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Fell and Rock Climbing Club
OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

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RULES.

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

2.—The affairs of the Club shall be managed by a Committee consisting of a President, two Vice-Presidents, an Honorary Editor, an Honorary Treasurer, an Honorary Librarian, an Honorary Secretary, and seven Ordinary Members, with power to add to their number. 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 10/- per annum plus an entrance fee of 10/-. Subscriptions shall be due on the first of November in each year. Members may become life members upon payment of one subscription of seven 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 October of each year, or at such other time as the Committee may determine. A copy of the Balance Sheet made up to September 30th, 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 4/- net, and is sent out gratis and post free to all members *who have paid the annual subscription for the past year ending October 31st.*



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GIRDLING THE NEEDLE, GREAT GABLE,

MORE NEW CLIMBS AROUND WASDALE.

By H. M. KELLY.

The success which attended the efforts of Holland, Crawford and myself in 1919 to find new climbs in the Wasdale district, and which provided the matter for Holland's article in No. 13 of the "Journal," decided us on the venue of our chief holiday for 1920.

Crawford, however, who had gone back to the East, was after bigger game, no less than Kangchenjunga itself. Probably by now he will consider, like most others who subsequently visit the higher mountains of other countries, that our search for 300-foot rock climbs is mere trifling with mountaineering. We will not enter into any comparisons on the subject, except to say that we feel sure there is at least one thing which the bigger mountains of the earth, although they may be superior and more attractive in many other ways, do not offer in as full a measure as those of our Homeland, and that is—Intimacy. This is naturally so, for the opportunities of knowing our own hills are greater, because they are more accessible, and by reason of their very accessibility we visit them more and more, and in consequence there springs up a mutual responsiveness between the mountains and ourselves. One of the ways in which this manifests itself is in the discovery of new climbs, and that is why we venture to think there is even a greater intimacy between the rock-climber and the mountain than there is between the fell-walker and his hills. Surely Scafell is more intimate to the man who has rested, for instance, by Hopkinson's Cairn, on his way to the summit, than to him who only travels to the same destination via the slopes of Burnmoor? The pedestrian walks across Hollow

Stones to Mickledoor, and glances at the façade of the mighty temple on his right, whilst the cragsman coming along not only gazes in wonder and amazement at the majesty of the pile before him, but takes his courage in both hands, and enters the very portals themselves; and the inner secrets of the hills are unfolded to him as he scales the cliff: the crannies and the narrow ledges—once the sanctuary of birds alone—become the sanctuary of man.

While we could not but deplore Crawford's absence, our party was very strong indeed, being composed of Bower, Pritchard, Holland (of course), and others; but I need not mention names—a note of the first ascents, with their participants, having already appeared in the last number of the "Journal" under "Climbs, Old and New." The reader will find, however, on referring to those Notes, that we did not wait for the summer holiday before commencing our exploration; for we started as early as Whit-week, when the climbs Upper Deep Ghyll Buttress; Central Route, Deep Ghyll Slabs, were worked out, and the first ascents practically made, although we gave the succeeding September as the date of the actual first ascent in each case.

It is interesting to contemplate that at least half of our climbs were discovered in a casual (one might almost say accidental) fashion, whereas one might think the majority were first done by laborious surveying of the rock faces. Especially is the former the case in more recent times, for naturally two or three ascents of an existing route make one acquainted with the surroundings of that climb, and, by observation—there is plenty of time for observation in rock-climbing,—one can locate rest-places which, if only linked up, would provide pitches for a new climb. The two climbs in Deep Ghyll I have just referred to are good examples of how new climbs are discovered in this way—which, of course, does not mean that no thought is required in working out the routes.

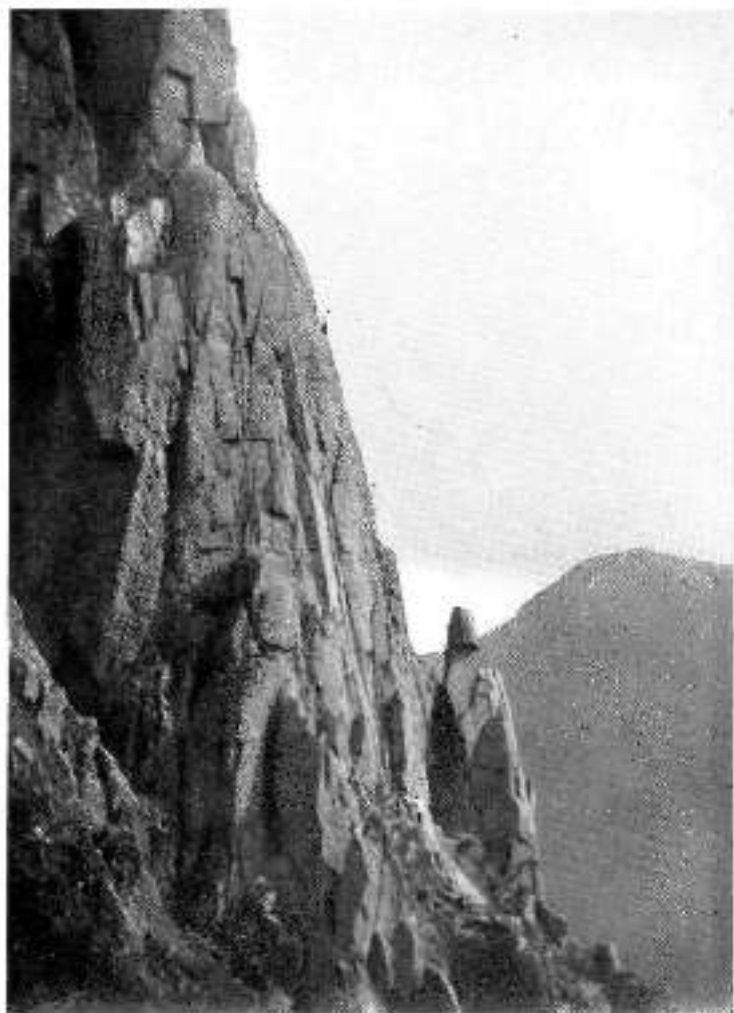
The day (Whit-Saturday) was very wet. The party which foregathered in Deep Ghyll was so large that it split up:

Miss D. E. Pilley, Morley Wood and myself decided on Jones's route to Low Man, while Mrs. Kelly and Miss L. Dutton went off to Slingsby's Chimney. We had ascended our climb, and were descending Jones' and Collier's: in between whiles I looked around, and saw some rock that I had not specially noticed before in my climbing hereabouts. Without particularly thinking of looking for a new climb, I went up a rather shallow slab for some distance, and looked down to the "blocks" on Jones' and Collier's, when the thought suddenly flashed across my mind: "Why not a central route up the slabs?" I broached this to my companions, and we decided to explore the face from the "blocks," and if this upper section was made to go then to endeavour to find a route to the "blocks" from the bed of the ghyll. I will not give at this juncture an account of our efforts, as a description of the climb is given later on in the article, but we successfully reached the summit of the High Man, and paved the way for the real first ascent later in the year; the only thing to mar it as a first ascent being the fact that I had to ask Morley Wood for help at the niche, and he kindly made a detour, got above me, and lowered a rope for the three or four remaining feet of the pitch.

The previous Sunday, Bower, Pritchard, and I, were on Herford's Slab Climb in Deep Ghyll. We had reached the large terrace, which is the finish of the severe first pitch, and looked around for the succeeding rock of the same calibre. We were unaware that all serious climbing had previously finished at this point. Immediately opposite to us was a magnificent wall of rock, which, of course, we attacked. It proved invulnerable at its lower extremity, however, despite the fact that one of us reached a point high up by a grassy corner and threw a rope down to give some assistance to the attacker. We then ceased our efforts and finished out by what we afterwards learned was the real finish to Herford's route. Our curiosity, however, being aroused, when we got to the summit rocks we made a way

to the top of the wall, and discovered that this wall flanked an attractive-looking buttress. We then went round into the ghyll, and found that we could traverse out from its steep bed on to the buttress at two different points; the first place proving afterwards to be the finish of the Fourth Pitch, and the other ledge leading us to the top of the Second Pitch. We did a little more exploration from the latter point, and, in fact, climbed the buttress from here throughout. We now had to link up the lower part of the buttress, and this was soon done by a deep chimney commencing from the bed of the ghyll. This chimney, being of no great quality, either in texture or from the climbing point of view, did not please us, and we longingly looked at the more forbidding steep rocks on its immediate right, and which we felt would take us up a more entertaining way to the ledge, if climbable. Our surmise proved correct, as we then did it on the rope, and led the pitch later on in the year.

Of course, it is still possible, even in these days, to be a "rock purist," which someone has defined as "a person who goes straight to the foot of a cliff, and, without previous exploration, makes a new route up it." Good examples of this are Routes I. and II., and the West Wall Climb, all on Pillar, and reported in the last "Journal" but one. Pritchard and I achieved this distinction on the Sabre Ridge. It was really a fluke, as at the time we thought we were doing Scimitar Ridge, and only learned a day later that we had been in Eagle's Nest Gully instead of the Arrowhead Branch Gully, which mistake was very inexcusable, at least on my part, as I had plainly hinted in a contemporary "Journal" that I knew all about Scimitar Ridge, by saying "It could be seen from the distance of Burnthwaite Farm!" However, we had a neat little climb to our credit, which more than counteracted the laugh against us. Another day, Holland, Pritchard, and I, only just missed the honour of being "purists." We went off to the Pillar to make a second ascent of the West Wall Climb, Low Man. This climb was



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THE EAGLE'S NEST - DIRECT ROUTE
GREAT GABLE

an agreeable surprise to us, for Crawford had treated it with so much levity in 1919 that our ideas of it then were decidedly modest, and Holland, in his article, dismissed it in a few words, thus: "The joys of exploration may also be tested by making a way to the Low Man Pillar from above the Waterfall—here the route can be taken in a number of ways." This, I feel sure, he does not agree with now. So pleasing was the taste in our mouths that we immediately descended the same climb, and decided to explore the cliff to the left, and worked out a route ultimately to be known as the Nook and Wall Climb. All went well until we reached the exposed stance at the end of the second rock staircase. The position here is very sensational, and many futile attempts were made to get higher by the groove above the stance: a subsequent descent on the rope showed it to be almost impossible, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether one could overcome the appalling difficulties which this groove presents. We also "looked at"—a phrase significant of much in rock-climbing circles—the wall round a corner to the right (now the solution to the problem, but first explored from above on the rope), and as this seemed hopeless we turned back defeated when within a few feet of victory. As we retraced our steps, we attempted to find a finish to the climb by essaying an exposed mossy wall to the left from the Second Nook without avail. The descent was full of interest, and impressed on our minds the route for our subsequent successful attack on the climb.

One can truthfully say (and by saying it only repeat what has been said before) that it is the safest thing first to carry out exploration by descent, as then the rope is always above, and consequently more useful should anything untoward happen. I have it in mind some day to explore the cliff to the right of and about the West Wall Climb, Deep Ghyll. Many a time have I looked across the ghyll at this face when on the Pinnacle, and obviously, this is a place to investigate from above. There appear to be plenty of ledges, but they are mostly sloping, with poised blocks resting on

them, and loose rock scattered about. One big chap I can see now apparently ready to slide off on top of one, if grasped from below. Maybe closer inspection will prove this to be a delusion, but I would prefer to make his acquaintance first from above.

Danger not only lurks in the large stuff, it can be found in small flake holds. We had an experience of this kind when making one of our many unsuccessful attacks on the Tophet Wall. The situation was a 15-foot wall above a narrow grass ledge, on which the second man was standing without a belay. The holds on the face were of very small dimensions (not more than an inch wide), either flat or sloping outward. The leader had managed to ascend to within three feet of the top of the wall, and had secured a hold for the left hand, fortunately, rather more incut than the others; he reached up with his right hand, and tested an apparently good flake hold which withstood considerable downward pressure. As the next move was doubtful, he retired a step; on advancing again, the hold failed entirely, the climber found himself with a small flake of rock in his hand! No time was lost in clapping the hold back until a better position enabled him to pull it off again and throw it away. I feel sure it would have been more comforting for the leader to have discovered this doubtful hold from above instead of below.

Mention of Tophet Wall recalls our frequent visits to Great Hell Gate. Our previous success with the Tophet Bastion Climb made our thoughts turn in this direction when seeking "fresh woods and pastures new." We paid no less than five visits to the neighbourhood, the net result being two climbs in embryo, and more ascents of the "Bastion" climb than we had counted upon, for after our defeats on the "Wall" we turned to this as the nearest thing climbable.

Of the two potential climbs (we have already chosen names for them, by the way), Tophet Wall would appear to be the finer. This wall is on the left-hand side of the Gate, and is the most impressive face of rock in the neighbourhood. The



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TOUHET BASTION, GREAT GABLE.

route mapped out started on grass ledges above a sloping terrace, went straight up for about 20 feet to the top of an incipient flake, took a diagonal line up to the right, then up the wall which provided the exploit referred to earlier on, a short traverse along the top of this to the left, and then diagonally to the right, dodging frowning overhangs to the skyline. Tophet Ridge is higher up the scree on the corner of the back way to the Napes, with Hell Gate Pillar across the way. It is a true ridge climb, and meets Tophet Wall near the summit rocks.

We attacked these "climbs" from almost every angle—below, above, right, and even left, in the case of Tophet Ridge. Perhaps the cold and windy weather militated against our success. We were especially unfortunate with the latter "climb," as we only required to get over an abominable bulge, a matter of not more than 12 feet to be linked up, and success would have been ours. Even a shoulder (perish the thought!) would have been tolerated if it would have enabled us to solve the problem. However, these things are there to attract us again to Wasdale, and still keep it fresh for us.

In this article I have adopted the foregoing style so far in order that when describing the new climbs I could, having already mentioned incidental matter and experiences connected with the new climbs, make my description of them terse, lucid (I hope), and confined solely to the technical aspect of the climbs. I thought this would be much the best thing for those anxious to do the climbs, so that they could "run as they read," and not be troubled in any way with incidents which do not have the same interest, and only make the route more difficult to follow when reading its description. For others who prefer the padding, well, they have already got it, without any wearisome technicalities.

SLAB CLIMB, LOWER KERN KNOTTS.

DESCRIPTION.—About 30 feet long. Severe. Situation, right of crack. One or two pitches, as desired.

The first problem is a severe overhang, which is best overcome slightly to the left. The succeeding slab has a very high step upon it, the holds being of a very minute quality. It is possible for the leader to be held from the chockstone in the crack whilst he tackles the slab.

SABRE RIDGE, GREAT GABLE.

DESCRIPTION.—About 100 feet long. Very difficult. Situation : Splits Eagle's Nest Gully well above a huge chockstone, and finishes on the Great Napes Ridge.

FIRST PITCH. 40 feet. Commences at the foot of the ridge. Steep rocks, succeeded by a severe groove.

SECOND PITCH. 30 feet. Avoid grassy corner on the right for arête on the left—exposed for first few feet.

THIRD PITCH. 30 feet. Easy rocks.

UPPER DEEP GHYLL BUTTRESS, SCAFELL.

DESCRIPTION.—230 feet long. Severe. Situation : Last buttress on the right going up, and at the top of the ghyll.

FIRST PITCH. 50 feet. Starts on the right of a very deep chimney. This chimney provides an easy alternative up to the good ledge at the end of the second pitch. Overhanging rocks, doubtful in places, are ascended for a few feet, following which a traverse is made to the right on to and up a slab to a rather poor stance with a small notch belay.

SECOND PITCH. 30 feet. Severe and exposed for about the first 12 feet. A V chimney immediately to the left of the stance is climbed until a way out on the left can be found. This is past a doubtful looking but secure block, after which a good ledge is reached, with a splendid belay. A lot of loose stuff was sent down from above the V chimney when we first explored the climb, so that now one can have very little fear, if any, of the quality of the rock thereabouts.

THIRD PITCH. 15 feet. At the same level an easy traverse round the corner on the right leads to a rock ledge on the face of a steep wall.

FOURTH PITCH. 25 feet. Belay can be found by using a big block on the right, on which it is possible for the second man to climb. The wall is ascended on the right by the aid of a thin diagonal crack (an unsuccessful attempt has been made to force it on the left). This ends in a rock glacis under an overhang; the climber's movements are somewhat interfered with by the overhang, but the pitch finishes on a good ledge.

FIFTH PITCH. 60 feet. A "holdless" slab is climbed on its left-hand side, and a move to the right made as soon as possible, whence the ascent will be found much easier, and ends in a narrow stone shoot.

SIXTH PITCH. 30 feet. The stone shoot runs to the top of the buttress. Cairn.

GENERAL REMARKS.—It is feasible to do the first two pitches in one, but as this entails such a long run out, and exposed climbing, we divided it into two sections. It would be as well to bear in mind that the stance with the notch belay is very poor indeed, and the method we adopted was for the second man to lead to this, thus avoiding the changing of positions necessary at this point if the leader of the climb had gone up to it first.

CENTRAL ROUTE, DEEP GHYLL SLABS, SCAFELL.

DESCRIPTION.—Over 250 feet long. Third pitch severe and exposed, the rest very difficult. Starts about ten feet to the left of the commencement of Woodhead's and Jones' and Collier's routes.

FIRST PITCH. 30 feet. The pitch is in the form of a zig zag. An awkward pull up followed by a movement to the left, until overhanging rocks force one up a short slab to the right; then climb out above the overhang on to Jones' and Collier's Climb.

SECOND PITCH. 40 feet. Follow the latter climb to the "Blocks."

THIRD PITCH. 40 feet exposed. Route takes a step or two to the left, then trends upward to the right on

sloping holds. A small niche is entered with considerable difficulty, the pitch finishing above and to the left of this. It is useful to know that a good handhold can be found by utilising the top of the block which forms the roof of the niche.

FOURTH PITCH. 40 feet. The route now goes to the right, either up a narrow slab (easy angle), or the face, which is preferable, and finishes at a cairned ledge near the final section of "Woodhead's" old route.

FIFTH PITCH. 60 feet. Steep slabs (small holds far apart), avoiding the easier route on the left. This pitch is very entertaining, and the climb finishes within a few feet from the summit of the pinnacle.

GENERAL REMARKS.—It is annoying that such a fine climb as this should be dependent on another for a part of its route. We endeavoured to find a way more direct to the "Blocks" in order to avoid trespassing on Jones' and Collier's Climb, and descended the magnificent rock face for more than fifty feet, when we were stopped within twelve feet of the bed of the ghyll by the undercut base of the cliff. The last few feet were also tried from below but they proved hopeless,—a few deep incut holds are necessary to overcome such a bulge of rock.

WEST WALL CLIMB, LOW MAN, PILLAR.

DESCRIPTION.—Just over 200 feet. Very difficult. Short pitches and splendid belays. Situation: Starts about the same height as and within 40 feet from the top of the waterfall.

FIRST PITCH. 10 feet. Easy mantelshelf, leading to a grass ledge.

SECOND PITCH. 20 feet. A V-shaped chimney marked by a small heap of stones at its foot. There is a good belay on the left of it at the finish.

THIRD PITCH. 20 feet. Steep rocks straight ahead end on a sloping ledge. A good belay is to be found rather high up on the left.



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From by W. H. Johnson

NEW ROUTES ON PILLAR

FOURTH PITCH.— 30 feet. A short traverse to the right, then steep rocks leading to a rock glacis. Small belay in corner.

FIFTH PITCH. 20 feet. A crack on the right wall leads to a good ledge. No belay.

SIXTH PITCH. 40 feet. An upward traverse to the left finishes at a pile of blocks. Splendid belay.

SEVENTH PITCH. 35 feet. The blocks are climbed en face to the left. Good belay.

EIGHTH PITCH. 35 feet. A short exposed groove above is followed by easier rocks, which lead to near the top of Low Man. The finish was cairned.

GENERAL REMARKS.—This climb was first done in 1919, and the name given as West Face of Low Man, Pillar. (See p. 79, vol. 5, No. 1.)

NOOK AND WALL CLIMB, LOW MAN, PILLAR.

DESCRIPTION. Nearly 300 feet long. Very difficult for the most part, with one very severe and exposed pitch. Situation ; to the left, and lower down than the West Wall Climb. Starts at a grass ledge, and is cairned.

FIRST PITCH. 50 feet. Ascend to the right for a few feet on to a sloping ledge, then swing into easy chimney on the left, finishing at a grassy terrace.

SECOND PITCH. 50 feet. A rock staircase on the left leads to steep rocks. Ascend for a few feet, then traverse to the right to a grassy corner.

THIRD PITCH. 25 feet. Rib ahead leads to a grass shelf. Splendid belay. Immediately to the left is the First Nook.

FOURTH PITCH. 45 feet. The rectangular corner is now climbed to a rock ledge, traverse to left, along a flake, then up to Second Nook. This situation can also be identified by the Moss Wall on the left.

FIFTH PITCH. 20 feet. A rock staircase leads to Bad Corner (identified by "impossible" groove ahead). Stance very exposed, with no belay to speak of.

SIXTH PITCH. 60 feet. Severe and exposed. Move one step down to the right with a slight swing, then pull up on a good handhold (kind of small flake) until a quartz hold can be reached to attain a standing position. Move now to the right, then ascend first by bridging corner until near the top of the wall, when the wall itself can be climbed. A rock glacis is now reached, and this ends with a grassy ledge, where will be found a tremendous belay.

