THE JOURNAL OF THE

Fell and Rock Climbing Club

OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

VOL. 3. NOVEMBER, 1914. No. 2.

LIST OF OFFICERS

(ELECTED OCTOBER 31, 1914).

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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 5/- per annum—optional up to 7/6—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. Secretary at least fourteen 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 ten 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 *who have paid their subscription for the past year ending October 31st.*

A FOREWORD.

By THE EDITOR.

THAT this number of our Club's Journal appears at all is due to the plans made many months ago and carried out to a great extent by climbers who are now with the colours in different parts of the world. Some of our Active Service men are with the Army in Belgium, others out in India, some are at sea with the North Sea fleet, others with the aeroplane divisions doing the most varied tasks to solve the great problem of World power, and our Club is proud of them. The Editor can with extra pride point to the men who have climbed, who have photographed —and who, when the bugles blew in early August summoning many of them from hard-earned climbing holidays in Cumbria, Snowdonia, or Scotland, did not forget the red-backed Journal and its needs. The MSS. and photographs have come to me from camp and garrison town, from aerial headquarters and coastal fortress, from military hospital and the open field—come with cheery notes written on queer-shaped scraps of paper, emblems of odd minutes snatched between spells of arduous duty, tributes to the great love of the mountains which possesses the writers, and to their unselfishness in once again making a great effort to please and help their fellow-climbers and mountain lovers. It may be that articles are not so smoothly written as of yore, that photographs are not quite so glorious . the Editor has left them as written, as contributed, for their very ruggedness is a stirring, magic message to the inmost heart of the mountain people.

The following members of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club are with the colours on active service :—

F. C. ALDOUS
W. ALLSUP
J. S. BAINBRIDGE
G. B. BALFOUR
L. S. BEYTS
G. W. BODELL
H. P. CAIN
J. CAMPBELL
J. N. FLETCHER
W. H. FRANCE
W. H. B. GROSS
E. HARTLEY
S. W. HERFORD
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H. B. LYON
D. MURRAY
A. C. MORRISON-BELL
T. H. G. PARKER
J. L. PRESCOTT
L. SLINGSBY
G. S. SANSOM
A. W. WAKEFIELD
E. W. WALKER-JONES
G. F. WOODHOUSE
C. S. WORTHINGTON

There are others whose names have not come with any certainty to the office-bearers of the Club. It is a difficult matter to get into touch with every member at the present time.

In addition to the above list, the Editor would like to mention, for the sake of the mountain-loving public to whom the Journal is sent, that a large proportion of our local members, being engaged in different parts of the work of Messrs. Vickers, are compelled by reason of their employment to stay at home—they are no less serving their country in this present time of trial, and one feels that due thanks should be their portion.

The Editor has again to offer his thanks to contributors of articles and photographs—the non-climbing subscriber has no idea of the amount of hard labour and skilled climbing involved in getting information useful to other climbers.

In particular, the Editor offers his thanks to the Right Rev. the Bishop of Durham for the kind permission so courteously given to reprint his lines on "The Alps, September, 1914."

THE FIRST ASCENT OF NAPES NEEDLE.

By W. P. Haskett Smith
(President of the Club)

The task of finding anything either new or interesting to say on the subject of the Napes Needle is one which is vastly easier for a light-hearted editor to set than for an unhappy contributor to perform.

Ever since its bold outlines began to stare at us on every railway platform and the newspapers realised that however poorly reproduced its form could never be mistaken for anything else, the British public has been open to listen to the little that can be said about it, and consequently that little has been said over and over again.

However, as was observed by some philosopher whose system made no allowance for trifles like radium and marconigrams: "There is nothing New except the Very Old"—and my only chance will be to dive back into the dark ages, the dim and distant days when the Needle had never been climbed, or even noticed.

One day in the early eighties the weather was beginning to clear after two or three days of southerly gale. Masses of cloud surged up the valley, but after a forenoon of heavy rain were driven from the centre of the dale and clung tightly to the sides of the hills. After luncheon we ventured on a walk to the neighbourhood of Piers Gill, believing that the shelter of Lingmell would give us less wind and less cloud there.

Above Burnthwaite we lingered awhile, watching a curious cloud-eddy at the entrance of Mosedale causing that valley, though sheltered from the wind, to become tightly packed with the backwash at the very time when the main valley was gradually clearing.

As we mounted into the great recess of Greta Force we were almost free from the drift and even got an occasional gleam of sunshine, but across the path to Sty Head only the lower screes were visible and Great Gable was completely concealed. Suddenly, however, the mist grew thinner, and it became just possible to locate the Napes. Then they were swallowed up again, but a moment later the outermost curtain of mist seemed to be drawn aside and one of the fitful gleams of sunshine fell on a slender pinnacle of rock, standing out against the background of cloud without a sign of any other rock near it and appearing to shoot up for 200-300 feet.

The vision did not last more than a minute or two and we all thought that our eyes had been tricked, as indeed to a certain extent they had been, but resolved to take an early opportunity of hunting down the mysterious rock.

In those days climbers had never really looked at the Napes. The vast slopes of cruel scree below them not only kept explorers away, but gave the impression that the whole mass was dangerously rotten.

The fine cairn built by the brothers Westmoreland to mark a point of view led people to imagine that they had put it up to mark a climb of great severity and it was further supposed that the cliff below that cairn was the only piece of sound rock on that side of the mountain.

We made one attempt a few days later to find our rock and did in fact get to it, but it was a dreadfully thick, dark day, and we were by no means sure of its identity or of its precise position.

I did not return to Wastdale till 1884, and one of my pleasantest memories of the Needle hangs on the fact that my next sight of it was enjoyed in the company of John Robinson and during the very first climb that he and I ever had together.

Petty had made a remarkable recovery from his terrible accident on Mickledore a fortnight before and was con-

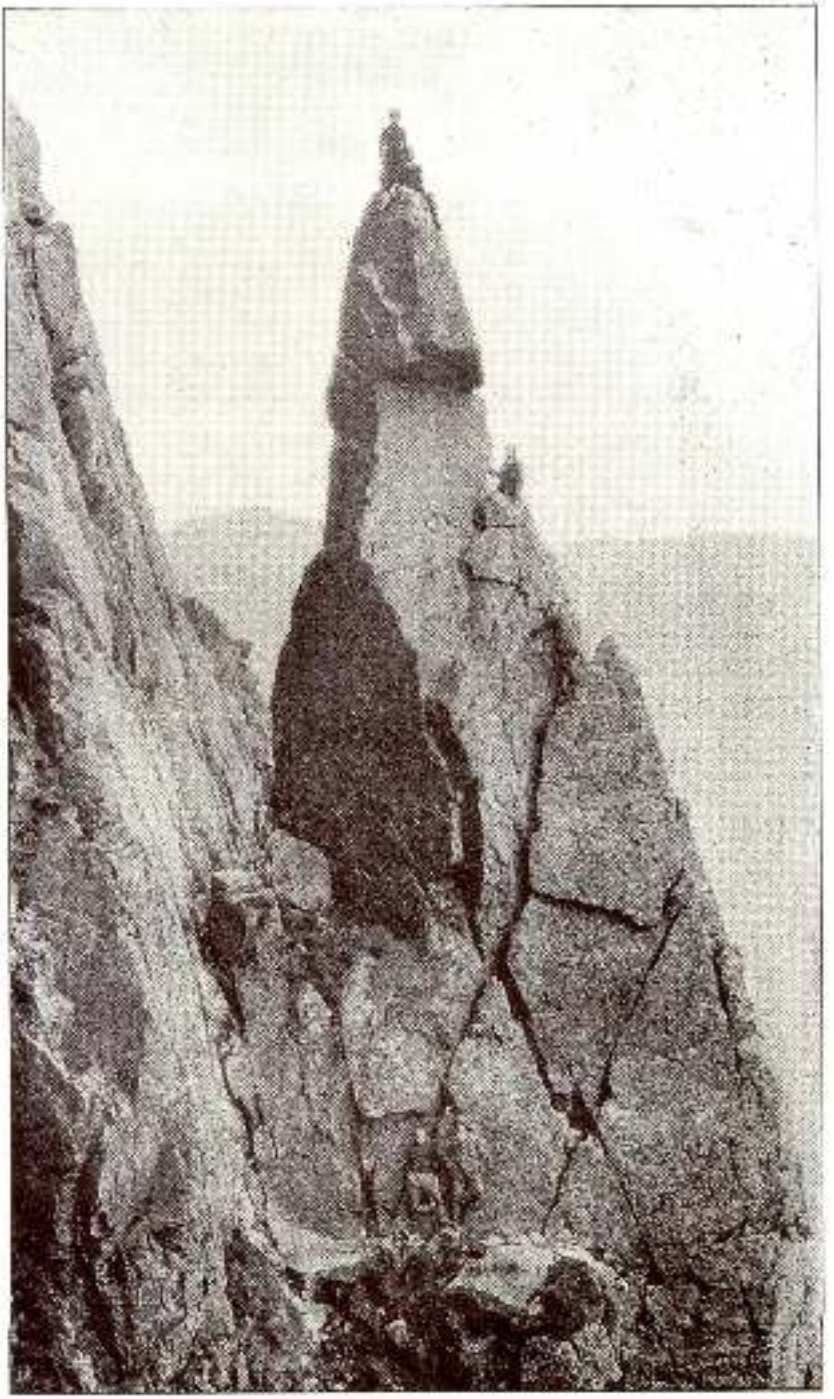


Photo. by *Alex Craig.*

NAPES NEEDLE, GREAT GABLE.

sidered well enough to be taken home. It was no easy job, however, to get him down from Burnthwaite to the road where the carriage was waiting for him below the inn.

Robinson, good fellow that he was, walked over from Lorton to help and, by means of a rough handbarrow, he and I carried the invalid the whole way. To me it seemed terribly hard work, but the sturdy dalesman's hornier hands stood the strain very much better than mine and, as soon as our farewells had been said and Petty started down the valley, the next question was: where should we go for a climb?

Mr. Bowring, who had been the means of bringing us together, wanted for some reason to take the direction of Sty Head and it was arranged that we should all three go together as far as the great scree funnel at the east end of the Napes known as Hell Gate, though I believe that the maps call it Deep Gill. Here there was at that time a curiosity in the way of climbs. From the stream of scree rises a small island of rock forming a very narrow ridge. The actual crest of this ridge then consisted of a line of sharp triangular blocks all severed from the mother rock but resting pretty firmly on it, owing to their bases being flat though extremely narrow. The problem of passing along them from end to end (which could only be done astride) was delicate enough, but when it came to crossing the gap left by the only block which had fallen, without pulling over either the block you were leaving or that to which you were seeking to transfer your weight, it made all ordinary conjuring tricks seem clumsy by comparison.

After many struggles Robinson had to confess defeat by stepping into the gap; but the next man I brought there did far worse, for he pulled two of the tallest blocks over and at my last visit nothing remained of that once exciting problem.

Our next business was to hunt for my elusive pinnacle and make an examination of the Napes as we went. With this object we climbed up at once and then began a traverse across the face, keeping a rough level of perhaps 100 feet above the foot of the rocks. It was a jolly climb and before long we came rather suddenly into full view of the rock which we were seeking. Robinson's delight was unbounded, and he eagerly inquired whether any Swiss guide would be ready to tackle such a thing.

We did not go down to it, but continued our course to the gap between it and the main rock, turned up the Needle Ridge for a few yards, and crossed it into the Needle Gully, which we followed to the top.

Two years later some friends who had been climbing with me were to leave by way of Drigg and we arranged to start a couple of hours earlier than would otherwise have been needful in order that I might help them along with their sacks, have a farewell climb with them on Buckbarrow, and then return to Tyson's. We rose very early, but some of the party were slow in getting off and we had to hurry. The result was that the long walk in a hot sun left me with a headache by the time I got back to the Inn. The afternoon was cooler, and it occurred to me to stroll over into the head of Ennerdale and have a look at the cliffs on that face of Gable. These had never been climbed at any point, though Cookson and I had made a horizontal route across them about half-way up.

The marks of a recent stonefall drew my attention to a part of the cliff where I found a very fine gully and climbed it, not without difficulty, being impeded by a long fell-pole. Coming out on the top of the mountain I thought of the ridge beside which Robinson and I had come up two years before and made for it, intending to follow the edge down as strictly as might be. This proved to be quite feasible, though at one point my pole gave me

Photo. by *W. B. Brunskill.*

NAPES NEEDLE, GREAT GABLE.

(OPPOSITE SIDE).

a lot of trouble by dropping down a deep and narrow crevice. However, the ridge was so steep at that spot that some 20 feet below, on peering into the crack, I espied my stick stuck upright, and by thrusting my arm in was at length able to reach it with my finger-tips and finally to draw it out.

Continuing down into the gap and now warmed by exertion, I forgot my headache and began to examine the Needle itself. A deep crack offered a very obvious route for the first stage, but the middle portion of this crack was decidedly difficult, being at that time blocked with stones and turf, all of which has since been cleared away. Many capable climbers were afterwards turned back when trying to make the second ascent not by the sensational upper part but by this lower and (under present conditions) very simple piece.

From the top of the crack there is no trouble to reach the shoulder, whence the final stage may be studied at ease. The summit is near, being as they say in Transatlantic cities " only two blocks away," but those same blocks are set one upon the other and the stability of the top one looks very doubtful. My first care was to get two or three stones and test the flatness of the summit by seeing whether anything thrown-up could be induced to lodge. If it did, that would be an indication of a moderately flat top, and would hold out hopes of the edge being found not too much rounded to afford a good grip for the fingers. Out of three missiles one consented to stay, and thereby encouraged me to start, feeling as small as a mouse climbing a milestone.

Between the upper and lower blocks, about five feet up, there is a ragged horizontal chink large enough to admit the toes, but the trouble is to raise the body without intermediate footholds. It seemed best to work up at the extreme right, where the corner projects a little, though the fact that you are hanging over the deep gap

makes it rather a "nervy" proceeding. For anyone in a standing position at the corner it is easy to shuffle the feet sideways to the other end of the chink, where it is found that the side of the top block facing outwards is decidedly less vertical. Moreover, at the foot of this side there appeared to my great joy a protuberance which, being covered with a lichenous growth, looked as if it might prove slippery, but was placed in the precise spot where it would be most useful in shortening the formidable stretch up to the top edge. Gently and cautiously transferring my weight, I reached up with my right hand and at last was able to feel the edge and prove it to be, not smooth and rounded as it might have been, but a flat and satisfactory grip. My first thought on reaching the top was one of regret that my friends should have missed by a few hours such a day's climbing, three new things, and all good; my next was one of wonder whether getting down again would not prove far more awkward than getting up.

Hanging by the hands and feeling with the toes for the protuberance provided an anxious moment, but the rest went easily enough, though it must be confessed that it was an undoubted satisfaction to stand once more on solid ground below and look up at my handkerchief fluttering in the breeze.

Photo. by R. G. Collingwood. By permission of the C. & W. A. Arch. Soc.

CONISTON HALL: Windows of the Spiral Stair.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF THE DOE CRAGS TRACK.

By W. G. COLLINGWOOD, M.A., F.S.A., A.C.

The Editor's command to write on the " ancient things which may be seen near this favourite route " is neither unwelcome nor impossible. Those who can climb no more may still find some diversions on the fells, and the walk up from Coniston or Torver can show a good many points of antiquarian interest.

In this village of Coniston itself there is not much of the kind, except a brass of Charles II's time at the Church, and a collection of local relics at the Museum. The Hall, south of the village by the lake, and conspicuous by its tall " Flemish " chimneys, is Elizabethan. It fell into ruin in the 18th century and was patched up into a farm-house about 1815. The building is too knocked about to reward close inspection, though the plan can be made out, showing the dining-hall and withdrawing-room on the first floor (now the barn) with the dais and screens, and a spiral stair of solid oak steps in the N.E. corner of the remaining block. But the earlier medieval home of the Flemings exists no longer.

Going up by the station to Banniside, and turning to the right at the signpost which points out the way to the Old Man, you may find the " Ancient Stone Walls " marked on the Ordnance Map. They are a little below the quarry road and above an old ruined building, on a slope so thick with bracken that they need some search. This enclosure, too big for a fold, and with traces of a small round hut on the upper side, has never been thoroughly examined, and it is not very likely that digging would reveal treasures. But digging at places of this

kind has unearthed the plans of abandoned cottages, sometimes with bits of 17th or 16th century pottery. Medieval charters mention "scalings" in various places now uninhabited, and perhaps there was such a scaling or shieling here—not a homestead, but the summer pasture belonging to a farm below.

Returning to the signpost, along the Walney Scar path and on the left, just beyond the old rifle-butts, is the Banniside Circle, about which there was much speculation until we dug it in 1909. It turned out to be a Bronze Age cemetery: a large, low burial mound, enclosed by a broad, flat ring of cobbles, inside of which flagstones had been set on edge as a fence. Some of these fencing flags were set up again and part of the ring was left bare, when we finished our digging, in order to show the structure, and large stones were planted on the spots where finds were made. There seem to have been two cremated burials, at different times. The first was in an urn near the centre, and about 10 feet S.W. of this was the spot where the body had been burnt. The second and larger urn was on the north, buried deep and walled round with stones, forming a rough cist: the fragments of bone in it appeared to be a woman's, and among them was a little cup with tiny bones and a baby's tooth. A curious find was a bit of the dress of the woman buried here, charred woollen stuff sticking to a burnt stone. On the urn was part of a cooking pot of which other parts were found at a burnt spot to the S.E. of the centre, where perhaps the funeral feast was made; and at the centre, higher in level than the first urn, was another burnt spot, with remains of bones which had not been gathered into the urn, and a clay bead which perhaps came from the woman's necklace when she was cremated. So the story can be put together, of life and death in the Bronze Age—probably in its earlier period, or somewhere from 2000 to 1600 B.C.; and it leaves one dreaming of the lady and

Photo. by Prof. J. B. Cohen. By permission of the C. & W. A. & A. Soc.

BANNISIDE CIRCLE:
The Northern Urn *ex situ.*

her child, the great lady of the place, for whom this honourable grave was made before the days of Helen of Troy.

From this circle, all along the path, there are heaps of stones, marked "Cairns" in the Ordnance Map. Dr. Gibson, who lived at Coniston 50 years ago, had his laugh at the antiquaries who tried to find burial mounds in these stone-heaps, and he made a capital dialect-sketch out of the story of "The Bannasyde Cairns." No doubt some of these heaps are clearings for bracken-mowing; others seem to have been meant to mark out the path in snow-time, as they do in Iceland. But the circle, and other mounds to the south on this moor, have been now proved to be real interment-remains; and there must have been a population up here in remote ages, though all traces of houses are lost, as is natural enough if they were wooden cabins. Before the Viking Age, when the Hawkshead and Coniston valleys were first cleared—for there are no proofs of Roman settlement or even of Anglian settlement in either—the lake-shores and bottoms were swampy jungle, and life was possible only on the higher and dryer moors.

At the end of this line of "cairns" and close above the point where the path turns sharply to the right, round the spur of the Old Man called Little Arrow Edge, the map marks a small ruin as "Ion's House." In Queen Anne's time a certain Benjamin Ion came to live at Torver Park below, and I suppose the name is from him or one of his family. In a 12th century charter Torver is spelt *Thorvergh*, which seems to be good Celto-Norse *Torfa-erg*, the shieling of Torfi. This, from its form, would be a word of the 10th or 11th century, hardly later; and this implies that a Norse settler whose homestead was in lower ground—possibly at Southerstead, which is apparently the Norse *saudhastadhr*, sheep-stead, —had a summer pasture somewhere about Torver Park.

On Torver beck, a little below Ion's House, and above

a quarry, the map marks an " Ancient Enclosure." This is bigger and more solidly built than the one we have already seen ; and the little round hut on the brink of the ravine has a more primitive appearance. It was probably an earlier shieling. There is no reason to think such a place prehistoric or in any sense military ; if the fence was strong and high it must be remembered that wolves were about until the 13th century, and perhaps later, in these fells.

South-west of this, the long moor between the valley of Torver and the Walney Scar range is full of curious remains. There are various " cairns " and " old walls," but in especial there are four " circles." The first is a ring-mound (not marked on the map), about 100 yards S.W. of the enclosure on the beck. Another can be seen on the top of Hare Crags, about half a mile south by east : this was lately (but only partly) examined by the Rev. R. D. Ellwood of Torver, who thinks it a burial-place, and not any kind of fort, though its position suggests defence. There are no early hill forts in this neighbourhood, from which it seems that it was always a quiet backwater of life, never troubled with wars or raids like places on the main routes through the Lake District. South of Ashgill quarry is a third circle, and on the top of a hill S.W. of this is the " druidical circle " of the Ordnance Map—a small ring of stones. Mr. H. S. Cowper dug here and found a rough pavement of cobbles at 2 or 3 feet depth on the rock ; no doubt it was another Bronze Age interment, and had nothing to do with the Druids' worship of a much later age.

Between these last two circles runs the puzzling ancient fence called Bleaberry Haws dyke. It is over a mile in length, chiefly earthen, but becoming a stout stone wall on the steepest slope, and it makes a great curve, concave to the S.W. from the top of this ridge to the top of the next, enclosing the valley of Bull Haw Moss. Down in

the valley is a branch dyke, joining the main line, and forming a kind of pocket to the net-like sweep of the whole. This suggested long since that it was meant for a trap into which deer were driven along the valley, until they were impounded in the "pocket" to be conveniently shot there. It would, of course, be a clumsy and costly work for such a purpose, and the idea has met with ridicule; and yet there was here, in the 12th century, something called the Deirsgard (Deer-garth) mentioned in a boundary charter of 1170-1184. At any rate, this dyke is not prehistoric, and yet ancient; it can hardly be defensive, like some of our dykes, for it defends no ancient village or homestead, and it seems too unusual in shape to mark the boundary of an early estate, as other dykes appear to do.

The same charter gives a name which it would be pleasant to identify with one or other of our valleys. It describes a point which is probably Levershause as the head of Glanscalan or Glensalan, and I wish we could venture to restore so fine a name to the glen of Seathwaite tarn or to that of Leverswater, for the names hereabouts are anything but romantic. The traditional Bounder of Coniston mentions Gaites water and Gaites hause, which the map translates into "Goats"; and the crags at the top of Brimfell above Gillcove were called the "Rear or Ray Cragg" (Wray Crag on the map), obviously from the Norse *Rá*, a boundary. Leverswater, Drycove and Greenburn are named. The Tilberthwaite Gill was Micklegill. The top of Wetherlam was "the Lile Wall" (Little Wall on the map) but the name of Wetherlam is not used, nor are the Old Man and Doe Crags mentioned.

There is one more spot of ancient interest which can at any rate be seen from the Doe Crags round—Peel Island, towards the foot of Coniston Water. The name suggests fortification, and the rocks at the south end are artificially scarped; so, more than 20 years ago, we dug

for remains. We found that the parallel rock-ridges which make the islet had been built up at each end, and there were ruined dwellings in the middle; on one side was a furnace in which iron had been worked. The relics, chiefly pottery, millstones and nails, seemed to date the inhabitants as early medieval. But there is no mention of the place in Furness Abbey or other records, and it is only the fancy of a local romance-writer that it was a "hardy Norseman's house of yore."

