.
18 Mrs. Ernest Solly.
19 H. Harland.
20 Mrs. G. A. Solly.
21 G. A. Solly.
22 Mrs. A. P. Abraham.
23 G. Seatree.
24 Wm. Cecil Slingsby.
25 A. P. Abraham.
26 J. W. Robson.
27 G. Sang.
28 Mrs. C. H. Oliverson.
29 Miss S. Robertson.
30 Mrs. J. Coulton.
31 Miss Moore.
32 Miss A. Robertson.
33 T. H. G. Parker.
34 S. H. Gordon (late).
35 Mrs. H. B. Lyon.
36 Miss A. Seatree.
37 P. S. Minor.
38 C. H. Oliverson.
39 Miss M. Holden.
40 L. Slingsby.
41 Mrs. G. Seatree.
42 A. Wells.
43 Miss Lee.
44 H. Midgley.
45 J. Hanks.
46 A. Midgley.
47 M. Gaspard.
48 Dr. Solly.
49 R. Scott.
50 E. W. Steeple.
51 L. J. Oppenheimer.
52 A. G. Woodhead.
53 Dr. T. R. Burnett.
54 H. Lee.
55 G. Howard.
56 G. B. Balfour.
57 F. C. Clitheroe.
58 Chas. Grayson.
59 H. Bishop.
60 W. T. Palmer.
61 J. M. Davidson.
62 J. Coulton.
63 J. H. Pass.
64 G. J. Boden.
65 W. A. Woodsend.
66 G. H. Charter.
67 W. B. Brunskill.
68 H. B. Lyon.
69 T. C. Ormiston-Chant.
70 J. Rogers.
71 L. Hardy.
72 Dr. G. Barlow.
73 J. B. Wilton.
74 M. Rogers.
75 M. C. Rollo.
76 C. N. Cross.
77 E. H. Banks.
78 J. Bowen Burrell.

Photo by G. P. Abraham, Ltd. Keswick. Arnold

THE HOUSE PARTY FOURTH ANNUAL DINNER, CONISTON.

# THE CLUB MEETS.

## The Coniston Meet, November 19-21, 1910.

More eloquent than reams of description is the following list:—

NOVEMBER 19th, 1910.

| | |
|---|---|
| H. Bishop .. .. .. | "A" Buttress, Variation I.; time 1¾ hours; also attempt on Great Gully, foiled by ice on second pitch, and rolling hail in gully. |
| J. C. Woodsend .. | |
| T. C. Pattinson .. | |
| J. Coulton .. .. | Gouldon Gully; time 1½ hours. |
| J. Hanks .. .. .. | |

NOVEMBER 20TH, 1910.

| | |
|---|---|
| J. Coulton .. .. | Easy Gully; time 1¾ hours. |
| Mrs. Coulton .. .. | |
| George Seatree .. .. | |
| Alan Craig .. .. .. | |
| J. Hanks .. .. .. | |
| T. R. Burnett .. .. | Easy Gully; time 1¾ hours. |
| Miss Moore .. .. | |
| G. D. Abraham .. | "D" Buttress, finishing up top of Intermediate Gully; time 4¾ hours. |
| T. C. Ormiston-Chant | |
| G. Sang .. .. .. | |
| H. Westmorland .. | |
| H. Harland .. .. | "B" Buttress, Woodhouse's Route; down Easy Terrace. |
| A. P. Abraham .. | |
| A. Wells .. .. .. | |
| W. P. Haskett-Smith. | |
| S. Hamilton Gordon | "A" Buttress, Variation II. (*i.e.*, up crack and joining ordinary route). |
| J. M. Davidson .. | |
| Miss Robertson .. .. | |
| Miss Seatree .. .. | |
| H. B. Lyon .. .. | "A" Buttress, ordinary start, and finish up chimney. |
| F. C. Clitheroe .. | |
| Two other Members | "A" Buttress, ordinary start, and finish up chimney. |
| E. W. Steeple .. .. | "E" Buttress, Route I.; time 4¼ hours. |
| G. Barlow .. .. .. | |
| A. G. Woodhead .. | |
| H. Bishop .. .. .. | |
| G. H. Charter .. .. | "E" Buttress, Route II. (attempt). |
| L. Hardy .. .. .. | |
| G. B. Balfour .. .. | |
| F. B. Kershaw .. .. | Real Chimney. |
| W. B. Brunskill .. | |
| T. H. G. Parker .. | "C" Buttress (attempt); time 4½ hours. |
| P. S. Minor .. .. | |
| J. H. Pass .. .. .. | |

FELL-WALKS :—G. Howard, Miss Howard, Miss Holden, Mrs. Charles Grayson, D. Leighton, J. C. Woodsend, W. A. Woodsend, J. W. Woodsend, Edward Scantlebury, Mrs. Scantlebury, F. H. Capstick.—Road to Tilberthwaite Ghyll, on to Wetherlam, along ridge to summit of Old Man, down to Goat's Hause, back by Goat's Water path.