SEVENTH PITCH. 30 feet. A short easy chimney finishes on a grassy terrace (cairned) within sight of summit cairn of North West Climb.

Of the climbs described, the " West Wall " is a good all-round climb, and a remarkable discovery, insomuch that it is not a severe one, and one expects all new climbs nowadays to be of the " first order of desperation," to borrow a phrase from Holland. The " Nook and Wall " is perhaps not so interesting, although its fourth pitch is a surprise, and the sixth an amazing solution to an apparent impasse. The Slab Climb, Lower Kern Knotts, is a mere bagatelle ; perhaps one would not have mentioned it if the neighbouring crack had not also been recorded. If climbers have to do Eagle's Nest Gully at some time or other in their lives, they might as well tick off Sabre Ridge at the same time ; it will make the gully finish much more interesting. Perhaps the palm should be given to Upper Deep Ghyll Buttress, the lower half being of sterling quality. The Central Route, Deep Ghyll Slabs, just fails to reach the sublime, and would be easily comparable to Woodhead's route (Herford's finish), if the first section is made to go. It is a better climb than " Jones' and Collier's," and has no weak spots about it like the latter, with its uninteresting finish for example.

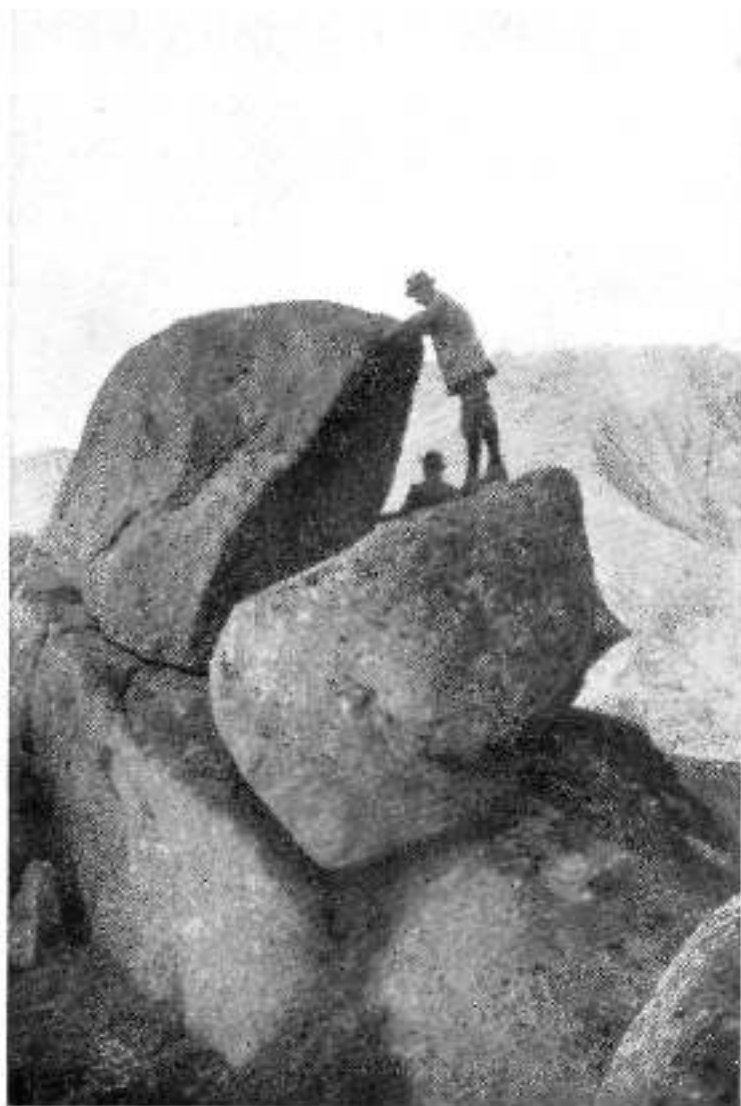


Photo by H. MacRobert

SUMMIT BOULDER OF A CHIEF.

A DAY ON THE ARRAN HILLS.

By DORA BENSON.

There
The sunshine in the happy glens is fair,
And by the sea, and in the brakes
The grass is cool, the seaside air
Buoyant and fresh.

September—mellow, crisp, and golden ; the still fresh green of the trees giving place here and there to touches of sunny yellow or glowing dashes of varying carmine ; softly swaying pines and larches, redolent in the sweet morning air, the wind making gentle music in their branches, and, as we swing along the road, ever and anon disclosing graceful peak and frowning crag between their feathery foliage.

Emerging on to more open ground, Goatfell rises before us across the Park of Brodick Castle, its graceful cone and well-timbered lower slopes displayed from base to summit, while away to the left and more distant, the precipitous horn of Ben Nuis and the frowning crags of Ben Tarsuinn tower over Glen Rosa.

Passing on our left the Established Church, a plain building, we turn along the lane leading to Glen Rosa, past picturesque white cottages, nestling in sheltered nooks backed by fir-clad heights, then across fields of emerald green where graze mild-eyed Ayrshire cattle, till we come to the last house we shall see for many and many a mile.

Here the lower part of Glen Rosa, called Glen Shant (the Glen of Enchantment), opens before us. Steep slopes, some rich with purple heather, others clothed with green and golden bracken hem in the glen on either side, while away in front the white waters of the Garbh Allt foam down the mountain side to join the Rosa burn. Moraine heaps, telling their story of ancient glaciers, abound.

What is that glint of ruddy chestnut among the fern ? Stately antlered heads, with timid eyes, gaze at us, and graceful forms vanish swiftly at our approach. But, less than a month hence, beware those same timid creatures which now fly before you, for the natives tell of many a narrow escape of human life from the stags, fierce and fearless in the month of their battles.

Now a bend in the glen displays Cir Mhor (the Great Comb) at its head ; wild, rugged, and perfect in symmetry, and over the col between it and the slopes of Goatfell rises the weird peak of the Carlin's Leap, with its savage gap below, legendary haunt of warlock and malignant hag.

Crossing the bridge over the Garbh Allt, we climb the steep slopes on its left bank, leaving the craggy ridge of Ben a Chliabhain on our right, till we come to the boggy tract of moorland which we must traverse in order to reach Ben Nuis, whose fine crest, and the rugged precipices of Ben Tarsuinn face us. After a weary trudge through marsh, we gain with relief the firm turf on the shoulder of our first peak, and what a view begins to open out and reward us for our toil ! Grouped together, savage yet elegant, rugged yet graceful, the lone peaks of the Arran Hills stand in all their glory. Goatfell, the monarch of them all, yet inferior in charm to Cir Mohr for the true mountaineer. Higher and higher we ascend till we stand on the summit of Ben Nuis, and halt to view the prospect of mountain, sea, and island.

Away to the north stretches Loch Fyne and beyond, the giant Bens of the Highlands raise their majestic heads, Ben Cruachan with its double summit being unmistakable, and, further north, still, the massive square top of Ben Nevis. To the west sparkle the azure waters of the sound of Kilbrannan, and beyond the graceful hills of Kintyre, the stately mountains of Jura rise in lone splendour across the sunlit waters of the gleaming Atlantic. Further away, to the south-west, is Ireland, and, near at hand, to the eastward, the Firth of Clyde, beyond which gently rises the Ayrshire hills, stretching away till the blue distance loses itself in the



Photo by H. MacRobert.

LOOKING TOWARDS GLE MICHOR AND THE SADDLE FROM BEN NETS.



Photo by E. M. Corner

BEN TASSIENN, ACHIR and COTTE DAINGRAN.

remoteness of the Galloway mountains, dear to all lovers of Crockett's romances.

At our feet lies lonely Glen Iorsa, while Loch Tanna gleams like a sheet of silver on the moorland beyond, backed by the gently rounded outlines of the most westerly range of the Arran hills. But we have still far to go, and must not delay nor linger on the beauty of the scene.

Our way lies along the ridge of Ben Tarsuinn, and through gaps in its rocky crest we get fine peeps into the gaping corrie below. Then, the summit passed, we race down the steep slopes to the Bealach an Fhir Bogha (the Bowman's Pass), and reach the beginning of the famous A Chir ridge. Great slabs of granite slope away precipitously down to Glen Iorsa, and on our right vertical cliffs descend to Coire Daingean in savage grandeur. Along the ridge we scramble till we reach the summit boulder. Here we pause to admire our surroundings in the heart of the finest scenery in Arran. All around are great rocks and precipices; in front Cir Mhor towers grand and shapely, the Rosa Pinnacle facing us with its yet unconquered and seemingly unconquerable southern bastion, to the left of Cir Mhor the Peaks of the Castles, with their great rocky towers, rise grandly, and across Glen Rosa Goatfell sends down its most impregnable slope.

It is hard to tear ourselves away, but the most difficult part of our ridge lies yet before us. Narrower grows the crest till, further direct progress being impossible, we clamber down a rocky wall, traverse a ledge, squeeze down a little chimney, and the "mauvais pas" is past. A little more scrambling—genuine hand and foot work—and we reach the col between A Chir and Cir Mhor. Here Cir Mhor sends down its easiest slope, and we ascend by a little track to the summit, and there stop to rest and survey the grand ridges over which our way has lain. Below us fine precipices descend into Glen Rosa and Glen Sannox, whose rushing torrents wind in rocky beds away to the sea, now foaming over a waterfall, now stilly, forming deep, green pools.

Across the corrie to the north the Carlin's Leap frowns, and beyond Glen Rosa over the intervening hills rises the cone of Holy Island.

Again, we must not stay, and down we go towards the Saddle which forms the watershed between Glen Rosa and Glen Sannox, first over craggy declivities, then by steep grass slopes, avoiding the great slabs of granite, slippery and treacherous, which form part of our mountain side.

Arriving at the Saddle, we decide on a return by Glen Sannox, and down the rocky, heathery slopes we trudge, giving many an admiring backward glance at Cir Mhor, which presents its grandest precipice to this glen, while the Carlin's Leap and the Peaks of the Castles vie with each other in stern grandeur. On the slopes above us on our right a huge boulder, crowned by a small cairn, marks the spot of the now almost forgotten Arran murder. Along the glen we hurry, for the evening is drawing in and the sun, sinking behind the mountain tops, casts long shadows, and the light begins to fade in the dark corries, shut in from the west by crags and walls of rock. At the end of the glen we turn and gaze at the enchanted land through which our steps have strayed all day. In the hollows all is deep shadow, but the mountain peaks are still aglow, each pinnacle and ridge clear cut against a sky of rose and gold, while on the summit of Cir Mhor, exquisite in outline, majestic in silence, lingers the last ray of sunlight.



GLEEN BANNON

Photo by H. MacDermot

CLIMBS IN BIRKNES COMBE.

By A. C. PIGOU.

I have been asked by the Editor to write a short account of the principal climbs in Birkness Combe, above Buttermere. Many of these were, so far as I know, first made by parties staying in my house, and the dates of their invention are taken from the records in my visitors' book. I shall begin with the conspicuous lump of rock on High Craggs that faces Gatesgarth, and proceed round the combe from left to right. It would be amusing and strenuous to go through the whole of this list of climbs on a single day.

In the lump of rock on High Craggs, there is a well-marked gully coming down to the old wall. This gully itself is not a climb, except in icy conditions, but at a little distance to the left of it (looking up), above some grass ledges, there is a sharply-cut chimney some 80 feet high, known as the "Gatesgarth Chimney." In the lower part of the chimney there is a large chockstone, not altogether easy to surmount. At the top of the chimney it is possible to continue the climb up a wall on the right and so on to easy ground. The first ascent was led by G. W. Young in 1913. The climb is moderately difficult. There are also various ways of ascending the buttress on the right (looking up).

From the top of the Gatesgarth Chimney, a downward heathery traverse to the right leads to the foot of a short, sharply-defined ridge known as the "Epaulette." To get on to the ridge a sloping crack, now well-marked by nails, is used. From this point it is possible to climb the ridge straight up, but this is difficult, at all events in boots, without some help from below. There are several ways of avoiding the two awkward places. At the top it is easy either to continue upwards by a grassy chimney on the left, or to

descend to the right. This climb, too, was first led by G. W. Young in 1913.

Proceeding at about the same level towards the right one comes to the foot of a large mass of rock known as "Sheepbone Buttress," first ascended by C. A. Elliott. There is a short chimney after more grass, a traverse, and, thereafter, various ways of proceeding upwards. If one follows the line of least resistance, this is an easy climb, but there are a number of more difficult variants, some of which have still to be explored.

After the "Sheepbone Buttress" the next obstacle is a short piece of rock known as the "Matron's Nose," which it is easy to descend on the way towards Eagle Crag. On this crag the Birkness Gully and Birkness Chimney are well-known climbs, the gully being a good deal harder, and the chimney somewhat less hard, than some accounts suggest. Last Easter, on a windy day, a new danger revealed itself in the chimney in the form of stones spontaneously falling from above. It is possible, though not very satisfactory, to traverse up the cliff from near the foot of the chimney towards the left. It should be possible, if one were brave enough, to make a climb from the lowest point of the cliff, where it juts out into the combe, straight up the face. Various explorations have been attempted here, but the holds slope in the wrong direction, and nobody, so far as I know, has yet succeeded in getting up. The long central chimney has, however, I believe, been climbed by Raeburn.

The rocks next beyond Eagle Crag afford some rather messy scrambling, but the next good climb is the sharply-defined ridge at the further side of these rocks flanking an obvious gully. This is known as the "Barndoor Ridge." It is easy, but amusing, and gives opportunity at the top for a terror-inspiring photograph.

Further on, proceeding upwards and to the right, there is a curious patch of clean rock the "Corner Buttress," or "Great Mole." This rock is perhaps 120 feet high. In places the holds are not large, but the angle is low. In

rubber soles the climb is a walk, but in boots it is not so easy.

At this point, the tourist may be supposed ready for lunch, to satisfy which end I shall now require him to descend to the foot of the lowest lump of rocks on the right-hand side of the combe (looking up). This lump is known as the "Harrow Buttress," and is easily ascended. From the top of it we pass to the foot of the next lump, "The Mitre." There are a great number of ways of climbing this; one of which has been scaled by a small girl aged three years and two months. The original route, made by C. A. Elliott in 1912, keeps up easy ground towards the left, follows an ingenious outward traverse, and winds up with an easy chimney. The hardest route starts straight up the wall, where there are now scratches. It traverses towards the sky-line ridge, and then proceeds steeply up this to a broad platform. From here the natural way is to continue up the ridge, which now becomes easy. A harder way is to go up the wall to the left of the ridge, and finish up a short chimney. The "Mitre Direct," as we have called the route I have been describing, is airy, and might be classed as difficult.

From the top of the "Mitre," one descends by a gully, which may be quite awkward in icy conditions, to the bottom of a fine face of slabs. These provide a course that has been christened the "Chockstone Buttress." After a traverse from near the bottom of the slabs to a conspicuous projection, to reach which one long step is needed, the climb goes straight up on admirable rock, finishing with a 50-foot corner. There is no great difficulty, but the situations are exposed and attractive. It is possible to avoid the first part of the climb by traversing on to it from the gully between it and the next lump of rock; but this is much less pleasant. A more difficult route might perhaps be made by attacking the slabs a little lower down; but this has not been done, so far as I know, by anybody leading the climb. The first ascent of the present direct route was led by J. H. Clapham in 1914. To the right of the Chockstone Ridge (looking

up), there is another short ridge, discovered, I believe, by some members of the Club, which, if followed faithfully along the skyline, affords a good scramble. Immediately below the start of the "Chockstone Buttress," on the other side of the gully just referred to, the "Chockstone Ridge" begins. This is easily climbed direct, the finish being made up a scoop to the right of the ridge. An alternative way is to traverse across to the right at the earliest point where this is possible, and then proceed upwards from a curious exposed platform to which the traverse leads. The first few steps above the platform are harder than anything on the ordinary route.

Above the top of the rocks of the "Chockstone Buttress" and "Chockstone Ridge" there is a wall containing several entertaining, if easy, chimneys. At the extreme left-hand edge of this wall is the "Oxford and Cambridge Buttress," first led direct by H. V. Reade. Several indirect ways of climbing this piece of rock are moderately easy, but Reade's route straight up the edge contains near the top a short but severe passage, which ordinary people will prefer to lead only in "gym." shoes on a calm day. There is a large concealed hold at the top of the difficulty, a knowledge of which is comforting, and the lack of knowledge of which made Reade's first ascent a very different affair from later ascents by his successors.

When my hypothetical tourist has completed the journeys I have been describing and stands upon the summit of the last climb, he may find a restful descent by proceeding past Red Pike to Scale Force, and so home, or, if he feels that honour is already satisfied, by walking down the High Stile ridge direct to Buttermere.



Photo by A. W. Forsgren

SUNBURST LAKE.
MOUNTS A-HISLORINE AND MAGAG

A CANADIAN ALPINE CLUB CAMP.

By A. W. WAKEFIELD.

I promised to write about the Canadian Alpine Club Camp, and I had better get to work, or this promise will go to join the many other paving stones on the steep downward slope leading to ————. From the number of stones of which this is composed, it must be a scree slope I think !

Well, after a most appalling struggle in packing up all the rugs, bags, bundles, boxes, trunks, packing cases and canary cages, we eventually left home on June 22nd, having been most kindly asked by Mrs. Ackerley to spend the night at her house near Liverpool, before sailing on the "Victorian" next day, June 23rd. What was our consternation on reaching Liverpool, with bags, rags, bundles, etc., etc., including wife, children and nurse, to be met by the information that our boat was delayed indefinitely, owing to a strike of wireless operators, and that all the hotels in and around Liverpool were packed jam full ! Our one hope seemed to be the workhouse, but we were saved from this by the very great kindness of our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Ackerley (whose two sons are fellow-members of the Club). They most kindly insisted upon our staying with them until the wireless operators had tired of their holiday. When at last we did sail, it was only to encounter still further delay, for we ran into dense fog near the Grand Banks, and lay to for nearly two days, entertained by the fog-horn at minute intervals.

When at last we reached Montreal, it was so much later than we had reckoned on, that I feared I should be late for the Alpine Club Camp, which was my first objective. So I hastily cached the bags, rags, bundles, kids and nurse at the seaside, and jumped into the famous "Trans-Canada Ltd.," the fastest long-distance train in Canada, and the pride of the Continent. This rumbled gently at an average speed of

a little more than 30 miles an hour the 2,325 miles to Banff, the kicking-off place for the Camp. The journey was rather interesting, and rather tedious. The first 1,400 miles about was through broken country, partly rocky, partly wooded, mostly uncultivated, with an occasional town, tiny settlement, or lumber-mill dotted about here and there at intervals of miles, sometimes many, sometimes few. This part also included the long stretch round the N. shore of Lake Superior, where the scenery is very fine. Then came between 800 and 900 miles of prairie, almost dead flat, rather wearisome. And then the approach to the Rockies! Never shall I forget this! I entered the breakfast car an hour or so east of Calgary, and chose a seat facing westwards, so that I should get the first possible view of the "Promised Land" that I had visited more than 12 years previously, and which it had been my heart's desire ever since to see again. I gazed long and earnestly out of the window. At first I could see nothing but the limitless prairie—"stale, flat and unprofitable," from a mountain lover's point of view, if not from that of a farmer. Soon I descried a faint, indefinite, wavy line of white clouds, well above the horizon. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. Was it a dream? No, I had certainly seen those thin, filmy, fleecy clouds before, and I realised that I was again viewing the distant glaciers and snowfields of the Rocky Mountains.

All through a long, lingering breakfast I sat gloating over that view. The dim, dreamy, whitish haze slowly developed, like a photographic print in the developer. The outlines cleared and assumed definite shapes. The rocks became visible, first as vague, dark masses between the white patches. Then the main arêtes, buttresses and gullies became distinguishable. These grew ever nearer and clearer until after leaving Calgary we seemed to plunge right into the very heart of the mountain mass. And all this with quiet, ceaseless, but almost imperceptible change—surely, it must be by far the grandest moving picture that this old world of ours can show!

On reaching Banff (July 14th), I was met with the information that owing to abnormal snow it had been impossible even for the construction party to reach the camp site chosen for the end of the second day's trek from Banff. Far less had it been possible to reach the site for the main camp at the foot of Mt. Assiniboine. Consequently, the opening of the camp had been postponed from July 20th to July 27th.

The original arrangements had been as follows: The trek to the main camp was to be made in three stages. The first day's camp was to be at Sunshine, the second at Golden Valley, and the main camp, close to Lake Magog, which nestles in a vast amphitheatre, surrounded on three sides by Mts. Wedgewood, Assiniboine, Magog, Terrapin and Naiset Peak. The construction gang was to start in from Banff on July 6th, and the camp was to open on July 20th.

Besides the snow, innumerable other difficulties cropped up. It was found to be almost impossible to obtain a sufficient number of packers, cooks and men for the construction and other work. Then one of the packers met with an accident on the railway and was killed. Not only did this reduce the already inadequate number of packers, but Mr. A. O. Wheeler, the originator, director and moving spirit of the Canadian Alpine Club, had to give evidence at the inquest, which was held away down in Calgary, and was adjourned again and again and again. Consequently, we were deprived to a considerable extent of the guiding touch, the dauntless energy, and the matchless experience which were so badly needed to meet the difficulties of such a critical situation.