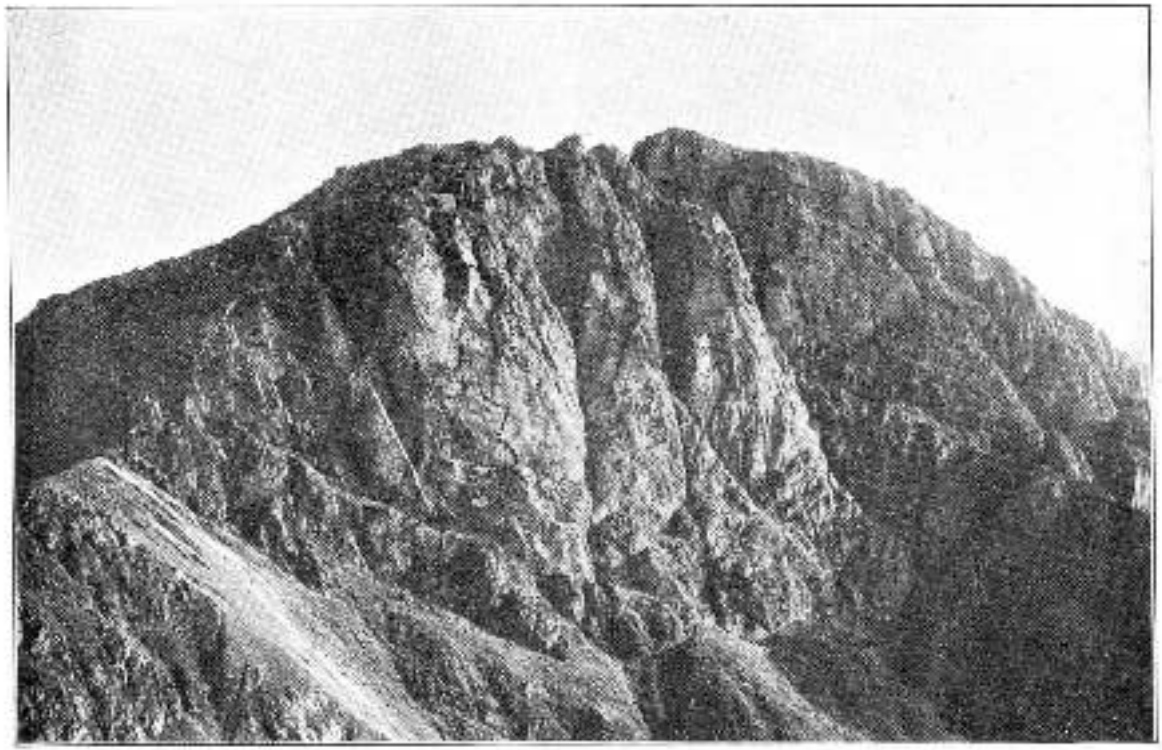
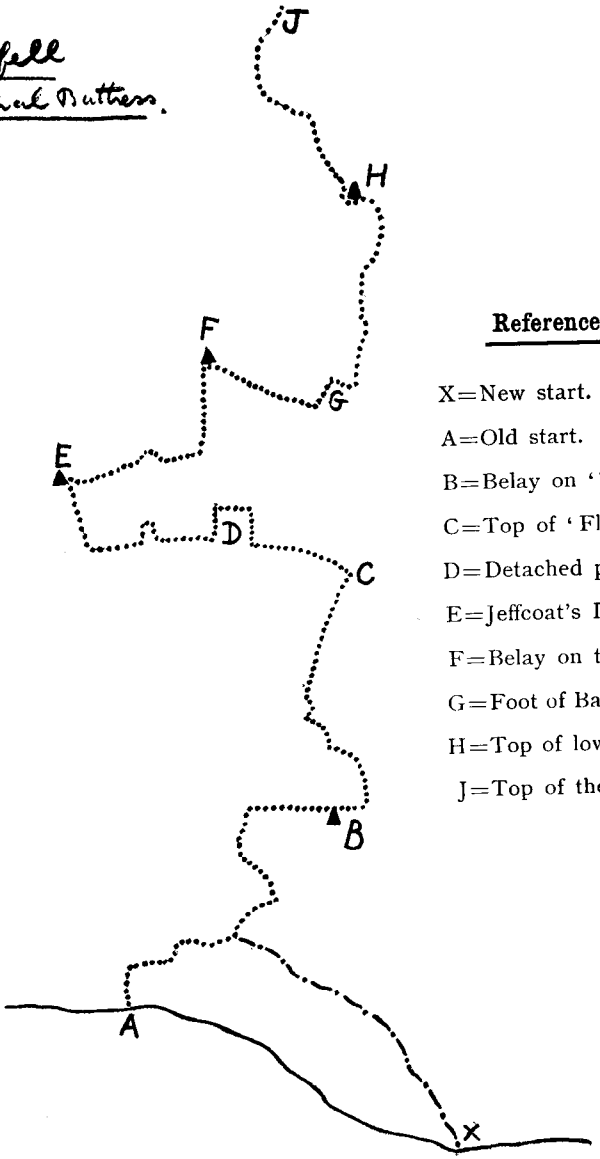


Photo by *W. B. Brunskill.*

THE ROUTE UP CENTRAL BUTTRESS.

Scafell
Central Buttress.



References to letters.

X=New start.

A=Old start.

B=Belay on 'The Oval.'

C=Top of 'Flake Crack.'

D=Detached pillar on the Flake.

E=Jeffcoat's Ledge.

F=Belay on the 'V Ledge.'

G=Foot of Bayonet Shaped Crack.

H=Top of lower section of B.S.C.

J=Top of the climb.

SCAFELL CENTRAL BUTTRESS.

By G. S. SANSOM.

Some two years ago, Herford and I, in an inquisitive spirit, climbed up a grassy scoop leading out of Moss Ghyll on to the Central Buttress. We did not seriously believe that we should find a new climb on this rock face, for it appears to be singularly unbroken and almost vertical for over two hundred feet. It was, however, an unknown region, and as such appealed to us.

The scoop was not very difficult and we were soon looking around a corner at the top along a narrow grassy ledge which apparently extended right across the face to Botterill's Slab. The rocks fell away very steeply below and a sheer smooth wall rose up to a great height above: its regularity was interrupted at one point, it is true, by an enormous rock flake which tapered out to nothing 70 feet higher. For some obscure reason this ledge suggested vague possibilities, which we did not fully appreciate at the time. The Great Flake looked quite hopeless as a means of ascent and we dismissed the idea at once and concentrated our attention on the Moss Ghyll side of the buttress, which was broken up by right-angled corners running upwards from west to east at a uniform angle of 65°. The nearest of these corners stopped us in less than 30 feet, but we determined to try the next. It appeared difficult of access from this ledge: accordingly a descent to the Ghyll, and an awkward traverse from the top of the next pitch was effected. I climbed up this groove with some difficulty until the slab on the left almost gave out and upward progress seemed scarcely feasible; the groove immediately on my right continued upwards for a considerable distance, but the traverse

into it appeared too difficult and I returned to Herford. We thereupon decided to give up the attempt and climb Pisgah Buttress instead. We did so, with searching eyes on the rock face which had so successfully repulsed us, and I for one returned to Wastdale with the opinion that the Central Buttress would not go.

That day's work was not, however, wasted, for it led indirectly to the discovery of the Girdle Traverse, inasmuch as it apparently demonstrated the possibility of reaching Botterill's Slab from Moss Ghyll and thus overcoming the most serious obstacle to the expedition. Some three months later Herford made the second ascent of Botterill's Slab, and a few days afterwards the Girdle Traverse was completed. My belief, that the ledge on the Central Buttress actually joined the Slab, was founded on insufficient data, and the credit for the discovery of a feasible connection between the two is due to H. B. Gibson.

Consideration of other climbs, which led up apparently impossible but actually feasible rocks, impressed on us the necessity of not judging by appearances, but of trying all places, however impossible or impracticable they looked. The proverb " Better is the sight of the eyes than the wandering of the desire " is inimical to those desirous of finding new routes on a much-explored rock-face. We accordingly assured one another that, as we had not actually attempted the ascent of the " Great Flake," there was still a chance of finding a feasible route up the Central Buttress.

It was not until June, 1913, that we had an opportunity of putting this theory into practice on the Central Buttress. It is however one thing to talk lightheartedly of trying to climb a narrow 40 foot crack, of which the top overhangs the bottom some 12 feet, and quite another thing to stand at its foot prepared to do so. The crack proper started some 30 feet above our grass ledge (the Oval) and

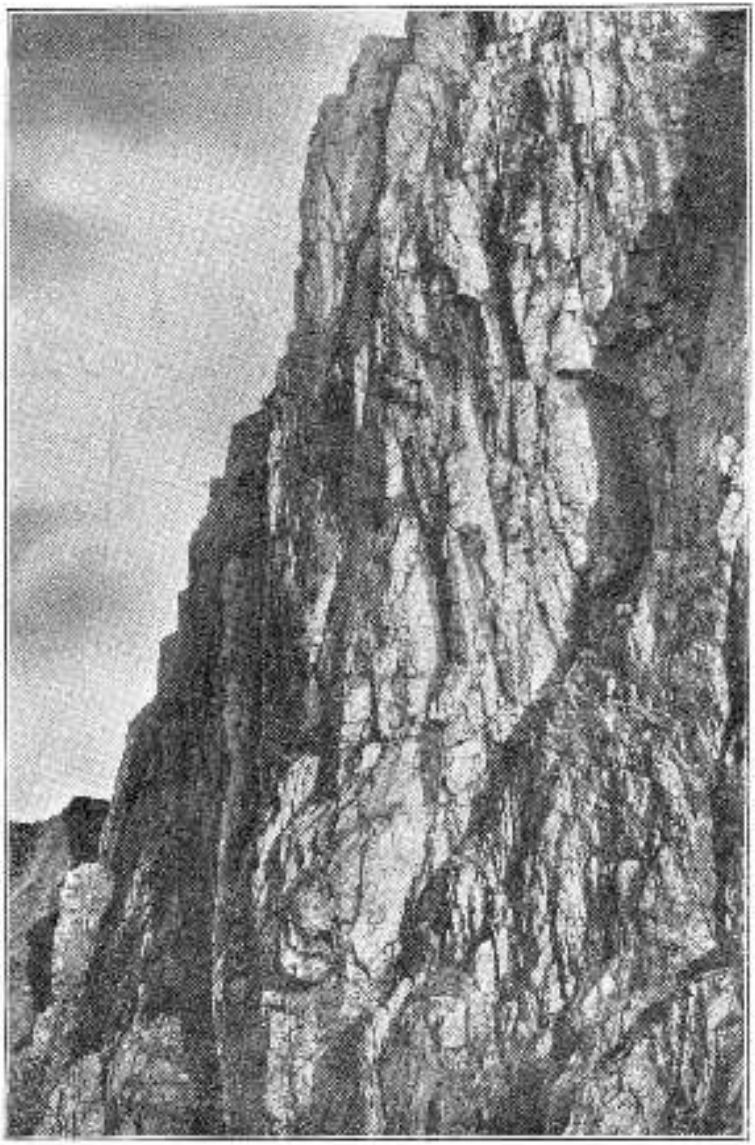


Photo by *G. P. Abraham & Sons, Keswick.* *(Copyright.)*

THE ASCENT OF THE FLAKE CRACK.

obviously could be reached without great difficulty. I ascended about 25 feet and found myself below a large bulge in the side of the flake; I could have got over this bulge, but the sight of the crack above was too much for me, and Herford took my place and climbed to the foot of the crack. He also decided that to attempt to force it, without knowledge as to what lay above, would be unjustifiable.

I was abroad all that summer, but Herford and Jeffcoat spent a profitable afternoon in exploration from above. From the top of Keswick Brothers Climb—below the variation finish—they traversed out on to the face of the Central Buttress, first downwards some 30 feet, and then horizontally to the right for about the same distance to a large flat rock, "The Cannon," which is a conspicuous feature in the profile view of the face. From this point they descended a narrow shattered ridge for 40 feet to a good belay on an exposed platform known as Jeffcoat's Ledge, and a further descent of 12 feet gave access to a shelf of rock some 3 feet wide proximally, narrowing gradually down to 18 inches and supporting various large rock flakes in a state of doubtful equilibrium. Distally the ledge was concealed by a rather larger detached flake some 10 feet high and barely 3 inches wide at the top. Herford traversed out on the ledge, climbed on to this detached mass, walked along it and climbed down the opposite side. He now realized that he was on the top of the "Great Flake," which formed the left retaining wall of the crack we had tried to climb from below. The flake narrowed down to a knife-edge, so thin and fretted that it was actually perforated in some places. Crawling carefully along it to the end, Herford descended the overhanging crack, whilst Jeffcoat paid out rope from the belay. Unfortunately the rope jammed during the descent and Herford had very great difficulty in getting down. He considered, however, that the crack was just

climbable, and wrote me to that effect. Thus ended what is probably one of the most remarkable and bold explorations ever carried out in the district, and it is to be greatly regretted that Jeffcoat, who had lent such valuable assistance, was unable to join us in the actual ascent of the climb.

On April 19th of this year Herford, Gibson, Holland and myself repaired to Scafell for the attempt. Herford and Gibson ascended Keswick Brothers Climb and traversed out on to the Central Buttress, whilst Holland and I climbed direct from Rake's Progress to "The Oval." Gibson lowered me a rope down the crack and after removing my boots I attempted the ascent. As far as the bulge, above-mentioned, the climbing was comparatively simple, but from this point to a large jammed stone 20 feet higher it was extremely difficult, as the crack is practically holdless and just too wide to permit a secure arm wedge. Two fairly good footholds permit of a position of comparative comfort just below the jammed stone and I noted, as Herford had suggested, that it was possible to thread a rope there. The stone itself afforded quite a good hand-hold, but the crack above overhung to such a shocking extent that the ascent of the remaining 12 feet proved excessively difficult. My arms gave out long before the top was reached and a very considerable amount of pulling from Gibson was required before I joined him. Herford then tried the ascent on a rope and just succeeded in getting up without assistance. We thereupon decided to attempt the ascent in the orthodox manner, and preparatory thereto descended by Broad Stand and rejoined Holland on The Oval.

Our plan of attack was to climb up the crack and thread a loop behind the jammed stone, and I undertook to do this if Herford would lead the upper part, which he was quite prepared to do. My first procedure was to soak two feet of the end of a rope in wet moss, to render it stiff and facilitate the threading. I then attempted the ascent,

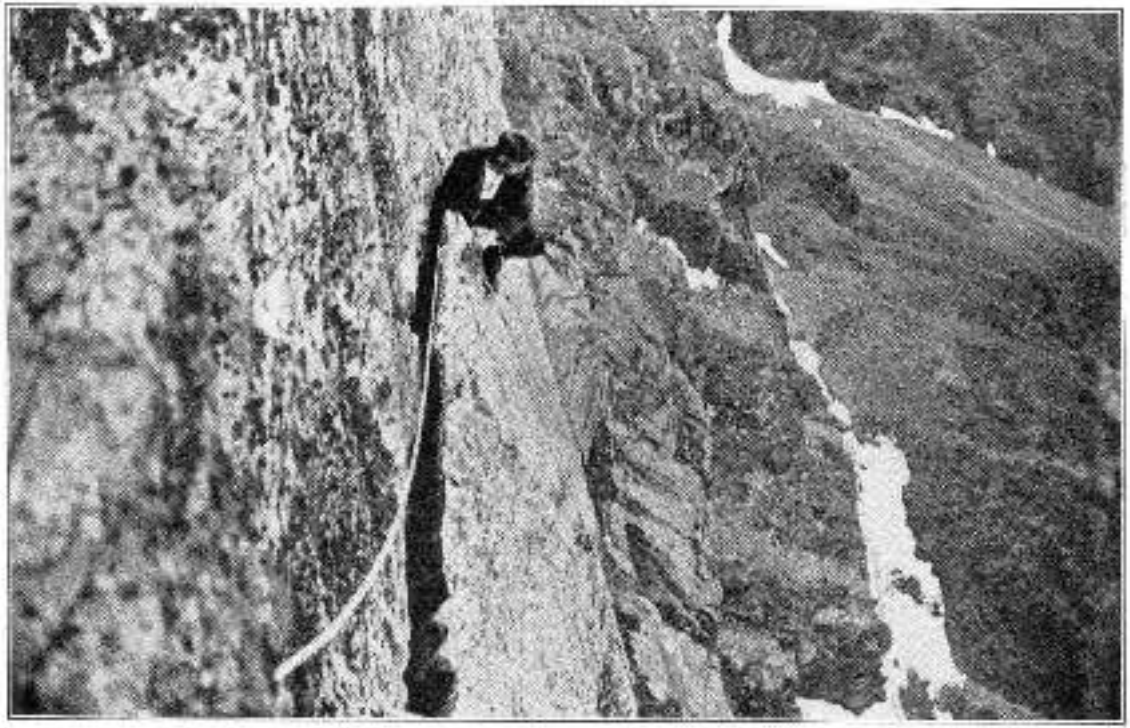


Photo by *G. S. Sanzoni.*

CREST OF THE GREAT FLAKE.

but six feet below the jammed stone found my position too precarious to be pleasant and called to Herford for a shoulder. He came up without the least hesitation and standing on the bulge at the foot of the crack, steadied my feet on small holds until I attained a safer position and was able to climb up to the chockstone. The stiff rope threaded very easily, and making a double loop I ran my own rope through it for the descent, which was, under those conditions, quite safe.

After a brief rest Herford tied on to the threaded rope and speedily reached the level of the chockstone. He made a splendid effort to climb the upper part, but his strength gave out and he returned for a rest. A second equally fine effort was also unsuccessful, and he climbed down to the Oval. I then made one attempt, but soon abandoned it, and we unanimously agreed to postpone the ascent till the morrow, leaving the threaded rope *in situ*. As Holland had already spent *seven* hours on the Oval we decided to waste no more time, and accordingly descended via the traverse into Moss Ghyll.

The next day we climbed to The Oval direct from the Progress and one member ascended to the chockstone to renew the loop, which showed slight signs of wear from the previous day's use. We decided that combined tactics would be necessary, and accordingly ran a second rope through the loop. Herford tied on one rope and I on the other, whilst Gibson and Holland manipulated the respective ropes. I followed Herford closely up the crack and hung on to the loop whilst he used my shoulders as foot-holds. Directly he vacated them I climbed three feet higher and hung by my hands from the top of the chockstone, whilst he again employed me as foot-holds, which are most sorely needed at this point, for the crack is practically holdless and overhangs about 20°. A minute or two of severe struggling and he reached the top —to the great joy of all members of the party.

Herford thoughtfully hung a short loop over the tip of the flake to assist us in the ascent, but even then we required much help from above, and it was with a sense of great relief that we found ourselves on the crest of the flake. Murray, who had been observing us from the recess with some interest, was delighted with an invitation to join the party, so we lowered him a rope down the crack and induced him to remove the threaded loop on the way up.

We were well satisfied with the day's work, but not with the climb, inasmuch as it left 150 feet of the Central Buttress still unclimbed. Two days later, therefore, we set out, greatly regretting Gibson's absence from the party, to explore the upper part of the face.

Fifty feet above the top of the " Great Flake " on the Central Buttress is an irregular V shaped grass ledge, from the western end of which springs a wide chimney, which is the lower section of a conspicuous Bayonet-Shaped Crack, running up to the very top of the crags. The upper section of this crack was, we knew, easy ; the lower portion looked very unpleasant, but we hoped to avoid it by climbing the steep face on the left. With Holland and Slater belaying us, we climbed down steep rocks to the V shaped ledge 100 feet below, and from there were able to look down a remarkably smooth and almost vertical wall to the top of the " Great Flake," 50 feet lower. The wall was broken at one point by a right-angled arete, which, in spite of the fact that it overhung slightly, possessed sufficiently good holds to permit of a comfortable descent of 25 feet. From its foot a wonderfully exposed traverse across the almost vertical face on the left enabled us to pass behind a large detached pinnacle and climb slightly downwards to the shattered ridge against the foot of which the " Great Flake " abuts.

Much elated at this discovery we climbed back to Holland and Slater, and the three of us at once descended

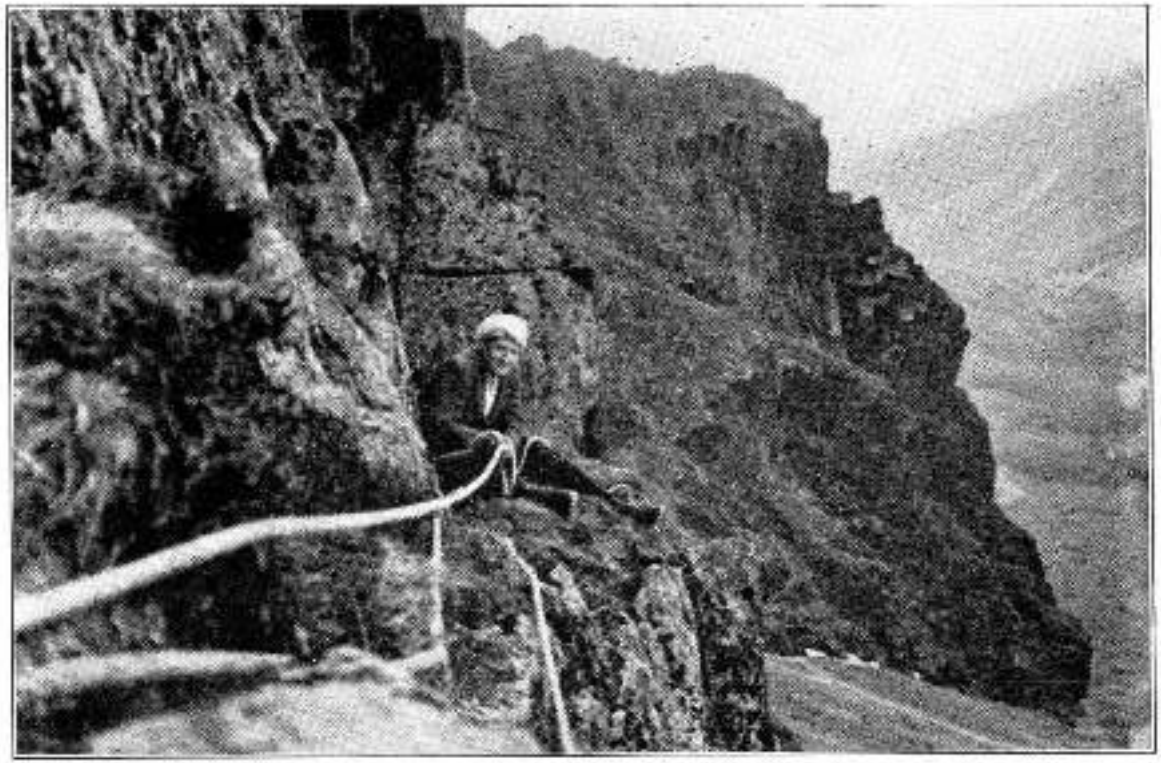


Photo by *G. S. Sansom.*

THE FOOT OF THE "BAYONET-SHAPED CRACK."
from the Belay on the V Ledge.

the easy rocks to the "Cannon." Belayed from this point I led across the traverse and up to the V ledge. Herford then took the lead, Holland going second. Now the way by which we had descended necessitated an extremely difficult hand traverse, on bad holds, in an exposed situation, and we therefore cast about for a better route. Herford first tried the Bayonet-Shaped Crack, but it looked repulsively difficult and he abandoned it in favour of a most exhilarating traverse across its foot, on to the vertical wall beyond, and upwards across the latter for 30 feet to a steep slab, which he followed, for another 25 feet, to a good belay at the top of the lower section of the crack. We soon joined him here and climbed easily up the left wall of the upper portion of the Bayonet-Shaped Crack to the top of the Crags.

