



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

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## RULES.

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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.*

## NIGHTS OUT.

BY THE PRESIDENT.

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When Palmer asked me to write a short paper with the title of "Nights Out," I decided to follow Mulvaney's example and to take the subject as it pleased me best, which I apprehend is also taking it in the Editorial sense.

But even on the mountaineering side the subject is not easy and I have therefore included by way of variety instances of early morning starts, say from 12-30 a.m., late arrivals say up to 1-30 a.m., as well as voluntary all night walks; for fortunately or otherwise I have never been out all night without intention. Voluntary all night walks seem to come first and two of them remain with distinctness in my memory. They have two features in common. They were intended to be moonlight walks but the rain never ceased and the moon remained blotted out for earth dwellers for the whole night. We started the first at Llanfairfechan and the route was over Drum Y Foel Fras and Carnedd Llewellyn to the Rucksack Club Hut in Cwm Eigiau. We took the precaution of having a satisfactory supper (or should it be first breakfast) at 9 p.m. and went out into the mist and rain. I prefer real rain to showers, because when once wet through no further trouble is necessary to avoid rain and the occasion fitted in with my preference. There was no need for macintoshes or other so-called rain protective coverings after the first ten minutes and my only regret was that my boots were waterproof and would not let out the water that filled them.

We arrived on Y Foel Fras at the time fixed in our schedule and the wall there was useful for the Primus

stove which even to the expert will do duty better in shelter than in wind. Our second breakfast was a success and it was not necessary to hurry over it for fear of getting wetter. Between Y Foel Fras and Y Foel Grach and again between that hill and Carnedd Llewellyn the ridge bends slightly as it dips, with the result that in the dark there is an excellent opportunity of going wrong, for one cannot be certain that the slight descent is made exactly at the bends of the ridges. At these places we took extended order and no real delay was occasioned, but coming down Carnedd Llewellyn we struck some boggy ground and when two of us had sunk nearly to our waists we changed the course and arrived at the Hut about 5 a.m. We found several men in possession and gave them practice in the unintended virtue of early rising. The walk down Cwm Eigiau the same day was brightened by fine weather and an excellent series of rainbows.

The second night out was from Tebay to Windermere and was intended to be up Borrowdale and then over Great Yarl Side to Long Sleddale and over Harter Fell. But the darkness could almost be felt and our time was rendered slow by having to feel the ground step by step to be sure of avoiding possible perils. Instead therefore of making our way over Great Yarl Side we turned left on the main road to its junction with the road up Long Sleddale and arrived at the farm at Sadgill (nearly at the head of the valley) about 5 a.m. and proceeded to get our second or possibly our third breakfast sitting on a heap of stones by the wayside. While doing this the farmer came out and two of us fell. He informed us that a fire was being lighted and breakfast indoors could be obtained. The other two men decided to stick to their cooking operations and then bag Harter Fell. We having fallen once continued in our evil course and decided that Harter Fell had been ascended by us often enough

that the others could go there and complete their bag of twenty fives, but we would go over the moor to Kentmere and then continue by the Garburn Pass.

The latest hour at which I have been out involuntarily was 1-30 in the morning ; four of us started at the usual comfortable Wastdale hour and going by the High Level we reached the Pillar Rock and proceeded to do the North climb. This has always been a favourite climb of mine. It is not difficult to lead when things are favourable and the rock scenery is as fine and varied as that of any climb in the Lake District, so that I wanted to introduce my son to it. We climbed it in comfort, although in mist, which improved the near views, and Roland and I then set off for the top of Pillar on which he had never been. There the cloud was thicker and we left for Windy Gap, which we did not reach. When we emerged into daylight the valley below seemed to come from the wrong direction and was recognised as Ennerdale. Then we turned back to Windy Gap and after ascending a long way we decided we must be going up Pillar or Steeple, at any rate we had missed Windy Gap. So we descended to Ennerdale and tried to find Black Sail but it was then night and the path was apparently not in existence, so we turned round and made our way down the valley. It seems easy to get to the Anglers Inn in daylight, but try it on a moonless and misty night, if you don't happen to have walked that way before. We were glad to get to the first farm in the valley where the tenant entertained us hospitably. He did not seem surprised at our advent, from which we gathered that others had lost their way before, but I think that the fact that one of his visitors was a boy of 14 had something to do with the apple pasty and bread and cheese that he stood us without fee and the careful directions that we received for the remainder of our way. We again lost the road and eventually finished by skirting the lake side

and getting to the hotel. Even then our anxieties were not over; how about a search party from Wastdale? It is true that our companions would report us safely off the climb, but to save our friends we must get news to Wastdale before 10 the next morning and this would probably mean a start at 6. The Anglers Inn landlord solved the problem; a boy could, for a consideration, go early on a bicycle and report us safe and we could take our ease at our inn so long as we wished and stroll back over the pass the same afternoon.

It was the year after our Ennerdale affair that Roland and I (with others) made our way at the New Year's meet up Cust's Gully. The others were wise men and went down to afternoon tea, but Roland was out for peaks and we went across to Scawfell Pike. This is not easy to miss from Great End and we got there in comfort but we had no map and I was not certain of the compass direction of Mickledore, but knew that it was necessary to avoid the Pike Gullys and so kept well to the left. We found ourselves going down Eskdale. Roland remembered our endeavours to find the pass the year before and suggested going on, particularly as we were both wet through by that time. Again a farmer's boy came in useful and a telegram to Wastdale arrived to ease our friends' minds. At the hotel there was no change of men's clothes and the landlady suggested blankets would be more comfortable than petticoats. To this we agreed but bargained that knocks should be sounded on the door before the waitress ventured to come in. Thus we were made comfortable during our night and all the proprieties observed while the walk back next day over Scawfell and the ascent by the easy way of the Pinnacle rounded off the adventure in a manner that pleased us.

The earliest start I remember making was at 12-30 a.m. for the Dent Blanche. The hut was crowded and I did

not get any sleep before starting, and about six o'clock the snow seemed to me to offer a most inviting couch for five minutes sleep. But this of course could not be allowed and a remedy was necessary. This was to fill my cap with snow and place it firmly on my head. It did not remain there long but no more wide-awake man than I existed when I removed the remedy in a few seconds and during the whole day (and it was a long one) I never felt the need of sleep or indeed of rest. Whether this remedy is too hard for the average man I cannot say, but try it and if you survive you will thank me. I have said the day was a long one. It was 23 hours before we got to Zermatt, and for once in a way the length of time was not my responsibility and the pace was well below my limit. The day was fine, the snow was in perfect order, and all things in our favour, except towards the end of the day. I was climbing with guides, and two friends had joined me, and when we were off the glacier I sent the guides on. We did not realise till then how many paths there were from the foot of the Dent Blanche glacier to Zermatt, and when darkness came on we found ourselves many times ascending to chalets instead of descending to Zermatt, and we arrived back at 11-30 p.m. only; but that day, even missing our road, had its amusing side.

For the Weisshorn we started between 2-30 and 3 a.m. and from the point of view of beauty this was the day of my life. I do not often myself read descriptions of scenery, which are usually inadequate, particularly when the writer tries to rely for his descriptions of colouring on precious stones. I think that Mark Twain's idea of placing descriptions of weather at the beginning of a book might be copied with benefit to the human race in descriptions of scenery. What is wanted is a list taken from the best authors of such descriptions and duly tabulated according to subject A to Z and according to

beauty one to infinity. Then I might refer to such a list instead of the following bald description which, however, will I hope, lead the reader to imagine things on his or her own account.

1.—Left the hut in a mist.

2.—Climbed out in about half an hour into the starlight.

3.—Venus rose over the Mettelhorn.

If the Club astronomer says it was Mars or Jupiter I will not deny it, but I prefer to think that the splendour of that planet was feminine.

4.—Summer lightning blazed over more than half the horizon. Yes, "blazed" is the right word for it was almost continuous.

5.—Dawn—and if you could have brought all the emeralds and rubies in the world they would not have even begun to compare with the green of the sky and the rose of the Matterhorn and other mountains that we saw that day.

6.—The risen sun over the clouds (golden) which were at the 10,000 feet level with the peaks appearing above. We had a very easy day on the Weisshorn. A party had been up the day before and had spent some ten or twelve hours cutting steps which remained ready for us.

That too was the occasion when we had the adventure with two Germans. They were at the hut with their guides and started a few seconds in front of us and went fast. We took our time, and at daybreak they appeared as small figures well in front, and later two were seen coming down, one a German (mountain-sick in his haste) and the other a guide. An hour or so later two more figures appeared descending, and we congratulated ourselves on being so near the top, but it was not so, as the return was for the same reason.

We continued on our course, reached the top and eventually descended to the hut and entered our names in the book, writing opposite in the appropriate column the



word Weisshorn, and then saw that the German temperament had also induced the two who had turned back to make the same entry. No doubt they never expected to see us again, but we did not hurry to catch the six o'clock train to Zermatt and turned into a hotel at Randa for dinner, and were directed by the waiter to seats opposite which were seated the two German adventurers.

PHILIP S. MINOR.

## MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

By W. ALLSUP.

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Firstly, why this extra consumption of paper in these days of scarcity and this call on the patience of readers? Obviously, to my mind, the powers that be consider it advisable that one of those who are unable to attend Meets does something to justify his existence as a sub-less member; crying in fact in words—slightly altered—once attributed to a certain early and famous president:—“Here, write; you needn’t climb and needn’t pay your subs.” Kismet!

When Kaiser William tackled the biggest pitch of his climbing career—may he come off—it was evident that holidays on the Fells were more or less a wash-out for many of us. Acting, however, on the motto that ‘anything is better than nothing,’ those of us who were in training, most of us in the south where no Fells are, kept our weather eye open. As “Badminton” says, it is remarkable what a number of problems or practice grounds present themselves in almost any country side, viz.: grass, shale or chalk slopes; rock outcrops, railway bridges, etc., as touching of course merely the technical side of fell craft, such as balance and so on. Writing thereon a Yorkshire enthusiast notes “khaki is cheap,” the optimist!

For my sins I was started off on the Plain, yet even here life had its compensations, for, coming as I did straight from a fortnight’s holiday in the Buttermere and Wastdale Fells, the sense of space afforded by the immense open countryside was almost as exhilarating as and yet so different from, that experienced on a crag face or fell

top. The only rocks hereabouts are the blocks of the Stonehenge circle—I venture a new theory; surely they were collected by the local “rockyfellers” of the stone age as a safety valve in times when a journey to the happy hunting grounds was as arduous as that of the devout Mussulman to his Holy City! At any rate I was tempted and scrambled, my two companions meanwhile keeping an eye on the keeper and the policeman. Then tea at a delightful old fashioned inn and the 14 miles back to be covered before roll call, all on top of a busy morning as recruits; our drill sergeant by the way hailed from Monk Coniston Moor!

The next opportunity was in Somerset; ample opportunities for breaking one’s neck here, ranging from the conglomerate cliffs on the coast to the Mendip limestone rising 400 feet sheer in the famous gorge. The sea cliffs vary from impossible to mere scrambling, but really good bouldering can be had among the debris, some of the blocks being almost as good as say the Pudding Stone.

Then to Edinburgh and the kind hospitality of the Scottish Mountaineering Club and a cosy evening at one of their meetings. Here I breathe a terrible secret (?). The club possesses a number of Japanese Alpine works which no one can make head or tail of! The great local attraction here, to me, was Arthur’s Seat; the conspicuous Salisbury Crags offer opportunities, but the keepers in the King’s Park do not view with favour any attempts, by presumably responsible people. The local urchins appear to ignore this extra hindrance! The walk to the summit, however, with as much scrambling as you like, cannot be taken too often. A Highland comrade and myself used to amuse and benefit ourselves by trying to beat our own times from the Castle to the summit; we found 40 minutes as little as could be comfortably managed in uniform—including the Royal Mile, where department

must be considered. The effect on the appetite for mess can be imagined! Wondrous tales are told of the inaccessibility of the Castle Rock, and thrills are frequently provided for the crowds in Princes Street. During my stay one Newfoundlander spent several hours on a ledge to which he had climbed to rescue his cap. Also are there not the always attractive Pentlands?

Then came a turn at the "white walls of old England": for these, careful reading of the warnings and hints in "Climbing in the British Isles" is to be recommended, if dearly bought experience in the way of tumbles and painful scrapings on sharp flints is not to be counted as a pleasure! Bar exciting traverses along slopes and ledges, the only real practice is, as stated in the above mentioned volume, to be found on the lower portions of the cliffs where the chalk is hardened and rotten pieces quickly removed by the sea-action. The scrambler can almost imagine he is on a small ice slope, if that excellent substitute for the old Alpine pioneer's ice-hatchet is taken along, to wit: the infantry entrenching tool or the purloined wood chopper. Here it might be said that a hidden flint has disastrous effects on the steel and it would be unwise to take your cherished ice-axe, although with its aid many more exciting traverses would be rendered justifiable. Any pinnacles, and there are some well known ones on such places as Beachy Head, are usually too rotten to be thought of, at any rate by the solitary climber. If nailed boots are used the nails must be very sharp, and in any case soon clog; they are essential for grass slope work but rope or rubber shoes are the best for the actual chalk climbing.

The rapid flow of the tides adds an additional excitement to the work, as the cliffs are in some cases unclimbable for several miles—e.g. the Seven Sisters Cliffs. The neighbourhood of coast towns, camps, etc. is also unhealthy, as stone throwing possesses a great fascination

for locals and visitors and especially troops. Of climbing (sic) in France one cannot speak in detail, but Dow Crags at a pre-war Dinner Meet are a sober dream to what the writer has seen and shared in, as a parade !

Till the last few years I hardly realised what a vast fraternity that of the hill-lovers is. Wherever one goes a mere mention of hills nearly always finds common ground for a crack. One time when I calmly stopped a car, to request a lift of a mere 50 miles (!!) to catch a leave boat, granted, harmony was restored to what I fancy were the slightly ruffled feelings of the staff-nabobs in possession by a casual mention by one of them of a certain high place and the chat that ensued. Again, at a time when brother Bosche had a bit too much of his own way, a couple of us kept our countenances, fairly successfully, by discussing " Wordsworth in relation to the Fells " whenever our tours of duty allowed us to meet in a (nominally) safe shelter !

Whenever I receive my new Journal, and I always cart it round, nearly everybody has a look at it, and, if all who have promised to try a climb some day, survive, I foresee myself somewhere about Easy Terrace and the last man roping at the Cave ! The rare and all too short visits to the Fells hardly need stressing as to their delights, even to the blessed people who are not hill-starved. Alas ! though, they force on the service visitor, speaking personally, the fact that he is becoming a crock and an object of compassion ! What a huge relief our families will feel when they think of the days when carefully detailed instructions as to the care of one's climbing gear at home will not be needed, and " I *will* oil once more my well-nailed boots."

In conclusion no contributor could close with a better wish than " Roll on that happy day."

## A DAY-TRIP TO SCAPELL.

By GEORGE S. BOWER.

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It had long been the desire of Masson and I to climb Moss Ghyll ; this, if possible, to be done in one day from Barrow. The autumn holiday of 1916 found Masson on the spot, in perfect weather but with a semi-skilled companion ; so Moss Ghyll won. At Easter, 1917, the conditions were too Alpine. In the meantime we had been formulating theories as to the best and quickest means of approach, and acquiring information about " food dumps " and " advanced bases " that would be required by our expedition. Cockley Beck appeared to be the nearest point of approach by road, and, in passing, it may be remarked that the possibilities of this place as a climbing centre seem to have been much neglected.

One Sunday in May, 1917, we took our cycles on the train to Foxfield, arriving there at 6-20 a.m. The air was frosty, but the sun was shining brilliantly on the opposite slopes of the Duddon Valley, bringing out the intense colouring of bracken, woodland, and pasture. Seathwaite, with its maze of rocks and ravines, was reached soon after 7-30, and here we had our second breakfast—a beauty. Leaving our machines at Cockley Beck, we set off up Mosedale (junior), for some distance keeping to an ancient track, which branches off from Hardknott Pass, low down. A couple of miles or so from Cockley Beck a splendid panorama unfolded itself. On the right the valley of Lingcove Beck led up towards Bowfell, whilst in front were the huge masses of the Scafell group—great rock mountains, splashed with patches of snow, outlined against the deep blue of the

sky, and contrasting vividly with the brown and green of the lower slopes.

