

THE JOURNAL OF THE
Fell and Rock Climbing Club
OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

Vol. 3.

NOVEMBER, 1915.

No. 3.

LIST OF OFFICERS

(ELECTED NOVEMBER 6, 1915).

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W. P. HASKETT-SMITH.

Vice-Presidents :

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H. B. LYON.

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Honorary Treasurer :

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(To whom all Subscriptions should be paid)

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REV. J. NELSON BURROWS, M.A.

GODFREY A. SOLLY.

HERMANN WOOLLEY, F.R.G.S.

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.*

EDITOR'S FOREWORD.

The absence of practically every active member of the Club on war service at home or abroad has caused unusual difficulty and delay in obtaining material for the present "Journal." Rock-climbing in the English Lake District has come to an end, except for soldiers or munition workers on furlough, and this year the Club's activities have not borne fruit in important new climbs.

The Committee felt that in spite of foreseen difficulties the "Journal" should be issued as usual: they appreciated that for many people this bulletin from the land of the fells has a special message, and may be the only present connection between them and the sport we love. Perhaps the Committee were not fully informed on the difficulties in front, and the Editor has found it essential to make changes in the scheme of the "Journal."

The Editor offers his heartiest thanks—and those of all members of our Club—to the Rev. Walter Weston, who has so kindly contributed a paper on two climbs in the Japanese Alps, and to Mr. Harold Raeburn for his excellent article on the Caucasian Mountains. Mr. Weston is a member of the Alpine Club, and the only British honorary member of the Japanese Alpine Club, and the Editor feels himself more indebted to him because the paper was prepared at short notice and in the midst of a hard-earned furlough. Mr. Raeburn is also a member of the Alpine Club, and again and again has shown his true fellowship for our Fell and Rock Club. The Editor feels great pride in being able to include articles by these great mountaineers in the present "Journal."

The Editor will not presume to offer thanks to members of our Club for their services. Some of them he has pursued, in season and out of season, and some have stepped forward with valuable work without any invitation at all.

This number completes the third volume of the Fell and Rock Club's Journal, and the second volume carried through by the present Editor.

CUMBRIA TO THE WARRIOR CLIMBERS.

BY MRS. ASHLEY P. ABRAHAM.

Greetings from Lakeland, fellow-members all,
Severed awhile from haunts beloved of yore,
Bearing each man his part in a common task
Upon some alien shore.

The sky is clear, the earliest snow wreaths crown
Each spiry crag, each hoary mountain brow ;
The lakes, unruffled, mirror Nature's beauty,
Your hearts "remember how."

Nor are *you* unremembered—though so far—
The same pale moon, with her attendant stars,
That lights the lonely shepherd o'er the fells
Looks on the field of Mars.

'Though Hell's unloosened furies rage around,
'Though in the conflict human effort flags,
Face all the storms with proud uplifted head,
Stand fast as do our crags !

Look through the clouds of war to time that *shall* be,
(Earned by your suffering now)—when war shall cease
And on the Empire's willing ears shall fall
The still small voice of peace.

And what of those who may no more return
In fleshly presence to our longing eyes,
Who nobly make for us and our fair land
The last Great Sacrifice ?

They do not die, but are indeed immortal ;
Still 'midst the fells and crags they held so dear,
The souls of those who follow on behind them
Shall feel their spirits near.

And those who *will* return ? Ah ! none may measure
The gladness that their inmost hearts will thrill
To seek old friendships—well-loved mere and mountain
And find them unchanged still.

FROM OUR MEMBERS WITH THE COLOURS.

BY THE EDITOR.

When the "Journal" was being considered, the Committee asked that a letter should be written to every member of the Club whom we knew to be with the Colours—a long and honourable list indeed. The replies which have come to hand are printed below, and one is led to presume that postal difficulties have prevented many letters coming through from soldiers in various fighting forces. It will be noticed that several members are still in the training camps in Britain. The letters are printed in alphabetical order.

Y. Coy. 4th Bn. Yorks Regt.,

B. E. F.

5/12/15.

Dear Palmer,

Very many thanks indeed for your letter of Nov. 4th.

As regards sending a contribution to the Journal, I fear I have not the material with which to oblige you.

Anything which might have had the faintest interest to the Fell and Rock occurred so long ago that it is somewhat ancient history now.

Certainly when first we came out we had an interesting time, and there were several stiff pitches, but we managed to surmount these. Whit Monday was our stiffest time! It was at Whitsuntide that I first joined the Club at Thorneythwaite, and Whit Monday used to be reserved for a really good climb. On many occasions we have been in tight corners on that day, but this year surpassed all others for "sustained interest!"

Recently we have held trenches in a very quiet part of the line, and life gets monotonous. At the moment of writing we are resting well behind the line.

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I have been somewhat disappointed that I have not met any members of the Fell and Rock, but one seldom meets anyone outside one's own battalion.

I am looking forward to the time when we have whacked these blighters, for I have promised myself a jolly good holiday, which will include a fortnight in Lakeland! What a treat it will be after the dreary stretches of this water-logged country!

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

J. S. BAINBRIDGE.

(2nd Lieut., 4th Bn. Yorks. Regt.)

2nd D.C.L.I.,

27th Division,

Nov. 19. 1915.

Dear Palmer,

I got your note the other day. Hope you are getting on well. I suppose the meetings at Wastwater and Coniston are rather deserted at present, but I am looking forward to seeing everyone there again as soon as possible.

I've not many really exciting experiences to talk about, I'm afraid. I've been in a fairly uneventful part of the line lately, and just missed the Hulluch show. At one time I was at the very right flank—the last platoon—of the English line. The French who joined on to me were the most curious old devils, about 50 years old. They were some reserve territorials who had been drafted in temporarily.

We are now just off to the Near East, where excitement will probably be not quite so rare. It will be certainly more interesting, so perhaps I shall have something to tell you in a few months.

Remember me to anyone of the old Wastwater crowd you happen to run across.

Kind regards.

Yours sincerely,

H. S. D. BLAIR, Lt.

From Lance-Sergt. H. B. Lyon,

D Company,

1/4 Border Regt.,

Mandalay, Burma.

Dear Palmer,

Fancy still talking about last Journal and now it is nearly time for another to come out! but is there to be one? Also,

is there to be a dinner? If you do have any informal gathering, please tell my co-committee men that though my body terrestrial is sweltering in the heat of Mandalay, my thoughts often turn to the icy blasts on Esk Hause and even more, to the happy evenings at Wasdale and Coniston, &c. You will of course drop me from my high position of Vice-P. which I have held for a year and found the duties extremely light. I must thank you and all the members for the compliment and honour you have done me in allowing me to occupy such a distinguished position. I shall always feel proud of the honour but wish I could have done more to deserve it.

Mandalay seems a fine town. We only arrived yesterday so I have not had time to look round yet. There is a character about the place which Maymyo lacked. I do not think we shall get away from here for another year, there is too much unrest in India. The forcing of the Dardanelles of course is rather a personal matter for certain sects

With all good wishes for yourself and the Club; and remembrances to Darwin and all the rest,

Yours sincerely,

H. B. LYON.

[Not written in reply to my letter.—W.T.P.]

Wieriekerschaus,

lij

Bodegraven,

Dear Palmer,

23 Oct.

Thanks for your letter which I only got to-day! I've spent most of the day trying to write a paper, but my memory has all gone so I've given it up. I can't even remember the details of the new climbs I did last time! As for war experiences, I have very few.

Here there is nothing to tell except that the guard grows stricter and stricter as each new attempt at escape is frustrated. I and another were caught two yards from the other side of the moat and a few days after they discovered our tunnel, the result of many months' hard labour, just as we were finishing it! However, I suppose there will be success in the end.

Yours sincerely,

DENIS MURRAY.

August. Eastchurch.

September. Eastchurch, Ostend and Calshot.

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October. Felixstowe.
December. Dover.
Feb. 11th. To Ostend dropping bombs and back to Dunkirk.
„ 16th. To Zeebrugge. Hit at 6,800 feet and engine
smashed. Got into the water and was picked up
5 hours later (10-30 p.m.) by a Dutch torpedo boat,
whilst trying to attract the attention of an English
destroyer.
Feb. 16th—June 16th. Groningen on parole.
June 16th. Wieriekerschaus.

L. J. Oppenheimer,
Headquarters,
2/23rd Battn., London Regt.,
Braintree, Essex,
Nov. 7th, 1915.

Dear Palmer,

Your letter was sent on to me at Bishop's Stortford, Herts., and arrived just as we were moving out of camp, and I had endless numbers of affairs to look after. We marched over here on a soaking day, and now, after the discomforts of canvas, when the nights are long and cold, I have come unexpectedly into one of the pleasantest places I could wish for. I suppose that we shall stay here for a couple of months or more, and I am lucky enough to be billeted in the house of our member Gerald West, one of my best climbing friends.

I don't know in the least when we shall be sent to the front—I hope that it won't be very long before we go. My son's battalion has sent most of its men to the Dardanelles, but he was kept back on account of being Brigade Musketry Instructor. He is a Captain now, but I don't need to salute him as I had to 3 or 4 months ago, when he was a 1st Lieutenant, and I was a private.

I am sorry that I cannot write anything for the Journal: I am much too busy studying military matters and training men at present.

With best wishes to yourself and to any of my climbing friends whom you may see,

Yours faithfully,
OFF.

H.M.S. "Manzanita,"

c/o G.P.O., 27 XI. 15.

Dear Palmer,

Re yours of 4th inst.—when is the "Journal" coming out this year anyhow? I thought we usually had it by this time? However, I suppose "war-time" can always be pleaded and that with x % of members away on other duty the difficulty of getting articles, etc., etc. Editor's hair rapidly turning grey and all the rest of it?

My hair also is rapidly greying on this job, but I will not harrow your feelings with all the horrible details.

Anyhow, the above is my present "regiment" but I fear movements and war experiences are topics not beloved of the censor and his staff.

Suffice it to say that this is my fifth job since war started and is far and away the hardest one, perhaps also the most useful, if least spectacular.

I have had no climbing since Aug. 4th, 1914—"Gott strafe war"—and have little chance of getting any here. On clear days we can just see the —— mountains. 'Tis fine, but they are 60 miles away across seas, and unless we do some in a military capacity we are unlikely to get any climbing there.

I have met one or two members from time to time, and was for a few months shipmates with one, E. W. W.-J.

Parker occasionally writes, in his last he was somewhere behind the line in France.

Sorry I cannot spin any hair-raising yarns, but I shall have to hunt out some for future New Year meets at Wasdale Head. So to that happy time and with best wishes to all members,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

HAROLD LL. QUICK.

Whitbarrow Lodge,

2nd Dec., 1915.

Dear Mr. Palmer,

In answer to your request for a letter for the "Journal" I think a few reminiscences of the retreat from Mons to the Battle of the Marne will be of interest to Fell and Rock members at home and on active service.

I underwent my "Baptism of Fire" on 23rd August, 1914, at the Battle of Mons. My Battalion, the 2nd King's Own

Yorkshire Light Infantry, originally landed in France on 16th but it was not until 21st that we marched up towards Mons. On our way we were most enthusiastically welcomed by the French and Belgians. When marching through Dour they gave us heaps of tobacco, matches, cigarettes and cigars. The women tore their aprons and sheets up for us to use as handkerchiefs. We arrived at a place called Boussu about three miles south-west of Mons on Saturday 22nd. There we were all billeted in a large brewery containing corn for our beds.

Next day, Sunday, we were sitting outside when we heard rifle firing from the Outposts about noon. Shortly afterwards shells began to burst fairly near us, and we were ordered to go out and support the regiments lining the canal. We waited about until 8-0 p.m. and then covered the retirement of the other regiments. At 10-0 p.m. we marched away towards Wasmes, a mining town 4 or 5 miles south of Mons. It was a ghastly sight that night as we marched, for all around were houses, the houses of the poor Belgians burning.

At 6-0 next morning we took up a position for the Germans who, however, never came within rifle shot from us. About noon we retired and marched south-west for about 15 miles on cobbled roads in stifling heat and getting nearly suffocated with dust. At night we bivouacked in a field and pushed on again early next morning. We passed through Dour, now practically deserted, and Le Quesnoy until at 3-30 p.m. we found ourselves just outside Le Cateau.

There we were told we were going to bivouac in a field for the night. It started to rain shortly afterwards, but we were so tired and weary that we didn't mind it in the least. About 10-p.m., just as I was really beginning to take an interest in life, a *beastly orderly* came with a message: 'A' Company (the one I was in) was to go out on Outposts. Half an hour afterwards we were selecting positions for the picquets and sentry groups. I was so busy that night that I didn't even so much as sit down once, but went round visiting the picquets and sentries.

At 5-30 a.m. we were put into some hastily dug trenches for what we imagined would be a small rearguard action. We each got half a pint of tea and some "dog biscuits." About eight o'clock we began to get shelled and from then until about four o'clock we got about the worst shelling anyone could get. Our C.O. and Adjutant were wounded early on and consequently we got no orders beyond one that we were to hold on. Luckily

for me, my Company Commander was all right so that I was able to take my orders from him. We retired about 4-30 p.m., or rather what was left of us. Out of 28 officers 8 of us, including the Quartermaster and Doctor, got away. The rest were either killed, or wounded and taken prisoners.

We marched and marched for six solid hours until we got to a large field where we made tea. Meanwhile the only way we obtained eatables was by finding biscuits in tins which had been thrown out for us along the roadside. After resting an hour we continued marching from one o'clock a.m. until 12-0 noon next day (Thurs.), when we arrived at St. Quentin. We rested there for three or four hours and marched another ten miles until we came to a nice farm where we were told we were to billet for the night. We were very weary and footsore by this time and we all crammed into a large barn and fell asleep. We weren't left in peace very long for an orderly came along to say that the battalion was to be on the road again in ten minutes' time. In a quarter of an hour we were marching again and marched all that night.

Next day we arrived at another farm where we bivouacked for two days. By this time we really felt that we had earned a rest, for in five days we had covered eighty odd miles. The retreat had lasted in all about fourteen days, during which time we were continuously marching or fighting. In that fourteen days we marched from Mons to Coulommiers, a distance of 130 miles as the crow flies. The men kept up their spirits marvellously and sang most of the time. The chief things they missed were cigarettes, as there was a scarcity of them at that time. I have known men who were so hard up for a smoke that they made cigarettes out of tea and newspapers.

On the night of the 6th Sept. we were told that on the morrow we were going to turn round and give battle to the Germans. Generally speaking, just before going into action one is in a horrible funk; I certainly am. But on this occasion we were so thankful that the retreat was ended that we didn't mind what happened so long as we got our own back on the Germans. The Battle of the Marne lasted about three days and I must admit that I have seldom enjoyed myself more, as the change was so great after all the marching we had been through.

Walking up Rosset Ghyll with a heavy rucksack on your back, on a boiling hot day, with the streams all dry, is bad enough, but marching on cobbled roads with Germans hard after you is the limit. It was a wonderful experience for a young soldier. The hasty

marches up to the frontier, the thunder of guns, distant at first, then coming closer, closer, outflanking one's position and even threatening the rear. One is proud to remember that the slender British column of which we were a part was the cause of German disaster. Mile after mile we resisted, when by all military rules, we should have been overwhelmed by the great masses of all arms which the Kaiser hurled at us. Yes, there was a savage delight in listening to the order of the Marne that now we were to attack and drive the invader back to his own country.

Yours sincerely,

H. LAWRENCE SLINGSBY, Lieut.,
2/K.O.Y.L.I.

" Somewhere in France,"

17. 11. 15.

Dear Palmer,

Many thanks for yours of the 4th inst. I was awfully pleased to hear from you again. But I must confess that my pleasure became tempered with dismay when I found that you wanted me to write a letter for the " Journal " for I have no adventures or hair-breadth escapes to write of, and the routine of life at present is very dull, prosaic, and uninteresting.

I am now attached to the 29th Casualty Clearing Station, a few miles behind the firing line in France. After various moves we have pitched our camp (literally and metaphorically) in a mud-field here, and it looks as if we shall be here for some time. We are consequently busy " digging ourselves in " for the winter, by which I mean making cinder paths (the euphonious name for fords through the quagmires), digging drains, building camp ovens, improvising a drying tent, water-works, baths (hot and cold), etc., and generally making ourselves snug for the coming winter. And snug we certainly shall be, at any rate compared to last winter, when I was with the Newfoundland Regt. on Salisbury Plain, and our tents and marquees blew away at the average rate of at least one per night, and we waded knee-deep in thick, rich, brown, squidgy mud, and the only way we had to dry our things was to sleep in them at night. Fortunately, we got here early enough in the autumn to get pretty well on with this sort of " digging in " before the bad weather came on. As I write we are enjoying a first-class storm of wind and rain—reminiscent of many such days spent on the hills of Lakeland, or in the wilds of Labrador, in less comfort, sometimes, than we

are now enjoying here! But, lest I leave the impression that the first duty of a Casualty Clearing Station is to make itself comfortable, I had better add that all this work is done in intervals of attending to the casualties brought to us. These come mostly in rushes, sometimes big rushes. But, as the name of our unit implies, our function is to clear them out as quickly as possible, the bad cases to the base hospitals, the slighter cases back to their units, and so to keep as clear as possible all the time to deal with any overwhelming rush that may come unexpectedly upon us at any moment.

Of excitement and adventure we get little. Big guns boom in the distance, more or less all the time. Occasionally the periodical booms increase until they grow into one continual unbroken roar, like the thunder of the tropics. Sometimes we see a hostile aeroplane high up in the sky with little puffs of cloud bursting all round it. Once we had a squadron of over 20 French aeroplanes pass at no great height right over our camp, with a noise like the hum in a busy machine shop. We have heard of German spies caught travelling in fast motors through villages close to us. And we listen to, and laugh at all the wild rumours which are wont to circulate when men know little or nothing of the course of epoch-making events which are taking place in, what is to their little isolated centre, the outside world.

It has not yet been my privilege to meet any fellow-member of our Club. But my brother-officer, Lieut. C. H. Haskyn, also of this unit, though not, should be a member. He knows and loves our hills and our sport, and many is the half hour's holiday we take on Scafell or Great Gable.

I have also been privileged to meet Captain Chambre of the French Army, a keen climber, who knows Switzerland well. But as Monsieur le Captain's English is, if possible, even more limited than my French, conversation is somewhat restricted and difficult, and to convey our meanings to each other we are compelled to rely chiefly upon gestures and the ejaculation of names, the pronunciation of which is often mutually dissimilar and consequently rather mutually puzzling.

In conclusion I should like to express to yourself, and through you to all my fellow-members, especially to all those now serving King and Empire, my very best wishes for good luck. May every one of us, when this whole ghastly war is over, and when right has triumphed over wrong, have the deep inward satisfaction—a far greater satisfaction than that bred of V.C.'s or D.S.O.'s—

of knowing that he has not only done "his bit," but that he has done the biggest bit in his power, and has strained every ounce with the grit, determination and patience bred in our northern hills.

Yours very sincerely,
ARTHUR W. WAKEFIELD.

Highfield,
Sedbergh,
Dec. 7. 15.

Dear Palmer,

I remain here, training the O.T.C. as instructed by the W.O. So my regiment still remains Territorial Force Unattached List, O.C. Sedbergh School O.T.C. In the holidays I assisted the Cavalry at York in musketry. In all my spare time I make shells. Nearly all my climbing pals are in France.

With kind regards.

Yours sincerely,
G. F. WOODHOUSE.

Bush Camp,
Pembroke Dock,
S. Wales.
5. 12. 15.

Dear Palmer,

Your letter of 4 Nov. to hand. I came up on Mobilisation, 1914, and went to the above address on the 8th August, 1914, with my Battalion the 3rd (Special Reserve) King's Shropshire Light Infantry, where I have been most of the time ever since.

I have taken one draft to France and been to Shrewsbury several times Recruiting.

I got one walk from the Maen Gwynedd up the Berwyn mountains, North Wales (2,700 feet), down to the Pystall Rhaiadr, thence over to Llangynog, on the 31st January, 1915; deep snow above 1,500 feet. Easter I had a run over the hills near Llangollen and on the 17th November I had a day's ski-ing on the Berwyns; skated evening of 18th Nov.

I wish I could join the meet at Wasdale for Xmas, but fear this and other meets are impossible.

Yours truly,
C. R. WINGFIELD, Major,
3/K.S.L.I.



THE LATE J. NEVILLE FLETCHER.

J. NEVILLE FLETCHER.

CORPORAL : NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.

(Died from wounds received at Ypres, April 26th, 1915).

The first member of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club to lay down his life in the war was J. Neville Fletcher, comparatively a new member, yet an enthusiastic lover of the mountains. At the outbreak of war he joined the Northumberland Fusiliers, and rapidly gained promotion. In a young fellow of such keenness was the makings of a splendid soldier. He was wounded at the second Battle of Ypres on April 26th, 1915, where his regiment had been brought to relieve the Canadians, who had suffered severely from gas attack. Severely injured by machine-gun fire he was brought to a home hospital, where a month later he passed away.

To many the path of duty may mean a weary toilsome journey. To Neville Fletcher it has been short and direct, and though he did not live to see victory, we feel that his sacrifice was not in vain. He has done his share.

A.A.

"TO THE FELLS."

BY GEORGE ARROWSMITH.

(To be sung to the tune of "The Girl I left behind Me").

Oh ! I'm dumpy since I left the land
 Of Crag and Scree and Gully,
 Though living in this lowland plain
 My memory will not sully.
 I oil no more my well nailed boots
 For they do but remind me,
 Of tramps and climbs in the good old times
 On the fells I've left behind me.

Oh ! 'twas up and away at the break of day
 On many a Sunday morning,
 To old Dow Crag, in well worn rags,
 Appearance ever scorning,
 And little we cared if the sun shone hot,
 Or if the rocks were dripping,
 When linked to a rope in a crack to grope
 Whilst slimy hand-holds gripping.

With never a hitch, o'er the final pitch
 As daylight fast departed,
 Then down the slopes with rising hopes
 And thoughts of dinner, we started.
 Oh ! what tales were told as the night grew old,
 When near the fire you'd find me,
 Midst the pungent puffs of those pipes of peace
 Of the friends I've left behind me.

Oh ! ne'er shall I forget that night
 When upward we did sally,
 'Neath starlight still, to Rossett Ghyll
 Thro' Langdale's peaceful valley.
 We called a pause at old Esk Hause,
 With hunger we were quaking,
 Then up and away to Gable grey
 Just as the dawn was breaking.

Oh ! wasn't it good to be alive,
 As the morning mists were thinning,
 And our watches stood at half past five
 Up the Needle we were shimming.
 Then down the screes on Gavel Neese
 Good meals will e'er remind me
 Of how we fed at Wastdale Head,
 'Mongst the fells I've left behind me.

Oh ! we climbed together but yesterday
 And to-day far and wide, we're scattering,
 But the hours that we've passed 'midst the mountains' blast,
 Have taught us to meet life's battering,
 So we'll slog away with this good belay
 Till we meet if the fates still love us,
 Once again, with a hail, on the upward trail
 With the same old crags above us.

ITALY, ITS MOUNTAINS AND MOUNTAINEERS.

BY W. CECIL SLINGSBY.

One sunny afternoon towards the end of October, at a time when the war news was by no means reassuring, the enthusiastic and quietly-persuasive editor of our Journal was announced. He was bubbling over with energy and patriotism, and woe betide any German who should encounter him when in the mood of quiet, resolute determination. He had come to ask me to write a paper about Italy, Italian mountains and Italian mountaineers, solely because this country of the sunny south is now one of our Allies, and is fighting both on rugged mountains and sultry plains to secure the downfall of Prussian, German, and Austrian tyranny and paganism.

The paper which I was asked to write I understood to be one with others, each of which was to deal with one of the mountainous countries of our Allies. To wit, Savoy, Dauphiné, the Italian Dolomites, the Balkans, the Caucasus, and possibly also the Vosges. As Mr. Palmer had walked a good 8 miles, and over a range of hills, and would have to walk 8 miles back again, I could not possibly refuse his request. I must confess, however, that when I thought of those British mountaineers, Tuckett, Freshfield, Ball, Leslie Stephen, Gilbert, the brothers Mathews, Yeld, and others whose names are still household words in the Italian Alpine regions, I felt it almost presumptuous for me to write upon so large a subject with, relatively, so little knowledge. The proof of this unwisdom was evident when I received, whilst writing this paper, the notice of "the annual general meeting of the Alpine Club," on December 13th, when Mr. Douglas W. Freshfield will read a paper entitled "Wartime in the Italian Alps,"

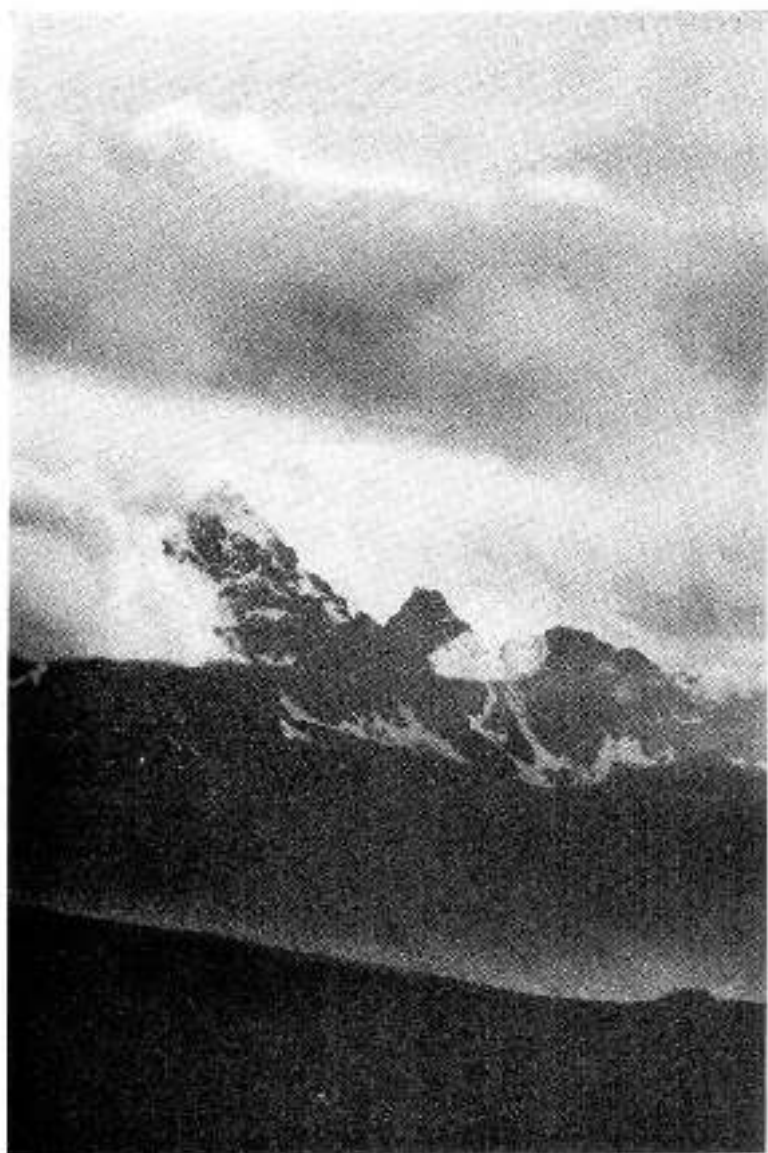
“ which will be illustrated by Lantern Slides.” Excellent, but my paper is wanted in October. If, however, I can succeed in interesting any of our members to transfer their allegiance, from British and Swiss mountains, to that of a country which joined the Allies so whole-heartedly in the great war, I can promise them infinite pleasure and shall feel that I have not written in vain.

Fortunately, I have traversed many a grisly ridge of the Alps, one foot in Italy and the other in Switzerland, France or Austria. I have climbed a good many purely Italian mountains in the so-called “ Alps,” as well as some of the lower Italian mountains overlooking the Italian lakes. I have traversed rugged and snowy ridges, and have glissaded down many a steep, snowy mountain face of the higher Apennines in the Abruzzi and elsewhere. I have been on some of the lower ranges, not always by the ordinary routes, and by doing so, have now and then—as in the case of Monte Soracte—found interesting rock climbing. These expeditions have not only given me a store of pleasant memories, but they have taught me a good deal of practical geography in a country where the mountain ranges and valleys are intricate and perplexing.

Italy is one of the most mountainous countries in the world. This is a very happy condition, as, otherwise, being so long and narrow, there would be no rivers of any importance, except those issuing from the Alps, and the country would be a dry, burnt-up land, a desert.

In writing of the influence of mountain scenery “ in giving the Greeks and Italians their intellectual lead amongst the nations of Europe,” Ruskin says, “ there is not a single spot of land in either of these countries from which mountains are not discernible; almost always they form the principal feature of the scenery. The mountain outlines seen from Sparta, Corinth, Athens, Rome, Florence, Pisa, Verona, are of consummate beauty.”*

* *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. *The Mountain Glory*, section 11.