I reached Banff soon after mid-day, on July 14th. At Banff there is a club-house perched amongst the pine trees on the lower slopes of Sulphur Mountain, some 300 to 400 feet above the town, with a superb view of the valley and the mountains beyond. The house is well designed and built, and consists of an entrance hall, a dining room, a very fine sitting and smoking room, an office and kitchen, etc., on the ground floor. On the first floor are writing and reading rooms, and the Director's

and Secretary's offices. Sleeping accommodation is provided in cabins and tents scattered around in the forest. With extreme dilatation about 35 members can be provided for. Already, at the time of my arrival, this number had been nearly reached, and as it had been impossible to notify all the 200 odd members who were expected in camp that the latter had been postponed there was imminent prospect of impending disaster. Sunshine Camp had been opened a day or so previously, and so would provide an overflow for perhaps 30 or 40. But what was that amongst so many? And what could be done with the rest?

Mr. Wheeler was waiting at Banff, vibrating with eagerness to push off up the trail, to Sunshine at any rate, and thence, if within the powers of gods or men, to force the passage to Golden Valley. For it was very urgent to start the camp there, in order to provide another safety valve to relieve the expected pressure in the club-house.

So it was arranged to start for Sunshine next morning. That night sleep was difficult owing to heat and mosquitoes. In the morning my first thought was to get some mosquito netting, and this subsequently just about saved my life.

The party for Sunshine consisted of Mr. Wheeler, Dr. Bell, of Winnipeg (whom I had first met in 1914, when our respective units were camped side by side on Salisbury Plain), Mrs. Bell, a Chinese cook (who had been due from Calgary nearly a week before, but having failed to roll up had been fetched thence by one of our members, almost "vi et armis": the cook of a big camp is the star man, the hub, the main-spring, and the—whatever other title of importance you like to give him), and myself.

The first stage of the journey was from Banff to Mt. Edith Landing, a matter of about six miles. This was accomplished by motor-boat up the Bow River. We embarked, with numerous huge cartons of bread, and other supplies, for the camps. The Bow was swirling down in high flood, some six or eight feet higher than normal. For the weather all the spring had been very cold, and the winter's

snow had been thawing very slowly. Consequently, there had been an enormous amount of snow for the excessive heat of the last day or two to act upon, and the water was pouring down everywhere from the mountains.

On reaching Mt. Edith Landing, we found a dump of supplies already there awaiting transport by pack train to the camps. We landed our own cargo, the motor-boat started back, and we set to work to slay mosquitoes while awaiting the arrival of the pack train from Sunshine. We had not long to wait, and very soon we were mounted and on the trail towards Sunshine. Oh! such a trail! The first few miles led up the flat, low-lying, semi-flooded Bow valley. Here the horses splashed through mud and water, the latter sometimes so deep that one's feet, though raised as high as possible, nevertheless got wet. Fallen trees were thickly strewn across the trail, and through the slush, and over the tree trunks the horses somehow managed to scramble with a sure-footedness that made me marvel. Later the trail left the Bow valley and struck up Healey Creek, and later still up the Simpson valley. Here the going was drier, but very much rougher, and for miles we kept high up on the mountain side, with the river thundering down in the valley far below us. Periodically, we crossed mountain streams, all in flood, some so deep and swift that an involuntary bathe seemed inevitable, but every time the horses somehow managed to keep right side up with their riders on the top of them. Eventually, after a steep final climb, which I was devoutly thankful to be allowed to take on foot, we came to Sunshine Camp, delightfully situated in an Alpine meadow, some 7,000 feet above sea-level.

Here we were met by news that was good and bad. The day before a pioneer party had succeeded in reaching Golden Valley, and it was now possible to get there by making a detour in order to avoid a high plateau where the snow still lay too thick to cross. On the other hand, the site chosen in 1919 for this camp was under water, and there was no other good site in Golden Valley! Fortunately, Mr. Wheeler still

had enough time to spare before his adjourned inquest to enable him to go on next day to settle this unexpected difficulty. Dr. Bell's horse had developed a strain, and he came on later. So Mr. Wheeler and I set out on foot next morning on one of the most glorious walks I have ever had in my life. We were now right in the midst of the glorious mountains, many still nameless and unclimbed. Three times that day we crossed the Great Divide, the backbone of Canada, the water-shed between the East and the West. Finally, we dropped about 1,500 feet into Golden Valley. We found the pioneers had pitched two or three tents on what appeared to be the only possible site left.

"Golden Valley"! What a misnomer! At any rate as far as that part of it was concerned! The valley, narrow and deep, had been thickly wooded with tall trees which had reached high up the mountains on both sides of the valley. Then, years ago, there had been a vast forest fire, and everything had been burnt. Now nothing remains but tall, bare trunks, many fallen and lying in great confused masses, one on the top of the other, many toppling over and on the point of adding to the confusion on the ground, others still standing but looking forward sooner or later to the same fate. The ground has been partially overgrown with grass, weeds and scrub willows, but the whole valley gives one the impression of such utter desolation as I have scarcely ever experienced before.

It is only fair to say, however, that two miles away, over a ridge, the site originally proposed for the camp, still unburnt, is one dream of beauty. But, covered with 10 feet of water, this was not much use, and no other site better than that described was found possible for the camp. So we set to work to construct the camp here in the least possible time.

In four days we had cleared the ground, erected the tents, etc., with such frames as were necessary, dug refuse pits, and generally got the camp into rough running order, it being left for the ladies who then arrived to add the final touches.

In addition to the already enumerated attractions of Golden Valley, the mountains which almost surround it seemed to reflect and intensify every ray of the searching sun, and to prevent any breath of wind reaching us, and the heat was terrific. Moreover, and perhaps worst of all, it seemed to form the headquarters of all the mosquitoes on the whole of the North American Continent, and they worked at high pressure overtime, by shifts, day and night continuously. I fancy they were paid on the piecework principle!

My life was saved there by a glorious stream that flowed almost through the camp. It emerged, clear as crystal, and ice-cold, from the mountain-side, a few miles away. Into this I plunged, morning, noon and night. But I came out even quicker than I went in, and it was scarcely possible to stay in long enough to wash away the stains of battle with the mosquitoes.

After four days at Golden Valley, on July 20th, reinforcements arrived, in the shape of four club members, and a few axe-men, etc., hired to help us in the good work, and we needed their aid, and more! It was with little regret that we (or what was left of us after providing so many meals for such myriads of mosquitoes!) shouldered our packs and set off next morning on our last lap to the final camp at Mt. Assiniboine. Commander MacCarthy, late of the U.S.A. Navy, went first, as boss of the gang. The axe-men followed, while N. H. Lindsay, a fellow-member of the club, and I, came last, with the cross-cut saw. At first, we followed the old trail, which zig-zagged in all directions, in order to pick the easiest way through the fallen timber. Where new logs had fallen across the trail, we either cut them out, or, where possible, made new zig-zags round, in order to avoid them. This was easy enough. But after about two miles we came to the part of the trail that was under water, where the camp should have been. Here we had to cut a completely new trail through the forest above the flooded area.

To picture a Canadian forest without seeing it is surely impossible! At the bottom, age-old timber, possibly half-

burnt years ago, now all decayed and rotten. On the top of this layers upon layers of more recently fallen logs in all stages of decay, with round solid logs on the top, and living trees growing up through this confusion, wherever they can find room to do so, the whole thing pretty nearly cemented together with scrub and undergrowth, composed of stunted willows and pines, etc. To cut a trail through such a tangle of tree trunks is an art, a science, and an Herculean labour, all combined, and quite indescribable.

Eventually, we joined the old trail again beyond the flood, and after that we got along better. But even an ordinary forest trail follows a course something resembling the line of a long rope thrown down on to the ground from the roof of a house. A tree falls across the trail. If it is too big to cut through conveniently, the easiest thing is to go round it. A little further on, another tree, or a rock, is circumvented in the opposite direction. By picturing many years of this sort of proceeding, you can perhaps imagine the eventual zig-zag course of the trail.

At last we left the forest, and came to a most remarkable waterless rock valley, a huge debris of rocks of all sizes, from quite small ones to others bigger than a house. This lasted several miles. Then we came out on to the Alpine meadows, a wonderful and beautiful feature of this part of the country. Round about 7,000 feet up, i.e., at or just above timber limit, there are great stretches of these lovely, treeless, flowery meadows, clothed partly with grass, but mostly with many sorts of wonderful Alpine flowers.

At the time in question the snow had scarcely gone, but the beautiful Alpine anemonies and snow lilies were already in full bloom. Very little later the Indian Paint Brush appeared, closely followed by many other flowers, the names of which I do not know, but they all added to the wild profusion of colour which made these Alpine meadows a very dream of beauty. The Swiss gentians and edelweiss, however, are not found.

On reaching our site near the foot of Mt. Assiniboine, we



G.A.C. CAMP AT MOUNT ASSINIBOINE.
NORTH PEAK IN THE BACKGROUND.



HOME, SWEET HOME.

Photos by A. W. Foleyfield

had not much more than removed our packs, when a terrific squall of wind, rain and snow came on, lasting barely half-an-hour. Some of the tents we got up before the ground was badly wetted, others were pretty nearly blown away in the attempt. I was just pitching a tent when the squall came. It was just held by four tent pegs. One was pulled up by the wind, and I was left hanging on to the guy rope, and yelling for help. Fortunately two others came to my assistance, and we got the thing fixed up.

That was pretty nearly the only bad weather we had during the whole camp. There were one or two showers or thunder storms at night, but day after day was gloriously fine, and not one expedition was put off, I believe, on account of bad weather.

The same sort of construction work as had been done at Golden Valley had now to be done at Assiniboine, only more of it, for it was the main camp, and accommodation for 150 people had to be provided. However, there were more men for the job, and the heat and "skeeties" were not quite so terrific.

After about three days of this, I got my first climb—the traverse of Mt. Assiniboine (11,860 feet). This mountain has been called "The Canadian Matterhorn." It is not unlike it in shape, except for the fact that the top part above the shoulder is missing. The climbing is practically all rock, and is not at all severe, the main difficulty being loose rocks.

The mountains in this region seem to be mostly made up on the same scheme, namely, huge superimposed layers of utterly different sorts of rock. Consequently, the nature of the climbing changes frequently and abruptly, sometimes from good sound rock to that which is incredibly rotten, or vice-versa, just in a few feet. Another consequence is that there are innumerable well marked ledges running round the mountains, and climbing largely consists in traversing these ledges, looking for a way up the next layer.

MacCarthy had led us up the ridge on the N. of the mountain, and our intention was to descend the southern

ridge to about the 10,000 feet line. Here we hoped to strike a ledge which we had been told would take us right round the western side of the mountain, and land us out near the top of the col connecting Mt. Assiniboine to Mt. Sturdee. Unfortunately this traverse round the western side of the mountain we took on a ledge that was above the one we should have taken. After traversing a very considerable way, our ledge flickered out into nothingness, and we were left with a steep descent on exceedingly loose and rotten rock between us and the ledge below where we would fain have been. This descent occasioned us a good deal of delay, but once we were down on the right ledge our difficulties were pretty well over. It brought us out near the top of the Assiniboine-Sturdee Col. From this point there was a short descent on a somewhat crevassed glacier, then a short ascent, mostly scree, to the top of the col connecting Mts. Assiniboine and Wedgewood. After crossing this col we had an easy descent over snowfield and glacier to the top of a big rock wall, nearly 1,000 feet in height, but a good deal broken up, and not very steep, which separated us from the valley below. We returned round the E. side of Lake Magog, and were back in camp at 7-15 p.m.

It was a long hard day and after the previous week of hard work it gave me quite all I wanted. Unfortunately the clouds came down and there was a little snow and rain while we were round the top.

After this I took things easy for some days, conducting parties of non-climbers round the lower peaks and valleys, and enjoying some of the most wonderful views I have ever seen. Unfortunately the photographs I tried to take were all more or less failures. The only explanation I can think of is that the films had been affected by the intense heat.

My subsequent climbs included the ascent of Mt. Magog (10,040 feet, easy), the traverse of Nainet Peak and Mts. Terrapin and Magog (including one piece of real good rock work, almost like the Lake District), the traverse of Mt. Sturdee and the ascent of Mt. Rundell (later, from Banff).

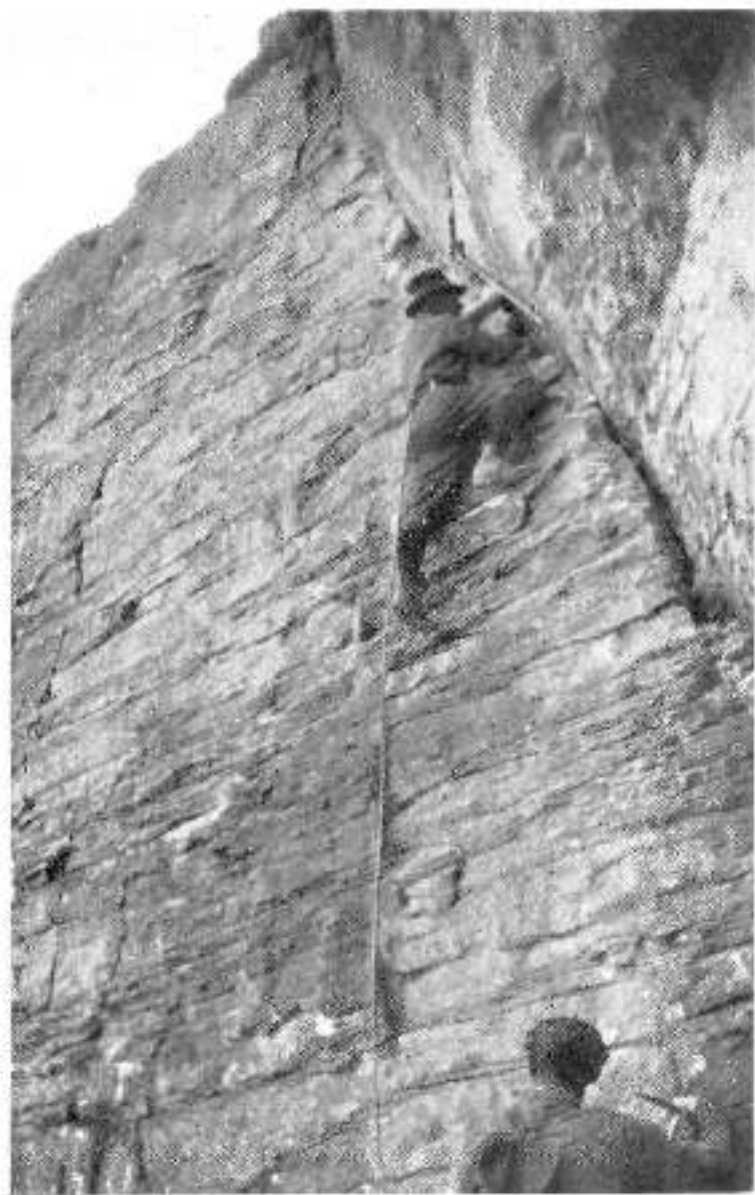


Photo by A. W. Wakefield

MC CARTHY CLIMBING A CRACK ON THE EAST ARCTIC, MADAG-

My last effort in camp was to lead an unsuccessful attack on Mt. Eon, a virgin peak, with two others. It was great sport in spite of our failure. We had to pack all our stuff for two days on our backs and carry it about eight miles, which was equal to about 20 English miles, as part of the way was through virgin forest, and an ascent and descent of about 2,000 feet was included. We went up over Wonder Pass, and then dropped down to Marvel Lake. We had to cross the river running from Lake Terrapin into Marvel Lake on fallen trees, and a little higher up this river we found a wonderful waterfall 100 feet or so in height. All along here were tracks of bear and deer in plenty. Then we struck up the opposite side of the valley, and after a long steep climb reached a small nameless lake, right on the top of the Great Divide, at the foot of Mt. Gloria. Here we camped and set off for Mt. Eon before daylight next morning. Our first obstacle was a steep rock wall which necessitated a run out of 120 feet. It was a fine climb. Then we had a long and weary tramp over a col and round the head of a valley to the col connecting Mts. Eon and Gloria, the ridge running up from which we had selected for our attack. This went fairly easily till we reached a great perpendicular rock face, placed at right angles to our ridge, and hopelessly barring our way. We traversed to the left round this and eventually reached the foot of a steep snow and ice couloir running up to our right. This seemed likely to lead us back on to our ridge well above the impossible rock face.

Toilfully and with considerable difficulty we slowly worked our way up this couloir. It became more and more steep, and in places the ice, half melted and rotten threatened to break away from the underlying rock. According to my aneroid barometer this couloir was about 400 feet in height. On reaching the top of the couloir which corresponded with the crest of the ridge, we found that the crest here consisted of a knife-edge separating our couloir from another on the other side of the ridge, which seemed to be almost exactly similar. So literally was it a knife-edge that I had to break

away the icy snow before I could plant my foot on the crest. On the left a perpendicular rock wall rendered the further direct ascent of the ridge obviously impossible. On the right a similar wall cut us off from the crest of the ridge below. And we could see no available traverse that might enable us to regain our ridge higher up. Moreover, a bitterly cold wind had suddenly sprung up, and dark clouds to windward threatened ominously. There seemed to be no alternative to retreat. So down we went and back to camp, consoled to some extent for our defeat by the thought that we had had a glorious day's sport. We reached camp at 9-15 p.m., quite ready for a bathe in the lake, supper and bed, or rather sleeping bag.

During the day from points of vantage on the mountain we had come to the conclusion that a ridge on the S. E. would have been a more promising line of attack. But unfortunately we were precluded from trying this by the fact that two of the party had to return to the main camp next day on their way back to resume their occupations amongst the haunts of men.

The main camp I said, but alas on our return we found it was a "main camp" no longer. Of the crowds there two days previously, only about half-a-dozen were left—just the "clearing up party."

Next day I started back to Banff leaving behind me those wonderful mountains and the most magnificent site on which it has ever been my privilege to camp, but taking with me memories which can never fade.

All ex-service members were the guests of the club, and it is impossible to exaggerate the kindness of the hospitality we received.

The successful way in which so great a horde was provisioned and supplied with every comfort and convenience so far from the railway, and with so long and rough a line of communication, is a feat which may well make the hearts of Mr. A. O. Wheeler, his son Major Oliver Wheeler, and the Secretary Mr. S. H. Mitchell swell with pride. A deep debt

of gratitude is also due to the stout-hearted and sturdy-limbed packers, and also to each individual animal of the pack-trains, for they all worked tremendously hard and long hours overtime that we might be so well supplied.

To sum up, as regards climbing, the main impression made on my mind is that the chief difficulties consisted in avoiding loose rock, and in route finding. Such climbing as we get in the Lake District I saw little of, but I did get just a few good pieces of rock work. There is ice and snow, but I did not get as much of this as I had expected. The distances are immense, and the scenery is altogether superb.

It was indeed a pleasure to find two other "Rocky-Fellers" in Camp, namely, Capt. H. Westmorland and Mr. P. S. Thompson. I saw a quite a lot of Westmorland afterwards on Vancouver Island, and we planned an attack on some of the unclimbed peaks there, but unfortunately Dame Fate upset the apple-cart.

Should any other fellow-members of the club be able to visit the Canadian Rockies I feel sure they will have one of the best times of their lives. It is well to get into condition as far as possible before starting, for as already mentioned distances are great. It is I hope needless to state that if I can be of any service to any member contemplating such a trip it will indeed be a pleasure.

One of the great fascinations of the Rockies is the fact that it is so easy to go to places where no mortal man has ever placed his feet before. None of the peaks I climbed were first ascents. Several were second ascents. And a number of the routes taken were entirely new and unexplored. And the whole region is so utterly vast and unexplored that it will be many, many years before even the easy peaks are all climbed.

THE GREAT CENTRAL BUTTRESS OF SCAFELL.

By C. F. HOLLAND.

Some few years ago, in 1913 to be exact, tired, dirty and dishevelled, I climbed wearily into one of the antique carriages that convey one from Bangor to Bethesda.

Opposite me sat a tall young man of striking appearance, obviously alien in every way to the quarrymen and suchlike who filled the carriage, jabbering some strange language, presumably Welsh. According to the usual custom of the English under such conditions we did not exchange a single word, but when on reaching Bethesda we found we were both bound for Ogwen we agreed to share a vehicle, and the subsequent conversation that enlivened the somewhat slow progress to the cottage inaugurated a friendship that is now only a fragrant memory. My companion was S. W. Herford. The next day, my first with him in the mountains, showed me that I had met a man of highly unusual personality, initiative, and physical strength, while the masterly way in which he led the Western Gully on the Glyder Fawr demonstrated his superb qualities as a cragsman. Next day, his party arrived, and the good-natured refusal to allow me to stand out proved the thoughtful kindness and unselfishness that were so remarkable and engaging a part of his character.

The next evening at Ogwen was one to remember.

All the rest had retired to bed, and I alone remained, reading and trying to cultivate a mood propitiatory to the Goddess of Sleep, when suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by uproar, obviously proceeding from the room overhead. Loud and continued bumpings of some heavy object were followed by yells and noises as of a large bundle of carpet being rolled about. A particularly loud shout

was followed by a piercing scream, after which Homeric roars of laughter, gradually dying away till silence reigned once more. In the morning I collected from the various members of the party the meaning of these nocturnal disturbances. It seems that four of them were sharing a room, and that Herford was sharing a bed with one who desired to have a more than his fair share of the bedclothes. On being expostulated with, the other man had refused to yield any portion of what he had acquired, and was promptly thrown on to the floor, albeit carrying with him the bedclothes entire, purporting, I imagine, to sleep where he lay. Thereupon, Herford twisted his toes, to induce him to part with the integuments (I am not quite sure of this word, but it sounds good), in which he had now wound himself after the fashion of a cocoon. In its agony, the cocoon rolled about ; hence the bumpings, and eventually went under one of the beds. Now it so chanced that it was the bed of one who had acquired the strange habit of placing his false teeth under his bed. Hence the loud shout, as he sprang forth to rescue his property from their imminent danger, while the final dominating scream emanated from the cocoon, who had apparently been severely bitten.