After admiring the rock baths of Lingcove Beck we traversed a sort of "High Level Route" for some distance until we arrived at a point where we were separated from the southern slopes of Mickledore by the level plain of Upper Eskdale, one of the wildest places in Britain. A shepherd, leisurely driving his flock along the opposite slopes, added in some way to the beauty and peace of the scene. Mickledore was reached soon after noon, i.e. in about 2½ hours from Cockley Beck, and here the wind was so cold that we were led to put on our coats and sweaters for the climb, much to my subsequent discomfort. After lunch, in an "air pocket" above Fat Man's Gully, we made our way along Rake's Progress to the foot of Moss Ghyll, where we roped up, Masson leading. The second pitch, with its backing-up-traverse, impressed me considerably, and it was with great satisfaction that I grasped the chockstone at the end. Photography occupied some time in the vicinity of the Collie Step. Masson discovered a position on the opposite wall of the Ghyll, where, so he assured me, I could hang on by one hand and operate the camera with the other. I pretended to try this, but without enthusiasm, so Masson hand-traversed across the big boulder to a ledge on the right side of it, where I was able to join him by climbing a short crack in the corner, helped by a footstool of hard snow.

He then hand-traversed back, and spread-eagled himself on the Collie Step, whilst I recorded this graceful attitude for the benefit of modern art. Collier's Chimney was selected for the final spasm. This was iced in places, but was not rendered appreciably more difficult thereby, since we took the outside route up to the Sentry Box. After a stiff struggle I managed to lift my clothes-ridden body over the chockstone above. Another pull, around the waist of an outstanding splinter of a most loving

disposition, and I found myself, a perspiring bundle of rags, at the feet of Masson, who was chuckling over my struggles.

A visit was now paid to Scafell Pinnacle, where we met Coulton and Wilton, and stayed talking with them for some time, basking in the glorious sunshine. The summit of the Pinnacle seems peculiarly adapted for a Climbers' Meeting Place. Why not a Club Social there? But no sleeping hut, please! The hardy Wastdale habitué needs no such luxuries, for did not one of these Grade I creatures tell a common or garden person that it was a New Year custom at Wasdale to take a sleeping bag and a few bottles of whisky to the top of the Pinnacle, to get inside the sleeping bag, to get the whisky inside oneself, and there to see the New Year in, in right royal state? Before leaving, Masson led me up Pigsaw, direct from Jordan Gap, a short but very steep climb with poor holds at the beginning. Once a conspicuous crack is reached, the worst is over. Scratches were not observed, but it had possibly been done before.

Hastening down Broad Stand, and picking up our rucksacks on Mickledore, we made tracks for Cockley Beck, which was reached in about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours from Mickledore, Masson, like the typical husband, usually leading by thirty yards or so. At Cockley Beck further pleasures awaited us—a couple of fine, healthy-looking punctures in Masson's back tyre.

At Birks Bridge we stopped for a bathe (8 p.m.) finding the water surprisingly warm, after which we made a hearty meal at the inn at Seathwaite. Near Ulpha, Masson's tyre began to wish to "lose air and return," and these symptoms manifested themselves at ever more frequent intervals the whole way home.

The scene in the lower reaches of the valley was most



peaceful, with the sunset glow on the hills, and the waters, dimly lit up, gently lapping down to the sea. Very soon after lighting up, the moon rose and made the tyresome journey somewhat less dreary. Let us now draw a veil over the next couple of hours !

. . . . .

Barrow was reached at midnight.

## **GASPARD OF WASDALE HEAD.\***

By THE EDITOR.

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Somewhere in the Vosges, where snow whitens the ridge above the pine-trees, is marching or scouting or bivouacking, with all his accustomed serenity, a sturdy Dauphinois, a figure well-known to Cumbrian rock-climbers—Gaspard of Wasdale Head. A man of slow, careful English, he was ever a friend—now he is an Ally, a dour fighting Ally. Many a climber at home, in the Munitions service, or away with the Colours, has kindly memories of Gaspard's advice, patience, assistance: in quaint phrases he abjured one to have patience, to use the holds, to climb slowly—yes, and even in extreme cases to “trust the rope,” and be hauled, a craven failure, out of some fearsome cave-pitch or up some sheer slab.

For years Gaspard the Dauphinois has been almost the only professional climbers' guide in Britain—now he is a private in the Chasseurs Alpains, the most unrelenting enemies the Germans have yet found. Like Gaspard, the battalions are grim, strenuous, mobile, and no difficulty can daunt them. Gaspard's letters and postcards have told of terrible hardships withstood last winter; of frost and snow, raging gale, and the storm-fog held of little account in their warfare. Trenches, redoubts, forts of snow built, attacked, defended, and the blood of the bayoneted stained crimson many a ridge and summit.

Winter after winter Gaspard was welcomed at Wasdale Head, and the Christmas and Easter holidays were busy times indeed for him. With June, however, he hastened back to the Dauphiny and spent his summer among the

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eternal snow and ice of the Alps. He was in Dauphiny in the August when the summons to war was proclaimed, and instantly he rejoined the Colours.

In his Cumbrian haunt Gaspard was conceded to be a fine guide and teacher of rock-craft, and many a good climber owes to him the introduction of his most individual of British outdoor sports. So far as records go, he never seems to have pioneered an ascent, but the months during which he was in Cumbria are not often favourable to sustained and intricate exploration. Often his ice-axe rang day after day in Moss Ghyll, climbing and re-climbing its icy staircase. The initiation of the wealthier class of novice was Gaspard's duty to the Cumbrian craft, as well as providing safe companionship to solitary visitors who desired something more satisfying than the ordinary hill-tracks. Many a man with Continental experience discovered his way to the British rocks on Gaspard's rope.

Gaspard's pupils were not always the handiest or most courageous. He had to take what "monsieur" presented. Surely the limit was a character with Tyrolese hat and shepherd's crook who insisted on being roped at the last gate on the Sty Head path, and whose progress up the scree-walk was accompanied by querulous complaints as to the terrible danger of the way, punctuated with admiration of the "shepherd's" own heroism and fortitude. One wishes that Gaspard's quaint words and expressive grimaces (the latter told more of the story), could be reproduced in cold type: the guide loved dearly to repeat the story of that day's sufferings, and one has seen him in the yellow lamplight of the kitchen posturing, ejaculating, living again the most amusing day in his life. With admirable patience Gaspard brought his shepherd through the terrors of the scree-walk, but the twenty foot rock-pile of the Lower Kern Knotts was too much. The visitor bluntly declined to venture further. Enough were the terrors he had known, he would not

traverse into the mysterious, the unknowable recesses of the savage mountains.

In the presence of climbers Gaspard was a solemn man indeed, but an adroit reference to the shepherd's crook was generally too much for his decorum.

Sometimes a postcard or a telegram would arrive at the hotel: "Send Gaspard to meet me top of Great End Tuesday eleven" (no signature), and away on the stated morning would tramp the guide. No matter how thick and foul the weather he would reach the summit cairn—sometimes to spend two hours' waiting in damp and chill for a gentleman who did not arrive.

Gaspard was ever in the forefront of search-parties, though maybe the honour of his suggestions went elsewhere. He was always ready, ever resourceful, ever thoughtful of the last detail for the comfort of both searchers and lost. More than one belated party has waited in Walker's Gully on the Pillar until at the first streak of dawn Gaspard came sliding over the great cave-pitch on a rope. Endless coils of rope to secure each chilled and hungry climber, and then came the unpacking of the rucksack with food and drink. Gaspard knew by long experience that limbs and muscles exercised after hours in cramped positions are apt to stumble, jerks and tremors.

On one occasion he found a climber practically comatose with fatigue and cold. All night the man had been standing on a tiny ledge of earth and grass, so loose and crumbling that he did not dare to put full weight on his foothold. In the dawnlight Gaspard saw that the climber's hair was white. Carefully the rescue was carried out, the climber hoisted to the upper screes—and the frosted poll was a shock indeed to his friends. One writes "frosted poll" advisedly, for as the climber got back his power of free movement, the dark hair began to show. The white was but the frost-rime which had

clung to every hair. Gaspard was not accounted a great rock-climber in the new or Cumbrian school. He had a shrewd taste for foot and handholds in his work, and rarely attempted an "exceptionally severe" course. His work was with the novice mainly and not with the expert, his methods were sound rather than enterprising, nor did he favour much of the splendid gymnastic work which goes to make up a modern rock-climb of the first class.

In addition to his climbing and guiding, Gaspard was "boots" to the mountain-lovers who resorted to Wasdale Head in winter. With a sticky green oil he anointed the clinkered and nailed boots collected from the hall, leaving less heroic methods for the daintier footgear deposited at bedroom doors. From long practice he was an adept at replacing climbing nails, and would cheerfully undertake to give one's boots a full new set of teeth between coming-in at sunset and the start after breakfast. And the hobs—well, he had a wonderful collection of nails brought from his continental home and rarely failed to issue a pattern which pleased.

Here's to thee, Gaspard, Gaspard of Wasdale Head, Gaspard of the Chasseurs Alpains, in camp, in bivouac, wherever thou mayest be! Gaspard on the Vosges, Gaspard in the enemy's country, Gaspard who is facing toward the deep trench of the Rhine and waiting for the whole Allied line to advance. May we all be spared to foregather, when War is a muttering of the past, among the clefts and pinnacles of rocky old Cumbria.



*Photo, by*

*A. E. Long.*

**HERFORD'S DIRECT FINISH OF WOODHEAD'S CLIMB,  
SCAFELL PINNACLE.**

### THREE CLIMBERS.

By R. E. W. PRITCHARD.

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A party of three met at Wasdale Head in August, for a week-end's observance of the rites of their cult. For once, the gods who look after the elements were kind, and the weather was all that could be desired.

On the morrow, encumbered by much rope, in gorgeous sunshine, the path up Brown Tongue was slowly pursued. After many halts to admire the scenery, which was always in a backward direction, Lord's Rake was reached. Here, boots were exchanged for rubbers, for, whisper it quietly, we had turned from climbers into gymnasts. Our objective was the Girdle Traverse of Scafell, the way of the "Faithful." The screes in Deep Ghyll were painfully ascended to the foot of Professor's Chimney. The party consisted of a genius, an expert, and a very ordinary climber—the writer, who, by his inability to move quite as quickly as the genius desired, prevented the Traverse from being treated with disrespect.

Having ascended the first pitch in the chimney, Thompson's route was embarked on, and a downward line taken to the top of the first pitch of Woodhead's. From here the long traverse to the "Firma Loca" occupied some time; at one point just near the latter a very long stretch to a foothold was needed, where the balance seemed distinctly trying; then we had to climb up a few feet to the "Firma Loca." On the original route a higher course was followed, involving a final descent; it is, however, easy to diverge slightly on this section. At the "Firma Loca" we were on well-known ground, and the belay at the foot of Jones's Arête was quickly reached.

Here the genius came down the unclimbable portion, as last man, in great style. Unfortunately the rope refused to come from the ~~belay after him, and~~ he had to climb up some of Hopkinson's and Tribe's route before it could be jerked off, quite twenty minutes being wasted on this operation. In a short time the inner man was being refreshed by Hopkinson's Cairn. All the members of the party agreed that the ledge, on which stands Hopkinson's Cairn, is the most ideal place for lunch in all Lakeland. As we were not very conversant with the route from Steep Ghyll onwards, and it was now 1 p.m., one and a half hours after the start, we decided to obviate the Pinnacle Face—this had already been explored thoroughly by the two experts—and to take the traverse from Hopkinson's Cairn to the Crevasse. This is nowhere very difficult except near the Crevasse, where it is wonderfully exposed, and overhangs rather badly.

A short time sufficient to reach the crack out of Steep Ghyll, from the top of which we followed a horizontal traverse, leading naturally on to the Tennis Court Ledge, without climbing upwards and taking the traverse on to the Fives Court as does the original route. Our ledge thus obviates the climb up and down again. I think that the ideal traverse is to keep to a horizontal line, as near as possible the whole way across the face; this variation is therefore an improvement. The ledge we took was not very difficult, except near the end, where the wall above bulges out, and does not permit a passage across in an upright manner. This necessitates hanging by the arms from the ledge, working along a few feet, then getting up, and crawling over on one's chest before assuming an orthodox position on the Tennis Court.

We were soon tackling the traverse out of Moss Ghyll, and stood at last on the Oval looking up at the awful Flake Crack. At the end of the Oval, a loop of Alpine line doubled round a belay was found, evidently a trace



of one of Herford's former parties, where their last man had roped down. Our last man did not find this loop necessary, but climbed down in the legitimate manner, and we were all soon at the foot of Botterill's Slab. One of the party now descended towards the Rake's Progress to receive a bottle of 1918 water, which a ministering angel, who was taking photographs, had kindly brought us from the cellars in Deep Ghyll. The genius took ten minutes to reach the top of the slab, and this without a previous inspection; the expert spent a little longer on it, how long the writer took is best left untold, but he had the satisfaction of doing it without any help from the rope. Botterill's Slab must be very nearly the last word in rock-climbing, always excepting the Flake Crack. It was now only a case of working out in an upward diagonal line to somewhere near the rocks above the Penrith climb. The time spent on the Girdle Traverse was four and a half hours; including fifteen minutes for lunch. The Traverse is a wonderful course, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. This, we believe, is the first time it has been done, apart from Herford's parties. Climbers of future generations will owe a great deal to the skill and perseverance of Herford and Sansom in the discovery of such a glorious route.

The next day, while again ascending Brown Tongue, some one suggested an attack on the Central Buttress, but this was postponed, as we were visiting Wasdale again in September. Subsequent events showed the folly of procrastination. To-day, it was the expert's turn to lead. Hopkinson's Gully was climbed, and a traverse taken to the first nest on the Pinnacle Face. From here the leader followed Herford's route to Hopkinson's Cairn, where lunch was again taken. The Low Man was reached by Hopkinson's and Tribe's route, after which Jones' route from Deep Ghyll was descended. Now we followed the sloping crack to the foot of Wood-

head's Climb. This was ascended by taking Herford's direct finish to the High Man. I was very much impressed by this climb; it is very sensational, strenuous, and overhanging; while climbing the upper part one looks right down on to the screes in Deep Ghyll and Professor's Chimney seeing scarcely anything of the rocks below. To me this climb seemed distinctly more difficult than the Eagle's Nest Ridge. The genius and the expert now decided to descend Botterill's Slab, but the writer—who resides amidst the horrible plains, far away from any rocks, and whose climbing days rarely exceed twenty per annum—was tired after two such strenuous days, and preferred to watch the descent from the Rake's Progress. The passage down the slab took longer than ascent, and both considered the descent the more difficult. On Mickledore, sardines, biscuits and the aforesaid water were indulged in; here the party broke up, one departing *via* Cockley Beck, the other *via* Langdale, for more southern and less delectable places. I went down to Wasdale, where I was fortunate enough to spend two more days. No more climbing was done, except the Eagle's Nest Ridge with another party of three climbers; this was very pleasing and seemed only difficult after the extreme severities of Botterill's Slab, but the same day I was homeward bound.

After an interval of five weeks the party met again at Wasdale. The day of arrival was beyond reproach, accompanied by brilliant sunshine. The writer, who walked up from Seascale, remembers spending over two hours by Wastwater, basking on a boulder, revelling in the intense heat of the sun. Alas! it was the only fine day that was vouchsafed to us. There was, after all, as some one remarked later on, something to be said for the heathen, who were sun worshippers. It rained every day of the succeeding eight days, with only three short intervals free from the watery element. Added to this

was the intense cold like the middle of winter, and a gale blowing the whole period. Under these conditions the time was rather miserably spent, hoping against hope that the weather would clear ; and, the most annoying part of it was that one could see the sun shining on the Seascale golf links every day.

One afternoon when the rain abated for a short time, the Obverse route on the Needle was climbed ; the slab at the foot gave pause to the genius, who was leading. He adjured us to be patient, as it would go in a minute, and ultimately he walked up it. I have much respect for this slab, as also has the expert. The genius then tried to make a new way up the Needle by inspecting the back ; he climbed down to within ten feet of the neck between the Needle and the Needle Ridge, but alas ! it would not go for lack of a foothold, so he had to come up again. In order to induce some feeling of warmth in our bodies, the Needle Ridge was ascended, and the Eagle's Nest Ridge by the western chimney descended, all moving together. After this the expert took us up the Abbey Ridge by the direct route, avoiding the traverse to the left, and then we slid down the Ling Chimney and went home to tea. One day we walked up the Schweinhauskopfjoch to Kern Knotts, and the lower Kern Knotts Buttress was climbed *en route* for Kern Knotts Crack. In this corner all the four winds of heaven seemed to have assembled, making the passage up the crack decidedly airy. It was quite easy to slide down the chimney on the other side, as it was well lubricated. Thanks to the genius the crack also was descended. This was my first ascent of the famous crack, and I was very pleased with it. It is not quite such a strenuous affair as I imagined.