From.

Eric Greenwood.

MONTE VISO DRAPED IN CLOUDS.

This is very true, but for present purposes we must add Turin to the list. We do this for several reasons. First, because many snow mountains are clearly visible to the naked eye from the city itself, and the view from the Church of the Superga, 1,421 feet above the city, is renowned. An old writer in comparing this view with that of Mont Blanc from the shores of the lake of Geneva, says, "The Alps present a most magnificent spectacle from the platform of the Supergue, appearing flanked on one side by the sharp pyramid of Mont Viso; while on the right, are the vast and lofty masses of Mont Rosa, and in the intervals, a crowd of snowy summits, the forms and heights of which present the richest variety. This view also confirms what has been stated that the Alps do not on this side rise by insensible gradations, the plains of Piedmont appearing beneath the feet, terminated by the chain which rises above them, like a wall above a garden; whereas from the shores of the Lake of Geneva, the eye arrives by degrees, and as it were by steps, from the smallest hills to the very summit of Mont Blanc."*

Though I have not been up to the Superga, I cannot help feeling that the "wall above the garden" comparison must be a wee bit strained. At the same time, I do think that Monte Viso, seen from a railway carriage, both above and below Turin, is one of the most beautiful mountains I have ever seen. I have often sketched this noble pyramid and its attendant satellite when journeying between Turin and Genoa. Yes! How often too have we who take our pleasures on the mountains, looked across the plains of Piedmont, from one of the giants of the Pennines, possibly over a sea of earth-clinging mists to this superb pyramid standing like King Saul glorying in its strength, in bright sunshine, and have determined in the mystic future to ascend its loftiest summit? In

* *A History of Mountains, Geographical and Mineralogical*, compiled by Joseph Wilson, published 1809, p. 570.

my case it is a wish not yet realised. Surely it is not yet too late? I think not.

Among many reasons why we ought, especially, to identify Turin with Italian mountains and mountaineering is the fact that this city is the home of the adventure-loving House of Savoy, who by example and precept have, during many years encouraged their subjects to visit the mountains.

In *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, vol. ii., Mr. Tuckett described the chamois-hunting country of King Victor Emmanuel in the Graian Alps, where the sovereign spent very many of his happiest days, and where also the present King does, as well as on the Royal Hunting Grounds around Monte Viso, where to my knowledge, he was hunting last year, and, when told that a certain man was a great mountaineer he said, "He must be a very nice man, as all good mountaineers are nice men."

But the mountaineering of the House of Savoy by no means begins and ends with chamois stalking, even if it be upon the glaciers of the Grand Paradis or on the precipitous rock faces of other peaks. In 1888 there is a note in the *Alpine Journal*, vol. xiv., which states that "the Queen of Italy, Queen Margherita—the Queen-mother—has been for some years in the habit of staying for a short time at Courmayeur. Last summer during her sojourn there she made several mountain excursions Her chief expedition was to the Col du Géant. In 1889 she visited Gressoney St. Jean, and made a good many mountain expeditions. On August 26th, her majesty ascended the Breithorn, spending two nights at the St. Théodule Inn The Breithorn, 13,785 ft., is as yet the loftiest point which has ever been reached by a reigning European sovereign. Queen Margaret, in undertaking high ascents, has followed the example set her by the sovereigns of her illustrious house."

Since then, His Majesty the King of the Belgians, who

is an honorary member of the Alpine Club, has ascended higher mountains.

Another important reason why we must consider Turin to be the centre of the Italian spirit of mountaineering arises from the fact that it is, and for over half a century has been, the head quarters of the "Club Alpino Italiano." This flourishing club was founded in 1863 by Signor Quintino Sella, shortly after he had made an ascent of Monte Viso. The enrolment of 160 members was an excellent augury of success and a substantial recognition of the fact that the sport of mountaineering is the grandest in the world. The club celebrated its Jubilee in the autumn of 1913, when many members made the ascent of Monte Viso, the proximity of which to their city had indirectly led to the foundation of a club whose fame has, long ago, spread to every continent.

True it is that Monte Viso was first ascended by Englishmen, Mr. W. Mathews and Mr. F. W. Jacomb, with J. B. and Michel Croz as guides, in the year 1861. However, this is not the place to draw more attention than is necessary to the fact that Englishmen have been the pioneers of mountaineering all the world over, and I only do so in order to break gently to any of my countrymen who may read these pages, the fact that, during recent years, we have been beaten, or at least equalled, in our own game by a gallant member of the House of Savoy, S.A.R. The Duke of the Abruzzi, who fully deserves the victories which he has won. That he may be as successful in his command of the Italian Navy during the great war is the earnest hope of all true Britons.

Of course, as mountaineers, we shall come into our own again and take the lead as of yore. But whether this will be amongst the aiguilles of Patagonia, or where we should have been a few years ago but for the weakness and irritating restrictions of a philosophical bookworm, who happened to occupy an exalted position, I cannot

yet say, but, still, I do think that, before long, a typical British party, bent on mountaineering and on mountain exploration, and accompanied probably by Italian guides, will after the lapse of a couple of months, or even less, from their base of operations, be able to tell us, from their personal experience, something definite about the sources of the Arun river and the mountains which overshadow them. Failing this, we would do well to turn our attention for awhile to the planet Mars, and when visiting it in our dreams—I once did this—we would certainly show the Martians how to traverse their glaciers and to climb their mountains. At present—October, 1915—we have as much as we can well manage to accomplish on Mother Earth. Let us return there and note some of the principal mountaineering feats of the Duke of the Abruzzi.

He had an excellent schooling in the Alps with professional guides, especially on the Italian side of Mont Blanc, and had the satisfaction of making the first ascent of the highest of Les Dames Anglaises, two huge rock needles between the Aiguille Noire and Aiguille Blanche de Pétéret. He also made a first ascent of Aiguille Sans Nom and spent the night in a position of considerable danger from stone avalanches which seriously threatened the party.

After school comes the University. The latter was represented by a most successful ascent of the Zmutt arête of the Matterhorn under the leadership of the master of the craft, Mr. Mummery, assisted by Prof. Collie. True, they had a guide, but he only went in the capacity of a porter. The Duke gathered his first distant mountain laurels by the successful ascent of Mount St. Elias in Alaska, a great accomplishment. Then came Ruwenzori, where Dame Fortune smiled on him, after having frowned on a distinguished English party which had successfully overcome all the tedious and unpleasant trudging through equatorial forests and mud-running rivers.

After this, the Duke made his notable mountaineering expedition amongst the Karakorum Himalayas, the principal object of which was the exploration and, if possible, the ascent of K2. The exploration of the glaciers round the mountain was accomplished, but, though the party tried most gallantly and persistently to ascend this the second highest measured mountain in the world, success was denied to them.

Later, during very uncertain weather, the Duke and his guides attempted to climb the Bride Peak, 25,110 feet. They reached a height of 24,583 feet, but bad weather prevented them from going further. They had, however, attained the highest altitude yet recorded. I had the pleasure of hearing the gallant leader of this remarkable expedition, the Duke, read a paper before the Italian Royal Geographical Society in Rome. H.M. the King, the Queen, and Queen Margherita and ministers of the Crown formed part of a crowded audience. The views were superb. The Duke, faithful to his native city, had previously read his paper in Turin.

Needless to say, the mountain guides on each of these notable expeditions to which I have briefly referred, were Italians. There are none better.

A direct outcome of the Duke's Karakorum expedition, has been an "expedition to the Karakorum and Central Asia," under the leadership of Cav. Dr. Filippo de Filippi. This was in the main scientific, and was undertaken at the suggestion of, and supported by, The Royal Geographical Society. The Royal Society and other British bodies gave assistance, So too did H.M. the King of Italy and the more important Italian institutions. The government of India liberally contributed to the cause. Seeing that months were passed on the exploration and mapping of the largest glacier region in the world, with the exception of the Poles, and that it occupied nearly two years, the

expedition may rightly be considered one of the most important and successful ever engaged in.

Cav. Dr. de Filippi read a paper on the results attained, before the Royal Geographical Society on June 14th, 1915. The August number of *The Geographical Journal* contains the paper which he read and the very interesting discussion which followed, as well as exceptionally good views of the Remo and other enormous glaciers.

It is a notable fact that, towards the close of the eighteenth century "there was at Turin, as at Geneva, a little group of men of science, whom the passion for natural studies led to explore the Alps." De Saussure was one of these at Geneva and Count Morozzo at Turin. The large reward which the former scientist offered to anyone who could find a way to the summit of Mont Blanc was the stimulus which urged Jacques Balmat on the discovery, which led to the first ascent, which was made by Dr. Paccard and himself on August 8th, 1786. De Saussure made the third, and his own first, ascent on August 3rd, 1787.

Count Morozzo made an attempt to climb Monte Rosa from the Italian side "certainly before 1788." * Apparently also, an ascent was attempted by six men of Gressoney in Italy, in the year 1778.† An ascent of Monte Rosa either from Gressoney or from Macugnaga would at that time, and indeed is now, a much more serious undertaking than the ascent of Mont Blanc from Chamonix. The highest point of Monte Rosa was first attained in the year 1855 by four Englishmen and four guides.

I have said enough to prove a long established interest in the mountains on the part of Turin. Now-a-days each of the cities of the plains of Lombardy and Piedmont has its own section of the Club Alpino Italiano. This is

* *Alpine Journal*, vol. ix., p. 496.

† *Ibid.*, xii., p. 468.

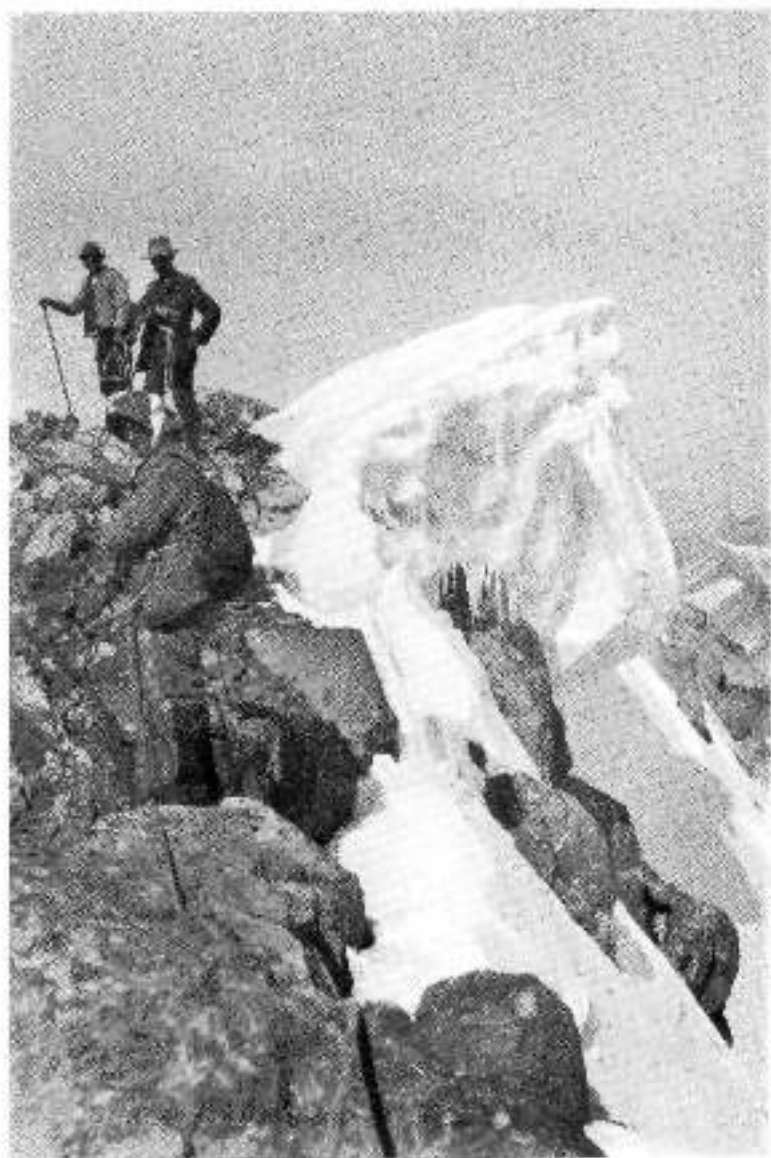


Photo.

Eric Griensowald.

THE SUMMIT OF MONTE DISGRAZIA.

the case also with the large cities of Central and Southern Italy. I have the honour of being a member of the Roman section, and once read a paper before the Club in Rome. Each section has its own capable mountaineers, and several have Ski Clubs connected with them.

Italian Guides.

Remounted my conductor and drew me,
And following the solitary path
Among the rocks and ridges of the crag,
The foot without the hand sped not at all.

“Inferno” Canto XXVI, 15.

Dante, Longfellow's translation.

It would be unreasonable to expect to find experienced mountain guides anywhere except at places within easy reach of the mountains. There, however, they may usually be found, and when found, they are, as a rule, strong, reliable, cheerful and efficient. However, nowhere amongst the Italian Alps are “so-called guides” so numerous as in such places as Chamonix, Zermatt, Grindelwald and a few other centres. This is simply because the demand is much smaller on the south than on the north side of the Alps; but, I think that the lack in number is more than counter-balanced by the quality. For a good many years the Italian mountain guides have been, and are to-day, rightly considered the best in the world.

There are many reasons why this has been the case. One of them is certainly owing to the deterioration of the guides of Chamonix, who in early mountaineering days were first-rate. This lamentable falling off was caused by the establishment of a *bureau des guides*, when the worst features of Trades' Unionism came into force. It was decreed that the guides, good, bad, and indifferent, should accept in turn the engagements which were

offered by travellers, and that no guide should accept any engagement except through the *bureau*. I myself saw in the early eighties one of the brothers Payot, leading a mule, on which a stout French lady was riding up to the Montanvert. This man had a deservedly high reputation as a mountain guide. A day or two later I saw a wholly incompetent and miscalled "guide" on an *aiguille*. To the incompetency of the guides at that period was due in a great measure the heavy death-roll on Mont Blanc. One result of this pernicious system was that, in the late seventies and throughout the eighties, during the period when first ascents of the more difficult Chamonix *aiguilles* were being made, they were either accomplished by amateurs without professional assistance, or else with the help of Italian and occasionally Swiss guides.

This was the opportunity for Italian guides, and it was taken gladly, with the result that men of Courmayeur, Val Tournanche and other places are now well-known and recognised as first-rate mountain guides in many a distant land.

It is undoubtedly a great advantage for Italy to be on the south and sunny side of the great Alpine Chain. Though the mountains are steep and have tongues of glittering ice descending from the upper snows, these tongues are often bordered by forest and pasture land, which make the mountains themselves appear less cruel and cold than they often do on the north side. They invite rather than repel, and I am sure that these sunny and fertile Italian Alpine valleys tend to cheerfulness and content, though the people, generally speaking, are poorer than those across the chain. In these valleys one can usually find efficient guides.

This holds good also for valleys converging on the Italian lakes, including also the Italian Dolomites, and even where glaciers do not now exist.

On several of the mountains which are seen from the Italian lakes there are huts which have been erected by the Italian Alpine Club, such as the Albergo Monza on "Monte Grigna Settentrionale, one of the great panoramic points of the Italian Alps," and another on Monte Legrone, which mountain, like the Grigna, overlooks Lake Como. Where there are mountain huts, there are guides not many hours away.

We must not expect to find efficient guides at the foot of every mountain in Italy whose beauty attracts us. There are, however, certain places amongst the higher Apennines where there are duly recognised mountain guides. For instance, about Il Gran Sasso d' Italia, the highest peak of the Apennines, 9,577 feet, also about the Maiella and on the Monte Velino ranges, at Scanno, and at lovely Valle Pietra with its burbling trout stream almost locked up amongst the forest-draped, rugged mountains above Subiaco. In many other places they can also be found.

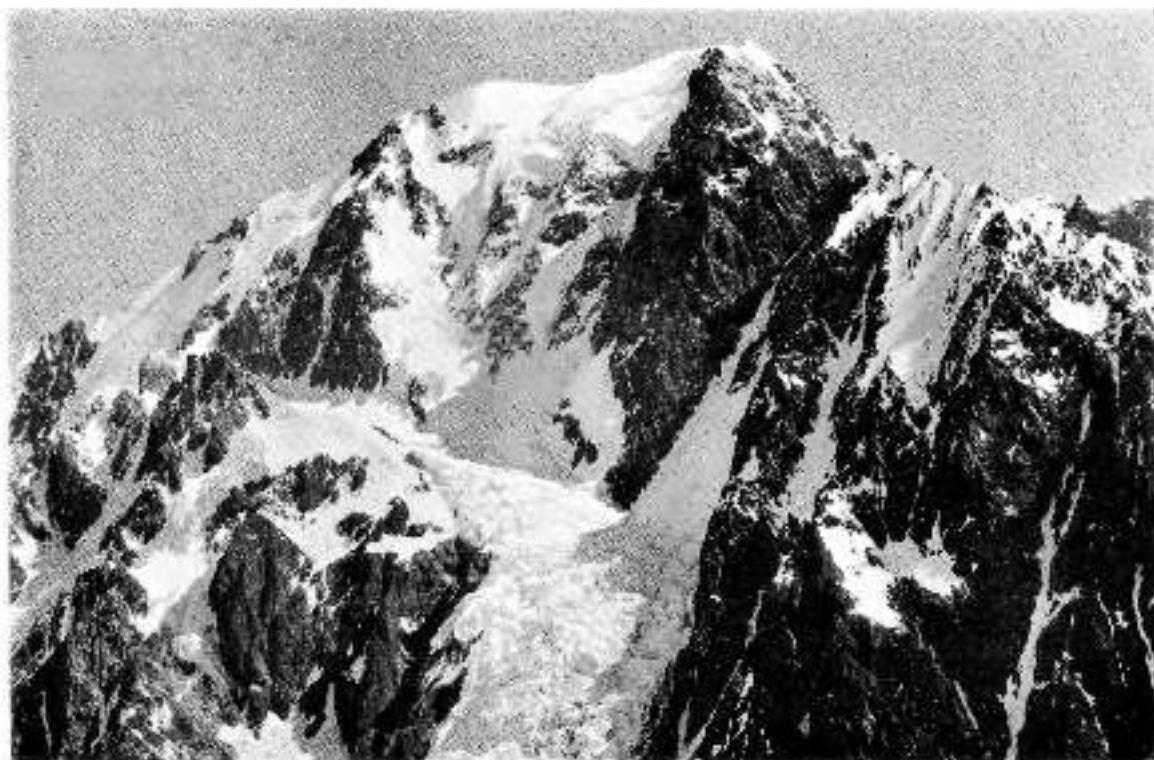
Whilst writing about guides, the thought flashed across my mind "How is it that Italian guides are so good?" I remembered that I had seen now and then chamois hunters on the Italian side of the Alps, strong, nimble, and muscular men who would follow their quarry over places which in cold blood they would never dream of passing. Yes! these are some of the men who become good guides.

Another picture forced its way on my memory. A dozen men, each carrying a heavy pack, walking slowly and steadily in the twilight towards a great glacier.

From a purely British insular point of view Italy is a highly protected country, and, as a natural consequence, during the last score of years, not only have Lombardy, Piedmont and other parts of the country become highly industrialised and prosperous, but the picturesque and romantic profession of smuggling has at least received

a stimulus. We mountaineers have often met smugglers on the north side of the Alps near the Italian frontier. A rare sporting-looking lot of men they are too, as they walk, quite openly and innocently, sometimes in couples, at others ten or a dozen together, on *their safe side* of the Alps. Each man carries a well-packed load which is often like a hard bolster. Sometimes they have sugar, at others tobacco, and at one period, the load often contained blue French smocks. The packs weigh from 60 to 80 pounds. Sometimes the men carry them by broad bands across their foreheads, so that in the event of their being chased by Italian gendarmes, an escape is made easier. As a rule they are an exceptionally fine lot of men, hardy, strong, well-set-up, self-reliant, bold and fearless, who can with long practised eyes read the weather like a book, and can stay in hiding for a week or two, sleeping under a rock if needs be. They look anything but rascals. Indeed, they are true sportsmen. Needless to say they do not frequent the public highway when in Italy more than they can help. Their way is often over the glaciers, and they cross high and difficult passes for which a guide's tariff would be a good round sum. The knowledge of the mountains gained by these men is really very great. In case they get through without being shot, a man may make three or four pounds on a journey. Surely he deserves it!

Occasionally smugglers come to grief. One fine summer's day in August, in the year 1887, my wife and I joined some friends on a picnic on the upper Arolla glacier. We lunched on a moraine almost at the back of Mont Collon. After lunch we wandered about a little, possibly looking for crystals, if there were any, on the moraine. One of us found some bones. The doctor of our party soon identified them as human. When we reached the inn and told old Anzevui, he merely said, "Oh yes, a party of a dozen smugglers was overtaken



Photo,

MONT BLANC, FROM PETIT MT. BLANC.

Eric Greenough,

by a *tourmente* there in the spring and were frozen to death." Though the men who found the bodies did not hesitate to take possession of the packs and clothes of the smugglers, they had not had the decency to throw the bodies into a crevasse.

Surely the ranks of the Italian mountain guides must often be recruited from these experienced and self-reliant men, men too whom I for one should like to be led by! I have no doubt about it.

I am perfectly sure too that hundreds of those who have been *Contrabbandieri* are now serving in the ranks of the Alpini and are at grips with their cruel Austrian and German foes, are possibly dragging their field pieces over the crags and snows, and are doing their duty right gallantly having learned their lessons on the mountains. As they have carried their 30 or 40 kilos over pathless rugged mountains they will make light of the 25 kilos (some 55 lbs.), which the Alpini and the Bersaglieri are accustomed to carry both when exercising and in the field.

The Mountains of Italy.

Presumably I ought now to devote some thought, time, ink, paper, and midnight oil to the subject of Italian mountains. If so, it must be general and not in detail. Information relative to individual peaks, passes, valleys, roads, railways, hotels, and what not besides, can be gleaned from many excellent guide books. I will not poach on their preserves.

Mr. Whympers's *Scrambles in the Alps*, 1860-69, though it deals principally with Switzerland, Savoy, and Dauphiné is certainly intimately connected with the Italian sides of the Matterhorn, Mont Blanc and other grand mountains. A mountain classic such as this ought to be in the library of every mountaineer. There are many books which treat of the mountains in Italy, which are well worth reading. One, however, is pre-eminent, and if

any reader of this paper wishes to take his pleasure amongst the high mountains on the northern frontier of Italy, and those most lovely valleys which descend from them, he ought to obtain, by hook or or by crook, if he be not already the happy possessor, a copy of Mr. Douglas W. Freshfield's *Italian Alps*, which, though published in 1875, is as fresh as if it were issued only a week ago. It simply breathes of Italy and of the best of Northern Italy; it has led myself and many others years ago, into lovely valleys and over many a wild or beautiful pass, which probably we should not know to-day if we had not read this book. I will not quote from it, because if I began to do so I should not know when to stop. Fortunately, *The Italian Alps* treats of the Val di Genova, the Brenta group, Molveno and other romantic and beautiful spots which are at present Austrian but will soon, we trust, revert to their rightful owners, the Italians.

After two or three weeks' hard mountaineering amongst the Pennine Alps, there is an especial charm in crossing the chain and descending to some little village inn where the vine trellises give pleasant shade and the host a hearty welcome. In Ball's *Alpine Guide, Monte Rosa district*, you will find the following:—"It is the opinion of many of the most competent judges that for grandeur, beauty, and variety the valleys descending from Monte Rosa are entitled to pre-eminence over every other portion of the Alps, and perhaps, if we regard the union of those three elements, over every other mountain region in the world. Nature is inexhaustible in the combination of her attractions . . ."

With regard to one of these valleys, Ruskin, in *Præterita*, vol. ii., speaks of being "in ever hotter indignation all the way at the extreme dulness of the Val Anzasca." On the other hand Ball wrote, "at Ceppomorelli a view of the east face of Monte Rosa, combined with a new foreground, but always surpassingly grand, opens out.

It is hard to say that anything is wanting to complete the beauty of the Val Anzasca. Monte Rosa remains constantly in the background, unsurpassed in the boldness of its form and the vastness of its proportions."

My advice is, Go and see it yourself. I know this valley well and love it.

Val Tournanche is the best known of them all, and the cosy little inn which takes its name from the valley was, years ago, all that could be desired. Here, in 1879, a friend and I arrived with two guides after much vigorous mountaineering. To our great joy the then famous Mr. John Ball was botanising there. He gave us much encouragement as well as information which at that time but few others could have afforded. This was the first and the last time that I have met him, but, to my mind I always associate this lovely little valley, village, and inn, with the name of John Ball.

A good many years after this, Professor Collie and I arrived at Val Tournanche after much hard work and successful endeavour on Chamonix aiguilles, the Grand Combin and several glacier passes. We stayed two days at the little inn and fairly revelled in the quiet, the gentle beauty and the change from rock, ice and snow. I have rarely spent any time more pleasantly and now I enjoy happy memories which are centred upon this lovely valley. Yes, there are other valleys of inexpressible loveliness, and valleys too which are headed by giant mountains. You will find them sometimes tucked away almost out of sight and in many places between the Carnic and Maritime Alps.

In order to get a good and a comprehensive knowledge of the details of any mountain chain it is necessary to see them both from a distance and of course near at hand as well. The number of noted—and generally worthily noted—view points of the Italian Alps from Venice to Turin is very large (there are many guide books). An

excellent plan in order to obtain a nearer acquaintance with the mountains, is to take a tour along an irregular line between the foothills, some of which are very big fellows, and the giants themselves. In the main this can be done on driving roads. You may begin if you like in the eastern Italian Dolomites and, when the war is over, you may use the great strategic road, the Dolomiten Strasse, which is at present Austrian. You now know where the Tonale pass is, because it has been the scene of much fierce fighting. Yes, the Stelvio and the Ortler are not far away, nor is the lovely Brenta group of Dolomites nor the snowy Adamello. At Edolo you are puzzled. Down the valley is the lovely Lago d' Iseo. Across a low pass is Val Tellina, with the Bergamesque Alps on the one side and the Disgrazia and Bernina ranges on the other. Which way are you to take? Well, a few days on Lake Como will be welcome. Then comes that intrusive and provoking Swiss Canton Ticino, which almost reaches Milan. Take a train up to Airolo, as my wife, daughter and I did some years ago. A cart will, if necessary, convey your luggage up to the old convent—now an inn—at All'Acqua, where rough quarters but warm welcome will be afforded you. You are still in Switzerland but south of the main chain. Start early on foot next morning and cross the San Giacomo pass before the Italian sun has softened the snow, for you will then be in Italy. If circumstances allow of it, cross a plain of snow and discover later, at the Tosa falls hotel, that you have unwittingly crossed over a mile of frozen lake, in Italy too and in the month of June.

From the Tosa falls you descend into the the Val Formazzo, the beauty of which will linger long in your memory. A night at the little inn of Foppiano will be very pleasant, so too the drive down Val Antigorio to Domodossola.

You will presumably then go up the Val Anzasca and



Photo.

MONTE ROSA, FROM THE MONTE MORO PASS
(Taken in winter, just after sunrise).

H. Woodley

will I hope revel in its beauty. Once in the Val Anzasca you must of course see Monte Rosa, near at hand too, and shudder, if you can, at the sight of its stupendous precipices. From Macugnaga there is plenty of choice for the mountaineer. The good walker who does not care to cross a glacier pass, and yet wishes to keep in Italy, can go by what are termed "the middle passes" on the south side of Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, the Zwillinge and the Breithorn to Breuil at the Italian foot of the Matterhorn—or Mont Cervin. At Breuil you are in the Val Tournanche. As you must see the Valpelline and its noble mountains you should cross the Col de Valcournera, a favourite pass of mine, either from Breuil or the village of Val Tournanche. Down, down you ought to go, but yet need not do so, to the ancient Roman city of Aosta and then take the motor bus up to Courmayeur. Here you are face to face with "the monarch of mountains." This will grow upon you day by day, and especially is this the case with the Aiguille Noire de Pétéret.

"We came meanwhile unto the mountain's foot ;
 There so precipitate we found the rock,
 That nimble legs would there have been in vain."

"Purgatorio," Canto III, 46, Dante.
 Longfellow's Translation.

If you follow the line of the Alps in this manner down to the sea shore at Ventimiglia you will at least know the Italian sides of the great rampart of the Alps in a way which you will find few rivals. You can always go down the valleys to their junction with the plains, or to some large valley running parallel with the main Alpine Chain and can enter when ever and where ever you think fit.