The Central Buttress climb as a whole is extremely interesting and the situations absolutely unique. As regards difficulty: The direct ascent to the Oval from Rake's Progress is decidedly difficult and entails an 80 foot run out. The Flake Crack is unfortunately excessively severe and requires very careful management to render its ascent safe. The traverses and ascents on the upper wall are extraordinarily exposed, but not unduly severe, and the climbing is exceedingly enjoyable. The climb is certainly the longest in the district.

NOTE.—Owing to the unforeseen events of this summer it has not been possible to bring this account up to date. We hoped to repeat the ascent this September, including in it a new and improved start, which has been proved feasible but has not at present been climbed throughout. It affords a more direct route to The Oval and is of first rate quality. Better photographs were also to have been taken and further exploration carried out.

CLIMBING PER SONG.

By ARTHUR WELLS.

It is the purpose of this article to call attention to a certain school—possibly it is an ideal—of climbing to which adequate recognition has not yet been given. It is quite true that it has not altogether escaped notice. It is also the case that its exponents, as a rule, are very modest about their exploits, and actually shrink from public attention. Its adherents are not numerous, and they evoke very little deliberate emulation among climbers in general. One of the few affectations, however, to which climbers as a class are prone is that of suggesting, more particularly on festive occasions, that they do as a matter of fact belong to this choice Society and pursue its ideals, whereas the great majority of them never practice its methods at all. It is not desired to pass judgment on this affectation, but it hardly seems right that so little honour should be given to actual exemplars of the methods which we so often profess in public and so rarely practise in private.

The select band to which I refer is probably united by some Celtic strain in their ancestry which makes it natural for them to look to the songs of their brotherhood for what is highest and best in the climbing world, and that which they find embodied in those songs they make their aim and purpose.

Thus, we find the members of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, at most of their gatherings, singing their glorious club slogan and telling the world how they spend their lives in jeopardy, while others live at ease. To those who do not take song seriously this may mean but little, but to the fine spirits of whom I am speaking this represents

the ideal, and in their climbing they try to make it as true as possible, not only for themselves, but also for all on the rope.

Then again–

> "You'll find our rags on Pavey Ark,
> We've worn the Needle slim."

The obvious way to accomplish either of these ends effectively and without unnecessary tedium is not just to put one's feet and fingers in the recognised foot and hand-holds, but at the top of each pitch to remove them from those places suddenly, taking full advantage of any slack rope there may be between oneself and the man next above, and to slide as rapidly as possible as far as the rope or the leader allows. This may seem a simple matter, but should not be regarded lightly. It requires great nerve, of more kinds than one, and is calculated to bring out the best (or the worst) in the man next above—or it may bring him out altogether.

A good many of us attempt boulder problems. How many attempt song problems? There is the

> "Number two, Number two,
> My right hand a foot, my left hand a shoe."

This is a peculiarly stiff pitch—a sort of stave pitch—and the general opinion is that it is "unjustifiable." But perhaps the author will furnish the key to the problem!

Think what those "Lines written in depression near Rosthwaite" must mean for those to whom it is a point of honour to make true in themselves those things which their poets have written. They have to keep themselves in a perpetual state of scrabble and tussle, without any muscle, utilizing only hand-holds that are loose and wet, and preserving only an imperfect balance. They are always looking for opportunities of falling and dangling on the rope, of bungling the stirrup-rope and being hauled up like a sack with contused knuckles—that is, with contused knuckles like a sack.

" A Lakeland Lyric " imposes upon these " climbers " the duty of not climbing at all. How to remain a climber and yet not climb may to some present a difficulty. But mark! the poem says " *urge* me no more "—not " *pull* me no more " !

We are thus led by an easy and natural transition to the " Palinodia " of Praed Junior. In this the plaintive protestations of " A Crock " appear to have met with a sort of realization, and the writer is able to emphatically declare, with smug complacency,

" I'm *not* a climber now."

Herein is described the climber's Nirvana, in which as a climber at any rate he has reached extinction. Loose stones—avoirdupois—are sought after and advancing age is welcomed. At forty, one is not too old, and barely old enough at forty-four! These stanzas certainly express the very highest in the ideals of the school to which reference is made. It is a consummation towards which we would all speed them with our most fervent wishes, consoling ourselves for their loss with the thought that it is an " irreparable gain " to climbing.

THE CLIMBER'S PROGRESS ON THE HORNS AROUND ZERMATT.

By PROFESSOR L. R. WILBERFORCE.

He comes, an inexperienced crock;
He's bear-led up the Horn of Stock;

Next, while contemptuous experts sniffle,
He scrabbles up the Horn of Riffel;

His nose becomes a sorry sight
After he's done the Horn of Breit.

Yet soon he tops, with little parle,
The summit of the Horn of Strahli;

He braves, no more a gasping limp fish,
The labours of the Horn of Rimpfisch;

Though sluggards vow they judged the day odd, you'll
Find that he's crossed the Horn of Theodule.

The loosest boulder does not shift
Beneath him on the Horn of Trift;

He sets the terrace in a chatter
When seen upon the Horn of Matter;

He treads, as nimble as a goat,
The slabs upon the Horn of Roth:

He scales, inflexible as marble,
The two-pronged Horn of Ober-Gabel;

Lastly, the telescope of Zeiss
Detects him up the Horn of Weiss.

GILLERCOMBE BUTTRESS.

By H. B. LYON.

It would be hard to find a more popular club centre than Borrowdale, as witness the happy crowd of enthusiasts who arrive with unfailing regularity each Whitsuntide, yet as a climbing centre it suffers in comparison with its more prolific neighbour over the Sty.

Especially does this apply to members living at a distance, who visit the district at rare intervals and are therefore naturally eager to make the most of an all too short climbing holiday. The scarcity of the climbs in the valley, their distance apart, their frequent state of wetness, must therefore be my apology for drawing attention to a crag which certainly deserves more recognition than it has hitherto received. To any frequenter of Borrowdale who may chance to read these notes, and who, like the Athenians of old, begins to yearn for some new thing, I can recommend a day on Gillercombe Buttress.

Gillercombe, though off the beaten track, is known to a few as affording an easier and quicker route to or from the Pillar than the more orthodox grind over Honister and The Haystacks. It was on the return journey from one of these excursions that I first noticed Grey Knotts Crag or, as it is locally known, Raven Crag, though the good resolutions then made to explore it were not fulfilled until some years later, a not infrequent experience in the dilatory life of the climber. The upper part of the crag, as seen from Seathwaite, peeping over the edge of the coombe, beyond Sour Milk Ghyll, is a familiar landmark on the Borrowdale side of Brandreth.

The old Lead Mines track above the Yew Trees affords

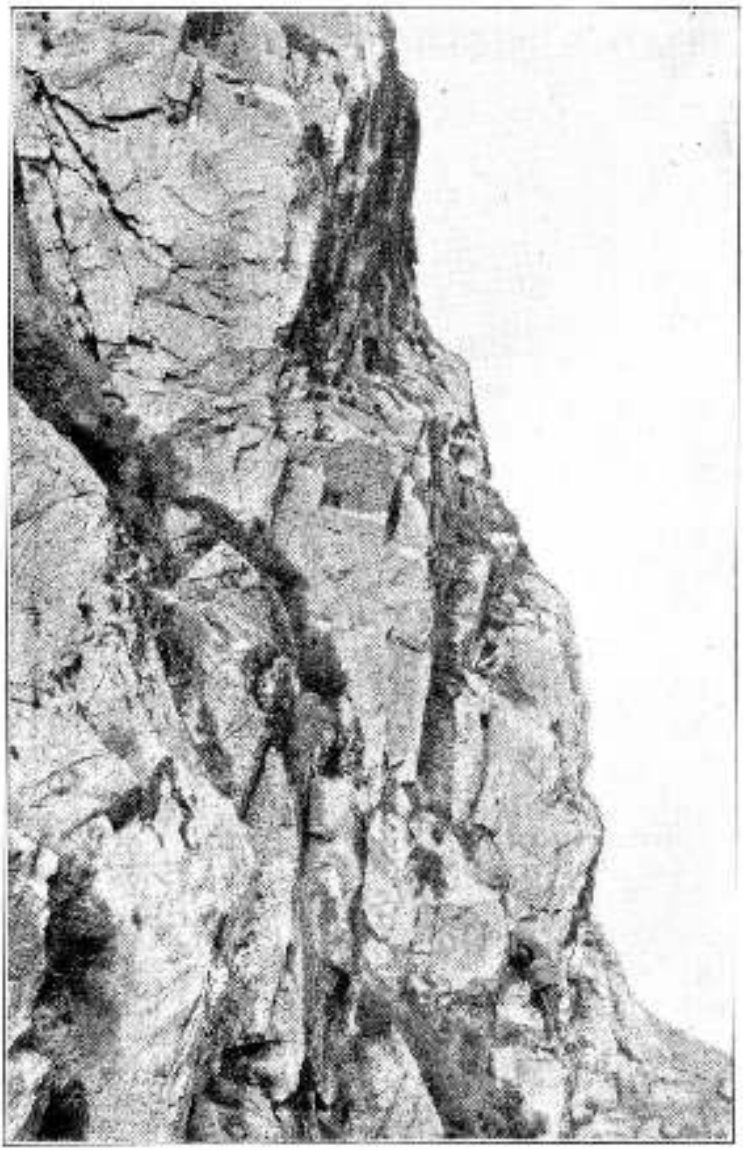


Photo. by *Ralph Mayson.*

GILLERCOMBE BUTTRESS.

the quickest means of reaching the crag, so taking this route on the last day of the Whitsuntide Meet of 1912, but striking across to the coombe a short distance above the disused miner's hut, Arthur Woodsend and the writer reached the foot in about an hour.

In a deep cleft high up on the precipitous right face are the remains of two ravens' nests. These probably lend colour to the local name, which it were best to ignore lest it be confused with the more famous Raven Crag across the valley.

The large gully which divides the crag almost in the centre was decidedly "grassy," but immediately on its right a fine rock buttress offered tempting possibilities, the difficulty apparently being to obtain access on to this ridge, which overhung at the base.

Running diagonally across the overhang were a number of sloping ledges, a means of reaching which appeared possible by a square recess just inside the right containing wall of the gully.

To surmount this apparently simple obstacle proved not easy, for after with difficulty gaining an insecure "stance" on the sloping slab at its foot, I found it extremely awkward to stand upright to search for holds on the top of the recess, owing to its overhang. After one or two attempts I found a good hold, a long way back, and the "pull-up" was soon accomplished.

After Woodsend had joined me here at a good belay, I investigated further, finding no difficulty in the next 15 feet until, keeping well out to the right, I came to a steepish slab. A pointed belay pin at its foot being indispensable for the "take-off" on to the slab, we tested it well before using, owing to a suspicious vibration, finding it quite trustworthy.

A still steeper lichen-covered slab followed, fortunately for us the rocks were dry and warm and the difficulty short as, holds being conspicuous by their absence,

friction played an important part in negotiating the next few feet.

We had now reached the last of the sloping ledges seen from below, which terminated in a miniature "tennis-court ledge." Here we held a council of war for further upward progress seemed highly problematical. A doubtful looking heathery ledge, descending in the reverse direction to our route, was inspected with a view to keeping open a "line of retreat" in case of need, not however affording us much satisfaction.

Immediately above our heads the overhang was very pronounced, whilst about 15 feet up on the left, a narrow sloping "mantel-shelf" appeared to be the only means of exit, as a very forlorn sort of hope. A good belay would have proved acceptable here, but a leaf of rock behind which we tried to pass the rope was not sufficiently split from the main mass. How we longed for a narrow strip of iron to insert behind the leaf as a belay pin! On a future occasion I tried this somewhat unorthodox method when making the ascent with a large party, and found a large nail or cold chisel, picked up in the farmyard at Thornythwaite, to answer the purpose admirably.

Just below the "mantel-shelf" was a "one-foot-square" ledge, and having gained this vantage point I could reach to clean out behind the former. (Result: a broken pocket-knife.) After more time than I care to confess spent here I made the next move, though not without one or two experimnetal attempts. A rib of rock jutting out at right angles to the main wall acted as a steadier, and with left foot pressing against this and right leg resting on the "mantel-shelf" I was able to reach forward and grasp the flat top of the rib and pull up on to it. This operation required very delicate balance, as the "shelf" was barely six inches wide, with no holds to speak of on the wall.

Photo: by *Ralph Mayson.*

GILLERCOMBE BUTTRESS.

To our relief this proved the finish of the overhang and a few feet higher we rested on a heathery slope and surveyed with equanimity the upper part of the buttress. We had progressed about 130 feet above the base and for a similar distance the rocks sloped at an easy angle, as if to compensate us for their earlier severity. The terrace soon led to some rocks affording "good scrambling," and ending in another heathery patch. This portion of the climb can be made more interesting by working round to the left, where a 35 foot chimney will be found, a little above the level of the second pitch in the gully.

We also noticed that it would be possible to work off the buttress at this stage, either in to the gully on the left or by easy ledges on the right. Soon, however, the rocks became more threatening again and resumed their characteristic "tilted staircase" formation, whose overhanging risers and sloping tops had been the difficulty at the start.

We climbed for about 15 feet up these, until, finding progress barred by the steep right containing wall of the gully, now converging towards us, we made a long and interesting traverse along a ledge. This traverse was decidedly tricky at the start, and, gradually rising, it ended at some shallow grass chimneys nearly 70 feet across to the right. Following a steepish arrête to the left of these for another 50 feet and gradually working back to the centre of the Crag, we completed the climb by a stiff little lichen-covered chimney. Above this the broken rocks soon led us to the boundary rail pin at the summit, some 500 odd feet above our starting point.

Any views that we may have entertained of exploring the Gully also were dispelled when we reached our watches at the foot, for not having anticipated anything of half so sporting a nature, we had only left Thorneythwaite about noon, and the hour was therefore considerably later than we anticipated, necessitating a speedy return to our quarters.

GULLY ASCENT, WHIT-MONDAY, 1913.

The following Whitsuntide Meet saw a strong party, consisting of W. P. Haskett Smith, Miss Rennison, H. Midgley and the writer, make the second ascent of the buttress, and is therefore worthy of mention as having received the Presidential blessing on that occasion. Only two variations from the original route were made, the 35 foot chimney already mentioned, in the second stage of the climb, also a variation finish discovered and led by the President, consisting of a traverse and arête to the left of the short final chimney. All were unanimously of opinion that the first portion, and especially the " mantel-shelf " traverse, was the *piece de résistance*, though confidence acquired by greater familiarity with the route somewhat reduced my first estimate of its technical difficulties.

Yet another ascent, which was made the next day, ought to be chronicled as witnessing that *rara avis*, a 6-0 a.m. start. The effort was made in order to enable an enthusiastic member (Worthington) to get in a climb before catching the mid-day coach for Keswick. The result of this departure from the usual dilatory methods of the climber was to leave H. B. Avery, H. R. Parkes and myself sitting at the foot of Grey Knotts Crag at 11-0 a.m., wondering what to do with the remainder of the day. The answer was of course obvious, " explore the gully ! "

and this we forthwith proceeded to do.

On our first ascent of the buttress we had noticed remains of a small cairn at the foot of the gully, afterwards learning that G. F. Woodhouse and R. A. Milligan had in September, 1905, climbed the first two pitches of the gully (the second pitch by the short left route), after which they worked on to the buttress, traversing across it to the extreme right before climbing to the top of the crag (*see* Note, Journal 7, p. 80). Of any complete ascent of the gully I can find no trace, though it is possible such

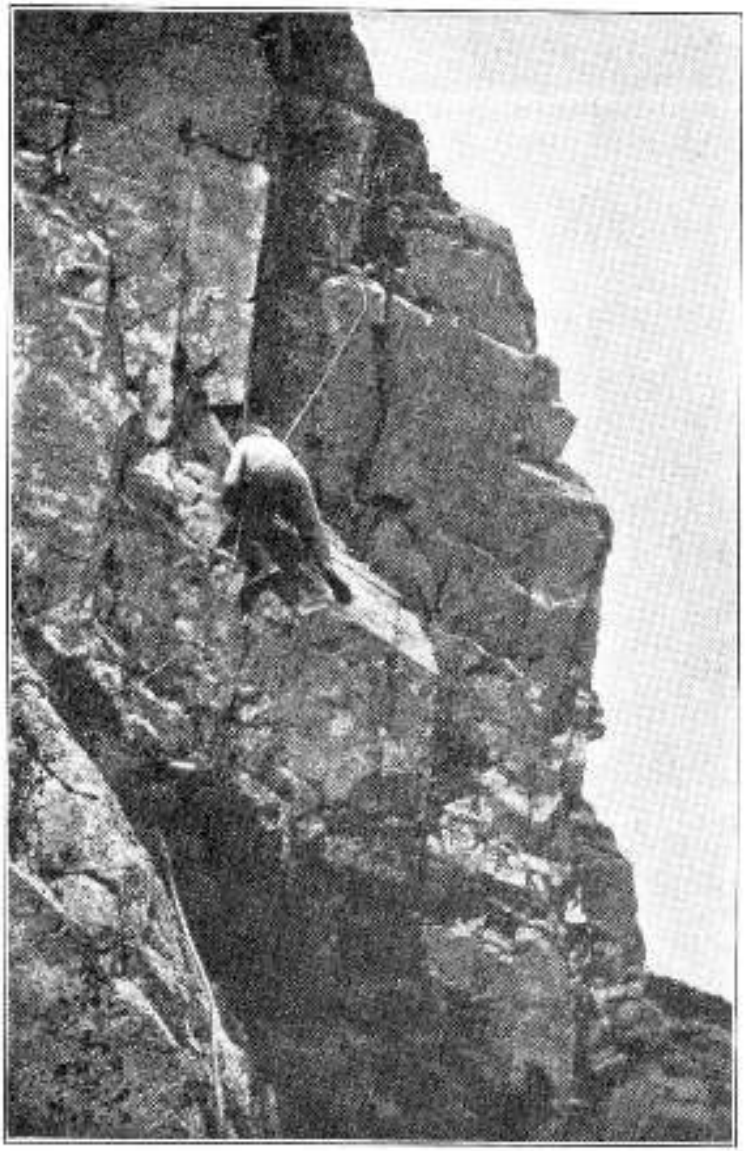


Photo by R. J. Foster.

SURMOUNTING THE OVERHANG.

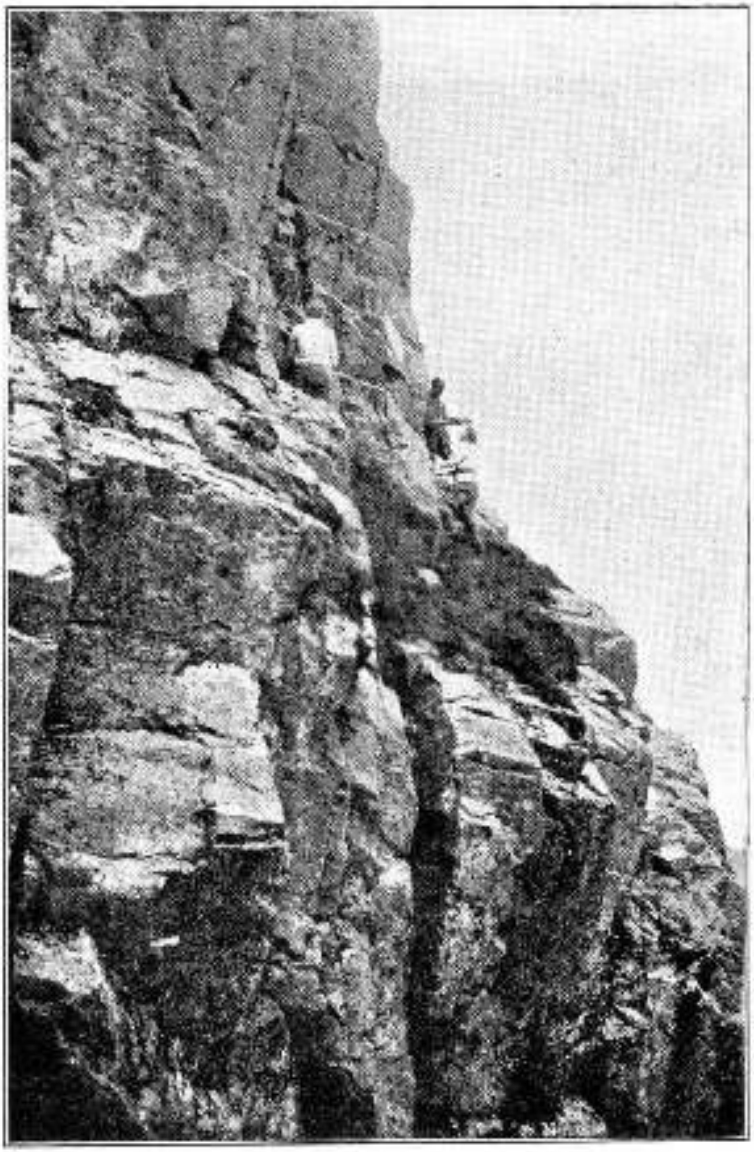


Photo. by *R. Heslip.*

FOOT OF CHIMNEY (taken out of Gully).

may have been made and all marks obliterated by time and weather.

After roping up, we climbed the first short pitch of 20 feet, finding no difficulty beyond a steep grass landing. At the top we were confronted by a much finer-looking obstacle, consisting of a rock-face some 50 feet high at the back of a small amphitheatre. A crack running up the right corner offered a feasible route, but as this, and also the slabby ledges leading up to it, was wet and greasy, we climbed a short chimney on the left on this occasion.

Finding ourselves at the foot of a small branch gully, we traversed back to the main gully, which here takes a sharpish turn to the right, and met with only one short pitch until in the upper part of the crag. Here, at the point where the angle steepens considerably, a series of pitches following in quick succession soon dispelled as erroneous any idea that the gully was to be a mere " walk-up."

The first of these final pitches, a rather grassy corner, presented little difficulty, but the second, a chimney of about 40 feet, was much stiffer. Except at the start, however, the holds were good for two-thirds of the way, when an awkward step up and across to the right wall required care. I found it necessary here to avoid using some tempting looking but rather loose jammed stones, which, had they been safe to use as holds, would have made this portion easier.

The start of this proved the main difficulty for the " V "-shaped walls contained few holds and it was too narrow for backing up. After almost despairing of making any headway, I discovered a splendid, clean-cut hold just within reach on the left wall, well inside the chimney, which solved the problem : other holds followed and before very long we were all at the top. The gully practically ends here, spreading out fan-shape and merging in the upper part of the crag. We followed an easy

arete on the right to the top and descended by the left branch gully, finding, however, nothing in it of interest.

There remained only the direct route up the big second pitch to be climbed and an opportunity to try this came in September of the same year, while spending a week-end in Borrowdale with A. S. Walker.

A long spell of dry weather had left little or no moisture in the crack, up which I climbed for about 25 feet until stopped by a " bulge." Turning this by working round it on the left, about 15 feet of good climbing on smallish holds brought me to a shoulder, where, owing to too short a length of rope, A. S. W. had to join me. Our joint occupation of a sloping ledge was most uncomfortable, so after first passing the rope over a small pinnacle in a recess still further to the left, I stepped back into the crack, which I followed for the remaining 15 feet or so to the top of this remarkably fine pitch.