To get in a blizzard of hail fell to our lot one day. When we reached the top of Looking Stead we were wet through, but on the High Level route the rain turned

into hail, and on rounding the corner by Robinson's Cairn the full force of the gale was encountered. It was impossible to face the hail, and the shelter of a boulder was quickly sought. After a watery lunch had been disposed of, all thoughts of climbing were abandoned as the blizzard still continued to rage. There is a photograph, taken by the expert, showing hail to the depth of three inches on the High Level route on September 10th!! Possibly, a member of the Alpine Club would have revelled in these wintry conditions, but for "mere gymnasts" they were rather too exhilarating. Another day the expert and I took a rope—an umbrella would have been more useful—and went to have a look at Brothers' Crack, but, having found it, we turned away sadly, the place was a young waterfall. A well-cairned track to England's summit was pursued, and down to Mickledore to see the Scafell cascades. These are not always on view, but if any reader is desirous of seeing them, he should visit Scafell at the time when we are endeavouring to get some climbing there. We disported ourselves on a couple of boulders in Hollow Stones for some time, and, while going down Brown Tongue a fine view of the Isle of Man was obtained, the whole length of the island and the tops of all the hills being clearly discernible with the sun shining on them. On the last morning, *mirabile dictu*, it was not raining, and the party set out for the Overbeck Chimneys, which were sheltered from the gale—except for which we should have made another attempt to do some climbing on the Pillar Rock—two chimneys were ascended, and two descended. The expert, who had spent the previous week watching the floods descend in Wales, was very disconsolate, he abhors chimneys, and, while the party were grovelling in the bowels of one, he exploded with the remark: "Do you call this climbing?" His ideal is the Pinnacle Face. The writer, not being a satiated expert, quite enjoyed

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them. This finished the climbing : what little had been accomplished was done under very adverse conditions. Although the weather completely spoilt the holiday, there were a few pleasant memories connected with it, which served to buoy up one's spirit during the dreary months of winter while "treading the pavements grey."

**TO THE FELLS.**

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Oh the glory of the heather and the hills,  
With the scarlet-berried rowan growing free  
Mid the music of the mossy rock bound ghylls,  
And the splash of golden bracken on the scree.  
Oh the grandeur of the storm-girt mountain gorges  
Torrent riven since the march of time began,  
Where an ever tireless nature slowly forges  
Sterile rock into a garden ground for man.

Oh the wonder of the whisper in the air  
Wafting, sun-distilled, the scent of rain washed fell  
Ah ! the secret of those mountains grim and bare  
Where the purple shadowed crags stand sentinel.  
Oh the joy to tread once more the springy heather,  
Though the breath be scant and step infirm and slow,  
For while mem'ry's link binds youth and age together  
Present toil shall borrow zest from long ago.

R. W. WAKEFIELD.

## CAMPING AMONGST THE CRAGS IN 1885.

*A series of letters from J. W. Robinson to Fred W.  
Jackson, concerning a holiday with George Seatree.*

Whinfell Hall,  
Lorton,  
June 17th, 1885.

Dear Fred,

I did not get your letter until my return home an hour ago, we have been to Wigton School Gen. Meeting. I cannot finish this for a day or two, but I know that after my card to-day you will want to hear before *very* long and so I will *begin* now. A young fellow named Ernest Peile of Workington was going to Wast. at same time and we asked him to call here and we would start together, we also had an eye to business as he would help to carry our burden.

Our Camp arrangement including provisions were too heavy for a long tramp tho' they are very compact, and we decided to form a permanent camp at Wast. for the rest of the time. Father drove us nearly to Buttermere and we crossed Scarf Gap without a halt except one at the foot of the Pass in Nelson's field. We boiled the kettle at the Liza and made some tea, and then on again to Great Doup, as we neared Pillar Rock and could see the ridge near Mt. top some one called and we guessed it was F. H. Bowring come to meet us. I had told him the way we would come. We threw down our loads some little distance above the foot of Walker's Gully and soon B. joined us; the tent was fixed and tea made on the best place we could find, but it turned out to be sadly uneven that night.

We saw to our surprise two white "bell" tents near top of Red Pike on the s.w. side on a winding slope; I exclaimed "I hope it'll be windy for their impudence for getting higher than we are." We were 2,200 feet above the sea. On reaching Wast. we were told that the tents probably belonged to some men who are fencing round Ennerdale (wire fence).

Peile wanted to do Pillar Rock so he did not leave with F.H.B. at 4-30 or 5 p.m., but followed later. B. started off to Wast. via "High Level" and we three for P.R. via Gt. Chimney in the Screen or Sham rock, our way lay under a curious arched rock with steep scree and then a fearfully rotten piece of chimney, every hold was loose and great blocks newly loosened looked ready to fall: look out, and down came the scree in continuous stream and rushed through the arch while we stuck like clegs to the sides of the chimney. Mr. B. was still in sight and eagerly watched through his glass, thinking one of us had come down with it. S. was first and we tried again, but no, it was too risky and we turned and went round by the Gully farther up. Over the "notch" we went for our first climb and entered our names as usual. I

then ran down and tried Pendlebury's Crack which leads you into upper part of "corner" and thought it rather easy.

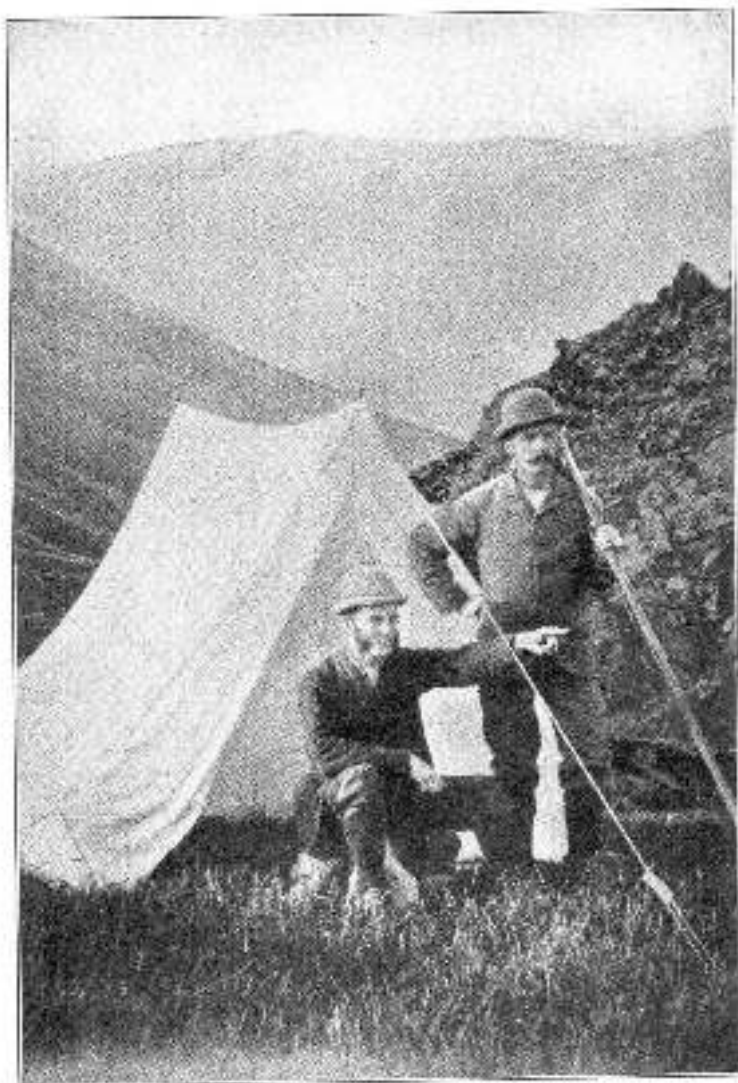
We hung the rope down at the corner as a precaution but it was not used. I then again descended and attacked the "Corner." H.S. and I had both been a little way up on a former visit, and Whitehead claims to have gone that way in 1850, the only known ascent. It is two chimneys and they miss each other, and this makes the only real difficulty at that point. I drew myself up by hands entirely. Seatree and I then went up Right Pisgah. S. went first and had a tightish struggle. Says he nearly caught at the safety rope once—he is very proud of this climb and considers it beats North Cimb hollow in point of strain and difficulty—from the top we went down East Cimb and I went into Gt. Chimney to look at H.S.'s climb. It looked very bad and rocks were wet—I then found I had left my rope on the top and went up climbing *direct* to slab, and then over notch. We then went to Mt. top and saw Peile off to Wast. Then to camp and made the porridge, we were ready for it, but oh Seatree you have forgotten the salt, surely we have earned it. However we stirred some in and made a hearty meal.

All campers say you don't sleep the first night and so we found it—it was never dark, we told stories and at 12 o'clock turned out to see the grand old crags, the wind moaned among the Pillar Gullies and slight rain showers began to fall. We lit our candle and read a leader in the Standard, which had arrived at Wast. that day for Seatree and been brought on by F.H.B. Oh, how uneven this ground is, we will have a better place next night, and do you know this will be a water course if it comes a thunder storm. 4 a.m. a bite of bread and up and shade our camp, the sun is shining brightly and we must be at Wast. before it is very hot, and then too we shall be in time to try Piers Ghyll this afternoon. We are too tired for a new climb on Pillar now, the day will get too hot. No Peile to help us this time, so we struggled on to Wast. via high level and reached Wast. about 7-30. We were obliged to take plenty of time, and decided to camp in the valley not far from our friends. Mrs. Tyson filled us our milk cans and Mr. T. conducted us to a charming little meadow beside the stream, and at the very foot of Lingmel—and very secluded, we knew we must get away from the road or we could not leave our things—Tent could not be seen from the valley only from the neighbouring heights. Here we erected our dwelling and had kettle boiling in a few minutes, and made a hearty breakfast, next at the entrance gate, beside the wall we built a fireplace as dry sticks could be got, and we must reserve our spirit for wet or hurried departure. I cut two saplings which served as tent poles to liberate our stocks, and after lunch we started for P.G.—5 of us—Peile, F.H.B., a young tourist named Walter, a cockney who had climbed trees he said but nothing else, but who developed great climbing powers, and Seatree and myself. We all went up as far as the foot of Cave Fall and saw a steel bar or wedge driven in at the left hand side of the top of 1st fall and a few yards below the foot of Cave Fall and thought it must be brassings.

I suggested our going round to see the higher fall before getting wet in this one, and this we did. On arriving at the point from which to descend we rebuilt W.P.H.S.'s cairn that was thrown into the Ghyll by Plummer, and S. and I went down—to a high fall of 30 feet with rocks that overhang all round. You can get in *behind* the water in this fall also. There was too much water, it will have to be dry or nearly so if it is ever done.

We found another way of getting out of the Gill on the same side. From here we went over Lingmel shoulder by the wall and had a look at Steep Ghyll





JOHN W. ROBINSON AND GEO. SEATREE.

through the glass. F.H.B. invited us to tea and very good it was. Next day we started about 10-30 for Scawfell by way of stream on right-hand of Brown Tongue. On reaching foot of Lord's Rake we climbed direct to Steep Ghyll, a longer and finer ascent as a whole than from the point on Rakes Progress, the way we went. The whole party went up as far as you did, viz, to the top of the inverted V. You remember it was the right-hand side of the V we climbed by. It is really a fine climb this lower part, harder decidedly than Pillar Rock, just enough for F.H.B. at his age. He doubted once whether he could do it, but he is really wonderful. Some of us went up on to the shelf from which I climbed and Seatree said "I think I could go up there easy enough." I said "up with you then," he went half way and said it was not easy, but was getting worse fast and he would have found the last 6 feet worst of all. We then crossed the Rakes Progress, but in passing I may remark we found the height from foot of Lord's Rake to top of V 300 feet. D.G.P. above Lord's Rake, 611 feet, not a bad climb, for it is real climb all the way. Seatree was first on Rake's Progress, and on reaching the foot of his climb he came to a halt and I said "When we get a little farther on I will ask you to point out your climb." He replied, "this is it." F.H.B. came up and said, "Now Mr. S. let us see you go up and sit upon your chair." So up he went without any difficulty. I followed as usual, expressing my dislike to the 1st step (F.H.B. says this amused W.P.H.S. who said I had done many a thing more difficult and thought nothing of it). Next came Mr. Walter, he almost stuck on the top ledge, he said he did not like it, but climbing evidently comes naturally to him. Peile wanted to follow, but I would not let him as I felt responsible for his safety after promising his father I would look after him; he had no nails in his boots. We descended by Broad Stand. Seatree was surprised to find it a climb at all after the way he had heard it spoken of by some people. We crossed to the spring and had lunch; I promised to go up the Chimney but remarked I had got tired of it since the accident, and had already been in it three times since that happened. F.H.B. went up Broad Stand which was *perfectly dry* (unusual) and Peile coming to look into the Chasm I asked him to go with F.H.B. and wait for us just above the B. Stand. I went first, it was full of newly fallen stones and these had to be thrown and pushed back before I could climb over the two "Jam Stones" or fallen blocks. On reaching the top I was rather long in getting out and at first thought one of the holds was missing, but in looking closely found it and pulled myself out. The right hand hold is loose as it *always was* and I fear will take some one in some day. I was standing on the edge (though really in the Chimney as there is a farther climb to get clear of the Gully) and shewing Seatree the holds, Walter standing behind him.

I heard the voice of F.H.B. and a noise of falling stones, it seemed to come from the direction of the Broad Stand—my heart stood still for I thought either he or Peile had fallen. The noise increased to a deafening roar and we realised in a moment that large masses of falling stones were coming down our chimney. I cried "look out" and ducked under a crag with my face turned towards the edge above me over which it must come. I could not see the other two, they got a little higher towards the great over-hanging rock. Those were awful moments; Seatree says he hopes never to go through such again; he thought the great rock might give way too. The next moment a great stone about 18 inches square came bounding over, dancing from side to side as it came down and making great stars on the sides of the chimney

where it struck. It was followed by a great fall of fragments of every size and shape across the entire chimney, more or less, and the air seemed darkened for a few moments. These went clattering down the chimney with terrific din. I jumped up and said are you hurt? No, Mr. Bowring are you there? Yes. "We are all right." Who set it off? "Peile; he is in the Chimney above." "What did he go up there for, tell him to sit where he is until we get out or he may set another off." We were a good deal shaken and I fastened the rope as a safeguard for them to come up by. We then joined F.H.B. and I pointed out the rock from which Petty fell. We then climbed to where Peile was sitting in the Chimney; he had no business to go on so far, but as S. said, he was always doing it. Peile said it was a large rock 4 feet in height; it gave way as he was pushing past it. Bowring saw it fall and said it split right in two and both halves went down splitting up as they went. We inspected D.G.P. but after what had happened gave up any idea of an ascent. S. was very sorry; he was in splendid form before the fall of stones. We descended to Wast. by Red Ghyll and again we were made to partake of F.H.B.'s hospitality.