I have been asked to say little about the Dolomites in this paper but still I can hardly refrain from adding a few words. To those of us who have travelled and mountaineered in that fascinating region, a most melancholy feature has been added to our interest, and it is terrible

to have now to associate the Val Ampezzo, the Val Primiero and other lovely valleys with grim warfare, waged on the one side by barbarians as cruel and ruthless as their models, Attila and his Huns. There is, however, a great satisfaction in the firm belief that, ere long, our gallant ally, Italy, will come to its own again, and that the frontier line between that country and Austria will be drawn on thoroughly sound geographical and, generally speaking, on racial principles.

Only a few years ago I looked down from mountain summits upon scenes of peace and pasture, which are now sanguinary battlefields. The Cortina mountains, such as Piz Popena and Monte Cristallo now overlook horrid scenes of warfare. From Tofana or Croda da Lago, as I now write, in all probability Italian and Austrian armies could be seen fighting on the Col di Lana.

A few years ago my daughter and I, after crossing the Bocca di Brenta spent a night at the little inn on the shores of Lago di Molveno. The walk which we took the following day was exceptionally interesting and one which made us think, and think deeply too. Our objective was the little town, Mezzo Lombardo, close to the junction of the Val di Non with the low flat valley of the Adige. For a few miles, the road followed a broad, but gradually narrowing ridge. On our right, or to the east, were terrible and generally pathless precipices which gave us a bird's eye view of the winding and greenish-blue waters of the Adige, some 3,500 feet below. On the banks of the river a few miles down we saw the typical Italian city of Trent and the domes of its cathedral. Possibly also the famous modern monument to Dante was visible. This, I hear, has been destroyed out of spite by the Austrians, as they have done to the still more famous Dante statue in Trieste. Across the valley the serried array of the southern Dolomites stood out boldly, their sharp peaks piercing far into the deep blue sky.

Interesting as was this portion of the view, the great feature was "the gate of the hills" near Bozen and below the Brenner pass. This impressed us deeply at the time and I very often have it now in my mind's eye. It is the one great gate of the Alps which connects the north of Europe with Italy, and no view which I have ever seen has given me a similar impression. Even then our imaginations pictured barbarian armies descending from their northern wilds on their way to the sunny south, or Roman legions on their march of conquest to subdue the fierce barbarian hosts. It is a view to make the most callous think. Picture Attila and his innumerable Huns emerging from that gate and hastening to besiege and to destroy the great city Aquileia, and also many a fair city on the plains of Lombardy. Forget not Theodoric the Goth—a great conqueror too, but a great man.

Look again at Trent. Look at it on the map, look too at Verona and be thankful that you do not live on the natural line of marching armies between northern and southern Europe.

I am sorely tempted to write more about the Trentino and its surroundings but I must not yield to this temptation.

There are many interesting mountain expeditions to be made from the shores of each of what we are pleased to call the Italian Lakes, there are good rock climbs, and for four or five months in the year there is good ski-ing too. Though the heights of these mountains do not often reach five figures, yet they really are high because their bases are very little above sea level.

The Apennines.

In journeying between Genoa and Pisa on that most aggravating of all railways, aggravating because the moment one gets a glorious view, the train is sure to run into a horrid tunnel, one probably first realises the beauty

of the Carrara mountains. From Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Spezia one can enjoy intensely their beautiful outlines, and usually will register a wish to visit them. This I have not yet done. Mr. Ruskin has written enthusiastically about the Carrara, so too have Mr. Freshfield and Mr. Tucker * and many others. The hills above Spezia afford good rock climbing, of which at least one member of "The Fell and Rock Climbing Club" has availed himself.

With regard to the Northern Apennines, Ruskin says, "the Apennine limestone is so grey and toneless that I know not any mountain districts so utterly melancholy." This is partly true, and is so in the main because the rock is soft and friable, and apparently contains much clay on the surface, with huge screes, but the conditions are better on the southern Apennines.

These northern mountains consist of great rolling uplands, something like the big Yorkshire moorlands, but without their subtlety of outline. They are eminently adapted for ski running, a sport which has during late years become popular in the large Italian cities. The railway between Bologna and Florence is much used by ski runners who are put down at Bagni della Porretta, 1,155 feet, or at Pracchia, the highest point on the line, 2,020 feet. From either of these places several mountain summits can be reached, including that of Monte Cimone, 7,103 feet, the highest of the northern Apennines. In clear weather both the Adriatic and the Ligurian Sea—the main Mediterranean—may be seen.

It is not until you approach the northern border of the Abruzzi that you will see the best of the Apennines. If you take a line on the map from Spoleto to Ascoli, or else the river Tronto as this boundary, and include the whole of the Abruzzi and Molise, and also go a little west

* *Alpine Journal*, Vol. VII.

so as to annex the Sabines, you will have the finest ranges, though there are others almost as grand still further south. In fact you have not done with the Apennines and with fine mountains too, until you have reached the toe of Italy.

In the Abruzzi there are many evidences to show that the rock is harder, and more like what rock ought to be, than further north. There are narrow ridges and steep rock faces. There are square-walled gorges such as that below Scanno. Castles and towers stand securely on isolated crags as they do near Rome. The streams run clear when above ground, and are pellucid when they emerge from their subterranean courses. Petrified moss is seen on their beds and banks, and but little sign of sand or mud. But, one looks in vain for the flashing of the King Fisher or the bobbing of the Water Ouzel. One looks vainly, too, for the yew and the ivy to brighten up the limestone escarpments as they do in the north of England. There are, however, large forests of beech and some pines, both of which are, or possibly were, fast falling beneath the ruthless woodman's axe. The beech grow up to a height of 7,000 feet on the east side of the mountains, but do not reach much above 5,000 on the west. The nightingales shout for joy in these beech forests in the cool of the evening, and the flowers rejoice the heart.

In one district a few years ago the pine forests were cut down because they harboured wolves in the winter. Now, replanting is being done to provide firewood and shelter for the mountain village which had become infested with wolves.

The giant of the Apennines is well-named Il Gran Sasso d' Italia, to wit, the Great Rock of Italy. It is 9,560 feet high, and looks every inch its height. I have seen it from a good many different points but never very near. Still, I was near enough the last time I saw it, when on a

mountain in the Monte Sirente group, to realise that, in the Gran Sasso, the Abruzzi possess a mountain of which there is every reason to be proud.

Another fine group is that of the Majella which I saw well from the summit of Monte Greco. There are, indeed, very many ranges in the Abruzzi and I have had the pleasure of traversing several of their topmost ridges.

On one occasion I joined the members of the Ski Club of Rome, on an expedition on Monte Bove. True, we did not all use ski, but we climbed up the snowy mountain and glissaded down. On another occasion a family party of us, under the leadership of a fellow-member of the Italian Alpine Club, made an expedition to Ovindoli, a high mountain village where the Roman Ski Club have their hut. In the latter we had the privilege of spending the night. The next day we ascended a mountain above the village in deep snow. There is much I could say about Ovindoli and the glorious view which we had, also about Celano far below, both of which suffered terribly in the recent earthquake which utterly destroyed Avezzano last spring.

I must not dwell further upon the Abruzzi, though it is a tempting theme. I can, however, conscientiously recommend those who are fond of mountain adventure to set to work to explore the innermost recesses of the Majella and Gran Sasso, especially on the east or sea side. This will do to begin with. Though my knowledge of Italian is small, and English is hardly spoken except by those who have been to, and returned from, America, I got along very well. I usually had a local man to act nominally as a guide, but in practice now and then I turned leader. Though only a dozen years or so ago, brigandage was rife in the Abruzzi it is apparently now as safe to travel there as in the Alps. Quarters are now and then rough and the food not over choice, but by putting into practice the well-known maxim "never



Photo.

MONTE VELINO AND MONTE SIRENTE (THE APPENINES).

W.C.S.

neglect any opportunity of provisioning the garrison " one gets along very well. The worst feature of the Apennines to my mind is the scarcity of water. This is to some extent the case with all limestone mountains, but I have nowhere else seen it so pronounced. Even below the tongues of snow on the mountain faces, there is seldom water to be found, as it disappears into the crevices the moment the sun melts the snow. The Apennines are, indeed, very thirsty mountains.

The people are a tall handsome race, born mountaineers all, strong, self-reliant, picturesquely superstitious and often proud of ancient lineage. Now and then they have a keen sense of humour too, and are devoted to their country, though from some towns and villages the majority of the men go to Canada or the United States and return in one or two years, or occasionally for a short time nearly every year. They are most pleasant companions on the mountains.

Thousands of them are now fighting in the cause of justice and freedom in the Trentino and elsewhere and are doing grand service.

Sunrise on the Apennines is a lovely sight. In the cold grey light of dawn the sun gilds the highest summit and each summit in order of its height. Streaks of light seem to shoot down the mountain sides and into the gorges below, and light up the pines. Sunshine spreads insensibly over all the heights and is diffused over the forests, meadows and villages below, and in time, the low-lying mists and dark shadows are spirited away and the heat of day follows the chill of night.

There are many distinct ranges in the central and southern Apennines, unknown as yet to the amateur mountaineer. Some years ago when traversing the long ridge of Monte Cairo from the monastery of Monte Cassino to Rocca Secca, I saw to the east several fine peaked snow mountains. East of Salerno I have noticed

others ; little is known of them. There are also many isolated mountains such as Monte Soracte. These almost always consist of good, sound, hard rock, otherwise they would not exist.

This paper is at least twice as long as was intended, the subject is, however, one of intense interest to the writer, and even now he leaves it with regret. If any reader is led to take his pleasure amongst the Italian mountains by anything in this paper he will indeed be well repaid.

“Let us be grateful to writers for what is left in the inkstand.
When to leave off is an art only attained by the few.”

Longfellow.

A TOUR IN THE DOLOMITES.

By A. E. FIELD, M.A.

In 1897 I made my way from Bavaria across Tyrol to the Dolomite country, climbing the Gross Glockner on the way. One of the finest views in the Alps is the great snow-peak of the Gross Glockner, which is 12,460 feet high, and lifts its graceful pyramid in one unbroken sweep of some 5,000 feet from the Pasterze Glacier. A few days after this climb I left the picturesque village of Heiligenblut, which is in Carinthia just beyond Tyrol, and drove down the valley for 27 miles back into Tyrol. The train then took me along the Pusterthal past the source of the River Drave to Toblach, whence the Ampezzo road runs almost due south into the country of the Dolomites.

Along the line, as we neared Toblach, there had, from time to time, been distant views of the splintered crags, pinnacles, and towers of some of the Dolomite mountains. I started early next morning and walked along the excellent road past the fort at Landro to Schluderbach, enjoying beautiful views of the famous Drei Zinnen towering up at the head of a valley to the left, and then of the mighty Monte Cristallo with its neighbour the Piz Popena. At Schluderbach I tried to find a guide for the Zinnen, but they were all out, and so I arranged that I would find my own way to the Drei Zinnen Hut, and then a guide should come up there for me in the evening.

I walked back to Landro, and started thence at 10-30 a.m. on my solitary walk up the beautiful valley of the Rienz to the hut. On the way I had excellent views of the Drei Zinnen rising far above me in all their

rugged grandeur. I really felt misgivings at times as to my ability to climb them, for they look simply inaccessible and the Kleine Zinne was one of the last peaks in this district to yield to the assaults of the climber. It was a lovely walk, though very hot, and I had to ascend more than 3,000 feet. I reached the hut at 1-40 p.m. and took a short walk in the afternoon to reconnoitre the Kleine Zinne and scramble on its lower crags. There was a dearth of provisions at the hut, as a porter who was to have brought up supplies had failed to arrive and was probably celebrating the Emperor of Austria's birthday in the valley below, for it was August 18th. The result was that I had to do my climbs next morning on three chunks of rye-bread.

My guide arrived that evening, and soon after five next morning we started off, and in three-quarters of an hour reached the foot of the rocks of the Kleine Zinne. We roped and started up, and the work very soon began in real earnest. The climbing is partly up the face of the precipice and partly in those long and almost vertical chimneys which are so characteristic of the Dolomites. In this peak it is also varied by the famous Traverse, where for about 30 yards you edge along a narrow shelf of rock running almost horizontally along the face of the precipice. I must confess that I did not find this traverse so difficult as I had expected, but a few days afterwards I read an account of it which was quite blood-curdling. All that is required is an absolutely steady head and a sure foot, but the latter should be made certain by the "kletterschuhe," which are shoes with canvas uppers and rope soles that one wears for climbing on these limestone rocks. The most difficult point is the last chimney before reaching the summit, for this is about 50 feet high, and overhangs at the top, so that when I stood at the bottom, my guide was invisible, and only the rope hanging down remained to certify his presence.

Sometimes an unskilful climber contrives to get wedged in the chimney just below the chock-stone, but I evaded this trap and was soon sitting on the top of the Kleine Zinne (9,450 feet), having taken one hour and fourteen minutes from the foot of the rocks. This peak is characterised by "Baedeker" as a dangerous ascent; so it might be to the inexperienced, but the holds are good and what more can a climber want? We did not wait long on the top, for we were in the clouds, and other work was awaiting us.

We descended by the same route, rested for nearly half an hour, and at once started up the Grosse Zinne which is higher but much easier. We climbed steadily up, now by face and now by chimney, and in fifty-nine minutes we reached the top (9,850 feet). We stayed on the top for twenty minutes, having a good view of the pretty Misurina lake lying below in Italy. I should mention that the frontier between Austria and Italy runs over the tops of the three Zinnen, and some parts of this frontier have certainly never been trodden by human foot. We climbed down by the same route, consumed some more dry rye-bread, put on our boots again, picked up the sacks and axes which had been left below, and got back to the hut a little before 2 p.m., I having thoroughly enjoyed my introduction to Dolomite rocks. I got back to Landro that afternoon just as it was beginning to rain.

A thunderstorm began in the night and continued in the morning, but at 11 a.m. it cleared up and I walked up the Val Popena and over the Col St. Angelo into Italy, to the Misurina Lake, and then through woods by a by-road back into Austria to the little hotel on the Tre Croci Pass (5,930 feet).

Next morning I started off at 3-50 a.m. with a guide for the ascent of Monte Cristallo. The moon shone brightly, and the twin peaks of Cristallo and Popena

stood out beautifully ; there was not a cloud in the sky, and it was indeed a pleasure to be out at that hour and watch the change from night to day. We went first up grass slopes and then up sharp limestone scree and steep snow and roped just one and a half hours after starting, having ascended more than 3,000 feet. We first traversed some steep snow to the left, which soon brought us above the Forcella or gap which separates Monte Cristallo from Piz Popena, and then we took to the " Lange Band," a long ledge running along the face. This is very simple going and we finally left it and climbed up pieces of face and various chimneys, till at last a scramble over the Böse Platte, whose difficulties must have been exaggerated, brought us over easy rocks to the summit (10,495 feet) at seven a.m. We stayed for an hour and a half, for the air was clear, and I had a most magnificent view in every direction and could pick out all the chief Dolomite peaks, and also many snow-peaks in the distance, including my old friend the Gross Glockner. We reached Tre Croci just at eleven a.m., and walked down to Cortina in the afternoon, when it was very hot.

Two days afterwards an English lady and myself with a guide started off, after a raining morning, at 1-35 p.m. and walked steadily for two and a half hours over pastures and through woods, till we reached the Cinque Torri, or Five Towers, a group of isolated rocks which stand in a grotesque manner some 3,000 feet above Cortina. The largest is a tremendous obelisk of almost square section, but it is cleft and fissured in such a way as to offer no serious difficulties to a climber. Its ascent took us only twenty-seven minutes, first up slabs and then by almost vertical chimneys into a strange fissure right in the bowels of the rock. Here we dived through a sort of tunnel and came out into another whence a good climb up a vertical chimney brought us to the top. The clouds flitted constantly round us, but we did catch an excellent

glimpse, in the distance, of the famous rock-peak of the Fünffingerspitze, which I ascended three years later. By eight o'clock in the evening we were back in Cortina.

Three days later the same lady and myself made the ascent of the Croda da Lago, which was then considered the hardest climb in the immediate neighbourhood. I climbed with Angelo Gaspari and the lady with Giuseppe Colli. These names are sufficient to show the Italian nature of the population of the Val Ampezzo, which was under the rule of the Venetian Republic from 1420 to 1517, when it passed into the hands of Maximilian of Habsburg.

We started at four a.m. up the cart track leading to the Falzarego Pass, which was recently the scene of strenuous fighting. After three-quarters of an hour we turned to the left and ascended through pines and larches and up steep slopes behind our peak till at last we emerged on a shoulder and then traversed along the face fronting Cortina, keeping just below the rocks. Then two gullies brought us to a ledge, which we followed for some little way. Here we left our boots and axes, put on our kletterschuhe, and roped in pairs. We first climbed up a small chimney and then up a very fine piece of rock-face, which looked exceedingly formidable but was well provided with hand-holds. At times the clouds boiled up thickly around us as we moved along like flies on a wall, and made the state of affairs still more impressive. We next climbed a long chimney and we reached the summit (8,885 feet) in just fifty-one minutes. The clouds had cleared off and we stayed there in brilliant sunshine, enjoying an excellent view of the movements of three chamois, which we descried on the scree some 2,000 feet below us.

We had climbed up the east face and now descended by the north arête. The first stage was quite thrilling, for it was just like letting oneself over from the roof of a

house down the wall, and there was no foothold till about four or five feet down, so that one was for a moment simply dangling over a huge precipice by the arms alone. We descended over face and down chimneys, along ledges for an hour and twenty-five minutes, when we regretfully reached the foot of the rocks and unroped.

Three days later Angelo Gaspari and I left Cortina on a hot afternoon, walked to the top of the Tre Croci Pass, laid in a stock of provisions there, and went on to the Pfalzgau Hut (6,350 feet) which was reached just after seven p.m. Next morning we left at four-thirty a.m., and in the dim light made our way over scree and then over débris-covered glacier and up steep snow. Meanwhile, the new day was dawning and we halted to rope, just as the splintered summits of the crags above us began to glow orange-red in the first rays of the rising sun. We ascended very steep snow and took to the rocks at 5-57 a.m. Here we were at the foot of the precipice which descends to the north from the summit of the Sorapis.

We climbed up steep rocks and traversed along narrow ledges, varied by a steep and narrow gully filled with snow in very bad condition. We halted ten minutes for a short meal and went on our upward way till we came to a rather difficult piece of face, where a wire rope was fixed, the assistance of which we did not require. We soon had to climb a long and deep gully filled with rather bad snow, varied at times by ice, and then came a piece of smooth perpendicular face about 15 feet high, with scarcely any holds. This obstacle used to be surmounted by the first man standing on the shoulders of the next, but we found a wire rope fixed by the help of which we clambered up with a certain amount of difficulty. Next came some chimneys, and then a steep ice-gully led us to a kind of saddle in the arête. Here we found that the clouds had arisen over Italy, so that we who were far

above them saw as it were an angry sea, with rocky islands rising above it, which were the summits of the peaks.

The climbing now became easier and we soon reached the summit of the Sorapis (10,520 feet), in four hours and thirty-six minutes from the hut. It was rather cloudy and after an hour on this frontier summit, we descended rapidly on the Italian or southern side, down easy rocks, and then glissaded down snow and unroped. Thence we went down to the pass of the Forcella Grande, whence steep and stony tracks brought us to the little Italian village of San Vito del Cadore at 1-15 p.m. We had descended the 7,000 feet from the summit in just over three hours; we lunched at the village albergo and drove back over the Austrian frontier to Cortina in the afternoon.

Two days afterwards some friends were going to climb the Becco di Mezzodi (8,430 feet). I accompanied them and found that I was expected to follow them unroped, which I did. I was relieved to find that the peak was quite an easy one and the rocks only took about twenty minutes each way.

The next day, September 3rd, I walked alone over the Giau Pass (7,280 feet) and down by the village of Selva Bellunese to the Italian village of Caprile, which was once the northern limit of the dominions of Venice in her palmy days. It rained all night and most of the next day, but between the showers I walked past the beautiful Lake Alleghe, which was formed by a huge rock-fall in 1771, which buried four villages. At its southern end I lunched and sheltered for four hours, and then walked on to Cencenighe and thence for three miles up the Val Biois to Forno di Canale, where I put up at the rather primitive village inn. I started at seven a.m. next morning and made my solitary way over the Valles Pass (6,665 feet) into Austria again, and then a cross-

country walk brought me to the top of the Rolle Pass, where I struck the high road which led me down to the beautiful village of San Martino di Castrozza at three p.m.

Next morning I started at five a.m. with Antonio Tavernaro and after a beautiful walk, which lay first through forest, we roped and started up the rocks at eight a.m., having to climb the most difficult place first of all. In half an hour we reached the Italian frontier at the gap between the Sass Maor and the Cima della Madonna, and thence in just nineteen minutes a fine rock-climb brought us to the summit of the Cima della Madonna (9,075 feet). We climbed down by the same route to the gap, whence another nineteen minutes climb found us on the top of the Sass Maor (9,240 feet). We descended by a different route to the gap and returned to San Martino at 1-33 p.m.

Two days later, Antonio and I started at 4-45 a.m. and traversed the splendid peak of the Cimone della Pala (10,450 feet), which has been called "The Matterhorn of the Dolomites." We climbed the north-west arête in an icy wind with our hands nearly freezing at times. This splendid ridge had then been climbed only a few times. We had an excellent view from the summit, the Ortler group being especially clear, and then descended by the ordinary route, and in two hours from unroping, we were back at San Martino just before one p.m. Here I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the well-known climber, Signor Leone Sinigaglia.

After a day's rest Antonio and I left at 5-25 a.m. and reached the gap between the Campanile di Val di Roda and the Cima di Val di Roda in three hours, having found much slippery ice in the couloir and the rocks very wet, as it was raining at the time. We climbed in twenty-one minutes to the top of the former peak with one very fine chimney en route and descended by another chimney to the gap, whence just over half an hour took us to the

top of the Cima at 10-20. On the way we had to send up rucksack and ice-axe by the rope up the difficult chimney, as it was so narrow. On the top we followed a well-known Cumberland practice, for we unroped and walked by an easy route back to San Martino.

I stayed three days more at San Martino for the weather was unsettled and the Rolle Pass was closed after five a.m. as the Austrians were practising with live shell from some new guns which had just been installed in the fort, although the Triple Alliance was then at the height of its prosperity.

When the firing had finished, I walked over the Rolle Pass to Paneveggio and then over the Lusia Pass to the little hamlet of Perra in the Val Fassa. Here I dined on the landing, which was the place of honour in the old Dolomite inns, while the goodwife brought her knitting and conversed with me on things in general. Next morning the old landlord walked for three-quarters of an hour with me up a mountain track to put me on the right path. The Tyrolese peasants were ever courteous to Englishmen, and I am very sorry that they have fallen victims to German ambitions.

My way took me up the Vajolet Thal where there was no hut in those days and the famous towers were not the fashionable peaks they have now become. I went alone over the Grasleiten Pass (8,530 feet), descended some fresh snow, lunched at the Grasleiten hut and made my way in thick cloud and rain to the Schlern Haus after I had lost my way once or twice. I finally almost bumped into it in the thick clouds when I thought I had still another half hour to go.

Next morning, ten minutes walk took me to the top of the Schlern (8,415 feet), whence I enjoyed a very fine view. I then walked down a marked path to the station of Atzwang whence the train took me to Bozen. This fine old town is only 880 feet above sea-level and is

splendidly situated in the midst of vineyards. I felt the heat very much, but enjoyed the fine grapes which were to be bought very cheap. On the following day I travelled by rail over the Brenner Pass to Innsbruck, whence I came straight home by Zurich and Bale.



IN THE SULDEN VALLEY.

FIGHTING ON THE ORTLER RANGE.

By S. H. DAVIES.

The western frontier of Tyrol running from north to south parts company with the Engadine and encounters the Italian outpost on the divide of the Stelvio Pass. Here it takes a bold sweep easterly up one limb of the great Ortler starfish, and so along the summits of the southern limb. It leaves the peaks of Ortler and Königspitze to the north, but traverses Zebbru, Krielspitze, Shrötterhorn and Suldenspitze, a collection of peaks at the head of Sulden Valley, and turns south over the snow clad mass of Cevedale.

Politically this corner has its interest, for here is the meeting place of Teutonic and Romance races, and should the Trentino be restored to Italy, the new boundary may run due east over the Ortler and then south-east, crossing the Adige near Neumarkt and so to Mount Marmolita, where it would rejoin the present boundary.

Impossible as it may seem to climbing folk who have made Sulden or Trafoi their headquarters (since Tuckett and Buxton showed us the way in the sixties), these peaks were the scene of wild fighting in September. The Italian Bersaglieri appear to have carried a gun up the glacier at the head of Val Zebbru on to the shoulder of the Königspitze (Königsjoch). They then traversed three peaks named above, storming the fortified Suldenspitze and forcing their way past the well-known Hallesche and Schaubach huts of the D.O.A.V. into the Sulden valley. Sweeping down the valley, they appear to have reached Gomagoi, the junction with the carriage road from the Stelvio Pass. It is not clear whether they took the small Austrian fort here and so outflanked the

defence of the Pass and made their way into the Vintschgau. A small engagement, perhaps, but if it were a fight between Italian and Austrian mountain corps it must have been extremely fierce and deadly. Where are now the Pingeras, the Dangls, the Reinstadtlers and other valiant guides of Sulden? Are these gallant sons of a fine mountain race laid low, engulfed in the ghastly holocaust of war's victims? Will the warmhearted peasantry of Sulden spurn us as allies of their Italian foes? It is indeed difficult to conceive the passions of men desecrating the grey crags and dazzling snow patches of the Ortler, or staining the noble ice-clad precipice of the Königspitze.

To those who are familiar with the ground, it is possible vaguely to picture the assault. The toilsome ascent of the glacier; the astounding feat of hauling a gun over a trackless waste of snow and ice; the cold night spent at an altitude of over 10,000 feet; the dawn, defining the rock towers and narrow couloirs of the Kreilspitze and the virgin snow on the peaks beyond, and displaying the black outcrop of distant Dolomitic mountains from a sea of fleecy cloud—and then the clash of forces and the desecrating bloodshed.

We trust that the valley is not left desolate, but that the six-century-old farm houses still shelter the women and children and old folk. We picture the valley on that September morning tricked out in gay autumn colours; rich red bilberries glowing on lichen-covered rock, heaths, campanulas, saxifrages supplying the decoration. We see the squirrels and big woodpeckers disturbed from their generous feast of pine cones.

And what of the Vintschgau, where north meets south and the swarthy faces and black eyes of the peasantry contrast strangely with their speech and strong Austrian loyalty? May Meran be spared to a happier age, with its wonderful autumn setting and its air of enchantment—a flawless picture of white houses and glistening roofs

in a setting of vines, orchards and chestnut groves, mounting to the Mother Castle of Tyrol, the twelfth century link between Teuton and Roman. A scorching sun, tempered by intoxicating air from the surrounding snow-capped mountains, a mile-long promenade by a dashing river, and by way of contrast, the narrow arcaded streets of the old capital—that is Meran—a name to conjure with.

THE ALPS OF FRANCE.

By J. J. BRIGG.

The Alps forming the frontier between France and Italy fall into three groups—the Graians, the Cottians and the Maritimes. As will be seen from the map, the main chain of the Alps runs south from Mont Blanc for about eighty miles and then continues in an easterly direction until it meets the Apennines at the Col de Tenda, enclosing the plain of Piedmont with Turin as its centre. The Graians extend as far as the Mont Cenis, the Cottians from there to the Col de l'Argentière, and beyond them, the Maritimes run to the Col de Tenda.

THE GRAIANS.

At the head of the valley of Aosta, one of the noblest in Europe, is the pleasant little watering place of Pré St. Didier (a poor relation of Courmayeur), where the jaded climber refreshes in marble baths of natural hot water. Here the pass of the Little St. Bernard begins and passes La Thuille, the starting place for the Rutor, that great snowfield so conspicuous from the Pennines. I once climbed the Rutor with my brother and F. N. Ellis from a quaint little mountain inn at Fornet in Val Grisanche and spent the night in a tea-chalet full of ice. The view of Mont Blanc is said to be very fine, but we were too fully occupied in steering a way by compass through the mist to enjoy it. South of the Rutor the frontier runs to the headwaters of the Isère, the district of the Tarentaise, a secluded spot only to be reached by walking or very rough driving. The village of Val d' Isère is gradually assuming something of the complexion of a tourist place, but it is still sufficiently typical of the frontier. I have happy recollections of

the Hotel Moris whose landlord claimed descent from the Irish clan MacMorris and of a climb we made up the Mont Pourri, where we slept on the floor of a mountain chalet while our hosts talked over the affairs of the countryside. These mountain peoples have a pretty hard time of it and Nature itself is in a melancholy mood. On these uplands the one thing that matters is "Cow"—and we live and move in an environment of the sacred animal. At such centres of life as Val d' Isère the hardy "Alpins" of the French Army spend their off-days.