Charles Grayson.—Goat's Water, Goat's Hause, Fairfield, Great Howe Crags, Wetherlam, straight to the old workings and down.

Magnificently fine Saturday and Sunday, powdery snow on old snow on crags, making rock-climbing very difficult.

NOVEMBER 21ST, 1910.

| | |
|---|---|
| Henry Bishop .. .. | "B" Buttress, Woodhouse's route; down Easy Terrace. |
| F. B. Kershaw .. .. | |
| W. A. Woodsend .. | |

NOVEMBER 22ND, 1910.

| | |
|---|---|
| Henry Bishop .. .. | Gouldon Gully. |
| Henry Harland .. .. | |
| J. C. Woodsend .. | |
| F. B. Kershaw .. .. | |
| Henry Harland .. .. | One of the gullies on Colonel Crag. |
| Henry Bishop .. .. | |
| F. B. Kershaw .. .. | |

[The Climbing Book does not pretend to account for the movements of all the members and their guests. Several "un-named" passed a profitable day watching the climbers on Doe Crags. L. J. Oppenheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Oliverson, J. B. Burrell, C. M. Cross, L. B. Smith, etc., were climbing, but have entered no reports.]

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## New Year Meet, Wasdale Head.

Present: A. E. Field, Dr. McCleary, G. S. Sansom, Mrs. Allen, A. and J. C. Woodsend, A. R. Thompson, Rev. H. J. Smith, R. J. Porter, L. Hardy, G. Balfour, G. H. Charter, T. H. G. Parker, J. Coulton, S. Hamilton Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Oliverson, G. D. and J. C. Abraham, F. W. and R. B. Sanderson, H. B. Lyon, W. B. Brunskill, O. Tindall, T. S. Sanderson, K. M. Ward.

Among the climbs done were: "B" Gully, Screes; Arrowhead direct (twice); Moss Ghyll; Deep Ghyll; Central Gully, Gable Crag; Shamrock Buttress; North Climb; New West; Central Jordon; Slab and North; Needle (five ascents); Needle Ridge; Kern Knotts Chimney (seven ascents); Kern Knotts Gully; Central Gully; Great End; Overbeck Chimneys, and Cust's Gully. A search for the Mosedale Rocks failed—at least no trace of the familiar cracks could be found amongst cascades of ice.

The absence of the President was greatly regretted by all, and the following officials and members became remarkable for their non-appearance: G. Seatree, the Joint Secretaries, the Treasurer, [the Librarian], L. J. Oppenheimer, H. Bishop, A. P. Abraham, H. B. Gibson, P. S. Minor. An apparition of the Brothers Woodhouse is twice reported to have been visible on Gable.

On January 7th, a large party, led by A. E. Field, proceeded to Deep Ghyll, where a determined attack on the first pitch, which was thickly coated with ice and snow, failed, owing to the impossibility of the holds. An entrance into the ghyll was forced by the West Wall traverse, and, after much step-cutting, the exit at the top was effected.—From the Wasdale Head *Climbing Book.*

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**February Meet, Coniston.**

The February Meet at Coniston found the fells snowbound. The rocks about Great Gully, which was climbed, were very badly glazed with ice. The direct route up the first pitch was undertaken, the ordinary way being impossible. After negotiating the four pitches, "we now made for the final obstacle. Chant proceeded to clear off with an ice-axe from the long, smooth slab on the right, the snow with which it was covered. Balfour, with commendable self-sacrifice, shielded Smith and Parker from the fall of snow thus created, by damming—let it be observed that there is here no mistake as to the spelling—the gully with his head and shoulders. To his altruism there seemed to be no limit, for when to the snow there were added many stones, these also he intercepted."

Members present (so far as records go): Messrs. T. C. Ormiston-Chant, G. B. Balfour, J. H. Smith, T. H. G. Parker, H. F. Huntley, C. W. Pidcock, and H. B. Lyon.