On Friday at noon we had a visit at dinner-time from a shepherd boy, the son of a farmer named Thompson, and he never saw such a kettle as ours. The next morning Thompson came himself as we were finishing breakfast, and had a long chat with us, while Seatree wrote some letters. At last he exclaimed, "Well I nivver seed letters written i' this field a'foor. What he's just writtin them off and chucking them over his shoulder in'ter dyke back, if you go on a larl bit langer dyke back will be full." We slept well on Friday night, but about 12-30 or 1 o'clock S. gave me a nudge and whispered: "John, John, there is someone coming over the gate, over the gate." I stepped out on to the dewy grass and exclaimed, "why, man, it's only some cows at the bars trying to get through." Sat. night we slept until nearly 7 o'clock next morning. I lit the fire while S. bathed in the stream, and then he attended to it while I did the same. We had had a plunge over head before 6 o'clock the morning before. We had just finished our porridge and were making tea when Thompson came again. "Well," he said, "you hev'n't started writin letters yet. You mun hev a rest as its Sunday." Breakfast over and Thompson gone, Seatree was at the stream washing dishes. When lo! I saw coming across the fields towards us two young ladies and two little girls. I had not time to warn S. he would see them soon enough. I made a dash for the tent to put things straight, as things were scattered all about. I put them on one side and threw a coat over them and straightened down the bed and reached the gate as S. had piloted them across the stepping stones "Good morning, here is a little girl who would like to see the tent. May we come?" "With pleasure, come this way." The older ones confessed they had been there the night before, and we had met two girls from the inn coming from it on the Friday night, so there was considerable curiosity you see. We next went to Tyson's and I shaved S. and myself also; we then invited the three gentlemen to lunch at our tent, and returned in good time, made up the fire and had all ready (we had a tin of Café-au-lait, which was a great success). Our guests arrived and partook of coffee, meat sandwiches we prepared, and brown bread and butter. More visitors: our friend Thompson and Dan Tyson of the inn this time. Dan said he had slept many a week under a tent on the gold fields. Had you any luck? Oh yes, sometimes. S. and I took our Alpenstocks to have a walk to Pillar, and as we all passed the church we met the parson and his congregation going in. Ernest Peile went either

then, or I think in the evening and heard a most extraordinary jumble. Off to P.R. by high level again to test the way without our loads. We stood at the foot of Walker's Gully and I longed to climb it, but S. said there would not be time. We passed round the terrace to the waterfall, or rather falls, for there are *three*. I climbed up a bit to look about, it would be possible to get a long way up, but not to the top (I am almost certain). We crossed close to the fall by a narrow gully and so avoided 200 feet descent to pass the rocks on the west. On reaching the other side we saw a little lamb on the P. Rock above the falls cragfast. It had come down West Scree and getting on the rock had jumped from ledge to ledge. I threw a stone in the hope of sending it out, thinking it better break its neck than perish by slow hunger; off it sprang across one *almost* vertical slab after another, its tiny feet holding on the rough surface of the rock, and when it slipped it sprang again and on and on we saw it to a place where it could have got down, but it turned the other way and went out on to the front of Pillar. I expect it got down all right. We then went up West Climb. I never felt West Climb so difficult before, it is certainly the finest climb on the rock as a whole, for it is the longest by far. I took a wrong turn and knew at once, but elected to go on and came out as I expected on the *lowest* summit 50 feet *below* the *low man* or lowest cairn. We climbed on to the top and I thus completed my 15th ascent, but hush old man, "tell it not in Gath." I have now climbed the Pillar by eight distinct ways and two variations, making 10, if you reckon the east. We went to top of Mt. and were at West. about 8-30. That night about 1-30 S. said, John! John! there is someone about the tent. I heard a tin knocked over and a rope pulled. I turned out and seeing nothing laughed, when lo from the other end of the tent came the biggest and ugliest brute of a fox hound I have ever seen; he had gone off with our tinned beef. I will tell you about Gable another time.

Answer this letter old man.

J.W.R.

Whinfell Hall,

June 24th, 1885.

Dear Fred,

Thanks for letter to hand yesterday. I almost forget where I left off in my narrative.

On Monday morning we rose at 5 a.m. and made breakfast and packed up the latter not quite complete when F.H.B., Peile and Walter arrived at 7 a.m. We made a pack of our goods, and left it to go by rail, only taking the tent, as we wished to have it photographed in Keswick.

The whole party then ascended Gable via "Bowring's Chimney" in the Horn, no mean climb I can tell you. F.H.B. was in good form and extra spirits and evidently enjoyed much conducting us by this favourite way. When near the top, Seatree, P. and myself turned to the right to go up to Westmorland's Cairn, for it ought not to be called their climb. They say now they *never did* a climb, and are surprised that it is possible. We made a mistake and came out a little to one side of the cairn by a route I think more difficult, arrived at the higher cairn. Congratulations poured in upon Mr. Bowring as he thus completed his rooth climb. We visited the place where Pope lost his life and saw the patch of green a few yards below on to which he jumped. We descended towards Sty Head tarn and parted from F.H.B. and Mr. Walter some distance from it, and we branched off to right and left.

At Rosthwaite while lunch was being prepared S. and I visited Jackson (the Guide), and after we had told him of B's rooth ascent and spoken of Pope's death, he said "did not a brother of yours go through here to meet Askatt Smith last summer?" I replied, it was myself. "Oh it was you was it? then you would be upon t' D.G. Pillar." Yes. He asked a few questions and added, "In my opinion yon Askatt Smith will break his neck upon some of yon crags before long." Oh I said, he knows what he is about.

We walked to Keswick and visited Pettitt's and enquired price per doz. of a photo of tent and climbers, and then went to Abraham and decided to pitch our tent in his back garden—how it will turn out I really do not know.

I sent a message to Walter not to try the Deep Ghyll Pillar alone, we felt that but for the chance of being there with us he would not have known the way. Please return F.H.B.'s and W.P.H.S.'s letters. Griffin was a fellow who wrote a rambling letter in Whitehaven News some years ago, but does not clearly state how they got up. Says he was as proud as Dr. Livingstone when he passed some fall, I forget which, in Africa, left some tracts on the top with the text "To him that overcometh &c." I have not heard again from H.S. He intended to leave on the 22nd for Pyrenees with his friend Charles Packe. They are going to hunt chamois and P. will be sure to botanise a good deal; they will sleep out among the mountains. Lockwood is going to charge 1/- for D.C.P. I will tell you whether they are worth going in for. We rebuilt H.S.'s cairn at Piers Ghyll, that Plummer threw into the Ghyll. I wonder they needed a wedge at Easter. I went up and down alone at Easter, it needed care that was all.

Westmorlands are going to Piers Ghyll some day. Let them try, but it will never be done by fair climbing, tho' I know H.S. has not given it up yet.

In haste,

Yours sincerely,

J. W. Robinson.

## ROPES AND BELAYS.

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On climbs involving a long run out for the leader, additional safety may be obtained by using Alpine line instead of full sized rope. If the leader should "come off" on such a climb, no rope would stand the shock, but he is less likely to "come off" when not subjected to the pull of a weighty rope. The moral support to the leader of even Alpine line is not to be despised and it is quite adequate to carry the weight of his second. Line, moreover, enables one to utilize belays into which a full sized rope would not fit.

For instance, on Scafell Pinnacle Face the line may be passed through a crack on the floor of the 2nd Nest, whilst a questionable belay has been found at Moss Ledge. Whilst on the subject of belays, the correct method of belaying the leader may be described, since it does not appear to be universally known. It is no use the second passing the leader's rope round a rock belay, for, should the leader come off, on steep, open rocks, the rope will assuredly break. The correct method, it cannot be too strongly urged, is for the second to belay himself to the rocks with his own end of the leader's rope, and to pass the latter over his shoulder, controlling it with his two hands. The shock of the leader's fall is then taken up gradually, by the friction of the rope over the body of his companion, and, only when all the slack has thus been taken up does the strain come rigidly on the rock belay.—G.S.B.

## DOE CRAGS.

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Have you seen Doe Crag they're a grand old pile  
 For climbing, for climbing,  
 There are lots of routes of a varied style  
 On Doe Crag for climbing.

*Chorus.*

Out from the village where the quarrymen dwell  
 Just about an hour from the Yew-tree dell  
 You'll find them frowning over Torver Fell  
 Doe Crag for climbing.

You can see Great Gully, it's a rare old gash  
 For climbing, for climbing,  
 You can reckon "Intermediate" a climb first-class  
 On Doe Crag, for climbing.

You have heard of "Central," it's a thing sublime  
 For climbing, for climbing,  
 And there's grim "North Gully" with its rigid line  
 On Doe Crag for climbing.

Shall we sing of "Easter" with its famous crack  
 For climbing, for climbing,  
 With its variation and its chimney "black"  
 On Doe Crag for climbing.

There are scoops and crawls, there are slabs and chocks  
 For climbing, for climbing,  
 Splits, aretes and traverses with bulging blocks  
 On Doe Crag for climbing.

There's a neat little pinnacle in "Easy A"  
 For climbing, for climbing,  
 There's a host of problems and a wealth of play  
 On Doe Crag for climbing.

There's a buttress A. B. C. D. E.  
 For climbing, for climbing,  
 Five good buttresses you'll agree,  
 On Doe Crag for climbing.

When you look up your scramble on the Doe Crag chart  
 For climbing, for climbing,  
 You will learn of climbers who have played their part  
 On Doe Crag for climbing.

*Chorus.*

GEO. BASTERFIELD.

# "Doe Crags"

*Con brio*

Voice

Piano

Have you seen Doe Crags they're a grand old pile for  
*mf*

climbing, for climbing There are lots of routes of a varied style on Doe Crags for  
*ff* *ff*

*Chorus*

climbing, for climbing. Out from the Village where the quarrymen dwell, just about an hour from the New Tree Dell  
you'll

find them frowning over Torver Fell Doe Crags for climbing.



## TWO NEW CLIMBS ON DOW CRAGS.

By B. MARTIN.

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### **Murray's Crack, Easter Gully.**

Apparently few of those people who have climbed on Dow Crag, seem to have realised the possibilities of the conspicuous crack just to the left of Broadrick Crack in Easter Gully.

In August, 1916, D. Murray, on sick leave from Holland, and J. P. Rogers went a short way up, but abandoned the course owing to the apparent necessity of using a loose flake of rock as a handhold (this has been removed). On April 24th, 1918, a party consisting of D. Murray, W. J. Borrowman, W. G. Milligan and W. Allsup, investigated this crack. When all four had reached the amphitheatre in Easter Gully, Allsup, who was not climbing, found a seat near Black Chimney to watch operations, while Milligan and Borrowman climbed up to Jones' Ledge, where there is only effective belay for the whole climb (excepting the belay at top of climb).

The lower portion of the climb is a scoop or chimney, rather than a crack, and is entered from the square stance in Broadrick's climb, where the route to Jones' Ledge branches off. The section leads up to the level of the belay in Broadrick's Crack below the difficult second pitch. From here a short but difficult traverse is made to the left, and by climbing up for a foot or two one can lodge in the crack below the overhang.

From this position it was obviously impossible to surmount the overhang by means of the crack, and a way appeared possible on the left hand wall on very small hand and footholds. Owing to the extreme steep-

ness of the wall and the diminutive nature of the holds, it was decided that a rope from above would be advisable, consequently Allsup and Borrowman went up the scoop on the right of South Chimney, to the top of the crags. Overhanging the left hand side of Easter Gully, where a satisfactory belay was found. By this time Murray had descended and traversed across to Jones' Ledge where he tied his rope to the end of that let down to him from above, thus giving him a rope 160 feet long.

From the position mentioned above one is forced out on the left hand wall on very small but moderately satisfying hand and foot holds. Eight feet higher one can regain the crack above the overhang and rest a little higher. From this position, one can work up slightly and reach good hand holds, enabling one to traverse to left out of the crack to a big sloping ledge. There is no belay obtainable here and either of two routes are available. The easier of these lies straight ahead up moderately difficult slabs and the route actually climbed on this occasion goes up the buttress on the left. This starts about 20 feet to the left, up a steep rough wall to a small ledge at the foot of a slab also sloping steeply up to the left. Another face of rock perpendicular to the slab forms a crack which is of material assistance. From the top of the slab, one can walk up easy grass to the belay at the top. From the belay to sloping ledge is about 60 feet and a runout in all of about 120 feet is necessitated.

This climb is not merely exceptionally severe—it should be put in the same category as Broadrick's Crack on account of the technical difficulty, absence of belays and long runout and consequent danger to leader.

#### **Murray's Climb, B. Buttress.**

About 30 feet from the bottom of B. Buttress, there is an obvious scoop about 15 feet high, facing south-east

Above this the walls open out into two smooth, sloping slabs, sloping both up and out. On two occasions they had been investigated by the late S. W. Herford and D. Murray, but neither could make the slabs "go."

On April 24th, 1918, a party consisting of D. Murray, W. J. Borrowman and W. G. Milligan determined to try again. As on the previous occasion, Murray tackled the right hand slab first, but abandoned it in favour of the left hand slab, which is not quite so steep. Here one starts with a good right foot hold and small holds for the right hand. A fairly long step outwards and upwards with the left foot enables one to reach an obvious foot hold, and here a very awkward change of feet has to be effected with the aid of unsatisfactory hand holds. The traverse is continued into a crack on the left which is followed for 12 feet, where another traverse is made to the left round a most unpleasant bulge in the rock. The next 10 feet consist of steep unsafe grass leading to steep slabs up which one traverses obliquely to the right, round a large detached and apparently unstable flake, for about 40 feet. Round a corner there is a large platform in a cave directly over the start of the climb, where there is excellent anchorage. This pitch entails a run-out of 90 feet (this cave is on Abraham's route).

The next day a party consisting of Murray (who descended by Abraham's route from Easy Terrace, after leading his Easter Gully climb), Borrowman and Martin both of whom climbed up from the bottom, met in the aforementioned cave.

Murray descended to the detached flake, and with a rope from above, climbed an extremely severe crack about 15 feet high to a stance where excellent belays are obtainable. Probably a better way—the route followed by the rest of the party—lies up a 10 feet scoop on the left wall of the cave. From the belay, there is a hand traverse 25 feet long, very exposed but safe, to a grass

ledge, where a vertical crack apparently gives a fine finish to the climb. But the top section of this crack had been inspected from above, and appeared impossible, and as the bottom section would not yield to the first attempt, the traverse was continued round to a 20 feet chimney on the left. Round the corner at the top, there is a small and extremely exposed stance, while the left hand wall of the chimney forms a fine belay both for leader and second man while climbing. When second man is safely belayed in the top of the chimney (there is not room for two on the stance), the leader continues the traverse to the left to the foot of a steep, narrow crack which proved very difficult, even after Murray had done a lot of gardening. After this, a fairly easy scoop and easy climbing lead to the bottom of the fourth pitch of Woodhouse's climb, where there is a belay.

The second and third pitches necessitated runouts of 80 and 100 feet respectively. On account of the long runouts, exposed position and standard of difficulty throughout, this climb should undoubtedly be classed exceptionally severe.

## SHADOWS AND THE ROCKS.\*

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Some glorious courses among the rocks have been discovered by some trick of evening shadow. The Cioch on Sgumain in the Coolin was not known to the craft until a sharp-eyed professor noted a tiny dot of sunshine against the shadowed slabs. The crag itself is curious, and curiously situated. It is perched on a shoulder of rock, a solitary boulder, and only approachable across a stretch of slabs more or less technically difficult.

In Cumberland the famous Napes Needle was disclosed in practically identical manner, though the climb had to wait longer for its conqueror. Nowadays, tramping down the stony track below Sprinkling Tarn, every eye turns mechanically towards the Napes ridge as it appears gradually over the lessening buttress of Great End. Old landmarks are settled anew, the grey screes at the foot of climbers' gullies, the perched blocks above, the sharp ribs and edges, and then in the maze of fretted stone, the sharp tip of the Needle becomes a certainty, and eye and mind travel no further until a bend of the path throws that wilderness of rock into new confusion, and view of the Needle is lost. From Wasdale Head, in the deep trough west of the mountains, the Needle flames like a candle on those rare evenings when the rocks are wet and the sun shines clear from the horizon. A keen eye can usually identify the tower of broken rocks in the evening light. It is a patch of lighter hue amidst the tangled shadows of gullies and aretes.

In the Alps, many famous routes were located by sunset shadow—a crescent of snow blue in a region of

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pitiless silver has drawn the eye of the mountaineer. Possibly beneath such a point existed the shallow groove, the deep cleft, through which lay the route to the summit. In the far-off Rockies of Canada, a steep, even dangerous first approach to the top of Mount Robson was discovered by its shadow, and in the Himalayan sunset many a telescope has been levelled from Darjeeling and other stations among "The Hills" at that wrinkle which slants up the highest snows of Mount Everest, which avoids that series of deadly pinnacles, and seems to give a fair path to the summit. Years ago, how one dreaded to hear that some band of German quasi-professors should intrigue a permission, forbidden to Briton by the Government of India, and be the first to set foot on that virgin peak, The Abode of Snow, which stands for so much in some of the theologies of our Eastern peoples.