The Tarentaise includes the whole basin of the Isère and tucked away in another corner of it, at the head of a tributary stream, is Pralognan, a place that has blossomed into a real tourist station with a new hotel and, a few hours up the heights, a mountain hut or inn for climbing the Grande Casse and the Dome de Chasseforêt, with the Glacier of the Vanoise. The lower heights at Pralognan are of fantastic shape and there is quite a good climb on the Grande Casse. My brother, Greenwood, and I had a very cold reception when we climbed it some years ago—keen wind and stinging ice-morsels. You may descend to the Mont Cenis road by the chalets of Entre deux Eaux (what a pleasant French sound it has) and Termignon.

The old Mont Cenis road runs for at least twelve miles beyond the tunnel mouth at Modane before it really tackles the climb, and the frontier is 15 miles or more still to the east. I once crossed with Alfred Holmes and Mazzuchi from the Italian valleys of Lanzo, sleeping on a bench at the Rifugio Gastaldi and attempting the Bessanese on the way. We stayed a day or two at Bessans, quite the dullest village of its kind. The landlord had ceased to take in a newspaper for some years, in view of his expected early demise, and the whole library consisted of three old volumes hidden under a chest of drawers. There is, however, a quaint old chapel

near by with good frescoes. As we left the inn to climb the Levanna we nearly trod on the *douaniers* sleeping on the bridge. On the Levanna, the frontier peak, we had a delightful climb. It was hot and I was allowed to lead and cut steps while the others carried my coat—an admirable arrangement. The descent is to Ceresole Reale and its fleshpots ;—there was a *vol au vent à la financière* which is still spoken of with bated breath, and two springs of mineral water—iron and alkaline. From there it is easy to get up into the Grand Paradis group, but that is leaving the frontier too far. I have a vivid recollection of how our heavy luggage crossed on mule-back and how the mule must have been rolling, as mules do, in the snow, so that when our Italian fellow-traveller opened the treasures of his toilet, carefully selected for Courmayeur, his language was “ frequent and painful and free ”—very free !

At Modane we leave the Graians. Modane, the station for the Mont Cenis tunnel, is a dreary enough place. I have slept there twice—once to climb northwards to Pralognan and once southwards to Susa. Going north we halted at a shepherd’s hut, and handled the huge copper bells that are carried by the sheep on their annual migration from the deserts of the Crau in Provence. The forts at Modane command the mouth of the tunnel, but a few miles higher up the road, the picturesque old fort of Esseillon point *towards* France, for this was once the boundary of Savoy, and all along this line of valley and mountains were fought those now obscure campaigns of the *Grand Monarque* and the Dukes of Savoy, that to-day look like mere border frays in comparison with the present world-struggle.

THE COTTIAN ALPS

These are better known, probably, to my readers as the *Vaudois* or *Waldensian* valleys, for here are the fastnesses

where " they who held Thy faith so pure of old " resisted to the death the attacks of the Triple Tyrant of Rome and of the Duke of Savoy. With my brother, Greenwood, and Firth I have crossed these valleys, beginning with the Col de Clapier, from Modane to Susa. Some people say Hannibal brought elephants over this pass, but those people have certainly not seen the pass, and probably not an elephant. Susa lies below the railway on the Italian side of the tunnel and has a good little *Arc de Tromphe* of Roman date. From there we crossed a ridge to Fenestrelles, where are many Italian forts guarding another of Hannibal's routes—the Mont Genève. By carefully hiding our camera (like Joseph's cup) at the bottom of a rucksack we were courteously entreated by an Italian lieutenant and tried to do our country credit. Two days' journey to Perrero and then to Torre Pellice gave us a good idea of these lonely valleys of the Vaudois. Starting early every day we climbed up 5,000 feet and down another 5,000 feet to our sleeping quarters, and owing to low-lying clouds we never saw the tops of any of the neighbouring mountains, until at the end of a day's walk from Torre Pellice we stood on a grassy *col* and on one side looked down to where the hills start abruptly from the Italian plain, while on the other hand the great wedge of Monte Viso towered 8,000 feet above us. From the little pilgrimage village of Crissolo we climbed the Viso, sleeping at a poor mountain inn close to where the River Po rises at the foot of " Vesulus the cold." Our guide, Perotti, was Mayor and Choirmaster and everything else at Crissolo and quite a sportsman. He knew nothing of our climbing powers, but did not hesitate to take us up the Viso by a nearly new route, eight hours' continuous struggle from pitch to pitch. One of our party had never climbed out of England before and small wonder we were benighted under the soft Italian stars and only found our way down

into Casteldelfino in the late forenoon. I always look back on the Viso as one of my best climbs.

THE MARITIMES.

To reach the Col de Tenda, where Alps and Apennines meet, one must go south from Turin. Unlike the Swiss and French sides of the Alps, the Italian Alps spring straight out of a great alluvial plain, so that while from Turin or Milan you see the Alpine chain bounding the horizon, from the heights themselves you look across the plain to the distant Alps or Apennines. But the Maritimes have this distinction, that from their summits you can see the Mediterranean and even across to Corsica. From the Cima dei Gelas and from the Argentera we had this view, while northwards we looked across the plain of Piedmont to Mont Blanc, the Pennines, and almost to the mountains of Tirol. Though in both cases the climbing was hardly more than interesting, the view was worth going far to see. For once we had no camera with us for we were warned of the jealousy of the frontier guards, but we were hardly near enough the frontier to matter and no one asked us for our passports even. The Italian "Alpini" have proved their mettle in the Austrian heights and perhaps, if we only knew, the blue clad French "Alpins" with their saucy Basque caps have been helping. It is not an easy frontier to guard, especially as Victor Emmanuel, when he ceded the county of Nice to Louis Napoleon, managed to reserve the heads of the valleys on the French side, for shooting chamois. So he said!

Of the valley resting places, the most romantic is the secularized Carthusian monastery—(now an hotel)—the Certosa di Pesio with its cloisters, its vaulted rooms, its chestnut trees, and its flashing streams. The Stabilimento of the Baths of Valdieri is of that grandiose architecture so dear to Italians, and built at the bottom of a deep

narrow valley to be near its springs of thermal and other nasty waters. At Ciriegia we found rooms in a small hotel all but destroyed by fire, close to a magnificent waterfall and within easy reach of the country behind Nice on the Riviera, and here and everywhere we were never far from springs and streams of clear running water, not the muddy glacier streams of Switzerland but bright crystal trout-streams. For a good many years to come British climbers will lean to French and Italian speaking centres, and for good walking and climbing—hard or easy according to choice, let me put in a word for the Maritimes. Our last day's walk, one of thirteen hours, with scanty supplies of food, took us through lovely scenery from the Baths of Valdieri to Aisone and Vinadio on the dusty road of the Argentière—another Hannibal pass—where we slept in a real old Italian inn over the stable yard. The Baths of Vinadio are in a sunny side valley, with a delightful hotel and natural hot water baths. It was there we read of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, but we reached home undisturbed by War's alarms. From Vinadio is a rather dull two days to Casteldelfino under the Viso, and with the exception of this short break I have been able to see something of the French frontier Alps from Mont Blanc even unto the Middle Sea.

THE CAUCASUS.

BY HAROLD RAEBURN.

Caucasian mountaineering may be said to date from 1868. In that year Messrs. Freshfield, Moore, and Tucker, made with François Devouassoud of Chamonix an adventurous journey into that then almost unknown land. They had some interesting and exciting experiences, and succeeded in ascending the eastern, probably the lower summit, of Elbrus, about 18,400 feet. Elbrus is the Persian derived, Russian name for this peak, the native name is Mīngī Tau. The party also ascended Kasbek (16,546 feet) which overlooks the Dariel (Krestovaya Gora) Pass at the eastern limit of the Central Range, and ascended the great icefalls of the Karagom glacier. Their papers in the Royal Geographical Journal and in the Alpine Journal helped to spread the knowledge of, and an admiration for, this magnificent mountain country. They dispelled an established error among western geographers with regard to the glaciation of the region. Some authorities wrote of the small amount of glaciation owing to the absence of snow, others even denied the existence in the Caucasus of real glaciers at all. The only existent maps were those of the old 5 verst survey of the Russian military authorities. These naturally enough paid little attention to unascended peaks, and unknown and practically inaccessible glaciers and snowfields, and only the mountains prominently visible from the north were triangulated. Great masses of peaks up to 17,000 feet in height were wholly omitted, and the glaciers indicated with small pretence to accuracy.

It must be remembered that the Caucasus mountains

are not, and were not then, a frontier. In the present great war, the newspaper term, the "War in the Caucasus" is a misnomer. There has been no fighting in the Caucasus. The fighting has taken place in Russian and Turkish Armenia, more especially in the last, Armenia being far to the south of the range of the Caucasus mountains. The district north of the chain is called Cis-Caucasia, that south of it is called Trans-Caucasia and the whole province of Caucasia is composed of a great number of different countries, tribes and peoples.

As regards glaciation, the latest careful estimate of Russian Cartographers (1913), based on the as yet unfinished new survey, proves Caucasian snows to somewhat exceed those of all the Alps.

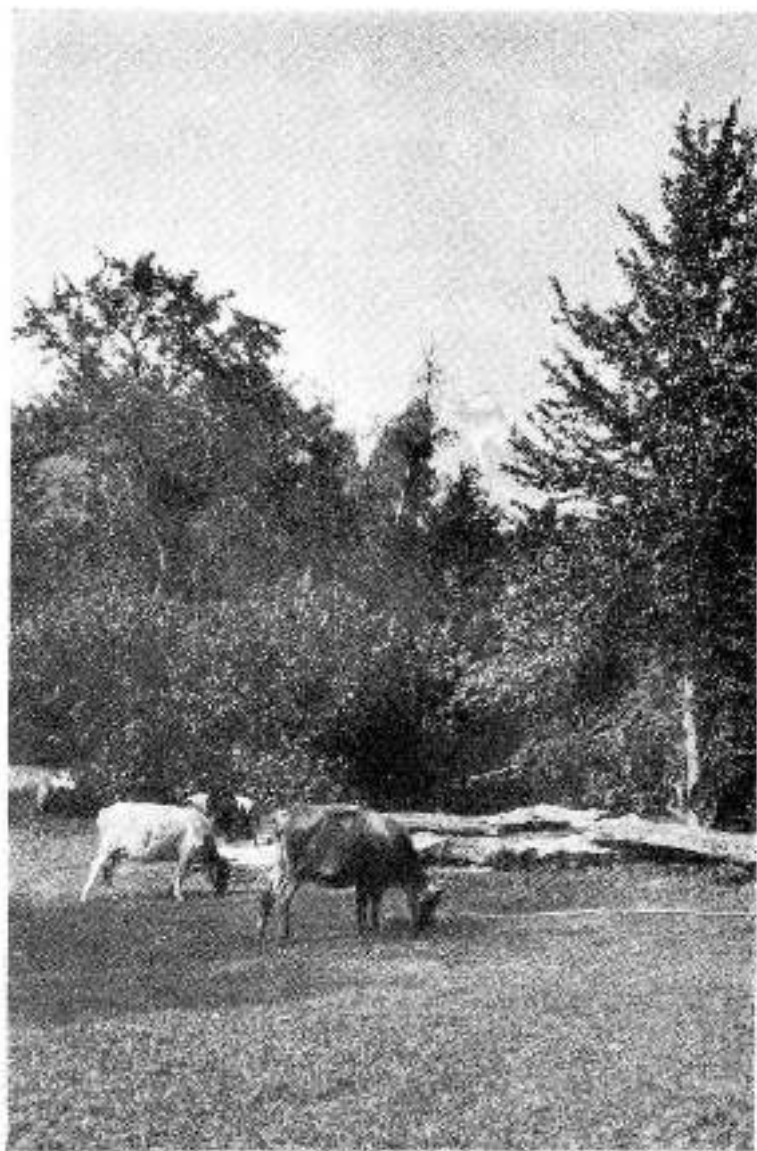
A second British expedition went out in 1874, and for the next twenty years or so the Caucasus peaks had to submit to a close and persistent series of attacks, carried out by the leading mountaineers of this and several Continental countries, accompanied by many of the best Swiss, Savoyard, and Tirol guides.

Many pages in the Alpine Journal record the adventures, the failures and the successes of various parties during these years. In the mountain classic by A. F. Mummery, *My Climbs in the Alps and the Caucasus*, several chapters are devoted to his visits to the far south-east. Mummery's account of the ascent of Koshtantau (really the higher mountain now known as Dykhtau) is a fascinating narrative of one of the longest rock climbs on record. Messrs. Woolley and Dent also contributed chapters to Mr. Freshfield's great classic of Caucasian exploration, first published in 1896.

The year 1888 was the great year of this era, many high peaks fell. The late J. G. Cockin (killed on the Weisshorn in 1899) first with a party, and then later with Ulrich Almer alone, was the most successful. He crowned his triumphs by making the first ascent of the

exceedingly formidable peak of Ushba (15,409 feet) which dominates Suanetia on the Asiatic side of the range. No one has ever succeeded in repeating the ascent by the Almer-Cockin route, though many have tried. Mr. H. Woolley came nearest to it. He confesses to feeling very glad to find himself safely out of the terrible couloir which leads up to the saddle between the twin peaks of Ushba. The year 1888 is also memorable for the utter vanishing of a whole party. This party consisted of Messrs. Donkin and Fox with the Swiss guides Fischer and Streich. Next year the search expedition organised by Messrs. Dent and Freshfield traced them to their last bivouac below the great eastern arête of Koshtantau. The chapter describing the finding of the bivouac is perhaps the most dramatic in that most charming of books on mountain adventure *The Exploration of the Caucasus*, by Mr. Douglas Freshfield.

After 1895 a pause set in and for nearly ten years very little climbing was done. In 1903, however, Mr. W. Rickmer Rickmers, the well-known ski enthusiast, author and explorer, organised an expedition for a number of the leading Swiss, Austrian, and German climbers, to Suanetia. The weather was very favourable and most of the remaining unclimbed peaks of that lovely little country were conquered. The very steep and difficult south peak of Ushba was also ascended after a very nearly fatal repulse in which Mr. Rickmers took part. This climb is described by him in a brilliant paper in the *Alpine Journal*. The Russian survey gives an apparent advantage of 9 feet in height to the south peak 15,409 against 15,400, but my investigations lead me to believe that the point is by no means settled. My own opinion is that a careful re-survey late in the season would probably show that the north peak is in reality a few feet higher. A small rival party to Mr. Rickmers' led by that exceedingly able mountaineer H. Pfann made, in the most



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A GLIMPSE OF USHBA. 15,408 FEET.

desperate mountain climb ever accomplished, a complete traverse of both peaks. This party was out four nights, two of these at about 15,000 feet. They were no doubt assisted the last day in descending the south peak by the tracks and ropes left by Rickmers' party the week before, but the climb was a wonderful feat of endurance, and of mountain-craft on the part of the leader. Dr. Longstaffe, the well-known Himalayan explorer was also in Suanetia that year, with his friend Mr. Rolleston, and ascended several high peaks. Dr. Longstaffe considers his Caucasian season as the finest climbing he ever did, even after his experience in the higher heights of Himalaya.

In the eighty's and ninety's of last century an Hungarian explorer M. de Déchy paid a number of visits to the Caucasus. M. de Déchy was a most painstaking and enthusiastic photographer in the days when photography was a serious art, and had not reached the "press the bulb" stage. He was the pioneer of Caucasian mountain photography, ably followed by Donkin, Sella, Woolley and Young. On his first visit he was accompanied by the famous Swiss guide, Alexander Burgener (killed a few years ago outside the Bergli Hut above Grindelwald). De Déchy was under the impression that he had made the ascent of the highest peak of the Adaikhokh group, between Ossetia and Mingrelia, but he was misled by the errors of the 5 verst map, and the ascent he actually made, of a lower neighbouring mountain in mist, did not give him an opportunity of seeing where he really was. His identification of his peak with the highest peak, was not accepted by other Caucasian authorities, including Mr. Freshfield and the Russians. It was not till the British expeditions of 1913 and 1914, however, that the mystery was finally solved. The highest peak was first climbed by Holder and Cockin with U. Almer in 1890.

Signor Sella, the famous Italian mountain photographer,

paid several visits to the Central Range towards the end of last century. As he usually was accompanied by a whole-plate camera and its necessary bearers, he did not generally press an ascent to the actual summit of the high peaks. Mr. Woolley's series of Caucasian Views, taken during his very successful visits, give splendid impressions of the grandeur and beauty of this Alpine land.

Besides the works of Freshfield and Sella, and of De Déchy, there is another by a German explorer, Herr Merzbacher. Herr Merzbacher made some new ascents in the Kasbek group, but most of his accounts relate to districts of lower peaks and much less glaciation to the east of the Central Range. With his work is issued a somewhat pretentious map. On the whole Mr. Freshfield's map, though on a smaller scale and with far fewer names upon it, is to be preferred. When minute knowledge of a country is not available, it is preferable to leave names and minor details blank than to court inevitable blundering, by inserting peaks, passes, tracks, and names profusely but in many cases necessarily erroneously. The new Russian survey at present being carried on, is on the large scale of $\frac{1}{11000}$, and is of very considerable accuracy, though very few names are printed upon it. It is not issued to the public. One sheet, however, that covering Kasbek, is on sale at Vladikavkaz.

For ten years after 1903 no British climbers went to the Caucasus, though various Continental parties, Italian, German, and Swiss, had considerable success.

The years 1913 and 1914 witnessed a revival of interest, and the British expeditions of those years made serious inroads in the number of the 14,000-15,000 foot peaks yet virgin.

Russian opportunities for becoming mountaineers are naturally not great, but several Clubs have been recently established. As a rule, however, the Russian climbers

are confined to Kasbek or much more rarely Elbrus. Kasbek rises in its vast sublimity 14,500 feet above the capital of Cis-Caucasia, Vladikavkaz (2,000 feet) and its glaciers can be gained in a few hours by means of the Dariel Pass motor, much as the Mont Blanc glaciers from Geneva.

Guides do not exist except one or two men who know the two great volcanic peaks of Kasbek and Elbrus. As is the habit of volcanoes these peaks are very tame from a *climbing* point of view, though their great height will always make their ascent something of a strenuous feat.

The tribesmen of the various valleys, districts and nations, as a rule carefully avoid the snow mountains. Only formerly when on raids, or now-a-days for harvest work, or with sheep or cattle for sale, do they venture upon the glacier snows of a few well defined cols. The hunters of chamois, bear, marten and tur (the big wild goat) seldom trust themselves on the snow. This is not to be wondered at, for in addition to the danger from the innumerable demons and evil spirits, which they dread greatly, they possess only very inefficient foot-gear for snow work. Crampons of rope and of iron are used by the more daring hunters. The Caucasians wear only a soft rawhide mocassin. This allows of great lightness and activity on *easy* rocks, but the least ice makes them very dangerous.

Many people have asked me the very difficult question. How do you compare Caucasian mountaineering with mountaineering in the Alps, Himalaya, New Zealand, the Rockies, Norway or this country? My experience, unfortunately, does not extend to the Canadian, New Zealand or Indian peaks, but I should answer, generally it is much the same in all countries, regard being paid to the geological formation, the line of perpetual snow, and *especially* the height above sea-level. A notion prevailed at first, that the Caucasus peaks were all easy snow peaks.

No doubt on account of the first peaks conquered being the two exceptional *volcanic* peaks of Elbrus and Kasbek. The central granites are, however, very different mountains. The climbs of Messrs. Mummery, Cockin, Woolley, Dent and others have shown that the rock and ice climbs there are longer and harder than the hardest of the Central Pennines. Difficult rock climbing at a height of about 17,000 feet must be pretty near the limit of human powers. The Himalayan explorer who has perhaps the best knowledge of that region to-day, states that none of the highest climbs hitherto made there have been, technically difficult climbs. A study of the photographs and narratives of the four parties to attack or ascend Denali, the so-called Mount McKinley (about 20,500 feet) and the highest point of the north American continent, shows clearly that this ascent presents no *mountaineering* difficulty at all. Most of the parties, like Dr. Cook's and the Yukon miners, had no mountaineering experience whatever. On most of the great Andean peaks the mule does by far the major part of the mountaineering.

It is on the ranges of medium height, and the Caucasus stands at the head of these, where great scope exists for both rock-craft and icemanship. A pioneer in seeking the ascent of high peaks, looks for the easiest and *safest* route. It is a sign of mountain craftsmanship if he finds it. Most of the ascended great Caucasus peaks have been climbed only once or perhaps twice at most. In some cases the best route has not been found on these peaks.

Before one is in a position to compare Caucasian snows with, say, Alpine, one ought to have a series of seasons to compare. I have found great difference in different districts and aspects in 1913 and in 1914. In the latter the snow was of the aggravating British, perhaps I should say Scottish kind, that extremely tiring, non-bearing, crusted snow. The iced rocks also greatly



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VILLAGE OF GEBI, RION VALLEY, MINGRELIA.

J. R. Young.

increased the resemblance to Scottish rock climbing in late spring or Alpine climbing early in the seasons of 1908, 1909 and 1910. Of rock climbing pure and simple there is of course any amount in the Caucasus. Hundreds of miles of great limestone peaks of Dolomitic-looking aspect, rising to about 10,000-11,000 feet, form on the north side merely the foothills to the greater granite peaks behind them. One of the greatest charms of the country is the narrowness of the earth folds which form the great upheaval and to the extraordinary rapidity with which the snow peaks seem to rise from the undulating prairie land of the northern steppe.

As I have seen the Central snows at dawn from the north, they take the appearance of a vast foam-tipped roller, just curling over to break and overwhelm the world. One looks up to the sun-fired ice cones of Elbrus 17,000 feet above the eye level, as they soar out of a belt of cloud, and the sight gives one just a faint appreciation of the depths of space.

As regards snow conditions in the Caucasus. Owing to the southern latitude (S. Pyrenees) the sun's power, especially on the southern slopes, is of course very great. The state of the snow changes quicker than in the Alps. I have, however, seen it change just as quickly in the higher hills of the Scottish Highlands, when a soft, south-westerly gale sets in. Caucasian mountaineering on this account calls for experience of and precautions against avalanches. These are more frequent, and more dangerous, than in the Alps. Peaks also of equal or only slightly higher altitude than the Central Pennines have a greater accumulation of ice and snow. Storms arise with greater rapidity, especially towards the west. It must not be forgotten that these western mountains are not far from the sea. I have in fact seen the Black Sea from the summit of Elbrus. The south-west wind can bring up the clouds with great rapidity.

Caucasian mountaineering is still in the exploratory state, though that condition is bound soon to pass away. It is necessary to organise transport and commissariat. Like an army, a mountaineer marches on his stomach. Careful prevision must be made for provision. If comfort is desired, two kinds of tents must be taken. A large tent for base camp, and the lightest possible tents for high camps, to which it may not always be found possible to obtain transport by native porters. Of course the large tent is not indispensable but in its absence the expedition must rely upon getting accommodation from the Staréshina (lit. Old Man) or mayor of the nearest village, probably the bare boards of the schoolroom. I have been offered the jail, certainly there were no prisoners, but most certainly there are many and highly undesirable inhabitants in such places. Local information about the mountains is as a rule to be distrusted. The usual attitude of the natives is the couplet:—

“ I am the old inhabitant,
And what *I* cannot do *you* can't.”

The vagaries, airs, and clamour of the horse owners and porters are apt to get on one's nerves when tired. It is necessary always to keep the temper, to be calm, *just* and *firm*. One must remember the people are mountaineers, and freemen. Russian rule is very light, it only interferes to suppress murder and freebooting. They are not bound to serve for money, many of them rarely see it, and do not require it. People travelling in the mountains must, they think, be “ millionaires.” A rouble to you is the same as a copayk to them. They therefore give you the chance to show your generosity by putting an absurd value on their services and provisions. Like all semi-civilized peoples, however, they are really rather childish and lack true persistence. If you show real



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CAUCASIAN PACK TRAIN.

J. B. Young.

knowledge of market values they will respect, not dislike you. They have of course not the faintest idea of the value of time, therefore, it is much preferable to make engagements by piecework and not by time. Most tribesmen are rather thin and slightly built, and are not so muscular as the average west European. They are wiry, however, and capable of going long distances on a minimum of rest and food.

As regards the magnificence and beauty of Caucasian scenery I cannot do better than refer to the eloquent appreciations to be found in Mr. Freshfield's classic work. No one who once comes under the strange charm of the land can help the longing to there return.

HOW WE STUDIED THE BALKANS.

BY W. P. HASKETT-SMITH

(President).

In Oxford days, an acquaintance whom nature has endowed with plenty of assurance but no great stock of industry had to undergo an examination in English History. He had gathered from the varied counsels of his friends that questions were absolutely certain to be put touching the Norman conquest and the reign of Edward the Third. Accordingly he crammed himself with information on these two topics, only to discover when the fatal day arrived that he was required to sketch the chief events and political state of the country at the close of the twelfth century.

Here was a pretty state of affairs. He had a dim notion that Magna Carta came in somewhere near that date, but for a full century before, and a full century after, he was not able to recall a single fact.

Nothing daunted, he opened his remarks with the bland announcement that it would be an easy matter for the superficial reader to recapitulate the many striking events of that well-known period, but that the serious student of History was not content with such common knowledge, knowing well that causes and results of great events far transcended in importance the events themselves, and that it was impossible to have a true appreciation of such an event as the signing of Magna Carta, without an exact study of the Norman conquest on the one hand and of the Edwardian period on the other.

This tale of my youth came back to me when our Editor, lusting as usual after all that is topical, demanded

an article on the subject of the Balkans. That I had visited them could not honestly be denied ; but all my first-hand knowledge of them could be telegraphed, even at the recently enhanced rates, for about eighteenpence, and so would not go far towards filling the pages of the Journal.

What was to be done ? Clearly a leaf must be taken out of the book of that ingenious Oxford undergraduate, and the principle laid down that since the Balkans are a mountainous region almost surrounded by the Mediterranean, they can never be properly understood except after studying other parts of that inland sea and other mountain regions overlooking it.

In this sense my preliminary studies of the Balkan questions began some years ago at Barcelona. My friend and I spent some days here trying to induce the Spanish Customhouse to disgorge a gun which they had confiscated at the Pyrenean frontier. We failed of course, but the effort gave us time to visit the strange mountains of Montserrat, parts of which are fantastically rugged. One of them though not very high was so thickly covered with pinnacles that it reminded us of a cake with almonds stuck into the top of it.

Abandoning all hopes of our gun, we worked down the coast, occasionally running inland to such hills as the Sierra Morena and Sierra Nevada ; the latter as lofty as the Pyrenees, but not very attractive, though some of the forest-clad foot-hills of it are very beautiful. They also have the merit of producing some of the tastiest hams in the world, that is when the pigs do their best for you and eat plenty of chestnuts. When the nuts are scarce they appear to fall back on eating the trees and produce meat which is appallingly hard and dry. I had warned my friend that we might happen on a timber-fed specimen but we were lucky and found a nut-fed gem of which he could never afterwards speak without emotion.

After Spain we had of course to take Morocco, to which the German "Panther" had not then paid her famous visit. We crossed from Malaga in one of the French "Transatlantique" liners, one of which capsized off Guernsey the other day. If she was anything like our boat on that occasion it is not to be wondered at, for she was very narrow and deep and only tolerable as a sea boat when heavily laden. There had been a violent gale from the Atlantic and a heavy swell was rushing in through the straits of Gibraltar. Consequently with a light ship and a beam sea, the rolling was terrific. Our unhappy courier was five times thrown out of his berth on to the floor, and by morning all the crockery, all the glass, and all the oil lamps by which exclusively the ship was lighted were lying in fragments on the floor.

To crown all, when we reached Morocco it was impossible to land and we had to put out again and coast along to Oran. We spent some time in Algeria where the mountains of Kabylia present very striking scenery, rugged peaks penetrated by savage ravines, contrasting with an amazing profusion of spring flowers. But what had all this to do with the Balkans? It had just a slight link with the war, for one of the places we visited and admired was the Bay of Bougie, which the Germans bombarded in 1914. In Tunis we found no mountains, and hurried by way of Malta to Sicily, which is all hills and in Mount Etna of course reaches Alpine proportions. From Palermo we took boat to Naples and crossed Italy to Brindisi and steamed to the lovely island of Corfu and later from there to Greece. Here we had a glorious revel among temples and historic sites, but it was not the Balkans, and we pressed on by sea to Constantinople.

On board the steamer there was a very refined and amiable young Turk who was known as the Ambassador, and really was attached to some Turkish embassy. He was the only traveller who got up early as I did and we

soon struck up acquaintance. It is strange to recall our passage up the Dardanelles which has since witnessed such terrible scenes, discussing as we went, the rugged and almost deserted hills of the Gallipoli peninsula.

Few ports have so romantic an approach as the Turkish capital, and as we glided that glorious spring morning past the minarets of Seraglio Point and turned into the far-famed Golden Horn it seemed to deserve all the glowing accounts of it that were ever written.

Now we felt we were nearing our goal. There is much to see in and about that wonderfully situated city, and after several days of hard work we began to sleep a little at night, which at first the noise of the pariah dogs rendered impossible.