We completed the Gully Climb, which I should certainly class as quite equal to either Raven Crag or Sergeant Crag Gullies, if the second pitch direct is included. A well-known member of the Club who has done both climbs compares the Buttress Route with Gimmer Crag " B " in point of difficulty. Personally I consider it less severe.

In all my visits to Gillercombe I have been favoured with fine weather, so cannot speak of the state of these climbs under wet conditions : probably very unpleasant, to say the least.

Photo. by *W. A. Woodland.*

DIRECT ROUTE UP SECOND PITCH.

part I have come to the conclusion that to wait for big peaks in bad weather is not good business. Better be content with what is possible. After all, the Ulrichshorns are pleasant and any peak is better than none.

The Monte Rosa Hotel sheltered us for the night and also for the whole of the next day, during which it rained heavily. Two of our members, Oppenheimer and Smith, were at Zermatt and left for the Fluhalp in the rain, but they did not hope for much, as the Rimpfischhorn from the Adler pass after snow is not an easy proposition.

The Wednesday saw my party at the Riffelberg and acting on my usual principles the journey was made in the train. Early on Thursday morning we set out for the Cima de Jazzi and the New Weissthor Pass. It was fine until we came to the foot of our hill and then a blizzard broke on us which would have sent us back from anything difficult. However, we reached the top, but did not get a view, and found ourselves a little later at the top of the Weissthor in fairer weather. The descent to Macugnaga was delightful, steep rocks with plenty of holds under a thin snow covering, a view of the Monte Rosa precipice with a few clouds moving across the face to add to the effect, and the sight of our destination below us in the valley, combined to make the rest of the day one of pure pleasure.

Friday saw us tramping over the Monte Moro pass back to Saas Grund, stopping for milk at the chalets on the way up and other drinks at Mattmark on the way down. From Saas we made our way to the Almagell chalet, where we stayed the night.

Ignace had traversed the Portiengrat in the blizzard on the same day that his brother and I did the Egginer arête and I had decided to attempt the traverse. It is a delightful climb, though, as the upper part is rock where it is often necessary to move one at a time, particularly in a year such as 1912 was, it is a long one. The rocks are

not difficult except in two places and both of them will yield to climbers of average capacity and some skill in engineering. The view, too, is remarkably fine and forms a worthy conclusion to a holiday.

And in fact it was my last climb that year. We made our way to the Britannia Hut on the Monday, intending to ascend the Allalinhorn, but it began to snow at 6 p.m. and snowed without ceasing until 10 a.m. on Tuesday, when we gave up and took the high level traverse over the glacier back to Saas Fee. This I was told was suitable for advanced tourists of Mr. Cook, so I suppose it ought to count to credit as an excursion. It does not really matter, however, for the sun came out on the way and we enjoyed an easy day with magnificent scenery.

There was no time for another peak, and although Ignace offered me a day's rock-climbing, I decided on the luxury of doing nothing on a fine day, which, after all, is not unpleasant. Thursday was the hottest day of the holidays and the Germans I met walking up from Stalden had stripped off all garments not absolutely necessary for decency's sake.

I have a little advice to give. Make up a party of friends if you can for Switzerland, but if your holiday does not coincide with theirs don't be afraid of being dull, even if you have to go out alone. There is always plenty of company at the Hotels, and, after all, conversation (even among friends) is not an absolute necessity when toiling up a snow slope; while as for your remarks on the view from the top, they can well be postponed till you are back in the valley.

THE DOCTRINE OF DESCENT.

By S. W. HERFORD.

Perhaps one of the questions most frequently put by one's non-climbing friends concerns climbing down: "Is it harder than climbing up?" And the curious thing is that they nearly all seem inclined to expect one to answer in the affirmative. They may never in their lives have been near a rock, or even on a steep hillside, but nevertheless have an instinctive feeling that going down must be more difficult. Why is this? It would be rather interesting to know the reason. It probably has some connection with the fact that a slope appears steeper to a man looking down it from the top than to one looking up it from below,—an optical illusion which would disappear if the observers were to lean away from the vertical so as to be at right angles to the slope. This most probably has a sub-conscious influence on most people's thoughts when they ask the question, and also the idea that one is in some way assisting gravity, and ultimately that of falling: these together seem to have a cumulative effect sufficient to form what almost amounts to a conviction where, theoretically, the mind should be perfectly open.

To revert now to the original question, what answer should one give? An unqualified "Yes" or "No" will not do, and I hope in the course of this article to make clear, among other things, my own personal views on the matter. I would emphasize the word *personal;* for, while it is possible to make certain comprehensive statements and rules of general application (man being built, for the most part, on the same plan, with two arms at the top and two legs at the bottom, etc.), yet, when we consider the less obvious and nicer movements and com-

binations of movements and attitudes which go to make up style and method, and which determine the degree of effort required for a given person to climb a given piece of rock, then we find that we must differentiate for each individual, for these depend upon his height, build, temperament, and a hundred other factors which among themselves form an infinite number of combinations. This is the reason why it is useless, in describing any pitch, to give exact details of how it is to be climbed.

The subject of "Climbing Down" can be conveniently taken in three parts: (1) Descending difficult rocks; (2) Descending easy rocks; (3) Roping down excessively difficult or unclimbable rocks. Before considering these separately, it would be as well to keep in mind that in all cases the essential difference between ascending and descending is that in the one case work must be done and energy expended in raising the body upwards against gravity, whilst in the other, muscular effort is only exerted in checking the tendency to fall freely, and, technically, no work is done. This does not mean that, under certain conditions, descending may not be a very tiring proceeding, since the keeping of the muscles in a state of tension will by itself ultimately produce exhaustion. Let us now turn to the first part of the subject. *i.e.*, the descent of difficult rocks. And here we come to a question which is of considerable importance, namely: To what extent are one's movements reversible? Are they, in the descent of a pitch, the same as those used in the ascent, only reckoned backwards? Now it must be pretty obvious to anyone who has had any experience of climbing that there are certain places which people go down in a vastly different manner to that in which they go up. What I have principally in mind are, of course, cracks and chimneys offering no positive holds, and in which friction produced by body-wedging is one's sole support. A supreme instance of this sort of climb is the

upper pitch of the well-known Monolith Crack in Wales. True, there are one or two genuine ledges; but these are merely incidents, isolated lapses, in a long drawn-out scheme of caterpillar-like wriggling—arm-wedge, leg-wedge, arm-wedge, leg-wedge, and so on, the monotony being merely broken by an occasional backsliding. Now let us watch a man coming down the place. He may very well have taken ten minutes in getting up; if he knows his business it can be done in not much over ten seconds. There need be no relative motion of the different parts of his body; he can slide down keeping himself quite rigid, merely adjusting his speed by suitable side-pressure. This, of course, applies in general to any similar place; in slightly wider chimneys an effective brake can be obtained by facing outwards and side-pressing with a leg against each wall. If, however, we come to full-size back and foot chimneys the method in its entirety fails; the attitude, in this case, does not allow of sufficient control over the relative movements of the centres of support on either wall, and a clean drop would quickly result. But even here, although the two points of support cannot well move simultaneously, the back, at any rate, can slide, instead of being pushed clear at each movement as in ascending. However, we can leave it at that; chimneys and cracks are among the less important things in modern rock-climbing, at any rate from the point of view of this article. Let us, nevertheless, bear in mind the important modifying effect of friction, which is of general application.

I come now to the free and open climbing of slabs and arêtes, grooves and corners, mantelshelves and noses—in short, the higher forms of the sport. The essence of the whole matter is conveyed in one word—balance. That, of course, is easily said, but what does one really mean by it? It is, in this connection, one of those elusive words to define which is usually to bring on one's head a shower of criticism. I will venture no further than this,

that it consists largely in an instinctive anticipation of the effect which a given change of one's attitude will have on the general equilibrium, and in the consequent automatic adjustment of one's movements. This applies more particularly to rapid climbing in which balance acts dynamically in controlling the movements of the limbs, but it is involved in a less perceptible but more subtle manner in the delicate and gradual motions which are required in the ascent of, say, a really hard slab. The question now arises: Is a finer sense of balance required in going down than in going up? In certain instances I think it undoubtedly is. Take, for example, the case of a sloping slab with flat shelving holds on which exact footwork is essential. It is, to start with, much harder to gauge the value of a ledge below one's feet than above it—an important point when the hold slopes. Again, such a hold when tried tentatively with a downward-extended foot has a much worse "feel" than when the boot is lifted up to it, owing to the fact that the foot tends to meet the rock at an angle instead of lying flat. The combined effect of these two factors is a tendency to get as much support as possible for the hands, with the result that the body is kept close against the rock, even in moderately steep places: this, in turn, merely aggravates the first two causes of difficulty. And this is where balance comes in. Since it implies an instinctive valuation of prospective changes of attitude, it gives confidence, and this is the secret of good footwork, particularly in descending. It enables the sloping holds to be boldly stepped down to, the hands being used to push the body away from, instead of holding it to the rock. The vast difference between the two methods has to be seen to be appreciated; the one, a desperate clinging to insufficient holds, the scraping and scratching of boots, and a general appearance of uncertainty and of impending collapse; the other, a progression of steady downward steps with

the body in a graceful and more or less upright position. Now, for all the argument to hold, it is a *sine qua non* that there should be no good hand-holds. If these are to be found the balance theory can be defied, and this, I am afraid, is what happens in nine cases out of ten. The strain now comes mostly on the arms and the method, besides being ungainly, is of course much more tiring. Modifications in the argument are also necessary if the holds are level, or slope in one's favour, in which case, as a general rule, I find descending easier than ascending. In fact, in some instances, where the holds are far apart, the "body clear" theory is best discarded, and full use made of friction against the rock. A good example of this sort of slab is that immediately below Hopkinson's Cairn on Scafell Pinnacle. Here the holds consist of level or slightly incut ledges nearly an inch wide, but involving rather long stretches from the one to the other. In descending the friction of the leg and of the foot as it slides down on to its hold is of considerable assistance, and coming down distinctly easier than going up. This final remark applies, in my opinion, to the hard section of the Eagle's Nest ridge. Here the holds are almost level and of ample size, and, in the upper part at any rate, really fine footwork is nowhere needed: this type of climb, too, offers special opportunities for frictional support in descending. I have already mentioned the slab with sloping holds as being harder to descend than to ascend. The only other case ordinarily met with is, I think, the very steep wall or buttress, and that, of course, with many exceptions. I believe that the difficulty here is almost entirely due to the fact that it is very hard to see where one is putting one's feet; apart from that, I do not think that the steepness has by itself any effect that is not present in the ascent. Those who want to test this statement should descend Kern Knotts West Buttress, which is exceedingly steep for about 15 feet.

I think I have said enough to make clear what I feel to be the general principles involved in the descent of difficult rocks. In matters of such complexity experience must ultimately be our guide and basis of all reasoning, and any theory which attempts to explain actual climbing phenomena must be kept throughout in close touch with the practical side of it to be of any value.

I shall now deal briefly with the second part of the subject: the proper descent of comparatively easy rocks at a moderate angle. Perhaps some readers will think that this is hardly worth any consideration at all: if so, then I feel pretty certain that they must themselves be sadly lacking in experience of what rapid descent (under full control) really means (and that is the only manner of descent on easy rocks worth mentioning). And the fact is that the majority of English-trained climbers are under these conditions painfully slow. The reason for this is not far to seek. The exceptionally high standard of English rock-climbing develops a style of its own; a style, it is true, remarkable for its exactness, soundness and general deliberation, but which, if applied to this comparatively easy downhill work, is singularly ineffective. To start with, the " face-out " method is much too seldom adopted; then, too little use is made of gravity and friction; the whole progression from one hold to the next is too calculated and exact, and each individual hold, instead of being regarded as a mere incident in one continuous passage, too often appears to mark, as it were, the end of one section and the beginning of another. The only remedy for this, as for all other faults, is practice, and if only English climbers would spend more time in descending climbs like the Napes ridges or, better still, the Tryfaen buttresses, and that at the maximum speed consistent with safety, they would go far to remove what is, perhaps, the chief defect of their climbing equipment.

The question of " roping-down " now remains to be

dealt with. This stands in a different category to the preceding forms of descent that I have considered, and little is heard of it in England. I can call to mind only one climb—the Traverse of Scafell—where it is absolutely necessary, but there are many places where it would be highly advisable, and it is not difficult to imagine circumstances in which acquaintance with the best accepted methods would prove of great service. The chief requirements are, in order of importance :—(*a*) The rope must be attached so that there is no chance of slipping ; (*b*) There must be no risk of collapse through fatigue whilst descending ; (*c*) Matters should be so arranged that the rope can be drawn in after the last man is down. The leaving behind of a fixed rope does not redound to the credit of a party, though under certain exceptional circumstances there may be no alternative. The first proceeding in roping down is, of course, to find some spike, bollard, chockstone or projecting mass of rock. There may be some difficulty here, but it is surprising what unsatisfactory looking knobs and protrusions can be used ; I have, indeed, seen a guide use a flat triangular corner like that of a table, but this was perhaps going a little too far. The next point to be determined is whether the rope will " move " when the last man is down. In some cases it may be rather hard to say beforehand, owing to the different lie of the rope and increased friction when pulled from below. If there is any doubt, a loop of spare rope should be used, and the rope for doubling hung on this. The loop, of course, is abandoned. For this purpose, a length of thin alpine line is extremely useful, and saves one the sorrow of cutting up a standard-size rope ; it is, incidentally, also often handy in belay work. The manner in which the actual descent is to be made depends largely on circumstances. If it is necessary to rope down steep, holdless rocks for a considerable distance, or if the rope is icy, or the fingers numb or tired, then some method of

braking must be adopted. The most complete brake, but one which need only be used in extreme circumstances, is obtained as follows: the doubled rope coming down from the belay is passed under the thigh (the left, say, to fix things) from inside to outside; then in front of and across the body to the right shoulder; across the back and again to the front between the left arm and body; finally, passed over the left forearm. This gives such an effective break that there is no downward motion at all unless the sliding of the rope round the body is assisted; this can be done conveniently by the left arm, while the right holds on to the rope from above. As can be imagined descent by this method is slow and laborious, and for ordinary cases where, nevertheless, some sort of brake is required, the arrangement generally used is to pass the rope under the thigh (the left again, say) from inside to outside, and over the left forearm, from which it hangs freely. This allows one to slide down fairly rapidly and with much more comfort than the first method. Lastly, there is no case where no brake at all is used, and reliance placed completely on the hands. The feet can now make adequate use of such holds as there are, particularly if one leans well out, and for short, vertical stretches, or long ones if the angle be moderate this is certainly the most effective way at all. The only difficulty that is likely to occur is in the case when the line of descent is not directly downwards from the belay; considerable skill in the use of the feet is then required to prevent the rope from swinging one off to the side. Another way of roping down for the last man, which differs in principle from the foregoing, is that in which he ties to himself one end of the doubled rope (which runs through a fixed loop) while his companions hold on to the other end, and thus lower him down. This method, of course, causes considerable wear of the loop. It is scarcely necessary, I think, to go into any further details concerning roping down; common

sense will supply anything that is lacking, as indeed it does most of that which has been said. I might, however, mention that most people are rather nervous at their first attempt at roping down an exposed place, and that a little previous practice is usually required to give confidence. The various linking methods can be tried very conveniently from the bough of a tree or down the side of a house.

THE ALPS, SEPTEMBER, 1914.

BY

The Right Rev. the Bishop of Durham.

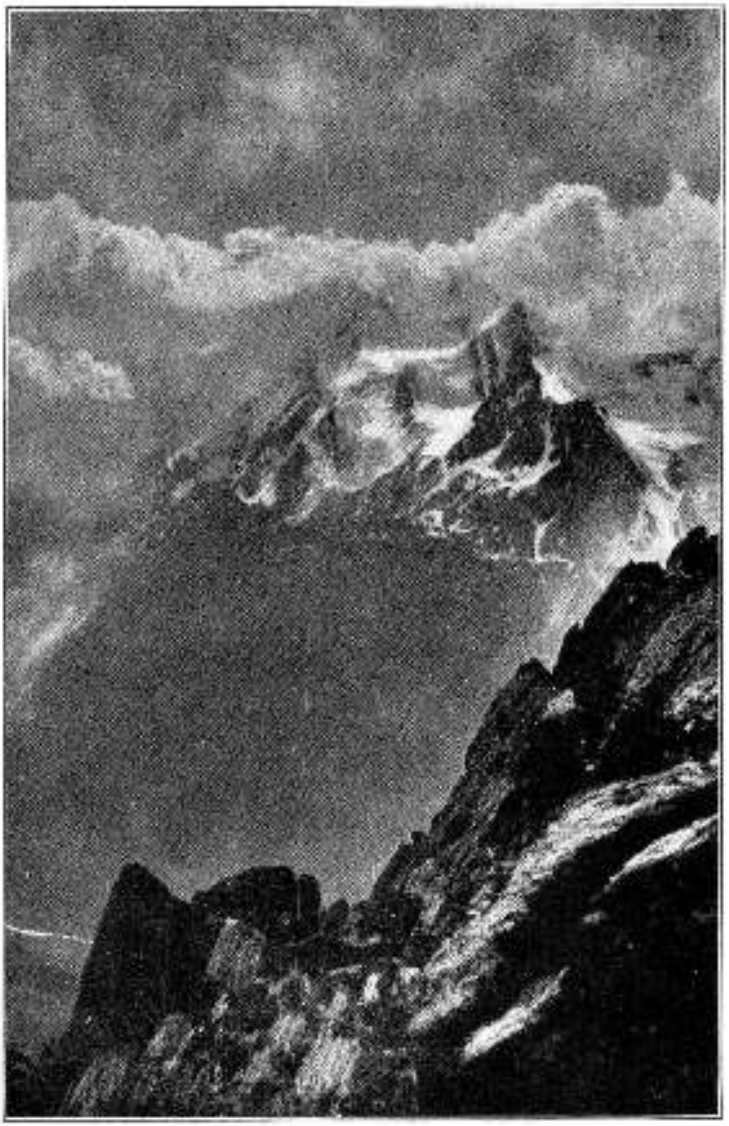
In this grim year, when guide nor traveller seeks,
On stairs of ice and rock, the Alpine peaks,
In thunder-language of the sliding snows
How calls the White Hill to the Hill of Rose?
"Is man no more? His transient period past?
Is our aeonian peace renewed at last?"
For to those heights austere could never win
One far-faint cry from Armageddon's din.

Handley Dunelm.

FOUR ALPINE PHOTOGRAPHS

BY

W. A. Woodsend.



THE DOM GROUP.

SUNSET FROM GLACIER BELOW CABANE D'AIGLE.

GRAND PEAK OF LA MELJE.

LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE PORTIENGRAT, SAAS FEE DISTRICT.

MOUNTAIN FRUITS.

By WILLIAM T. PALMER.

It was the tale of the Bishop that first turned my mind to this question of mountain-side fruits. That climbing prelate had been leading a pair of pilgrims up one of the unfrequented easy climbs on Grassmoor in the region of Crummock Water. I know the place: an ordinary wayside course, remarkable mostly in that it promises rock-problems, and then forgets all about the matter in a savage delight to tease one with loose grass ledges, sliding earth, and wobbly stones, all the while keeping the mind at full stretch wondering whether this, and this truly, is the really correct route up a most indefinite rampart of mountain. There is just enough of precipice to justify the use of the rope, and it is alleged that beyond sight of his pilgrim band the Bishop climbed up and up, the rope slowly dragging away coil after coil. Then it stopped. Stopped, also, the scraping of iron nails against rock, and the puffing and grunting which seem an essential accompaniment to self-imposed labour among the crags. There was a tense silence: was the prelate surveying, considering some terriffic problem in the rock world above? A boat was being slowly pulled out of a bay on Crummock below, a raven croaked above, a dipper went past, following the cataracts to the upper wastes where the brown peaty water dripped slowly from pool to pool. A bumble bee came along, vagrant-wise, and paused a moment on the wing to survey the bipedded intruders. Still there was no sound, no movement, not even the tinkle of a disturbed splinter of rock above: the rope trailed neatly round the rock corner and out of sight. The hoot and roar of a motor car on the road by the lake, a puff of wind

to quake the grasses, the curious droning of the distant rills—and a fine view of Mellbrake's steep front stained green and yellow with wet moss, rising from fans of purple scree, every ledge picked out by its load of golden-green parsley ferns. "Are you all right?" was called in anxious tones, and but a muffled voice replied: "Wait a bit."

Truly there must be a snorker of a difficulty ahead, something ungraded and unknown to the books of Jones and Abraham: was it a cave pitch, like the great final problem in Walker's Gully on the Pillar Mountain? Was it a crack narrow enough to be comparable with Kern Knotts, or an arête to compare with the Eagle's Nest on Great Gable? Still there was no sound of action above: the rope hung nice and free in its belay. Anyway, the leader was safe, even though his stance might be some narrow toe-hold in a great face of rock. Then there was a tinkle of loosened stones and earth, and, joy of joys, the leader's voice, "Come on!" Full of the lust for victory, on clambered the second man—but no problem worthy of his steel appeared. It was "nobbut sic and sic like," as the Cumbrians say. Arriving at the ample grass ledge on which the leader was standing, the second was about to ask an explanation, but the Bishop in envious tones said: "Oh, you've come up easy enough!" Nor did the other pilgrim find any special difficulty on the way. But ah! see there—on lip and chin and cheek of the prelate is a purple stain—he has; he has; he has been eating bilberries! Then, as the others should have said, "it wasn't a Can't-er-berry pilgrimage after all!" There was plenty of the sweet, purple fruit for all, and climbing was abandoned in favour of a long fruitarian repast.

In Cumberland the bilberry is chief fruit of the rocks, its tough stems and small green leaves protruding through the joints of the mountain at curiously unexpected places and occupying many a high-flung ledge. Do you remem-

ber that tuft of bilberry which used to grow within reach of the narrow ledge on which we gathered for the final pull out of the Mickledore Chimney? Summer after summer climbers reached out for these sweets, earnests of the coming triumphs. But now-a-days the Mickledore Chimney is comparatively rarely visited, the fashionable climbs being those reached from the Rake's Progress on the other side of the Mickledore ridge. The Crowberry ridge in Glencoe is a name eloquent of the esteem with which Scottish climbers look upon our luscious Northern berry.

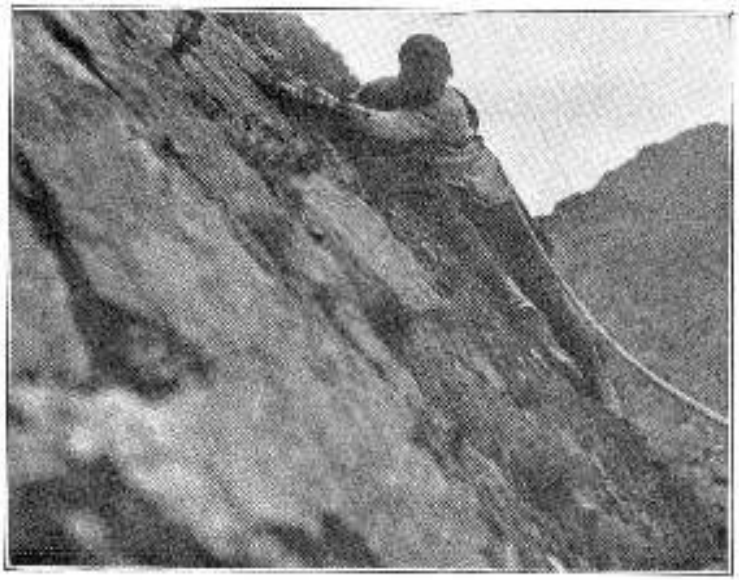
There are several other delicious berries among our mountains, but none which so approach the haunts of the rock-climber. For the most part the others are inhabitants of the many bogs and morasses, or creep in the sheltered ghylls. The cloud-berry, with its bright red fruits, is better known among the gritstone summits of the Pennine chain than on the slate and granite heights of the Lake District. Still there are a few places here and there, about 2,000 feet up, where it flourishes, and one remembers well its location among the grey moss and lichen-encrusted fragments near the top of Bowfell. In Scotland the plant is much more plentiful, being known usually as the knowtberry, but in districts where our smallest native deer still range wild also as the roebuck-berry. From its colour and taste the fruit has also been called, with some show of justice, the mountain raspberry. The bear-berry, too, occurs in the domain of the climber, a plant not unlike the red whortleberry with fruits the size of a small currant, very bright red in colour and with a tough skin.