Shadow routes do not always lead to success. The way is apt to start fair and either to lead away from the desired objective, or to end tamely against some hold-less face of rock. The deep cleft of Ossian's Cave above Glencoe is a case in point. The shadow is good and strong, but even the scramble into the "Cave" (which is merely a rock-archway crowning a gully set at a high angle) is no joke. Experts only can pass directly beyond by a couple of narrow cracks in the overhanging wall. A fabulous length of Alpine rope is run out before the leader reaches the first safe and commodious ledge, from which he can assist and supervise his second's ascent. On Lliwedd in wild Snowdonia, a line of fire marks at many a sunset a splendid arete, but the course is just a medley of buttresses and slabs foreshortened, superimposed, tricked out by the flood of light, and is not coherent at all. One remembers, from experience, a gully which the sunset "set on end," and the hopeless, miserable scramble which was necessary before one was persuaded of the illusion. The upright pillars of moun-

tains were, by cold daylight, scarce visible at all : rotten rocks, earthy ledges, mossy, lichened slabs, abomination of vegetation, of dripping springs were encountered where one had seen clear rock and sound going indeed.

No one believes in either the moon's high lights or her shadows, else one would be groping on the hill-side opposite my tent to-day. Up there last night I saw a mighty abyss and some splendid towers of rock, but the hillside has fallen back to its proper mildness, and a few nodules of broken stone among which the sheep are placidly grazing is all that remains of that series of great rock problems. I am not fond of moonlight rambles among the hills and the rocks. Get down to the valley road in decent time, and do not wander from the direct route even in that morose, alluring place Harta Corrie of Skye. The difficulties, even seen from a distance, are distorted, rendered fantastic, by moonlight—one needs no further pattern for a rock-climber's nightmare than, say, the west front of the Pillar Rock in Cumberland as seen from the black throat of the Great Doup beneath.

It would need a question of life or death to make one venture on the sheer crags, even by known courses there, by moonlight, but one admits a scramble or two in starlight, even in complete darkness. Mr. Rooke Corbett, of the Rucksack (and many another) club claims that it is easier to get up and down a cliff at night by conventional climbing methods on courses of moderate difficulty than it is under the same conditions to outflank the crag. While not so enthusiastic, one would admit that it is easier to descend, with an average party of novices, such a short piece as the Broad Stand or the North Climb down to Mickledore ridge than to pass the caern of Scafell and to find and negotiate the steep scree-walk of Lord's Rake on the western edge of the cliff. But, anyway, the problem must be handled by a seasoned climber. The novice and the tourist is better advised to shirk all cliffs at night

although it may involve turning up at the Woolpack in Eskdale instead of at the Scawfell at Rosthwaite in Borrowdale. At such times geographical considerations may well play second fiddle to safety. But few old climbers will admit that descending a cliff at night is worth the trouble and danger involved. Probably they are right. There is a limit to shadow-ways.

The shadow of storm plays its pranks among the rocks, but hardly to the help or safety of climbers. But one has found, in the fierce glare before a thunderstorm, the key to a new and satisfactory course. It was on a ridge in Scotland, and the light playing round from the north-east touched into notice a crevice by which a difficult cave-pitch was surmounted neatly and safely. Up we went rapidly, pulled out of the gully, and on to the great slab which makes the upper peak. Then we found that the advantage of our course was to us of dubious value. Had not this variation tempted us, the cave would have been our shelter, or the base for a safe, if damp retreat. The clouds hurled themselves against the upper rocks and in a few minutes the air round us was full of spray. For an hour we balanced on insignificant ledges, in the centre of something not unlike a cloud burst, for sheets of water slid down the slabs, and at times one felt that but little more fluid would wash us down to the foot of the rocks. A drenching is a small matter to the climber, but to be made a watercourse while negotiating a steep open slab was a new, chilling and uncomfortable experience. It made little difference to us that the floods were out in the glen.

When the clouds are sweeping over the hills, one finds that they make shadow at certain points. There is that feather of mist which so often marks Twll Du (the Devil's Kitchen) above Llyn Idwal in North Wales. That is a sinister rift : a strong stream dashes itself into vapour on the rocks beneath and the two bodies combine to a definite



smudge. But one would not climb to such a place anticipating the sport of the rocks. There are sheer walls, there is a gloomy, romantic gulf, but what holds there are, are rotten, unsafe affairs, and the direct ascent of the Devil's Kitchen wall is a tribute to good nerves, good climbing technique, and a wonderful eye for the best of bad rock.

The vagaries of mist are too well known to mountain rambles to need any description. One has heard of a party of rock-climbers shortening a holiday on the crags of Buchaille Etive Mhor, in order to spend three days on some alluring crags near Ardlui, which they had located, through the mist-wreaths, as the train was whirling them up Glen Falloch. Even moonlight cannot compare with mist for distortion. I am writing these last lines in sight of a fifteen-foot wall of rock which, on my first visit, turned me aside. How it towered, grey, gaunt, grim, with plumes and crossbelts of white puffs! Nowhere did there seem to be a vulnerable point. Nowadays one laughs at such an apparition. One has proved again and again the maxim that no rock course can be termed impossible until one's hands have gripped its holds. Was it not Mummery who said, or quoted, that no one knew a rock until he had rubbed his face against it. And rubbing one's face against the rock is the only way one knows of proving the advantage of a shadow-course, or of finding that such a course is a mere break of sun or cloud.

## WANDERINGS IN SKYE.

By E. W. STEEPLE.

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It has been said that the best time to visit the Coolin is between the first of January and the thirty-first of December. I have no wish to criticise this statement, for it is probable that in Skye, as in other mountain districts in the British Isles, every season has its peculiar charm. My own experience does not extend over the winter months, when the weather is no doubt dreary enough at times, but there is a quality of atmosphere and a picturesqueness of rugged outline about the Coolin which, even on a comparatively sombre day, lends an air of impressive dignity to the wonderful rocky peaks. I believe it is considered that June and September are the most likely months for sunshine, but I have met with fair average weather at varying times between April and October. Average weather, it is true, has been defined as "a mixture of good and bad, with the bad predominating," and occasionally it has been particularly bad, with prolonged westerly gales which have precluded any serious climbing for the better part of a week. There is something very thorough about a Skye gale which compels one's admiration. I have known occasions in late September when a normally insignificant stream-course has become a raging torrent, swirling madly along within a foot of the tent door; and have a lively recollection of one night of adventure, when a mighty blast of wind lifted one of our tents bodily from its moorings and whirled it away, leaving its scantily-clad occupant shivering on the ground sheet in a deluge of rain. But one also has pleasant recollections of calm and sunny days,

when from the summit of Sgurr Alasdair one's gaze wandered over a magnificent panorama of sea, and lochs, and islands, and huge mountains, from Ben Nevis and the great hills around the head of Glen Affric, to the lonely stacks of St. Kilda, far away beyond the Outer Hebrides: of evening hours when the purple hills of Uist stood out sharply against the westering sun, and every little pool on the moor below became a veritable gem of clearest blue; and of warm nights when one rested on the ice-worn rocks of Coire Lagán and watched the beacon lights of Canna and Dunvegan and Loch Maddy, flashing in and out like orderly will-o'-the-wisps. Fiercely hot days there have been, too, when the weakness of the flesh overcame the willingness of the spirit, and we wandered idly about the rocky shore, listening to the plaintive calling of innumerable curlews and sandpipers; and watching enviously the ceaseless activities of the gulls and oyster-catchers.

One of these halcyon days, a grilling day in July, was spent for the most part in the cool waters of Loch Brittle, or basking upon the "Caskets"—a name we had given to a little promontory of rock, partly submerged at high tide. In the evening we wandered gently up into Coire Lagan, and climbed a buttress of Sron na Ciche. It may be rather unusual to commence an unknown climb of a thousand feet at 8-30 p.m., ("summer time" had not been introduced in those days), but in July the evening light is very good in these northern latitudes, and we knew the mountain well enough to have no fear of being benighted. The sunset glow was of the deepest crimson imaginable, as though the whole of the Outer Isles, from Barra Head to the Butt of Lewis, were ablaze. A counterblast to this magnificence was provided by a cloud of midges, to whom we were obviously a heaven-sent boon. The higher we mounted the fiercer they became, and the vaster grew the riot of flame in the heavens, until the

excitement caused by these phenomena reached a height unprecedented in my experience. But all things come to an end; the midge-line was passed, the glow died gradually out of the west, and we were left to grapple with our ridge with undivided attention. I boggled a little at the final pitch in the half-light, and was minded to call for a lantern, but a short excursion on the right wall settled the difficulty, and half an hour later we were mixing sherbet beside a water-course on the western flank of the mountain. The warm air conduced to laziness, and when, by careful steering, we reached the little angular lochan low down on the moor, we rested on its shore, gazing idly at the moon's reflection in its placid waters; occasionally varying this pleasing occupation by examining the moon itself through a pair of binoculars. Continuing after this fashion, halting at every boulder which could conveniently be sat upon, we eventually reached our cottage at about one o'clock.

The heat of the weather during this visit suggested an expedition which had little of novelty in it, judged from an Alpine standpoint, but was of the sort which adds a spice of adventure which is sometimes lacking in the ordinary daily round. Leaving Glen Brittle shortly before midnight, we crossed the foot of Sgurr nan Gobhar and, continuing round into Coire a Ghreadaidh, clambered up the slabs on the left of the great gorge. There are a number of these deeply-cut gorges in the Coolin—of which the Bhasteir gorge is perhaps the most well-known, though not the finest—which make it necessary to walk carefully when travelling at night.

Having safely passed this trap for the unwary, we mounted the boulder-strewn slopes to the dip between Sgurr Thormaid and the main peak of Sgurr na Banachdich. Our arrival here was well-timed, for the red streaks of dawn were just appearing. We watched their development during a "first breakfast," and fired off some auto-

chrome plates in commemoration of the occasion ; then, plunging down the steep scree on the Coruisk side, we traversed below the overhanging slabs of Thormaid and climbed a water-course which leads to the belt of scree running across the south-eastern slopes of Sgurr 'a' Ghreadaidh. Here we proposed to get an hour's sleep, before proceeding to the day's work in Coire an Uaigneis, but a good deal of the time was spent in the search for a suitable couch. Gabbro scree compares unfavourably with moss or heather as a slumber-inducing medium, and the slabs below the scree offered too many facilities for shooting off into space.

The early morning effects were very enchanting. Masses of billowy mist were drifting up from the Coruisk cauldron and rolling over the Drum nan Ramh, and the double-headed peak of Blaven towered majestically above the sea of cloud beyond. The remarkable sense of aloofness which is produced by such a situation is unknown to the dwellers in the plains, nor is it experienced by the mountain wanderer with sufficient frequency to become in any way commonplace.

The mists were steadily rising. They caught us as we reached our corrie, and the summits were enveloped for the remainder of the day. It sometimes happens that the clouds stop short of the actual summits, and the optimism of the mountaineering enthusiast meets with its just reward. One of my most treasured recollections is of a day of this character in early autumn, when the upper surface of the clouds remained throughout the day at about 2,500 feet above sea level. In the glen the weather was dull, with occasional showers, but on the western ridge of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh we stood in blazing sunshine, while below us a vast expanse of fleecy cloud stretched away in all directions. Eastward, the distant mountains of the mainland broke the level of the sky-line ; near at hand the dark summits of the gabbro peaks stood

around us in imposing array, in striking contrast to the white and glistening bed from which they emerged. The shapely cone of Sgurr Thuilm formed a westerly outlier of this noble company, beyond which the mass of sunlit cloud reached out unbroken to the far horizon. The scene impressed one's imagination, and, after gazing upon it for an hour or so, it became difficult to conceive of the continuance of human activities in the drowned land beneath. Now and again, detached fragments of mist wreathed themselves around the peaks, and the brilliant halo of a " Brocken Spectre " added its charming effect.

But the best was still to come. Late in the evening, after a successful struggle with a gully in Coire an Uaigneis, Barlow and I reached the summit of Mhadaidh, to find the full moon sailing over Coruisk, shedding a silvery light on the expanse of cloud, which now merged insensibly into a vague and closer-drawn horizon. The cloud masses looked more impalpable, and broke in apparent foam against the splintered peaks, now looming mysteriously about us, their long, fantastic shadows softened to a delicate blue. Two of our friends, who had crossed the neighbouring ridge an hour or so before, beheld a vision of sunset glory which was denied to us, but the calm serenity of this moonlit scene filled us with delight, and it was with the greatest reluctance that we turned away to descend into the sombre depths of Coire a' Ghreadaidh.

But it is not only in summer and autumn that the Coolin are worth visiting. At Easter, too, one may get fine sport. One does not meet with the great depth of snow and huge cornices which are found on Ben Nevis at this season, but there will generally be enough to provide some first-rate expeditions. As an introductory day one can hardly better the ascent of Alasdair by the Stone Shoot. I have found the snow here sufficiently hard to give a considerable amount of good work, and,

if the weather is frosty, the feathering on the great rock walls will make a fine show. On the return one gets a splendid glissade of 1,300 feet down to the floor of the corrie.

A good Alpine excursion which Barlow and I made one snowy day, was the traverse of the main ridge of Ghreadaidh. Mounting into the south branch of Coire a' Ghreadaidh, we kicked and cut up a steep snow-slope to the foot of the Diagonal Gully, continuing up its snow-filled bed. When this became too icy for a rapid advance we broke out on the left, ascending by mixed snow and rock on the face of the mountain, and, re-crossing the gully near the top, gained the main ridge a little to the right of the south summit. The shattered ridge northward was traversed in a snowstorm, which added to the excitement, but put the camera out of action. There is no actual climbing on the ridge, but it is so narrow and broken that it is always interesting, and clad in ice and snow it is super-excellent.

When we reached An Dorus we descended the deeply-cut gully on the west side. It took us forty minutes, and the work was decidedly cold. The gully formed a sort of funnel, through which the wind drove with chilling effect, and, as we worked down its icy bed, the eagerness with which each man claimed his turn with the axe was pathetic. The slope below the gully was very hard, and the cutting was continued for some distance, relieved for a hundred feet or so by an outcrop of rock. Then we took to the snow again, and glissaded to the corrie—a thousand feet from the foot of the gully.

A few days later we were on the main ridge again, on our way to Sligachan. We reached it from Tairneilear, making a zigzag route up the easterly slabs of Mhadaidh, and, traversing towards the north-west buttress, broke through a little cornice on to the ridge, above the Bealach na Glai Moire. We had picked up the track of some

animal, presumably a fox, and followed it (except for the cornice, which the wily creature had respectfully declined), to the foot of the Bidein peaks. Here the track turned down to the right, towards Coruisk, so we abandoned it and bore to the left across slabby rocks, slightly iced, above the junction with Sgurr na Fheadain, and, dropping into the head of Coir' a' Mhadaidh, worked round and upwards to the dip beyond, and pounded down a gully filled with avalanchy snow into Harta Corrie. It is a long way down the corrie, and the Glen Sligachan track is unrivalled as a test of patience and boot-leather, so we rested on a grassy bank, consuming nuts, and watching the ghostly movements of a herd of deer, when others more (or less) fortunate were dining sumptuously at the hotel.

Had we allowed more time for our journey we should probably have taken the three peaks of Bidein direct. They give a pleasant rock scramble even in summer, and in snow and ice would no doubt be very sporting. My first acquaintance with these little peaks was when alone one day in early June. The gap on the north side of the south-west peak is reached by descending a short, vertical wall, at the top of which is a small cairn. This cairn, however, does not mark the commencement of the usual route, which lies a few yards to the right. Unaware of this, I innocently began the descent from the cairn, and had, in consequence, to crawl serpent-wise along a narrow, sloping ledge to reach the proper footholds. During this operation, an eagle sailed across the gap, about a yard above me. Which of us was most startled I do not know, but I remember instinctively plastering myself against the wall, under the impression that something was falling over the cliff.

Bidein offers one of the best examples of the broken condition of the main ridge, but there are many bits of good rock-work between Gars-bheinn and Sgurr nan



Gillean, particularly at the Thearlaich-Dubh Gap and the Bhasteir Tooth, and the energetic pair who covered the whole distance in one day may well have felt a glow of satisfaction at the success of their enterprise. It has often been said of the Coolin that "the ridge is the thing," with which sentiment I entirely agree. The great bare cliffs and deeply-carved corries are exceptionally fine, but the comparative merits of these and of the noble crags and mountain hollows of the Lake Country and of North Wales must necessarily be a matter of individual opinion. But this long and narrow wall of rock, with its score of shattered peaks, and its endless variety of scenery, is unique in character among our British hills. Here the active enthusiast may combine the varied pleasures of peak-bagging, ridge-wandering and rock-climbing in a single expedition, and if by good fortune he escapes the fury of the Atlantic gales, and chances upon a period of warm and sunny days, he will add vastly to his store of cherished memories.