We made a trip into the Black Sea and were just preparing an elaborate campaign in Serbia, Bulgaria, Roumania and many other places now so much in the mouths of men, when, alas and alack! word came from England that we must hurry back at once and so we had to content ourselves with rushing in the train through the countries which we had hoped to explore at leisure.

One piece of luck befel me which my friend missed by going round to the mouth of the Danube, while I travelled by Nish, Belgrad and Vienna. An officer in a bright blue uniform looked out of another carriage and made me wonder why he was wearing a false nose. The next time that there was a chance of inspecting him I felt uncertain about it. It might be a real nose of unusual proportions.

There was no restaurant car and we were all savagely hungry, and when we came to a station where food could be got, all the occupants of the train raced like a pack of hounds for the shed where the scanty viands were set out. I found myself running a good race with that gigantic nose, and satisfied myself that it was real. The owner of it was very jovial and laughed heartily at a

little collision we had and at his brother officers whom we had entirely distanced. We sat down side by side and between great gulps of thick broth, chatted in French, which he spoke readily but not really well. We met again at a later station and exchanged a few more words and then I discovered that he was no less a person than the present King of Bulgaria. I have never seen him since, and he and his gigantic nose remain the sole concrete fact which I brought away from the Balkan Provinces.



VIEW FROM BIVOUAC AT BASE OF YARIGATAKE.

TWO CLIMBS IN THE JAPANESE ALPS.

BY THE REV. WALTER WESTON. M.A., F.R.G.S., A.C.,

*First Honorary Member of the Japanese
Alpine Club.*

Kaigane is the northern and highest point (10,450 feet) of the three-peaked Shirane-San, the great "white-mountain" of Kosshu, and is best reached from the plain of Kofu, in Central Japan. In this plain there plies our old familiar friend the *basha*—a cross between a hearse and an ambulance waggon. Its astonishing and alarming gyrations perpetually promise the prospect of its use in the capacity of one or other of those useful, though somewhat gloomy, conveyances.

Its employment was always one of those fond delusions to which one so unaccountably clings (and on Japanese country roads the *basha* needs very energetic clinging to). Its speed averages, under favourable conditions, $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles an hour, and a "day out" in it affords one of the most violent forms of exercise, in which an active man, of robust health and sound nerves is justified, if unmarried, in indulging.

A day's journey westwards from Kofu brought me to Ashiyasu, a hamlet in a lonely valley at 2,200 feet, whose dark chalets cling with difficulty to broken slopes and ledges high above a wild torrent bed.

These chalets are highly picturesque, at a suitable distance, though their most distinctive features can be neither properly photographed, nor adequately described—their dirt and their odours! One soon ceases here to wonder at anything one sees, and still less at anything one may smell. At the house, however, of the village "head-man" (my friend, Natori Unyichi), a really charming

spot, I was received with every kindness and courtesy, for I was the first *gwaikokujin* to enjoy their hospitality.

The three hunters he provided me with proved capital companions, always willing, thoughtful, and most eager to please. Indeed, it is the comradeship of these simple-minded, good-hearted fellows that has always been one of the greatest charms of my Alpine wanderings in Japan. Each summer I met them with renewed interest, and parted with increased regret.

After a rough nine hours' scramble under a scorching sun, over a forest clad ridge, we dropped down into the valley of the swift Norokawa. Yet another severe struggle of four hours more was needed to take us up the wild torrent bed before we gained our bivouac, at the foot of Kaigane, and then the last hour had to be done in the dark, by the faint glimmer of an Alpine lantern.

It is this rough work in these splendid ravines, combined with the intense heat of the plains, that forms the hardest part of one's expeditions, and makes them much more fatiguing than most good average Alpine climbs.

At times we had to wade across, waist deep, through the icy-cold water, stepping with difficulty from one slippery boulder to another; once we were obliged to fell a tree 40 feet high, to form a bridge over the deepest part of the channel. A slip would often have plunged one into a roaring, swirling torrent with little hope of rescue.

Darkness had long fallen before we gained our bivouac, at 5,000 feet, a poor little shelter of birch-bark, on the river's left bank. Its sole furniture consisted of a chamois skin and an old iron cooking pot. We were all tired out, so the next day was spent in fishing. Fair-sized trout is taken in some of the pools, here 20 or 30 feet deep, and a delicious addition it is to one's larder. On the third day we were off before dawn, leaving the oldest of my three men, quite done up, to guard the camp in



CROSSING SNOW COULOIR ON N. FACE OF YARIGATAKE.

our absence. We forded the torrent, here 150 yards wide, to its right bank, and climbed a steep buttress, immediately above it, for six hours, to the north arête of Kaigane. In the dense dark forest, near the foot of the buttress, we suddenly lighted upon the rotting, shattered timbers of a little shrine, destroyed by an avalanche. It was originally dedicated to the mountain divinity, formerly worshipped here, in time of drought, by deputations from the peasants of Ashiyasu.

Now, however, an energetic and practical Meteorological Department, and improved methods of irrigation, have destroyed the cult, as the storms have wrecked the shrine, and I was told that it would no more be restored.

Up this forest-clad buttress, then, we fought our way, now by steep and rugged slopes, now up waterfalls, or by rocky torrent-beds. At one time we had to climb from branch to branch of the gigantic *haimatsu* (creeping-pine), above the upper limit of the forest trees, but after this the worst was over. Beyond it, we reached the bare northern arête, and found ourselves gazing out over a splendid prospect in every direction, especially towards the west. An interesting climb on the ridge southwards then led us to the highest point; the next in altitude, of all the mountains of Japan, to Fuji-San itself. Every sheltered spot on the upward way was bright with Alpine flowers of every hue: the Japanese *edelweiss* and the Japanese *soldanella* (*Schizocodon soldanelloides*), which excels its European cousin both in colour and in range, for while I found it here at 10,000 feet in mid-July, it flourishes also elsewhere, as early as May, no less than 7,000 feet below.

On the actual summit grew a bright yellow *Potentilla gelida*, always the highest in range of all Japanese Alpine flowers; but, loveliest of all, bloomed at 9,500 feet, the most exquisite deep blue and white Japanese columbine, *Aquilegia Akitensis*.

The ascent of Kaigane had cost us seven hours hard work, but clouds were rolling up, and we had to race down. Soon my hunters' sporting instincts distracted their attention. Fired by the sight of many ptarmigan (the *rai-cho*, or "thunder-bird") whose picture is often hung up in hunter's homes as a charm against the stroke of lightning, they contrived to lose their way. They then lost their heads, and an hour of precious time besides, until at last I had to go in front, and lead down the great rock-face that falls steeply for over 2,500 feet in the direction of the Norokawa valley, where our little bivouac lay, 5,000 feet below us.

For nearly five hours we worked our very hardest down the unending succession of steep pitches and narrow gullies leading to the snow slopes in the great ravine, but darkness overtook us before we could get off the snow, and a descent of the steep and broken rocks in the boiling torrent-bed above the Norokawa was a risk not to be faced, after nearly fifteen hours severe exertion. Finding a suitable overhanging wedge of rock, we made a fire on the bank, consumed the remnants of our food, and then watched a brilliant moon sailing across the band of blue-black sky that roofed the walls of the dark ravine. The roar of the torrent was our lullaby and we needed no rocking, as we curled ourselves up by the camp-fire and slept a sound and dreamless sleep. The next day we descended to our little shelter and so to Ashiyasu and its friendly head-man once more.

Ho-wo-zan, the "Phoenix Peak" (9,500 feet), is a fine granite obelisk rising from a ridge parallel with, and to the east of, Kaigane, between it and the Kofu plain. Hitherto, it had been held inaccessible to human foot. Even Kōbō Daishi himself, the deified father of Japanese mountaineering, is said to have returned unsuccessful, and it, above all other summits, merits the comment of a native local geography:—"This is one of the most

mountainous regions. There are in it trackless wilds, for these mountains are beyond the power of human legs to climb!" Even my good hunters were sceptical of success, though quite willing, for extra pay, to help me to fail.

Starting again from the house of my friend the headman of Ashiyasu, the route for the first seven hours coincided with that up Kaigane, but then, instead of descending to the bed of the Norokawa, westwards, we turned north-east, and in an hour more had reached a bivouac, at a ruined woodcutter's shelter, on the south-west flank of Ho-wo-zan, near the upper edge of a forest of pines and larches, at 8,000 feet. By the side of a cheerful fire I slung my pocket-hammock from the stoutest beam, and was soon fast asleep. My companions below me, however, lay lower and fared worse. The thick warm carpet of wood shaving beneath them proved a very "hot-bed" of the nimble and ubiquitous flea, and even the tough skin of my faithful henchman hunter Shimidzu Sokichi, on the morrow, showed abundant traces of frequent perforation.

The next morning, a three hours' scramble, first up a water-course, and then along a narrow granite arête, led us to a gap, 9,000 feet, between Ho-wo-zan, and its southern neighbour Jizo-dake.

(Just below the saddle I found an exquisite Japanese orchid (*Cypripedium Yatabeanum*) amongst the creeping pine). No sooner had we reached the gap than my hunters were thrown into a state of the wildest excitement. "Look, look," they whispered, seizing my arm, "the chamois!" There he was, a splendid creature, calmly reposing on a promontory of rock projecting into the ravine on our left, some 300 yards away.

Without a further thought of Ho-wo-zan, two of the men, one carrying a rifle, darted off to stalk him. They quickly disappeared down the ravine, leaving the third and myself to get on as well as we could.

As to the possibility of getting up, my solitary companion was wholly sceptical, and grew even scornful as I urged him on. Up to a ledge about 150 feet from the top, I persuaded him to accompany me, but there he struck work, and at first flatly refused to go a step further. The climbing was very interesting, but, for some distance, not particularly difficult. At length, however, I reached a ledge 18 inches by 12, but beyond it the way seemed absolutely impossible. The final peak really consists of two gigantic pillars of smooth granite, leaning against each other, the southern one about 15 feet lower than its neighbour, with a curious block projecting from it near the top. Up to this block ran a rounded rib, quite smooth, at an angle of 80°. Balancing myself on my tiny shelf, I fastened a stone securely to the end of a long Alpine rope. This I tried to lodge in a notch, some 50 feet above me, at the point of contact of the two pillars. Each time I hurled it up it returned, and as the little ledge afforded no space for playing about on, my back and shoulders suffered accordingly. After half an hour's bombardment, however, a lucky shot went home, the stone jammed hard and fast, and then testing the rope carefully, to my great delight I found it firmly fixed. But as it hung almost vertically for nearly 50 feet, I declined to trust it with my whole weight, so, grasping it tightly in my left hand, I applied myself to the rib on the right, and began to progress upwards at about the speed of a snail, or perhaps with the celerity of a Japanese legal process!

Every few feet I had to stop for breath, for the exertion was as severe as could well be sustained. Finally I found myself just under the block, but it pushed me out into such a position that the rope now proved useless as an aid to further progress. Screwing up my courage, I cast it away (the rope, not my courage!), fortunately finding one or two fair finger holds on the bulging obstacle



HO-WO-ZAN—The final Rocks (9,600 feet).

above my head. Here I hung for a few moments to gain fresh breath and more strength for one last desperate effort, which just enabled me to get my hands on the upper edge of the block.

For a moment it seemed "touch and go," but though my handholds were at first somewhat remote, success at last seemed within my grasp. Another desperate kick or two found me on the top of the block, panting, perspiring, but beyond expression pleased. A short scramble upwards then landed me on the top of the lower pillar, and the last 15 feet, vertical, but with excellent holds, and without an ice axe afforded an agreeable climax to the severity of the struggle.

As I scrambled up on to the tiny platform, 4 or 5 feet square, that marks the highest point of Ho-wo-zan, I had the satisfaction of, at last, standing, for the first time in my life, on a summit where, as yet, no human foot had ever been planted.

Unfortunately, clouds now shut out the distant prospect, so "we viewed the mist, but missed the view." I was getting somewhat damp, and these gathering mists warned me to depart. Within an hour my hunter and I found ourselves back at the saddle below Ho-wo-zan, and there, oddly enough, we were joined by the two truants who had deserted us.

One of them bore on his shoulders the carcase of the chamois, a fine buck, some five years old, weighing about 100 lbs. This, without ceremony, they laid on the ground, cut it open, and forthwith invited me to "augustly condescend to partake of its honourable inside!" They protested that it would ensure me a share of the chamois' own most desirable attributes of nimbleness, strength and speed.

That night, however, by the camp fire at our lonely bivouac, we supped royally.

For the next two days, the chief topic of conversation

amongst my hunters, I noticed, had frequent reference to my ascent of Ho-wo-zan, thrilling accounts of which, duly embroidered, were detailed by its only spectator.

They finally approached me with a remarkable request, viz. :—that as I had been the first to achieve it, where even Kōbō Daishi himself had failed, I should erect, at the mountain-foot, a sacred shrine in honour of the *genius loci*, and myself become the first *Kannushi*, or guardian priest, of the mountain god! It struck me as the most novel offer of preferment, and the most singular proposition for church-building I had ever received!

ORIGINAL, REFRAIN BY MISS ANNIE PALMER.

Handwritten musical score for a piece with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The score is written on six systems of staves. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. The second system continues the piece, with some dynamics like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte) indicated. The third system shows a change in the piano accompaniment, with some notes marked with 'x'. The fourth system includes a vocal line with lyrics 'The Lord is my strength and my help' written below the notes. The fifth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The sixth system concludes the piece with a final cadence and a double bar line. The piano part is highly detailed with many notes and ornaments.

WARNINGS.

BY ANNIE ION-KENDAL

(*Mrs. William T. Palmer*).

Oh ! Some Rocky chaps get rare old thrills
 When climbing on the mountains,
 Or scrambling up through Piers Ghyll
 (Slime's not a thing worth counting) ;
 A pool, a crawl, a monstrous wall,
 And rotten chunks for gripping,
 Like drowned rats in the waterfall,
 Behold them, choking, dripping.

When you set out late to Pillar climb
 Don't pause at boulders tempting,
 Or watch the sky with thoughts sublime,
 Time's passage not lamenting ;
 If Walker's gorge be dry and bright
 Just kindly circumvent it,
 You might get stuck there all the night
 With leisure to repent it.

One gang was trapt in such a plight
 With nought to eat but 'bacco,
 They should be nabbed for sleeping out,
 And wand'ring off the track-o ;
 They slumbered in a mighty cave
 And dreamt of rocks a-falling,
 Of morning mists they often rave
 O'er Ennerdale a-rolling.

Of Central Chimney do not brag,
 Its holds need so much finding ;
 In avalanches down Doe Crag
 The stones come often grinding ;
 But let me see, along the scree,
 The leader's rope unwinding—
 There's not to me a joy more free
 Than climbing, Climbing, CLIMBING !

ROUND ABOUT THIRLMERE— OLD AND NEW.

BY GEORGE D. ABRAHAM,

(*Author of "The Complete Mountaineer," &c.*)

The wanderer amongst the mountains of Lakeland has seldom any enthusiasm for Thirlmere and its environments. The artificiality of its present form has somehow or other become a fixture in the mind of the present generation, though few remember well its original gracefulness of curving shore-line, or could argue truly that its beauty has been spoilt.

Nature's handiwork has been altered ; some indefinable charm has left the quiet dale which can never return. Yet much that is fascinating has been left. It still deserves the attention of the lover of the beautiful in nature, despite the prophecies of those early days when the great scheme for supplying Manchester with water was mooted. The fear that all the lakes would soon fall victims to engineers and financiers were needless. Jaded city workers still make their "Tour through the Lakes" rather than the "Trip to the Tanks," or the "Round of the Reservoirs."

It is illuminating now, to look on Thirlmere and remember we were told in those days that the enlargement of the lake would be an advantage. "This must be so," one authority said, "because its beauty consists, of course, of its water and it is clear that the beauty of Thirlmere will be doubled." Moreover "the dam will be so artfully ornamented that it will prove no unworthy rival to Raven or Eagle Crag, if indeed its superior and more massive charms do not reduce these irregular rocks to their proper insignificance."



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OLD THIRLMERE, FROM ABOVE ROUGH CRAG.

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The remarkable dryness of the summer and autumn of 1915 has reduced the lake to within a few feet of its original level, and a wandering trip round the dale has revealed much of old-world fascination which human eye will never more look upon, for the extra raising of the lake to the 50 foot level will shortly be an achieved fact. These vanishing details are worth recording as well as the interesting features of the surrounding heights. The crags have little merit for the man who judges a mountain by the scarcity of inch-wide ledges on the edge of nothing. But the lover of unknown craggy recesses, where the falcon, buzzard, raven or wily fox is more often encountered than human being, should realise that the Thirlmere area is well worth a visit.

It is deserving of note that this immediate district has gradually developed into a natural sanctuary for the wild birds of prey. They have appreciated the absence of gun-armed keepers, and realised that some great power is preserving their presence. The officials of the Manchester Corporation carefully guard the rare and beautiful birds, and the egg-hunter, even though he comes "disguised" with a camera, may have a troublous time. Much of this preservation is due to the initiative of one of the valued members of our own club, the Rev. P. W. Parminter, for owing largely to his keenness a watcher has been engaged during the nesting season. Unfortunately there is great difficulty in continuing this excellent idea. The loneliness of the work seems to be the trouble. Despite the unusually large pay offered, the last watcher said, when the advantages of the easy life were pointed out to him, "It's far ower quiet and lonely up Thirlmere way; stean brekin's good enuf fur me!"

In taking a stroll round the lake this late autumn, and this course may best suit one's descriptive plan, the great dam would first attract attention. The lowness of the water has revealed the solidly rugged foundations,

and those who have become accustomed to the 25 foot level of the first raising, will be surprised to learn that when the full 50 feet of water has been added next year, it will reach within only 6 feet 3 inches of the top of the dam. Let us hope it is strong enough to stand the tremendous strain, otherwise there may be a damp day in the dales, and Keswick will be wiped out.

Raven Crag, this year rising grey and sun bleached above the russet and gold of a wonderful late autumn, is the outstanding feature of the northerly end of Thirlmere. It has little to offer the rock-climber excepting magnificent views. No really definite route can be found upon the towering front, but, despite its repulsive look to the lay mind, or eye, there is no serious difficulty in clambering up the indefinite rocks to the left of the huge overhanging slabs which form the truly impressive feature of the crag. Also, from the southerly end of a curious grassy rake, which slants up the face below the overhang, there springs a slanting groove which has the merit of considerable difficulty at the outset. The rocks are remarkably sound and rough enough to grip scarpetti to advantage. Those who reach the top of Raven Crag should certainly continue a short distance over its westerly shoulder to see the astonishing view of Iron Crag rising black and stern above Shoulthwaite. Its fearsome gully, a thin slanting gash in the full height of the cliff, looks desperately difficult. But for the horribly rotten final pitch, it would long ago have become a very famous Lakeland course. A recent visit shows little improvement in the dangerous looseness of Iron Crag Gully.

Whilst in the vicinity, it might be mentioned that the best ancient British camp in the district is close at hand, or foot. It is curious that the westerly upper reaches of Raven Crag should abound in these remains. A new camp of answerable importance has recently been discovered by a local shepherd on the heights between

Raven Crag and Armboth. He "cares nowt for t' fwok what digs and delves an flays t' sheep ower t' crags, wi their argyfyng!" nevertheless, he said enough, and the antiquarians will doubtless disturb the heights ere long.

To return to the valley level once again, it may be noted that Manchester's "improvements amongst the mountains" are a doubtful quantity during the closing months of 1915. Armboth Hall has been dismantled for the coming submersion, and its scattered ruins seem in keeping with the bared meadows and the shattered walls which run down to the lake's shore-line of long ago. It was hoped that the dismantling of Armboth House might reveal the whereabouts of the lost treasure which John Jackson, its last 'statesman, hid, nigh on a hundred years ago. The old man had designed it for a special lady friend, but he died without telling his secret either to the legatee or any of his family. The latter were sorely disappointed, for the saying goes that they found "nobbut a shillin in ya trouser pocket and a ha'penny in tudder!" There have been numerous treasure hunts, but nothing has been found. Most likely it was covered by the raising of the lake.

From the grass-grown "lonnin'," where John Jackson so often wandered, the road which ran down to the Wath Bridges can be easily seen. The stumps of its stately beech avenue line the way, and where the two shores of the lake approach most closely, the piers of the old Celtic causeway can be discerned if the water be calm. It is still too deep to cross, though the ford which was used between the two lakes—Leathes Water and Wythburn Water of early times.

The Armboth "boggle" which haunted this spot, still lives in native memory and many a yarn may yet be heard from "auld folk who keep in t'ingle neuk" these chill autumn days. The "boggle" was a stern reality to many of them, and a hearty old dalesman who died

not long ago, believed in it to the last. This well-known character on his late homeward way from Wythburn, frequently saw lights below Armboth. Some say he was light-headed because of the famous beer at Nag's Head, and this probably accounts for many a ghostly adventure.

Yet the ghost of Armboth had a weird reality for an earlier generation, as Harriet Martineau has told. The two indestructible skulls from Calgarth Hall, by Windermere, as well as a spectral hound were supposed to visit Armboth once a year. But the last tenants of the place saw and heard nothing supernatural, though they sometimes noticed those queer noises so often common to such dwellings. On some occasions, however, the sounds of heavy tramping used to be heard outside the front of the house. One wild winter's night these were noticed most distinctly, and the two sturdy sons of the household dashed out of doors at each end of the building. They met face to face by the front door; nothing could be seen and nothing heard but the mocking cries of an owl, disturbed on its nightly prowl.

About half a mile south of Armboth, or about half way between that place and Launchy Ghyll, there is one of the quaintest curiosities of the whole district. This is the old Justice Stone, and it is situated close to the original shore-line in Deer Garth Bay. The great flat-topped slab of rock, twelve or fifteen feet across, has suffered some disintegration through the long immersion, but the sight recalls the days when the old pack-horse road, the only way through the dale, ran along the west side of Thirlmere. How the stone received its name is somewhat uncertain, though there are rumours that rough mountain justice was done here long ago. An elderly local friend says that it was latterly often called the "barter-stone" and the dalesfolk and shepherds met here at certain seasons for deals in yarns and farm produce.

This is a wild and solitary spot, with rugged crags



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NEW THIRLMERE, 1915. FROM BELOW ROUGH CRAG.

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uplifting skywards, and only the mewing of the Fisher Crag buzzards breaking the stillness. Yet there have been other signs that busy times once reigned here. Relics have been found near Launchy Ghyll ; for instance, the discovery of a pair of bronze Elizabethan bracelets has puzzled the antiquarians. These were found in the rough scree, below a curious cave which runs level and dry into the solid rock of the mountain for quite sixty feet. It is discernible as a dark opening about 400 feet above the new road, just west of Rough Crag, and almost at the dividing line between that mass and Bull Crag. The writer has named it Dob's Hole after the crag of that name close by, and, being visible from the main coach road where it curves out to the promontory below Rough Crag, it is likely to receive much popular attention. Aided by artificial light, the exploration of it is a safe and engaging undertaking for the active wanderer. In early times it was doubtless worked by miners, though no record of this seems to be in existence.

A suggestion has come from one who lived hereabouts in his youth and remembered the mystery of "Auld" Lanty Slee. This remarkable worthy was famed in the country side for his wonderful whisky. He had an old shanty by the pack-horse road near "The City" Farm, and on arranged occasions used to appear therein with a few barrels on sale. He was known to arrive from the direction of Rough Crag, but the place where the "mountain dew" was distilled and hidden was never discovered. The wild inaccessibility of the crags scared off excise officers and inquisitive natives alike. Perchance that strange cave on Rough Crag holds the secret of old Lanty's daring deeds.

For the cragsman it is interesting to note that the gully in the foot of which lies Dob's Hole may be climbed without any serious difficulty, if the clayey, loose rock is handled carefully. The pitches are short, and several

holes made by prehistoric miners will be noticed. At least to this agency only can the curious formation be ascribed, but how they managed to climb the place is somewhat mysterious.

In this most fascinating corner on the west side of Thirlmere, Launchy Ghyll should be visited. In a dry season it is full of small pitches, with considerable intervening spaces. All can be fairly easily climbed to the top, excepting an unique section situated about two-thirds of the height of the ghyll. At this point the lofty walls close in curiously and form a narrow level trough about fifteen yards long filled with water of some depth. To pass here, strong swimming powers are required, for the walls are holdless. One's birthday clothes would be the best attire. The man who succeeds will have to emulate Noah's first ascent of Ararat; he must arrive by water. A stiff 20 foot pitch rising immediately at the end of the trough will try the climber sorely. Sticking plaster and ointment should be included in the equipment. The big 60 foot pitch above the trough is usually a magnificent waterfall; the obvious way is on the left. It may be mentioned that the trough pitch lower down can be entirely avoided by leaving the ghyll on the left and re-entering it below the big cascade.

A prominent feature on the left hand skyline during the visit to Launchy Ghyll is the curious Rocking Rock. The natives call it the "toppley stone" evidently from its precarious attitude, but there are no records of its having moved since, as the geologists say, it became an "erratic boulder."

The old pack-horse way is often noticed in following the new road southwards to the aged group of farm buildings known as "The City." Here it branches across the valley to the remains of Cherry Tree Farm on the east side of the lake. Two quaint old bridges are revealed once more and they have attracted much popular atten-



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THE GREAT DAM AT THE FOOT OF THIRLMERE, 1915.

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tion. The long submersion has done little damage even to the old Roman structure, the one on the east side, known as Threear Bridge. The maps, curiously, give this as Frere Bridge. A native tells the writer that the "ordnance chap" got his information from an old dalesman who lisped—hence the change.

There are still some fine crags to be noticed on the west side of Thirlmere. The curious white cairns, which distantly seen have often been mistaken for a straggling climbing party of ladies in white blouses, will remind the wanderer that Harrop Tarn lies in a secluded hollow overhead. It is a short walk of about 15 minutes up the juniper-clad slopes before Tarn Crag is seen rising above the sedgy waters. Several short climbs might be made here, and a conspicuous central gully, which has two distinct pitches rather overgrown with vegetation, is worth a visit, especially in snow-time.

There are some capital rough slabs, well nail-marked, near the beginning of the white cairned track and just above the roadway. Also a few yards south of these rocks and still close to the new road there is an amusing split boulder which possess several good problems. Above this, Birk Crag will doubtless attract attention. It has a distinctive looking gully in its centre, but an upper grassy bulge soaked with icy water cooled all enthusiasm for future advance during the writer's only visit at Christmas time. A fine rocky buttress to the right of the gully seems promising.

On the northerly side of the valley of Wythburn Head, Nab Crag offers innumerable short routes, though rather indefinite, on splendid rock. To the right of the steepest and biggest rock face there is a well-marked gully which may be climbed. No harm will be done by mentioning that probably the largest raven's nest in the district lies on the wall of this gully. Unfortunately the eggs are taken every year. It is a mystery why the ancient birds

persist in their attempts to breed here. Perchance the culprit may be caught red-handed before long; the law will then take its course.

There is little to engage the climber's attention on the east side of Thirlmere, but the lowness of the water has brought forth one feature of considerable interest. About a third of a mile north of the Straining Well, where the water begins its 95-mile journey to Manchester, there is a curious rock revealed. The old road, exposed for the last time to human gaze in its full length, cuts through the curious crag known as Clark's Leap. Despite many authorities the famous spot has been entirely submerged and invisible for over twenty years. The curious rocky point juts out into the deepest part of the lake and affords a straight 20 foot plunge over into the black depths. A local farmer named Clark is said to have ended his domestic unhappiness here by committing suicide, at which his wife officiated in order that there should be no uncertainty. The flat top of the crag allowed a run to be taken, thus preventing any premature danger through striking the lower rocks. "The wife stayed long enough to make sure of the actual drowning and then returned fully satisfied. She had done her duty in giving him the best advice that lay in her power." Thus runs one story. But another version was thus expressed to the writer by an elderly native. "Nay, nay, Clark was far too flayt, she kicked him ower!"

Beyond this historic spot the old road follows by Swirl's Lonnin' up to Swirl's Gap, where the splendid new motor road is a reminder that former things are passing away. The echoing view halloo of the horn of the four-in-hand is seldom heard greeting the first view of Thirlspot and its inn of old time story. The blatant horn of the motor now disturbs the solitude. But, after all, the track of the hurrier is well marked and restricted; the real charms of Lakeland are still for the leisurely wanderer, be he afoot or awheel.

A RAMBLE UP CHURCH BECK, CONISTON.

BY DR. J. E. MARR.

I am no climber, though I was once mistaken for one, on the very fells about which I am writing. A shepherd, after making a few remarks, looked at my geological hammer, which he apparently mistook for an ice-axe, and regarding me severely, remarked "I don't ho'd wi' climmin'." I hasten to add that I do not agree with his opinion, and merely stated my incapacity, in order that no one should suppose that this article deals with climbing. I learn, however, from the indication of the objects of the Club in its rules, that Fell-Rambling is wisely included as well as Rock-Climbing. Let us ramble.

