A. W. WAKEFIELD—PRESIDENT, 1923-5.

The Journal

OF THE

Fell and Rock Climbing Club

OF

The English Lake District.

Edited by

R. S. T. CHORLEY.

VOLUME 6.

1922—1924.

PUBLISHED BY

THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB.

THE JOURNAL OF THE

Fell and Rock Climbing Club

OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

VOL. 7. 1924. No. 3.

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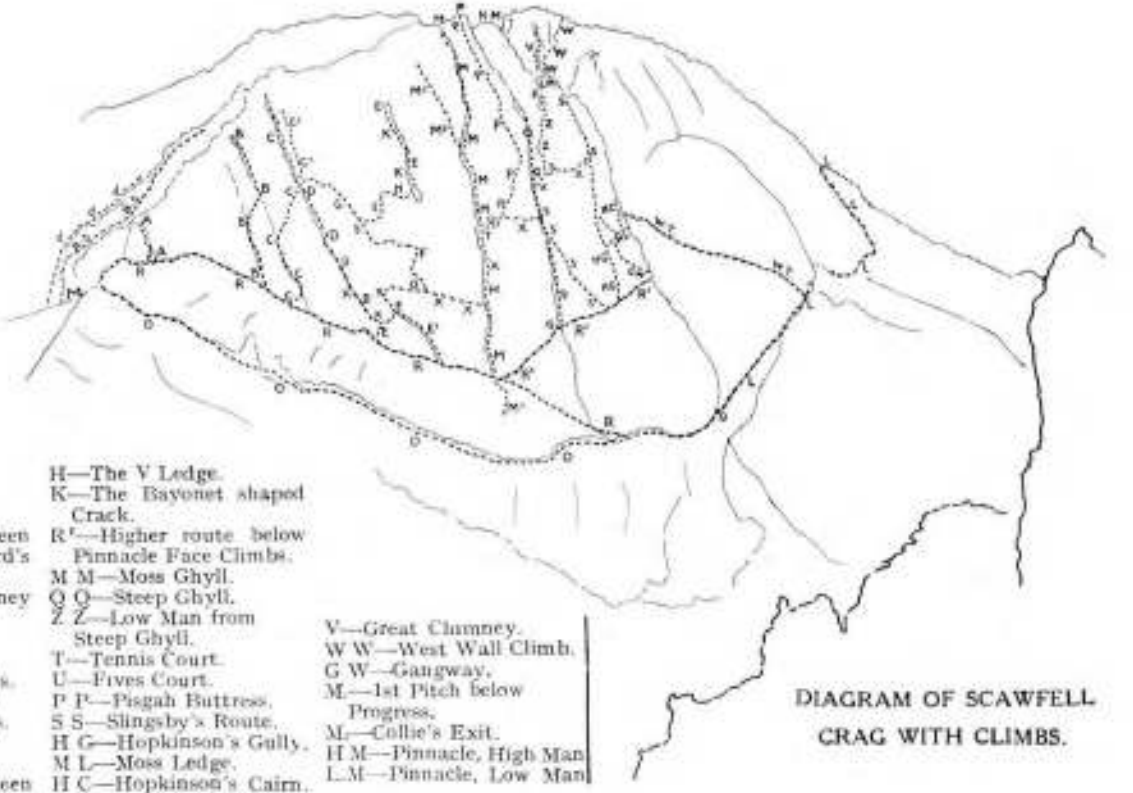

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DIAGRAM OF SCAWFELL CRAG WITH CLIMBS.

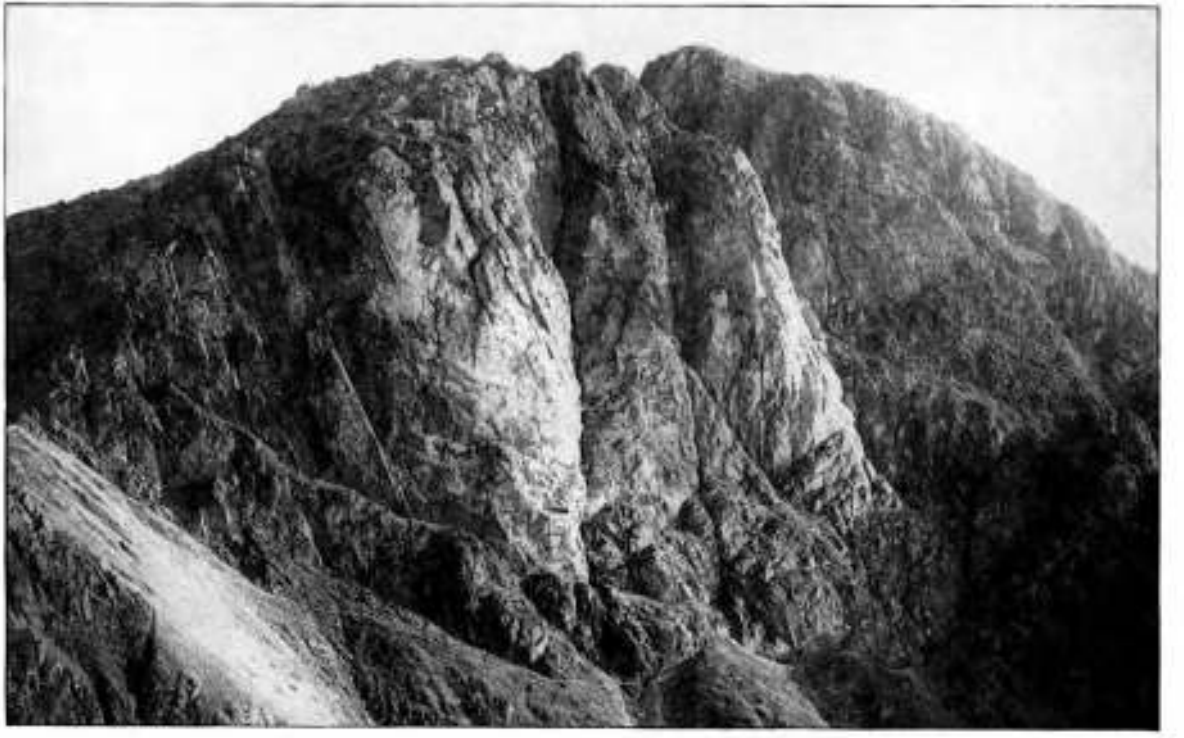


Photo by SCAWFELL CRAG. *W. B. Brunskill.*

CLIMBS ON THE SCAWFELL GROUP.

EDITED BY C. F. HOLLAND.

The writing of the Guide to the Scawfell Climbs has been a much easier task than that set the authors of those to Doe Crags and Pillar Rock, in that an editor rather than an author has been in request, and the pioneering work essential to the others has not been necessary owing to the meticulous character of the previous exploration of the Scawfell Crags. Original composition would seem uncalled for with regard to such climbs as those on the Pinnacle, in view of the excellence of the existing descriptions by S. W. Herford and G. S. Sansom (see Journal No. 6, Fell and Rock Climbing Club, vol. 2), which have been incorporated with very slight alterations and a few additions.

Thanks are also especially due to H. M. Kelly, who has supplied the details of the Upper Deep Ghyll Buttress and the Central Climb on the Pinnacle Wall of Deep Ghyll ; to C. D. Frankland, who has made the second ascent of Esk Buttress and helped also with the particulars of Cam Spout Buttress ; to M. W. Guinness and R. Greene for help with Pisgah Buttress ; to R. B. Graham, who measured Keswick Brothers, Mickledore Chimney, and South East Gully on Great End ; to A. R. Thomson for details of Piers Ghyll, and much other useful help ; and to G. R. Speaker, who has been the editor's guide, philosopher and friend, and a tower of strength generally.

To all these, and others who have helped in various ways, the editor tenders his very sincere thanks.

HISTORY OF SCAWFELL.

A way of getting from Mickledore on to the Broad Stand was known to shepherds at the beginning of the last century, and it was described by Professor Tyndall, writing

in the Saturday Review of 1859 as "a pleasant bit of mountain practise and nothing more." An even earlier reference than this will be found in the Penny Magazine (1837). C. A. O. Baumgartner climbed it in 1850.

Ten years later Major J. P. Cundill, R.A., climbed both up and down the North Climb, which is also sometimes called the Penrith Climb, after Mr. George Seatree, who made the second ascent of it in September, 1874. At about the same period yet a third route, that of the Mickledore Chimney, appears to have been discovered.

The real climbing history of Scawfell may however be regarded as having started with an entry in the visitors' book at Wasdale Head on August 13th, 1869, by T. H. Murray Browne and W. R. Browne, saying, "the attention of mountaineers is called to a rock on Scawfell on the right, looking down, of a remarkable ghyll which cleaves the rocks of Scawfell. It looks stiff."