The cranberry is a well-known inhabitant of our upland bogs, creeping through and over the sphagnum beds and throwing up its graceful tufts covered with red berries in expanses of great size. Many of our dales children, finding a haunt of this berry, spend hours picking them,

and find a ready market. The cowberry or red whortleberry ranges in the same places and not infrequently both varieties find their way to market as cranberries. The cranberries picked in the neighbourhood of Tarn Wadling in the time of Hutchinson the county historian (150 years back) were valued at £20 a year, and at one time tons of the fruit were marketed at Longtown, Carlisle and other places not far from the Border marshes. But the progress of agriculture has greatly reduced the bogs in which the plant luxuriated.

With regard to the bilberry, the dalesfolk have also blessed it with a confusion of names. It is the ling-berry in the mistaken idea that it is the fruit of the ling or heather. It is also at places the crake berry (a name given in common with the cranberry), and crake is one of the country names for the heron. Possibly the old-time folks may have imagined some connection between the bending stem on which the berry hangs and the heron's long sinuous neck. But the name is far truer and likelier for the cranberry.

The great bilberry is also to be found in the bogs or on wet ledges in our mountain districts. The fruit is about the size of a black-currant, blue-black and covered with a bloom like that of the sloe. Eaten in any quantity, says Sowerby, these occasion headache and giddiness—a peril even to a Bishop.



CROSSING THE SLABS

Photo. by *Ralph Mayson.*

THE TROUTDALE PINNACLE.

A NEW BORROWDALE CLIMB.

FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY RALPH MAYSON.

New brooms proverbially sweep clean, in rock-climbing as in business and other directions. When the new happens to be local as well, the process is all the more definite. Borrowdale's climbs have always been neglected by the parties rushing on to Wasdale. Mouse Ghyll is comparatively recent of discovery, though a course of its merit would certainly have attracted a score of climbers if located in the Gable or Pillar or Scafell areas. After Mouse Ghyll was climbed, a generation of climbers has charged through the valley, but only recently has a really good climb been added to the lower Borrowdale list. The brothers Woodhouse are associated with several expeditions, but the climbs mentioned by G. F. W. in our Journals were admittedly not courses which will be often repeated.

A new climb has this season been discovered in the interesting rock areas nearer Keswick. It is the cliffs at the head of Troutdale, opposite Mouse Ghyll on the other side of the valley. It starts easily but increases in difficulty, the situations on the upper reaches are sensational, the finish is stiff, and the Troutdale Pinnacle, as it will probably be called, furnishes 250 feet or 280 feet of first-rate climbing. The start, marked by a cairn, is well to the right of the screes. There is an upward traverse of about 40 feet to the first belay, a good spike of rock, and after that you progress straight ahead over a long sloping nose until you encounter the first serious patch, consisting of a smooth slab with tiny ledges of about 15 feet. This terminates on the branch of a small oak tree, which brings you on to a comfortable turfy ledge, on which there is

room for a party of three or four. After that, there are 10 feet of broken rock on the left to the commencement of the slab traverse. This is fairly clear of vegetation, and good hand and footholds enable you to cross to a secure ledge at the foot of 15 feet of a steep rock corner which rather overhangs. That negotiated, you are enabled to sit astride the wedge-shaped Pinnacle standing right out from the main rock with a sheer drop on either side. The neck between the Pinnacle and the perpendicular rock above is a boulder which rocks slightly. Taking off from this loose boulder you have a 40 feet straight run up to the finish. It is a grand and sensational exit to a climb which is sure to prove exceedingly popular with all who make its acquaintance.

Photo. by *J. N. Fletcher.*

BOWFELL (from Peregrine Gully).

WHY NOT ESKDALE ?

By HARRY MIDGLEY.

Eskdale possesses a singular reputation. Wherever two or three climbing men are gathered together, and mention is made of it, invariably we are told that " Eskdale would pay for exploration." The same idea carries through practically all the Lakeland climbing literature. Well, I have been exploring Eskdale for many years, and must confess that, from a climbing point of view, the result is somewhat disappointing.

In all other respects I regard this corner of Lakeland as the finest of all. Why it should be so generally neglected is difficult to say. Perhaps the old railway was responsible for a feeling being prevalent that the valley was in a sense desecrated. On the contrary, I have always thought that " Ratty " blended in a remarkable degree with the quaint, old-world characteristics of the dale. Well I remember my first journey over the crazy, tortuous track. A sturdy Dales farmer was in the same compartment, and I ventured to ask him if many accidents happened on the line. " Neah, nut mony," was his reply ; " but (with a glance out of the window) She gen'ly runs off at this corner." Ah well ! She'll not run off again. R.I.P.

At the outset, I may say that Eskdale contains no really first-class climb. There are a great many interesting short courses, of an indefinite character. The crags overlooking the Esk at Boot can be climbed practically anywhere, though I have been turned back once or twice by overhangs. Further back, to the East of Birker Moor, are many short climbs on good, substantial rock. The left-hand shoulder of Harter Fell, which comes into profile when viewed from above Taw House, gives a face climb

which has on certain occasions caused uneasy feelings. Yew Crags, just beyond Hardknott Castle, might be induced to yield something good, though up to the present I have failed to discover it. The crags immediately facing are worthless.

Penetrating into Upper Eskdale, there is nothing really tempting on the Scawfell side, the crags being a succession of terraces, and the gullies mostly grassy. A climb or two might be made on the Eskdale side of Scawfell Pike.

The Scawfell Crags can, of course, be worked quite easily from Boot; in fact, it is surprising how easily. The ascent from Burnmoor Tarn, up Hardrigg Gill, to the top of Lord's Rake, does not seem to be more of a grind than does Brown Tongue on the Wastdale side. The descent from the summit of Scawfell to Boot, almost as the crow flies, takes very little over an hour.

I am taking the risk of describing two or three climbs which I have discovered—at all events, in the sense that I have not seen or heard of their being mentioned in any literature. Mr. G. D. Abraham says in his book that: "The crags on this (Eskdale) side of Scawfell are well known," so that I may be labouring in vain. I know that he has been in the valley, as certain evidence in the shape of a mutilated, green-strand rope at the foot of Hardknott Pass bears witness. However, I err, if at all, in ignorance.

BIRKER FORCE.—About three quarters of a mile beyond Boot, and directly in front of the Woolpack Inn, the waters of Birker Force fall over the hillside and join the Esk. The climb is made on the left side facing the water, and though not of great length or difficulty, is extremely interesting and instructive. Indefinite scrambling until the foot of the waterfall proper is reached, when it becomes necessary to rope. The pitches are fairly well defined, with belays and holds good, but sometimes wet. A sloping slab, or series of slabs, about 90 feet from the start, require careful negotiation,

Photo by *J. N. Fletcher.*

THE TOP PITCH, BIRKER FORCE.

and friction holds are found useful. The last pitch, where the water makes its first leap, is rather a different proposition from the rest of the climb, and may be styled difficult. The holds are all at an unfavourable angle, wet and mossy. Unless climbed in dry weather, the top pitch had better be avoided by passing out of the gully over a huge sloping slab on the left. Total length of Birker Force, about 250 feet.

ESKDALE NEEDLE.—This has, I believe, been previously described in the Journal, therefore I will only say of it that in my opinion it is most interesting if climbed by the "inside" route. This starts on the longest (North) side of the pinnacle, inside the cave, and more than half the height is surmounted in the interior of the rock. After emerging, traverse right-hand to the South-east corner, on which the ascent is easily completed. Taken in conjunction with the previous climb, this, with the intervening ridge walk, makes a satisfying day for a "moderate," whilst the "ultra" will want to include Scawfell Crags as well.

PEREGRINE GULLY.—I mention this climb with great diffidence, as I have not yet completed it. Situate in Upper Eskdale, the gully cuts into Spout Crag on the South-east of Scawfell. When facing the Crag the opening is masked owing to its general direction being South-west to North-east, but it is easily reached from the sheepfold by aiming for the highest point of the scree immediately above. The first pitch is passed on the right, over easy rocks. It might be climbed directly over the chockstone, if not too wet. About thirty yards of scree leads to the second pitch, a huge cave, with roof composed of a large sloping boulder with several smaller ones. Inside the cave there are "window" openings, both to the right and left. To the right, the window leads, after a lot of wriggling and squirming through constricting passages, to impossible slabs. The

route by the left window seems to give the line of least resistance, and even this was found difficult. It was climbed up the back of the cave, on unsatisfactory holds, until high enough to turn round, in great deliberation, and lean forward with hands against the sloping roof. Then, by using sloping holds for the heels, which would not be practicable without the help given by the hands on the roof, it is possible to mount sufficiently high to get the arms, as far as the elbows, through the window. Then comes a struggle to get the body through. No help can be got from the feet, and the opening is barely sufficient for an average man to get through. It might be found possible, by taking a shoulder, to surmount the pitch on the left outside of the chockstone, then using a small chimney, but it looks difficult. A long scree run, containing two small pitches which may be walked over, leads to where the gully divides. Each branch contains a most difficult cave pitch, neither of which, to my knowledge, have been climbed. Both appear to contain a good deal of loose material, and great care should be exercised by anyone trying them. It is possible to avoid these pitches by climbing out on the left side of the left branch, over steep, treacherous grassy slopes. I suggest the name at the head of this note as suitable, as for years these crags have been the haunt of the Peregrine Falcon. The gully is worth a visit, though too far from headquarters to become popular.

To point a moral. An Irishman engaged in discussion outside his house was agreeably surprised to hear his spouse call out loudly: "Come in to the beef and taties, Mike." Going into the house, and finding said dainties not available, he demanded an explanation. "Shut up, you fool," said the lady," "I'm only kidding the neighbours." Should the foregoing article not furnish sufficient beef and taties to readers, I plead the same excuse.

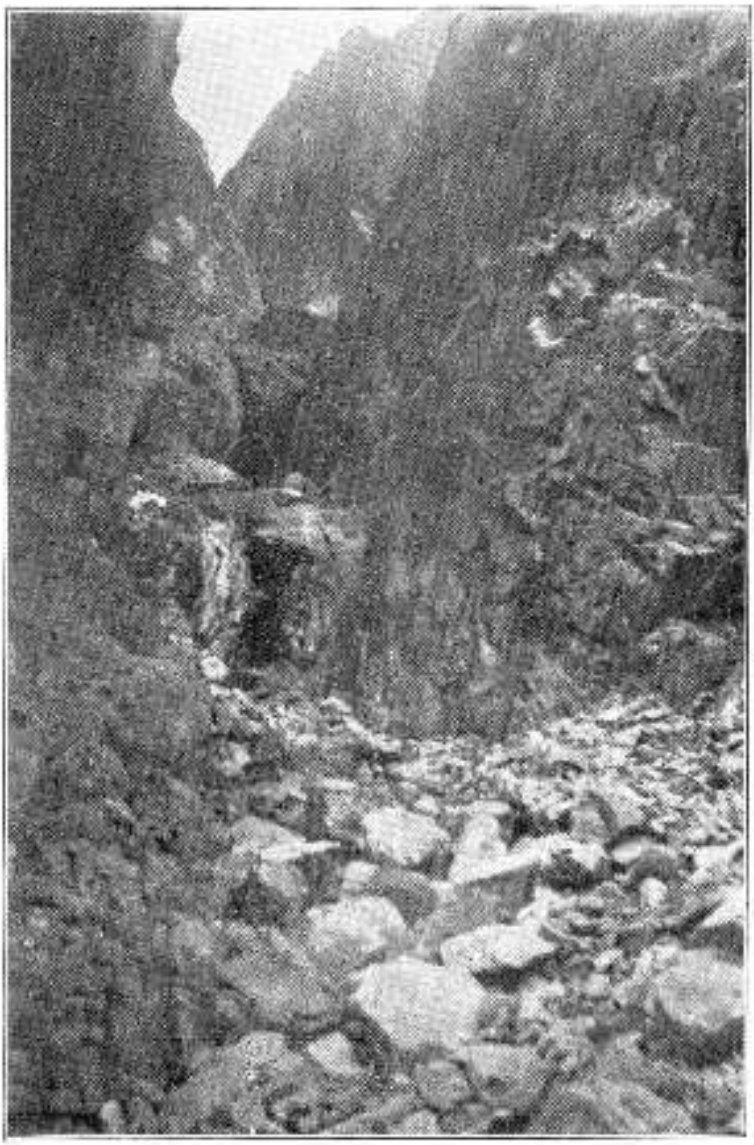


Photo. by *J. N. Fletcher.*

PEREGRINE GULLY.

IMPRESSIONS OF SKYE.

By J. Laycock, B.A.

The little boat rounded the corner of the narrow island of Soay, and the wind sweeping down the Coolin Sound caught the sail abeam and heeled her over till the gunwhale was practically awash. Visions of ourselves and baggage at the bottom of the Atlantic became instant. Presently, having recovered sufficient presence of mind to take an interest at our surroundings, we looked up at the slopes of Gars Bheinn above us, partly veiled in the rolling mist. "Two chimneys there," one of us remarked. Minds obsessed by the fury of exploration had already conceived of Skye as a semi-virgin climbers' paradise.

The mists rolled down again and anon we landed, after a suitable Odyssey of adventure—perhaps the labours of Hercules would be a comparison more apt. But climbing is my theme.

We had decided, of necessity, that whatever the weather might be we must in any case turn out each day and do a climb. Our first day opened misty and rather damp, but as it was not positively wet we went off to the Cioch and did the climb up the face from Coire Lagan, the rocks being wet in the hardest places. I should consider this climb entitled to a similar place in a graduated list as the Intermediate Gully, Doe Crags. It is a good and pleasant climb, but we were fresh from the Crowberry Ridge, which is emphatically superfine, and we were a little disappointed.

On other days we did, *inter alia*, the Inaccessible Pinnacle by the Crack (and the other routes) and the face of the Third Pinnacle on Sgurr nan Gillean. The latter is quite feasible without assistance of any sort at

the Cave Pitch. We were amused to note in this land of high mountains and long climbs that all the severe climbs are, if anything, shorter than Cumberland standards (I except the Waterpipe Gully, of course), as well as less difficult and inferior in general interest. The plain fact is that the hills themselves, and not the individual climbs, constitute the real attraction of Skye.

After a week's rain (the year was 1912) Sunday broke fine. I cannot, however, pass over that week's rain without comment. One other day on the Ciock we were overtaken by a cloud-burst—amazing experience! The great slab was covered with surface water to the depth of nearly half an inch, and the Eastern Gully became a river with pools, in which—I do not exaggerate—we could almost have stood submerged. To resume again with our one fine day. We left our camp—about 3 or 4 miles south-west of Glen Brittle, in the middle of a bog—and making the best of our way to Coire Greadaidh we crossed the Thuilm Mhaidaidh Col into Coire Tarneilear. A glimpse was thus afforded of the Deep Gash Gully, reported unclimbed. It seemed to us that to climb it might indeed prove one's courage and perseverance, but would add nothing to one's pleasure, nor flatter one's discrimination. We preferred the Slanting Gully. This, and particularly its lower half, is a pleasant climb, but to call it the finest gully climb in Great Britain is simply preposterous. In comparison with the Great Gully on Craig-yr-Ysfa it contains much less climbing; it is not continuous; the rock is decidedly inferior in parts, and the climbing is not of the same degree of difficulty at all. One 70 foot obstacle revealed itself as a boulder-strewn slope, and a pitch reputed to furnish 30 feet of severe backing-up provided a bare 15 feet or so of pleasantly ordinary work. To compare this gully to Walker's Gully would be an indignity to that noble cleft.

Rain again succeeded our fine day. Worse than the

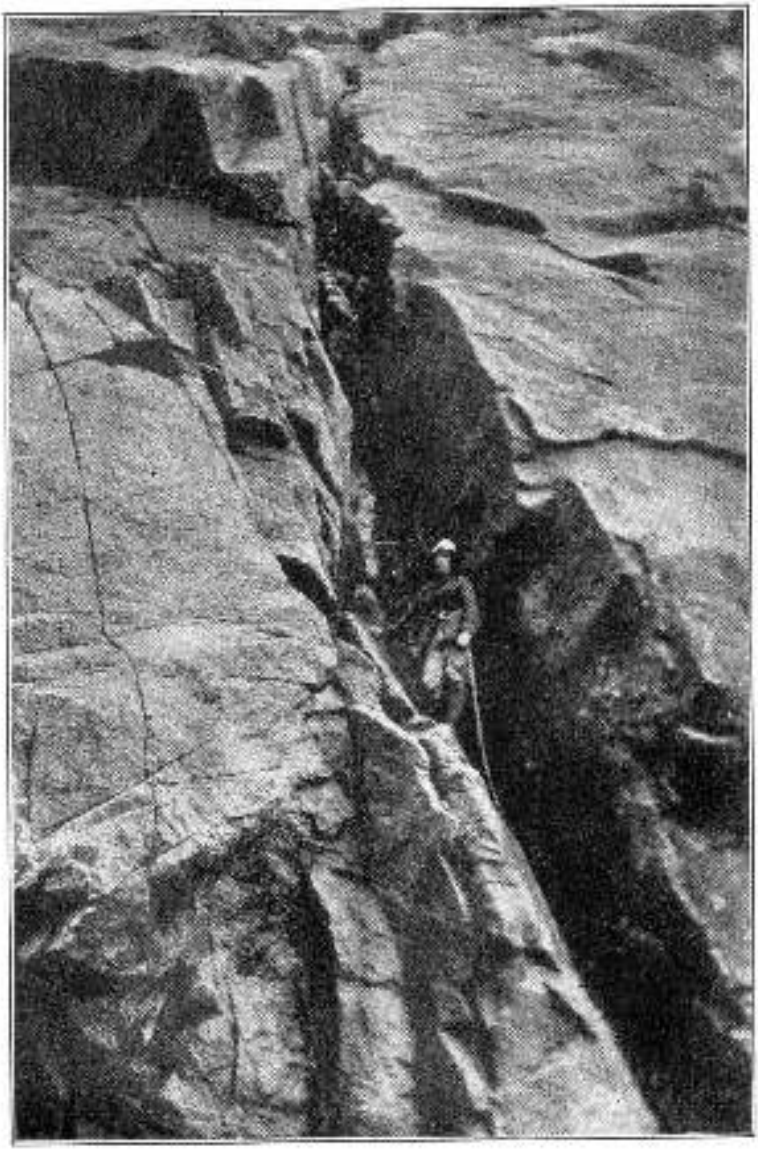


Photo. by *J. Laycock.*

THE CIOCH FROM THE CORRIE.

rain was the eternal mist, occluding all view of the peaks. We grew very weary of the boggy tramp to Coire Lagan and vicinity. One day, after a rainy morning (spent in camp—thus does virtue relax and resolution falter), the mists rose a little higher and we decided to walk up to Gars Bheinn and have a look at the two chimneys we had seen from the boat.

The ultimate—most south-easterly—coire on the Southern side of the Coolin is Coire Nan Laogh, between Gars Bheinn and Sgurr Nan Eag. Our chimneys did materialise as gullies set amongst a large expanse of slab. We named them "A," "B," and "C" Gullies, Coire Nan Laogh. "A" is a mere walk. "C" is a pleasant climb, perhaps a difficult. Immediately below "C," and a continuation of the fault, is a very jolly 100 foot initial pitch in granite, and this, reminiscent of the Intermediate on Doe Crag, gave me as much pleasure as any climb in Skye. The other gullies are all in gabbro, an excellent rock but rather given to disintegration.

"B" Gully fell to Herford's lot to lead (I had selected "C" selfishly, because it looked more promising). The first pitch was a large square chockstone bridging the gully—it was overcome on the left. The cleft steepened and the next pitch was hopelessly undercut. With a shoulder it might perhaps have been feasible, but the gully was very wet and shoulders were "off." We advanced up a slab on the left to a small corner with a firm spike, and thence a very delicate traverse led back to the head of the pitch. This pitch is severe. We now entered a deeply cut rift and walked up a natural staircase of small basaltic columns laid on their side for a hundred feet upwards and inwards. A big boulder closed the gully far outside of us, but a lower bridge half way out made the passage easier and safer. There only remained then a few feet of easy work.

The "B" Gully is a remarkable place, of the most

romantic, and a very worthy climb. I would almost say it is unique within my experience.

I add only that Coire Nan Laogh means "Corrie of the Calves"—it is the breeding ground of the red deer—and the wise climber will accordingly disturb the game as little as is possible compatible with the due observance of his sport or religion.

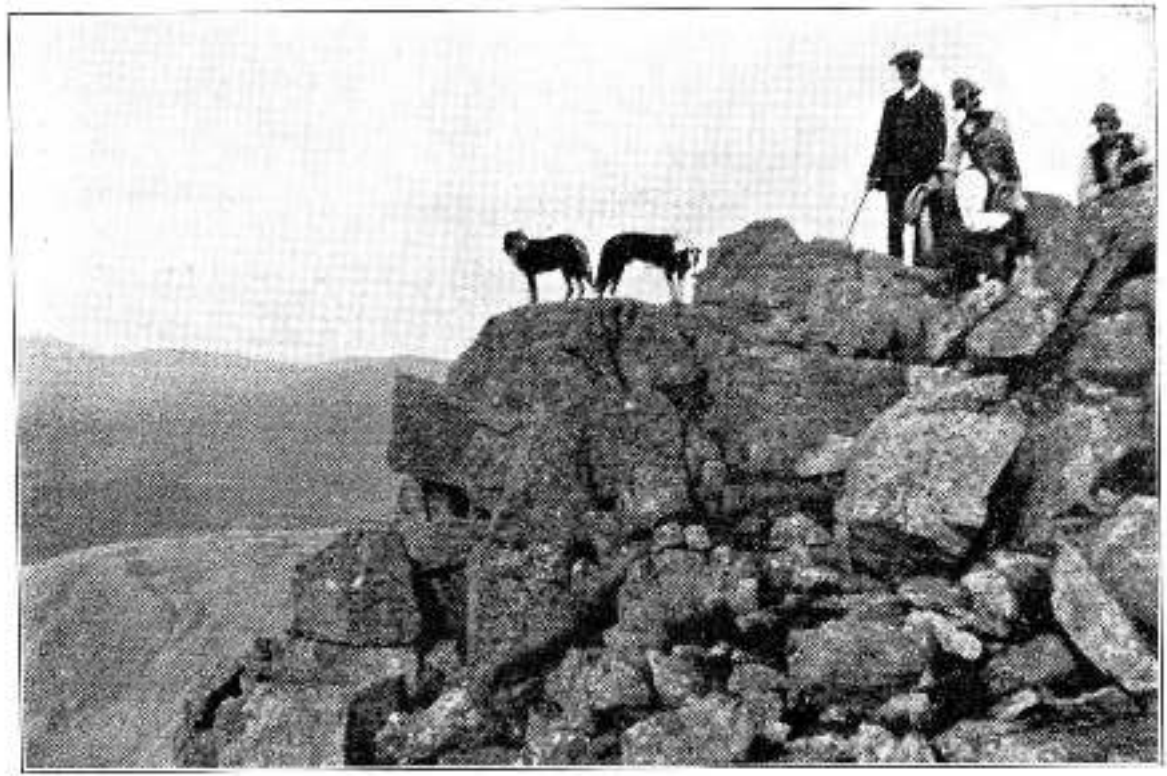


Photo. by T. R. Burnett.