In an article in vol. ii., p. 24, I called attention to the rounded characters of the southern and western sides of many of the hills of the district, and to the occurrence of steeper slopes and of combes on the sides facing northward and eastward, and pointed out that there were two possible explanations, one of which was that the difference of slope was due to ice-action. The evidence in favour of this view has been much strengthened in recent years, and I should like to discuss the very significant features above noted, in greater detail.

In doing this, no better illustrative examples can be found than those among the Coniston Fells, and prominent among them is the complex group of combes facing Coniston village, at the head of the valley which is drained by Church Beck.

Let us stroll up this valley. We can take it on the way to the Old Man, but I prefer another hill-top as an object for a walk. The Old Man from Coniston comes

perilously near to what William Gilpin, in his "Observations on the Mountains and Lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland," speaks of as a "lumpish form," whereas to its right, above Leverswater, is the singularly graceful peak which forms the summit of Great How Crag. It is seen to perfection from the field at the end of the lane behind the Coniston headquarters of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, and is always beautiful. It is perhaps at its best after sunset, when one looks over the green grass of the field, past the wooded ravine with the trees looking black in the hollow, and sees it standing out purple through a golden haze, while the sky above glows with many tints—orange grading upward into delicate pink, violet and pearly blue.

We will ascend this peak, which is of no mean height, though the height given on several maps (2,625 feet), is one hundred feet over the mark.

We will take with us a four-footed companion. Let me introduce you to "Toby." He is a black and tan dog of diminutive size and of doubtful lineage, but he is "some dog" and remarkably intelligent. His French owner has been called to the war, and Toby is now one of the principal inhabitants of the Club's Coniston headquarters. He shewed his intelligence this autumn by attaching himself to me (!) and accompanied me on many walks.

Passing through the wood, we reach the bridge over Church Beck by the Falls, and a little further on, where the path to the Red Dell leaves that to the Copper Works, find ourselves at the foot of a flat tract at the head of which the works stand. Here the principal features which I wish to describe are prominent in front, so we may sit down to regard them, while Toby, not interested in science, vainly hunts for rabbits in the bracken above.

I may first call attention to a very fine group of ice-worn rocks between the bridge and this point. They are

well rounded and polished, and are admirable examples of a feature which is universally recognised as due to glacial action. At the time when the rocks were thus modified, the ice filled the valley ; but at another period the end of the local valley glacier lay further back and a lake was held up by the ice which then occupied the main Coniston valley. On the floor of this lake were deposited some loams and gravels which are seen in a pit close to where we are seated, and on the sides of an artificial cut by the road between this and the Copper Works.

It is, however, to the larger features of the valley-system that I wish to direct special attention. The valley from this point presents a series of steps—steep slopes or cliffs alternating with flat stretches. One step we have already ascended ; it lies between the village and the spot on which we are seated. In front of us is the corresponding flat extending to the works. Above this, beneath Old Man are four cliffs and flats. The lowest is just behind the works ; behind it are the second and third. Above the third is Pudding Cove. Then comes the great step forming the cliff below Low Water, and behind it is the flat in which that tarn lies. Above this is the great combe below the top of Old Man.

To the right of these steps is another, behind which is the flat in which Leverswater lies, and yet further to the right is another step below the flat of the Red Dell. It will be noted that the cliffs forming these two steps are hollowed into combes where the water comes down from the flat tracts above. These combes are ice-worn, but their story is a somewhat complex one and cannot be discussed here.

It is generally admitted that the Lakeland valleys are due to erosion, and in the case of valleys of erosion, the features which we have briefly indicated are confined to those areas where there is evidence of glacial action. Before discussing this further we will continue our walk.

We take the path above the works leading to Leverswater; this path ascends the north-eastern side of the combe just noticed, until the tarn is reached. This tarn like that of Low Water, is partly held up by glacial moraine, but the floors of the two tarns are probably rock-basins, scooped out by glacial erosion.

Skirting the southern shore, we reach a stream, Gill Cove beck, and ascending by its side, soon discover that there is another step, with the flat floor of Gill Cove behind, surmounted by Gill Cove Crag. From the floor we mount the western side of the Cove until we reach the ridge-summit at Levers Hause, where a fine view bursts upon us, with the Scawfell group of hills prominent in the distance. From this Hause we look into another fine combe, Calf Cove, on the *east* side of Greyfriar. It has a steep step below, down which Tarn Head Beck descends. Turning our gaze southward, we note the convex rounded slopes facing westward, sweeping down to the Duddon Valley, and the contrast between these slopes and the eastward-facing concave slopes is well seen on the ridge of Doe Crag.

But Toby is getting impatient, so we turn northward, when a short stroll on the ridge brings us to the top of Great How Crag. After a glance down the valley towards Coniston we may proceed, and another quarter of a mile lands us on a nameless summit rising to 2,625 feet at the head of Prison Band. From this we can look down the Greenburn Valley, and see a succession of flats and steps similar to those described.

On reaching Swirl Hause, the col between the Greenburn and Leverswater valleys, we turn down the latter, and note yet another step between a flat towards the valley head and that holding the tarn.

If, when on Levers Hause, we had turned southward instead of northward, and walked along the ridge to Walnay Scar, we should have seen similar combes, steps,

and flats, in the valley at the head of which nestles Goatswater. One of the combes is of interest, in that it stands above the waters of Blind Tarn, a lakelet with no outlet ; there is a beautifully-developed moraine around its eastern end, through which the water soaks when finding egress.

Again, we might have continued our walk from Swirl Hause over Wetherlam, and noted similar features of combe, step, and flat in the Tilberthwaite valley ; or having descended from Levers Hause to the Seathwaite Tarn valley and dropped down to the Duddon, we should have seen a great step between the tarn and the Duddon.

On our homeward way, we may sit down once more by the Copper Works flat and briefly consider the significance of the features which we have noted.

There is evidence that, before the period of ice-erosion, the hills and ridges of Lakeland were round-topped, presenting the "lumpish forms" spoken of above. As a result of ice-erosion the slopes were steepened and the valley-floors deepened. The erosion was most marked on the shaded sides facing northward and eastward, as there the ice was not melted so extensively as where exposed to full sunlight ; hence the frequent cliffs, combes and concavities facing those directions. The ice-erosion, like water-erosion was differential, acting in a higher degree in some places than in others ; therefore, just as in many streams we see alternate cascades and gently-flowing reaches, so in the case of the ice there were alternate ice-falls and reaches of glacier moving over gently-sloping parts of its bed, producing by erosion alternate steps and flats like those between the Copper Works and Low Water. Again, as the volume of ice in some of the valleys was greater than in others, the glaciers eroded to a greater depth in the former, and a step was formed descending from the valley with the less effective ice-mass to that with the more effective. In this manner the

great steps below Leverswater and the Red Dell were caused by the ice from Old Man exciting a more powerful effect than that of the Leverswater and Red Dell valleys. Similarly, the more powerful ice of the main Coniston valley was the cause of the great step between the Copper Works flat and Coniston village, and that of the main Duddon valley gave rise to the step below Seathwaite Tarn.

Valleys of this type, where the present streams of water quit a flat to cascade down the sides of more important valleys, are known as hanging valleys, and the hanging valleys of Lakeland are among the most significant signs of glacial action. They can be produced in other ways, but they then present characters differing from those of the valleys we have been considering.

But Toby is tired—so probably is the reader:—Farewell.

SOME DALESFOLK YARNS.

BY THE REV. JOHN HODGSON.

(Vicar of Wasdale).

The word "Dalesfolk" is here used in its commonly accepted meaning, viz., the inhabitants of the valleys at the foot of the fells. There is a theory among etymologists that "dalesman" originally meant the cultivator of a "dale," an allotted piece of land "dealt" out; but the use of the word in that sense has long been obsolete, and it is doubtful whether the term was ever in common use. "Dalesfolk," however, is not a word employed by the inhabitants of these valleys to denote themselves; it is only applied to them by outsiders. There is no reason to think that they are much different frae any udder mak o' folk. Theer's ya particular thing aboot them that mebbly meks t' main difference, and that is, there's nut sea many on them. Being few in number they dunnat hurd togidder like toonsfolk, but they're scattered aboot in laal hamlets an farms amang't fells. They're lonely-like, and grow just like theirsels an' nut like udder folk. They're nut like bricks, aw t' same size an' form; they're mair like cobbles an' boulders, ivvery yan wid its awn scars an' corners. Twea cockneys mud be as like yan anudder as twea peas, but twea o' these fell folk ur as different as a tup fra a steg.

All the characteristics of the inhabitants of the dales are to be found in people elsewhere and everywhere, and I now make reference to a few of those characteristics simply because of the humorous aspect in which they have sometimes been presented. Shrewdness is one of the qualities with which they are generally credited, and an instance of it may be related as displayed by Gaspard, the guide, who has so identified himself with Wasdale Head that he may be considered indigenous to the soil. One sultry day he was engaged to go with a

well-known author, Mr. B. Gaspard pocketed a flask of ginger wine for his own use and advised Mr. B. to take something to drink on the way, but Mr. B. said they would find plenty of water in Deep Ghyll. But they found the Ghyll dry ; Mr. B. was hungry, but so parched with thirst that he could not taste a sandwich. Gaspard also was thirsty, but he had not told B. that he had brought any liquor. He told B. to remain where he was on the pretext of exploring the Ghyll further up. As soon as he got out of sight Gaspard took a pull at his flask, and then shouted to B. to come on. These tactics were repeated a few times ; Gaspard's thirst was quenched but the improvident author's became a raging furnace. At last the climber suffered so much that he ordered a return from these arid upper regions and the pair made their way down Broad Stand. On the descent, as the guide stepped down the rocky stair, the liquor in the flask gave a cool, delicious gurgle and B. called out delightedly—" Gaspard, I hear water running beneath this gravel ; we must find it," and accordingly they scratched up a space of gravel, but of course found no water. A little further down B. heard the beautiful sound again, and again they dug in vain. In desperation B. now asked how far away was the nearest stream. Gaspard thought there was a spring two miles away, across the Mickledore valley and over the Scawfell Pike : there was water nearer than that, but still further away than he cared to go, so he named a distance which put a visit out of the question. At the third sound of running water the super-thirsty B. located it. " Gaspard," he said, " have you some water on you ? " Gaspard said, " I have half a flask of ginger wine ; you can have that if it is any use." B. drained the flask, and was so delighted with his drink that he emptied his pockets and gave Gaspard all the money he had with him, amounting to three shillings and fourpence.

The habit of exaggeration is too common at the present day to be peculiar to any district, but its artistic use formed the staple of the humour of the late Will Ritson of whom so many anecdotes have been told. In his time, although the Church at Wasdale Head stood within an enclosure, there was no burying ground there. A visitor once remarked to Auld Will :—

“ I am surprised to see there are no head-stones in the Churchyard.”

Mr. Ritson : “ What for should theer be any heed-stones ? ”

Visitor : “ Why of course to mark where the people are buried.”

Mr. Ritson : “ But theer is neabody buried theer.”

Visitor : “ What do you do with people when they die ? ”

Mr. Ritson : “ Neabody ivver does dee here.”

Visitor : “ Then what comes of them ? ”

Mr. Ritson : “ They leev here till they’re varra auld, and then they wither an’ wither and at last they git that thin t’ wind just blows them away.”

There is a certain phlegmatic philosophy which prevents the people of our dales from becoming alarmed or disconcerted in the most adverse circumstances. A farmer of Downdale, Wasdale Head, had been to market one day accompanied by his man. On returning, perhaps unduly fortified with strong liquor, the man fell out of the cart and sunk almost out of sight in the deep sump which ran round the midden. He called to his master : “ Jossy, coom an’ plug us oot ; its nobbut rayder damply in here.”

The speech of dalesfolk is sometimes indirect, indefinite, showing hesitation to express a decided opinion, as in the case of the weather-wise man who, on being asked to give a weather forecast for the day, made a careful observation of the heavens and then said, “ it might varra

easy be owder way." But on occasion their speech can be straight and direct enough, as in the following piece of repartee. At the close of a hard day's foxhunting the hunters sat down to a very relishing hot potato pot. One of the huntsmen who had not tasted food since morning, ten hours before, said to the hostess:—

"Missis, if ye'd browt some o' this stuff to Middle Fell about two o'clock we wad ha thowt summat on ye."

Hostess: "What wad ye hev gien meh if ah'd browt it aw t' way theer?"

Huntsman: Ah wad ha gien ye a kiss."

Hostess (mother of a large family): "That's nea good to me. Ah've hed far ower mony o' them things."

Huntsman: Its done you no harm. Ye've tekken nea hurt anyway."

Hostess: "Nea, an if ah hed tekken any hurt a kiss fra thee wadn't mend meh."

Huntsman thinks he is on the trail of a vixen that is too many for him and gives it up.

Young men bred in these dales have proved their mettle in France, Flanders, and the Dardanelles. The war found them in no mood of indecision but they enlisted on the first opportunity after its outbreak. One enlisted the very day war was declared, and on being asked why he was in such a hurry replied: "Well they say the war will only last about three weeks and it would be a pity to miss it." That youth has been now nearly six months in the Mediterranean.

Young men who return from the war will bring with them a widened outlook; education and increasing contact with the outside world is smoothing Cumbrian manners and modifying or destroying the dialect, but the isolated life of the fells and dales will always breed a certain rugged independence of character, and there will always remain homeliness of speech as an index to the kind and homely hearts of the dalesfolk:



HERDWICK EWE AND RAM

THE HERDWICK SHEEP.

BY WILSON BUTLER.

To the fell walker travelling over the Mountains and Passes of Lakeland one of the most familiar objects that crosses his path is the Mountain Sheep of the district, known as the "Herdwick." These, hardiest of all mountain sheep, are peculiar to the fell districts of Cumberland, Westmorland and North Lancashire. As to their origin, opinions seem to be somewhat divided. A theory at one time held was that they were descendants of sheep that escaped from the wreck of the Spanish Armada, in the Drigg district of Cumberland, and having been seized by the Lord of the Manor as "Flotsam and Jetsam," were distributed amongst his tenants. This theory has now largely been discarded in favour of the view that the sheep are of Scandinavian origin. Dickinson in his Cumberland Glossary, says:—"The sheep came from a Norwegian vessel and were taken possession of by the Lord of the Manor, and on their increase being found hardy and suitable for the mountains were let out in 'herds' or flocks with the farms."

The late Rev. T. Ellwood, Rector of Torver, who was an undoubted authority on the matter, supports this theory of the sheep coming with the early Norse settlers by reference to many Norse words, names of places, country customs and numerals for counting still existing in the Lake District, and to the evidence of Norse settlements on the coast of Ireland, Orkney, Shetland and the Hebrides.

The following scoring Numerals were formerly in use in the Coniston District and with slight variation in other Districts in Cumberland and North Lancashire.

- | | |
|-------------|--------------------|
| 1. Yan | 11. Yan-a-dick |
| 2. Taen | 12. Taen-a-dick |
| 3. Tedderte | 13. Tedder-a-dick |
| 4. Mederte | 14. Medder-a-dick |
| 5. Pimp | 15. Mimph |
| 6. Haata | 16. Yan-a-mimph |
| 7. Slaata | 17. Tean-a-mimph |
| 8. Lowra | 18. Tedder-a-mimph |
| 9. Dowra | 19. Medder-a-mimph |
| 10. Dick | 20. Giggot. |

The principal points of the Herdwick Ram, as stated by Mr. John Newby, a prominent Herwick breeder, are as follows:—“The horns may be present or absent (although they do not appear in the ewe), smooth, and not too thick, coming out of the head well apart and well back. The ears, white, or nearly so, should be sharp or pointed, and set well up as an indication of hardness; the head a good size, broad in the forehead, nose well arched and broad, a deep cheek bone, eyes bright; the face a light rag (grey or white) in full grown sheep, with plenty of white bristles on the top of the head and a ‘topping’ not too large on the forehead. The neck carried gaily should rise well up from the shoulders which are usually sharp at the Withers, although a broad shoulder is preferable; the top or back, straight and wide, and the ribs well sprung from the backbone; the figure compact, the fore legs short with plenty of bone and good big joints but fine between and big white feet; the hind legs in proportion; flat clean shanks with plenty of white bristles inclining upwards; the loin deep; the thighs muttoned well down to the hocks; the fleece should be genuine wool, not hair, the staple strong with a mane like a lion, standing well up round the shoulders and down the breast; the wool a good length on other parts and knit together with a lash on the top. The first essential in a Herdwick is a good coat and the next

good bone. The animal should walk freely and be square on the limbs, and have a good thick tail. The points of the ewe are the same, allowing for sex. The ram should predominate in strength, the ewe in quality."

As a general rule the sheep belong to the landlord of the farm, who lets them with the same, on the tenant undertaking by bond to redeliver them at the end of his tenancy, in as good condition and of the same number, sorts, and kinds as they were at the beginning.

One of the peculiarities of the breed is that they pasture on a certain portion of the mountain or fell which is called the "Heave," and in spite of the fact that there are no fences or other boundaries the sheep rarely stray from that portion of the common, so strong is this instinct that the sheep when sold and taken many miles away from their stock often return to their own "Heave." To accustom the sheep to this practice is called "Heaving," and as a rule it is necessary for the purpose that the sheep and the ewes from which they have been produced should have been bred on the Heave, or "Heave-bred" as they are called.

Another peculiarity which must have struck our members is the manner in which a Herdwick lies out a storm. You are as likely to find them on the upper breast of a sheep-walk as in the shelter of a ghyll or ridge. Laying flat out on the grass, with its head to the winds, a Herdwick presents no more than a grey mound, and is little likely to be buried or disturbed. The following little incident might have happened on the long slopes behind Wetherlam. Lord Cockburn, the eminent Scottish judge, was sitting on the hillside with his shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, his lordship observed, "John, if I were a sheep, I would like to be on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered, "Aye, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep ye would hae had mair sense."

To distinguish the sheep of the different flocks the ears are cut when lambs, with distinguishing marks peculiar to the various stocks, and by these and the smit or colour marks on the wool they are known should they occasionally stray, and are returned to their owners.

It may be mentioned, the red colouring matter or raddle for the smits is often obtained from the deposits of ore found near Red Tarn, Bowfell, or the Wastwater Screes. This is dissolved and mixed with Tar.

To aid the shepherd in this task of identification, books have periodically been issued, called "Shepherds' Guides," from the year 1810 onwards, containing the various Smit and Ear-marks of the different stocks of Herdwick sheep. Of late years "Shepherds' Meets" have been established in all the principal centres. To these the stray sheep are taken and from thence returned to their owners.

If the sheep are not claimed they belong by custom and law to the Lord of the Manor as "Estrays." The various sheep marks would appear to be of very ancient origin. By an unwritten law, the lord of the manor was the only person allowed to crop or "stow" both ears of his sheep, and this, with the smit of one long line extending from the head to the tail were his distinguishing marks.

These special marks exist and are used as a general rule on the "Hall" farms in the various parishes. They are a sign that the estate to which the stock of sheep belong is of pure freehold tenure, as they were formerly part of the domain of the lord of the manor.

One of the great social functions of the fell farmers is the "Clipping day" when the flocks are gathered and the sheep are shorn of their wool. These gatherings are not so common as of yore but are still held in some places, when the farmer's friends and neighbours assemble to give him a helping hand. After the day's work has been completed the evenings are spent in toast and harmony. "Tarry Woo" is one of the favourite songs on these occasions.



Photo. by

SHEARING DAY AMONG THE FELLS.

Stockholm.

The Clipping of his Sheep was one of the "boon" services demanded by the lord from his tenants who in return helped to make the occasions of such service festive. Squire Daniel Fleming of Rydal in his Note Book, records :—

" June 30th, 1664. 6d. is given to ' Renny Fidler ' for playing this day to the Clippers."

In former times a farmer was only allowed to put on the fell as many sheep as he could winter on the in-land belonging to his farm, and if he oppressed the common by putting more than he was entitled thereon, he was mulcted in fines at his manorial court. The comparatively modern custom of wintering the lambs (called " Hogs ") away from the farm has caused this custom to fall into disuse.

The following extracts from the Court Rolls of the Manor of Broughton are interesting as showing some of the customs :—

1722. " We present John Pritt for oppressing the Common in Summer called Broughton Fell with Sheep carrying them into Dunnerdale to Winter upon penalty of £1 6s. 8d. To which John Pritt appears and pleads Not Guilty. The Court finds John Pritt guilty of oppression and fines him £1 6s. 8d. as above.
1723. " We do amerce Nicholas Pritt for suffering his hedge to be down adjoining the Common and for disturbing and hounding his neighbours Sheep upon the Common. Fined 6/8.
1725. " We present William Danson for bateing and cross driving upon Bleansley Bank for which we amerce him 6/8 and for every default hereafter we amerce him more.
1731. " We likewise present any person that shall keep any sheep or other goods upon Broughton Fell in

Summer other then what were kept within the Lordship in Winter on pain of £1 19s. od.

1732. " We find by the oath of Edward Barker and John Addison that George Barker hath a Lamb shirled and marked Thomas Hodgson's mark."

1745. " We order that no person or persons whatever within the Manor of Broughton shall put any goods on any of the Commons in Broughton but such as are wintered within the Manor or with the produce thereof."

A " Bell Wether " (that is a wether with a bell fastened round the neck) was formerly attached to some flocks with the object, it is stated by some, of guiding the sheep away from the dangerous places on the fells, by others with the object of enlarging the heave, by leading the sheep higher up the mountains.

The Gaitskale Stock of sheep which pasture beneath Crinkle Crag, and the Little Arrow Stock which pasture beneath Dow Crag are often found with fourteen in lieu of the normal number of thirteen ribs.

To the legal reader it may be of interest to know that although these stocks of sheep are personal estate and devolve as such, yet a mortgage of a farm with a stock of sheep usually held therewith, can, according to a High Court judgement be made without the necessity of the mortgage being registered as a Bill of Sale as is necessary with other live stock.

In closing the article it may be mentioned that the members of our Club have shown its utility on several occasions in rescuing our companions of the fells when "crag fast" and it seems desirable that some system should be adopted whereby farmers might more fully avail themselves of its services in this respect.

JOHN WILSON ROBINSON'S WALK.

(Two letters and a few notes thereon).

BY A. W. RUMNEY,

Author of "The Dalesman," &c.

It has been thought that the two following letters from my old friend, with whom by the way I never climbed a fell, may have some interest to the members of our club. To some that interest may be entirely personal, for the letters are witness of their writer's three great traits, modesty, geniality and kindly thought for others. To some they have a certain historical value, for of a certainty, this walk, undertaken when Pilkingtons, Jenkinsons and the Tucker Brothers performances had become rather shadowy as the letters themselves show, rekindled the craze for "record breaking" and set Ned Westmoreland to training his Y.M.C.A. team and in due course Dr. Wakefield to his marvellous performance of July, 1904.

Until 1892 I had no personal knowledge of Robinson, but we possessed an intimate mutual friend in Alfred Peile, formerly of Workington, who in all probability suggested me to him as a possible companion. I have no recollection of the contents of his first two letters, which are missing, but it is evident that I had declined to go tiger shooting with such a companion, and also lectured him on the possible harm his walk might do in egging on untrained youths to emulate his example. I did not remember Jenkinson's "Six Mountains," but there were one or two men in Keswick, whose break-down in health was attributed, rightly or wrongly, to attempts to follow in that vigorous athlete's lengthy footsteps. I remember, too, that I remonstrated at the unfavourable season and that he replied he was always in good form then as he had a lot of walking to do "at the back-end"

about some corn reports. I dare say that I also pointed out that I was only a scrambler and no climber in his sense of the word, but this evidently was no defect in his eyes, for the next person he thought of as companion or victim was Mr. G. Bennett Gibbs of Sunderland, who had to train on the flat and in the event itself was let down Broad Stand by means of the rucksack. Now for the letters themselves :—

Whinfell Hall,
nr. Cöckermouth,

Nov. 9. 92.

Dear Mr. Rumney,

You would get a second letter from me this morning and in that letter I have left matters very vague, being very hurried. I did [not] take time to explain my intentions more fully, and therefore I am not surprised that you regard my object as being Record Breaking. I could never hope to break Tuckers' if I wanted to, but all the same I am interested in finding out what others have done. People say ' Why go at all, you of all people, who have always condemned people for doing too much in one day ? ' This is perfectly true ; I have said it many a time, but somehow during the last two years the idea has got into my head of seeing how many mountains I can do in a day. I am *slow* and should never *dream* of cutting or attempting a record but, you will excuse my saying so, I have always felt that if I could get or had any slight advantage over some others it was merely knowing the Scawfell Range pretty well and for that reason I intend to put in *Scawfell* itself, which has always been left out as being out of the way and cut off by Mickledore. I want to take Gable first and Scawfell second, crossing by the " near cut " to the foot of Lord's Rake and then up ' Deep Gill ' and so to the top and down

'Broad Stand.' I always wanted to start at West [dale] and finish there, but Keswick is better. I cannot make Tuckers' walk into 70 miles or 75 as stated; it only measures on the ordnance map to 50 and then add 10 per cent for up and down, or if you said 60 miles. Arthur Tucker tells me it was estimated at that at the time and therefore, if you and I do a walk on a smaller scale, it will be solely for our own pleasure! If you did not feel inclined to do the whole distance there are several places where you could take a short cut and join me again, and it is very cheering to have a friend to look you up here and there. Some people tell me that Pilkington's walk has never been beaten but I fancy he is behind the Tuckers; however, I mean to ask him what he did. The thermometer was 70 in the shade or more when the Tuckers did their walk. Is it true they only took 17 hours? You probably know all particulars. I will look up Mr. Arthur Tucker's letter. Will you also tell me what the late Mr. Jenkinson did. I cannot find out. I know you hold the best cycling records round here * and therefore I venture to hope you would not condemn me as an absolute fool. E—— M—— once told me he would consider any man a fool who went up the same mountain twice. It will give me pleasure to call and have a chat some day before long.

Yours very truly,

J. W. ROBINSON.

The second letter is undated but probably was written within a few days of the other.

* This is a little bit of characteristic "flam." I am not aware of any local cycling records to hold. Perhaps an appeal to my numerous sunrise ascents had he known of them, would have had more effect.—A.W.R.

Whinfell Hall,
nr. Cockermouth,
Monday evening.

Dear Mr. Rumney,

I will drop the sir if you will let me and trust you will do the same. Your letter to-day I am immensely pleased with. I only wish our friend Peile was here; how he would chuckle over the high moral of the early part of your letter, and then you go and suggest to me a walk of an extent to which I have never in my wildest moments aspired. I should be half dead before I got half that ground covered. But to be serious. I am glad to have your plan with all the times named, for many of them are curiously near my own estimate. I don't think you could go from Gable to Pillar in the time you allow, but I am not certain. You say Gable 4-10, Pillar 5-30.* Now I will tell you my route, only don't pass it on to any of those rash youths you speak of! I note your suggestion to end here, but a friend of mine said "Whatever you do, *end up* at the place you start from," and so I chose Keswick, from the Blencathra Hotel and that's where I think I'll try from again. My present idea is, if there is very fine weather *next* full moon and not too hard frost, to have a start for the fun of the thing and, if I don't get all round or in very poor time, have another walk in the spring. These times I am going to name are pure guess and I shall be glad to find I can improve upon it as I go along. You allow 1 hour and a half from Scawfell to Gable, that is very fast, but it might do, but it won't going the opposite way.† I noticed we climbed hard in August and

* Dr. Wakefield's times were 4.0 and 5.26.—A.W.R.

† My suggestion was to begin with Skiddaw from Keswick and end at Whinfell, going thither from the Pillar by High Stile and thus omitting the 8 miles of road to Seathwaite.—A.W.R.

were that time in going from Gable to the Pikes by the 'near cut' and Scawfell is more than half an hour more, and as it will be moonlight or worse, I will now allow more than 2 hours. So here goes:—

Keswick, midnight.
Gable, 4 a.m., or if slow, 4-30.
Scawfell, 6-15.
Scawfell Pikes, 6-55.
Great End, 7-30.
Hanging Nott, 8-0.
Bowfell, 8-30 or 9 at latest.

I don't put in Langdale Pikes at present but go over High Raise and Greenup Edge to Steel End Farm, where feed, then up the track from Nag's Head to top of Helvellyn. I at first had Dunmail Raise in, but there is a rise over Steel Fell and John Thwaites of Steel End says 'Far better come straight down Wythburn Head and up the track.'

Helvellyn from 1 to 2; this may be allowing too much but it is on the right side. Saddleback, or as it ought always to be called Blencathra, 5 p.m., then over Skiddaw and down to Keswick at 8-30. Last New Year's Day I went to the top of Skiddaw from Keswick Station in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours and therefore $1\frac{1}{2}$ ought to do down, tho' it will be lamp light no doubt.