Fifteen years later, in 1884, this rock, then christened the Scawfell Pillar, but now known as the Pinnacle, was climbed for the first time by W. P. Haskett-Smith, and "of course no ropes or other illegitimate means were resorted to." In the same year Mr. Haskett-Smith and J. W. Robinson made the first ascent of the Pinnacle from the front by way of Steep Ghyll until a traverse could be made on to the Low Man, a climb which is hardly ever done nowadays, though it was re-discovered with variations during the exploration wave of 1919. They signalised their effort by leaving on the High Man a brandy flask previously discovered on Pillar, though the contents seem to have suffered another fate.

In 1888 the ever popular Slingsby's Route was worked out, while in 1887 C. Hopkinson led a party under icy conditions a considerable distance up the Pinnacle face, an expedition second to none in the history of English rock climbing, and there can be little doubt that if the rocks had been free from ice the Low Man would have been reached on this occasion.

The next few years were mainly taken up by a series of assaults on Moss Ghyll, which fell in 1892, and the next year Dr. Collier broke fresh ground by the remarkable *tour de force* known as Collier's Climb, of which the first pitch still

remains one of the hardest nuts to crack on the Scawfell cliffs.

1896 saw O. G. Jones work out his route up the Pinnacle from Deep Ghyll, and in 1897 the Keswick Brothers Climb opened out still further the easterly wing of the crags.

The next year O. G. Jones accomplished a magnificent performance in making a direct ascent from Lord's Rake to the Waiting Room, and thence by the Mantel Shelf to the Crevasse. Notable additions were also made to the already long list of climbs in the first ascent of Pisgah Buttress, the discovery of the West Wall Climb, and Jones' and Collier's traverse across the Deep Ghyll wall of the Pinnacle.

In 1899 P. S. and P. A. Thompson reached the High Man from the first pitch of Professor's Chimney, and the exploration of the crags from all points may be said to have been completed, though many additions were to be made, and the Great Central Buttress was to preserve its sanctity for another fifteen years.

1903 was notable for F. Botterill's truly amazing performance in ascending what is now known as Botterill's Slab, which must be about the boldest and most hazardous lead ever undertaken in England, but in the same year a great set back was suffered in the accident on the Pinnacle face during the attempt to reach Hopkinson's Cairn from Lord's Rake, and we have to wait till 1911 for the next pioneering attack, when S. W. Herford and G. S. Sansom began their series of devastating assaults, which by 1914 left practically no portion of the crags unexplored.

Their first objective was the Pinnacle face, which had been left severely alone since 1903.

Here they left but little to be done by future explorers' since they repeated Jones' climb for the first time, reached the reputedly inaccessible Hopkinson's Cairn, entered the Waiting Room by way of Hopkinson's Gully, and worked out most of the variations possible on the expanse of rock between the top of the Gangway and Moss Ledge. When the supply of vertical ascents seemed more or less exhausted, the horizontal was approached, and after indefatigable efforts and wanderings innumerable, the Girdle Traverse was completed,

and it seemed that the high water mark had at last been reached.

The lure, however, of the tremendously vertical cliffs of the Central Buttress proved irresistible, and in spite of the statement made in the Journal to the effect that the Buttress would not go, the idea of its possibility was never really given up, a fresh attempt was made, and the story of how the most difficult ascent in the British Isles was carried out will always be one of the most thrilling chapters of mountain adventure, all the more thrilling for the extreme restraint exercised in recounting the details of how the great climb was achieved.

The tale is now nearly told, but in 1919 and 1920 progress was again made.

Two new climbs of extreme difficulty were made, one on each wall of Deep Ghyll, and several variations on the Pinnacle were found, notably two routes to the Waiting Room from Steep Ghyll, which seem never to have been repeated, and a direct ascent of Pisgah Buttress.

With regard to the future ; the effect of the production of a guide, and incidentally the highest justification of its existence, seems to be the stimulus it gives to battalions of climbers to try and make it out of date as soon as possible.

This is an eminently desirable result, and for the benefit of the assaulting columns it may be stated with tolerable certainty that the best points of attack will be found on the West Wall Traverse. With equal certainty it may be predicted that shock tactics will be required.

THE APPROACHES.

Scawfell and Pikes Crag are accessible from Wasdale, Eskdale, Borrowdale, and Langdale, though only from the first of these is the distance (about an hour and a half of steady going) comfortable. From the other centres all but the stoutest of walkers will require about three hours. The 1 inch Bartholomew map to the Northern part of the Lake District should be used, or the similar Ordnance Survey Map.

Wasdale.—From the hotel the route lies down the road towards the lake until in less than half a mile a gate will be found on the left with a sign post, "To Scawfell," on it. Passing through this the climber should follow the footpath to the Lingmell beck, which is crossed by a plank bridge, and a line is then made diagonally to the right across the breast of Lingmell itself, several awkward iron stiles calling for skill and agility en route. Some distance round the shoulder of the mountain the footpath, which is well worn, crosses one branch of the beck and mounts the steep "tongue" between the two streams. On a hot day Brown Tongue is warranted to tire all but the most inexhaustible. At the top of it the climber will probably chose his own way to Scawfell Crag, which now towers above him on the right. In misty weather the inexperienced should remember to keep straightforward for some distance, being careful not to follow the main path, which wanders off to the left towards Scawfell Pike. He will soon find himself in a little combe called "Hollow Stones," among a number of large boulders and old moraine mounds, and leaving these, a good plan is to follow the little stream, which will usually be found slightly to the right, but is often dried up in summer, a fact which the thirsty should remember. When the bed of this disappears it is time to turn up the scree to the right. If instead of striking to the right the climber continues straight forward along the bottom of the combe, he will again, after a short time, come across steep scree of a painfully loose description, which will conduct him to Mickledore, the col connecting Scawfell with Scawfell Pike, and the climbs in that neighbourhood. To the left of Mickledore, forming a shoulder of Scawfell Pike, is Pike's Crag and the Pulpit Rock.

Borrowdale.—From this valley, which has the advantage of plenty of accommodation, Scawfell is fairly accessible by a walk which is of particular interest from the grandeur of its mountain scenery. As far as the Styhead the ordinary tourist route is followed. The objective now becomes the col between Scawfell Pike and Lingmell. There is a path to this which keeps well up on the slopes of Great End and Broad Crag, so as to avoid the deep chasms of Greta and

Pier's Ghylls. These will cause much trouble and annoyance to those who keep too low. This path is cairned at intervals. At the col the ascending path from Brown Tongue is crossed, and the climber, skirting the Pike Crag on his left, reaches that part of Hollow Stones immediately beneath the Mickledore Screes.

Langdale.—This is the furthest of all the centres, and can only be recommended to really good walkers. The best route is over the top of Scawfell Pike via Rosset Ghyll and Eskhause. There is a broad and well cairned path to the top of the Pike. From there it is best to drop straight down to Mickledore, though in a mist this may prove difficult to find. The direction is left, at about a right angle to the cairned path to Wasdale via Brown Tongue, but from experience it is safe to say that the most likely mistake is a descent into Eskdale. Very strong walkers have been known to ascend the Band of Bowfell, cross the ridge by the Three Tarns, and so, after dropping down into Upper Eskdale, to make their way up the steep scree slopes to Mickledore.

Eskdale.—There is very little accommodation in this valley higher than the Woolpack Inn. From here Scawfell Crag may be approached either by Burnmoor or Mickledore. For Burnmoor the well known " White Stones " track starts from the back door of the hotel. When the track crosses the stream by Burnmoor Tarn, it is best to strike straight up the shoulder of Scawfell. It is not necessary to go to the top of the mountain, for by keeping well to the right of Hardrigg Ghyll, Lord's Rake may be reached via the top of Red Ghyll. For Mickledore, follow the main road up Eskdale till just before it crosses the river Esk. Here a grass-grown road branches up to the left and passing through the farmyard of Taw House, continues as a rough cart-track. Beyond Cowcove Beck a higher flat is reached, along which a fairly well-cairned path runs for some two miles to Cam Spout. Mickledore is about a mile above this fine fall, and probably the best route from here is to keep the latter on the left. An alternative way to Cam Spout is to follow the main valley up to Esk Falls—this is among the grandest and most secluded spots in the Lake District. From the falls take the

left-hand footpath which mounts through an impressive gorge on the left bank of the stream (looking up). This leads to a wide, dreary expanse of peaty land, which must be crossed in a leftwards direction until scree is reached, near Cam Spout. This route is not recommended in wet weather as the bog-land may be impassable and will probably entail a long detour to avoid it.

TOPOGRAPHICAL.

Scawfell Crag, with which this guide is chiefly concerned, covers the northern and north-western faces of the mountain of that name. There is a little easy climbing on the east side of Mickledore (Broad Stand and Mickledore Chimney), but further East the crag overhangs considerably, and has not been climbed. As has already been mentioned, Mickledore is the gap between Scawfell and Scawfell Pike, and can be very clearly seen from the valley below. It has been picturesquely alluded to by the writers of guide books as the Mickledore Chasm, while the actual col from which the scree slopes down to Hollow Stones, is sometimes called Mickledore Ridge.