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**Easter Meet, Wasdale Head.**

It is quite impossible to state how many of our members attended this meeting. Wasdale Head was crowded; there

was a "cave" at Borrowdale, and many climbers in the Langdale Valley apart from the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club. Thirty-two Rockefellers were at headquarters, and accounted for about seventy routes on Screes, Scafell, Pillar, and Great Gable. Good Friday was a glorious day, and after a fairly long experience of fell-walking, one can say that never were more men on the mountains.

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### Whitsuntide Meet, Borrowdale.

A dozen members seem to have been present at Thorneythwaite, and seven climbs are recorded. The weather was exceptionally fine, and all the climbs were dry, except Combe Ghyll. [On re-reading the entry, one of the *climbs* turns out to be "Exciting sheep rescue." No details are given to prove whether the incident was not after all a wholesale conversion to vegetarianism]. Borrowdale seems to be a favoured "Ladies' Meet"—four being present this year.

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### July Meet, Coniston.

The July meet at Coniston attracted Messrs. J. Laycock, S. W. Herford, McConechy, L. Hardy, Gibson Milligan and Lieut. Bodell. A climb on the Intermediate Gully is reported as unfinished, and what was presumably an educational treat is described as follows: "First Pitch Doe Crags (otherwise known as the Boulder Traverse). A neat and original method of doing this very difficult traverse has been discovered, but it would be a shame to disclose it." The three first-named members are responsible for the entry, and explanation will be asked at the Dinner Meet.

Messrs. Herford, Laycock and McConechy made what is thought to be the second ascent of O. G. Jones' route in Easter Gully. "Instead of attempting the traverse to the cracked block, the obvious traverse a few feet lower was taken, and did not prove so very difficult. A small recessed finger-hold

was unearthed, and was very useful. The first seven or eight feet of the little open chimney above the traverse are the most difficult part of the climb, but good hand-holds could certainly be unearthed if the climb became frequented. For the present the route is probably entitled to be considered 'severe,' though it cannot compare with the Central Chimney, much less with Hopkinson's Crack. No doubt it receives its present position in the list from its association with the name of O. G. Jones. The cracked block, on closer inspection, proved no better than it seemed."

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### The August Meet, Langdale.

Several members turned up on Saturday afternoon and early Sunday morning. Sunday was a pouring wet day, following an equally wet Saturday. Climbing was more or less out of the question, but two parties tried Big Gully, Pavey Ark. The big pitch was a fine waterfall, and although the leader tried manfully he only succeeded in nearly drowning himself, and the party returned to the hotel thoroughly wet through. Monday was fine but windy; one party did Gimmer Crag by the Chimney route. Tuesday was very hot, and more photography than climbing was done (see *Amateur Photographs*), but ascents of Great and Little Gullies, the Crescent and Gwynne's Chimney were carried out. The President turned up on Monday evening, and stayed the night, crossing to Wasdale on Tuesday.

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### The Grasmere Meet—September.

An attack on Deerbield bespoke the activities of members at this Meet, seven members climbing Chockstone Gully. Eleven members and friends turned up: The President, Jonathan Stables, H. B. Lyon, C. H. Oliverson, Mrs. C. H. Oliverson, C. Grayson, — Vick, L. Slingsby, George Lyon, W. T. Palmer, and E. W. Earl. The Editor found treasure-trove in Far

Easedale (a couple of apples well above the orchard-line). He denies that he started the tremendous gastronomic competition which marked this Meet. The menu was: Lime-juice drops, apples, jam sandwiches, chocolate, pears, beef sandwiches, cake, army biscuits (the Editor demolished one of these, no one else would tackle them), ham sandwiches, bananas; thrice or more repeated, and still supplies did not run out. We all had tea at Grasmere afterwards.

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**The October Meet, Langdale (by a Novice).**

October 8th was the Langdale Meet, and the writer started off at about 7-30 from a neighbouring town determined to enjoy the day to the full. The night had been cold and free from wind, and the morning was consequently inclined to be misty, but that in no way detracted from the beauty of the scenery, for the indistinctness of the distance only threw the foreground into greater prominence, and caused the onlooker to take in the nearer scenes in more detail. The autumn colours, if not quite at their best, were varied and pretty, and the sight of the hills as the mist cleared away, ruddy brown with their carpet of bracken, will not soon be forgotten.