If I do these 9 mountains in a day, plenty of people will say it was never done as they tell me now of Jenkinson, but that is not the point, I do it for my own pleasure. Now if when the time comes you care to start with me I shall be delighted to have you, it will be fun amongst those high mountains and you could miss out one or two later on if you liked.

Deep Gill goes *out* of Lord's Rake at the top of the 1st limb of the latter and saves time as the next reach of the Rake loses ground considerably. I

mean the easy track up Deep Ghyll and not by the difficult climb in the bottom of it. If we were very fit we could go out of our way to Langdale Pikes but it means an hour more. I have account of Tuckers' walk from the W[est] C[umberland] Times but it does not agree with Mr. Arthur Tucker's account of it. Unfortunately, I cannot find A. T.'s letter. Many years ago Bennett of Dungeon Gill and 2 other dalesmen left Dungeon Gill at midnight, went to the Pikes, then to Skiddaw and (I am not sure about Blencathra) then Helvellyn and to Grasmere and home to Dungeon Gill by Red Bank arriving at 7-30; this was thought at the time an immense feat, of course it was nothing to Tuckers'. The account in the W.C. Times calls it 20 miles from Scawfell Pikes to Skiddaw. I suppose it won't be far off. I'll bring over my scrap book when I come to call upon you. I am boring you, I fear, by all this I fear (*sic*). However, I have been led on by the kindness of your letters.

Yours very truly,

J. W. ROBINSON.

A. W. Rumney, Esq.

P.S.—Tuesday. Your post card re J's[enkinson] walk to hand this morn. It is very kind of you to take so much trouble. Your estimate of 50 miles I agree with. I made my own between 50 and 60 after having added 10 per cent to the level measurement and mine includes Scawfell itself which adds to the distance. I think it is quite possible and even probable that I put in Gable also. If you think people will imitate I need not make them any wiser on the matter but I don't fear it, because very few who are not fairly active on their legs go much on the fells, especially Cumbrians and as for people at a

distance they will not hear anything about it and if they did by any chance, their only comment would be 'What a big fool.' Have you heard lately from Peile, if you have you will perhaps tell me when I see you.

Once more,

Yours truly,

J. W. ROBINSON.

Before that full moon I had become pretty intimate with Robinson in the flesh and it was only my idea that a man in his fortieth year (I was ten years younger) might do himself serious injury in such an effort—for in spite of his protestations, it was an attempt at record—that prevented me from chipping in as pace-maker. To the best of my recollection, he and Gibbs had tea with us on the afternoon afterwards, both looking remarkably fresh, and enjoyed a good dressing down at the hands of my mother. It will be remembered that they encountered some snow and ice on the Scawfells and the consequent delay together with a strong head wind in the evening obliged them to abandon Skiddaw, which seemed well within their grasp when at Threlkeld.

Westmoreland must have been about ten years older, when he successfully brought his team over practically the same ground some years later, and undoubtedly he was much the faster man both up and down hill, as against Robinson's $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours for Skiddaw, he claimed to do it within the hour and like Wakefield he fairly leapt down the rockiest slopes, priding himself on never missing the place he aimed for. It will be remembered that he wore rubber soled shoes and alpaca or silk clothing, and I remember that the first time I saw him, I was walking with Robinson from Keswick station and he (Westmoreland) was travelling in that garb at a good 6 miles an hour towards Skiddaw.

I have not the details of Robinson's walk by me, but doubtless the Editor can supply them. I did, however, work out Dr. Wakefield's much longer walk (and run) in profile form (*Cycling* Nov. 4th, 1904) and made out his mileage by map to be 64, actual 74, and his total ascent 16,000 feet. His gross time was 19 hours 53 minutes of which his halts for food only occupied 35 minutes. So far as I know this performance put a stop to this class of record breaking and it is perhaps as well.

THE CRAGSMAN'S ROPE.

This Rope, made from the best Manilla Hemp, has a distinguishing mark of 3 red threads through it.

Friend, 'twixt thee and me in close and sweet communion
There lies outstretched a thousand precious strands.
'Twixt thee and me there runs an all-embracing trinity of strengths—
Faith, Hope and Joy—and through the heart of each a crimson
stream.

Quick on the flow and ebb of triple tide
There comes and goes
Oh! who can know or tell but thee and me
Gripped by that soul-sustaining confidence of three entwined in one,
And that one all sufficing.

GEO. BASTERFIELD.



Photo. by

The Rev. H. H. Kemble.

NEAR THREE TARNs, BOWFELL.

FROM THE TRENCHES TO THE FELS.

BY JOHN MASON, M.D.

What a jumble of events I find recorded in our little Windermere hospital for last winter! We received 31 Belgian wounded in November, and six weeks later, on Christmas Eve, in glorious sunshine we had our first good walk over Loughrigg. All the seven "fit" cases on that expedition are, or have been, back in the fighting line. One, a boy of 18 (17 when he was here), after training hard to get fit, while he was convalescing, went out to the Belgian front, and after being recommended for bravery, was taken prisoner. He is now at Göttingen in durance vile, indeed, for such a roaming spirit. The others are doing their duty, as men should.

A day or two after Christmas these same wounded were called back to the realities of war by being asked to give evidence before the Parliamentary Commission on "German Atrocities." It was no pleasant recital they gave, and the proportion of men who had actually seen these things was 9 out of 31.

Our best expedition was up Harrison Stickle, on January 23rd. Ten men and four of the "staff" went, with snow on the ground and a sharp snow storm from the north-east when we were half way up. Yet none were daunted, nor would anyone think it likely judging by the shouts, the snowballing, the taking cover, the glissading and "aw maks o' ruff wark an' sic like" as we went up and came down. The only untoward result was a sad tale of casualties in the Quartermaster's department, "brossen galluses, rovven gravity bags, and beuts punched oot at t' nebs," but the game was worth the candle.

The Belgians assured me the country about Liege is very like the Lake District, a statement which I receive with caution, but they were very appreciative of the beauties they saw round them. Unfortunately we have no photographs of any of our Belgian expeditions, but some of our British wounded have been on Bowfell and Red Screes as well as on the Langdales. A party of convalescents progressing up a snow slope below Three Tarns is shown.

The Editor has also included an amateur portrait (taken feet foremost) of a Scottish Laddie, lying "soond asleep and snworin" on the top of the cairn on Red Screes. He evidently had transposed to suit the occasion Harry Lauder's song "Oh! it's nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer to lie in your bed." Jock seemed to find the stones very comfortable.

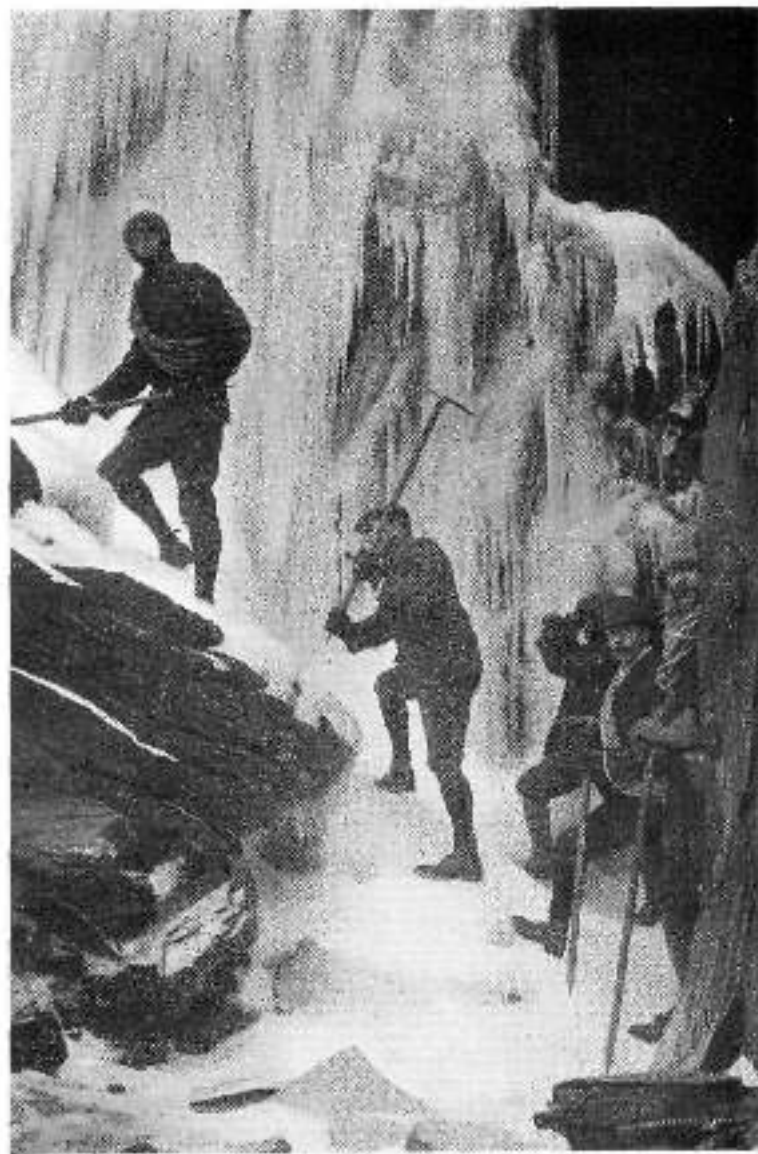
The contrasts in a soldier's life are well shewn in a letter from the above mentioned boy of eighteen. He says, "In our new 'Secteur' it is very bad here, all days we have death. O! I should like to be now at the Calgarth Hospital, the men must be very happy to be there in that peaceful country just now as the nature lives again, now the views must be splendid when you are at the mountains and on the lake. I think again to the nice walkings to Orrest Head or another hill."

MEMORIES OF CUMBRIA.

(Photographs)

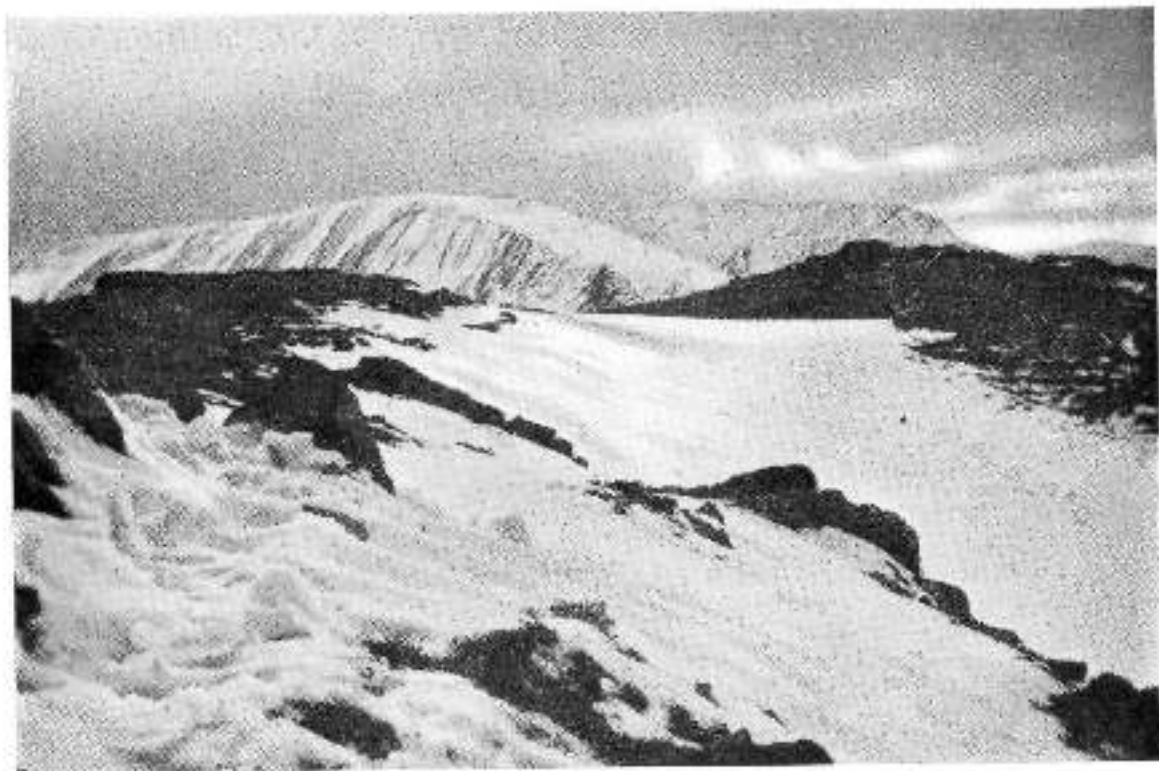
BY

G. H. Charter.



PIONEERS OF THE FELL AND ROCK CLUB.

(S. H. Gordon, E. H. P. Scatchell, A. Craig, R. Goudier, C. Grayson).



FROM THE HEAD OF MOUSE GHYLL, BORROWDALE.



THE LANGDALES IN SNOW.



ULLSWATER AND ST. SUNDAY'S CRAG—EVENING.

THE BOWLAND FELLS.

BY RICHARD A. F. RIDING.

The men that live in North England
 I saw them for a day.
 Their Hearts are set upon the Waste Fells,
 Their Skies are fast and Grey.
 From their Castle Walls a man may see
 The Mountains far away.

Belloc.

The district described in this article is a great tract of moorland, in shape, roughly like an equilateral triangle with sides fifteen miles in length. On the north it is bounded by the road from Lancaster to Ingleton, on the west by that from Lancaster to Preston, and on the south-east by the highway from Preston to Settle.

This tangle of fells is really a buttress of the Pennine Chain. The hills are composed of millstone grit, covered with rough vegetation, grasses, and very fine heather. The rock is exposed in water courses, but otherwise rarely to be seen, and the stratification is practically horizontal, thus accounting for the comparatively level plateau formed by the whole of the groups. Amongst the principle heights are Fairsnape Fell 1,700 feet, Ward's Stone 1,836 feet, and Wolfhole Crag 1,731 feet.

This ancient forest is cut in two by a great highway running from Lancaster to Clitheroe in a line that is generally straight, and it is really the only road in the district. Paths there are in plenty, and rough sheep tracks, but the only road of importance passes through the famous defile known as the Trough of Bowland.

There are many splendid views from the different summits, particularly looking seawards, but the one that remains strongest in my memory is from Lythe Fell. Ingleborough, Penyghent, and Whernside are near at hand, on the east are the hills of the Yorkshire Pennine, and to the north-west lie the mountains of the Lake District. The view is splendid at anytime, but it is superb on a summer's evening when the setting sun lights up the western face of Ingleborough, and the summits of the Lakeland Fells rise purple above the mists.

From Lancaster to Whitewell is a very fine walk on the great dividing road. The first seven miles to Abbeystead is over broken country with occasional nicely wooded portions. On leaving Abbeystead the scenery becomes beautiful, huge trees overhang the road and at intervals the flash of a stream is seen at the bottom of a deep hollow. So to Marshaw that lies at the foot of the Trough of Bowland. Here we make acquaintance with the River Wyre. The stream runs merrily through a clearing in the woods, and a picturesque cottage occupies a place near the bank. The whole scene is inspired with content.

Marshaw has a peculiar institution. It's being the last house on that side of the watershed has brought many undesirable visitors, for the road is a great tramp's highway. The farmer, in preference to continually having his hay spoilt, has erected a sleeping place for tramps. Now at Marshaw there is motor car traffic and a gate across the road. It is usual for the vagabonds staying there to open this gate for motorists and receive reward of the coppers. There were free fights for possession of the right to open the gate, but now I believe some arrangement holds by which the "receipts" are shared. So much for Marshaw and its tramps.



NEAR THE SUMMIT, TROUGH OF BOWLAND.

The road winds up through pine woods, with always the splashing and merry Wyre running like a sister to it alongside. When nearing the summit of the pass the trees are left behind and the hills become high and rounded. A few yards of level road—very dirty and rough—marks the highest point. Just after leaving the top, a most splendid view is obtained of the hills. Below and in front is a profound valley, around which the great solemn masses stand like a gigantic amphitheatre, and compel one's adoration. They are not very tall hills, perhaps 1,700 feet, but seen from middle height they look much more than that.

After some four miles of alternating climb and descent, with always a general downgrade, the road meets the River Hodder at Dunsop Bridge and continues with it all the way down to the level floor of the valley at Whitewell. The scenery is enchanting. Great gaunt hills stalk along on either hand, and the valley is closed in before and behind. One is almost afraid to speak. Huge trees overhang the road which crosses and recrosses the Hodder by pretty stone bridges. The sylvan character of the river scenery is in strange contrast with the bare fells. At Whitewell village, the river, before disappearing down a deep gorge, opens out into a fine pool which was crossed by a light suspension bridge until a number of City Councillors walked on to it all together, when the bridge fell in and precipitated the party into six feet of water.

One might almost say there is much to be discovered in the district round the Bowland Forest. Certainly there is plenty of scope for work with map and compass. Taking the road through the Trough as a dividing line, it might be convenient to consider each half separately. In the southern district we get much that is sporting, in the way of fell walking. Commencing at Dunsop Bridge, we might go by the Hodder until its junction with Langden

Brook is reached. Following this up on the cart track (northern bank of stream) we enter a gorge like valley and the track disappears at one and a half miles from the junction of the rivers. A little farther on this valley becomes a great cup-shaped hollow, and the scenery is very fine and impressive. Here a tributary enters Langden Brook; we follow this up to Bleasdale Moss and pass straight over the col before us into Lancashire, coming almost directly to the source of the River Brock. The going becomes difficult on account of crevasse-like hollows at frequent intervals on the fell side. Huge trenches these are, about six feet across and the same dimension in depth. Descending the Brock by the Shepherds' Path we eventually reach a good track—soon becoming a road, which in its turn meets the Chipping to Lancaster road in about three miles.

A return journey promising sport, could be made by way of Oakenclough, and from there following the Calder to its source on Bleasdale Moor, thence working down to Langden Brook at Greave Clough and so to Dunsop. From Greave Clough head there is a splendid view of Morecambe Bay, the Lune estuary, etc. This passage will require careful work with map and compass, indeed accurate survey is necessary everywhere in the Forest of Bowland, for, unlike Lakeland, there are few paths and no signposts on the heights.

To the north of the dividing road we get isolated paths and very long distances between villages. The chief of the latter is Slaidburn, a typical hill village, lying in a hollow amidst the fells. It contains a nice Perpendicular church and several interesting examples of Renaissance Architecture.

A signpost will tell you there is twelve miles between you and Hornby in Lunesdale, but the villagers say the distance is fourteen miles, and I believe them, for it is a never-ending track. Starting from Slaidburn, the



TRough OF BOWLAND.

Whitendale valley gives entertainment, portions of this being very grand up to the boundary on Salter Fell. The path then crosses into Lancashire at the source of the Roeburn and follows this stream to High Salter and so to Hornby. It is a good four hours walking from Slaidburn on a track that is almost obliterated in places. A return could be made *via* Bentham, Tatham Fells and Burnmoor. The foregoing are typical walks in this little-known country. Many others can be readily discovered and explored.

The fell walker— equipped and ready to start, craving for wide open spaces and clear skies, for rolling heather-clad fells, rushing streams, and the repose of great valleys, will not be disappointed if he turns towards the Bowland Forest.

THROUGH GLEN AFFRIC TO SKYE.

BY R. J. PORTER, B.Sc.

Having nearly three weeks' liberty in the middle of August, 1915, I decided to pay another visit to the Highlands of Scotland, the Isle of Skye being my ultimate goal. Could any member of the Fell and Rock Club wander any length of time amongst the western Highlands without being attracted to the incomparable Coolin? On Friday, 6th August, therefore, I entrained for Inverness by the East Coast route. My programme was to walk through Glen Affric to the west coast, and then cross over to Skye and indulge in a little climbing there.

I covered the first ten miles from Inverness on Saturday morning by train, leaving the line at Beauly. The day was a grand one, although a little too warm and close for really comfortable road-walking. The road up Strath Glass lay on the right, well above the river, and afforded good views upstream at many points. Soon the rapids of Kilmorack could be heard away down on the left. I did not visit them on this occasion, as the weather had been dry for days, and the volume of water would not have been great. Hereabouts I was overtaken by a gentleman who was also out to explore Strath Glass: we therefore went on together.

At Struy Bridge in wonderful weather, we crossed the river Farrar, and stopped in the village for lunch. From here on to Cannich, the glen opens out considerably, the river being bordered both sides by pasture-land and gently-sloping wooded eminences. We reached Cannich at a few minutes to seven, and took up our quarters at the Glen Affric Hotel.

As my companion was staying a few days at Cannich, I set off alone next morning for Glen Affric; I had not been in the glen for some years, my previous visit being in 1908, when on a cycle tour. On that occasion the weather had been most magnificent, and the superb scenery had made a great impression. I was lucky to experience similar conditions on this visit, and made full use of the opportunities for enjoyment thus afforded. At the Dog Fall, where the glen is at its best, the river lies close to the road. Here I had a prolonged rest and got a couple of photographs of the fall. On resuming my journey, I soon caught sight of the long stretch of Loch Beneveian, by the shores of which I sat down for lunch. The view afforded by the opposite shore of the lake was wonderfully beautiful—wooded slopes of every shade of green rose from the water's edge, and above this the long purple-brown mountain-flanks towered to the sky-line.

At Affric Lodge, I found a welcome resting place while I made inquiries as to the best way of reaching the farm of Athnamulloch, where I hoped to get a bed for the night. I decided to take the south side of Loch Affric as being the more direct though more hilly route. After receiving minute instructions as regards which burns had to be crossed and which not, I set off, and had an undulating track to follow at some elevation above the lake. Fine views of Mam Soul and Carn Eige could be got across the glen, which gradually lost its wooded character. A few hundred yards past the end of Loch Affric, I caught sight of the cottage and barns which make up all there is of Athnamulloch. A tiny suspension bridge leads over the stream to the uninhabited buildings of Coulavie.

At this quiet spot, I stopped a day or two strolling round the neighbourhood, photographing and sketching the magnificent sky-line of hills. In the evenings, hay-making provided excellent recreation. The second day here was wet, and only a few short walks could be indulged

in, but on the next day I decided to set out for the west coast by way of Glen Lichd instead of going by Glen Grivie and the Beallach Pass. The first habitation seen was the lodge of Aultbea, where I obtained lunch and waited for a heavy shower to pass over. Then I turned to the south-west for Glen Lichd. A steady climb now began to the summit of the divide, near which the little cottage of Carnban was passed on the right. Here the mountain scenery was very fine, Ciste Dubh and Scour Ouran being the more prominent of the numerous summits.

The ascent continued for a short distance to the summit at 1,100 feet; the path was stony and wet by turns the whole way, but the scenery and the cloud-effects fully compensated for such slight discomforts. The descent into Glen Lichd was wild and grand, being steep in the upper part, where a fine waterfall drops into a deep gorge. The gradient then eases a little and quicker progress could be made. Heavy rain again came on, but shelter was soon obtained at Glen Lichd cottage, where the good wife had toast and steaming tea before me in no time, while my dripping overalls were being dried. A four-mile walk through rich soaking grass of great length brought me to Morvich on Loch Duich, where I put up for the night. A wild and stormy sunset was a fitting close to a day which had been very enjoyable—the mountain scenery was most impressive under such conditions. The next day was an easy one—I devoted it to fishing on Loch Duich with mine host. The catch was good—our forty-two fish including twenty-nine flounders and one starfish! The “Five Sisters” of Loch Duich looked well from the boat, and Ben Attow’s jagged ridge made an attractive outline. A very hot morning greeted me as I set out for Balmacara following the road on the north shore of Loch Duich. At the top of the rather tedious climb of Keppoch Hill, lovely views in both directions

were obtainable, the Skye hills rising and falling in a faint blue outline westwards. Passing the old fort of Eilean Donan, I descended to Dornie and crossed to Aird Ferry Inn where I had lunch, after which a hot walk brought me to Balmacara. Here I stayed the night at the post-office.

A winding road over the hills brought me to Kyle of Loch Alsh about mid-day on the following day. The weather was a little hazy and it was inclined for rain, but the coast scenery of Kyle Akin was as attractive as ever. Having taken the motor boat over to Kyle Akin I lunched there and got a photograph or two. Then I set off along a typical Skye road to Broadford, arriving there about four o'clock. At Campbell's Hotel I heard that the Sligachan Inn was fairly full; by contrast there was scarcely a holiday-maker to be seen at Broadford.

As I had made up my mind to tackle Blaven before going to Sligachan, I left Broadford next morning by the road southwards. The Red Hills rose steeply in bare outline on the right, and at some distance from Torrìn the Blaven—Clach Glas ridge came into view. As I had not yet been on Blaven, I interested myself in speculating on the probable route I should take in the ascent the following day. Lunching by the roadside above Torrìn, I got a superb view of the mountain in most glorious weather. It being Sunday, I rightly guessed that no ferry would be available when I reached the shore of Loch Slapin below the village. The *détour* round the loch is considerable, but as the tide was low I was able to shorten it by a mile or so by divesting myself of boots and stockings and wading across a wide stretch of water (nowhere above the knees) to the opposite shore. Here a long hill followed the coast-line round to the right till I caught sight of the little cottage at which I had stayed in 1911. I was again made heartily welcome, and spent the evening in examining maps and obtaining all the local information available concerning the best way up Blaven.

I set off the next morning under a burning sun, following the track by Strathaird House leading over to Camasunary. Near the highest point of this track I diverged to the right and began the climb. A small cairn was reached on the southern spur at mid-day ; here I could see the summit of Blaven, and found that there was a moderate descent to be made before the final climb could be commenced. The lowest point of the depression was reached in an hour, and rougher going was now encountered. Long broken slabs at an easy angle and large scree had to be negotiated till the main ridge was reached. A few minutes' rough scrambling amongst boulders brought me to the cairn on the south summit, where I obtained a most wonderful view of the Coolin across Glen Sligachan. Southwards appeared Loch na Creubhaig, Camasunary and the sea, whilst to the north the hills round Portree were conspicuous.

I now proceeded along the ridge to the saddle, to attain which some pleasing scrambles down low crags were necessary. I decided not to visit Clach Glas as I had no knowledge of the correct route, and therefore cast about for a quick descent into Glen Sligachan. The long gully dropping sharply on the left seemed to offer a direct, though perhaps hardly a comfortable one. I rattled down very large and unhealthy-looking scree for some hundreds of feet, accompanied by a stream of deliciously cool water, till the angle of descent and the volume of the stream suddenly increased and I found myself over an impossible-looking waterfall pitch. Before searching for a means of evading this obstacle, I rested a little and observed the tactics of a solitary sheep which had obstinately followed me down the gully. It stood for a time in a state of indecision with its forelegs on the chockstone ; then, traversing to the right under an overhanging rock which would just afford a passage, it finally took a prodigious leap to the foot of the pitch. It lay a moment or



Photo. by

CLOUD-KISSED PEAKS OF THE COOLIN
(From Brunch na Frithe).

R. J. Porter, B.Sc.

two in a seemingly dazed condition, and then charged madly away out of sight.

This little interlude over, I found a traverse out on the left, over not too sound rock, after which I was able to continue down the face of the mountain till the floor of the glen was reached. Of the appalling grind along Glen Sligachan, where no two yards of the path appear to have the same elevation or direction, I will say little. At points where the density of the midge-population was least, I rested, enjoying the gorgeous mellow sunset effects on Blaven, Marsco and Glamaig, and watching streams of lazy white mist float across the wondrous pinnacles of Sgurr nan Gillean. Sligachan Inn eventually hove in sight and a very enjoyable day's walking was brought to a close.

The next day provided the best excursion I have yet had amongst the Coolin. I decided first to make for Bruach na Frithe and from that point to prospect further climbs and explore the fine rock-scenery which surrounds the Bhasteir. I took the well-known track leading to Corrie na Creiche, and from the top of Bealach a' Vaim I diverged to the left along the edge of a deep rocky cleft which led to the somewhat narrow western ridge of Bruach na Frithe. From the top of this a most glorious view could be got southwards of practically the whole main ridge. Straight below was Corrie na Creiche, whilst opposite rose Sgurr a' Mhadaidh and the three fine peaks of Bidean Druim nan Ramh, backed by Sgurr Alasdair and Sgurr Dearg whose inaccessible pinnacle was plainly visible. To the east the huge Bhasteir Tooth claimed attention as did also the grand spires of Sgurr nan Gillean. Northwards the view was most extensive, including the mainland stretching far beyond the little white lighthouse at Kyle Akin; the harbour at Portree, the Storr Rock and Needle, the islet-dotted Loch Bracadale, McLeod's Maidens, the Minch and the far Hebrides

were splendidly defined and formed a most magnificent panorama.