A good view of the Crag for our purposes is obtainable from Hollow Stones. From here it is seen to consist of five great buttresses of rock. The first of these counting from the left, is divided from the second, which is called the Central Buttress, by a fissure noteworthy for Botterill's Slab, its left retaining wall. Central Buttress is in turn cut off from its neighbour, Pisgah Buttress, by the steep gully of Moss Ghyll; while next, after the green depths of Steep Ghyll, come the magnificent precipices of the Pinnacle. The fifth buttress, which is divided from the Pinnacle by Deep Ghyll is called Deep Ghyll Buttress. These last two buttresses are partly masked by a large subsidiary buttress or "sham rock" which forms the true left wall of a wide scree-filled gully known as Lord's Rake. Some little distance up, Lord's Rake divides into two, its left hand branch being known as Deep Ghyll, which is in its lower reaches a recognised course. The upper part of this Ghyll, which is nothing more than a scree shoot, can be more easily reached by proceeding

a little further up Lord's Rake, and then turning to the left along a series of broad ledges on Deep Ghyll Buttress—the West Wall Traverse.

At the foot of Scawfell Pinnacle and by the entrance to Lord's Rake is a cross marked on the rock to commemorate the fatal accident to the climbers who attempted to reach Hopkinson's Cairn in 1903 (see Historical Section). It is the spot that the climber will be best advised to make for, as it is from here that the majority of the climbs are most easily accessible. The scree immediately below this place is very loose, and it is advisable in ascending from Hollow Stones to keep to the right under the "Shamrock," or better still, to keep at first well to the left, and afterwards to work slightly back to the foot of Lord's Rake.

To the left there runs right across the face of the Crag to the place where Mickledore abuts against the rock, a remarkable terrace known as the Rake's Progress. It mounts fairly sharply soon after leaving the cross, and keeps just below the precipitous part of the crag—on it will be found the starts to most of the climbs hereabouts. It is narrow in parts, and here and there contains patches of steep rock—only those with steady heads should essay it, especially in bad weather. Beneath the Progress the ground falls away very steeply, but it is too loose for climbing except in the line of Moss Ghyll, which should properly be started below the Progress, as there are here several very sporting pitches. Across this steep ground a much easier and less exposed progress runs parallel to the above. It is useful to the walker, and even to the experienced climber, as it is the simplest way to Mickledore from the bottom of Lord's Rake. Although its position is obvious on inspection, its existence is not generally known.

CLIMBS ON SCAWFELL.

In the vicinity of Mickledore there are three ways of scaling the rampart of crags that defends the upper regions of Scawfell from the approach of mortals. A few score yards down from the screes on the Eskdale side will be found the deep rift of Mickledore Chimney, close to the ridge a cleft marks

the start of the Broad Stand, and a short distance along Rake's Progress conspicuous scratches indicate the North or Penrith Climb.

Mickledore Chimney.—Moderate, if right hand exit is taken, but very difficult if finished direct.

About 150 feet of easy climbing, with very frequent halting places, brings the party to a somewhat steeper section divided up by chockstones. The usual custom at this point is to climb out by a short but awkward wall on the right to the gentle slopes of Broad Stand.

The direct finish is in three sections.

A chockstone is easily passed on the left to a good stance 10 feet higher, below the moss covered stone prominently visible from below.

Backing up facing right for a few feet, footholds will be reached from which to go over the stone.

The next two stones are passed on the right, and open ground is reached after a short struggle.

About 100 feet higher another short pitch can be climbed.

Broad Stand.—Above the starting cleft which is a few yards down to the left from Mickledore, a corner is rounded to the left to a platform below the High Step. This can be climbed in three ways, all sufficiently indicated, none of which can be considered easy. Winding mossy ways then lead to the top of Deep Ghyll and the Pinnacle.

The North Climb, sometimes known as the Penrith Climb, begins a few yards to the right from Mickledore along the Progress, with an extremely awkward movement into a niche, the finishing holds for pulling into which are hard to find and not well designed for the purpose. Six feet to the left an easy corner ends the climbing.

The narrow chimney on the left of the niche provides an easier descent—this is called Petty's Rift.

When descending on this side in misty weather, care must be taken to keep the Mickledore Chimney on the right. It is very easy here to wander away above the great overhanging cliffs on the Eskdale side, which it is impossible to descend anywhere.

Collier's Climb.—Nearly 40 yards further along the Progress. A vertical scoop, mossy, and nearly always wet, constitutes the first pitch proper, but most people will go to the start of Keswick Brothers, a few yards further west, and then traverse back. The difficulty of the first 30 feet is extreme, and the prevalence of wet moss and doubtful rock accentuates the technical severity of the pitch. Once Collier's Ledge, some 30 feet above the Progress, is reached, the continuation of the climb is straightforward.

An easy scramble up the mossy chimney above Collier's Ledge ends with a slightly awkward landing in a recess 40 feet higher.

This is left by an easy glacis on the right leading in 15 feet to a grassy platform.

A further scramble for 40 feet over grass gives access to a wide bay, the upper end of the fault in which Keswick Brothers begins.

A mossy gully is climbed for 35 feet to a chockstone, and then for another 35 feet till a capacious hollow is reached a few feet below the summit level.

Alternative Finish.—The arête bounding the bay on the left gives a pleasanter finish. A belay can be extemporised at its base.

If the edge is followed with commendable exactitude, the climbing will be found agreeable and fairly stiff for 40 feet.

Loose rock is somewhat in evidence hereabouts, but the same remark applies to most of the pitches in Collier's Climb.

Keswick Brothers.—Very difficult. A remarkably steep, exposed, and rather intimidating climb. The difficulty is due to the tendency of the rock hereabouts to tilt outwards and interfere with the balance.

A wide ledge is attained and followed for 20 feet to a corner on the right, and 15 feet higher a big belay is reached.

The course now slants upward to the left for 35 feet to suitable belays on a terrace.

The terrace is left at the right hand end, and a small pulpit reached by a recess in 15 feet, which is difficult, or with greater difficulty by the wall on the left. This is probably the hardest pitch of the climb.

The climb now slants up to the right to a big block climbed by an overhanging little crack 30 feet higher. In 15 feet a capacious platform at the top of Botterill's Slab provides an excellent resting place.

A slight descent leads to a chimney where the leader may stop 15 feet up above chockstones, or if he prefers, carry on to a platform 20 feet higher. Here the Variation finish leaves the original climb. The ordinary route lies to the left into the scree of the final gully which contains four easy pitches, each about 20 feet, garnished with loose stones.

The Variation finish lies on the right, and consists of two pitches. The rock foundation here has a high sideways tilt, and delicate balance is called for in working up and round a projecting corner. The first pitch is short, but very difficult, and the second one is rather longer and harder, involving a strenuous pull on insufficient holds on to a sloping ledge just below the great final overhang.

Some 60 yards further down the Progress, **Botterill's Slab** suddenly comes into view, and the way of reaching it will be obvious, this being also the start for the Oval on the Central Buttress (original route). The Slab is described under the Girdle Traverse of which it forms part.

For some distance the bare cliffs tower overhead, and the Great Flake is conspicuous, though the ascent looks utterly hopeless. Its conquest however, was accomplished by the late S. W. Herford, and is perhaps the finest achievement associated with that great climber's name.

The Central Buttress. The most arduous ascent in the Lake District ; unexampled exposure ; combined tactics and rope engineering essential at one point ; not less than three climbers. Rubbers.

The ascent of this buttress, the final problem presented by the great façade of Scawfell, was made for the first time in April, 1914. It has as yet been repeated on two occasions only, and the difficulties met with are so great that the expedition ranks among the world's hardest, and is possible only under practically perfect conditions.

The old start was made by climbing a short crack to near the foot of Botterill's Slab, and then diagonally and up to

the right by a series of ledges connected by short but nearly vertical slabs. The last 30 feet trend to the left, and the great ledge running across the buttress, 80 feet above the start, is reached.

A new and superior start has been found considerably nearer Moss Ghyll, and below the only marked descent on the Progress. An outstanding rib rising diagonally to the left at right angles to the main line of the crags is followed with difficulty to a stance some 50 feet up. A short and easier continuation, still ascending to the left, then leads to the former route 30 feet below the ledge. The new start is the more closely akin to the general character of the climb.

The ledge is now followed to its widest part, the " Oval,' and the Flake Crack is directly overhead.

A 30 foot ascent to the left, using the lower edge of a sinuous crack as hand-holds, leads over a bulge to the foot of the crack proper, which runs up for 40 feet with a decided overhang to the right, which becomes more pronounced in the final stages when it approximates to about 16°.

The bulge is reached more or less easily, but the task of reaching the big jammed block nearly 30 feet higher is extremely severe. The crack is unsuitable for wedging, and the ascent is made by using small footholds on the wall to the right.