On arrival at the Headquarters of the Club it was found that the Climbers were already provided with ropes and lunch packets, and shod with boots which would make the ordinary man about town stare and stare again. The welcome extended to the writer, who was a stranger to everyone present, was very cordial, and showed the spirit of good fellowship which exists in the Club. After a photograph had been taken of the group, a start was made. The tramp up to Stickle Tarn seemed short, mainly owing to the interesting conversation of the President, who discoursed on scientific facts relating to the measurement of mountains, and the distances from which hills can be seen under certain conditions of the atmosphere, owing to refraction.

Arrived at Pavey Ark the party divided into two groups, one set tackling the Crescent Climb, and the other the Great Gully. Mention must also be made of the dog which accompanied the party, which on the commencement of the climbs was left in charge of the coats and rucksacks, and discharged its duty so well that some Barrow members arriving later, were much impressed by its faithfulness in the face of sore temptation in the form of biscuits.

But what of the climbs! Truly they were amazing to one unused to such gymnastics. The Crescent Climb was successfully accomplished by the President's party, and not content with that, some did other climbs equally perilous. To watch from below was fascinating, for sometimes it seemed as if fifteen or more minutes were spent by each man in climbing one short piece of rock; the man could be seen trying position after position before finding the correct place for hands and feet, but eventually all difficulties would be surmounted, and those below could breathe freely again.

Sometimes the rocks would re-echo with the calls of the men, and at others there would be dead silence, but one knew that although no climber was seen and no sound heard, that somewhere in the gullies, chimneys, or in some hazardous position on the face of the rock, the men were silently working their way from one foot-hold to another, rarely out of danger, but apparently without the slightest fear or apprehension as to the possibilities of their action. The leader on one climb was heard to whistle a gay tune on reaching a place of safety, after a difficult piece of rock had been negotiated; if he had been a novice one might have put it down to relief after danger, but in all probability it was more of the nature of a pæan of victory.

The writer was dragged, cajoled or pushed up the Great Gully, without any loss of life to those roped to him; there was no science in his climbing, but he enjoyed it. He had one or

two bad times, when he came near to agreeing with the man who wrote :—

" Let he who wills go climb the hills,
My tastes with his don't tally ;
Let he who wills go climb the hills,
And I'll stay in the valley."

But this feeling soon passed off. The views from the Great Gully were unique and wonderful, and the kindness and care of the other climbers to the novice unforgetable.

The climbing over, and a meal at the hotel, motors were set going, bicycle lamps lit, and the men went off into the dusk, homeward bound, all the better for the glorious views which they had had of Nature in her autumn dress.

# CLIMBS, OLD AND NEW.

*[The Editor thanks those members of the Club who have noted matters of importance to climbers in the books provided at our different Headquarters. He is desirous of making this section a permanent and valuable feature of future Journals, and relies on the co-operation of members to provide him with accounts of first ascents, fresh ascents of almost forgotten climbs, or notes on the ever-changing condition of climbs.]*

**South-west Climb, Pillar Rock.**

On the west face, where Jordan Gully begins, there is a long sloping slab some 40 feet up, which appears quite smooth. A belay at the foot of this may be reached from easy rocks below. The slab is then mounted and crossed somewhat to the right by the help of a small quartz excrescence for the right foot and finger holds. After a long stride to a sloping foot-hold near the edge of the gully, the rock steepens and holds improve. Above this another 40 feet easier work leads to a belay on a good ledge level with the bed of the Jordan Gap. From here an upward traverse to the left is made, with a belay at the end of it, from which the way lies up a grassy groove, ending in a small vertical chimney. This connects with the top pitch of the New West. The route resembles Woodhead's climb on Scafell Pinnacle in length and nature, though the slab is probably more difficult and exposed. It was first climbed by H. R. Pope and W. B. Brunskill on September 29th, 1911, and has been called the South-west.

**The Curtain, Pillar Rock, east side.**

We found that an interesting way of starting this climb is up two steep cracks on the left or south side of the buttress—a large detached rock standing on earth marks the beginning of the climb, which may be continued direct to the top of the rock. J.D.A., G.C.A., G.S.S.

**Abbey Ridge, Great Gable.** The small foot-hold at the extreme right-hand side of the traverse below the "overhang" on the Abbey Ridge is very loose, and should be used with great care. G.S.S.