But Wales is not Cumberland, and as the heading of this article announces that it is about the Great Central Buttress of Scafell, it will perhaps be as well to start writing about it.

My acquaintance with this extraordinarily perpendicular cliff was made in January, 1914, when, one snowy afternoon, four of us, with Herford as leader, traversed out from the sheltered recesses of Moss Ghyll on to the great ledge that runs across the buttress some 80 to 100 feet above Lord's Rake.

Under the prevailing conditions, the expedition seemed to me a most perilous one, and the two corners we had to pass places of some severity, easy as they may be on a hot summer's day.

Eventually we reached the belay near the end of the ledge, and prepared to rope down. As a matter of fact, Herford

climbed down successfully, in spite of the snow, though he announced that it was pretty near the limit. When the third man had joined me at the belay, I told him I was going down strictly on the rope, and, without waiting to ascertain whether he was ready for me or not, seized the rope with both hands, and more or less jumped over the edge.

As he was not ready, my descent was a remarkably rapid one, till I came to a stop some 25 feet lower with my feet on a ledge, or, as Archer Thomson would have put it, "chanced on a knob of rock." It will always be a proud memory that my ejaculation during this unexpected performance was "God Save the King." There are so many things one might have said and regretted. A little while previously I had surveyed in the gathering gloom the crack which was pointed out as a possible means by which the buttress might be ascended above the Oval, and summarily decided that it was impossible. Near Easter, however, I found to my horror that a serious attack on the buttress was contemplated, and that the attempt was to be made, not tentatively—there was little of the tentative in Herford's character,—but with determination to succeed, if human beings could do so.

The snows of March had disappeared, and the weather conditions were perfect, when, a few days later, Herford, Sansom, Gibson, and myself set out on what I imagined to be a day of preliminary exploration, but which subsequently resolved itself into a sustained effort to climb the appallingly difficult middle section of the buttress.

The plan of campaign was as follows:—Sansom led me up to the great ledge, the widest section of which is the Oval, while Herford and Gibson went up "Keswick Brothers," and down the steep groove, a junior Botteril's slab, that leads to the singular horizontal portion of the crack, ending abruptly in a vertical dive of 70 feet to the Oval. From the end of the crack a rope was lowered, and on this Sansom went up the crack, his strength apparently giving out about 10 feet from the top. For some seven hours I sat solitary

on the ledge, and smoked peacefully, an experience that has given me my appreciation of and sympathy with the feelings of the well-known pelican in the wilderness ; voices were occasionally wafted by the breeze from above, but no sight of my companions was vouchsafed until late afternoon, when they rejoined me on the Oval, and made preparations to climb the crack.

The first job was to put a thread round the lower part of the great stone jammed in the crack some 50 or more feet above the ledge.

Sansom went aloft to do this, but had not reached the stone when he appeared to be in difficulties, and shortly announced that his position was insecure.

One of my most vivid memories of Herford is that of the way in which he went up to Sansom's assistance, climbing at a great speed, and, to all appearances, lying on the rope as he climbed.

As soon as Herford had reached him, I expected to see Sansom beat a retreat at once, but, to my mingled admiration and astonishment, he went higher, using Herford's shoulders to stand on. The thread, a double loop, was satisfactorily fixed, and the two came down to the Oval again. After a brief rest both Sansom and then Herford had a shot at the crack, but they were both too tired with the previous exploration to push the final overhanging section, and at last abandoned the effort, though obviously with extreme reluctance. Much useful work had been done, however, and ultimate success was now deemed reasonably likely, given complete physical freshness and combined tactics under perfect weather conditions.

The season was the finest April I ever remember, and the next day was absolutely perfect, a happy augury that was justified by the event. By 11 we were all on the Oval, and preparations were being carried on for the great ascension.

Sansom employed himself in soaking the end of a rope in wet moss to facilitate the threading necessary while the loops were being renewed. The latter was considered

advisable, to make the attempt as safe as possible. He then carried out this difficult and arduous task, and all was ready.

Herford and Sansom went up again, the former using the latter's shoulders to conserve his strength for the exceptional physical exertion entailed by the last 12 feet, while Gibson and I held their ropes, running through the double thread, a job which engaged all our attention, and prevented us from watching our companions as they climbed.

I think the first sign of success was a cry from Gibson of "He's up," and looking up I saw Herford lying exhausted at the top of the crack, supported by his jammed right knee. It seemed but a little while, so great was the relief after the previous tension, which we now fully realised, before Sansom and Gibson were both up the crack also, and I was left, forlorn and frightened, ready to give all my worldly wealth to avoid what lay before me. Over the ensuing struggles I will draw a veil; suffice it to say that I had two ropes on, and climbed up a third, failed miserably to cut away the thread as I was asked to do, and finished in a state of utter exhaustion, after a wild haul at a knotted loop that Herford had with characteristic thoughtfulness placed in just the right position. Here we were joined by Murray, who had reached the Oval on his own. And so, leisurely up the groove to the Cannon, and a prolonged rest at the top of the crags. No further climbing took place that day, as we were all very tired, and after what had been done anything else would have been anti-climax. Sansom's photo of the party at rest is one that brings back the happiest of all my climbing memories.

A most remarkable incident had occurred while the crack was being led. Sansom was hanging on by indifferent sloping handholds on or near the lower end of the great chockstone, and Herford was standing on his shoulders, about to make the first step of the last tremendous solo effort. The initial difficulty confronting him was that of getting a purchase with his left foot in a groove unsuitably shaped for that purpose. Sansom's left hand began to slip

under the great strain, and must inevitably have given way very soon, in which case he would have come off, though only for a foot or two, on to the loops. Herford's fall, unavoidable if this had happened, would have been a very serious affair indeed, and even if his rope had held it is impossible to see how we below could have given any assistance, beyond keeping the ropes tight, if either had been injured in any way.

At this moment, however, the great Goddess of Luck took a hand in the game. I call it "Luck"; there are those who would name it differently.

Finding himself unable to get his foot as he wanted it, Herford stepped back and accidentally put his foot on the slipping hand, thus holding it in position; and the difficult step was made so quickly at the second attempt that Sansom was able to support the double weight till that of the leader was removed. So it may well be said that "Luck" was a sixth member of the party, and no inefficient one either.

To me it now seemed that the Central Buttress had been conquered, and that all was over bar the shouting, but our insatiable leaders were still not satisfied, as they considered that the buttress had been little more than half-climbed leaving some 150 to 200 feet of the upper part as yet untouched.

So, two days later, we set out again, this time unfortunately without Gibson, but with Slater to take his place. After going up Moss Ghyll, Slater and I held ropes, while the others explored possibilities. After a couple of hours they rejoined us, and described how they had reached a fair ledge, now named the V ledge, some 50 feet above the great Flake. This ledge they had reached before from the groove leading to the Cannon, and the only thing that now remained was to go and do the whole upper section of the climb from below. And so to the Cannon and down the groove. Here, as the weak member of the party, I was roped up in the centre. My recollection of the ensuing 50 feet is of a very difficult

balance traverse, in an extremely exposed position, to a pinnacle, followed by a rather easier traverse to an open chimney, exceptionally vertical, but with good holds, leading to the V ledge.

A later recollection of the same place is that the first traverse is not so hard as I had thought, and that the second section is impossible, as it leads across a vertical wall with no holds. In any case, neither Crawford nor myself could make anything of it whatsoever. The place is one where to lead is definitely much harder than following, owing to the very high degree of exposure. Once on the V ledge, it seemed that all was over, but the buttress still had something to say on the subject, and put up a magnificent fight right to the finish; and indeed it was anybody's game to the bitter end; bitter indeed for Sansom, as it was the last climb he ever had with Herford, though there is some comfort in the thought that it was for both of them the climax of achievement; as far as rock-climbing is concerned, that is to say: for Herford, the crowning achievement was yet to come.

The difficulty that now arose was that a hand traverse on sloping holds some 15 feet above the ledge, quite feasible for a roped descent, was too risky a lead from a ledge inadequately supplied with belays; there are several belays at the right hand end of the ledge, but they are too far away from the pitch. After this disappointment, a new exit had to be found, and a likely looking groove on the left was tried, but proved quite hopeless after a cursory inspection; also, it was still further from the belays than the route originally selected. The right hand end of the ledge now came in for attention; it is the broadest part, and the belay problem is easily solved. This end is enclosed by a retaining wall. Above is the lower part of the Bayonet-shaped Crack. A rift or chimney in this retaining wall slopes down at an angle of 45 degrees, and looking down it one sees Hollow Stones, very far down indeed!

Herford was still leading, and was entirely off the ground previously explored. The position we were now in was decidedly interesting. We had apparently reached an impasse, and any solution was bound to be severely sensational, for the alternative to ascent, a very airy business, was a descent down the chimney and along the traverses, a course that did not appeal to me in the least. The Bayonet-shaped Crack was obviously the next thing to try, but after getting up a dozen feet or so Herford announced that it was too difficult, nor could he break over the corner on to the vertical face beyond.

The hand traverse loomed up once more as a possible necessity, and my private impression is that it would have been pushed if no other option had offered itself, but it was very much a last and rather desperate resource.

One possible exit yet remained untried, and that was down the rift in the retaining wall. It seemed rather hopeless, but in rock-climbing one never knows till one gets to grips with things. Herford wriggled down the rift, blocked the exit for a bit, disappeared, the rope went out steadily, and within a couple of minutes a call came for me to follow. Wonderingly I did so. The rift was completely safe till one came to the end of it, and then one apparently came to space, and rather too much of it. In fact, considerable faith was needed to believe that a road went that way. However, it proved not a very difficult task to worm one's self out of the bottom of the chimney, and gain a stance on the wall outside.

It is to this place, that all the other situations on the climb lead. It is the culminating point of a series of positions whose exposure has to be seen to be believed, and the next 50 feet up the customary vertical wall, and this time on a ledge that overhangs Lord's Rake 300 feet below (a conservative estimate) are the absolute limit, so far as my knowledge of English crags goes, in the way of exposure.

Luckily, the holds are excellent, and the climbing is not very difficult. Eventually Sansom joined us, only

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the easier half of the Bayonet-shaped Crack remained, and the climb was over ; the Great Central Buttress had really fallen at last !

So far, writing the account of this great climb has been both an easy and a pleasurable task, but now I come to the difficult part. It must be quite plain that this article is mainly written as a panegyric of Herford. I want to say exactly what I think about him, and I don't think I can do better than repeat what I wrote originally : " He will live in my memory as the finest and bravest man I have ever known " ; and, I should like to add : " Alive he had no equal, dead his supremacy is still unchallenged."

There is something more that I wish to say about him, and the pith of it is contained in a poem written by an officer who later fell in Gallipoli. A copy of it was cut out of the " Times," and sent to me when in France. It was with me through all the troublous times that followed, and lies before me now. The poet starts by describing his longing for Cumberland, and the wild beauty of the mountains ; his desire to climb among them once again, and see " Ridge and hollow rolling under to the fringes of the world." He then voices the happiness of those who understand the meaning of Death :—

" Die, and feel their embers quicken,
Year by year, in summer time ;
When the cotton grasses thicken,
On the hills they used to climb."

Follows the wondering thought as to whether he will die in England, or never return.

The concluding verse reminds me irresistibly of the close of some great fugue by Bach. Behind the quietude and calm certainty that all is well is to be felt a great surging wave of triumph, the triumph of final victory, and its reward of everlasting peace ; where

" The Light
Returning, shall give back the golden hours,
Ocean a windless level, Earth a lawn,
Spacious and full of sunlit dancing-places."

Thus Rupert Brooke. The man I am quoting phrases it as follows :—

“ We shall pass in summer weather
We shall come at eventide,
Where the fells stand up together
And all quiet things abide ;
Mixed with cloud and wind and river,
Sundistilled in dew and rain,
One with Cumberland for ever,
We shall go not forth again.”

I, at any rate, firmly believe that the spirit of Herford is still abroad among the hills, and I know that some day I shall meet him there.

“ Resolve, doubt, fear, hope, tense effort and intense joy, all the feelings of a lifetime, they are lived through in half a day, to the accompaniment of the output of the full strength; and they culminate and are justified in one instant of victory.”

G. Winthrop Young.

SCAFELL CENTRAL BUTTRESS.

By BENTLEY BEETHAM.

The Editor has asked me to write something about the Central Buttress—unfortunately, I have nothing to record, except that it is simply magnificent. Probably he, being true to type, will say that this is not quite enough, so I must cast round for something additional to say.

If only the Central Buttress was an orthodox gully one could take it seriatim, pitch by pitch, and so fill up a few lines, but it isn't, and so perhaps I had better confine myself to our own ascent—a personal account, in fact—and leave to another* a detailed description of the climb.

I had hurried back from bad weather and the Alps to join Frankland (Y.R.C.) for a few days at Wasdale. Both of us were pretty fit, and we decided to go to feel—no, not to “look at” it, it isn't wise!—the famous Flake Crack. We took two ropes, a 50 and an 80. Of course, with Frankland leading, the way up to the Oval direct from the rake scarcely seemed to count; it was taken as if it were part of the route to the climb and nothing more, but in point of fact there is difficulty in this first section.

Arrived at the Oval, we prospected the Crack—a fearsome place enough, but made just reasonable by the presence of two chock stones, behind which a rope can be passed on the ascent. To reach the first of these is nothing: to reach and pass a rope behind the second is everything, the very crux of the whole situation. But it is a desperate struggle; progress can only be made by using an unsatisfying arm wedge, and from here onwards the crack, all too obviously, gets steadily worse. True, temporary respite is afforded

* See Mr. C. D. Frankland's article on the Central Buttress in this year's *Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal*.

immediately above by a large projecting jammed stone, but beyond this the inclination of the overhang increases, while the holds decrease, aye, almost vanish. Frankland made a truly magnificent effort to lead straight through with it, He must have spent more than half an hour struggling in the crack before he had to give it up—what such a struggle means none but those who have been in a similar place for a like time can realise.

The rocks were slightly “condensation” damp; no hold or grip for the right foot could be found, and on this day, at all events, it simply would not go, so, leaving the ropes threaded and thereby the work more than half achieved, we descended to the foot of Deep Ghyll for lunch.

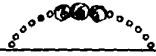
Within an hour we were back on the Oval again considering the next assault. It was obvious that on the upper section footholds were imperatively needed, in order to counteract the overhang, arms alone could not suffice, and so I suggested that I should go up to the big jammed stone (which projects some 18 inches), and make myself secure and comfortable there, so that my anchored body might provide the missing holds. With the ropes already “in situ” this was an easy matter, and in 10 minutes the required lump of flesh was dangling like a pendant, free but perfectly secure, immediately beneath the jammed stone. All my limbs were then quite free to form steps wherever wanted, and Frankland came quickly up on the other rope. First he stood upon my left thigh, held horizontally, and braced into a firm strut by both arms, then upon the shoulders, next upon the head, a final step or rather stay being afforded by the upturned palms of both hands. The corner of the horizontal edge of the flake could now just be reached, and by a strong arm pull he was up in a moment. This upper section of the crack must be very trying to lead. The overhang is quite exceptional—you are hanging some 10-12 feet out beyond the foot of the crack, and a stance on human flesh (proverbially weak) never feels really secure but of course Frankland found *no* difficulty in it.

The traverse along the edge of the Great Flake is simply wonderful. As regards situation, there is nothing like it in the whole of Lakeland, but it does seem a pity that most of it should be so dead easy, only a walk in fact, or, if the nerves are not too steady, an easy straddled crawl. If 20 feet or so of it *had* to be done as a hand traverse, it would be ideal.

Above the Flake we found Bower and Kelly, who were prospecting downwards ; they joined us, and we finished the remainder of the climb together.

We had thought that as soon as the crack had been accomplished, the rest of the climb would present no serious difficulty, but it proved otherwise. Indeed, some of the traversing movements above the Flake are as difficult as anything on the Buttress. Fortunately, these traverses are short, but they are practically holdless, and as sensational as their situation on the upper part of the Scafell face would suggest. They appear to have been designed for a race of climbers having suctorial pads on their digits, like those of a Gecko. Anyhow, one of our party—a lover of the delicate traverse—acknowledged that on one of these “ *mauvais pas* ” his only means of retaining a balance was the nail of one finger, the pads of all the others having slowly slipped ; hence it may be inferred that these places are about as steep as is quite safe.

I do not feel that the route we followed above the Flake is the only possible one direct to the top. Next year we intend to take a camera and to poke about the climb in a leisurely manner, and so get a truer impression of its parts, the relative difficulties of which may then seem changed—at any rate we hope to get some photographs to do justice to this splendid piece of rock.



Four
Alpine Photographs

BY
T. HOWARD SOMERVELL,
1921





Paint by T. Howard Swinford

THE MISCHAPEL HÖRNER, FROM THE STÖPFSCHNITZ.



Photo by T. Howard Sawyerell

WATUSMITA, FROM NORTH RIDGE



Photo by T. Hovind Sørensen

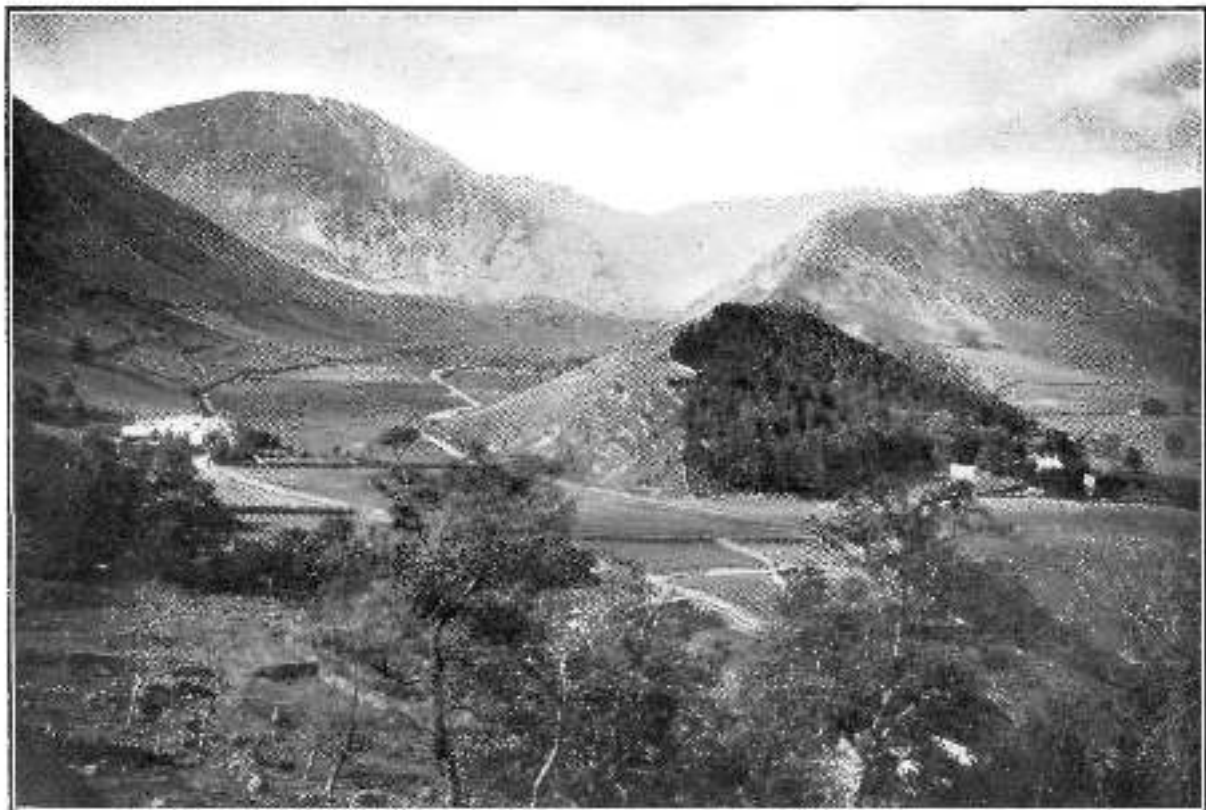
THE PLAN. FROM THE GRÉPON



Photo by T. Harold Swartzell

THE GRAND PARADISE, FROM THE GRIPPEL

Photo by
A. S. G. S. S.
Kendall.



GENERAL VIEW OF MARDALE GREEN AND MARDALE HEAD.

The distance in the center is Mardale Green. From left to right the Don Hill, Lead, Ironstone hills, Great North Side, Harker Hill, New Gold Mine, Rye Cross, The Stag, The Rigg (Tinnerton), Deep Hill and The Church.

MARDALE :

What it was, what it is, and is to be.

By Councillor ISAAC HINCHLIFFE, of Manchester.