Once reached, a loop or loops can be threaded through a hole at the lower end of the block, and when the second's rope has been run through these, larger loops can be placed in which he can sit, while the leader climbs upto and past him, and so reaches in safety the last overhanging obstacle.

A shoulder, head, hand, are given in turn, and the leader is within reach of the horizontal upper edge, and can pull up to a position of comparative ease.

It is probably better for the third climber to follow and make use of the second's shoulder, as he can assist the leader to give the necessary help to the second over the Mauvais Pas. The climb cannot be continued direct, and the upper edge of the crack is followed for more than 40 feet, and over a small tower to a broad ledge, similar in character to, though smaller than Botterill's Slab.

This ledge leads with climbing of ordinary difficulty, to the upper reaches of Keswick Brothers, and by its means the top of the Great Flake may be visited, and the extraordinary situation appreciated.

The climb is now half accomplished, and a prolonged rest is advisable before the upper half is taken in hand.

From the end of the crack the ledge on the left is ascended for perhaps 30 feet until the level of a small pinnacle on the face of the cliff is reached.

A 10 foot horizontal traverse to the right leads to the pinnacle, and the second should join the leader here before the latter sets about the much harder traverse on the far side of it.

This is technically the hardest pitch of the climb, but after the first few feet have been done, respectable holds come into reach and continue straight up, the V ledge 25 feet higher being attained by way of a right-angled arête. The exposure on this section is the severest yet met with.

The major difficulties of the climb are now over.

From the right hand edge of the V ledge the containing wall can be climbed and the face on the right reached, either directly or after a short descent by a slanting chimney, an upward line then leading on very steep rocks with good holds to the recess at the top of the lower section of the Bayonet Shaped Crack.

The summit of the crags is then reached by climbing up the left wall of the upper section of this crack.

Moss Ghyll. Very difficult; one of the best gully climbs in Great Britain.

As already indicated this climb starts below the Progress.

i. A 20 foot chimney with an awkward exit on to scree, up which a few feet of scrambling leads to the Progress.

ii. 15 feet. A difficult scoop, climbed on the left.

iii. 35 feet. A very deeply cut chimney is backed up till a chockstone can be reached after a constricting struggle, followed by easier chimneying.

If overmuch water is about, or any members of the party are unfit, these last two pitches can be turned on the right

wall by a series of ledges, passing over one rather hard 6 foot wall on the way.

iv. & v. Two 20 foot moderate chimneys lead to a very deep recess. The corner above can be climbed direct, but it is repulsively wet and entirely moss covered, and the route almost invariably taken is by the Tennis Court Wall on the right.

vi. The wall is vertical, about 20 feet high, and the holds are awkwardly placed about half way up. A shoulder can, however, be given in cases of stress.

vii. From the Tennis Court Ledge a short and rather hard traverse is taken back to the Ghyll.

viii. A scree slope leads to the finest chasm yet encountered, possessing a vast boulder jammed about 10 feet up. To establish oneself on this is the first step towards negotiating the pitch above.

The Collie Step is now at hand, and the first 6 feet outwards are very delicate, but after a few Agag-like movements, respectable holds are met with, and a fine belay 20 feet away is reached with ease, the short traverse on the right back to the ghyll being made with much ease.

ix. The splendid amphitheatre now entered can be left in a variety of ways.

On the left is the Collie Exit, up a sweep of broken slabs, giving many alternative routes, though the popular one can hardly be missed. These lead to the summit in 150 feet. The correct continuation, however, is by Collier's Chimney, about 80 feet in height.

The chimney itself is uncomfortable, narrow and arduous, though safe to back up.

The tightest and wettest part may be avoided by emerging underneath a chockstone and outside it, no easy matter.

The right wall gives face climbing with one very difficult balancing movement before a ledge can be reached leading back to the chimney above the narrow part with the chockstone.

This point is the Sentry Box, and the last 30 feet of the chimney above it are easier though strenuous.

x. After climbing Collier's Chimney it is necessary to ascend a final chimney of no great difficulty, but under good conditions the arête on the left may be taken. This gives over 100 feet of grand climbing, and will be found the hardest part of the climb.

The first 50 feet are severe, the easiest course, perhaps, being to start well out on the left and work up, and then back to the arête and then straight up. Rubbers are desirable on this variation.

An alternative exit to Collier's Chimney known as "Botterill's Exit" may be taken by starting 20 feet to the right of the chimney. A few feet higher a well-marked crack leads to a small cairn, after which easy slabs lead to the top of the chimney, or Pisgah Ridge may be joined. This will be found rather harder than the chimney.

The narrow crack between Collier's Chimney and Collier's Exit has also been climbed, and is known as Barton's Exit.

Pisgah Buttress.—Very difficult if climbed via Moss Ghyll; severe by any alternative start.

The original route up this Buttress follows Moss Ghyll to the Tennis Court. The very severe crack leading to the Fives Court will be found infinitely the hardest pitch of the climb. It is about 12 feet high, and assistance can be given to the leader. An easier and more exposed line may be found by traversing round the corner on the right from the Fives Court for a few feet, a matter of some delicacy, until a fault in the wall above provides a means of direct ascent, which is continued for some 12 feet to a ledge whence the Fives Court is easily reached by a step or two to the left. In the corner above the Fives Court a 12 foot crack followed by easier rock leads to a grassy nook with a belay, 30 feet above the Court.

The crack at the right hand side of the nook becomes grassy after a few feet, and merges into an easy glacis trending towards the right, and so in 35 feet to a large tooth finely situated on the crest of the buttress. Good handholds exist on the short 8 foot wall now encountered, but a flake used in the process must be handled with circumspection. A few

feet of moss grown arête and a groove slanting to the left conduct the climber, after some 50 feet, to a region of grassy slopes and ledges. An easy stroll up grass on the right leads to the summit of the buttress, but a more agreeable finish can be made up the 80 foot slab ahead. If a central line is conscientiously adhered to, the ascent of this slab will be found less simple than its easy angle would suggest. The climb ends on the path round Pisgah to Jordan Gap.

The Fives Court direct from Rake's Progress.—Indefinite face climbing of an exposed character. Severe sections unavoidable.

The first recorded direct ascent of the buttress took place in 1911, when S. W. Herford reached the Tennis Court, climbing the last 25 feet straight up without entering Moss Ghyll.

This route may be inspected with ease by walking out on grass ledges from below the Tennis Court Wall, and the severity thereof appreciated. In 1920 a severe direct ascent was led by C. D. Frankland, who reached the Fives Court, after starting some 12 feet out of Moss Ghyll, by a diagonal course to the right landing on the Girdle Traverse(q.v.)about 30 feet to the right of the Fives Court. This traverse was followed to the Court, and the climb completed by the ordinary route.

A party attempting to follow C. D. Frankland's route proceeded as follows.

A start was made at the foot and approximately in the middle of the buttress, at a shallow re-entrant. They climbed straight up for about 70 feet to a big ledge.

A slab, hard to start and sloping to the left, was taken, and subsequently they bore to the right,to a group of detached blocks, at which point the Girdle Traverse was reached and followed to the Fives Court, 30 feet distant.

Steep Ghyll.—This excessively loose gully is seldom climbed nowadays, and the men of old who ascended it agreed in describing it as being most dangerous—the bad girl of the family of Scawfell Climbs. The wise course would seem to be to dismiss it as unfit for respectable climbers, though worse

gullies in North Wales are climbed regularly and with enjoyment.

In 1919 a somewhat severe climb was made up its right wall, starting by a chimney on the right of the rocks flanking the first vertical chimney of the Ghyll. The chimney or groove was varied by taking to the slabs on the left.

At the first opportunity an overhanging mantelshelf on the right was negotiated, and by this means a higher groove was attained, and easier ground reached.

The finish to Low Man can be made hard or easy at will.

THE CLIMBS ON SCAWFELL PINNACLE.

BY G. S. SANSOM AND S. W. HERFORD.

Easy Way Up.—Moderately difficult.

This starts from Jordan Gap, which separates the Pinnacle from the main mass of the mountain.

It scarcely rises to the dignity of a climb, being little more than 30 feet high, and is mostly used for descending after one of the longer courses has been climbed.

The actual route to be followed needs no description; nail marks make it sufficiently obvious.

It might be mentioned that the original way up the Pinnacle from this side diverges to the right 10 feet above the start.

By Steep Ghyll and Slingsby's Chimney.—Fairly difficult; rock excellent; much indefinite but interesting scrambling; an awkward chimney; a splendid arête. Any number of climbers. Leader needs 40 feet of rope.

Considering its length this route provides remarkably little genuine climbing, but it is well worth doing for the sake of the views and situations.

It is necessary to scramble up Steep Ghyll for about 250 feet until the walls begin to close in and a steep pitch of unpleasant appearance is seen ahead.

40 feet below this a fairly easy exit from the Ghyll can be made on the right wall, leading out on to the face of the Pinnacle above the difficult part.