## AN OLD MOUNTAIN TRACK.

By H. CLYDE AMOS.

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It is of an old mountain road I am going to tell which, centuries ago, was perchance the only highway between two villages. They are villages still, but the old trackway has long since renounced its claims in favour of more modern, and scientifically constructed roads which, leaving the beauties of the mountains and keeping to the lower levels, form easier means of passage for the traffic which goes to and fro.

Who can tell the beginnings of these mountain tracks or how they came to be recognised? For, though some have obvious and natural direction over mountain passes, or following the courses of streams, others seem to ignore human convenience altogether and delight in selecting natural beauty, crossing streams and valleys, and whilst at one time appearing to make straight for their object, at others they deviate and descend to some shady glade, inviting the traveller to rest before emerging again with a steep ascent into the open country beyond.

Leaving the quiet village in the valley before the sun is high I follow the stream—the onflowing of two which have met and wedded, following a single course thenceforward to the sea. The path emerges a little later at the high road, where the valley suddenly narrows into a pass, the steepness of the hills leaving the stream, now below me, in deep shadow at this hour. Soon the main road is left and I cross an old bridge, through whose single arch the stream is flowing. One wonders at its wide span, for looking upstream and watching the water as it passes below, it is difficult to realise that a few months ago there was a rushing mountain torrent when the large

smooth boulders bleached by the sun, now standing high and dry on its banks, were being slowly worn down by the debris carried by the rush of water in its passage from the mountains to the sea. Or look, for a moment, over the opposite parapet, down stream. Just below is a deep pool, but slightly disturbed by the water flowing into it from under the bridge where the riverbed has a sudden drop; so still that one can see the bottom and by dropping a pebble, gauge the depth which the winter torrents of countless years have worn out of the solid rock—"a pool to stand near and think into"—from which the stream flows out again spreading into a quiet backwater almost hidden by the trees, for below the bridge the water has an easier and more level channel till it reaches the sea.

The old builders of bridges would be proud men did they know how long their handiwork has outlasted them. The slow and cumbersome wagon has given way to the heavy traction engine, dragging behind it the load of many horses, but the old bridge, which has weathered winter storms and whose buttresses have stood firm against the persistent onflow of flooded waters, takes little heed of these puny passing loads. It was built slowly and laboriously of the native rock to resist nature, and when its time comes to succumb it will be to nature's onslaught. And not always in winter does it come, for in the village just left behind, there is a new roadway across the stream since three or four years ago when, in the summer months, with little warning a cloud burst, so the villagers relate, suddenly filling the valley with a vast flood of water. Carrying down with it huge trees and boulders in its resistless flow, and gaining force as it descended, it found opposition for a moment when piling up its debris against the stonework and choking the arches, the water rose rapidly with a final

surge, and then passed on with an added burden as the old bridge crumbled away.

Three hundred years, they tell me, it had stood and battled, and doubtless it had many predecessors, for the village has an old history and the legends of the past include it in their story. The new bridge has a link with the old one, and the old bridge with those before it in the many stones which have been used again and again in their building, and it is only a rearrangement and a refitting, with a few more stones borrowed from the neighbouring hills.

But ceasing my reflections on the old stone parapet, I pass over and leave the stream behind, following the bye-road—a less frequented highway—which leads away at this point. After a few hundred yards I turn into a lane and rising steeply for a short distance, reach a village, hidden from the highway by reason of its tortuous approach. A few cottages, a schoolhouse and a little general stores—including the functions of Post Office in its many duties—are passed, and the road, now a mere cart track, leads on. Not straight on, but with constant turns, rounding hummocks of rock topped by pine trees, rising where the obstacles cannot be avoided without considerable deviation, dropping again quickly as if to pick up the small white cottages and farm dwellings passed on its way—sometimes almost hidden between high stone walls, and then emerging on to open breezy ground. There is nothing conventional about the old track; it takes its natural direction, adapting itself to the contour of the country, travelling forward like a stream along its inevitable course, towards a goal which it ever reaches, yet is ever travelling towards.

Reaching a point where a thick wood appears to bar the way, I find a gate intended only to restrain the cattle from a neighbouring farm from wandering too far, and passing through, enter a glorious oasis of trees where the

spring sun casts deep shadows of the bare branches on the trackway—soft to tread and rich in colour with the fallen leaves of many autumns. No one, surely, could dispute the old road's "right of way" through this shady nook. It enters the shadows so naturally, finding its way between the trees which seem to have grown around and alongside it rather than to have made way for its passage.

It is pleasant in the springtime when the sun plays through the bare branches and the sky can be seen, split into fanciful shapes by their interlacings overhead; and it is a delightful, cool retreat from the summer sun when the foliage shuts out the upper world from view and the grass carpet beneath the trees is kept fresh and green by the rain which percolates through the leaves. The moist odour after a summer shower is prolonged and retained here as if it were a closed chamber, giving it an identity—such as the memory associates with some old room known in our childhood which has become a part of its association, inseparable from its remembrance.

The path leads out of the wood by a sharp descent, crossing a stream at the bottom; which is almost hidden by the trees, but whose noisy waters make themselves heard at some distance, giving a sense of movement and life, contrasting with the stillness of the wood.

At the foot of the hill my path appears to terminate in a lane, traversing the valley which is watered by the stream just crossed. Passing first a grassy paddock, then a cottage at the crossing of the two tracks, a view of singular beauty opens out on the left.

Not far can the eye reach as the lane bends out of sight in a few hundred yards with a seductive suggestiveness of further beauties beyond. A low wall of stones traverses the lane on one side and the other is bounded by a steep grass bank and a larch wood, through which glimpses of the hills can be seen. Although skirting the

wood, the lane is shaded by a leafy covering, as at frequent intervals along the wall grow trees which, though separated from their fellows in the wood, link their branches overhead. A squirrel, disturbed by my approach, swarms up the bole of one of those on the bank and hesitating for a moment on a swaying twig near the summit as if to take stock of the enemy, leaps across to the other side and is lost to sight in the foliage, scattering some cones on to the path below him. The place is alive with movement—the song of birds and the hum of insects. The mountain breeze is making music among the trees and the stream, now out of sight, is heard a stone's throw across a field. The very quietude of the spot brings into relief the multitude of minor activities close at hand and harsher sounds in the distance are tuned to harmony ere they reach the ear. Returning to the crossways I hasten up the steep path skirting the lower end of the larch wood, opposite to where I descended. The coolness of the breeze as it reaches me through the trees, gives hint of the open country beyond, but how near I do not suspect till a quick turn in the path as I reach the top leads it out of the shadow of the wood into the open sunlight, and the view suddenly widens out before me.

Then is disclosed a panorama of mountain scenery of ever-changing colour and effect. Instinctively the eye seeks first the mountain summits, the nearer ones standing out in clear relief against the sky with every detail of rock and stream distinguishable on their surfaces, or shewing darkly against those farther distant. The outline of those more remote is softened and subdued by the atmospheric haze, large tracts of light and shade only being perceptible, and these again carry the eye beyond to summits which can only be distinguished as mere shapes of neutral colour and of slightly deeper shade than that of the sky behind. To the right, the near horizon slopes away to a valley, widening at its base into

a fertile plain. This is divided by a shallow estuary of the sea, which at low tide leaves gleaming patches of yellow sand, revealing also the courses of two streams which traverse it.

And in the foreground I can trace the old track, finding its way between huge boulders of rock which have been separated from the hills and descended in course of time to the lower levels, sometimes covered with grass and overgrown with foliage, forming green island hills, but often bare and rugged, rising steeply from the track, enclosing it in a rocky valley.

A wider survey, compassing the far heights takes little account of the scale which the foreground presents and fails to appreciate the grandeur and proportion of the view; but, as the spirit of the mountains draws me forward along the rocky path, I am carried closer at every mile into their fastnesses till, losing sight of the high summits which are hidden from view by reason of their very proximity, the horizon closes in about me and the spell of the mountains rests over all.

Pastoral scenery also has its charm—greensward and cattle, quiet streams and rich valleys—to some these are all sufficient. It is a matter of temperament or of mood. The passive spirit finds harmony in the quietude of the countryside, taking to itself the peace which it is seeking in unquestioning contentment in its surroundings. But he whose spirit is filled with unknown longings and questionings, restless with aspirations—in whom dwells the spirit of wonder—for him the high hills have a resistless charm; for are they not traversed by human track ways, the paths men seek out to reach the summits which ever appear to recede as they rise higher and are often hidden from sight by the mists descending from above? Have not these mountains also their everchanging moods, at times bathed in the sunshine of the summer day, chasing the cloud shadows across their surface, or wreathed

in mists which blot out their heights altogether, though, perchance, if we climb high enough we emerge again into the sunlight above the obscuring cloud.

The mists which so often hover in the higher regions of the hills are not least among their glories. It is they which, carried across by the wind or condensing as they reach their cold surfaces, give the hills their eternal freshness, sending down their surplus in the many streamlets which water the valleys, never ceasing till they reach the sea. . . . .

The old track passes on, but I choose to follow it no longer, leaving it here for untried paths among the hills to which it has brought me. I am loth to part company with it and as I climb higher I turn at times and trace its windings below me. It has not many miles to go before it reaches that farther village which is its legitimate destination, but to me it will always be the "mountain-track," a willing guide to the foot traveller for as long as he will accept its direction, offering him no constraint when he would turn aside to the hills. . . . .

Those who have come under the spell of the hills—who have known the "glamour" of the mountains, can realise to the full what words can do no more than suggest. It is this which brings the old mountain track to me again and again, leading the memory along its path where it finds most delight as the mood controls it—now wandering through its woods and valleys, or at other times ascending in imagination where its course is wild and rocky.



PARKGATE,

CONISTON.

*To the Editor of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club  
Journal.*

DEAR SIR,—The undersigned members of the Club would like to suggest that in order to perpetuate the memory of the late S. W. Herford, for future generations of climbers, some one course, of which he was the pioneer, should be called after him. In our opinion his ascent of the Central Buttress on Scawfell is the climb with which his name is most associated, and which is most eloquent of his skill.

The precedence of naming climbs after their pioneer is well established and surely in this case it cannot be considered unnecessary advertisement.

Yours sincerely,

J. P. ROGERS.  
D. S. MURRAY.  
W. B. GONDILOCK.  
H. F. HUNTLEY.  
W. G. MILLIGAN.  
G. W. JACKSON.  
GEORGE S. BOWER.  
W. G. BORROWMAN.  
B. MARTIN.  
W. ALLSUP.

## THE FELL AND ROCK CLUB'S ROLL OF HONOUR.

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### F. H. Bowring & H. L. Slingsby, Capt. 2/ King's Own Yorks. L. I. :

In the past summer we have many losses to lament, but two of them stand out from all the rest. They are in complete contrast, one that of a very old man, who indeed had already passed the allotted span before the other was born ; and one cut off in the very bloom of his youth. In his case our sorrow is heightened by our sympathy with his father, our old President, endeared to us all by long years of good fellowship.

FREDERICK HERMANN BOWRING was born 15th January, 1823, and sprang from an old West Country clothing family, which was quite possibly an offshoot of the still older one long settled at Bowringsleigh near Exeter. His father, Sir John Bowring, came into prominence as a linguist exploring many of the obscurer languages of Europe and making known in this country many charming bits of poetry from sources such as Bohemian, Roumanian, Polish, Ruthenian. The son inherited these tastes and in addition, was a sound Latin and Greek scholar and a deep mathematician, taking his degree at Cambridge as a high wrangler in spite of having missed several papers through an attack of quinsy. He was at once chosen a Fellow of Trinity College and proceeded to the Bar, where he practised chiefly before the Privy Council.

It is astonishing when one reflects that the great Alpine movement of sixty years ago, which led to the starting of the first of all Alpine Clubs and has now scarcely a single survivor left, was for him a little too late.

He was then well in his thirties and perhaps slow to take up a new and somewhat expensive hobby. Had he been eight or ten years younger he would doubtless have submitted to the same attraction as Leslie Stephen, and become, what he was in all respects qualified to be, one of the great explorers of the Alps.

As it was his holidays were at first devoted to walking in all parts of his native county of Devon, especially in the wilder regions, such as Exmoor and Dartmoor, of which he acquired an

extraordinarily intimate knowledge. The solitude and mystery of the latter huge and gloomy plateau, its wild and fitful weather, and its relics of a remote civilisation appealed strongly to his sense of romance, and the same instinct drew him to the mountainous regions of North Wales, the limestone uplands of Derbyshire, and to our own Fell Country. Of all these districts his topographical knowledge was truly amazing and always freely at the service of any genuine inquirer. Extremely quiet and unassuming, he nevertheless had a secret contempt for the mere tripper and for the man who never ventures far from the highroad or the comfortable inn, in short, for what our dear friends the Germans call the "thalbummler." For he belonged to the generation which came under the direct influence of Byron's poetry, and for him the appeal of the mountains, as for Manfred, was mainly that of solitude, adventure and romance.

His favourite hills were Great Gable (which he had climbed over a hundred times), the Glyders, and every square yard of Dartmoor. His chosen haunts were Chagford, Penygwryd and Wastdale Head, and it was at the last that I first had the great good fortune to make his acquaintance. He was then not far short of sixty, but he still walked with a splendid swing, and climbed with great vigour and precision. His long legs were clad in thick trousers; his fine head (which strikingly resembled that of the poet Tennyson) was covered with a felt hat, the wide brim of which had been reduced to limpness by his habit of securing it in windy weather by means of an immense blue kerchief tied under his chin. The "Norfolk" jacket was too modern for him and his usual coat bore somewhat bunched tails with huge pockets, which contained, as a minimum, maps, compass, string, field glasses, sandwiches, the aforesaid blue bandana, gloves, a large grey woollen comforter, and several books, besides abundant materials for smoking. In his hand was a stout six-foot fellpole with a forked spike, which he thought less liable to slip on rocks. He used his pole skilfully in descending slopes and in leaping the becks. How agile he had formerly been only chance revealed, for his habitual modesty would have kept it back. At that time I used to get frequent letters asking for details of a certain jump at Oxford. It was certainly a big jump in itself, the biggest made in my day; but chance made the spectators think it a foot bigger than it really was and thus a legend sprang up that I had "cleared" the twenty-five foot "garden" into which we used to leap. One of these letters of inquiry reached me at Wastdale and, when he heard that it



THE LATE HENRY LAWRENCE SLINGSBY.

referred to a legendary long jump, Mr. Bowring mentioned that in his college days he had more than once done twenty-one feet. Now, seeing that at that date there would be no cinderpath for the run up, no prepared edge to leap from, no soft surface to land on, while the leaper would probably be wearing his ordinary clothes and his ordinary boots, modern conditions would have added some ten or fifteen per cent. to his distance, making it a very remarkable performance. Doubtless he was a man of exceptional elasticity.

I recall climbing with him when he was over seventy, when he was, as might be expected, somewhat slow, but capable and trustworthy. Others who climbed with him still later have told me that he was scarcely aware that his powers had waned and sometimes made his companions wish that his courage had been less high.

For the last twenty years of his life he seldom quitted Hampstead for more than a few days at a time, and for several years had hardly left his house. Though sometimes troubled by his eyes he still found vast enjoyment in his books, reading with equal zest and facility Greek, Latin, Italian, and many Oriental languages, as well as deep mathematical treatises.

If a friend came in he would eagerly discuss his old mountain haunts and remembered the details of climbs with wonderful accuracy. He had indeed a remarkably tenacious memory and could work out in his head without writing down a single figure such gigantic sums as the hundredth power of 2. When he was over ninety, fearing that his eyes might fail him altogether, he began to commit to memory the Iliad of Homer and could recite the first book of it in the Greek. He could talk well on a great variety of topics and, as a companion, was as delightful as he was instructive.

The present generation of climbers little knows how much he did to prepare the way for the development of their cherished sport and how deep a debt they owe to his memory.