**Arrowhead Ridge, Great Gable.** Several members who know the climb well think that it is advisable to warn strangers to the Arrowhead Ridge that the "direct" route of the books and lists of climbs refers to the chimney cut-in between the sharp arête and the face below the Arrowhead, *or appears to do so.* The direct ascent of the arête from the foot is a rather more serious undertaking. W.A.B.

**A Needle Note.** Regarding the note on *The Needle* in last Journal (page 145), is not the print below an illustration of the middle stage of what is described? If the crack is treated like a horizontal bar,


a leg can be thrown over either end or corner, by a short man. On my first ascent, I used the right hand, but several years

after, probably for want of bar practice, I couldn't work the gymnastic on that end, and tried the left corner with success. As to the figure in the print, all I wish to say is, "These be my struggles but not my pants." G.B.G.

**Brothers' Crack, Great End.**

Two ascents of this interesting course are reported this year—the second ascent by G. F. Woodhouse and W. L. Fawcett, on August 17th, and the third ascent by H. B. Gibson and W. B. Brunskill, on the 29th of the same month. Climbers will remember that a full account of the route appeared in last Journal.

**Central Chimney, Doe Crags.**

Referring to Mr. T. C. Ormiston-Chant's account of this climb, the following emenditions suggest themselves :—Having taken the traverse to the right (quite short) and very neat, it is neither necessary nor desirable to ascend 30 feet of the subsidiary buttress. An ascent of no more than six or seven feet lands one on a comparatively easy natural traverse back into the chimney. The climbing from this point to the little green ledge seen above is delightful. The final pull may give trouble, as the blocks forming the foundation of the ledge are all apparently quite loose. A small spigot of rock just above the ledge on its right-hand side is welcome. To enter the cave is a decidedly unpleasant matter. Its floor overhangs that part of the chimney immediately below, and slopes at an angle of 30 or 40 degrees, and everything is exceedingly loose. There is not satisfactory accommodation for two here. To bring up the third man is really unthinkable. The exit from the cave, on the left-hand side, is not remarkably difficult, after which there follows about 50 feet of apparently unsupported turf ledges (with occasional rock-holds) at an abnormally steep angle before a good platform with belays, etc., is reached. This stage of the route is almost dangerous. A traverse on to "C" buttress *above* the cave does not seem feasible—at least, if the obvious exit on the left is taken. The climb is very exposed, though not so steep as

Mr. Chant thinks. The whole party are of opinion that it made no demand whatever upon their physical resources: the nerve strain on the other hand was considerable, as there are no belays. Mr. Chant's mention of the cave pitch ("safe for the leader with three men in the cave") of course premises the possibility of a leader falling, and greatly added to the strain upon the writer. Nothing on earth could have saved the party had the leader slipped here. For this reason the writer emphasizes the fact that the cave is not the most difficult part of the climb. The climb is not likely to be popular until some safer alternative to the turf finish is available.

S.W.H., J.L., McC., July 8th, 1911.

**Hopkinson's Crack, Doe Crags.** Seeing that no very detailed description of Hopkinson's Crack exists, I venture to give my impressions. The leader proceeds 50 feet up the crack and reaches a stance with a fair belay pin. The climbing in the section calls for no special mention, holds being well distributed both for hands and feet. Having brought up the second, the leader climbs up five feet to a small chockstone and reaches the crux of the climb. The crack which has hitherto been more of a chimney opens out. The next foot-hold is for the right foot and at the level of one's shoulder: to reach it one finds a small stone deeply wedged in the crack and fairly high up. Using this as a right-hand hold, the leader can raise himself about a foot, when a good spike of rock can be grasped by the left hand, and the final pull-up brings the foot-hold named within reach. At this point the left-hand wall closes in again, and is made use of in backing-up the next ten feet. Here the leader overhangs his second. A few feet higher one reaches two good belaying pins, the first at the level of the broad grassy platform on the Central Buttress, the other some three feet higher. This latter is the more comfortable for use in bringing up the second. The whole pitch is about 25 feet in height, and is unquestionably very severe. If the leader should come off, his case is hopeless. The next pitch is much like the first, and in 35 feet one attains a fair stance and belay. From here to the finish of the crack

is 40 feet, and this part of the climb is well provided with holds. In the lower ten feet they are on both walls, in the upper part on the right wall, while for the exit large holds are available on both walls. T. H. G. PARKER.