The climber finds himself at the side of a huge detached mass of rock, to the top of which is an easy scramble. From there he makes an awkward step up on to the main mass of the mountain, across the Crevasse, but after this has been taken excellent handholds make the landing on a large shelf a simple matter.

Slingsby's Chimney now rises immediately above. The lower 12 feet are somewhat troublesome, as the chimney is undercut at the bottom, but by facing the right and using footholds, first in the bed and higher on the right wall, no great difficulty need be found.

After 30 feet the angle eases off, and easy rocks lead to the top of the Low Man.

The High Man is now seen 150 feet ahead. To reach it one may cross the almost horizontal knife-edge arête, which leads to the final rocks, or walk along a broad ledge a little below it on the east, from which the top is also easily reached.

Variation of Chimney.—From the ledge at the foot of the Chimney rounded slabs to the left can be climbed for about 30 feet, after which an awkward traverse across a steep corner to the right will enable the ordinary route to be regained above the Chimney proper.

From top of First Pitch in Professor's Chimney.—(" Thompson's Route ")—Difficult and somewhat sensational ; rock not everywhere sound; belays good. Best number, 2 or 3. Leader needs 60 feet of rope.

From the top of the first pitch in Professor's Chimney the leader descends a few feet on the left wall, and traverses outwards and upwards on holds which, when reliable, are excellent, until the gentler angle of the face above permits of easy progress up to a wide grass ledge where splendid anchorage is available.

From this point an almost horizontal easy traverse to the left is made for about 40 feet, until very good hand holds enable one to pull up over a bulge of rock into an indefinite grassy gully. This can be followed direct to the top, or a traverse to the left made on to the summit ridge 40 feet lower.

Woodhead's Climb.—Very difficult ; rock excellent ; a very hard slab followed by a steep wall with good holds ;

moderate finish; belays good. Best number, 2 or 3. Leader needs 60 feet of rope.

This may be safely recommended to parties wishing to make a first acquaintance with the harder routes up the Pinnacle.

It starts from the scree in the upper part of Deep Ghyll, about 40 feet below the foot of Professor's Chimney, and at a point where two faces of the Pinnacle meet at an angle. The climb lies on the left or northern face, and in the lower two thirds close to the dividing edge.

The bottom 20 feet consists chiefly of a smooth sloping slab, which constitutes the main difficulty and interest of the climb. One line of advance is first diagonally to the left, and then straight up till a stance with a good belay is reached. A few feet higher on the right is a second stance, which itself forms a good belay. It should be noted that this can be reached from the foot by its right hand or southern side by climbing the steep wall just to the right of the corner until a high incut hold on the left edge can be grasped, above which there is no difficulty. The holds at the start belong to the second order of small quantities, and a shoulder may in some cases be required, but if this is given it is safer and easier than the ordinary route. From the second belay the route lies directly upwards, after the start keeping to the right as far as possible.

About 35 feet higher it joins the preceding route 15 feet below the grassy platform.

Herford's Direct Finish.—A direct continuation of the preceding climb; most sensational and exposed; severe. Leader needs 80 feet of rope.

This starts at the beginning of the 40 foot traverse, and goes straight up slightly to the right.

Within 20 feet a small overhang is passed over on to slabs up which a course is pursued tending to the right for some 30 feet to a point underneath a slight overhang on the left.

The overcoming of this is the crux of the climb, and severely sensational, but the passage is short and once over it, the leader finds himself on easy rocks, with plenty of anchorage close at hand, and the High Man within easy reach.

Jones' and Collier's Climb.—Difficult ; rock excellent ; very hard slab ; long interesting traverse ; belays good. Best number, 2 or 3 ; all should be capable of leading. Leader needs 80 feet of rope.

This most interesting and much neglected climb starts from the foot of Woodhead's, and follows this route as far as the first belay (alternatively a horizontal traverse from a point 6 feet up leads in 15 feet to a point where a direct ascent leads to the climb as originally done).

From this point a horizontal traverse to the left is made for about 60 feet. Holds are quite good on this traverse, except at the start. At the extreme end anchorage can be found at the top of a pile of detached blocks. The climb then continues across the face, sloping upwards to the left until a very large grassy recess is entered below the knife edge arête. The latter is reached by a crack on the left.

From Deep Ghyll by O. G. Jones's Route.—Severe ; rock excellent except in one place ; awkward traverse ; somewhat difficult slabs ; short but severe arête ; belays good. Best number, 3. Leader needs 60 feet of rope and 80 feet for the variations.

The route starts with a neat and decidedly difficult traverse to the left, from the well-known scoop above the second pitch of Deep Ghyll, into a wide crack which forms a conspicuous feature of the climb when viewed from the West Wall Traverse. It may also be reached from, and made a longer climb by taking Robinson's Chimney in Deep Ghyll (see page 304), this appears to have been the older start for the climb.

The crack, which is best entered about 20 feet above its start, but which can be entered lower down, is followed with ease for about 10 feet until a splendid belay is reached. From this point a variety of ways up the slabs can be followed the easiest being on the extreme right. The climbing is at first moderately difficult, but about 30 feet higher some loose holds demand care until a grassy niche is reached ; a similar but slightly larger niche, the "Firma Loca," is reached without effort, and a belay (slightly loose) is available on the right. A fairly easy traverse to the left over shattered slabs leads to a capacious ledge bearing an ideal belay, situated

THE PINNACLE—LOW MAN.

Deep Ghyll Side.

A—Belay. B B—Jones' Arête.

C C—Gibson's Chimney.

immediately below an arête on the edge of the Ghyll. The arête can be climbed in a number of ways. Probably the least difficult is that which keeps for the most part on the right hand or Deep Ghyll side. Above this severe section, which is 15 feet in height, is a sloping platform 5 feet square, which forms a good stance for the second less difficult step, which is best climbed on the left by the aid of two exceedingly minute footholds. Excellent anchorage is obtained behind a large flake 40 feet above the belay at the foot of the arête. The remainder of the climbing is easy, but delightful, and lands one on the Low Man within a few feet of the cairn. The whole climb is about 180 feet in length, and is extremely interesting.

Variation I. : Hopkinson and Tribe's Route.—This route was followed by Messrs. Hopkinson and Tribe when they made the first ascent of the Pinnacle from Deep Ghyll in 1893.

As far as the foot of the arête, the climb is precisely the same as that described for Jones's route.

From the fine belay at this point the leader, aided by the rope, descends about 15 feet of steep rock, in the direction of the Hopkinson Cairn, on to a small ledge, from which point a moderately difficult traverse to the left enables him to reach a large grassy recess, whence easy scrambling leads direct to the top of Slingsby's Chimney. This climb is well worth doing under conditions which render the direct route up the arête too difficult. The rocks immediately below the belay on the edge of the Ghyll are almost unclimbable, and the last man must either descend on a doubled rope, or, preferably, wait until the leader lowers him a rope down the arête.

NOTE.—This place, the Bad Corner, has since been climbed both up and down.

Variation II. : Gibson's Chimney.—Midway between the "Firma Loca" and the arête a large belay affords anchorage for the second man whilst the leader climbs upwards into a right angled corner on the right, and ascends with difficulty for about 18 feet on to a narrow grass ledge where the chimney proper starts.

The leader now proceeds upwards for another 15 feet, at which point a conspicuous wide sloping ledge leads across the overhanging wall on the left. The far end of this traverse is barred by several large loose blocks, which must be used as handholds, while the leader traverses round the corner on to the arête.

This variation is not, perhaps, technically very difficult, nor yet interesting, while it seems extremely risky owing to the unreliable character of the holds.