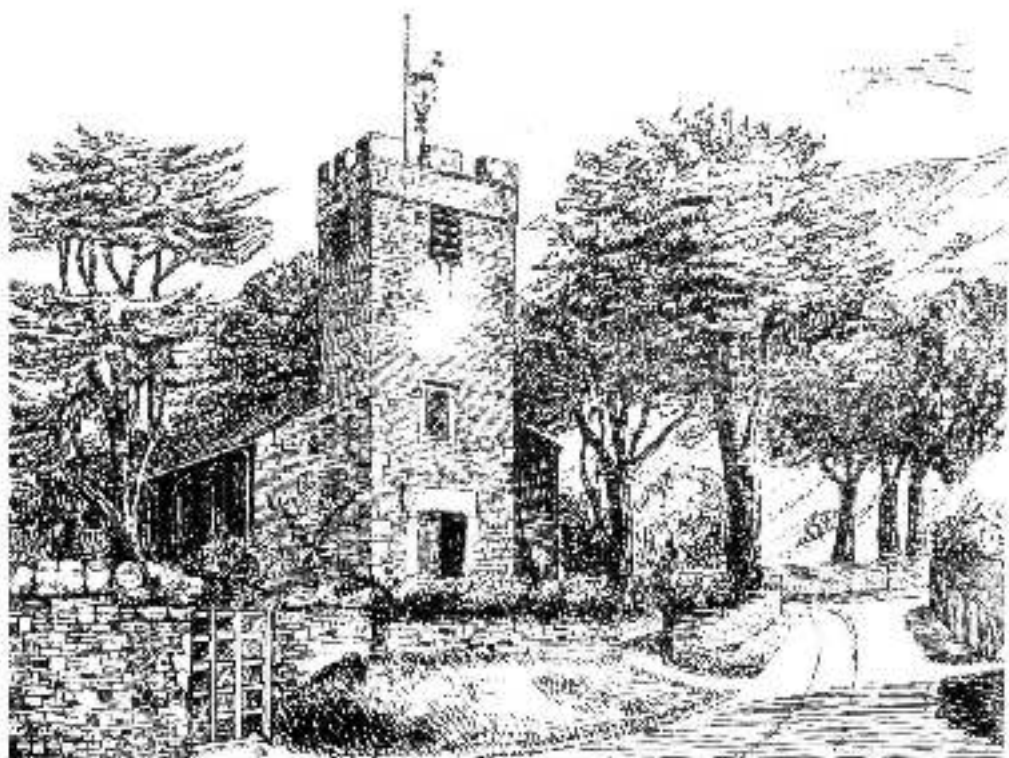
Some six hundred years ago, when the abbeys of England were in their glory, and Shap Abbey in its prime—its monks no doubt eager for missionary work—an oratory was founded in Mardale, nearly a mile above the head of Haweswater, at a place now called Chapel Hill. Mardale Church is built on what was undoubtedly the site of this oratory, and is surrounded by six very fine yew trees, which it is quite reasonable to assume were planted by the monks from Shap Abbey when they built their oratory. At the dissolution of the monasteries, Mardale was included in the parish of Shap, and the souls of the dalesmen were left to the tender mercies of the Vicar of Shap in place of the monks of Shap Abbey.

Until the year 1729, the dead of Mardale were strapped to the backs of horses, and taken up the Corpse Road, hence the name, by Mardale Common and Swindale for burial at Shap. In course of time, the dalesmen, wearying of this dreary journey, applied for right of burial at Mardale, which was duly granted. The first burial in Mardale churchyard was that of John Turner, of Mardale Green, in 1729; the last body to be borne over the fells for burial at Shap was that of John Holme, of Brackenhove, on the 7th of June, 1736. The register begins in 1684, the second name being that of Elizabeth Holme. The head of the Holme family was usually called "King of Mardale," and the history of their connection with the dale is long and interesting; too long to be given here, except in outline. Hugh Holme, whose ancestor came over with William the Conqueror, was implicated in the Canterbury Conspiracy

against King John in the year 1208, and on the plot being discovered he fled, as did so many others, to seek safety in Scotland, but, avoiding the main road leading through Penrith, he stumbled on this out of the way dale, and took refuge in a cave, in the most inaccessible part of Riggindale, called Hugh's Cave to this day, thinking no doubt that he would be much safer there than in Scotland. When the body of King John had been deposited in the choir of Worcester Cathedral, and it would have been quite safe for him to return to his own home and fireside, he had evidently become so attached to Mardale that he decided to remain there permanently. Perhaps he had no choice in the matter, as the probabilities are that King John would promptly confiscate all his possessions, and there would be no home for him to go to. Be that as it may, here he remained, and his children after him, until the year 1885, when the last male in the direct line, Hugh Parker Holme, died. His mother died five years ago, at the age of 90, and the name of Holme, after more than 700 years, disappeared from Mardale.

The present church was built towards the end of the 17th century, and probably replaced a more primitive building. It is not the smallest church in Lakeland, but I think it is the smallest to deserve the name of "church," as it contains all the features which go to the making of more pretentious edifices—nave, chancel, gallery and tower, the whole being so small as to be completely hidden by the six yew trees already mentioned, which are considerably higher than the tower; the top of the flagstaff only being visible at a distance. The church owes much to the Holme family, several of its members having been vicars at various times. The vicarage was built and presented to the living by two Holme brothers, one of whom was vicar at the time.

An old account written about 100 years ago gives the following description of life in the dale before that date: "The chimneys of the houses were formerly of the most capacious extent, and served not only as larders, wherein



From a Sketch by W. H. Gosgrath

MARDALE CHURCH.

joints of meat were suspended to dry for winter use, but also as the favourite gathering places for the inmates of the dwellings. Under the smoky dome sat the women knitting, or spinning wool and flax, the men carding the wool, and the schoolboy conning the barbarous Latinity of Lilly ; while the grandsire of the house amused the party with tales of border strife and superstitious legends. The fire was lighted on the hearth, and opposite to it was usually a large oaken closet of different compartments, on which was carved the owner's name, the year in which it was made, and innumerable scrolls and devices. This was the common depository or strong room of the house. The clothing of the men was of native fleece, home-spun and woven by the village weaver ; and that of the women was made from the finer native wool, dyed to the weaver's fancy, and fabricated by a rude artisan at the owner's fireside. The furniture of the house consisted of a long oaken table, with a bench on each side, where the whole family including servants ate together. Chairs of heavy wainscot work with high arms, were in use, but the usual moveable seats were three-footed stools. To furnish light for the winter evenings, candles were made of peeled rushes, dipped in the hot fat of fried bacon. The candlestick was a light upright pole, fixed in a log of wood, and furnished with pincers for holding the rushes. The usual food consisted of leavened bread (made of a kind of black oats), boiled animal food, the produce of the dairy, and a limited supply of vegetables."

When this account was written, Mardale had many more inhabitants than it has now. Spoil banks from old lead mines, and traces of dwellings, are to be found both in Benty Hollows and Guerness Wood. There was also a considerable trade done with the villages between Kendal and Penrith, which was carried on by pack horses over Gatescarth Pass and Mardale.

The capacious fireplaces referred to have long since disappeared, and given place to comparatively modern kitchen ranges, but one of the old oaken closets may still be seen

in the kitchen of the Dun Bull. The study of Latin under such primitive conditions may seem somewhat incongruous, but it should be remembered that Latin was always one of the few subjects which the scholars in those days learnt thoroughly and remembered. In these days but a hazy recollection remains, after a few years, of the crowded subjects and crammed examinations of their school life.

Thirty years ago there were eight farms remaining in the dale, and how they managed to scratch a living out of the poor land it is difficult to understand. These farms have now been reduced to three, including the hotel farm. I rather think that the salvation of the farmers is the unlimited fell pasturage for their sheep and fell ponies. When it is a bad year for the sheep, as happened two years ago, there are hard times in the dale. Then again they are occasionally disturbed by the predatory excursions of the wild stags which come cropping in the dale not only from Naddle Forest, but also from far Martindale. There is one consolation, however, even in that, for as Noble Ewbank told me twenty years ago, "a lot more comes ower nor goes back."

From a rock climber's point of view, Mardale is, I am afraid, somewhat of a failure. An enthusiastic rock-climbing friend of mine says that Harter Fell and Blea Crag, although they are jagged precipices between 100 and 200 feet high, are only scrambles. I bow to his experience, but they are both very much more dangerous than I should have cared to tackle in my best days. I am not a rock-climber, however, but think they are worth the scramble, even by an expert.

Mardale can be reached by many ways. By mountain tracks from Shap via Keld, Swindale and Mardale Common, or Rosgill, Swindale and Naddle Forest; from Kendal by Longsleddle and Gatescarth Pass; from Staveley or Windermere by Kentmere and Nan Beild; from Ambleside by Troutbeck Ill Bell and Thornthwaite Crag, then either by Nan Beild or Rough Crag; or alternatively by the old



BURN BANKS, ON THE ROAD TO MARDALE.



THORNTHWAITE FORCK, HAWESWATER BECK.

road from Ambleside to Kirkstone Pass, over Caudale Moor, Thornthwaite Crag and Nan Beild or Rough Crag; from Patterdale by Low Hartsop and Hayeswater or Angle Tarn and Kidsty Pike; from Howtown, Pooley Bridge or Askham, by Lowther Stables, the old Roman Road on the ridge of High Street, then drop down to Mardale either by Fordingdale Bottoms to Measand, or High Raise and Bason Crag to Whelter, or High Raise and Kidsty Pike to Riggindale, or Rampsgill Head, Riggindale Straights, and Rough Crag to Mardale Green. All these ways can be varied, but they all end in the most primitive and secluded dale, the most charming and restful to be found in all Lakeland. To parody Tennyson:—

“Where the charas cease from troubling,
And day trippers are *non est*.”

No sound is heard in the dale save the muffled bleat of a sheep, the distant bark of a sheep dog on the fell side, or the weird shout of the shepherd to his dog.

The only ways to Mardale by road are from Penrith (15 miles). or Shap (11 miles), both roads meeting at Bampton. After passing Bampton and Thornthwaite, there is a charming stretch of roadway between Burn Banks and Naddle Forest bordered by wide margins rich with blackthorn, hawthorn, mountain ash, dwarf willow, gorse and broom, brambles and wild raspberries, with wild flowers of many kinds in their due seasons.

I have just returned from a short visit and found the wayside banks aglow with primroses, violets, bluebells, harebells, wood anemone and wild strawberry, with the foxglove and others springing up, the gills and sikes crossing the road, and the wet land near them were bright with the yellow blooms of marsh marigold. The graceful, pendulous white blossom of the burberry enlivened the hedgerows. The sunlight on the forest brought out the many shades of the leaves, from the burnt sienna of one variety of the sycamore and oak to the feathery green of the larch. Broom and gorse were bursting into bloom.

It is well to pause a moment at the bend of the road just above the boat-house when the Low Water of the lake and the distant hills come suddenly into full view. From here the road follows the windings of the lake, never more than a few yards away, with ever-changing views, until, passing Measand with its big tree and waterfall, until, a little way beyond the church it ends in the yard of the Dun Bull, under the shadow of Branstree. So enclosed is this part of the dale that from Martinmas to Candlemas no gleam of sunshine reaches the Dun Bull.

The visitor to Mardale is never at a loss for something to do. For the fisherman there is the lake, the two tarns and a choice of becks. For the fell climber several rounds over the hills from 10 to 30 miles in extent. For those who seek rest, quiet strolls by the lake-side to Naddle or Measand, or up the dales. One especially interesting walk is by the Corpse Road and Mardale Common, then turn to the left beyond Brownhowe Craggs, cross a belt of moorland which shelters a few grouse, then by Woof Crag through the higher forest by Naddle Farm. Hereabout is a herd of wild deer, introduced by Lord Lonsdale some years ago, chiefly, I believe, from Exmoor. They are not so much in evidence as their tame cousins of Lowther Park which stroll sedately away at the approach of strangers. They rarely see a human being, and anyone fortunate enough to come upon them suddenly, as I have done on several occasions, will be able to appreciate the grace and beauty of startled stags in wild flight. These are the stags mostly responsible for the predatory raids on Mardale's meagre fields. From here the path runs by Naddle Beck through a tangle of blackthorn to the very primitive bridge over the Haweswater Beck, thence to Thorntwaite Force, a fine waterfall which would cost a shilling to see in Wales, but is so little thought of here that not one visitor in twenty to Mardale ever sees it, or knows of its existence. The walk from here through the lower forest back to Mardale, from early spring to late autumn, is most delightful. It always brings to mind

Pierce Egan's schoolboy story of Robin Hood and Sherwood Forest. The way, which is at times very undecided, runs through brakes of underwood with here and there open glades, sometimes through a narrow lane of bracken six feet high or more, with glimpses now and then of the sunlit lake. To my mind the silence of the forest is one of its greatest charms; the only sounds to be heard being the breeze rustling among the trees, or the lapping of the tiny waves as they break on the stony margin of the lake. When the flood comes this charming and delightful ramble will disappear, and its place be taken by a bridle path high up on the hillside. In imagination I can see this new bridle path, narrow and innocent of fences of any kind, following the contour of the hills, well above the water line, under Hugh Laithe's Crag, the huge mass of Wallow Crag hiding the view beyond Measand. Measand peninsular and the straits separating the High Water from the Low Water, will disappear, and their place be taken by a long, curving coast line beginning at Burn Banks, passing under Lad Crag and Laithwaite Crag to Whelter Knotts, thence by bays and rocky promontories as far as the Rigg.

On rounding Wallow Crag the full beauty and majesty of the scene will be revealed. A beautiful sheet of water below, and in the distance a semi-circle of mountain peaks and crests. The path will be high enough to see the crest of High Raise, and the sharp point of Kidsty Pike. Further on to the south, Rough Crag, well named, creeps like some monster saurian from the bowels of High Street, with head, the Rigg, bent towards the lake. Further again, the imposing front of Harter Fell blocks up the dale to the south, with Branstree and Selside Pike on the east. At first sight, these fine hills do not appear to be so imposing as those at the head of Ullswater, partly because of their nearness, and partly by the fact that the level of Haweswater is so much higher, 218 feet, than that of Ullswater. As a matter of fact, the highest hill viewed from Patterdale, and some distance away, is St. Sunday Crag, 2756, and Mardale's

highest near to, is 2718, while the remainder of the hills comprising Mardale Head are higher and far more picturesque than the corresponding ones in Patterdale. Leaving Wallow Crag behind, the path will again follow the contour of the hills, amidst tumbled rocks and patches of old trees, through Guerness Wood, to emerge on Mardale Banks, and wander amidst the breast-high bracken until beyond Brown Howe Crag. The path then strikes the Corpse Road from Shap and Swindale. Between Brown Howe Crag and the Rigg, the top of Wood Howe will form the only island in the lake. It was here that one of the Holmes built a tower in such a position as to command all the bridle paths converging on Mardale, and the road as well as far down as Measand. Whether it was built for contemplation and study, or merely for vulgar spying purposes, no man can say. The tower stones have been carted away to build barns, and the timber cut up for firewood. Nothing now remains but the foundations, and a few rough stones not worth carting away. The building itself was standing less than 100 years ago. Above Grove Brae, a bridge will cross the gorge of the Arnold Beck which is formed by the junction, high above the site of the bridge, of Rowantreethwaite Beck and Hopgill Beck. It is to be hoped that the bridge will be a rustic wooden one, in keeping with the deep gorge and the beautiful waterfalls above. From here the path will run on Branstree fell-side, over Woodford Gill, where stag's horn moss is plentiful, with a nearer and better view of Mardale Head and the triple falls from Small Water and Blea Water, until it joins the bridle-path from Longsleddle by Gatescarth Pass. A little further, under the frowning shadow of Harter Fell, the path from Kentmere over Nan Beild Pass will be reached, and here a turn will be made a little way below Dodderwick Force, a miniature Aira Force, and the four paths in one will continue in a diagonal direction through the screes below Rough Crag, to the summit of the Rigg, where it is expected the Rest House, or the new Dun Bull, will be built. Indeed, to be of any use for the purpose

for which it has to be built, that is, a house of rest and refreshment for travellers crossing the fells either for business or pleasure, it must be built here as all the tracks previously referred to meet only at this spot. At one time a house stood here, and the land still bears traces of having been cultivated.

The site is an ideal one. It is ringed round with the hills and crags mentioned in a previous paragraph, and near enough for the topmost height of any one of them to be reached from the hotel between breakfast and lunch. It should be built of native stone—grey rag and Skiddaw slate—in keeping with the craggy heights which rise abruptly on its southern border sheltering it from the southern storms, while on the north it would be protected by the Rigg Plantation.

Rising steeply just beyond the hotel grounds are the rocky eminences, one above the other, of Swine Crag, Heron Crag and Eagle Crag to the topmost cairn on the ridge of Rough Crag. Three hundred feet below lies Blea Water and on either side of the knife-like edge the rolling fells of Riggindale and Mardale Waters, flecked in the spring with the fluffy whiteness of cotton grass, or as Ossian calls it "the down of Cana." Far above, the kestrel circles round Kidsty Pike or Harter Fell or hangs stilly on poised wing to drop suddenly on its prey, or a solitary heron flies heavily on its way to the lower reaches of the lake or the willow-clad margins of the becks. Perchance a stag or two may be seen browsing on the northern skyline. From Rampsgill Head to Randale Ridge is but a cock-stride to a Martindale stag. I have found shed antlers on the southern slope of Rough Crag.

At the Hotel, the bridle-path will end, and the road begin, as it now does from the Dun Bull yard, and drop diagonally down to Riggindale, where it will be carried over the beck, to turn again in a diagonal direction up to Band End, where where it will be joined by the path from Patterdale, then by Flake Howe Crag and Castle Crag (the site of an old

Roman fort, an outpost of the Roman road over High Street leading to Agricola's Wall), near to the graves of the Scottish Raiders, and in full view of the pretty cascades in Whelter Beck, behind Whelter Cottage, and so on through the rough scree of Whelter Knotts and Laithwaite Crag, to the bridge over the Measand Beck, just below the high falls, where again I hope the bridge will be made to harmonise with its surroundings. From here the road will be fairly straight across the fell to Burn Banks, where it will join the present road somewhere beyond Thornthwaite.

In a previous paragraph reference is made to the tales of Border strife told by the old grandsires. One of these legends runs that the burghers of Kendal had received warning of a Scottish raid on the town, the raiders to pass through Mardale by Nan Beild Pass and Kentmere, so their archers were hastily gathered together, and posted amongst the rocky ground on and surrounding Castle Crag. When within shooting distance, volley after volley of arrows were poured into the raiders, until there was scarcely a man left alive. Where they fell, there they were buried, and their graves remain to this day.

High up in Mardale Head lie two tarns. Blea Tarn (1,584 feet), dark, sombre and forbidding, its western side an inaccessible cliff, except, of course, to such as my rock-climbing friend, who calls it a scramble. After noon it sees no sunlight, except in high summer; it has no friendly beach, but is what it looks like, the cruel mouth of an extinct volcano. Its neighbour, Small Water, half a mile away, at the foot of Nan Beild Pass (also an extinct volcano), separated from it by Piot Crag, is as pleasant and inviting as Blea Tarn is black and repellent. From a shingly beach, under the shadow of a rock on the eastern shore, there is a fine triple echo. The first comes back from Small Water Crag clear and distinct, the second wanders up Nan Beild Pass, and the third dies away amongst the rocks at the top. By the side of the path, at the bottom of the pass, are three shelters roughly put together from the mass of large flat

stones lying around. Probably they were built for the use of travellers overtaken by mist or darkness. Either of these tarns is within an hour's easy walk from the Dun Bull. The two tarns, and the streams issuing from them, filling the air with the music of their falls, are called *Mardale Waters*.

One great charm of *Mardale* is its becks. There are seven of them, besides sikes and gills, beginning with *Measand*, which has the most prominent fall in the valley, but is the least picturesque. Beyond *Measand* the sound of falling water is ever present.

"A land of streams! Some like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumb'rous sheet of foam below.

A land where all things always seemed the same."

Some of the becks in a distance of a mile or so fall over 1,000 feet by a series of pretty cascades and miniature waterfalls. There is a certain repellant grandeur about a great waterfall. It roars and boils and sweeps things out of its way. It is very fine and imposing, but does not invite closer acquaintance. On the other hand, these charming cascades jump joyously over their rocky ridges like playful children let loose from school. They laugh and sing and sparkle in the sun, while the eddying pool below invites the hot and tired wayfarer to the comfort of its cool, refreshing bosom.

Fortunately, the great water scheme will not interfere with any of these becks and waterfalls, but, on the contrary, the new road and bridle paths will bring most of them somewhat nearer, and reveal beauty spots to the casual visitor of which he at present knows nothing. I hope the new road will be innocent of stone walls and iron railings, with wide margins some three or four yards where possible, with unobtrusive fences hidden by kindly growths which now for the most part fringe the road from *Burn Banks* to

Mardale. Heather and gorse and ivy, blackthorn, holly and mountain ash, wild raspberries and blackberries, honeysuckle, wild roses, the Guelder rose, convolvulus and the meadow-sweet, which now scents the air even to one passing in a motor-car, the primrose, foxglove, and that beautiful and prolific plant, the wild geranium or meadow crane's bill, to say nothing of the humble daisy and buttercup, or the tiny ranunculus which brightens the mossy wayside pools, the March violet, wild thyme, and a hundred other beautiful plants which now grow wild alongside or near to the present road. Patches of lady's bed-straw and parsley fern will always relieve the grey monotony of the screes.