HENRY LAURENCE SLINGSBY was born 19th April, 1893, at Carleton in Craven, educated at Eastman's, Southsea, and afterwards at Charterhouse School. He obtained a commission in the Special Reserve Battalion of the King's Own Yorks L.I. in 1912, and when war broke out he immediately joined the 2/K.O.Y.L.I. as Second Lieut. and was present at Mons and Le Cateau, where his regiment, one of three ordered to face the Prussian Guard, suffered terrible losses. During the retreat he

acted as Captain, and when the tide of battle turned bore a brave part in the three days of the Marne. In crossing the Aisne at Missy, the hottest part of the line, his regiment, exposed to a terrible enfilading fire suffered heavy losses. The ensuing march to the North completely exhausted him and he was compelled to take a few days rest at Rouen and Havre, but rejoined his battalion during the first battle of Ypres. He was gazetted Second Lieut. in the regular army in October, 1914, and mentioned in one of Sir John French's earliest despatches. He was severely wounded in the head in February, 1915, near Ypres, and to the last suffered from violent headaches in consequence.

He rejoined the reserve battalion of the K.O.Y.L.I. late in the autumn, and in May, 1916, was appointed adjutant to a Pioneer Service Battalion in 10/ Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and went with them to the front in June, 1916. After an arduous year in France at the battle of the Somme and onwards he received his M.C. "for general good service in the field."

On Saturday, August 11th, 1917, a chance shell hit the headquarters mess, killing the Colonel and Major outright and shattering his thigh. By nightfall he had breathed his last.

Young as he was he had seen a good deal of climbing both at home and abroad, several times here with our own club, in Glencoe, Applecross, Skye, Norway, once had a brief first taste of the High Alps and bade fair to prove a worthy son of his father.

Moreover, he had made many friends among climbers who have not been slow to express their high appreciation of him: but among them all none perhaps give a happier picture of the lad than a foreign member of the Alpine Club, who used these simple and touching words:—"A charming boy, so modest, cheerful and kind. When I heard that he was out fighting for his country it was difficult for me to realise that it was true. I remembered him as a boy, a tall, slender, refined boy, with beautiful, tender eyes, so much more like a dreamer than a fighter in a cruel and horrible war. When I learned how he had distinguished himself, I felt proud of knowing him, and when the sad news came I felt it as a great personal loss . . . But it must be a great consolation to you all that the memory of him stands out so clean and beautiful. He died fulfilling his highest duty, a purehearted boy, a brave and noble man."

\* \* \* \* \*

We have the contrast between the two lives well brought out in the words of Arnold. The first of them



THE LATE EDMUND HARTLEY.

" descends

The quiet mossy track to age.  
 But, when immature death  
 Beckons too early the guest  
 From the half-tried banquet of life,  
 Young, in the bloom of his days ;  
 Fuller for him be the hours !  
 Give him emotion though pain !  
 Let him live, let him feel : *I have lived.*  
 Triple his pulses with fame !

**Edmund Hartley, Lieut.**  
**2nd Lanc. Fusiliers.**

JULY 20th, 1894.  
 MAY 18th, 1918.

" We will grieve not, rather find  
 Strength in what remains behind."—*Wordsworth.*

" There is no bitterness in our sorrow," wrote Edmund Hartley's mother, in acknowledging a letter of sympathy from his comrades of the " Fell and Rock Club." They are brave words, expressing a mind and heart whose sorrow is balanced by a love that understands, and a clear vision that penetrates the mystery of these sad farewells. All honour to the parents of Christopher and Edmund Hartley, worthy sons, who fearlessly and eagerly went forth to take part in the great cause.

Edmund Hartley was elected a member of our Club in March, 1914. He was proposed by S. W. Herford, and seconded by Rev. C. F. Holland, two names that will always be honoured in the history of climbing. They recognised his ability and keenness, a taste fostered, no doubt, by his uncle, our esteemed ex-president, W. C. Slingsby.

When war was declared he left Brasenose College for a short course at Sandhurst, on the completion of which he was granted his commission, and went to France April 1st, 1915. He was seriously wounded at the second battle of Ypres, on May 2nd. After a long convalescence, followed by special courses of training, he returned to France September, 1916, and was again wounded in the battle of the Somme, on October 10th. A quick recovery saw him again in France early in 1917. He took part in the famous battle of Arras, and was wounded for the third time on April 10th, a bullet passing through his left lung. The latter part of his convalescence was fortunately spent at Broad Leys, Windermere, where he made a wonderful recovery under the kind care of Mrs. Currer Briggs and her staff. As his health improved



he was able to enjoy many happy days swimming and boating on the lake and motoring. On three occasions he visited Langdale, and climbed on Pavey Ark. Members of the club who had the pleasure of meeting him at that time will ever remember his radiant, happy face as he sat with us sipping cups of delicious tea in the sunny garden of the New Hotel, brimful of keenness and enthusiasm, recounting his day of pleasure on the rocks and exchanging with us experiences of various climbs. No wonder hearts warmed towards such a manly soldier-like type. Here was a youth who had been three times wounded, and though still on sick leave, could find will and determination to assail the rocks of Pavey Ark. He also managed to get in two good climbs on Dow Craggs, Coniston.

Later in the season he paid what proved to be his last visit to his beloved fells, and with Raeburn and Barker did the North West climb on the Pillar Rock.

February, 1918, saw him once more in France, at his own request. His division was specially mentioned in despatches for withstanding the German offensive at Arras and Robecq. On May 18th, whilst in command of a brigade working party at night, he was killed by a shell. We can add no finer tribute than that paid by his Vicar: "There was a charm about his personality; a heartiness; a brightness, a frankness, combined with natural ability and rare gift of character. He was a fine example of an English gentleman, and a very gallant British officer."

D.L.

Born at Moorlands on a foot-hill of the moor of Noina, within sight of Ingleborough, a score of miles over the rolling hare-hunting country of Craven and the upper Ribble—of Fountains Fell and other Malham Hills—the romantic highlands described by Ruskin as "the sources of Aire, or rootlets of Ribble, or beginnings of Bolton Strid," Edmund breathed during his first years the purest hill-born breath of England. Later he and his brother were nourished on a sunny spur of Pendle, and in early boyhood they tramped much over the neighbouring hills with their parents, from whom they indeed inherited their love of the fells. When mere boys the two brothers went to the Alps, and under the shadow of the Grand Combin, whose huge snowfields almost rival those of Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, they learned to appreciate the majesty and grandeur of lofty mountains. This first visit naturally fostered their inherited love of the hills and led them to seek among our northern fells the sport of moun-

taineering in earnest, and to acquire in this grand school of Nature the virtues of courage, self-reliance and other of the finest qualities which are rightly principally associated with the best type of Englishmen, of which undoubtedly they were noble examples. The very fact that Edmund accompanied such famous mountaineers as Herford and Raeburn upon equal terms on very difficult rock climbs shows clearly how capable he was considered. Indeed he had all the makings of a great mountaineer.

The writer has never been on the great fells with Edmund but has climbed sufficiently with him at Whitbarrow and elsewhere in south Westmorland to believe that if he had been spared, and in due time had gone with his regiment to India, after gaining the necessary experience on relatively lower mountains, he might have carried on the great work of mountain exploration and of making mountain ascents in the Himalaya which during a score of years before the war was so actively and so successfully prosecuted by gallant young soldiers amongst the noblest ranges in the world.

In this Edmund's great strength, manly vigour and enthusiasm, coupled with his acknowledged power of leading men and of gaining their affection, would probably have enabled him to obtain great fame as a mountaineer.

By the death of Edmund Hartley the Fell and Rock Climbing Club have sustained a great loss, relieved, however, in some measure by the possession of most happy memories of an excellent mountaineer, beloved by all who were privileged to know him, whose boldness was tempered with prudence, who was indeed a comrade trusty, tried and true. These are memories which our Club will ever cherish deeply.—WM. CECIL SLINGSBY.

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### **J. Gordon Bean, Lance Corporal K.L.R.**

Amongst the first to volunteer in August, 1914, Gordon Bean was repeatedly rejected on account of defective eyesight, but his perseverance in patriotism, as on the rocks, won through, and in June, 1915, he enlisted in the King's (Liverpool) Regiment going to France the following October. He remained fighting there, with the exception of short leave in January, 1917, when he was married, until he was killed in action north-east of Ypres on the 31st July of the same year.

It was as a climber I knew him best, and that was to love him and all his cheery nature and good fellowship.

Starting with chance friends at Pen-y-pass in August, 1916, his notated books record Crib Goch Ridge and Crazy Pinnacle.

Onwards from then his progress, although limited to the Cambrian and Cumbrian Hills, was such that on his last holiday he led Walker's Gully, including the last pitch, and climbed alone Scafell Pinnacle from Lord's Rake via the Hopkinson Cairn.

Alert in mind as in body, and possessed of extraordinary literary gifts and abilities, he used them on several occasions by lecturing to his fellow members of the Liverpool Wayfarer's Club, and was the first Editor of that Club's Journal.

As was to be expected, the ranks of climbing men have been greatly thinned, and to the younger generation of them in Liverpool and district the loss of Gordon Bean is one of the saddest, his comparatively short career on the mountains showed promise of taking him well to the forefront of the lovers of the sport.

To his friends left to mourn his loss there remain the precious recollections of holidays midst sun and snow, when he was ever amongst the most optimistic, ever ready to help and encourage those starting.

These recollections will live to the time when we can no more go to the hills, but have to bring the hills to us by recalling the days that have gone.—H.K.B.

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## **2nd Lieut. Stanley F. Jeffcoat (1884-1917).**

I first met Jeff at Easter, 1908. He hadn't done much climbing then and was glad to join a long string and lead down the Needle Ridge at the close of the day instead of pottering down Hell Gate. His second man managed to get his foot hopelessly jammed in the flake in the middle of the second pitch. We hurled all sorts of impatient epithets at the victim. A second party behind us turned back. Jeff finally climbed up and steadied from behind, lifted his man bodily from the unlaced boot, cheering him with kindly speeches. Arrived at the Needle Gap, I had my first good look at Jeff, a genial young giant with fair curling hair and the jolliest pair of laughing blue eyes. He helped, and brought, good fellowship. As I found him at first so he was whenever I met him, radiating kindly good humour on all around.

I last saw him in the Military Hospital, Gosforth (Newcastle), in April, 1916. The sergeant we were told was in No. 9 Ward. I found No. 9 Ward in the huge labyrinth quite easily. Arrived



THE LATE S. F. JEFFCOAT.

at the top of a staircase I heard the well-known voice shouting, " Now Sister if you lift that tray I shall be really angry with you." Opening the door I found him lifting the tray full of heavy bottles on to the wagon, for the nurse's round. He was a general favourite and a kind of major-domo to the whole ward. We had several excursions round old Newcastle, followed by steak and chips at the Eldon grill. He had been riddled with shrapnel, " thought his number was up " he said, I was in hopes that the army would find his best use as an instructor at home, but alas ! it was not to be.

It was my good fortune to introduce Jeff and Alec Johnston to their first season's snow work. Together we did the Blumlesalhorn, the Gsaltenhorn and the Aletschhorn. It is the cruelest irony of war that it takes the young and leaves the old. Both the lads are gone. The Gsbaltenhorn is rather a good rock climb, followed by a 500 feet arête of snow. On our day there were 12 inches of new snow. Johnston elected to stay in a niche where he could see the arête. The " Bose Trit " was anything but wicked for it has a thick cable which roused Jeff's scorn. The arête looked ugly, for the new fall was avalanching. We carefully cut steps through to the old snow beneath. Johnston below had rather an uncomfortable time, for he had a full view, and was within ear shot of the sizz of the snow. Fortunately we were able to balk him of the two black specks, for which he kept such an anxious lookout. We should have climbed the Rotthal rocks of the Jungfrau, by a new route, but for Jeff's kindness. He invited a champion Swiss skier to join us, as his friends did not turn up. We lost the route about the middle of the climb. The climbing became really tricky, and at times difficult. Our Swiss friend spent his time bleating " unmöglich." Finally we caught sight of the top ropes to our right abutting on the upper snowfield, and separated from us by a difficult traverse of some 50 yards. I then believed it was impossible for our skier, who was climbing like a cow. But we had a glorious 18 hours day ; the best rock climbing I ever saw Jeff do. He himself has told of our adventure on the Aletschhorn, how we climbed our mountain and bivouacked at 13,000 feet with a really awe-inspiring display of St. Ermo's fire amid the highest peaks.

Jeff's best climbing was done in Cumberland with Herford and Sansom in their latest exploits on the Girdle traverse, and Scafell pinnacle. He knew all the gritstone climbs of the Peak and did

them numberless times with the tyro as willingly as the expert.

In March, 1917, he joined his old regiment as 2nd Lieut. On April 29th he was killed in an attack on the Oppy line. When nearly all the officers were casualties he gathered together and led the remaining men. They took a German trench, cleared it for half a mile and reestablished communication with headquarters. At this stage Jeff was fatally wounded, but lived long enough to receive the highest praise from his Colonel. He left a wife and son to mourn his loss.

" His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him that nature might stand up  
And say to all the world ' this was a man ! '

### **John Wilson Smiley.**

[Lost on the *Leinster*, October, 1918].

Wilson Smiley, though not one of the more modern rock climbers of gymnastic and perhaps too venturesome tendencies, was a climber of no mean attainments.

An early member of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, he was a frequent attender at the Coniston dinners, but his firmest allegiance was to the Wayfarer's Club of Liverpool, of which he was one of the first members, and truest supporters, always a keen participator in its Whitsun and other meetings. He served a real and true apprenticeship to the sport which he loved so much; a walker of great strength, he early shewed his abilities, when at about the age of 12, he walked from Birkenhead to Chester and back, some 30 miles. With his first holiday from business he commenced by a walking tour in the English Lakes, the series of pilgrimages to the hills which continued to within a few weeks of his end. A year or two later the wider possibilities of the Scottish Highlands appealed to him, and for several years he steadily acquired an extensive knowledge of these districts, mostly in the company of the late Tom Graham, who was killed on Ben Nevis while they were climbing on the North-East Buttress.

It was in Scotland that Smiley fell under the spell of the higher cult, and he did several of the moderate courses on Ben Nevis, Caen Deary and Buchaille Etive. Later his climbing was confined to the Cambrian and Cumbrian hills. In both districts his knowledge of the climbs, including the discoveries of recent years

was very extensive. After the accident on Ben Nevis, Smiley refused to lead, but as a second he had few equals, always safe, careful of his leader and of his party, cheerful under what to the waiting man may be rather depressing delays.

Known by his intimates as the Pathfinder, he was possessed of the very sure instincts that finds the right way on fell and road in thick weather or when dark has overtaken the party.

A delightful companion both on and off the hills, he has done much to give to others his own love for the high places.

The last four years have robbed the climbing centres of many of their most ardent devotees, none will be more missed than Wilson Smiley. The rising generation of rock climbers and those still to come may do climbs at present thought beyond the possible, they cannot be truer lovers of the hills than those that have gone.—H.K.B.

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### **Lieut. R. B. Sanderson, R.G.A.**

Died of wounds on April 17th, was the son of Mr. F. W. Sanderson, headmaster of Oundle, and Mrs. Sanderson. He was educated at Oundle, and gained a scholarship at Queen's College, Cambridge, graduating in the mathematical and mechanical Science Triposes. After serving a pupilage under Mr. A. E. Trench, the chief engineer of the L.N.W. Railway, he was appointed on the staff of the Royal Naval College, Osborne. He was given leave of absence by the Admiralty and was gazetted second Lieutenant in R.G.A. and went to France. He was invalided home for a year. He was married in December, 1917, and shortly afterwards returned to the front.

A scholastic colleague adds this testimony:—"Some of us, the greater part of whose lives have been identified with Oundle School, had known Roy Sanderson, and watched him develop, from his early childhood, through his school and University career, and his subsequent training as an engineer, until he himself decided to adopt the schoolmaster's profession. In these last two years, after he had joined the Army and returned invalided from the front, we had, perhaps, seen more of him at Oundle than at any period since he left the school. Our minds inevitably return to the early days of the Lake reading parties, when he first acquired that love of mountaineering and rock climbing that always remained one of his favourite pastimes.

Endued with great physical strength and powers of tenacious endurance, he possessed qualities of body that suggested similar qualities of mind. All who knew him well realized the actual force of his character and intellect."