"SANKEY" ON GABLE CRAG.

A RESCUE ON GABLE CRAG.

By Dr. T. R. Burnett.

It was on a Friday evening, early in September, that a party of climbers on returning to Borrowdale reported that a sheep bearing the mark of Richardson of Seathwaite was crag-fast near the Doctor's Chimney. They had made some efforts to effect a rescue, but the only result was that the poor beast had jumped on to a small lower ledge of rock, which was even more grassless and exposed than the one on which it had been when discovered.

The hayfields claimed undivided attention on the following day, so Sunday morning afforded the first opportunity for organizing a rescue-party. We visitors had a triple incentive for the expedition, viz.: the opportunity of doing a service to our old friends, the Richardsons; the claim of the sheep itself; and the prospect of some exciting work on the crags. "Th' Auld Man" hardly approved of our proposal, though it was willingly accepted by his sons. He always has some misgivings about rock-climbing, and he is wont to say that it is far better to lose a sheep than a lad. However, it was a cheerful party which set out on that glorious Sunday morning. The dew was still thick on the grass, and Borrowdale looked its loveliest as seen in the autumn sunshine from Sty Head Pass. The dogs, of which five accompanied the expedition, seemed to sniff some unusual sport, and the halt on Great Gable's noble summit—while affording a magnificent view of the men—seemed only irksome to their canine companions.

No one who had seen the imprisoned sheep accompanied the party, but early in the search a patch of brown grass among the rocks of the Ennerdale Face attracted our

attention, and we soon caught sight of its disconsolate occupant. The poor beast bleated pitifully, and its plaints were answered by the ewe which, with the wanderer's twin sister, occupied a neighbouring (but safe) ledge of rock. While awaiting the arrival of the men with the ropes, we threw down some tufts of grass to the captive far below, and the greediness with which these were devoured gave some indication of the intensity of hunger's pangs—indeed, Tom afterwards estimated that the confinement had lasted for a fortnight, and the weather had been exceptionally hot.

The plan of campaign was for two men—of whom I had the good fortune to be one—to descend on ropes, drive the sheep into the crack, which continues upwards from the top of Doctor's Chimney, and there secure it. Shepherds and cragsmen foregathered on various points of rock overlooking the ledge on which the sheep was fast, while interested spectators occupied other coigns of vantage. Operations were ably directed by A. B. Cowburn, who initiated his assistants into the mysteries of the safe use of the rope. Four of the dogs—finding that after all they were to play no part in the game—wandered away in disgust; but "Sankey," like the true sportsman he is, poised himself on an outstanding pinnacle and kept his eyes glued on the sheep throughout the whole proceedings.

The wanderer was on the broad ledge on which it had first been seen, but alarmed by the approach of Jerry and by the swinging of the ropes, it descended on to the smaller overhanging shelf, from which there was a sheer drop of perhaps two hundred feet. We amateurs feared every moment that the beast would jump and be dashed to pieces on the screes below, but the shepherds assured us that a sheep seldom jumps after it has been crag-fast for more than a day or two—it appears to have decided which is the *wrong* way out of its difficulty! This move on to

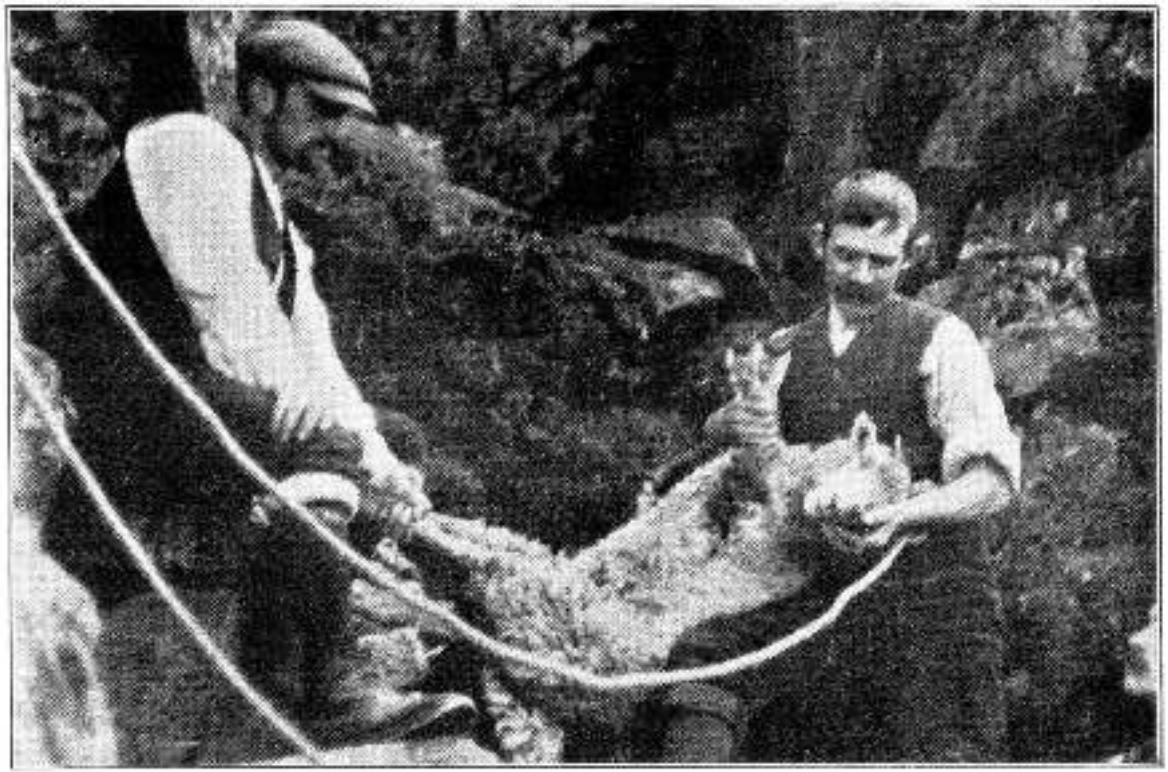


Photo. by T. E. Barnett.

"EACH TOOK A PAIR OF LEGS."

the lower ledge frustrated our first design of catching the wanderer in the crack at the head of the chimney, so we decided to try a flanking movement, and (fended by the rope) I climbed around a buttress of rock to the outside of the little ledge in the hope of driving the fugitive up again towards Jerry. By this time, however, the poor beast was either too frightened or too weak to take the spring on to the upper ledge, and I resolved to try strategy. Squirming along the overhanging lip of the shelf, keeping my boot-nails clear of the rock for fear of making a sound, I got within a couple of feet of my prey. Then, with a tuft of green grass in my hand as a bait, I noiselessly worked myself into a position between the sheep and the precipice, and I felt that the supreme moment had arrived. I thought that, when the struggle came, I should probably slip off the ledge, and wondered whether I should be able to resist the natural instinct to save myself with my hands, which, of course, would be required for holding the sheep. A vivid picture of a struggling mass of man and fleece dangling in mid-air presented itself to my imagination as I made a fierce grab for the thick neck wool. The tussle was short—and I won! I had little difficulty in pinning my victim close to the wall of rock, and, very soon after I had gained hold, Jerry was beside me and assisting with his brawn and experience. The fight was now uneven, and we quickly had the sheep on her back while we each grasped a pair of her legs. As soon as we got our burden back to the head of Doctor's Chimney ample help was available, and the only noteworthy incident of the ascent to safety was the fact that the poor sheep was so hungry that she forgot all her troubles, and, though upside down, ate the grass which was given her by hand!

The return to the Dale was made by way of Gillercombe, and a few other sheep were taken to the valley so as to make the heroine of this story go the better. She rushed to the first water she saw, and on several occasions took

long draughts, but she was not nearly so spent as would have been expected by anyone who is unfamiliar with the hardiness of the fell sheep.

As we descended the steep fellside by Sour Milk Ghyll, we noticed a figure at the footbridge far below, and this was quickly recognised as that of the " Auld Man," who, had watched long and anxiously for our appearance on the sky line. His quiet, dignified welcome gave one a thrill of emotion, and the good spirit and satisfaction shown by the party justified once more the truth of the saying that there is more rejoicing over the *one* than over the ninety and nine which went not astray.

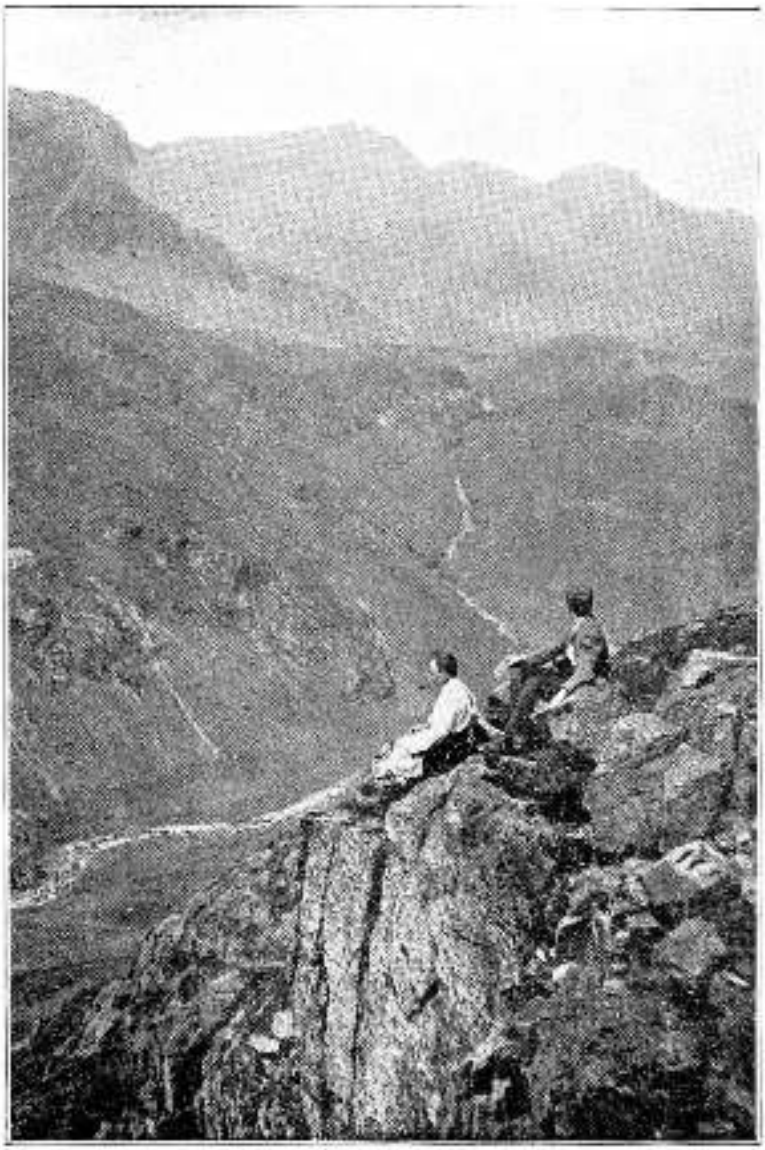


Photo. by *J. N. Fletcher.*

SCAFELLS AND UPPER ESKDALE (from Eskdale Needle).

WHO DISCOVERED SCAFELL PIKE ?

By A. W. RUMNEY.

Who discovered Scafell Pike ? Of course I mean who among the amateurs, for the professional scrambler, in the guise of a shepherd, must have known the group from time immemorial. The first ascent of the Pillar Rock is said not to be one hundred years old yet, and Scafell Pinnacle and Napes Needle were virgin ground within half that period, but the comparatively international " tops " have no history. The old tour-writers seldom climbed themselves, though occasionally they quoted descriptions from more adventurous acquaintances. Few of them, however, so much as venture to name the giants of the great central group.

Tentatively, I put forward S. T. Coleridge as the first amateur to ascend Scafell, or more likely it was the Pike, with a definite idea of what he was doing. As a resident of Keswick, he would be well aware of the identity of the Pike, and it would appear that he went out of his way (as indeed he was almost bound to) to arrive at the highest ground in England, though it was only part of a general walking tour.

After morning service, one August Sunday in 1802, despite the remonstrances of his wife and servant, he set off across the Howrah fields, up Newlands to tea at Buttermere, and then over the fells, probably by the " sumpy " Floutern Tarn route to Ennerdale Foot.

On his back he carried a net knapsack, wherein was an oilskin packet containing shirt, cravat, two pairs of stockings, a little paper, half a dozen pens, Voss's poems and a little tea and sugar, and lastly a nightcap. As a staff he carried the stick of the Greta Hall broom. From

Ennerdale he passed on to St. Bees, and then turned by way of Gosforth to Wasdale Head, where he slept at one " T. Tyson's at the head of the Vale."

The next day he ascended Scafell (or the Pike) and was caught in a thunderstorm on the top. Here, while " lounded in a natural porch," was the opportunity for the pens and paper, and he wrote a letter to Southey which he claimed to be the first written from that top, " the central mountain of our Giants." When the storm had passed he fell to rousing the echoes by calling out the names of his children. To Southey he described the view of and from Scafell as the " most heart exciting of all earthly things I have beheld." It is supposed that his poem " Chamonix " was really inspired by, if not actually written on this occasion.

Poets are but mortal, and much as he desired to remain for the sunrise, he was driven onwards by hunger.

Can anyone quote an earlier account of an ascent, or even a record of one ?

WALKER'S GULLY.

By The Tertium Quid.

It was the New Year and Wasdale was full of energetic climbers. I had the good fortune to be staying at Burnthwaite with those indefatigable "searchers after the impossible," as father Abraham phrases it, Messrs. Herford and Sansom. One evening, as we were sitting round the fire, recovering ourselves from some exciting expedition, Herford suddenly expressed a desire to do Walker's Gully. The writer's jaw promptly fell and hit the floor with a resounding crash; he had distressing recollections of desperate struggles in the icy recesses of quite a moderate gully, out of which he had eventually and ignominiously to be hauled. However, the climb was agreed upon, and on the morrow, after the writer's nerves had been thoroughly shattered by cold-blooded preparations to spend the night out, the procession to the Pillar started, Herford leading by a mile or so, and Sansom and myself larding the lean earth and wondering how on earth he did it. The Gully was reached about noon and promised to be difficult, as the lower reaches were draped with ice. The first pitch was turned by devious ways and Herford immediately attacked the second pitch and after proceeding some way up the chimney, vanished. Here he was followed by Sansom, who also vanished.

For the next three quarters of an hour threading operations ensued, but at last an object appeared. It proved to be Herford's head; soon the rest of his body joined it from the bowels of the earth, and he commenced a devastating assault on the upper ice fall. This fell fighting bravely and making determined attempts to

annihilate the *Tertium Quid.* Occasional boulders joined in the bombardment, one of which made a gallant effort to cut the rope. The leader, after much toil, succeeded in attaining a somewhat doubtful position on a slope of ice below the top boulder. Here he found further progress impossible without imbedding the axe in frozen scree and using it as a handhold. The first attempt failed, as the scree went on strike and the leader's quiet remark, "I am coming off now," was immediately justified. The thread did its work and a second shot was successful. The writer now joined Sansom in a horrible ice well which exuded much moisture. Sansom had been immured here for about an hour and a half, and was a "demned damp moist unpleasant body."

The next two pitches were speedily routed, though the writer has stirring memories of backing up with his right ear on one wall and his left toe on the other, with a rucksack possessed of at least seven devils on his back. This rucksack turned out to be really an octopus disguised as a rucksack, and by way of retarding progress apparently attached suckers to the rocks when its bearer was not looking. When viewed from below the top pitch had appeared tolerably free from ice, but a closer inspection revealed the unpleasant fact that all the rock was covered with what the writer believes the Germans call "Verglas." (He hopes it isn't swearing.) For the next hour or so important threading operations ensued. Finally Herford performed marvellously on the right wall, assumed a backing up position and disappeared. Now it was Sansom's turn to do surprising things on the wall, apparently preserving his *statu quo* by sticking his head into ante-chambers in the rock while he unthreaded. Meantime, he who tells the tale had retired into the recesses of the cave and kept the octopus quiet by sitting on it. Subsequently this went aloft guarded by the ice-axe, which throughout displayed great strength of character.

The writer was now left alone in the gloomy cavern, but a second rope was lowered and thus doubly supported he took a leap forth into space and was rapidly hauled, five hours after the start, to join the powers above, exclaiming " Excelsior " as the shades of eve were falling fast, and thankful to find that he had not done likewise.

C.F.H.

THE WESTERN BUTTRESS OF SGURR SGUMAIN.

By ARTHUR L. BAGLEY.

It was the second week in October, and my last day at Glen Brittle. I had devoted a great part of the night to the consideration of the question as to what I should do, had dropped off to sleep with the point undecided, and when I started up the moor this morning it was still an open question. There are so many things hereabouts that one wants to do, even after several visits to Glen Brittle, that it is difficult to choose from such an *embarras de richesses*. I was alone, and had no claim to be considered an expert, so I did not want to try anything difficult, and on the other hand I wanted something with enough difficulty to be interesting. I had some idea of having another try at the Inaccessible, having been choked off by the high wind a day or two previously, but the long grind up Sgurr Dearg did not appeal to me. If I had thought of it earlier I might have tried it *via* the Window Buttress, but I had passed the South-western end of Loch an Fhir-Bhallaich before the idea occurred to me, and it seemed a long way then to go back round the foot of Dearg into the Banachdich corrie. Also Coire Labain was now opening out before me, and of all the many beautiful Coolin corries Coire Labain is my favourite. To write of it sets me longing, and makes me chafe bitterly against a cruel fate which compels me to earn my living in the plains of Mercia, where mountains are not.

Then I thought of doing the round of Coire Labain. I had been up all the encircling peaks, but had not done the complete round in one day. However, I had not set out

till after 9 o'clock, and had dallied on the moor, and it was by now rather late, and moreover I did not feel like a big day. I felt more like a moderately easy climb, and dallying at frequent intervals to enjoy the incomparable scenery of Coire Labain, especially when there was no knowing when, if ever, I should see it again. Gradually I narrowed the choice down till it lay between the Western Buttress of Sgumain and the Western gully of Sron na Ciche, and in general I prefer a buttress to a gully. There always seems to be more freedom, more scope for initiative in a buttress ; in a gully you are so restricted, you have often to place your foot, if you can, in the precise spot where all your predecessors have placed theirs, and hang on for your life to the same knob of rock to which they have clung. I fear I have a constitutional tendency to depart occasionally from the beaten track. Anyhow, I chose the buttress.

One of the attractions of this climb is its length. It starts low down in the corrie and affords practically continuous climbing to the top of Sgumain. I suppose there must be quite 1,500 feet of actual climbing. So far as I know, nowhere else in the British Islands is there a climb of that length, and even in the Coolins there are not very many.

I reached the foot of the buttress at 10-50 ; the lower part spreads out fan-wise, so widely that probably at the start a score of different routes might be found, and I saw no cairn. I did not know where the orthodox beginning of the climb should take place, nor did it much matter. I simply took to the rocks as soon as I could, and started up, and for a few minutes it was perfectly easy. The rocks were mostly of the boiler-plate variety, but plentifully broken up. There were occasional faint nail-marks, but too faint to follow, even if I had desired to do so. Before long I was up against the first obstacle, a smooth, almost unbroken wall, some 20 or 25 feet in

height. It was broken by very narrow cracks, which did not appeal to me at all. If I could have seen what was above the wall, I might have tried one of the cracks, but there was the possibility that I might find something impracticable higher up, and while I might possibly have managed to climb up one of the cracks, I could not see myself coming down, so I gave it up and sought a way round. I traversed quite a considerable distance to the left, before I found a weak spot in the boiler-plate armour, then struggled up rather an awkward corner, and found myself above the wall. There several lines of nail-marks converged; evidently most people had funked that wall, and had taken their several ways round the obstacle.

Also the buttress soon narrowed, and thenceforth there was not so much scope for wandering about on one's own initiative. It is not possible to describe the climb in detail, and it would only be tedious, if I were able to do it. The only thing I clearly remember of this part of the climb was a chimney, which I did not like the look of at all, but I could find no way round that did not look worse still. It turned out, as is so often the case, much easier than it looked, but space was restricted in the upper storey, and I thought this was going to be one of the places where I have found it necessary partially to disrobe, and haul up my coat and waistcoat with a piece of string: an anxious process, which I was glad to find was not necessary after all.

When I was approaching what I took to be the top of the buttress, I fondly imagined that the climb was practically over, and that another half-hour or so would see me on the top of Sgumain. I began to consider what I would do next. I might as well go up Alasdair and Tearlach; why not do the round of Coire Labain after all? I had a rude awakening! A few more steps and there before me was a long spiky ridge of the typical Coolin kind, only rather more so, leading to the foot of a huge

tower. For some inscrutable reason I kept to the crest of the ridge; why I was so foolish when I might just as well have proceeded comfortably a few yards lower down along what was a high road in comparison I know not. Perhaps the instinct of a rock-climber, possibly pure cussedness. I don't remember much about it now, but I remember a gendarme which seemed to me more difficult than the well-known one on the west ridge of Sgurr nan Gillean, and I remember one beastly place, a vertical knife edge, down which I had to climb, and I did not like it at all, and would then cheerfully have gone round, if it had been possible. I remember clearly the horrible way in which my garments clung to the rock, and I was continually having to hang on with one hand, while I unhooked myself with the other. Also, I remember, the rock seemed different here from the usual gabbro, though it felt much the same. I had the usual wounds on my hands.

The tower was, or appeared to me, impracticable, but I found a way up the rocks behind it, and before long was toiling up the summit screes of Sgurr Sgumain. A few minutes later I reached the cairn, and to my great surprise found that it was 1-50. I had been climbing just three hours, and had been so absorbed in the job, that I had had no idea how time was flying. But I wanted lunch, I was very thirsty, for it was a bright sunshiny day, and warm work climbing. My first consideration now was to find water, and I had no longer any interest in Alasdair and Tearlach. So I set off down the stony slope of Sgumain and along the ridge to the Bealach Coire a' Ghrunndda, whence a long stone shoot descends steeply to the lower part of Coire Labain. Some little way down a tiny tricklet of icy cold water dropped slowly down from a crack in the overhanging rock, and here I halted for a much-needed rest and refreshment. Then I went leisurely on, stopping several times for a rest, and to admire the grand rock-scenery all around me, and reached Glen Brittle at 4-45.

DOVE NEST.

By MILLICAN DALTON.

The wonderfully splintered collection of problems on this little crag deserves the attention of more climbers than it obtains. On its discovery some 18 years since by the late Andrew Thomson and other Kendalians, the place was felicitously described by them as the " rock gym."

Specimens of nearly every variety of rock climbing are to be found here concentrated within a space of 150 feet square—a pinnacle, faces, slabs, hand and " stomach " traverses, chimneys galore, with, in addition, an excellent substitute for a pothole.