**Notes from Coniston Book.**

On December 4th, 1910, Messrs. T. H. G. Parker and H. F. Huntley explored cave at top of Tilberthwaite Ghyll. They got in about 320 feet, but "had to return owing to excess of water on floor!" The same members went off to find "The Supposed Chimney," on Yewdale Crag, but with no better result than previous expeditions. Last year the Editor asked Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith if in the days of early exploration such a chimney had been found, but the answer was that, although the author of "Climbing in England" had spent much time on the Yewdale Crags, he had no knowledge of a satisfactory climb thereabout.

The climbing on RAVEN CRAG is much like that on "E" Buttress, Dow Crags. There are a number of quite good pitches, separated by grass and heather terraces. The best route starts off the road about 50 yards from the gate, and lies up easy slabs; thence one bears to the right, keeping on rock as far as possible, until one reaches a prominent notch about 250 feet up. It is also possible to climb directly up to this notch from below. From the notch the route lies up the corner to the top, some 350 feet higher. The rock is sound and rough, and being only half an hour's easy road walk from Coniston, is worth visiting on a short day or if the mists are down.

EASTER GULLY, BROADRICK'S CRACK.—"What is believed to be the second ascent of this crack was made on July 29th, by a party consisting of J. S. Sloane, A. F. Gimson, and M. Gimson. They did not consider the crack to be any more difficult than Hopkinson's (upper part), but the difficulty is more prolonged and the climb more fatiguing."

**Middlefell Buttress.**

The hillside above Middlefell Farm presents three distinct buttresses, of which the *right*-hand side one, a prominent landmark, is very steep, overhanging in parts, and in

places having a yellowish streaky appearance. The climb is on the middle buttress, up its left-hand side arête. This is bounded on the left by a very steep and impracticable slab wall. Starting from a green ledge (cairn) an ascent of 50 feet is made up the sharp edge to a ledge on the right (belay). Fifty feet of face-climbing of moderate difficulty lead to another ledge, with belays, on the left. Another 50 feet of face-work complete the climb. An extra pitch can be added by starting the climb lower down in the same line (cairn). Above the first pitch variations of a similar degree of difficulty can be made on the right. The climb, though short, is pleasant and of moderate difficulty, on firm, clean rock.

**Some Ullswater Climbs.**

Our Ullswater climbs are, with the exception of Dove Crags and Tarn Crag Gully, very miniature affairs. They are situated on Arthur's Pike, about a mile from the Howtown road. The rocks are in two groups: the upper and more easterly containing two good climbs.

"Mounsey's Miracle" (40 feet) has not yet been led. The first 20 feet is a fairly easy climb up a vertical wall of broken rock. Then the problem is to get into a narrow cleft with very smooth walls. Succeeding so far, the problem is varied; it is now difficult to get out of the cleft. The whole climb, with a rope from above, makes an enjoyable scramble. "Higginson's Chimney" (80 feet) is in two pitches, separated by a short scree slope. The lower is an easy chimney with nicely placed holds and a good back-rest. The top pitch is a deep recess roofed in by a large chockstone, the walls being about four feet apart. It gives splendid sport.

On the lower rocks, starting from the left, there are two sloping gangways which make a nice scramble down as a short cut between the climbs, then comes "The Corner" (90 feet). This starts with a difficult right-angled corner, with a good crack to wedge the right arm and boot in, but no holds. From the grass ledge above either go directly up the ridge or traverse to the left, and then to the right again. A short chimney round the corner finishes the climb.

"The North Climb" (120 feet), ten yards further on, is a nice lady's climb (the adjective refers to the climb). Keeping to the arête for about 60 feet a careful search among the bracken reveals a grass ledge sloping steeply upwards to the left. From the upper end of this the route lies outwards and up the chimney finish of the last climb. The shallow chimney to the right of the arête makes a more difficult variation of the first pitch.

"The Green Crack" (100 feet) is another strenuous affair; the middle pitch is especially difficult, being very smooth and slimy in wet weather. It has not been led throughout. The top pitch is slightly overhanging, but the holds are good.

There is plenty of unexplored rock further to the right, which might yield good sport, but in places it is very loose and unsafe.

While two of us were climbing here, a juvenile friend who was scrambling about, came down 60 feet in company with a large rock that had pulled out when he touched it. We each carried him a mile before discovering that he was no worse.