There is not, nor is there ever likely to be, as much traffic over this road in a month as the roads round Thirlmere see every summer day, and consequently there is not the same necessity for the costly and inartistic walls which surround that lake. Anyone familiar with the road on the west side of Derwentwater will know what I mean.

If the work at Haweswater is taken in hand in the manner I have indicated, none of its beauty will be lost, but rather added to, especially when the bare fellsides are green with the woods which always form part of schemes of this kind.

What the present generation will undoubtedly lose is the valley and all it contains. Measand, with its old school, at which several distinguished men first drank of the fount of knowledge (one became an Admiral of the Fleet) will disappear, together with every farmhouse in the dale, the old church, and the Dun Bull. For nearly one hundred years there has been an annual Shepherds' Meet at the Dun Bull the third week in November. In the old days this meet was held on the top of High Street, accompanied by horse-racing and the usual sports of those days. Imagine toiling from Mardale, Kentmere, Patterdale, and even far-away Longsleddle, rising 2,000 feet or so over rough ground, carrying barrels of beer and other things necessary for a feast. What men they must have been! I have a copy of an old engraving shewing a horse race, and also a des-



THE DEN HILL OF PAUL HENRE DAYS,
100 OR 500 YEARS OLD



From an old print

HORSE RACING ON HILL STREET OVER 100 YEARS AGO.
THE WATER HOLLOW IS BEKA TARN.



From an old print

LOW TRADE WAS CARRIED ON OVER 100 YEARS AGO,
BY PACK HORSES FROM KENDAL, BY LONG SLIDDALE,
GREAT SCARTH PASS AND MADOLE TO DESHPER.

cription of other sports, and of the feast which used in those days to take place afterwards. The horse racing and sport, finally came to an end, and were merged in the Shepherds' Meet now held at the Dun Bull. To-day the sport consists of two days' hunting by the Ullswater Pack, led by Joe Bowman, one of the most noted huntsmen in the dales since the days of John Peel, a hound trail, sheep dog trials, and clay pigeon shooting. An old account, equally true to-day, says: "After a day's good sport, huntsmen, shepherds, visitors, sheep-dogs and terriers (hounds are not admitted) all turn into the "Dun Bull" for a hearty meal. In the evening a smoking concert is held in the dining room, and a long table on trestles stands in the middle of the room. Around it sit all those who have gathered during the day. A chairman is appointed, and sits at the head of the table, whilst under the table are sheep-dogs and terriers galore. Toasts are proposed in the usual way; then the chairman calls for a song, and if there is a chorus so much the better. Everybody is supposed to sing at least one song. Sometimes, if a song has a good swing, the men get particularly enthusiastic, the shepherds beat on the tables with their sticks, and the sheep-dogs and terriers join the chorus with enthusiasm or execration, no man knows which." I have heard Joe Bowman sing a hunting song after two o'clock in the morning, and be out with his hounds, fresh as paint, before nine. In the days to come, Joe's name will rival that of John Peel as a mighty hunter.

The Northmen come to this festival from near and far, even from Sedbergh, in the West Riding, and when tired out with the day's hunting and the night's revelry, some sleep on chairs, some in the barns, or wherever they can lay their heads.

In a few years these things may be as ships that pass in the night—as a tale that is told. I cannot say. But the grassy fells will be let for sheep grazing. Where there are sheep on the fells, they stray, and must have a meeting place to sort out those belonging to the various owners. (I

believe this is really the origin of the present clearing house system.) Where there are sheep there must be lambs. Where there are lambs, especially in the craggy fastnesses of Westmorland, there are foxes, and, as there will be no farmers to keep down the ground game and vermin in Mardale, probably more foxes. So the meet and the hunt may have to be held willy-nilly. One thing, however, is certain: Mardale, as we of this generation know it, will disappear, and leave not a trace behind. The older men will have gone; the younger men may live to tell tales to their sons and grandsons of the days of hunting and the nights of revelry they passed in Mardale before the flood.

THE MARDALIAN'S LAMENT.

The farmsteads are empty, their roof-trees are gone,
The strong, hardy dalesmen have left one by one.
There's nothing to show where their old dwellings stood,
Save whitening stones fathoms deep 'neath the flood.

Dear was the forest where we wandered so free,
Or rested awhile on some old fallen tree;
Dear were the meadows reaching down to the shore,
But the fair maids of Mardale will tread them no more.

The quaint little church, nestling 'neath the old yews,
Has been plundered of altar, and pulpit, and pews;
The sacred dead laid to rest there for aye,
Will hear the last trump in some place far away.

The Dun Bull has gone, no more shall we rest there;
Its larders are empty, its cupboards are bare;
No more shall we feast, little recking the cost;
The rooms where we revelled for ever are lost.

So, Mardale, farewell! The strangers have robbed thee
Of all that was dear to my comrades and me;
Of forest, and church, and Dun Bull we're bereft,
High Whelter's gaunt gables are all they have left.

The above lines are anticipatory. Mardale will not be
interfered with for some years to come.

November, 1921.

WASDALE FORTY YEARS AGO.

By W. P. HASKETT-SMITH.

The old Alpine dispute between the "centrists" and the "non-centrists" had hardly arisen in the Lakeland of that day. Where distances are so small and weather so bad, there is always a temptation to move on to the next valley in the fond hope that there more cheerful conditions will be found. Therefore, almost the only "centrists" were provided by University reading parties, and the few visitors varied almost day by day. Among the oddest of these was Mr. Charles Packe, who had a passion for doing eccentric things, and especially for passing nights on the loftiest and bleakest spots which he could find. For this purpose, he often took with him a weird contrivance of his own, not unlike a huge spectacle-case or a canvas canoe. In its youth it had perhaps been an efficient sleeping-bag, but with the lapse of years it had lost many of its better qualities, and the rubber in its composition had shrunk here and gone sticky there until the surface consisted largely of great horny scales, and the proud inventor not only had the utmost difficulty in entering his bed; but for comfort and freedom of movement was not much better off than a medieval knight sleeping in plate armour. He was a strange mixture, for, hardy and abstemious though he was, he prided himself not unjustly on a choice taste in food and drink. One day he was lost. He had not come down to breakfast, and his room was empty. It was most mysterious. About mid-day he lounged in and explained that he had woken at 4-30 a.m. and, remembering that some thirty years before he had greatly enjoyed a breakfast of "char" at a certain inn many miles away, he had suddenly decided to walk over there and

repeat the delightful experience. The result was that he walked the best part of twenty miles only to eat ham and eggs just as if he had stayed where he was.

Equally surprising to strangers was a certain peer of the realm, full of intelligence and knowledge of the world, but sadly hampered by a defective palate, which made several letters of the alphabet quite impossible for him. For many initial consonants he had to substitute the sound of a very energetic "H," and at his first meal he paralysed the maid-servant by shouting abruptly: "A hawk! A hawk!" when all he wanted was that she should not take away the cork which she had just extracted from his beer-bottle.

Another time one of my friends was speaking of the prospects of submarine boats, and was utterly flabbergasted when His Lordship suddenly demanded: "Arn't a hyaboo who hurn hurkoo?" which however simply meant: "Aren't they liable to turn turtle?" Once you got over this little difficulty, he was excellent company, and, though no climber, he was a vigorous walker.

One day we were taking a large party, including ladies, to the "Rake's Progress," and I induced him to attempt the passage of that picturesque ledge by promising that an active young fellow should see him safe across. The youth coaxed His Lordship forward by continual promises that the obstacles were trifling, or nearly at an end. Near the highest point, the rest of our party waited for these two, just where a slight projection concealed them from us. In this way they got within three or four yards of us without knowing it, and his Lordship, proud of having got so far but not quite sure of getting any further, addressed to his guide what he intended as a confidential enquiry. At that point, however, there is a remarkable echo off Pikes Crag, and the joint effect of voice and echo was a frantic bellow like that of a wounded buffalo: "No more hight ifficooties, I hope!" He had heard the phrase: "Just one more slight difficulty" so often that he had begun to regard it with considerable mistrust.

Mr. F. H. Bowring had of course frequented Wasdale Head for years and years, tramping to every hole and corner of the district, and acquiring a minute familiarity with it which is never likely to be equalled; but he had very few striking peculiarities. People were sometimes struck by his almost ghoulish interest in fatal accidents; on one occasion two youths had left Wastdale in dubious weather for Mickledoor, and Bowring had made up his mind that they had fallen off Pikes Crag. He led us forth in cataracts of rain, and for several hours we searched all that side of the mountain. Night was fast closing in when he urged us to examine Pikes Crag for the third time, and added: "But this rain is very unfortunate; I'm afraid we shall not find anything OF INTEREST!" As a matter of fact, the two young men had not left behind their "interesting" fragments, for they had quietly walked over Sty Head and were reposing comfortably at Rosthwaite.

Mention of that pass reminds me that Bowring greatly disliked the stony path on Gable scree, and always took the old grass track in the valley bottom. Speaking of this preference, he mentioned that he knew men in Borrowdale who refused to use the new road on that side, and made a point of always taking the old path on the slopes of Base Brown. One of my party thought this highly improbable; but not long after we were on it and met a native. I asked him why he came that way, as he did not appear to be after sheep. At first, he was rather shy and sullen, but after a bit he unbent, became quite friendly, and explained that he did it to please his father. It appeared that the father was a very old man, who had an extraordinary knowledge of the fells, but was no longer able to get about much. When his sons came in, it was his greatest pleasure to hear exactly where they had been on the fells, and what they had seen, and if one of them had without some very special reason followed the new-fangled way, the old man would not get over it for two or three days. It shows the intense conservatism of some of the old dalesmen, and it spoke well for the innate

kindliness of these rough men that they were ready to take so much trouble to humour their old father's whim. I went along this same path the other day, and found it not nearly so good as it used to be, though there are plenty of scratches to show that it is still frequented by the shepherds.

Certainly, the most surprising figure in the valley of those days was the clergyman. He was small, and rather insignificant in appearance ; but he had remarkably neat feet and legs. He set off the latter by wearing knickerbockers and stockings of a most vivid scarlet, while he covered the former, partly for economy's sake, with wooden clogs. Nothing could be neater than those clogs. Their upper leathers were beautifully shaped, and finished, and the sole edges smartly bound with brass ; but the general effect was decidedly garish. Probably he lived by himself, with no one to look after him, for every morning he would come across to the inn, and carry away a little tin vessel which we imagined to contain his one warm meal for the day. It was a pathetic sight to see the little man, wrapped in a dilapidated mackintosh, hopping over the puddles, and haunted by the double fear of spilling his precious food, and soiling his gaudy nether man.

Such were some of the characteristic figures in Wasdale before the rush of climbers set in ; but we who had the luck to be there in those early days were in time to see something of a still more remarkable character, and perhaps there may be an opportunity later (if the Editor can spare the room) for a few words on the subject of Will Ritson.

OUR CLUB IN 1921.

By H. P. CAIN.

It is, of course, a truism that all our members look upon food and drink as necessary only in so far as they help to attain and maintain that pink of physical perfection which alone enables us to achieve those stupendous performances on rock or fell with which our friends (non-climbing) credit us.

All the more humiliating is it, therefore, for the writer to have to record, at the outset, two Dinners, instead of the usual one.

It must be noted, however, that the Dinner at Coniston was preceded by the best attended Annual General Meeting in the history of the Club. It was a happy thought to hold this meeting away from the hotel, and the extra room and convenience were much appreciated. It is a healthy sign of the hold the club has when members attend in such numbers and show much keen interest in the club's doings.

The dinner—well, one hundred and sixteen members and guests were there, and one is forced to the conclusion that the "Sun" is like a good rope, and has a large amount of elasticity when subjected to strain. The menu was disposed of in quicker time than usual, and everyone settled down to enjoy speeches by our President, Mrs. Nettleton, Mr. W. N. Ling, T. Howard Somervell, G. Winthrop Young, Ashley P. Abraham and T. C. Ormiston-Chant. It was the usual late hour when members dispersed, meeting again the following morning to indulge in non-gastronomical activities. Also, as usual, it was generally agreed to be the best dinner meet in the history of the club, but then they all are!

The next item of interest to members is the dinner of that lusty infant "The London Section." Thanks to Miss Pilley and her energetic committee no club could have wished for a better send-off. Larger premises had to be secured at short notice, and not only the London members, but members and friends from Kendal, Leeds, Hull, Bradford, Manchester,

Milnethorpe and elsewhere helped the illusion one had at first that the club had changed its headquarters. The Father of Lake District Climbing, our Ex-President (W. P. Haskett-Smith), occupied the chair, and his and other excellent speeches by W. C. Slingsby, Dr. Hadfield, Dr. McCleary, Dennis Murray, J. Coulton and Miss Pilley made the evening go so quickly that D.O.R.A., or some other Kill-joy caused the clocks to point to 11 p.m. before any of those present had nearly exhausted the mutual "do you remember"?

It must in fairness be recorded that the London Section's efforts are not entirely confined to patronising restaurants, and that successful meets have been held, and large distances covered on sundry Sabbaths by the feet of the faithful. At first a rucksack in the Tube provoked the Londoner, enveloped in his Sunday gloom—even the early morning variety—to curiosity, but the sight is now too common to cause comment. "And so the good work goes on."

The Christmas meet at Wasdale was not well attended, but ample amends were made at Buttermere at New Year, twenty-three members and friends being present, including the President, four Officials and two members of the Committee, one of whom, making a long journey for the express purpose of attending the committee meeting, found to her dismay that the misreading of her postcard had caused her to be a day late. It was felt that to one so "lofty in purpose, resolute in endeavour" an attendance mark should be granted.

On New Year's Day, the President led up the Slab and Notch, and was last down the Pendlebury Traverse, while the Treasurer, after accompanying the main body as far as Robinson's Cairn, departed to Gillerthwaite and Herdhouse in rumoured search of unpaid subscriptions. A dense mist made his search fruitless, and the return to Buttermere, via Floutern Tarn, not without adventure.

Birkness Combe was visited on the following day, and on the third the whole party (with two exceptions, who did the Red Pike, &c., ridge walk) was led by the Buttermere expert of the club to the head of Warnscale en route for the

Napes. When mist was met the above-mentioned expert did his best to induce the rest to follow him in a bee line for Honister, but the more ignorant and pig-headed members produced compasses in great variety, argued volubly, and finally, by dint of proceeding steadily upwards, hit the iron fence along Brandreth, and so to Wind Gap. After lunch, the less energetic (or better weather prophets) made for Seathwaite, while the rest went to Gable top, two heroes even doing the Needle Ridge. Much tea was consumed at Seathwaite—why is it that one can drink more tea at Seathwaite than anywhere else in the world?—and finally Honister was crossed in a howling gale, composed of equal quantities of cold rain, colder wind, utter darkness, and unsuspected holes.

A wet morning to follow persuaded the majority that their duty called them home.

Twenty-five was the attendance at Coniston in February, and they were favoured with magnificent weather and dry rocks. Kelly and Bower, of course, did a new climb on "D" buttress—the "Raven" route, and are understood to have relinquished their assaults on the unconquered fragments of this buttress, solely on account of the supply of appropriate bird's names giving out. The rest did the usual climbs and walks with infinite content.

Easter was celebrated at Wasdale by about thirty, and though the weather was not too good numerous fell tops were visited, and a fair amount of climbing done. Greetings were exchanged with members of the Rucksack Club (who were at Boot), on Steeple, and at their headquarters, and the only really fine day was made the most of by a party of eleven, who did the Esk Pike, Bowfell, the Crinkle and Shelter "twenty-fives," Long Top, Red How, Cockley Beck, Hard Knott, the Woolpack, Burnmoor and Wasdale round in $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours, walking time, and enjoyed every minute of it. Incidentally, up to then, only two of the eleven had ever been on, or even knew of, the Sty Head lower track.

Gimmer Crag can rarely have suffered such an invasion

as took place during the April meet at Langdale. Thirteen members were climbing its various routes at one time, each with at least 100 feet of rope, and the presence of some members of the Pinnacle Club (Advt.) struggling with festoons of "line" prompted the remark that they were knitting jumpers and had dropped a stitch. This meet was held in perfect weather, and the many members who attended appreciated Langdale's attractions to the full.

A large gathering at Borrowdale is always expected, and this year proved no exception. Beautiful weather was experienced, and the fells and crags were visited often, if not early. Gable and the Napes were especially popular, and, aided by contingents from Wasdale, queues had, in sober truth, to be formed at the base of the Needle and the foot of the Arrowhead Ridge. From Borrowdale alone, five parties ascended the Needle, and six the Needle Ridge, on one day.

Scafell, the Pillar Rock, Great End and Glaramara were also visited, and one records with delight the association of the President with yet another new climb in the District, viz.: a new finish, over 200 feet in length, to Gillercombe Buttress.

Will the member (if any) who lost a shilling on the "Rake's Progress" some time since 1914 please note that the same has been found, and that it is no use applying for its return? It was last seen in Mrs. Edmondson's company at Seathwaite—more tea!

During June the presence of the writer in Skye on "urgent private affairs" which, strangely enough, involved the attendance there of other members of the club, prevented his attendance at the Buttermere Meet, and history is completely silent, at any rate in the club book, as to the happenings.

Those few who attended the Wasdale Meet in August had good climbing, and the secretary discovered a scale model of the Needle, with a stone on top, but, as usual, when anybody finds anything presumably new, research proved that O. G. Jones found it years ago, and climbed it.

The Eskdale Meet was held in perfect weather, and natu-

rally most of the attention was directed to Scafell. The President made his first ascent of Moss Ghyll (direct). In 1893 he made the first descent, in company with the late Dr. Collier. The gratification of the President at thus revisiting the scene of an old triumph was fully shared by the two members who were privileged to accompany him. Nothing more fitting to close a club year could well be imagined, and Mr. Solly takes with him into the comparative obscurity of the committee the warmest wishes of the Club, and its keen sense of gratitude for the full and enthusiastic services which he has rendered during the whole of the two years of his term of office.

The past year has seen changes—F. W. Walker-Jones has, after many false starts, left England, to his and our regret, and was last heard of taking tea with the Sultan of Perak. Appointments can, however, be made for the summer of 1924.

Bower has made the discovery that there are worse places to live in than Barrow (at any rate, from the "Bowerish" point of view), while, as compensation, Holland has come to the conclusion that Windermere presents unique advantages as an educational centre. Colin Phillip has, happily, been in the district for most of our year, and is still busily engaged in correcting contour lines on Ordnance Maps, and bringing his unrivalled knowledge to bear on abstruse points connected with the nomenclature of the fells. For the rest, one may safely write that our playground never received more sincere or greater homage from our members than during the past year. Every week-end has seen parties at one or more centres, and our club books bear witness that the time has not been wasted. It is evident that increasing numbers of men and women are turning away from the artificial pleasures of seaside resorts to the lasting joys of the hills, and our club can look forward with hope and eagerness to fulfilling its appointed task of uniting together those of us who

"When
We tire of well-worn ways, we seek for new;
The restless craving in the souls of men
Spurs them to climb, and seek the mountain view."

CLIMBS OLD AND NEW.

Compiled from the Club Books and elsewhere.

By G. S. BOWER.

WASDALE: The second ascent of this wonderful
Central Buttress, climb was made on August 20th, 1921,
Scafell. by C. D. Frankland (Y.R.C.) and B.
 Beetham. It was led throughout, without previous inspection from above. 'Nuff said!

Innominate Crack, First ascent, April 9th, 1921, G.S.B.,
Kern Knotts. B.B., J.B.W. In the steep wall to the right of Kern Knotts Crack. A triangular niche is easily attained. Strong fingers are desirable for the next 20 or 30 feet, and no strength should be wasted in hesitation. The holds are not too good, but are sufficient. At this height a rest can be obtained, with a belay round a small block. This wobbles slightly, but can and must be used as a hold for the start of the next, rather easier, section up to the grassy niche. This is not very difficult to enter, and the second man may be brought up to here, being secured by means of his rope passing over a notch in the left wall, whilst the leader tackles the steep crack, finishing the climb.

The climb had been tried several times on the rope by the leader during the previous summer. Rubbers were worn.

Pillar Rock. Rumour speaks of a mysterious party, using a graduated rope, and consisting of manager or Oberherrklettermeister (with pencil and note-book), chief guide, deputy guide, trusty second, and witty member of the party. Perchance, we shall read of their doings elsewhere.

Nook and Wall. First descent, 15th May, 1921. C.F.H., G.S.B., H.M.K. (last man).

CONISTON: About the end of May, 1921, a rock fall was reported near the sixth pitch. The debris was removed by Chimney Sweeper C.F.H.

The record time for the ascent of this gully from the spring to Easy Terrace at present stands at $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, and was made by G.B.

**Raven Route,
D Buttress.** First ascent, Feb. 20th, 1921, H.M.K., G.S.B. The course lies directly up the slabs on the left of the N.E. climb. Its commencement is just to the right of that of the Falcon Variation, and its finish is immediately to the right of that of the Ordinary Route, above the top of Blizzard Chimney.

The first pitch is a slab of about 15 feet, finishing with a grassy mantelshelf. Belay here. The next movement is rather awkward until a good hold can be attained. Above this, if desired, one can move to the Falcon Route for a belay. Continuing upward, the rocks on the left of a steep, shallow groove are climbed until a difficult traverse is possible over its top to the right, and then upwards over rounded rocks into a shallow "cave," some 60 feet above the grassy mantelshelf, and about level with the belay on the Ordinary Route. One climbs directly above this cave, and eventually arrives in a somewhat similar one higher up. Above this a slight movement is made to the right, after which one climbs straight up to the top of the climb. The climb is of sustained interest, and is severe. Pussyfootwear desirable.