The crag is situate opposite Raven Crag in the great hollow of Glaramara, and can be reached in three-quarter hour's ascent from the Borrowdale road. Opposite Mountain View the lane for Thorneythwaite Farm leads to a gate, and a path there branches to the left and winds upwards to the marshy floor of the combe. Crossing the streamlet a sheep track leads to the crags.

The most interesting routes on Dove Nest, good enough for expert parties, are as follows :—

SOUTH, OR BUZZARD, CHIMNEY.—Commence with back on left wall, using minute footholds on opposite wall. Twenty-five feet of pure back and knee chimneying brings the chockstone in reach. A bight of rope should then be threaded through, so that it provides a secure hand-hold, whilst completely reversing the body. The crack on left of chockstone can then be utilised to complete the pitch. Above the chockstone the route leads up steep incline to left to the traverse. The second man should belay at the left of the traverse, whilst the leader finishes up a vertical crack rising half-way along. The first ascent was made by M. D., A. T., and E. R. in 1897.

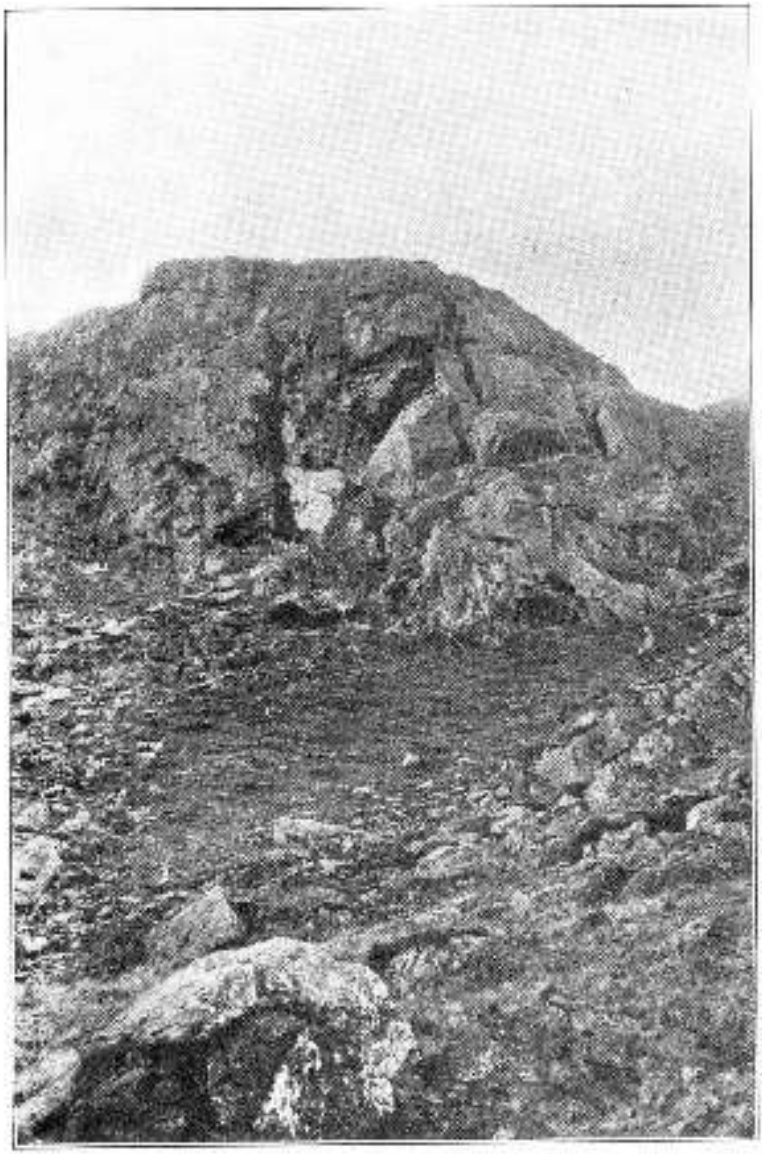
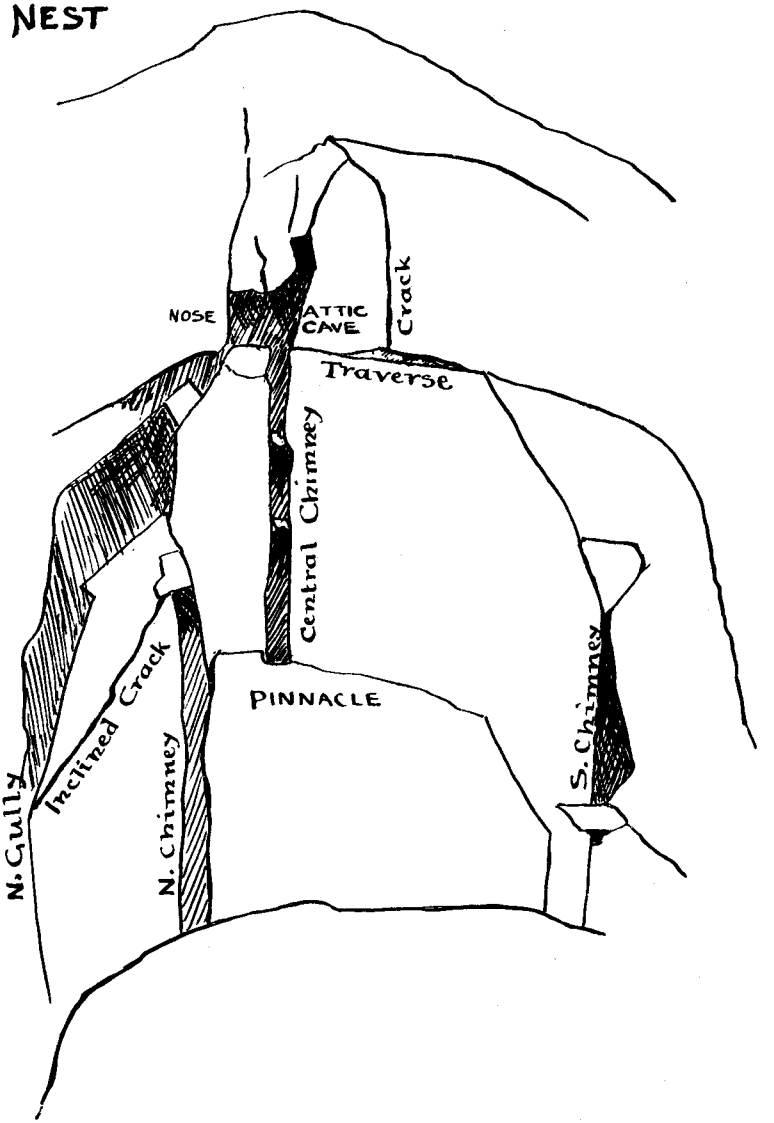


Photo by *Ralph Hopson.*

DOVE NEST FROM BELOW.

DOVE NEST


NOSE
ATTIC CAVE
Crack
Traverse
Central Chimney
PINNACLE
S. Chimney
N. Gully
Inclined Crack
N. Chimney

On my second ascent of the chimney I got into rather an awkward predicament. When threading a rope-end under the chockstone, I allowed insufficient length and found myself checked unexpectedly when endeavouring to surmount the chockstone. Not at all relishing any descent, I clung on whilst the situation was discussed with those below. Andrew Thomson finally came to the rescue by climbing an easier route to the top of the chockstone, whence he slung down a noose to me; slipping into this the pitch.

CENTRAL CHIMNEY.—A good approach to this is over the ridge of the Pinnacle, thence descending to the chimney foot. The difficulty of the chimney varies according to whether it is climbed well inside, or nearer to the open. At the top of the pitch is the Attic cave, with a bleaberry patch at its entrance. A long stretch and stride above the chimney takes the leader to the foot of a difficult crack in rather a sensational situation. A careful study of the problem is desirable before stepping off the bleaberry patch to attempt the crack. At the top of the crack a move on to the buttress finishes the difficulty. Hitches for the rope are available at foot of the crack and whilst ascending it.

THE INSIDE CAVE.—On walking right into the South chimney, an arrow drawn on the rock indicates the concealed entrance. As the cave is quite dark, artificial light is necessary, such as an acetylene lamp with hood removed, or an alpine lantern will serve. String for suspending the light comes in useful at places, and a supply of matches should also be carried. Continuing forward inside the entrance brings the explorer to a black chasm, about 30 feet deep. The easiest way to reach the bottom is along a ledge on the right-hand wall to its further edge, whence descent is not difficult. The return to the entrance can be made by traversing the chimney at a lower level than the ledge, or by climbing up a vertical hole.

From near the entrance a weird climb of 80 feet, towards a glimmer of light, leads into the attic cave and the open air again. A higher and more difficult exit can be reached by continuing the ascent before emerging into daylight. During the ascent the sensation may be heightened by throwing blazing newspapers down the dark abyss! As sound is magnified in the confined space, sensation produced by contact between sharp projecting points of rock and the human head should be carefully avoided!

The descent can be made either by the Central Chimney, or by the North Gully. At the foot of the latter, round a corner to the left looking down, is the interesting Inclined Crack leading upwards: and from the top of this, the Pinnacle can be reached by a short descent down a crack, and a swing on the arms across North Chimney.

In addition to the routes aforesaid, sundry problems can be solved:—

Short inclined crack on right wall of North Gully.

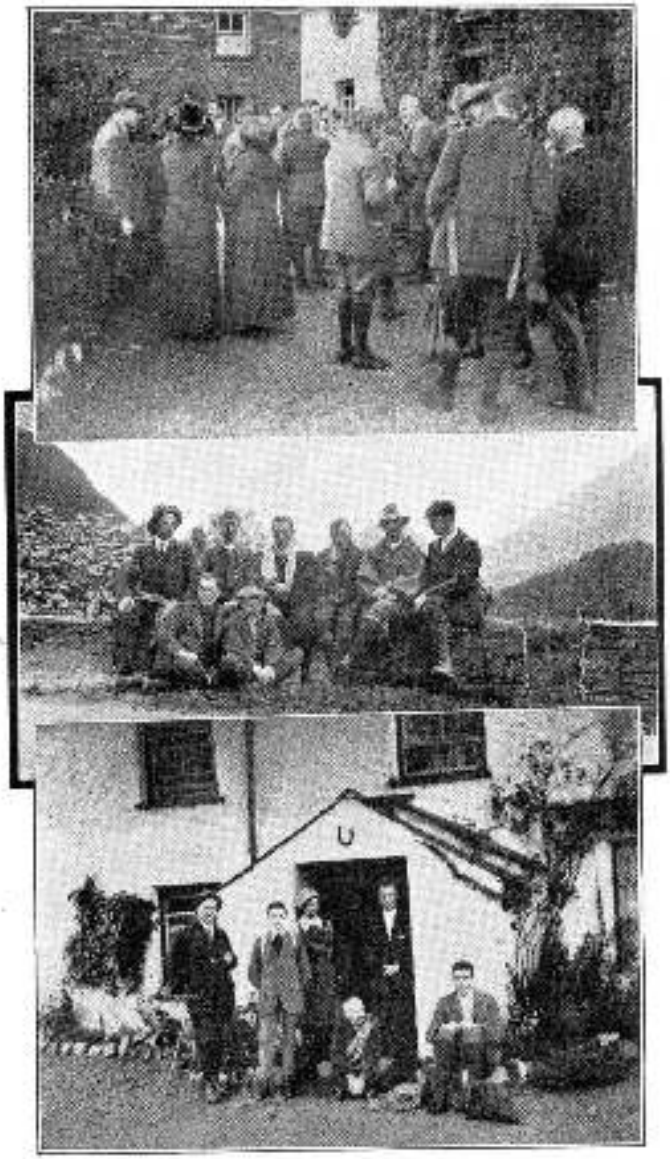
Traverse diagonally across central slab from foot of South Chimney.

Chimney on North of Pinnacle.

Chimney on East (inside) of Pinnacle.

The stiffest problem is the Nose, at the top of North Gully. It has only been done by one party, about 8 years ago, Percy Salter and the late Tom Rennison. Being more difficult than the Pillar Nose direct, with very minute and insecure holds, almost as hazardous for follower as for leader, a second ascent is not recommended.

For the novice an interesting run is—over the Pinnacle, into Central Chimney, down North Gully, and through a tunnel to North Chimney: thence down behind the Pinnacle.



A YEAR WITH THE CLUB:
At the Coniston, Borrowdale, and Langdale Meets.

A YEAR WITH THE FELL AND ROCK CLUB.

Naturally, as good Britons, we are wont to mark the commencement of our climbing year with a (or rather *the*) Dinner.

The Dinner after the 1913 Annual Meeting, at the Sun Hotel, Coniston, was presided over by Mr. W. P. Haskett Smith, and the following members and friends were present :—A. P. Abraham, G. P. Abraham, A. Adam, F. C. Aldous, W. Allsup, W. F. Ascroft, A. Audus, G. Barlow, B. Bennette, A. H. Binns, R. F. Birchall, H. Bishop, Wilson Butler, H. P. Cain, G. H. Charter, F. C. Clitheroe, W. G. Collingwood, Alan Craig, H. C. Diss, J. I. Franklin, L. Hardy, H. Harland, B. S. Harlow, S. W. Herford, H. W. Higley, J. Hunter, H. F. Huntley, S. H. Jeffcoat, H. Jenkins, H. Lee, D. Leighton, H. B. Lyon, Dr. Mason, H. Midgley, G. Milligan, P. S. Minor, D. G. Murray, E. R. Newbigin, W. T. Palmer, T. H. G. Parker, C. Parkinson, J. Pilkington, Dr. Richard, W. Robson, J. P. Rogers, S. C. Rowland, A. H. Sanders, G. Seatree, A. W. Simpson, M. Shaw, J. W. Smiley, Rev. J. H. Smith, G. A. Solly, Dr. Solly, W. H. Thompson, A. R. Thomson, G. C. Turner, R. W. Waddle, A. Wells, Rev. F. T. Wilcox, M. Wild, J. C. Woodsend, J. W. Woodsend, T. A. Woodsend, W. A. Woodsend, C. S. Worthington, C. D. Yeomans ; Mrs. A. P. Abraham, Mrs. Ascroft, Mrs. Binns, Mrs. Alan Craig, Miss Harland, Miss M. Holden, Miss Howard, Miss Lee, Mrs. Lyon, Mrs. Midgley, Miss Rennison, Miss Robertson, Miss Rogers, Miss T. Rogers, Mrs. Sang, Miss Seatree, Mrs. Solly, Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Yeomans. We also welcomed the following guests as representing kindred clubs :—L. J. Oppenheimer (Climbers'), G. Sang (Scottish Mountaineering), H. E. Scott (Rucksack), Mrs. Waterlow (Ladies' Scottish Mountaineering), and Professor L. R. Wilberforce (Wayfarers'). Our friends again gave the Fell and Rock Club the compliment that no fitter representatives for the Coniston festival could be found than persons who were already Fell and Rock Members.

After the usual loyal toast, the room was cleared to allow some rearrangement of furniture, even after which the crowd of a hundred taxed its accommodation nearly to the limit. The main toast of the evening was that of "Kindred Clubs," proposed by the President, who mentioned feelingly the great kindliness shown to him by the Alpine Club of Canada during the summer, and giving other instances of the brotherliness which exists between mountaineers everywhere. Turning to subjects nearer home, he emphasized the importance of the Club preserving for others the amenities of the hills against the proposed new motor roads over the passes.

Mr. George Sang, of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, replied, saying that all clubs were thorough friends—on the rocks, the snow, and at home. Mr. H. E. Scott, of the Rucksack Club, also responded. "I have come to the Lake District every year since, at the age of 15, I was brought here by my father, except one year. I won't miss coming again to Lakeland for a summer." Mr. Scott also gave some humourous stories of mountain expeditions, including one which concerned a large triangular patch of a strong colour in the "integuments" of a well-known climber, who, all unknown to himself, was sent down to posterity by a couple of German photographers.

Mr. H. P. Cain proposed the toast of the Ladies, eulogizing them thus:—"Who else would oil our climbing boots? Who else repair garments damaged on the rocks?" He also referred to the ladies who make our visits to the rocks so comfortable by their attention to our wants in farmhouse, cottage and hotel. The Club was much indebted to ladies who were not climbers.

Mrs. H. M. Waterlow, of the Ladies' Scottish Mountaineering Club, responded in a bright little speech.

"It is my pleasure and privilege to-night to thank Mr. Cain in the name of the ladies present for the charming things he has said about us, and to thank you all for your warm response to his words. I wish that I could make as elegant a speech in reply, but when one has been out on the hills all day a happy somnolent calm steals over one in the evening grows old, a peaceful mood, in which to listen to the speeches of others is an exquisite pleasure, but which makes one strangely tongue-tied oneself. And so I will only say that in these hard times, when women are so often told that they are trying to be where they are not wanted, it is very delightful indeed to be received into this Club with such a hearty welcome. And more than a welcome, for now that we are here, it seems, unless you are all great deceivers, that you really

are glad to have us, else why do you year after year make us such charming speeches? All I can do is to tell you how greatly we enjoy being here, and to suggest that next year you allow us to propose the toast, and that it shall be the Gentlemen instead of the Ladies."

In proposing the toast of the Visitors, Mr. Ashley P. Abraham remarked on the kind of visitors one met at these festivals. There was the visitor who was a member of another club—good luck to him. He usually went away satisfied, and showed it by adding the Fell and Rock to his already long list of clubs. Then there were those who did not climb. Well, if they wouldn't dare the terrors of the rocks let them come out on our lovely hills and give us a chance of showing them something of what our lovely country is to us.

The Rev. W. F. Wilcox, of Coniston, responded, reminding the people present that if they took away good stories of the people of the dales and hills, they must not forget that some odd stories of climbers were left behind. He discussed the different types of visitors, instancing his meeting a nice gentlemanly fellow with a camera in the road, who asked very civilly for permission to take photographs from the church tower. After giving permission he (Mr. Wilcox) pointed out the dangers of the ladder in rather fatherly style, but the other replied: "Oh, I think I shall manage all right—I'm Abraham of Keswick." (Laughter.) Mr. Wilcox went on to thank the Club for its expressions of love for the hills, and pledged himself to do his best to "resist the modern ideas"—climbers did not want a motor road to the top of the Old Man, though they were fond of very short cuts indeed up Doe Crags.

Professor L. R. Wilberforce proposed the toast of the Club, saying that if it had not been for the Cumberland mountains Switzerland would have been an unknown country to him. Mr. Haskett-Smith, the President, briefly replied, reading a letter from Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby, a past president of the Club, on the progress and objects of the Club, with which he identified himself completely.

[As to the events following the Dinner, the verses sent in by "A Dour Scot" adequately describe the rich and varied incidents of the days. Should anyone desire to "sing" the ditty, the Editor is advised in confidence that it goes well "To the tune of a song sung by an Ex-President."]

VERSES BY "A DOUR SCOT."

Have you seen Doe Crags when a Meet is on?
When The Sun is full at Coniston?
When the Dinner's o'er, and the night has gone,
And there's wind and there's rain in the morning?

Chorus :—

For the smoke and the noise may give you a head
And you'll toss through the night 'cos you've overfed,
But Seatree's "Halloo" will fetch you from your bed
—When he's off to Doe Crags in the morning.

Then we're up betimes in our oldest suits
And join the mob in the fight for boots,
Then off for Doe Crags by the shortest routes
—Just follow the crowd in the morning.
Chorus : (As before, if required!).

Then we stot about amongst the screes
And the rain gets through at the neck and knees,
And your jawbones crack and your eyelids freeze
With the cold of the rocks at the tarn side.
Chorus : (unless strong protest).

Then the Parties start and hide their sacks
And miles of rope kink up the tracks,
But they all disappear in the Doe Crag cracks
And the screes settle down into silence.
Chorus : (regardless of threats).

There are groups on C and crowds on A
And bathers on D by the wettest way
And shouts of laughter all the day
From the Crags to the tarn are resounding!
Chorus : (and dodge bottles!)

But there's tea by the fire when the evening comes,
With raiment dry and distended tums
We feel once more that we're all good chums,
And our Club is a thing to be proud of.
Chorus : (as carried out kicking).

The New Year meet was, as usual, held at Wasdale Head, where somewhere in the neighbourhood of forty climbers foregathered. After Boxing Day until New Year's Day the weather was frosty, and there was some snow. Skew Ghyll got into order, and for a few days there was considerable practice at step-cutting. Kern Knotts Chimney baffled one party, and the icy top boulder of the Needle gave pause to some members of another. Lyon and Turner were the only ones to turn out for the Pillar and opened the season there on January 1, though on the previous evening there were lavish promises of support on the part of the others. Addyman carried out a pair ski for practice in Hollow Stones. Barlow led a treasure hunt in the field opposite Row Head, twenty minutes' work resulting in the finding of a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles and 1/4 in hard cash. Barlow is promoting a company to thoroughly work the rich deposits known to exist in the valley. Addyman was first on Scafell Pinnacle. In the fives tournament an alleged " Alpine Club " team, composed of Minor and Lyon, beat the Rucksack Club in the final. Ten clubs were represented in the competition. The presence of the ubiquitous press photographer was somewhat resented by several members of the Club, especially their flashlight efforts in billiard-room and dining-room, which rather interfered with the New Year festivities. These were carried out with the usual eclat, and the various climbing ditties and their choruses especially were received with enthusiasm. . . . . The Meet was a most enjoyable one and fortunately free from any of those mythical " incidents " which sometimes gain press publicity to the great annoyance of those concerned. —From the *Wasdale Head Climbing Book* (with slight variations).

Easter was kept again at Wasdale Head, and this is the record: Twenty-two names of members, and a memo., " This list is not exclusive." Also—" The musical detach-

ment of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club was also present in great force and added much to the enjoyment of the proceedings at night. The weather was cold, the rocks wet, and very greasy, but most of the usual climbs were done by many parties, details being too many to particularize. The absence of the usual Barrow contingent, without any valid reason, was regretted and must not occur again. A right good Meet, good climbing and good fellowship."

The Whitsun Meet at Borrowdale was, as usual, well attended, and many climbs were done. The record book, however, contains little more than a list of names, and an alphabetical index of courses done, concluding with the note—" N to Z—Miscellaneous bathes."

The June Meet was at Langdale, when the Club had a visitor, Mrs. Ross, a member of the Mountain Club of South Africa. At the Editor's request she has kindly sent in the following description :—

" My journalistic powers are very poor, I am afraid, but I have been pressed to give my gossipy impressions of the Langdale Club Meet on June 27 and 28.

" Saturday evening I was looking forward to meeting the Hon. Sec., who had been most kind in taking me a delightful climb the previous Sunday, and after a solitary dinner I was glad to hear the " Toot, Toot " of his motor bike up the drive of the New Hotel, Dungeon Ghyll.

" About 10 or 12 members turned up, and after holding their committee meeting they were all introduced to me and we talked and discussed British Climbs and their comparisons with ours in S. Africa, also our lovely Cape Flora (I showed them cards of several of our lovely Mountain Flowers), and all were very interested. After a long chat with the Hon. Editor—who was cycling the twenty miles home that night—good-nights were said, and we parted, hoping for a glorious day on the morrow.

" Sunday morning broke fine and quiet, and after a good

breakfast at 8-30 we parted with three members, who were climbing Pavey Ark, and we wended our way to Middlefell Farm, to join the Hon. Sec. and other members. A snapshot was taken and we started off at 10 a.m.