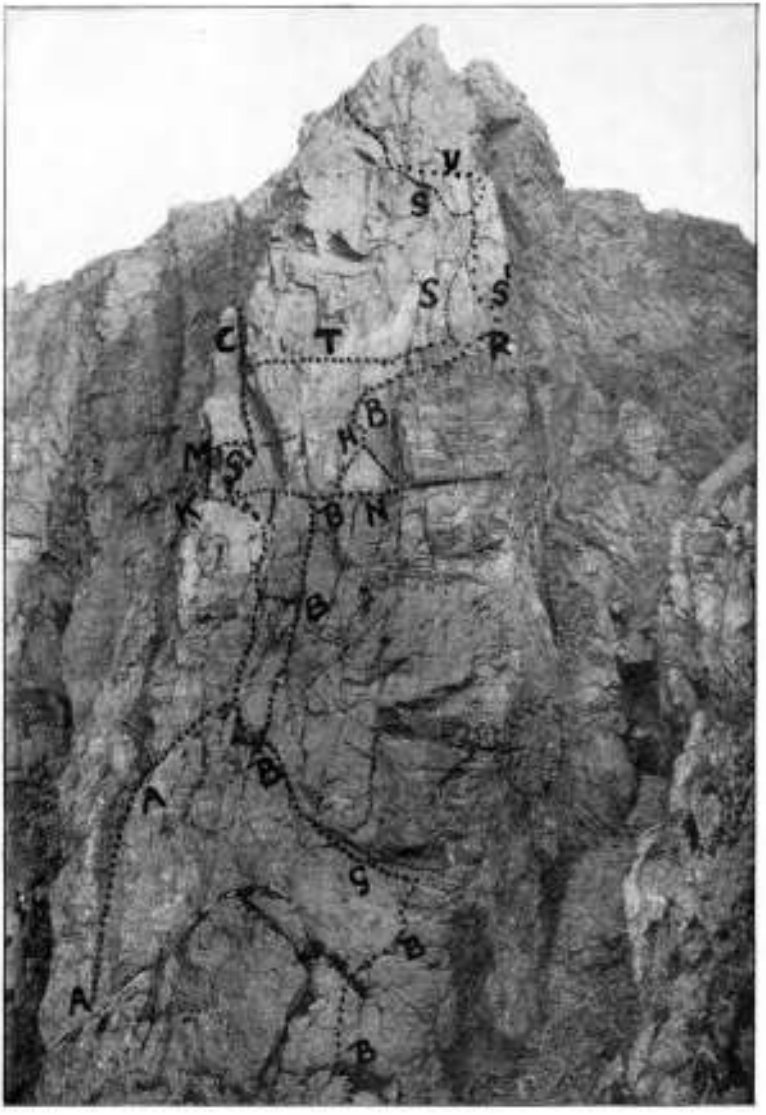
It is possible to avoid this traverse by continuing up the right wall of the chimney to the top on good holds for 25 feet, which, however, do not seem to be over safe.

THE FACE OF SCAWFELL PINNACLE.

[Certain alterations have been made in the original text of the following descriptions, particularly with regard to the length of rope required by the leader. In the important matter of belays, a number of small but adequate hitches can be found on the Pinnacle Face, and while the leader is at work if the third man is brought up to hold the second's rope firmly on the belay, all doubt as to its efficacy will be removed. It is impossible to describe these belays in detail, but special reference may be made to a typical example a few feet below and to the left of Moss Ledge. If diligent search is made, the leader never takes out more than 40 feet of rope, except in the traverse of the Gangway, when 70 feet is needed.]

Direct from Lord's Rake by O. G. Jones's Route.—Very severe; perfect rock and unique situations; 130 feet of difficult slabs; an exposed and delicate mantelshelf. Rubbers.

This climb starts on the edge of Deep Ghyll, below the first great overhanging mass of slabs. The first pitch which gives about 20 feet of climbing is slabby. Then from a pile of detached flakes, where excellent anchorage is available, a deeply recessed hand-hold for the left can be reached,and,aided by friction holds for the feet, one can place the hands in a nearly horizontal crack below the overhang. The slab for the feet is quite smooth, and set at an angle of 40°, but by turning



THE SCAWFELL PINNACLE.

B B—Hopkinson's Cairn from Lord's Rake.
A A—Hopkinson's Gully.
G—Gangway.
N—Moss Ledge.
H—Herford's Slab.
R—Hopkinson's Cairn.
S—Hopkinson & Tribe's Route.
S—Hopkinson's & Tribe's Variation.
V—Gibson's Traverse.
K—Waiting Room.
M—Toe Traverse and Mantleshelf.
C—Crevasse.
T—Sansom's Traverse.

the palms of the hands upwards and leaning outwards, it is possible to edge along to the left for about 20 feet (this section is known as " The Gangway "), until some deep finger holds enable one to traverse across the face on to a small grass ledge, and then into a triangular grass floored niche (the first nest) 50 feet from the belay. (The difficult part of the Gangway can also be climbed in an upright position by utilising small finger holds above the overhang).

A steep slab split by a small irregular crack gives access to a similar but rocky niche (the second nest) 35 feet higher.

From this point the route does **not** continue up the obvious corner straight ahead, but traverses to the left across the top of an incipient square cut chimney into the bed of Hopkinson's Gully, which here has the form of an ill-defined shallow groove several yards wide.

The latter is followed with difficulty to a point about 25 feet higher, where there is a belay recommended with reserve, as it vibrates slightly. From here it is possible to make a very exposed and difficult traverse to the left for about 15 feet, and then climb upwards to a large platform with an overhanging roof, the Waiting Room, some 130 feet above the foot of the climb. A good hook belay has now been discovered here, 8 feet up on the right wall.

An ascent of 9 feet from the right or western end of the Waiting Room enables the hands to reach a flat triangular ledge about 8 inches wide, which forms the mantelshelf. The ascent demands confidence and delicate balance as the situation is exceedingly exposed. It would be very unwise to attempt it with a great length of rope out. Handholds are absent on the wall above, but the right hand can assist in the process of balancing up by gripping the upper edge of a horizontal crack which forms the " Toe Traverse." The latter is 6 feet long and comparatively easy, and soon a grassy crack 16 feet high is entered, and followed without difficulty to a large recess about 30 feet below the top of the crevasse, which is reached by a moderately easy chimney.

(The Waiting Room and Mantelshelf may be avoided altogether by making a direct ascent from a point a few feet along the 15 foot traverse, landing at the bottom of the 16

foot crack. An easier variation is to follow the first route almost to the Waiting Room and then traverse to the right just under a small overhang, and join the first variation about 8 feet below the crack).

Direct from Lord's Rake via Hopkinson's Cairn.—Very severe; perfect rock; a very difficult and exposed slab; comparatively easy above the Cairn. Rubbers.

This cairn, which is nearly 300 feet above Lord's Rake, stands on a large platform, which was the lowest point reached by the Messrs. Hopkinson when they explored the face from above in 1887. As far as the second nest, this is exactly the same as Jones' route.

From this point, instead of branching off to the left, the route lies straight ahead for about 20 feet up a difficult corner with a thin crack in it. A short traverse to the right is then made on to a good ledge which widens out at the further end. (It is on this traverse that a small but adequate belay will be found, thus obviating the necessity of using a doubtful thread in the corner crack on the right hand end of the slab above Moss Ledge.)

35 feet higher and somewhat to the right, is the large platform on which stands Hopkinson's Cairn. Rising from Moss Ledge is a steep smooth slab, which is the only means of reaching the platform.

About 8 feet above the ledge, and near the centre of the slab, is seen a small stance which can be reached by making an upward traverse from the right, or, probably more easily, from the left.

From here upward progress is made for several feet on small ledges until some fine incut handholds can be grasped high up. It is now an easy matter to reach a sloping shelf on the right above all difficulty, and, a few feet higher, Hopkinson's Cairn.

Taking into account its exposed situation, the slab may be considered severe.

From the Cairn to the Low Man the climbing is delightful, and nowhere more than difficult. From the top of a large detached block above the platform the easiest way lies up a groove slightly to the left for about 20 feet, when a stride

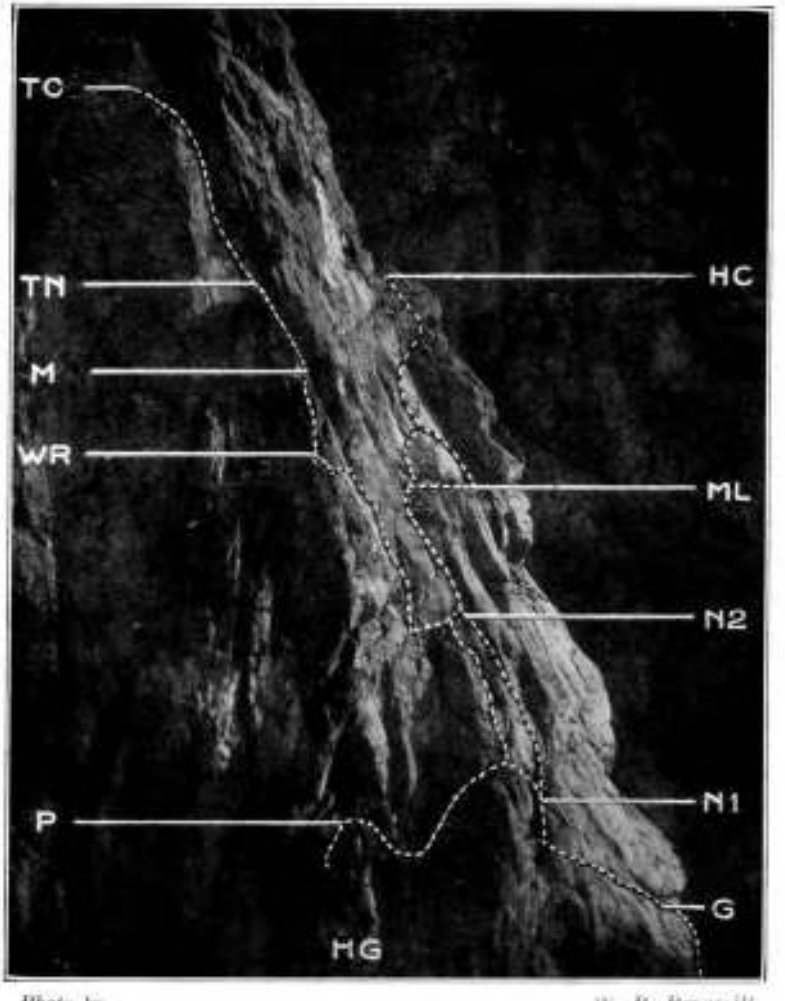


Photo by *W. B. Brunskill.*

SCAFELL PINNACLE.