Treating simple scrambling with disrespect. T.H.S. and B.B. spent what they describe as an "energetic afternoon" on Doe Craggs. The fare included Hopkinson's and Broadrick's Cracks, Central Chimney, Intermediate Gully, Broadrick's Climb on B Buttress, Abraham's Ditto,

Arête, Chimney and Crack, Great Gully, D Buttress, &c. They regret the absence of the Club's timekeeper.

Grey Buttress. First ascent, April 3rd, 1921, G.S.B., with J.B.W. The steep grey buttress for which the above name is suggested is situated on the S. side of Grey Friar, a little above the head of Seathwaite Tarn. Only one route is possible, and there are no side exits, so that the climb, although short, is pleasureable.

After initial scrambling on gorse bedecked ledges, the route starts at the right-hand corner, where a cairn was built. The first objective is a sloping ledge, about 20 feet up, which is reached by means of an excellent crack for the hands, and an awkward final movement, before one can stand on the ledge. There is no belay here, and one must at once attack the almost vertical wall above, which is provided with poor, flat, finger holds for the first few feet. Higher up, the holds improve considerably, and the leader can rest beside an insecurely perched flake on the right. This must be covered over, from left to right, and, to do this, one should ascend a foot or so, and then step on the flake for an instant, until a lodgement can be effected on the wall beyond. Difficulties now moderate, and, after passing a cairn on a good ledge, a higher ledge, provided with a huge block belay, may be used to bring up the second man. The total length is about 70 to 80 feet, and of this 50 feet or 60 feet are very steep and difficult.

It was tried on the rope the evening before it was led, and rubbers were worn.

LANGDALE: On March 20th, 1921, a route was made by **Gimmer Crag.** G.S.B. and F.G. up the buttress to the right of the wide gully at the S.E. side of the Crag. The upper portion was very interesting and continuous for about 80 feet, and it was thought at the time that the slabs on the left and below this would probably yield under dry conditions, and would provide a much more interesting start.

This has proved to be the case, for on June 5th, A.A. and G.A., starting up a chimney behind a prominent flake continued upwards, and, bearing towards the right across a steep slab, crossed the route mentioned above, about 40 feet from the top of the buttress. They used rubbers, and state that the climb would probably be considered severe.

Tarn Crag Buttress. First ascent, July 28th, 1921, J.A.G., W.L.T. Tarn Crag is the shapely pike so conspicuous from the hotel, which rises on the right of the Stickle Tarn outlet. It is mostly composed of broken rock, but a clean, slabby buttress on the right of a wide grassy bay attracted the party, and provided the climb. It is well seen from the ordinary path to Stickle Tarn, at the level of the highest waterfall in the ghyll, and may be identified by a pointed boulder standing on end at its base, and by a dark overhang 20 or 30 feet up. It was found that it gave a somewhat difficult climb of about 120 feet, on firm, rough rock.

Starting at the lowest point of the buttress, a slab leads to a heathery ledge on the left of the overhang, whence a short traverse brings one to the crest of the buttress. This is followed until it gives out below a V shaped scoop, where there is an uncomfortable stance, and a small but good belay. The scoop is mossy, and the steep nose on its left would appear to be a more satisfactory route. A crack in the nose can be followed into the upper part of the scoop, where good handholds can be used for swinging across to the right wall of the scoop, and so to the top of the pitch, avoiding two loose blocks on the left. The last pitch is a steep wall, about 15 feet to the left, along a heathery ledge. A small nest under a slight overhang provides a fairly good resting place before finishing. The climb was done in boots, and no trace of former parties was discovered. Cairns mark the start and finish. The leader requires 60 feet of rope.

Harrison Stickle. On January 30th, 1921, a day borrowed from Spring, a short but interesting climb was made by

G.S.B. and J.C.A. on the steeper western side of Harrison Stickle, about 50 feet to the right of a conspicuous crack.

A start is made up a corner, with excellent holds, but awkward landing at the top. This could be avoided on the left. One now launches out on to the buttress on the right at the easiest place, where a good right hand hold enables a start to be made. About 30 feet higher one attains a fairly good stance, with belay above. The slabs above this are climbed, moving upwards slightly to the right, and then to the left up to a broad terrace, on which a tiny cairn was built. From here to the summit of Harrison Stickle one need tackle nothing more than easy scrambling. The climb is perhaps 100 feet, and is not more than difficult.

Jack's Rake. On p. 63 of the "Langdale Book" it is stated that the first recorded ascent of this course was made by Jack, circa 1400 A.D. Will any member possessing evidence of any previous ascent kindly communicate with the Editor?

BUTTERMERE: This gully, first climbed by J. W. Robinson, in 1889, was unusually dry during the past summer, and was climbed by R.W.H., who speaks highly of it. Its length (by aneroid) is given by him as 300 feet.

BORROWDALE: (Variation Finish.) On May 17th, J.W. Gillercombe led a party, consisting of H.H., G.A.S. and G.W., up a new and very interesting finish to this climb, giving over 200 feet of continuous climbing. The route was spotted by H.H. during the Whitsuntide Meet. It commences about 80 feet above, and rather to the left of the 80 feet pitch above the traverse from the piton. The foot of the climb, which is some 15 feet from the edge of the gully, is marked by a large arrow scratched on the rock, and by a cairn. By means of a small and somewhat loose leaf of rock, the leader attains a slightly grooved slab, with

small holds, which is climbed for about 30 feet. Then, after a short turn to the left, bearing slightly to the right for a further 10 feet, he reaches a belay. After this, the angle becomes less steep, and a way is made up clean, slabby rock for a further 50 feet to a good belay. From this point a chimney becomes obvious, some distance ahead, and slightly to the right. The leader climbs towards this, and reaches his third belay some distance below its foot, on a grassy ledge. The foot of the chimney may be reached from here, but it was found preferable to cross this, and climb on the slabs to its right. The angle continues to be severe, but the top is reached without much difficulty, about 20 feet from the finish of the old climb. This climb is continuously exposed and the belays not too good. The leader used rubbers.

**Gillercombe
Buttress.
2nd variation
finish.**

On May 18th, 1921, R.S.T.C., E.H. and J.C.A., intending to repeat the above climb, made a further variation. They climbed the first 30 feet slab, which they found severe, and then, while still bearing upwards, turned towards the left, and reached a narrow ledge immediately above the bed of the gully. At the far end of the ledge, a large, partly detached block formed a belay some 45 feet from the beginning. From here the route goes upwards, across firm, rough rock, at a very steep angle, until, about 50 feet from the belay, a perpendicular wall is reached, with a small rather insecure flake, which can be used as a belay. The second should be brought up to this point, and the leader can then reach a large block about 15 feet to the right, whence he can anchor his second, whilst the third is being brought up. From this point the route bears slightly to the right, care being taken to avoid a large detached block which forms one wall of a small chimney, and looks very insecure. About 60 feet of rope are needed to reach the next belay, which is large and good, and, afterwards, an easy slab, leading to the right, brings one to the end of the climb, which is marked by a small cairn. A further 20 feet

of scrambling leads to the summit, about 30 feet to the left of the cairn marking the end of the ordinary route.

The leader wore boots, but, owing to the sloping character of the holds, rubbers would probably have felt more comfortable.

The rock on both these routes is clean and rough, in marked contradistinction to the lower parts of the climb, and, though the situations are very exposed, the climbing after the first 30 feet is not severe.

The key to the Initials used in the above article is as follows :—

R. W. Hall	G. S. Bower
G. A. Solly	C. F. Holland
Graham Wilson	H. M. Kelly
J. Wray	G. Basterfield
H. Harland	T. H. Somervell
E. Harland	A. Ackerley
R. S. T. Chorley	G. Ackerley
J. C. Appleyard	F. Graham
C. D. Frankland	J. A. Garrick
Bentley Beetham	W. L. Tulip
J. B. Wilton	

Why climb the mountains? I will tell thee why ;
I love the free breath of the broad-wing'd breeze,
I love the eye's free sweep from craggy rim,
I love the free bird poised at lofty ease,
And the free torrent's far up sounding hymn.

J. S. Blackie,

IN MEMORIAM.

Miss Elizabeth Douglas Selkirk :

The lady who was known by this name in the Club was really the Rev. Mother Elizabeth, of the community of St. Michael and all Angels, Hammersmith. She was a remarkable woman and a great personality. She spent most of her life in the South, but she was born at Everton, Liverpool, and lived as a child at Gosforth, where she made the intimate acquaintance of the Lakes, and especially of Wastwater. In her last years she paid many visits to this neighbourhood, and although precluded by her age and profession from actually assailing the crags, she was a remarkably good fell-walker to the last. Her love for Lakeland expressed itself in the collection of a very extensive library of books relating to the county, which she left to the Club. They will be placed in the Club Library and thus find a wider field of usefulness than in the Nunnery where they have long reposed. Mother Elizabeth leaves a very large number of friends to mourn her loss, and not the least sincere regret will be felt in Keswick and Seascale. The English Church is generally said to be many-sided, and certainly Mother Elizabeth in Hammersmith and on High Street exemplified this many-sidedness. May she rest in peace.

Joseph Cowperthwaite :

Mr. Cowperthwaite, who was the proprietor of the Prince of Wales and Dale Lodge Hotels at Grasmere, was one of the best known men about the Lake District, and took a great interest in everything which had to do with its welfare. He was a member of the F. and R. Club from 1910 until his decease in 1920.

AN EXPEDITION TO SEE THE SUNRISE— SUNDAY, MAY 8th.

By W. G. MILLIGAN.

Feeling very energetic, I suggested to Goudielock and Cooksey that we should have a long day out on Sunday. Goudielock jumped at the idea, but Cooksey was not at all keen, saying that he was too old for that kind of thing. After dinner on Saturday night, we managed to get Masson to promise to join us. Cooksey and the others would have nothing to do with it, so we made arrangements with Mrs. Harris that she would call us at 2-30 a.m., which she promised to do, and said she would make breakfast for us. As promised, she gave us a knock at 2-30 a.m., and Masson and I went downstairs to see what the morning was like. The sky was covered with a thin mist, but in several places we could see stars. Towards Helvellyn it looked very, very dark indeed, after consultation we agreed that even if we did not see the sun rise it would be well worth the trip out, so we got up, all except Cooksey. We went across to Mrs. Harris, and had a good breakfast of two eggs each, and made a start in the car from Park Gate at 3-10 a.m. We were a bit behind our time, and, to make matters worse, the head lights refused to go on, so I had to drive all the way with very poor oil lights. When we got near Ambleside, however, the light seemed to get better, and we made good progress until we came to Dunmail Raise. Half-way up the hill, the car started to boil furiously, and we had to stop to put some more oil in, and eventually arrived at Whytburn at 4 a.m. We had been discussing how long it would take us to get up Helvellyn from Wythburn. The night before, Rogers had said that, in his opinion, it would take two hours.

As we left Wythburn at 4-5 a.m., this only left us 1 hour 19 mins., if we were to be on top in time. However, the morning was cool, and we made good progress from the very start. On the lower slopes, we had good hopes that the mist would lift with the dawn. We could see the full length of Thirlmere, and the hills on the far side. As we got higher up, however, it seemed to get thicker. We eventually reached the top at 5-20 a.m., taking only one hour and a quarter for the ascent, which is exceptionally good going. At 5-24, however, there were no signs of the sun, so we proceeded to have our second breakfast, composed of ham sandwiches and cake and a third of an orange each. In the hopes that the sun would dispel the mist as it got higher, we waited till 6 a.m., without seeing any sign of it. By this time we were feeling thoroughly chilled through, as the wind was very sharp, and the mist was coating on us. We decided we would not wait any longer, so we set off down Striding Edge. We had not gone very far down the Edge before we were out of the mist, and we even got two or three glimpses of the sun. As we had plenty of time to spare, we made our way very slowly down the Edge to Glen Ridding. By this time, we were in full sunlight, and our thoughts again were turned to breakfast. This proves how hungry one gets when one rises early in the morning. Masson said it was a good job we were not Frenchmen. We were just in the mood to enjoy the joke thoroughly, as we were thinking more of ham and eggs than coffee and rolls. About 7-30 a.m., the first chimney in Glen Ridding started to smoke, and then one after the other they started up all over the place. We went slowly down in the hopes that we could get an early breakfast, but were told in two places that breakfast was at 9 a.m. At first, we thought we would go to the Ullswater Hotel, but, as it is reputed to be the finest hotel in the Lake District, and our attire was anything but suitable—Masson was out at the knees and had a fearfully old coat on,—we thought better of it, and went to Milcrest's, where we got a really excellent breakfast, composed of trout and bacon

and eggs. We got into conversation with a man who had been up four mornings at 3 a.m., and had seen the sun rise each morning. He said he had been following the hounds, and had had very good sport each day. We discussed with him the best way back to Wythburn, and he said that the way by the Green Side Mines was very ugly, and not worth going. He suggested Grisedale. We thought, however, that we might as well make a day of it, and go to St. Sunday Crag, so at 10-25 a.m. we started off with that intention. It took us until 1 o'clock to reach the top, for the simple reason that we were halting every 100 yards for a rest. On one occasion we slept for about one hour. The sun at this time was exceptionally hot. The view from St. Sunday Crag is really wonderful, and, I think, compares more than favourably with the view from the Buttermere hills. In my opinion, it is one of the finest views in the district. It is more impressive by the fact that its slopes go so steeply down into Grisedale on the one hand, and Deepdale on the other. The plantation of larches in the bottom seems to be immediately below one. The dip between St. Sunday Crag and Fairfield looks much worse from St. Sunday Crag than it really is, and we quickly reached the top by way of Cofa Pike. The view from Fairfield was also excellent, the Scafell Range alone being blotted out by clouds. From the top of Fairfield it took us 13 minutes to drop down to Grisedale Tarn. We kept round the Seat Sandal side of the Tarn and dropped down the ghyll, between that mountain and Dolly Waggon. This landed us on the top of Dunmail Raise, and we got back to Wythburn at 4 p.m. The round had taken us exactly 10 hours, and could easily be done in less time than that, as, apart from the ascent to Helvellyn, we had not hurried at all. Undoubtedly, the most enjoyable part of the walk was up St. Sunday Crag to Fairfield, and we could strongly recommend it to anybody wanting a really good ridge walk.

On the way back, we called at Grasmere for tea, and landed back at Coniston at 6-30 p.m.

WAR MEMORIAL ON SCAPELL PIKE.

24th AUGUST, 1921.

By Mrs. RAWNSLEY.

In the autumn of 1919 it was announced in the Press that a gift had been made to the nation by Lord Leconfield, subject to commoners' rights, of the summit of Scafell Pike, the highest point in England, as a memorial to the men of the Lake District who fell in the War. The area comprises all the land above the 3,000 feet contour line.

On Wednesday, 24th August, 1921, when a shroud of grey cloud gave mystery to all the mountain tops, the simple stone of Honister Slate recording the gift was built facing north into the cairn on Scafell Pike, under the superintendence of an officer and men of H. M. Ordnance Survey, who had been busy removing and replacing the Ordnance Survey mark (the station of the primary triangulation) during the past few days.

A hundred years ago, it would have seemed little less than impossible that between thirty and forty persons should by mutual instinct have met together on the top of Scafell Pike, drawn thither by the wish to do honour to the memory of those men of the neighbouring dales who beyond the eastern wall of the fells had given their lives to keep their country inviolate.

It is true that Wordsworth (or was it his wonderful sister who gave him eyes and gave him ears ?) was on the summit some time before the publication of his " Guide to the Lake District " in 1822, but evidently it was felt to be a peculiar achievement, for after describing " the huge blocks and stones that lie in heaps on all sides to a great distance, like skeletons or bones of the earth not needed at the Creation, and then left to be covered with never-dying lichens which the clouds and dew nourish and adorn with colours of vivid and most exquisite beauty . . ." He adds " which no human eye beholds except the shepherd or traveller, be led thither by curiosity, and how seldom must this happen!"

Several of the early writers of Guide Books ignore the existence of Scafell.—or merely give its supposed height. In 1819, the intrepid Dr. Robinson got as near as Styhead Tarn, where he found “the scenery calculated to inspire emotions of the most awful kind . . . however charming and extensive the prospect may be the idea of its beauty is lost in the overpowering sensation of danger.”

In 1824 Thomas Wilkinson, Wordsworth’s Quaker friend, allows that the sight of the far distant summit of Scafell “elevated his spirits,” and adds: “I should like to have explored the terrors of its tremendous precipices—but these fearful exhibitions would be better seen by me from below; my terrors are in precipices and perpendiculars. However, he attained “the highest point of elevation,” and was pleased to find he was “not out of reach of all living things. A modest butterfly hovered near me.” He adds: “There seems a loneliness and silence around me that gives me the idea of the world before it was peopled.”

By 1835 an expedition to the summit was more usual, for Legh writes: “A guide will be absolutely necessary; the mountain is surrounded with huge precipices,” while Jonathan Ottley, in 1850, states that “Its distance from a place of entertainment, the ruggedness of the ground, and the danger of being caught in a cloud, altogether conspire against its being visited by any other than the hardy pedestrian.”

The walk presents little difficulty in good weather to able-bodied man, woman or child nowadays, but it is not an easy one over which to carry a heavy weight. On August 9th, the memorial stone was taken from Keswick on a lorry to Seathwaite, and borne thence on a hand barrow by four men—a seven hours’ walk—to the cairn—by way of Styhead and Sprinkling Tarn. Mist, cloud, and eventually driving rain hindered their passage, especially over the uneven boulders on the Pikes, and made the day a memorable one. Though natives, three of them had never before been on Scafell. Early on Wednesday, 24th, there seemed little

prospect that the clouds would lift, but the great masses of vapour rising and falling in constant movement revealed and concealed marvellous and mysterious beauty, during the walk of three and a half hours from the head of Langdale, while stone chats on the moraine at the foot of Rossett Ghyll, the croak of a lonely raven—the “half-heard distant bleat of sheep upon the hill,” and the music of the becks—made merry by the eight inches of rain which had fallen since the beginning of the month—accentuated but hardly disturbed “the cheerful silence of the fells.” Beyond Eskhause for one moment there was vision of Gable—this was as swiftly veiled,—but as the summit was gained a glimpse down Eskdale of the shining river on its way to the sea was vouchsafed, and later Green Gable came ghostlike into sight, and in a few moments vanished as fresh vapour rose from the valley cauldron below.

The air was still, and there was attentive and reverent silence while the Secretary of the National Trust spoke of the kind reception and immediate acquiescence given by Lord Leconfield to the scheme, originated by the late Canon Rawnsley, Hon. Secretary, and one of the Founders of the National Trust—who had arranged the inscription on the stone—which runs:—

“In perpetual memory of the men of the Lake District who fell for God and King, for Freedom, Peace and Right, in the Great War, 1914-1918. This summit of Scafell was given to the Nation subject to any commoners’ rights and placed in the custody of the National Trust by Charles Henry, Baron Leconfield, 1919.”

Suddenly, the great, golden flanks of Helvellyn gleamed out sunlit—to the north-east,—and range after range of the fells appeared above the mist.

The masons took up their tools to continue their work, the throng of people scattered, the little ceremony was over, but—

“A consciousness remained that it had left deposited upon the silent shore of memory, images and precious thoughts that shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.”

THE PINNACLE CLUB.

By Mrs. KELLY.

It seems there is no end to the kindness of the Lakeland Club—our own Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District. In addition to the kindness and encouragement we have received from individual members, the Editor now says we may have two pages wherein to sing our own praises! The Pinnacle Club was born in the Spring, is a healthy child, and growing well, and looking back we wonder how it happened. Perhaps we got tired of being taken in hand by men climbers, kind and helpful though they might be, perhaps we sympathised with the would be climbing woman who had no man friend to take her in tow; what would then become of her latent climbing powers, if she were never to be able to exercise them, except by favour? As in other walks of life, women wanted to find their own feet: it was very splendid for some women to be always able to borrow crutches in the shape of a man's help, and a man's rope, but it is even better to find we have feet of our own, and can climb some things as well as a man climber. There need be no question now of who shall lead when two climbers marry; they can take it in turns, and he will find that he can have no better second than her on his rope: and, together, combining strength and skill they can go forward.

I don't think it will interest F. & R. C. C. members to know that So-and-So talked to So-and-So, and ultimately a number of So-and-Sos started a Club; but it may interest them to know that the Pinnacle Club is endeavouring to justify its existence by its doings. We may not yet have attained the Club-greater-than-I spirit, but individual members have ventured forth to grace the little Club's reputation by individual exploits. I may mention

(not in a boastful spirit but as plain fact) that one of our members was the first lady to ascend a Swiss peak this year, three of our members traversed the Mittaghorn and Egginergrat alone; while two members ascended the Portjengrat, without even a man round the corner. (Personally, I have much more courage if I know there's a man round the corner—or a woman). Our President did great things in Norway, and, incidentally, gained a famous climber to add to our members. Three members spent sixteen days in exploring Skye, doing their own exploring, and disdaining for the most part rock-climbers' guides. Since our inaugural meet at Pen-y-Gwryd at Ladyday we have held meets at Wasdale, Coniston, Langdale; also Almescliffe, Laddow, and other gritstone centres. At Christmas we shall be at Pen-y-Pass, and at New Year in the Ogwen Valley. We have our own scheme of "Guardians" for the various climbing centres, and any woman climber, member or not, can be sure of a welcome, and help, at our Meets. We aim at producing a "Journal" when funds will allow, and we hope to publish in it lists of climbs suitable for women—novices and moderate climbers,—each Guardian to compile the list for her particular rocks.