While I was resting on the summit of Bruach na Frithe, the head and shoulders of a fellow-lodger at the inn rose above the ridge. Like myself, he was out to photograph rock-scenery, being armed with a huge camera. We therefore joined forces and decided to go over Sgurr a' Fionn Choire and Sgurr Bhasteir. Endless patches of mist were driving in from the north-east and rolling up the slopes towards the Tooth, occasionally hiding everything in that direction from view. Our figures were outlined in large spectral shadows whenever the mist became dense enough. By waiting for a favourable opportunity we obtained several excellent photographic effects, after which we ascended the small rocky peak of Sgurr a' Fionn Choire, whence we were able to get fine views of the "Executioner" and Sgurr nan Gilleán. Then we followed the easy ridge leading to the top of Sgurr Bhasteir, and began the descent of the northern slope. From the lower height of Meall Odhar, my companion found a scree-slope down which we charged into the Bhasteir Corrie. The usual grassy trudge over the hillocks brought us to Sligachan Inn.

This was my last really good walking day, as after a visit to Portree, I left by steamer for Kyle of Loch Alsh at which railway terminus a most enjoyable holiday virtually ended.



Photo. by

SGURR NAN GILLEAN IN MIST.

R. J. Porter, U.S.A.

**ANOTHER CLIMBING STORY: A MS.
FROM "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."**

BY C. F. HOLLAND.

After marching about a farmyard in a snowstorm most of the night, guarding sundry articles, mainly broken spades, I had retired to the guard-room and was endeavouring to make myself comfortable on a bed of ammunition boxes. Alas! the goddess of sleep, discouraged by the hard circumstances, fled from me. By chance I observed a magazine lying near, and on opening same was charmed to find a climbing story among its contents. Speedily I was engrossed in its thrilling episodes and entranced by the vistas opened up of new climbing possibilities.

It really was a most wonderful tale and may be summarized as follows. (May I say that I have tried to make this summary as veracious as possible and have erred rather on the side of understatement than the reverse). The party consisted of five, led by a Swiss guide named Fritz who spoke English with any amount of local colour, and was completed by two men and two girls; the scene being laid in the Rockies. Swiftly are we plunged "in medias res." They are "doing rock work," and are attached to a rope, twelve feet between each couple, they are descending and come to a steep slab, as I took it to be, with a profound precipice beneath. There are no holds. What to do? Obvious solution of difficulty—*to slide*. The guide slides, the hero slides, they all slide, the guide first because he is leading, the heroine last because she is the weak member of the party; but according to the illustration she is attached to a rope fore and aft, so that the suggestion occurs to me that they

may have roped down this obviously difficult place without knowing it. Horrors! She slides badly and is just going over the edge when the hero seizes her, by the leg, and she is saved. Strange to say though, she is annoyed because she considers the hero too masterful. However, after a few words they proceed. Thrill follows thrill, the rope behaves badly and makes at one point a most dastardly attempt to belay the leader, but with great presence of mind and at great personal risk the heroine removes it and another danger is averted. But worse is to follow; the rope, evidently annoyed at being thwarted, gives all its attention to doing the heroine in. A second time it is foiled, this time by the hero, who again seizes the heroine, by the leg, who is thus saved from being thrown over another precipice by the now thoroughly infuriated rope.

We breathe again, but it is a cunning as well as a determined rope and alters its tactics. This time it saws itself against a convenient rock and breaks between the heroine and the person above her with the awful result that the portion of the party above her proceeds in blissful ignorance of this fact and eventually reaches the top of the mountain before the broken rope trailing behind is discovered, while hero and heroine are left an embarrassed couple, so embarrassed in fact that the idea of shouting does not seem to have occurred to them (a weak point in an otherwise convincing narrative). I mentioned that the lady was previously a bit fed up with the hero, and now a trial of will power ensues. She refuses to be led and repeatedly tries to advance but is as often foiled by her companion who seizes her each time, by the leg, and pulls her back. In the end he leads, but the result is hardly satisfactory as after overcoming countless difficulties, such as crossing a slope of shale just above the usual fathomless abyss, and dodging several avalanches, an unclimbable slab appears. No real attempt is made

to climb it but no holds can be found, and the hero, upset by an incessant stream of sarcastic comments from the girl, breaks down and weeps. The scene is an affecting one "I wish I could die to save you" sobs he, and she weeps too, whereupon he calls her his "darling" and they embrace. "I wish I could die too" cries she, a wish which seems likely to be gratified. However, mutual endearments follow, apparently for several hours.

"But" says the author, "do they die?" Sly dog, he knew all the time. No! is the joyful answer. At this point I paused and indulged a while in contemplation, wondering how the author would extricate them from their perilous position. Perchance some great airman would fling them a rope and drag them to safety, the hero holding the rope in his teeth and the heroine in his arms; or an avalanche falling upwards might take them over the mauvais pas. But the solution proved commonplace. Suddenly a cheery face peers over the top of the impossible slab, it is the face of Fritz, the Swiss guide. He points out to them "invisible crevices in their rock by means of which they may climb up." This they do, and reach the top of the mountain. And so this remarkable tale draws to a triumphant and happy conclusion with their marriage on safely getting to the bottom again.

THE VAL D'ARAZAS.

BY J. R. THACKRAH AND R. CRAIGIE.

Our starting point was Cauterets, which lies, deep-set, under steep and lofty mountains, on the northern side of the Pyrenees. It is a pleasant place enough, with many hotels, abundance of thermal springs and crowds of visitors.

Being a resort of invalids, its roads and paths are adapted to them and are easy and smooth, winding in gentle zigzags far up the mountain sides. During our stay of three days in the town, the clouds were far down on the hills and we had to console ourselves for the absence of mountain prospects by visiting the waterfalls, which are exceedingly fine. When we finally set off for the central chain, the mist was right down on the road. Our programme was elastic, the definite objects being an ascent of the Vignemale and a visit to the Val d' Arazas. The Vignemale is the highest of the Pyrenees touched by France, the frontier running over its summit. The three highest peaks of the range, Maladetta, Posets and Perdu, are in Spain. The Vignemale is fourth, its elevation being 10,800 feet. We were attracted to the Val d' Arazas by the glowing descriptions of its beauties in Packe's Guide to the Pyrenees.

Our first objective was the Refuge d'Ossoue, a mountain hut or inn 8,760 feet above the sea. We were assured that a mule could not reach it, so we had engaged a man to carry our rucksacks for us. He was recommended to us as being very strong. He certainly had a fairly heavy load to carry, but in carrying power was much inferior to the Spaniard who acted as porter for us three years

before. For a long time we had the exasperating experience of walking through a valley, whose scenery we knew to be fine, without being able to see more than a few yards, and sunset was at hand when we finally got above the clouds and were able to see the savage, rocky, peaks of the Vignemale and his satellites. By this time we had reached snowfields of considerable extent and ever-increasing steepness, which added to the labour of our walk. The light failed rapidly and it was practically dark when we crossed, slowly and cautiously, in deeply kicked steps, the last steep snow slope and gained the crest of the col. The refuge was not a great distance away, across a snow field, whose deeply rutted surface, invisible in the darkness, led to many a stumble before we reached the longed-for shelter. It is quite a comfortable place, with two sleeping apartments for tourists and one for guides. Tourists rest on mattresses, with rugs for covering, guides repose on straw. Food and drink were not lacking and the man in charge was not devoid of cooking capacity. Two Germans came down from the upstairs room and asked if war had been declared.

We stayed three nights in the Refuge, which is magnificently situated. To the south of it is the Vignemale with its fine glacier and grand precipices, while to the south-east is the splendid group of the Gavarine mountains, Mont Perdu, the Marboré, the Casque and the Taillon, with the remarkable cleft of the Breche de Roland cutting deeply and sharply into the line of limestone cliff. We could see the upper part of the Cirque de Gavarnie, a semicircle of snowfields and glaciers, from which the lovely cascade floats for thirteen hundred feet down the black cliffs.

We ascended the Vignemale on a day of wonderful splendour and found no difficulty in the ascent. Later in the season, when the snow has melted from the surface of the glacier, the crevasses are awkward and a wide circuit

must be made to avoid them. In 1914 there had been much snow in the winter and we were able, without difficulty or danger, to go straight up the glacier. There were certainly many crevasses and very fine some of them were, but they were on each side of our route. The final climb is up a much shattered rock face, into which, a short distance below the summit, Count Russell, the owner or renter of the mountain, had a grotto dug, as a refuge in case of necessity. It did not look very inviting, for its floor was covered with ice and would have been a cold sleeping place. The view from the peak was glorious. Not a cloud was in the sky and the atmosphere was very clear. We seemed to see almost the whole of the Pyrenees, an impressive array of savage, jagged, snow-patched peaks, and, far away, the plains of southern France. We were very lucky in our weather conditions, for the Vignemale has a bad reputation as a cloud gatherer. We were back at the Refuge before noon and spent the rest of the day in loafing and admiring the scenery.

We thought that two days with nothing to do, on full pay, would have restored our porter's vigour so we set off next morning for Spain. Our man certainly went much better. He took us over the Col d'Ossoue and down snowfields under the huge northern precipice of the Vignemale, then up a steep route to a pass, the Col des Mulets, and down into a desolate valley. Here we saw, high above us, a number of izzards, the Pyrenean chamois. Natives of the Pyrenees always become wildly excited when they see izzards, I don't know why, for they are not uncommon, and our man yelled and whistled frantically to set them running. The easy, graceful way in which they raced away filled us with envy when we compared it with our slow and toilsome progress.

Refreshed by an excellent lunch, we trudged down the long valley, which was bare and desolate for a long distance then became wooded and walled in by immense cliffs,

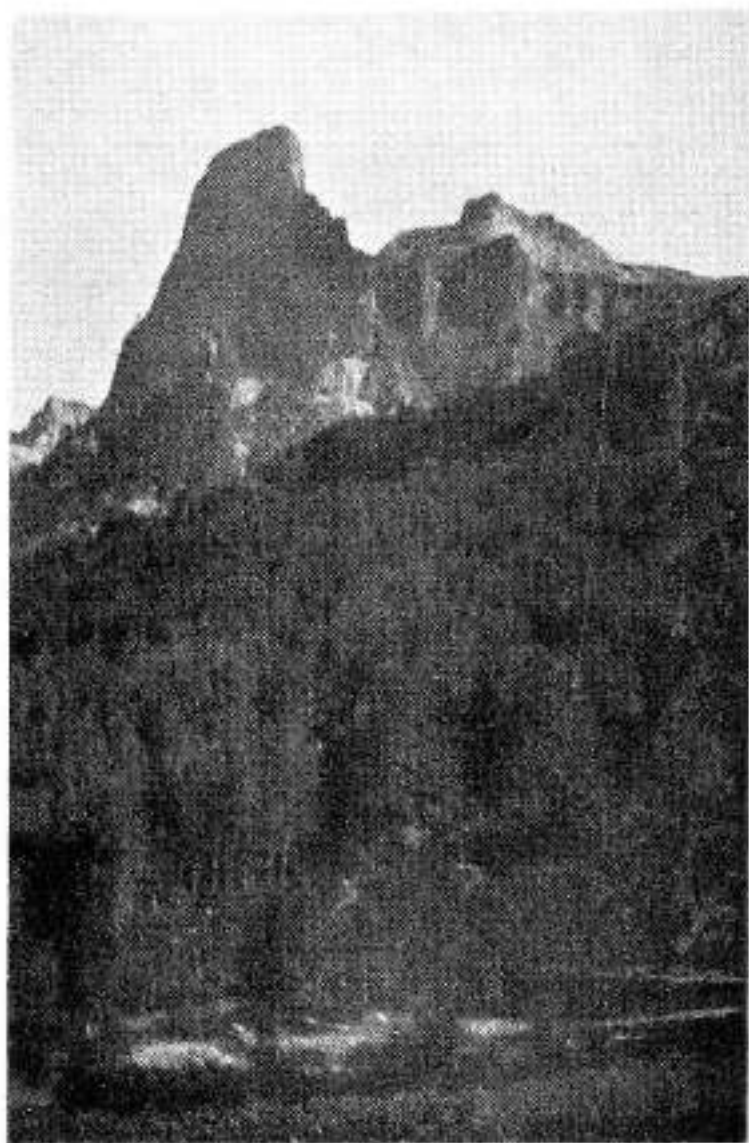


Photo. by

IN THE VAL D'ARAZAS.

J. R. Thacker.

between which the torrent roared in a gorge far below us. We became tired and hot and inclined to quarrel with our porter, who assured us every quarter of an hour, for an hour or so that Bucharo (our destination) was fifteen minutes away. At last it came suddenly. We rounded a rock, crossed a bridge and came to a group of three or four houses, guarded by two Spanish Customs Officers, who let us pass without making any difficulties. The chief house was the inn and turned out to be not bad for a Spanish hostelry. We had a good dinner, which was followed by music and dancing by the Customs Officers and the staff of the inn. The landlord played the guitar and from time to time emitted a howl which was very effective. To show our appreciation of their efforts we bestowed a tip of two francs upon the officers, who, apparently moved by gratitude, came under our bedroom window at about two in the morning and serenaded us with rather unsteady voices. We were astonished to find that two francs would buy enough wine to produce such an effect.

Our landlord turned out to be the proprietor of the inn in the Val d' Arazas and the next morning he provided a mule for the conveyance of our rucksacks and accompanied us himself. The valley from Bucharo was the usual magnificent gorge with lofty waterfalls pouring down its cliffs. We met with a migration of sheep, hundreds or perhaps thousands of them, on their way to fresh pastures. They were preceded by goats carrying great bells a foot or more in length. At a high bridge, the "Bridge of the Men of Navarre," our path left the main valley and went uphill to the Val d'Arazas, where we found a really good inn, the Hotel Breche de Roland.

Packe, in his Guide to the Pyrenees, declares that the scenery of the Val d'Arazas is unsurpassed in the world. It is certainly very fine. The floor of the valley consists of meadows, dotted over with picturesque groups of

trees ; from the meadows pine woods rise steeply to the feet of limestone cliffs, red or pale grey in colour, battlemented and turretted like immense castles. No snow peaks are in sight, though they are not far away. We stayed a week in this valley, partly in the inn and partly in camp. Our landlord led us a few miles up the valley, to a small walled enclosure at the base of an overhanging cliff above the Cuevas, and here we spent four nights, sleeping rolled up in blankets in front of a fire. Though the place seemed open, we found that the overhang of the cliff was enough to protect us from rain, and of its sheltering capacity we had proof enough on two nights when heavy thunderstorms swept along the valley.

The only disadvantage about the place was its distance from firewood, which we had to carry for some distance up a steep, high declivity. We were well provisioned and had a comfortable time till our landlord appeared with a mule and bore our impedimenta down the valley again. On our arrival at the hotel we learned that France and Germany were at war, but as our landlord did not think there would be any difficulty in repassing the frontier, we determined to spend one day more in the valley and to explore the Cirque de Cotatuero, which is on the north side of the main valley. Our progress up this lateral gorge was not very rapid, being delayed by vegetation, which took the form of wild strawberries in great numbers and of excellent flavour. After eating most of those we could see, we reached the head of the gorge, which was walled in by a lofty cliff, over which fell a fine cascade, several hundreds of feet in height. Somewhere along this cliff, on the left, is a route leading to the Breche de Roland and to Gavarnie, but we had not time to look for it.

On the following day we returned to Bucharo, where difficulties, connected with the taking of a mule over the Porte de Gavarnie into France, seemed likely to arise.

Our landlord and guide overcame these obstacles at the not excessive figure of three francs and on the following morning we toiled up the pass, which is something over 8,000 feet in height. We had a magnificent view of the imposing Cirque of Gavarnie, and an equally magnificent view of a thunderstorm. As we had imprudently sent on our water-proofs by the mule, while we tarried to admire the scenery, we got completely drenched and also actually battered by the biggest hailstones I ever saw. At the entrance to Gavarnie a gendarme stopped us and informed us that our papers were not in order ; but he was a nice fellow, escorted us to the hotel and did all in his power to set us right. We had to report ourselves to the authorities at the nearest town and as that happened to be our destination it was no inconvenience. We drove down the valley next morning, our driver giving lifts (at our expense, of course) to several of his friends and acquaintances, peasants called out to join the colours. St. Saveur, our railhead, was empty of visitors and most of the hotels and restaurants were closed. We found a courteous gendarme and a helpful Maire, who gave us the papers necessary for our further journey through France. Then came the trip by electric railway, through the grand Gorge de Luz, with its great cliffs and roaring torrents, to Pierrefitte. The train service was, naturally, dislocated on account of the mobilisation and we had to wait a day before we could get away. The weather was intensely hot, far too hot for any exertion, and we spent it (after getting our papers examined by the Maire) partly in the cool hall of the Hotel de Pyrenees, and partly under a tree on the verge of a torrent. Since it was not Pyrenean, I will say nothing of our hot and tedious journey through mobilising France, though it was not without interest.

AN APOLOGY FOR WINTER SPORTS.

BY T. HOWARD SOMERVELL.

As I write from that hackneyed address "Somewhere in France," drumming my feet on the ground to keep them cold (the alternative being very cold indeed), my mind's eye passes over many miles of fields, trenches, and mud, to focus itself on the smooth glistening tracts of snow; this year, alas! almost untrodden by the ski of the Britisher. Several happy winter months I have spent there, and, apart from the holidays that have been spent actually in climbing—whether amid the Alpine glaciers, the Cumberland tarns, or by the placid waters of Llyn Ogwen—none have been more enjoyable than these.

Owing to the exploitation of "Switzerland in winter," or "Winter in Switzerland" by certain organizations which, under cover of doing the thing in a business-like way, have in reality "done" their clients in a very business-like way indeed. The Alps have been of late so Anglicized that their winter reputation (amongst those who really love the mountains) has almost been ruined. A winter-sports man has come to signify one who spends half his time in dancing, and the other half in fancy-dress carnivals. The idea of going out to Switzerland in order to put on dress clothes and get a taste of "London by the snow" is as ludicrous as the idea of tennis at Chamonix or bowls at Wasdale Head.

Yet, as a matter of fact, the Alpine winter can be more enjoyable than the summer, if dress-clothes, dancing, and expensive hotels are avoided. Personally, I have never spent more than £14 on a seventeen days' winter holiday, and I have done it on £11. And there are those who say it is impossible to do it for less than £30. Stay

at a little pub at five or six francs a day and you will have a far better holiday than the duke who spends £50 for a fortnight of dances and bridge and London.

The charm of the Alpine winter is the weather. Many of us have spent days in summer waiting for a "grand ascension" while rain, or cloud, or thunder keep us indoors and try our patience almost to breaking-point. But in winter it is nearly always clear, and a good long ski-ing expedition is possible on nine days out of ten. Again, the views in winter are nearly always perfect. How often in summer one has to wait days for an expedition, only to find that when at last the summit is attained nothing but clouds can be seen. Yet in winter the sky is so clear that it is the exception not to be able to see every peak and ridge within limits of the full horizon.

Then there is the sensation—that of ski-ing down a good long slope of freezing powdery snow is perhaps the most delightful in the world; and one returns home not wet with melting snow, but dusted with a clear white powder which can be brushed off and left in the verandah to melt at its leisure.

There is just one fly in the ointment—and that is the necessity of learning how to ski before being able to go for long expeditions. This takes a person of good physique about a fortnight, and in the acquisition of the art there is much pleasure and no little amusement both for oneself and for others. After all, we have to learn something about climbing before doing anything much in the Alps.

After the war, then, why shouldn't some of us try a winter holiday in Switzerland or Norway? If any does so, he will probably get the finest views, the healthiest weather, the cheapest hotel he ever experienced, together with the joys and excitements of ski-ing, which are at least comparable with those of climbing, and in some ways even superior to them.

And now for a bit of an epilogue. First I ask pardon

that one so tender in years and so limited in experience should write an article like this. My excuse is that the Editor asked me to do it, and I take cover under the adage *De gustibus non disputandum*, for each of us is entitled to his tasks however young he may be. Personally I have enjoyed the Alps in winter so fully and at such a comparatively small cost, that I feel in duty bound to recommend similar holidays to my comrades of the Fells and Rocks. Second, let me apologize for my apparent assumption that there is nothing to do in winter but to ski. There are other things to do, such as skating, dancing, knitting, and making snow-men—but there is certainly nothing so well worth doing as to ski, and those who have never tried it can scarcely imagine how delightful it is.

Third, as this article takes the place of a "letter from the front" (also asked for by our Editor) let me wish all Fell-and-Rockers a top-hole meet after the war when, still sound, pray God, in body and limb, we shall have learnt methods of roughing it and "living in a mess tin" which we can put to good use among the mountains at home and abroad.

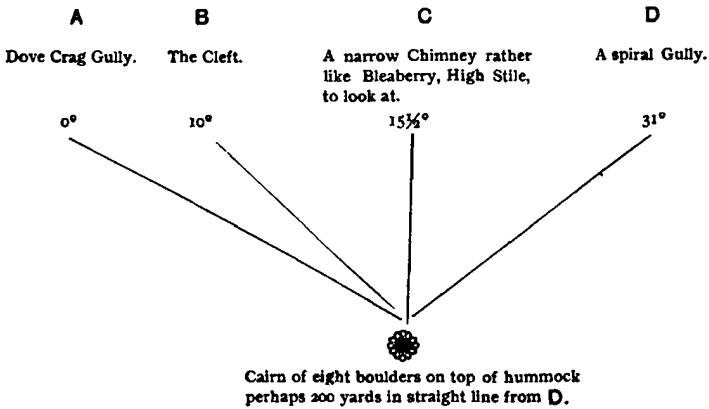
CLIMBS, OLD AND NEW.

'Ware Wire. In the neighbourhood of many wire fences—that extending from Haystacks to Green Gable particularly—the amount of disused wire has reached such proportions as to be a source of great inconvenience. When one realises how useful such fences are as guides to any who may be benighted on the fells, this inconvenience amounts, in many places, to a positive danger. Could nothing be done to obviate this evil? R.E.N.

Grassmoor Gullies. H.C.J. found the Grassmoor gullies most enjoyable climbs. Took first of all the gully at the Lorton end, then traversed across into the other gully. Rather wet, but both gullies afford good climbing for moderate climbers. The rope was only used once during the descent to explore a small crack. Has forty foot rock-face at top of gully ever been climbed direct? R. W. Hall has done it with rope from above. H.C.J. tried but found rock too rotten for safe climbing.

Central Gully, Goat Crag. Follow up the beck as for West Gully climb, till the meeting of the waters, proceed up the stream in the centre until a slanting chimney is reached, back-and-knee up this until level with top. A small handhold on the left wall is very reassuring. The climb now consists of a number of short steep pitches, mostly offering interesting problems. The last pitch is too earthy and finishes unsatisfactorily. Climb moderately difficult, wet in places. We consider it advisable for the leader to have a rope up the first chimney unless all the party are “experts of experts.” Apparently not climbed before. R.W.H., H.C.J.

Dove Crag. Walked up narrow valley between Grassmoor and Whiteside (called Gaskell Gill) from Lanthwaite Green to examine Dove Crag on right-hand side valley and at far end. When almost below first crags (western end), though ourselves low down in valley, aimed straight up to them and from a small earth-hummock commanded a fine view of all the crags. Here piled up eight big boulders, and took the angles of some of the gullies with a quadrant, as under :—



A climbed in 1889 by F. Carr and J. W. Robinson—though *possibly* it was C.

B. A 50-60 foot cleft facing almost due north and described by Allsup in No. 8 (1914) Journal; thought to be unclimbable.

C. A narrow chimney with a very bad earthy approach—this approach going from left of chimney to right.

D. A spiral shaped gully with an extremely rotten wall of rock as a second pitch to the top of which we could not get. Beyond this and a little to the left there seemed a really good pitch, but it cannot be seen from the point near top of second pitch which was as far as we got, but can from a point below. R.W.H.

**West Gully,
Goat Crag.** Strike off up the hillside at Hasness Hall and follow the beck, a walk all the way with a few scrambles until the meeting of the waters is reached. The east gully is merely a cascade, the central gully has a short chimney but was not explored, and the west gully makes an interesting climb of only moderate difficulty. It consists of a number of short pitches up the stream bed on the water-worn rock. The handholds and footholds are not very prevalent nor large. The gully was climbed all the way direct with the exception of two pitches. These two pitches had too much water coming down (but looked as if they could be climbed in dry weather) so traversed on the wall to the left and climbed up ten feet or so in each case. Found the walls rotten rock and a lot of grass and heather. About 150 feet altogether. No scratches of nails were seen.

The whole climb from Hotel and back was two and a half hours. Recommend it for a "breaking-in climb" between tea and dinner for new arrivals. H.C.J.

A Variation. Alone into Black Chimney, High Stile. Did first pitch, but the second one proved too much and no friendly shoulder to step on as previously, so climbed about 10 feet up the V shoot on right just above first pitch and on the left worked up a crack made by a leaf of rock and so came out just above second pitch. R.W.H.

**Dove Nest,
Central
Chimney.** The large wedged stone in the interior of the chimney was dislodged by being struck by certain loose stuff which we cleared from the right wall about on an end of, or a little below, the start of the traverse. It descended about eight feet, keeping its position, and is now both jammed and resting on the bed of the chimney. S.A., A.W.

Grassmoor Gully. Climbed the Grassmoor gully (nearest Lorton) as far as the 40 foot wall referred to a page back by H.C.J., and like him we left it alone. An interesting easy gully. The wall to the right of the ancient Holly Tree—the “Holly-tree” pitch requires care and the top of the chimney with three boulders in it and where the walls shut one in fairly completely, also requires care, and in wet weather becomes much harder. A steady trickle of water near the top is difficult to avoid. R.W.H.

Times Again. Gatesgarth to Wind Gap $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours ; foot of Ennerdale Face, Gable to Gatesgarth, 1 hour 35 minutes. C.D.Y., R.W.H.

A Library Note. Jones' “Rock Climbing in the English Lake District” has gone astray from the Borrowdale Library-case. Will members please see that non-members return all books to the cases?

A Lake-Country “Bowling Green.”

During the past generation rock-climbers have applied a good many fanciful names to portions of our Cumbrian courses. Thus we have Tennis Courts and Gangways, Fives Courts and Bowling Greens in the most airy positions possible and of utterly inadequate size. There is, however, a “Bowling Green” marked on our six-inch Ordnance Survey maps which might almost be quoted as a parallel to the famous “Argyll's Bowling Green” in the wilds of Caledonia. I should think that so far as its building is concerned the Lake-Country example is of

much the more ancient date, though I have not succeeded in tracing its nomenclature earlier than the Ordnance Survey maps and Mr. Clifton Ward's general address on the antiquities of the Six-Inch Map delivered to the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian and Archæological Society in 1877.

The Lake-Country "bowling green" is situated about 210 yards north-east of Hard Knott "Castle," the camp which the Romans placed on a shoulder of the mountains in order to dominate the road-pass between their sea-port at Ravenglass and their lake-port at Ambleside. It is a roughly square plot of ground, cleared of stones, about two and three-quarter acres in extent, and has been partly levelled. The hill side slopes towards the Hard Knott road winding into the upper pass, so part of the north-westerly side was excavated and the material dumped across to the other edge. The result is a green patch on which the bracken, elsewhere very luxuriant, does not encroach, a conspicuous "un-natural" object to anyone descending the Eskdale side of the pass. One has at country picnics played football on worse surfaces, but bowls would be impossible. And one is scarcely confident that the latter game was ever played by our Roman garrisons in the north.

The real object of this levelled surface was no doubt to provide a parade and drill ground for the garrison. The nearest marchable ground is to-day a mile off and 500 feet below, by the side of the Esk, but sixteen centuries past most of our dales are supposed to have been filled with morass and impenetrable thickets.

All the comprehensive works on the county of Cumberland mention the castle on Hard Knott pass, and its parade ground, Hutchinson's History, published in 1794, and Lyson's *Magna Britannica* (1816) in particular. The former gives a rather erratic plan of the place, and the latter has a close account from the pen of the Bishop of

Clones, the great Roman authority of that day. In 1892, under the local Archæological Society, a complete survey was made of the ruins, the debris of centuries being removed and the plan properly cleared. The importance of the castle was made evident, but unfortunately no evidence as to its name was found. "Maia" is the likeliest conjecture, making Ravenglass "Ravonia." Concerning the Bowling Green, Chancellor Ferguson wrote:—"From the porta principalis sinistra a road 630 feet in length leads to a cleared space of about three acres, known locally as 'the Bowling Green' and the 'Parade Ground,' formed by cutting down and levelling up." Since 1892 scarcely any further research has been made, either at the camp, the outbuildings, or on the parade ground.

One wonders what the Roman soldiery thought of this habitation and exercise ground on a shelf of barren mountain, 700 feet above the sea level, and surrounded by such rocky peaks as Scafell, Scafell Pikes, Great End, and the mountains round the head of Eskdale. To-day sheering up against the blue sky, they have seemed to me lovely, but what of the days of snow and blizzard, of winter rain and tempest? The swart invaders from the Mediterranean would scarcely like their sojourn at this bleak, out-of-the-way spot.