TC—Top of Crevasse.
TN—Top of Nose.
M—Mantelshelf.
WR—Waiting Room.
HG—Hopkinson's Gully.
HC—Hopkinson's Cairn.
ML—Moss Ledge.
N2—2nd Nest.
N1—1st Nest.
G—Gangway.
P—Top of Pinnacle in Hopkinson's Gully (Belay).

is made to the right to the foot of a steep corner, 12 feet high, at the top of which there is a fair stance. A second somewhat awkward stride is made to the right, and then a few feet higher a good belay is reached.

10 feet above this, Hopkinson and Tribe's route is joined below the traverse. A small belay near the start can be used if necessary. (This spot can also be reached by a variation starting near the right hand end of the platform, and lying on the wall looking down into Deep Ghyll. More than one line can be taken, and the climbing is nowhere severe, though the exposure is very considerable.

From the platform an alternative route to the Low Man is to traverse to the left across the face from near the detached block to a point about 25 feet below the Crevasse. This, though very exposed, presents no great difficulty until the final corner into the crack below the crevasse is reached. There is a superb belay half-way across).

Direct from Lord's Rake by Hopkinson's Gully.—Very severe; rock perfect; a very difficult open chimney and exposed slabs; 130 feet to Hopkinson's Cairn. Rubbers.

The lower and more difficult part of this gully was climbed by Mr. C. Hopkinson and party in December, 1887. They were finally stopped by ice, and had to descend again. The performance must be reckoned as one of the finest in the history of rock climbing.

If we skirt along the base of the main rocks eastwards from Deep Ghyll, about 150 feet above Lord's Rake, Hopkinson's Gully is the first obvious opening seen.

It consists at the bottom of a V-shaped groove slanting up to the right. To get into the groove a steep 10 foot wall has to be climbed. A small rock pyramid here abuts against the face, and the pitch can be climbed over it, but a way 6 feet to the right of it may be found easier, where some good hand holds, hard to reach, enable one to pull up on to a stance in the gully proper.

The next 20 feet on slightly sloping holds are less trying until the foot of a steep corner is reached. Here the holds are remarkably deficient. Foothold there is none, but a fairly tall man can just reach a good handhold high up in the corner.

A short man has perforce to be satisfied with a small nick a few inches lower down until he can grasp the higher hold. It is then possible to pull up on to a good stance with a belay. The whole pitch is about 40 feet high. A large detached pillar of rock, about 20 feet high, is now seen straight ahead on the left wall.

From the stance a short slab is climbed, and then a crack running up the left side of the pillar enables the top to be reached. This forms an excellent belay.

The leader now descends a short distance on the right hand side of the pillar until he can step across the gully and climb out on to the face on the right.

He finds himself now at the foot of the central slab of Jones's Route, and can reach the second nest by going straight up for 30 feet. Here either of the two routes is available. (From the top of the pillar a variation is to make an exposed and difficult traverse to the right into the incipient chimney, which can then be ascended for 15 feet to the traverse leading from the second nest. This variation gives a route quite independent of the nest and the ascent via the Gangway and Hopkinson's Cairn).

RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE PINNACLE CLIMBS.

The Waiting Room from the First Pitch in Steep Ghyll.—exceedingly severe. Rubbers.

From the top of the long indefinite commencement of Steep Ghyll a stance is effected on the vertical wall of the Pinnacle up which progress is made for about 40 feet to a belay a few feet to the right of the starting point. In tackling this pitch the leader is confronted with a most formidable and exacting task, and its successful negotiation calls for considerable strength and exceptional powers of balance.

Steep slabs are then followed for another 40 feet to a ledge on the right, also blessed with a belay.

The climb then rounds an exposed corner to the Waiting Room 20 feet higher.

Variation from the Second Belay.—A longer but less interesting alternative from the ledge 80 feet up the former

climb is to climb the rather indefinite and rural chimney to the left.

This can be climbed in its bed, or a better route may be taken up the slabs to the left of it.

The Crevasse is reached after about 60 feet of somewhat undistinguished climbing.

The Pinnacle Face from Steep Ghyll.—From the stance at the foot of the formidable first pitch of the direct ascent to the Waiting Room, a 30 foot horizontal traverse leads to a V-shaped vertical cleft. The step across this is extremely difficult, but once it is taken a diagonal course up slabs to the right leads with little difficulty on to the open face of the Pinnacle where any of the routes may be joined.

Central Route, Deep Ghyll Slabs.—Severe and exposed. Rubbers.

This course lies on the Deep Ghyll wall of the Pinnacle, starting about 10 feet to the left of Woodhead's Climb.

The first pitch is in the form of a zig-zag. An awkward pull up is followed by a movement to the left until overhanging rocks force the leader up a short slab to the right, above which the overhang can be climbed to Jones's and Collier's 30 feet above the bed of the Ghyll.

The latter climb is then followed for 40 feet to the blocks.

The third pitch, 40 feet, is severe.

A step or two is taken to the left, and then upward progress is made 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 hand-hold can be found by utilising the top of the block which forms the roof of the niche.

The route now goes up to the right for 40 feet, either by way of a narrow slab at an easy angle, or by the face, which is preferable, and finishes at a cairned ledge near the final section of Woodhead's original route.

Here an easier course on the left is avoided in favour of steep slabs with small holds far apart, which are very entertaining, ending in 60 feet within a few feet of the summit of the Pinnacle.

DEEP GHYLL.

Deep Ghyll.—Though it gives first class climbing under wintry conditions, Deep Ghyll has not much to offer the cragsman.

The first pitch offers the stoutest resistance, and can be climbed in three ways. On the right of the chockstone a 20 foot chimney proves difficult to leave, involving an awkward movement to the right.

The left hand crack is a little longer and used to be accounted severe, but changes have taken place and it is now scarcely any harder than the other. The third way is to enter the wide recess on the right and pursue it to the top, this involving the use of much loose rock. After a long scree walk the second pitch is encountered and passed by means of a hole at the back of the cave. The way outside and close to the left of the chockstone is extremely difficult.

Robinson's Chimney on the right wall of the Ghyll gives more climbing, in two sections, the first a 15 foot chimney, which is backed up, the second an awkward ascent to the left of a depending block which may prove puzzling until the right combination of holds is discovered.

The usual course is to enter the scoop on the left hand edge of the Ghyll below the second pitch, and continue in the same for nearly 200 feet of moderate climbing, which cuts out a lot of scree walking and the danger of falling stones to a certain extent.

If other parties are above, Deep Ghyll is a death trap, and the prudent minded will take one of the various ways of attaining the West Wall Traverse, all of which, however, call for considerable care, owing to the prevalence of unstable rock and insecure vegetables.

Above the second pitch the remainder of the gully is a steep scree walk, and the correct procedure is to reach Jordan Gap by Professor's Chimney.

Professor's Chimney.—A deeply cut cleft running up to Jordan Gap.

After a steep 20 foot chimney follow about 100 feet of very moderate work, but the final 30 feet to the gap may be called difficult, owing to sloping holds and a higher angle of elevation.

The old Professor's Chimney is the screeshoot on the right which has one diminutive pitch.

CLIMBS ON DEEP GHYLL BUTTRESS.

Upper Deep Ghyll Buttress.—Very severe. The last buttress on the right (going up) and at the top of the Ghyll. Rubbers.

The first pitch is 50 feet, and starts on the right of a very deep chimney which provides an easy alternative up to the good ledge at the end of the second pitch.

Overhanging rocks, doubtful in places, are climbed 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.

The second pitch, 30 feet, is severe, and exposed for 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.

At the same level an easy traverse round the corner on the right leads to a ledge on the face of a steep wall. Belay here round a big block on the right on which the second man can climb.

The wall is now climbed for 25 feet, ending on a good ledge. The line taken is by a thin diagonal crack, which ends in a rock glacis under an overhang which somewhat interferes with the climber's movements towards the ledge above it.

A 60 foot run out is now necessary to enter a narrow stone shoot. A " holdless " slab is climbed on the left hand side, and a move to the right made as soon as possible, after which the rest will be found much easier.

The stone shoot is ascended for 30 feet to the top of the buttress, where a cairn will be found.

Upper West Wall Climb.—This starts immediately to the left of the Great Chimney. It commences with a forty foot slab which requires good technique to overcome it. " A short steep wall follows . . . . . " and ends in a spacious grassy platform. The right flanking wall of Upper Deep Ghyll Buttress confronts the climber but the route follows the easy ledges on the right.