We are forming a Library, to circulate to all our members, and we are grateful to the many kind friends who have given us valuable books on rock-climbing and other mountaineering; the most recent and so far the greatest gift is that of a complete set of the F. & R. C. C. "Journals" to date. I take this opportunity to say "Thank you." We hope, in time, to build up sound ideas in regard to the carrying out of climbing expeditions—in short, we exist to help women climbers, and to meet together in happy association, knowing that ours is a Club formed to further the grandest sport—rock-climbing on the hills and mountains. We make no invidious comparisons between one climbing land and another—all are great—even gritstone country can give grand sweeps of hill, wild moor, deep valleys, gorges on a small scale.

We are glad to have the sympathy and help of our big brother, the F. & R. C. C. I say, Brother, but that is not quite enough ; to some of us the Lakeland Club is more a Wise Parent,—shall we say Father and Mother in one ? May we never disgrace our family, and the larger family of Rock Climbers in all the world.

As some readers may be interested to know what our qualifications are for Full and Associate Membership, I append the following extract from our Rules :—

(a) The qualification for Full Membership shall be proved ability to lead an ordinary climb of moderate difficulty.

(b) The qualification for Associate Membership shall consist of a general sympathy with the aims of the Club, coupled with some experience of rock climbing and mountaineering in its other aspects.

“Great hills rest not so much in the stillness of sleep
as in the calm of a mighty comprehension.”

Stewart E. White.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

The summer of 1921 will long be remembered as one of the finest ever experienced in these islands, and therefore one of the best fitted for the activities of the rock-climber and mountain scrambler. August, the time when most of us take our holidays, was rather in the nature of a break, which no doubt accounts for the smaller number of first ascents recorded this year.

It is something of a coincidence that in the same number that contains Holland's article on Herford's climb on Central Buttress, we should be able to note the second ascent of that extraordinarily difficult route, which not only affords what is perhaps the most difficult rock-climbing in the country, but a long and fascinating expedition. The leader, Frankland, is a member of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, and led the climb direct without any previous inspection on the rope; pure but perhaps risky mountaineering. Our Club was represented in his second Beetham, however.

The attention of the newspaper reading public was attracted for a short time during June to Scafell Pike and Piers Ghyll. This was owing to the unfortunate accident which happened to a Mr. Crump, a visitor from London, who lost his way in a mist while walking from Coniston to Wasdale Head on 21st June. He was sufficiently unlucky to get into Piers Ghyll, sustaining a wound in the leg, and remained there without food until the following 10th July, a period of twenty days, when he was rescued by a party of rock-climbers, consisting of Messrs. A. R. Thompson, W. A. Wilson, and A. Walters, who in view of the exceedingly dry weather had determined to attempt the descent of the Ghyll. It has only been climbed twice (see account in 1911 "Journal"), and seems never before to have been descended.

After making their way down several little pitches, one of which required careful climbing, owing to loose rock, they found, just below the Bridge Rock, Mr. Crump, sitting sideways, and gazing down the ghyll. He was conscious, and able to walk a little. With some difficulty, he was roped down Collier's pitch, the crux of the climb, which Mr. Wilson succeeded in descending on a doubled rope. From this point a way was made out of the Ghyll, and eventually, with the aid of Coulton and Strong, who came up from the hotel with a stretcher, Mr. Crump was successfully conveyed to Wasdale Head.

The whole incident is very remarkable, and there can be no doubt that but for the warm dry weather, Mr. Crump could not have survived the exposure. As it was, his rescue was entirely due to the fact that a climbing party chanced—a very rare chance—to be in Piers Ghyll, for the continuous efforts which had been made to find him during the previous preceding ten days had proved quite unavailing. Several members of the Club took part in these, including especially Allsop, Appleyard and Strong, who made an exhaustive survey of the country between Wrynose and Esk Pike, lasting for several days.

It is also necessary to notice an accident which befell Mr. Gardiner, a non-member, who was seriously hurt while descending Great Gully in Pavey Ark. About sixty feet from the bottom, a change of leader was made, and while the necessary manœuvring was going on Mr. Gardiner, who was wearing rubbers, slipped and fell. He was well held, but swung on the rope and struck his head severely. He was assisted down by his second, Mr. Chantler, and by Messrs. Williams. I understand that the party was somewhat inexperienced. It should be clearly understood that while rubber shoes can make difficult climbing easy for the inexperienced while conditions are good, under bad conditions they can turn an easy pitch into something exceptionally severe.

R. G. Chew unfortunately sustained a fractured heel bone while scrambling up to Woodhouses at Doe Crag in September.

I have been asked for the names of "the Buttermere contingent" at the erection of the Robinson memorial cairn, a photo of whom appears opposite page 130 in No. 2 of the "Journal." It may be of interest to place them on record. Reading from left to right, they are: Eric Greenwood, W. P. Haskett-Smith, H. Scott Tucker, Gerald L. West (?), J. W. Robson, G. H. Craig, George Seatree, W. A. Brigg.

The old coffee tin which was placed on the top of the Pillar Rock in 1881 as a convenient receptacle for the visiting cards of those who climbed the rock in those early days is reported to have fallen into the hands of Mr. John Cook of Cockermouth, the honorary secretary of the Allerdale Touring Club. It appears to have been found among the effects of a man who died recently. It remained on the rock for five years, and contains the cards of many famous climbers. Overtures made with a view to obtaining possession of it for the Club have fortunately been successful.

Fresh rumours have been current about a new road through the heart of Lakeland. This time it is to be from Ennerdale to Langdale over Wind Gap and Eskhouse. If it has ever been more than the figment of a diseased imagination, may it die the death of its predecessor over the Sty.

The proposed light railway from Ambleside to Keswick is a more serious affair, and has already been before the local authorities interested. The obstacles in its way, arising not so much from the sanctity of the district it would desecrate as from its poor financial prospects, seem however likely to prevent its materialising in the immediate future.

It is a pleasure to announce the addition of the name of Harold Raeburn to the list of distinguished mountaineers

who are honorary members of the Club. He has done much good work in our own district, while of course his selection as leader of the climbing section of the Everest expedition shows that his position among British climbers is unchallenged.

It is as yet too early to know exactly what success has been achieved on Mount Everest, but it is clear that very valuable explorative work along the whole of the north side of the range has been carried out. The most recent reports, which announce that Mr. Mallory has led a party up to 23,500 feet, suggest that a feasible route to the summit has been discovered.

Several new clubs have been founded during the year. The Oxford and Cambridge Mountaineering Clubs are to produce a joint "Journal," to which we shall look forward with interest. To the Pinnacle Club, members of our own Club will extend a particularly hearty welcome, for it is very much bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.

The Club was well represented in the Alps during the summer, among others by the President, the Editor, Miss D. E. Pilley, T. Howard Somervell, H. Bishop, G. S. Bower, J. B. Meldrum, B. Beetham and C. G. Markbreiter. Somervell led three routes in the Eastern Graians, which are considered to be first ascents.

The next number of the "Journal" will be largely devoted to a Climbing Guide to the Coniston District; the first of the Club's Guides.

The following back numbers of the "Journal" can be obtained from the Honorary Secretary, postage extra: No. 5, 5/-; No. 6, 10/-; No. 7, 10/-; No. 8, 10/-; No. 9, 4/-; No. 11, 7/6; Nos. 12, 13 and 14, 4/-.

Nos. 1-4 and No. 10 are out of print, but an occasional copy may be met with by inserting an advertisement in the advertisement section of the List of Members.

THE LONDON SECTION.

By D. E. PILLEY.

During the autumn of 1920 some enthusiastic members who had the misfortune to live in the South got together to discuss the possibilities of a London Section. Several unofficial gatherings accompanied by excellent dinners were held, and the result was the formation of the London Section with the Club's blessing to ensure its success.

Possibly some members living in the North wondered at the formation of a London Section. To those who have experienced the present day difficulties and expenses of long distance travelling, the Section certainly filled a long felt want. An after-war slump necessarily meant increased curtailment of week-ends in the Lakes, and though walks round London may be a poor substitute for the fells, they are better than nothing. Therefore, the main function of the proposed London Section was to organise occasional meets. This induced members who had never done so before to get up early on Sunday mornings, and go for long country tramps with cheerful parties of fellow-members.

Naturally, before anything energetic of this kind happened, a dinner to discuss details had to be arranged. It was held at Gatti's Restaurant on December 4th, 1920. There was a pious hope that forty would attend, and a harassed committee found itself spending sleepless nights when 56 members and 29 guests accepted, and 85 people had to be fitted in somehow. An overflow downstairs solved the problem, and the overcrowding afterwards in the upper room, in the real Coniston manner, simply made members feel at home. There were comments on the difficulties of getting drinks, but such trivialities were forgotten in the excellence of the speeches. From the chair, Haskett-Smith gave a concise account of the aims of the Section, which were acclaimed with enthusiasm. Dr. Hadfield proposed "the Club," which gave Cain an opportunity for responding by poking fun at everyone, and pulling the London Section's leg unmercifully. Dr. McCleary provided another witty speech, and was ear-marked as an after-dinner speaker who tells really funny stories; Geoffrey Howard and Walter Roberts also regaled us with anecdotes, and Slingsby delighted us with his reminiscences. Denis Murray said he couldn't propose the serious toast to "The Ladies" at a moment's notice. He did his best though, without being too abusive of Ormiston-Chant, whose job it was. Chant, instead, sent his usual telegram, and chatted amiably from Manchester to a furious Secretary, whose ice was melting. Proceedings were concluded by a stirring speech from Coulton, a song and the election of the Officers and Committee as follows:—

Chairman : Dr. Hadfield. Hon. Sec. and Treasurer, Miss D. E. Pilley.

Committee :

W. Allsup.	W. P. Haskett-Smith.
R. S. T. Chorley.	L. Halliday.
J. Coulton.	H. Huntley.
A. Godwin (co-opted in March).	Dennis Murray.

MARCH 6TH.—CLANDON TO DORKING.

At the first walk of the London section 17 members and their friends left Waterloo for Clandon under the leadership of a guest, Mr. Mitchison. As usual in such cases, there was considerable doubt as to the actual members of the party, owing to the numerous other "persons" who carried rucksacks or wore heavy-nailed shoes. However, at Clandon, the party assembled, and immediately struck due South, crossing the Leatherhead-Guildford road, then continuing south for another half-mile they struck up a steep path over Clandon Downs, until the summit of the ridge was reached.

The weather was not looking too hopeful, but the rain kept off.

We lunched on the open space above Nebley Heath, with a gorgeous view to the South. Here the party split up, some to catch an early train, some to look for Dr. Hadfield, who was reputed to be on a bicycle, and others, who pretended to be strenuous, to complete the walk. The latter party continued eastward along the ridge, but gradually dropped through the woods until they reached Harkhurst Downs, down which a track was followed to Abinger Hammer. Some of the party found their boots troubling at this period, and had to stop at a most excellent inn, finally catching up the more respectable members, after a chase across ploughed fields and narrow lanes, on a small green outside a church (and another inn) at Abinger. After a short rest, the party turned South once more through Friday Street, and reached Parkhurst just as the rain seemed to start in earnest.

After some discussion, a path running N.E. through the Friday Street woods was followed, and shelter finally taken under a tree which let all the rain through. When thoroughly wet and cold, the party continued across some open common, and down into the valley running northwards from Leith Hill. After crossing the stream at the bottom the rain became really heavy, so shelter was taken again under the hedge at Wotton Woods (where various more youthful members played with toys!). During a temporary lull in the storm, the path was followed through the grounds of Wotton House, where the main road was reached some three miles from Dorking.

By this time, it was raining as if it meant it, so everybody was fairly soaked by the time a tea-shop was found in the town, but after lots of tea and jam and bread and cakes and everything else possible had been eaten, it did not seem so wet outside, and the last pitch to the station was attempted.

Of course, it rained harder than before, and left a very dripping party to catch a very bad train to London.

D. G. M.

APRIL 17TH.—LEATHERHEAD TO DORKING.

The second expedition of the London section had been arranged to take place in the neighbourhood of Hindhead. However, on arrival at Waterloo, it was found that the train had been taken off, owing to the coal strike. After a hurried consultation the eleven members and friends who had put in an appearance decided to take a train that was shortly leaving for Leatherhead, though no one seemed to have any very definite route to suggest on arrival. The fact that there was heavy drizzle falling did not damp our energies, and we soon found ourselves a mile or two outside Leatherhead, on the main road towards Dorking. The rain was now stopping, and we turned to the left off the

road, and struck a very pleasing track up hill over ground at first open and then well wooded, which soon led us to the summit of Box Hill. Here the desire for lunch was unanimous, and a very pleasant site was found, close to the summit of the hill, with a view over the valley of the Mole, which would have been extensive but for the low clouds of mist rolling over the range of Leith Hill. While some members planned a further route, two others achieved great popularity by producing from a rucksack an unlimited supply of delicacies, including hot coffee, which formed a welcome addition to the humble sandwich. Descending into the valley, it was decided to fetch a compass, so as to leave Dorking on our right. This was successfully accomplished by adopting the role of members of Betchworth Golf Club, over whose jealously-guarded grounds it is to be feared we trespassed. The pace and distance covered so far had been quite good, but unfortunately on striking a road a small but attractive house of entertainment was found. This involved considerable delay, but no complaints were heard. A little further on, an attractive footpath seemed to lead in the desired direction, and brought us out on to the main road at the village of Holmwood. Crossing the road, a very muddy lane led steeply up hill, and then disappeared, but we pushed on through the woods, and then over the more open common to Coldharbour. Leaving the British Camp on our left, we soon reached the summit, where the Tower of Leith Hill marks the highest point in Surrey, and incidentally the highest point in the immediate vicinity of London. It is said that the summit of the Tower is just up to the 1,000-foot contour line.

During a short rest, the best method of returning was discussed by some, while others performed wonders of skill in new climbs up the wall of the Tower. This was the only serious crag work performed during the day. Finally, a hurried return to Dorking, some four or five miles away, was decided on, and accomplished at a great pace, which was, however, only just sufficient to enable us to catch our train. Except for the first half-hour, we had had no rain, and quite good views, and it was not unpleasant on our return to London to find that it had been raining there all day.

C. F. H.

The coal strike, followed by the holidays, made walks arranged for the summer months impossible, but a great keenness has been exhibited for a renewal of activities during the autumn, and soon London members will be disporting themselves feverishly on neighbouring heights. All members of the Club are eligible for membership on payment of an annual subscription of 2/6.

The following have joined :—

Allsup, W.	Hadfield, C. F.
Amos, H. C.	Halliday, L.
Anderson, G.	Haskett-Smith, W. P.
Bedford, C. E.	Hewson, R. H.
Butler, Wilson.	Holland, C. F.
Chorley, R. S. T.	Huntley, H. F.
Coulton, J.	Liesching, H. S.
Coulton, Mrs. J.	Markbreiter, C. G.
Craigie, R.	Markbreiter, Mrs. C. G.
Dydynski, Mrs. L. M.	McCleary, G. F.
France, W. H.	McNaught, W.
Godwin, A. F.	Murray, Denis G.

Oppenheimer, Mrs. L. J.
Ormiston-Chant, T. C.
Pilley, Miss D. E.
Pynches, T. le G.
Shadbolt, Leslie G.
Sharratt, H.
Smith, Gervaise E.

Somervell, T. H.
Stoker, Miss M. E.
Thompson, Miss D. E.
Tucker, Mrs. H. Scott
Willmott, H. C.
Willmott, Mrs. H. C.
Wilson, Miss K.

The thanks of the section are due to Mr. Craigie for insisting on giving us a handsome donation towards expenses of starting the section, whose balance at the close of the year is £4. 9s. 0d. Also to Dr. Hadfield, who has held the five committee meetings at his flat, where, quite apart from business, there are always photographs to see, and opportunity of exchanging climbing experiences to enliven town life.

N.B.—London members who do not mind night travelling will be interested to know that they can get three days in the Lakes and make use of the London North Western's cheap week-end return at one-and-a-third single fare. They must catch the night mail at WILLESDEN JUNCTION at 12.1 on Saturday morning, and may return by the mail train Monday, reaching Euston 5 a.m. Tuesday.

D E. P.

MAP OF THE LAKE DISTRICT.

By T. R. BURNETT.

The need for a suitable map of the District is one which is constantly felt by many members of the Club, and it is now proposed to make an endeavour to meet it.

The maps in common use, e.g., the One Inch Ordnance, and Bartholomew's one-inch and half-inch sheets, are excellent so far as they go, but they do not go far enough. Not only is the scale too small, but the details shown are not always those of most use and interest to the walker or climber. For example, there is no indication of Kern Knotts, nor of the High Level Route; hachures are almost entirely absent; and the vertical interval between the contour lines is so great as to give but little indication of the actual nature of the ground. On the other hand, the scale of the six-inch Ordnance Map is too large to make it suitable for the pocket; and, while it gives much information which is both useful and interesting, it is still defective in many respects from the wanderer's point of view.

In the writer's opinion, the most generally useful map would be one on a scale of about three inches to the mile, or, preferably, following Army practice, say 1 : 20,000. This would allow of all necessary details being shown, and, if published in three or four sheets, would not be too bulky for the pocket, nor too awkward to handle in a wind.

If the necessary help is forthcoming, it is proposed to publish a special map on the lines indicated, and the main object of this article is to interest members in the project, and to ascertain to what extent they are prepared to co-operate.

It is suggested that the six-inch Ordnance Map should be taken as a basis, and that members either individually or in groups should undertake the filling in of the desired

details for small selected areas. Probably the Coniston District would be tackled first, as the first of the Club's Guides will cover that area, and small portions of the six-inch map would be supplied to each worker, with full particulars as to the requirements. After these sections had been completed, they would be revised and unified by the executive, and then reproduced on the appropriate scale.

During the War, many members who are not special experts, must have had experience in the kind of work which is required, and there is no doubt that care and enthusiasm can, in most cases, compensate for lack of technical knowledge and experience.

Up to the present, the Scheme is only in the embryonic stage ; but, as soon as there is a guarantee of sufficient support, definite steps will be taken.

All interested are invited to communicate with the Hon. Secretary, and suggestions as well as offers of active help will be appreciated.

[Dr. Burnett has very kindly undertaken the preparation of these maps.—EDITOR.]

7th October, 1921.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Yesterday I got a message from Mr. Colin Phillip, saying that he had been asked the meaning of Pavey Ark—and bidding me to explain. I can't say what it DOES mean, but I think I know what it OUGHT to mean. A great number of place-names in "ark" (or "ergh," which is the same in old forms) mean the "shieling" or summer dairy of the ancient (Norse) farmers, throughout this district and in Yorkshire, and there are some with this form of name in Scotland, and plenty of abandoned shielings. I spent some time last year hunting them in Argyllshire, and found small, low stone huts, dry walled, usually with two chambers, all very tiny. Various writers (such as Captain Thomas) describe them as seen in use in the Hebrides; a dairymaid occupying them for the summer and making cheeses from the milk—exactly as the Sennerin does still in the Alps, or the people at the Saeter in Norway. The word "ark" or "ergh" is said in the Orkneyinga saga to be equivalent to the Gaelic "airidh" (or a statement to that effect), so that there is no doubt about its meaning.

As to Pavey—Pavia was a common female name in the 12th and 13th centuries hereabouts. "Pavey Ark" would be like Langley Park in West Cumberland, which was Langlifergh anciently, meaning the dairy of Langlif; and there are plenty of parallels. Pavia's ergh may or may not have left ruins; I have never searched properly, but the foundations may possibly be recognised somewhere near Stickle tarn. Anyhow I take it that what we now call Pavey Ark was "Pavey Ark Cragg," though I have not met with that form. It is a problem which perhaps members of the club might solve by finding the remains. Short of that, I think this is the most likely guess.

Yours faithfully,

W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

Lanehead, Coniston, April 28th, 1921.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

With reference to the remarks in the last JOURNAL on the North Wall climb of Doe Cragg, I should like to remark :—

(1) The climb, half way up, actually reached the corner of Black Chimney. One of my feet was round the corner for a short distance.

(2) In those far-off days, it was the exception, and not the rule, to use rubbers. In fact, at that time, I had never tried them.

In this case, this particular climb was done on a bitterly cold day, in boots. I still maintain that a climb of such steepness is unjustifiable in boots to the ordinary leader, and that it ought to be classified as such, in case of leading others into trouble.

"Medium" climbers, not knowing the district, might be led into real danger, unless these lists were kept strict, and perhaps even exaggerated.

P. 201, vol. v., No. 2. CRESCENT SLABS, PAVEY ARK.—The late S. W. Herford and myself climbed these slabs in 1912. We started to the right of the holly-tree up a very steep and slimy little wall, to a grass ledge. Above the ledge, the slabs were not very hard, and had very satisfactory in-cut hand and foot holds.

D. G. MURRAY.

[O. TINDALL writes that when he and R. SANDERSON first climbed these Slabs at Easter, 1911, they joined the Crescent proper about the middle, after encountering loose rock in places.—EDITOR.]