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### **Major John Haworth Whitworth, M.C., D.S.O.**

Died on March 31st, 1918, of wounds received six days before. He was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, and was well known in Manchester as a rising member of the Chancery Bar. He joined the Army in the autumn of 1914. In 1917 his battalion, the 2/6th Manchesters, was in action near Nieuport, where for his gallantry and presence of mind he received the Military Cross. During the severe fighting at the end of March, 1918, he was in command of his battalion, and was awarded the D.S.O. He was a member of the '95 Club, and in 1910 contested elections at Shrewsbury and Knutsford in the Liberal interest. He married the daughter of Mr. A. J. King, of Elleray, Windermere, who survives him with their four daughters.

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### **Lieut.-Col. Claude S. Worthington :**

No particulars have come to hand concerning this great and loveable climber. My best-remembered meeting with him was a Langdale meet when, as we strolled up to the Mill Ghyll larches, he expressed his great disappointment that, between two arduous climbing days, he could not join me in a night's ramble over the Pikes. I went on to the heights ; he to a tent by the beck side. High summer never held a day too long for Worthington, and it is on record that he roused out a Borrowdale camp in order to set foot on the Gillercombe rocks by 6 a.m. I hope that to next Journal someone may contribute a full memoir of a climber who was a dear friend to one and all of us.—W.T.P.



## ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

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- 1—Adam, Allan, Lieut. R.E.
- 2—Allsup, Wm., Lieut. Loyal North Lancs. Regt.
- 3—Arnold, Norman A., 2nd Lieut. 19th Manchester, B.E.F.
- 4—Ascroft, Wm. F., Capt. L.N.L. Regt. Seconded for duty on Staff as Transport Officer.
- 5—Bodell, G. W., Eng. Lieut. Com. R.N.
- 6—Bowdler, Wm. A., Major R.F.A. (T.F.) Ambalan, Punjab, India.
- 7—Boyd, A. W., Capt. 1/7th Lancs. Jus: *M.C.*
- 8—Cain, H. P., Capt. 5th East Lancs.
- 9—Campbell, J., Corporal Royal Engineers.
- 10—Cowburn, A. B., Capt. 5th Border Regt.
- 11—Cowley, J. D., 2nd Lieut. M.G.C.
- 12—Diss, H. C., Lieut. 8th London Regt.
- 13—Gourlay, W. B., Capt. R.A.M.C.
- 14—Higgs, S. L., Surgeon R.N.; H.M.S. "Curlew."
- 15—Lees, E. B., Major West. and Cumb. Yeomanry.
- 16—Lyon, H. B., 2nd Lieut. 5th Cokes' Rifles.
- 17—Masson, P. R., Flt. Sub-Lieut. R.N.
- 18—Murray, D. G., Flt. Lieut. R.N. (interned in Holland).
- 19—Norman, R. E., Lieut. Oxon and Bucks L.I.
- 20—Ormiston-Chant, T. C., Seconded to Admiralty, 16th R. Irish Rifles.
- 21—Quick, H., Eng. Lieut. R.N., H.M.S. "Carnarvon."
- 22—Rowland, S. C., Lance Corpl. 2nd Batt. Artists' Rifles.
- 23—Simpson, Hugh, Major R.F.A.
- 24—Somervell, T. H., Capt. R.A.M.C., T.F., 34th C.C.S.
- 25—Thompson, P. S., Capt. 130th (St. John) Ambulance, B.E.F.
- 26—Wakefield, A. W., Capt. C.A.M.C.
- 27—Watts, G. H., Lieut. Motor Machine Gun Corps.
- 28—Wilson, G., C.P.O., R.N.V.R., H.M. yacht "Catamia."
- 29—Wingfield, C. R., Major 3rd Shropshire L.I.
- 30—Woodsend, W. A., Pte. A.S.C., M.T.
- 31—Woodsend, J. C., Pte. M.T., A.S.C.
- 32—Whitworth, J. H., Major (M.C.) 2/6 Batt. Manchester Regt., B.E.F.
- 33—Hardy, Len, Pte.

- 34—France, W. H. (Rank and Regt. not known).
- 35—Stables, J., Pte.
- 36—Worthington, C. S., Lt. Col. Manchester Regt., *D.S.O.*, *M.C.*
- 37—Audus, A. (Rank and Regt. not known).
- 38—Morrison Bell, Capt. Grenadier Guards (prisoner in Germany).
- 39—McCullagh, A. B., Lieut. Commander R.N.
- 40—Milligan, G., Pte. Tank Corps.
- 41—Martin, B. L., Pte. Artists' Rifles, O.T.C.
- 42—Aldous, F. C., Capt. 6th Manchesters.
- 43—Huntbach, W. M., Major 4th King's Shropshire L.I.
- 44—Smith, Rev. J. H., Pte. Inns of Court O.T.C., London.
- 45—Carr, R. H. C., Temp. Lieut. R.N.V.R.

**VICTORY—AND THE FUTURE.**

SOME UNAUTHORISED REMARKS

BY

WILLIAM T. PALMER.

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I premise "unauthorised remarks:" the Committee is not responsible for these views.

With Victory, rock-climbing and fell-walking enthusiasts will look to a prompt resumption of their sports, and feel that nothing should hinder the reconstruction. But club committees all over Britain will be faced with difficulties and changes. In the first place, our Service men will attract their friends to the fells and the crags, and hundreds of strong, young novices may be expected. For a time every climber's centre will be haunted by such. Let them be welcome! As in the silver age prior to August, 1914, let every club meet continue to be an informal communion of the great mountain brotherhood. Let every party make a point of initiating at least one new adventurer into the intricacies of the fells. I write as one whose position in the past called him practically to introduce and "allot" scores of new novices annually to official and non-official meets. These novices are now far scattered, but I am speaking from knowledge when I say that one and all they appreciated the kindness and skilled teaching so freely bestowed by our more active climbers.

The first problem of the climbing future is undoubtedly the entering of this "new blood" to the finest of outdoor British sports, and the assimilating of them into a body of steady, safe and keen climbers. It is not merely the concern of an elected committee and officers to examine

nominations and receive subscriptions. That is the least important, because, unless our clubs lose their present hospitable and helpful spirit, it is inevitable. The training of scores, maybe hundreds (and should be thousands) of coming devotees will almost overwhelm the machinery which has hitherto adequately served our climbing clubs. Every member must take his share in developing good style and sound craft in this new generation. It may not be given to some to lead across the smoothest of slabs with ninety feet of Alpine rope slowly unwinding behind us, nor can we all sacrifice days to rambling across familiar, rugged ground with novice parties. But our duty is at least sympathy, at least to know the rudimentary lore of rock and fell, at least to guide enquiries in the right direction which it is impossible (and not merely when it is inconvenient) for us to help otherwise. On this point I write with some authority of my own. Prior to 1914, and even to some extent since, scores of letters came every summer to Kendal asking for all sorts of information. To the best of my ability these requests were answered without respect of person—though at times it might be difficult to keep patience. One gentleman, sending a six-folio letter with some nineteen detached questions, observed that he had borrowed a copy of the Journal of which I was honorary editor—an effective sort of introduction indeed!

With their vastly increased membership climbing clubs must in future come closer together in policy, project and arrangements. I would not for the world have it thought that the clubs must sink their splendid individuality and enter some respectable and humdrum sort of federation. Climbing clubs live because of their innate enthusiasm in drawing together, either among the fells or in the cities, persons of kindred spirit. I owe too much to the Rucksack, Yorkshire Ramblers and Scottish Mountaineering clubs in particular, to be ignorant of the specialist work

at which they aim and for which recruits will always be acceptable. So long as the British clubs continue more or less under the wing of the Alpine Club, no other policy of federation is desirable. Rivalries between clubs should always be stimulated, be a stimulus to the higher flights of rock-craft, be shown in their literature and in their gatherings.

More members—and better climbers all the time. Perhaps the election of "associates" would solve the problem of those who, unfit for strenuous service on the hills, still wish to keep up an academic interest, to indulge in quiet hillside rambles, to show sympathy and respect for those "giants" they cannot emulate. The Canadian Alpine Club has solved the problem in this fashion, and with success. Nor would I wish for a less severe scrutiny of nomination forms—rather the reverse, though social status is a matter of less moment to me than to many. But then I am, so to speak, a relic of the Bronze Age, when one tramped twenty or thirty miles to save carriage hire, and roughed it in casual cottages and even barns to save hotel bills. The Silver Age prior to the war paid less attention and spent more money, but I hope that climbing is not to be overwhelmed in a Gold Age and become an exclusive sort of sport. To my heart, our climbing should always be an economical and personal sport, aiming at young men to be trained so that in their years of success they may pass with distinction among the great mountains of the world. The accumulation of wealth and influence by climbing and walking clubs is not an impossibility, but my ideal is for a practical, expert membership to rule their policy. And practical, expert climbers are democratic in spirit. To become a member of the Alpine Club, certain mountaineering experience—not maybe of a very high order—is necessary. In Britain it is not easy to mark out exactly the lowest limit for qualification. But a good working

system—in which individual style in regard to safety has due consideration—may be evolved so that no one without the saving grace of knowledge and enthusiasm is accepted to the new membership of our clubs.

There is climbing enough for all. I'm not a veteran but I can recall the time when the Ennerdale Pillar, the Scafell Pinnacle, and the Napes Needle were practically the whole climbing area. North Wales, Scotland and Skye had scarcely been heard of. The early school (I will not mention names, which are still famous), quickly broadened the basis, and even since the formation of our Fell and Rock Club the fine climbs on Gimmer Crag have been worked out, and a plethora of new courses on the face of Scafell, on the Napes, Doe Crag and the Pillar have been explored, while Buttermere as a first-rate climbing centre belongs to the credit of our pioneers. Yet twenty years ago, records, books and journals proved abundantly that rock-climbing in Cumbria had reached its zenith. Henceforth only fancy climbs of doubtful utility would be expected. The Fell and Rock Club by its keen and skilful climbers showed that new courses of every degree of difficulty were obtainable, and it is my sincere opinion (whatever that may be worth) that twenty years hence our crags will still present possibilities within the limit of justifiable danger.

While the limit of rock-climbing and fell-walking may be difficult to reach, the limit of accommodation for climbers and their friends may soon be touched. At New Year and Easter, Wasdale, Langdale, Borrowdale and Buttermere have not seldom been full, and the bracken barn has been the lot of many a late, weary and improvident one. This sort of thing is going to happen regularly, unless—well, there can't be more climbers in the same number of rooms. The mammoth gatherings at Coniston each November—in pre-war times—are but a foretaste of the future. It is not my part to suggest a

policy, but I've been close enough to the Coniston "Dinner Committee" to gauge the amount of work which will have to be done practically every month or whenever and wherever a "Meet" is announced. The clubs will have to consider carefully the new situation in drawing up their programme. I don't look on any committee as responsible for my personal comfort during a meet—but I've noticed that others do. It is sheer ingratitude to the committee to look upon them for food and lodging and transport in the wilds of Langdale or Borrowdale, yet it's done now, and may be done to a greater degree in the future. Whether camping will be the handmaid of climbing in the future remains to be seen.

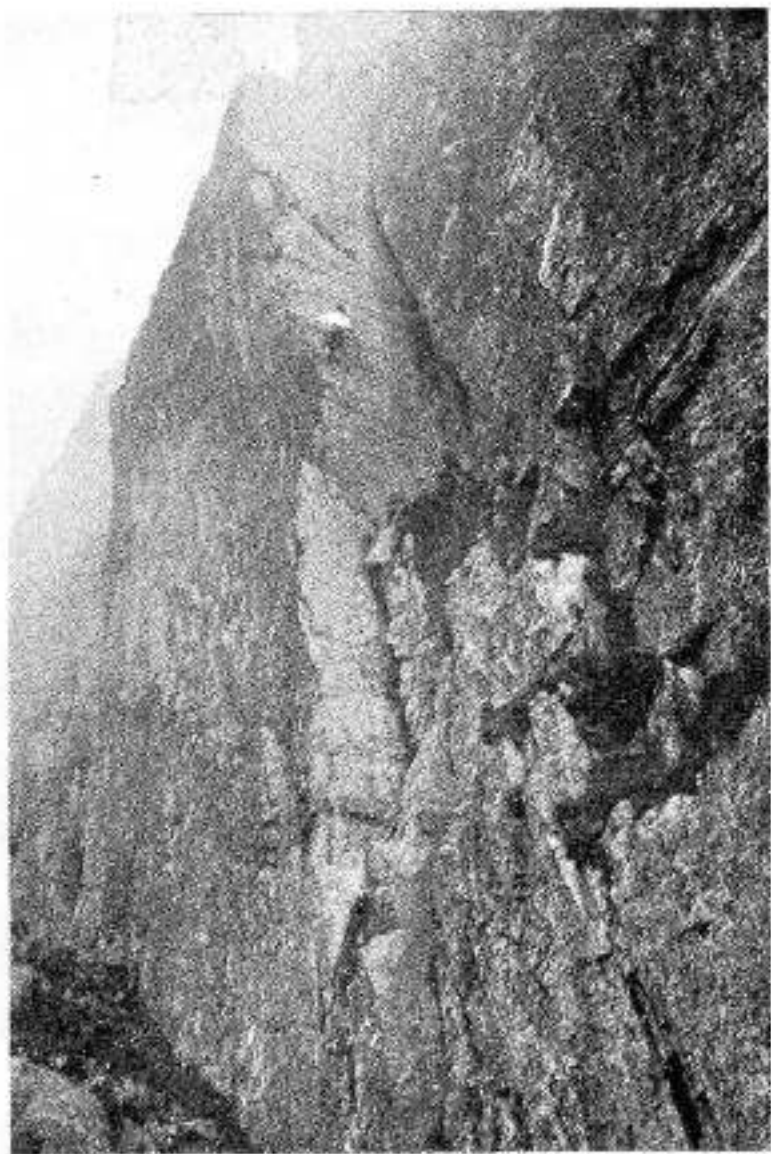
As regards the future of rock-climbing methods, progress is certainly to be expected, even toward the primitive. The looped rope in descent, the threaded exit from beneath a jammed boulder, are discouraged wherever they are not essential to success. A "clean ascent" debars such aid. My editorship has been freely blamed for encouraging by publication of their explorations, the barefooted fraternity, to whom is due the conquest of slabs, traverses and climbs impossible in nailed boots. It behoves me to say little in reply: a friendly critic has since lent his imprimatus to a climb which owing to bad rock is infinitely more dangerous than say the Flake climb on Scafell! My defence is in the success and expansion of such climbing which opened up the Girdle Traverse of Scafell, and which moreover, is impossible to any but men with a sound knowledge of rock-craft. The new style is a higher-grade education, if you will, and not mere dare-devilry. That danger lurks on every crag and stone-slope is self-evident, but the conqueror of difficult courses, of ultra-difficult courses, of barefoot courses, is responsible always for maintaining a due margin of safety. In rock-climbing manuals and articles there is almost superabundance of sound, solid information on the remotest

Cumbrian climb at any rate. The knowledge of climbers, and of their manuals, has expanded with the years. Time was when the big run-out on the outside course of the Eagle's Nest arete (Great Gable), was considered the limit of safe tactics—even within the realm of the unjustifiable. It is still a very exposed, exhausting and serious piece of rock-craft, and its conquest is a mark of the expert, but the old horror has departed.

In writing the above I am strongly aware of the great responsibility which the editor of any up-to-date climbing journal bears in case of a disaster on a newly-described route. That accidents do occur is admitted: that trained climbers have passed by scores where others fell is surely proof that certain great rock-courses are not dangerous and unjustifiable. To my mind the great bulk of accidents are due either to ignorance or what is worse, wrongheadedness. Climbers have accurate manuals but if their advice is rejected, flouted, despised—can authors or editors be held to blame. But the question has a bearing on the future. In regard to the new hordes which Victory will let loose upon the fells, the position is just as responsible and much wider.

In future our climbing clubs will be compelled to keep direct touch with the novices, to see that ropes and other equipment is sound (but in no case to provide such tackle), to arrange training climbs so that a good style and sense of safety is obtained, and to rule with a rod of iron any one, new or old to the craft, who breaks the sound rule of safety in short-cutting climbing education to a dangerous degree. As regards senior members, the clubs will ask for some little self-sacrifice at times so that danger may be eliminated. And from one and all must come the spirit of true brotherhood, which in the past has made mountain-craft a real help to each and all of us.





*Photo. by*

**BOTTERILL'S SLAB, SCAPELL.**

*A. S. King.*