" A strong wind got up and, thick mists gathering on Bowfell and distant mountains did not look encouraging, but we had a most enjoyable climb up the first part of B. Buttress on Gimmer Crag, and after we had done the sensational " Amen Corner " we ended on a variation route to the top, as the wind was very gusty and strong. I enjoyed the climb hugely, the grand slabs of rock were so awe-inspiring and impressive in their vastness and solidity. We reached the top and strolled down to a refreshing stream where we all lunched on our modest fare. Two members now left us to enjoy a refreshing dip in Stickle Tarn, whilst we wended our way down to Dungeon Ghyll, and so on to the Farm, where we all waxed eloquent over the social cup of tea—and then farewells.

" Everyone was so kind and considerate that I felt really at Home at once, and I thank one and all most heartily for giving me such pleasure and thus adding another happy climbing day to my list.

" Strange coincidence, a year ago at the Langdale Meet in June, a member said they had had the pleasure of taking a Canadian gentleman with them. This year they had a South African lady.

" I wonder which they enjoyed climbing with best ? ? ?

" The Mountain Club of South Africa will welcome most cordially any members of the Fell & Rock Climbing Club, who may visit our sunny climes (no pun intended !), and the writer—for one—will be glad of an opportunity of reciprocating the courtesies shown her."

August Meet. The serious political situation and wet combined made this Meet at Buttermere a failure.

Present :—H. P. Cain, D. Yeomans, J. C. and W. A. Woodsend (camping out). From information received it is believed that no climbing was done. With the declaration of war the Meet disbanded.

The September and October Meets were also shorn of their usual interest, the Meet at Langdale, however, being remarkable in that practically a full Committee attended. The exceptions were "serving their King and Country" elsewhere.

In November, 1914, the Annual Meeting was held at Coniston, but this year the customary Dinner was omitted. Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith was re-elected President.

CLIMBS, OLD AND NEW.

[The Editor is desirous of making an important and really useful feature of this section of the Journal, and asks for the co-operation of all members who make first or remarkable ascents, or fresh ascents of almost forgotten climbs].

20th April, 1914. SCAFELL CENTRAL BUTTRESS, First Ascent.—S. W. Herford, G. S. Sansom, H. B. Gibson, C. F. Holland.

Eskdale. A gully facing east in Cam Spout Crag, evidently the gully mentioned in the *Yorkshire Rambler's Club Journal*, Vol. II, p. 22, in "Easter in Eskdale." The rock seems rotten throughout, and the pitches can usually be avoided. There are three cave-pitches: the first short and easy; the second can be climbed by a difficult crack on the right, or through a small window in the roof of the cave; the third was passed by traversing to the right and then up a crack. From the level of this pitch a branch gully on the left (full of rotten rock) leads to a large cave from which no exit can be made. The rock scenery in the gully is excellent. A.W.B.

Haskett Gully Consists of four pitches. First a chimney pitch with a small cave above, total height about 55 feet. Perhaps difficult. Can be turned on right. Second and third—two small chimney pitches, 15 feet or thereabouts, moderately difficult. Fourth pitch—narrow chimney or crack pitch, 40 feet or so. Difficult. But easy alternative finishes on right and left, involving merely scrambling. We cannot understand how this should come to be described as "severe." It is certainly no more than an easy

difficult, no harder than Kern Knotts chimney. The rock is sound, but there is a very great deal of grass and vegetation. J.L., C.F.H.

North-West Climb, Pillar Rock. A variation was made from Oppenheimer's Chimney out to the right with a nasty swing round a "blind" corner, which, however, has most satisfying unseen holds behind it. This might be the saving of a *really tired party*.

D.M., E.B.

West Waterfall, Pillar. What I believe to be a new climb was made up the left wall starting about 50 feet from the bottom of the final waterfall. Bearing to the left over rounded slabs a V-groove is reached which is followed for a few feet till it is possible to get back 10 feet to the right to a sentry box. From there a most unpleasant swing is taken to the right and the rest is fairly easy. Holds are few, though satisfying. 120 feet rope for leader. The climb makes a more interesting way to the bottom of the New West climb on the Pillar. D.M., E.B.

Stack Ghyll, Buttermere. The party are of opinion that this climb, which contains above the first pitch a great quantity of loose stones and dubious rock, has been distinctly over-written.

S.W.H., J.L., A.R.T.

Birkness Gully. We think the climb distinctly hard—certainly a good "difficult." S.W.H., J.L. (The same party state that in climbing Birkness Chimney a shoulder is not necessary for hard pitch, even when wet. A charming climb. Also that they inspected the first pitch of Yew Crag Gully—"foul place. No wonder unclimbed.")

Black Chimney, High Stile. The leader in pulling over the top of first pitch (by right-hand wall) slightly shifted the long pointed block which lies on top of the big chockstone. The others, therefore, came up the left buttress and down the crack into the gully above the pitch and finished up the easy scoop on right wall. The large stone was then dislodged and a number of other pieces removed. *This pitch is now loose,* and rest of parties in future should take shelter under chockstone while anyone is climbing. W.A.

Friar's Ghyll, a Description. Friar's Ghyll is on end of the fell facing Loweswater. The first pitch is covered vegetation except for a 15 foot chimney with chockstone at top which is hard rock and very smooth. Altogether the pitch is about 40 feet high. It can be turned on left by steep ling and grass. This is the best and only real pitch in the ghyll.

There is another small pitch higher up. Near the top is a third pitch, which has a right and left hand exit—both are avoidable. Each pitch is about 12 feet high. The left, when wet as we found it, is distinctly difficult, and I am told it is usually climbed by the right hand side. The Ghyll is not worth going all the way over Mellbrake to climb, but it is an interesting way back *via* Fell Top. The rock scenery is good, likewise the view seawards. Friar's Ghyll was a favourite climb of the late J. W. Robinson, who often took friends and youngsters up. W.A.

Grassmoor Gullies. The one nearer Buttermere. The party looked for the arête mentioned in W.P. H.S.'s book, which forms right wall of latter gully, but found it not till near the top. The crags hereabout are " wanderable " everywhere and are noteworthy only for their bilberries.

Dove Crags, Grassmoor. On the north-east side of Grassmoor, on the side of Brackenthwaite fell. These crags are far superior to anything else on Grassmoor and encompass a fine combe, the crags varying from 200 to 600 (?) feet in height. There is a lot of rotten stuff about. The cleft which R. W. Hall has discovered is the leftmost of three gullies. The first pitch is deep cut with sheer mossy walls, overhung by a great capstone which is about 50 feet up. The walls are absolutely firm as iron, but it looks hopeless, the worst pitch I have ever seen. It was on both our visits deluged with spray coming through a hole above. We backed up some distance at the back. As it was then late, we descended and climbed by steep banks up the left wall outside the gully, keeping as near the gully as possible. The first pitch opens into a fine amphitheatre with a second large, rather rotten looking pitch above, and an easy chimney on each side. The whole bed in each pitch was littered with traces of a recent large rock fall. The crags further east have striking contours and are cut up by gullies, some of which are mere scree shoots. The gully described by R.W.H. in No. 7 of the Journal and which is at head of valley to East of Hobcarton looks very fine and contains two good pitches—the best however having huge screes ready to pour over the pitch on landing at top. The chimney to right (West) of the cleft above described seems very good, and somewhat resembles Blaeberry chimney. All these three clefts have fine *looking* continuations in the upper crags above the amphitheatre. W.A.

Gully on Yew Crag, Dale Head. Suppose this is the Yew Crag Gully. It certainly possesses a splendid looking pitch in its lowest part. It is the gully facing the long many-pitched gully, with a fork half-way up, which splits Honister Crag from bottom to top.

Unfortunately many pitches can be avoided. The second, if taken straight up on the right, being probably the best —excepting the huge pitch above. By avoiding the big pitch, which seems passable by a long open chimney on the left wall well out—by means of the right buttress a good piece of slabby rock can be taken including a nice traverse finidhing up an easy chimney. This was scratched. The whole gully as far as the top of the difficult unclimbed pitch can be almost walked into by an easy scree shoot rather further to the right. Above the large pitch is a rock-wall pitch of about 25 feet, very nice. The next is an easy chimney followed by easily inclined rocks (holdless for the hands) covered by a field of water, say 40 feet in all. Then follows a nice wet chimney with a projecting capstone: finally follow numerous wet, mossy pitches. This climb would seem a capital one for beginners with a fair leader, as the work is never too hard—unless you want to make it so—and on a sunny day it is an ideal spot. Our party on this occasion were 5 hours in all, enjoyment all the time. There are certainly about a dozen pitches. W.A.

A Note on Times. A genial little wrangle seems to be going on at Buttermere concerning the times from that delectable village to the more distant climbs. H.P.C. has recorded: Buttermere *via* Warnscale to Wind Gap, 2 hrs. 40 mins. From exit of Central Gully down Liza and over Scarf Gap 2 hrs. 5 mins. at end of heavy day. Pillar being 2¼hours away, Buttermere is not too far from the more popular courses. W.A. now gives: Pillar Rock. Foot of rock reached from bottom of valley by West side of waterfall in 4 hours *easy*. Back *via* High Level, Black Sail and Scarf Gap 3½ hours *easy*. And also *via* Warnscale bottom, back of Haystacks, Aaron Slack, Sty Head, Kern Knotts to Napes. Time, easy, including swim, to Aaron Slack top, 3 hours. Again,

time, *pushing*, from Taylor Ghyll force to Syke House, Buttermere, 2¼ hours. This return, he comments, is very little, if any, longer than Scarf Gap or Warnscale and if late or dark has advantage of road all way from foot of Sty.

Fleetwith Gully (East Way). Is this the correct way? Or do you back and knee past the chockstone and more inside the cleft right up to the huge capstone? At the first difficult pitch we traversed out on left wall from the tip of the scoop just below sloping wet chimney. At second difficult pitch back and knee to chockstone half-way up—all very wet. Standing on this, good hand-holds on right wall within reach, but no foothold, thus necessitating a swing slightly outwards which seemed too risky. So descended and climbed up right wall past a small withered ash tree growing at foot of some fine rocks. Rock scenery on left wall most impressive: after this several easy pitches. R.W.H.

Bowder Pinnacle, Borrowdale. On the crag from which the Bowder Stone traces its descent there is a pinnacle which yields a good climb. The pinnacle, with a chimney on its left, can be picked out from the road below. A traverse leads from the gully on right, and thence upward the foot of a wide chimney, which is climbed by the back and foot method to the top of the pinnacle.

The pinnacle can be left (or approached) by a very long awkward stride across the chimney to another ridge, from the end of which a short climb up by a yew tree brings the climber to easy slopes.

I think Fred Mallinson and Ralph Mayson were the pioneers. M.D.

Dove Nest. An attempt on the large cave-pitch gully to the left of Dove Nest Caves was made. After inspection from below the easy buttress to left was ascended, and each member of the party descended about 40 feet into the top half of the pitch on to the top of the three large chockstones. Stables descended twice and once ascended without the rope from above. The route lies up the right wall with splendid holds. J.S., J.P.R., G.C.T., W.A.

Broadrick's Crack, Doe Crags. Most of the holds in the upper part of the steepest pitch and for the rest of the climb seem to be loose, but may be used if handled carefully. The climb seems to be the greatest test of muscular strength on the crags. Time, 1 hour, 30 minutes. D.G.M.

Central Chimney, Doe Crags. Thirty feet below the cave the help of a party finishing C Buttress was requisitioned, owing to the extraordinary amount of slime on the rocks. The traverse on to C Buttress along the top of the slab was then done. This seemed to the writer a far more dangerous performance than the finish out of the cave ; without the help of the rope from above I would not have attempted it, as one's sole support is the friction of half one's body on the turf and holds in the wet earth, the outer half of the body and one leg swinging over the slab. An exploration of the cave showed the existence of a *belay* which would safeguard the rest of the party if the leader came off the grass above the cave. There is also a *big belay* at the cave end of the grass terrace on to C Buttress. D.G.M.

Pudding Stone, Boulder Valley. Quite a stiff chimney was found in the most easterly of the miner's " leads " by Levers Water. Quite worth climbing.

D.G.M.

Is this a Record? Time from Sun Hotel to cave boulder at the foot of Doe Crags, 40½ minutes. Six inches of snow on the fells.

S.W.H., J.L.

Comments on page 114, Journal No. 7. If T.H.G.P. and S.F.J. are correct in stating that there is no belay in the cave (in Central Chimney) it would appear dangerous to advise 100 feet run out for leader (as there is a considerable drag on the rope over the heather, grass and broken rock). Hence the longer the rope out the more chance of it catching and, according to the above statement, pulling *all* off.

The belay *was* there in June, 1913, when I got within 10-12 feet of it from C Buttress quite easily.

There is a good platform 60 feet above cave, where leader can be joined, *i.e.*, if exit is made up left (looking up) wall of cave. W.A.

The belay is still in the cave, April 11, 1914. D.G.M.

Langdale: An Old Record Book. This year the Langdale climbing book is without any new records, so with the permission of Mr. Fothergill I am making extracts from the old volume described as "Lake District Alpine Climbers' Record," and endorsed within: "This book is intended for records of *Winter Ascents and Rock Climbs only*. There is another book for use of visitors." Needless to say, a lot of rubbish has been written by non-climbers and some obviously good records defaced. In making my extracts I am suppressing the names of climbers: Mr. Fothergill will always be ready to satisfy the curious in this direction.

April 30, 1896.—. . . ascended the main S.E. gully in Gimmer Crag. It is an easy climb, admitting of much variation, and was climbed by the writer alone on Jan. 6 of this year. The route up was somewhat altered on the present occasion, by taking the

right side of the final obstacle. Clear of this gully, the climber finds himself on a narrow col, a stride across which brings him to another gully facing (at a guess) N.W. This is a much more interesting gully than the first, contains several pitches, and while never too difficult affords an enjoyable climb. This gully runs down into the main ghyll, immediately to the W. of the crag: its presence would never be suspected by one looking from the valley. To one ascending the first part of the climb is the most difficult. There is a choice of ways—up a wet slide where the holds are poor, or by a rugged but almost perpendicular crack to right of this where holds are *good*. Climbers are recommended to try Great Knott in Oxendale for much enjoyable scrambling on dry and rough rock.

August, 1898.—. . . Parson's Gully . . . is a short sharp gully facing nearly south and between the top of Mickledore chimney (which is not recommended to ladies) and the many gullies which descend to Fox Tarn. If taken from Mickledore you must first descend past Broad Stand which I consider dangerous *but easy*, then past the big cliff which overhangs, keep close to the wall if wet to avoid drippings, once past the cliff take the first grass ledge (or snow) and keep rising to the right where ever it is easy to shirk all difficulty and you will find yourself in a steep moss covered gully surmounted by a big black boulder. The gully is the most beautiful I have ever seen in thirty years among the rocks not barring the Ingleborough district. It has been climbed both right and left by Messrs. Blake and Abraham who have given my name to the pitch which they climbed and Mr. Abraham photographed more successfully than anything else he has ever done. I named it Parson's gully, a name in many ways suitable. Those who are not gymnastic can after tasting the water in the gully which was very good shirk out to the left and get to Pisgah in five minutes for an inspection of the easy way up the needle which looks much harder than it is as there is more help from the toes and the handhold is better than it looks.

CRINKLE GHYLL.—I am very much surprised that so vigorous a climber as Mr. Girdlestone should speak so highly of Crinkle Ghyll. It does resemble Piers Ghyll in being wall sided, and there the resemblance ends. In about one hour's walk over big, not too trustworthy boulders you have five little pitches easily climbed, and a number of pools any one of which will do for a Sitz bath. Then the Ghyll terminates like a lightning conductor in eight heads, from thirty to fifty feet high, one of which is worthy of O. G. Jones and the Keswick Brothers, but they can all be

turned by an easy buttress. There is nothing in the Ghyll to compare with Piers Ghyll for difficulty. After ascending the Ghyll to the Hause I traversed Wharneyside force. The little beck falls first a few feet into a very remarkable basin, the only one I have found hereabouts into which you can take a header. By the side of this basin is a " bloc perche " of which in 33 years' wanderings I have never seen the fellow. The water then goes down a sort of cataract, and falls altogether about a hundred feet. I should think those who are young enough to enjoy climbing waterfalls will find this very interesting.

History of Rake End Chimney. From a mass of very indifferent entries, most of which have long lost their interest even from a historical point of view, I think it is worth while to extract some of the early history of this favourite course on Pavey Ark.

May 31st, 1901.—Rake End Gully, Pavey Ark.

This gully is easily found some 20 feet to the left of a large white patch on the rock face.

The first pitch commences at once and is taken straight up the middle of the gully till a small jamb stone can be reached. The back is kept to the right wall with the feet across as much purchase being got in this way as possible to assist in the very difficult and exposed pull over the jamb stone.

The 2nd pitch begins 10 ft. higher. There is barely room for two men to stand here. There are two chockstones forming a cave between of some 6 feet high. With back on left wall, sundry minute holds on the opposite wall are utilized for the feet until the top of the chockstone can be reached. There is precarious hold for the pull over and the climber finds himself hanging out beyond the bottom of the gully. When the top of the chockstone has been grasped the body is turned over and sloping footholds on the left wall are utilized to force the body over the chockstone. The higher chockstone is fairly easy; then 40 feet of grass bring one to the last pitch—a cave formed by two large blocks which is easily passed.

This gully must be accounted more than moderately difficult and with the rocks slippery with a thin film of moisture took 1½ hours.

To this there is a pencil note, dated 29.5.1904 :—

This is apparently the first *recorded* ascent of Rake End Chimney. As a matter of fact it was ascended in April 1900 by S.H. of Manchester who found no evidence of prior ascent. This chimney is certainly not a " moderate course " : it is probably the most difficult thing nearer than Scafell. In April 1903 (at the head of what is called above the " second pitch ") formed the abode of a Bury man for five hours from 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. The party on this occasion tackled it too late in a full day and not supposing it to be more difficult than the great central gully.

29th June, 1901.—Rake End Gully, chimney or crack rather. See May 21. This is a very good climb of considerably greater difficulty than either of the other two. Messrs. Squance and Raeburn after ascending the little gully—right hand branch (good) and descending the large gully started this unaware of its having been ascended before. The conditions were very favourable. and they took 1 hr. 6 mins. to the climb. The only remark they have to add to the previous account is that they think it better for the leader to do the first 2 pitches straight off when an excellent hitch will be found on the left (North) edge of the chimney wall, just below the most trying portion of the climb.

August 25, 1904.—After descending " B " we attempted to ascend by Rake's End Gully, which is almost a mere crack, and is much more difficult than either of the gullies. The first two pitches consist almost entirely of back and knee work : the first pitch is best attacked with the back against the east wall, as the footholds are better on the west wall. At the top of this pitch is a chock stone, which is absolutely firm and is very useful for belaying the rope. Above this is the place de resistance, where two jammed stones form a small cave ; the difficulty appears to be finding sufficient hand-hold to get over the first of these. We hope however to have another try. This appeared to be about half way up the chimney.

June 3, 1905.—Despite the advice given earlier in this book we recommend the leader to wait for the second immediately above the first jamb-stone in Rake End. The pull over the stone requires care, but cannot be called severe. The chock-stone at the top of the second pitch certainly does *not* overhang the bottom of the gully as stated above : at most the angle is 70 or 75 deg.

This is immediately followed by another note :—

June 11 and 12.—We recommend the leader in Rake End Gully to run out 100 feet of rope before bringing up No. 2, as until then he could not hold him in case of a serious slip. The disputed angle appeared to us to be between 80 and 85 deg.

And by the side of this is a pencil note :—

As one of the earlier climbers of this gully I suggest that 100 feet is a very dangerous amount of rope to use. 50ft. strikes me as ample.

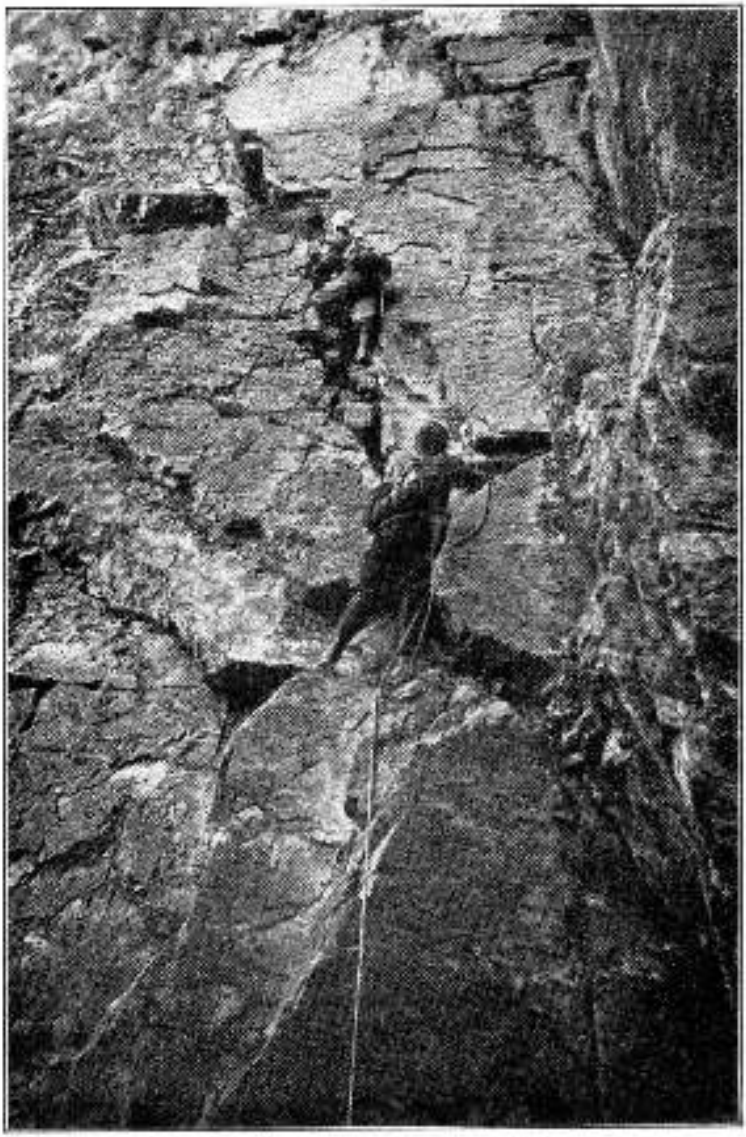


Photo by *J. N. Fletcher.*

THE CRAGSMAN.

THE CRAGSMAN.

By GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG

(Author of "Wind and Hill," "Freedom," etc.).

In this short span
between my finger-tips on the smooth edge
and these tense feet cramped to the crystal ledge
I hold the life of man.
Consciously I embrace
arched from the mountain rock on which I stand
to the firm limit of my lifted hand
the front of time and space :—
For what is there in all the world for me
but what I know and see ?
And what remains of all I see and know
if I let go ?

Within this full breath
bracing my sinews as I upward move
boldly reliant to the rift above
I measure life from death.
With each strong thrust
I feel all motion and all vital force
borne on my strength and hazarding their course
in my self-trust :—
There is no movement of what kind it be
but has its source in me ;
and should these muscles falter to release
motion itself must cease.

In these two eyes
that search the splendour of the earth, and seek
the sombre mysteries on plain and peak,
all vision wakes and dies.
With these my ears
that listen for the sound of lakes asleep
and love the larger rumour from the deep,
the eternal bears :—
For all of beauty that this life can give
lives only while I live ;
and with the light my hurried vision lends
all beauty ends.

(From "Freedom" [Smith, Elder & Co.], by courteous permission of the Author.)