**Bits from Borrowdale.**

No new climbs, but our book contains the following hint on a return route from Pillar. "A little below the summit of Black Sail on the Ennerdale side, cross the beck that comes down from Kirkfell just above the big red patch, and keep as level a course as the grass will allow until the Ennerdale face of the Gable is almost reached. Then take to the left and make for the dip between Brandreth and Green Gable; pass through the little gate through Gillercombe and by Sour Milk. From the gate there is a well-marked track which keeps the ghyll on the left, to Seathwaite. There are no unnecessary ascents, and the walking is quite easy until Sour Milk Ghyll is reached. A tired party need not take longer than three hours from the Jordan Gap."

As an alternative route the Editor makes another excerpt, Darwin Leighton's route, used at the famous 1909 Borrowdale Meet. "The way to Borrowdale we found much easier by ascending the ghyll on right of foot-bridge facing bottom of

Black Sail. This leads over the head of Haystacks, and eventually to the Drum-house near Honister, and so down to Seatoller."

**Condition of Climbs.**

Sergeant Crag Gully (direct, 4th pitch). It was noticed that an important foot-hold in the severe pitch was very loose and will probably soon become dislodged.

J.L., T.H.G.P., A.R.T., May 21st, 1911.

Jones' Route, Easter Gully, Dow Crags. A large block at the end of the traverse on the wall of "E" Buttress, used for swinging on, seemed very loose to a party visiting the climb on July 2nd. They did not care to test it, and gave the route "best."

## List of Official Quarters of the Club.

WASTWATER HOTEL, WASDALE HEAD.
SUN HOTEL, CONISTON.
NEW HOTEL, DUNGEON GHYLL, LANGDALE.
JOPSON'S FARM, THORNEYTHWAITE, BORROWDALE.
BUTTERMERE HOTEL, BUTTERMERE.

# EDITORIAL NOTE.

The end of the honorary duty, commenced so lightheartedly last November on the terrace outside the Sun Hotel, approaches. Only a few more pages of proof, a final worry as to whether a last batch of copy and a much-desired photograph will come to hand in time—and the editing of Journal No. 5 will be over. A few days more the Editor will really envy those members to whom the freshly-printed issue will be a new thing. For months the Journal has been growing up around his table: one day a batch of photographs for selection, another a disappointing letter—some member cannot write—" too busy," then a surprise packet of manuscript, unexpected, but urgently desired ; a map ; a general note about some climbing holiday ;—item by item building itself finally into the book before you. The Editor will miss the companionable plethora of papers, letters, etc., and the heart of the Editor's wife may well rejoice that for a brief season there may be found a corner in the house unlittered with " mustn't touch " debris.

The Editor desires to offer his best thanks to all who with pen, camera or pencil have assisted in making this number of the Journal possible. The Club is greatly indebted to all contributors.

For our next Journal there is already promise of several " Foreign " articles and photographs. Last year we had an account of the Doe Crag and other Coniston Climbs ; this year the Buttermere area has been dealt with. For next Journal the Pillar Rock and Mountain is the natural selection, and the Editor hopes that climbing members will assist by exploration of outlying courses in that district. There are two or three ghylls which seem to offer virgin ascents. The Editor is also promised a survey of the area north of Pavey Ark,

in which there are some good climbs—notably Deer Bield, in Far Easedale, and, by a different hand, some reminiscences of the late Owen Glynne Jones.

The view of Derwentwater in Dr. Marr's article in the last number of the Journal, illustrates "concave hill-slopes facing northward, and convex slopes facing southward"; the illustration of "Typical Volcanic Rocks" shows fragments embedded in fine volcanic ash: these fragments weather out as projections as explained in the article (page 22).

Members may be interested to know that Journal No. 4 sold out rapidly. The price per copy was raised to 5s net in February—three months after publication. Of the present issue 1,000 copies have been ordered, and the Editor looks to the members to see that this extra edition is sold. The Journal should be the Club's best recruiting sergeant, bringing to outsiders a true knowledge of our mountain pleasures.

Nos. 1 and 2, Vol. I., of the Journal are now sold out. Should any member have spare copies of these for disposal, will he kindly notify the Librarian, so that other members who are wanting to make up their sets may be enabled to do so?

Copies of No. 3, Vol. I., can still be obtained from either the Editor or Librarian, price 3s net. Postage on one copy is 4d, on two copies 5d.

Bindings for the first volume should be sent for direct to the Barrow Printing Co., Ltd. (see advertisement in No. 3).