The Great Chimney.—The wide and deeply cut chimney below Upper Deep Ghyll Buttress; one very difficult chockstone pitch.

Easy rocks are climbed up the bed of the chimney till the chockstone is close at hand, after which a strenuous effort is required to screw a way out and up under the right hand edge of the chockstone. There is little of interest above.

The West Wall Climb.—Difficult. A suitable resort under conditions which render the Pinnacle Climbs too hard.

A start is made in a deep crack about 20 yards below the Great Chimney.

This is in two sections, and continues for 40 feet.

A two step rise to the right is now taken to a platform 25 feet higher, a similar distance intervening between this and another platform, which is reached after passing over an awkward corner on the right.

A short chimney on the left, followed by easy rocks, leads in 30 feet to a level floored recess.

The groove above is now climbed for 20 feet to a most uncomfortable stance, and it is best for the leader to proceed by an open chimney to a belay 30 feet higher.

10 feet above this a big recess is entered, and the climb is completed by 50 feet of moderate climbing, starting up a slab on the right.

THE GIRDLE TRAVERSE.

The longest and perhaps the finest expedition in the Lake District, giving some 1,600 feet of climbing, mostly of a very high standard, and abounding in severe passages.

The finish by Botterill's Slab is exceedingly severe, but need not be taken. All members of the party should be capable of leading severes.

The pioneers climbed in boots, and took them off at certain points, and the use of rubbers is strongly advised.

A start is made at the top of the first pitch of Professor's Chimney, and Thompson's route is followed to the top of the second pitch of Woodhead's.

The first of the five sections into which the climb may broadly be divided is now fully revealed, and consists of

crossing the Deep Ghyll wall of the Pinnacle to the belay below Jones's arête. The rock in this section is less reliable than elsewhere, and is apt to be moist, in which case boots should be used as far as the belay, but not afterwards.

The task is begun by descending Woodhead's to the belay at the top of the slab, after which Jones's and Collier's is followed as far as the pile of blocks.

From here a very difficult descent of 15 feet is made, and then a horizontal traverse to the left on to a grassy ledge. A short slab then connects with another verdant ledge just above the "Firma Loca," and so to the foot of the arête.

From this point either of two courses may be adopted.

If time presses, Hopkinson and Tribe's route may be joined by a direct horizontal traverse of about 35 feet.

The Traverse proceeds for 20 feet along a succession of small ledges to the north-west corner of the arête, the chief difficulty being a long step out to the corner, and the first 15 feet are severe. The route continues at the same level for 10 feet round the corner, and thence after descending a few feet joins Hopkinson and Tribe's. The Hopkinson's Cairn platform may now be reached, or more direct progress made by way of Slingsby's Chimney to Steep Ghyll.

The longer and more worthy alternative is to descend the 100 feet from the belay to Hopkinson's Cairn.

The first 15 feet, known as the Bad Corner, are hardly climbable direct, and roping down is usual here. The slab just below, however, on the extreme edge overlooking the Ghyll, has been climbed, but will be found extremely severe, and in most cases the protection of the rope should be used, severe slabs proving generally much harder in the descent, while this particular example is infinitely more difficult than the slab above Moss Ledge, and quite as hard as any section of Botterill's, probably harder.

Once down the Bad Corner, the next 80 feet to the cairn give a sensation of pleasurable ease, and a well earned rest may be enjoyed on the platform before tackling the next problem, the crossing of the Pinnacle face to the Crevasse, and the completion of the second section of the climb by reaching Steep Ghyll.

Here again time may be saved by making the direct traverse to the Crevasse, but more merit will be acquired, and the footsteps of the pioneers followed, by descending to Moss Ledge and traversing the face to the Waiting Room, and so to the Crevasse.

The crossing of Steep Ghyll is a garish interlude after such delights, but consolation can be found in the thought that it is only an interlude, and that the joys of the future will equal those of the past.

The Ghyll is left at a slightly lower level by a conspicuous crack on the wall of Pisgah Buttress, the face of which is reached about on the level of the Fives Court, the third section, a short one, comprising the passage across the buttress and down into Moss Ghyll.

A rise of 3 feet from the top of the crack reaches a ledge which leads direct to the Fives Court, which is 30 feet away. The wall is vertical, and at the start the traverse is severe. A slightly lower line may be found easier.

From the Fives Court Moss Ghyll is entered by way of the crack and the Tennis Court Wall, with the possible substitution of the face route for the crack.

If a longer route is desired, the following method of reaching Moss Ghyll may be observed.

From the Fives Court an ascent of the buttress is made for about 25 feet, and an upward traverse is made to the left, passing outside and just below a detached oblong flake to a belay round a large block.

From here a very exposed horizontal traverse is taken to the left. After a passage of some severity, the traverse ends on a small grass stance beside another detached flake of doubtful stability. The position now is on the right wall of Moss Ghyll, well above the Collie Step. A short traverse towards Collier's Chimney leads at right angles into the right hand or Botterill's exit from the great amphitheatre in Moss Ghyll, and the descent of the Ghyll is continued as far as the foot of the Tennis Court Wall.

The fourth problem, the reaching of the start to Botterill's Slab, is now at hand.

A further descent of the Ghyll is made to the foot of the third pitch. 20 feet lower a slanting grassy furrow starts from the Ghyll, cutting into the wall on the left. This furrow is entered from the foot of the third pitch by a delightful horizontal traverse, landing 20 feet higher at the right hand extremity of the ledge extending across the Central Buttress.

This ledge is followed for some 50 feet to a conspicuous belay near its further end. A zig-zag course is pursued down the approximately vertical rocks below, for 30 feet to a narrow ledge, the foot of Botterill's Slab, a few feet lower, being within easy reach.

20 feet below is the Rake's Progress, and operations may be abandoned here if desired.

To finish the expedition, however, Botterill's Slab has to be overcome, this being much the hardest obstacle of the day's work.

Owing to its length, and the minute character of the holds at one point, the slab is definitely a standard harder than anything yet encountered.

The ascent is chiefly made on or near the outside edge, and for 60 feet there is no adequate resting place, while about 30 feet up the holds dwindle away almost to nothing.

Eventually a good stance is reached in a niche on the edge, but there is no belay, and another strenuous 15 feet or so have to be passed before a ledge is reached leading across the slab into a deep chimney at its right hand edge, which is then climbed for some 40 feet to the platform at the top of the slab, which in its final section seems unclimbable direct.

After this great effort any continuation may be taken with a clear conscience, though the purist will feel compelled to finish by the upper pitches of Collier's.

With the discovery of a method of avoiding the unclimbable rocks below the belay on Jones's route from Deep Ghyll, the only obstacle to taking the Girdle Traverse in the reverse direction was removed ; owing, however, to the extreme severity of this turning movement, and to the still greater difficulty presented by the descent of Botterill's Slab, the traverse from Collier's to the Pinnacle must be accounted decidedly harder than the original route.

Parties who wish to experience the delights of the Pinnacle Face, but who do not feel strong enough to tackle severe courses, can do so with safety by descending the chimney below the Crevasse to the point where Sansom's Traverse from the Hopkinson's Cairn ledge joins it.

This traverse can then be followed to the ledge whence the descent of Herford's Slab to Moss Ledge will give a good idea of the harder type of climbing on the face below.

It is taken for granted that this will only be done with the safeguard of a rope from above.

The Low Man can be reached by Hopkinson and Tribe's to finish a fine expedition entailing no severity.

OUTLYING CLIMBS ON SCAWFELL.

Red Ghyll Buttress.—At the top and right of Red Ghyll, which runs up to the left of a conspicuous crag 200 feet high, on the right of the main west buttress of Scawfell. The crag is in full view from Brown Tongue.

A severe looking crack is avoided for a difficult wall on the right, whence a short traverse to the left in the direction of the crack finishes on a grassy ledge 20 feet up.

20 feet of easy climbing to the left, and a 20 foot wall of some difficulty, is ascended diagonally to a flake on the right.

A face is ascended to the left for 30 feet to a neck, with an easier alternative up the ridge on the right.

A 40 foot pitch, first to the left and then to the right, leads to the ridge—80 feet of pleasant climbing to the summit.

Cam Spout Buttress.—South west group of crags, by Peregrine Gully.

The start is to the left of the toe of the buttress in a heather gully (cairn), and leads more or less continuously to the Scawfell ridge.

The same ridge may be gained by ascending the gully, but the buttress offers a more sporting route.

The steep heather gully, which is rather difficult, is climbed for 100 feet, after which a 30 foot chimney, identified by red rocks, leads to a 10 foot crack arising out of it.

A 40 foot slab on the left of a vertical wall is now taken, and a wide and easy 10 foot chimney leads to an impasse.

A hidden gallery winds off and up to the right for 50 feet, a scree walk leading through the breach in the wall.

A great perched block, immediately overlooking the true buttress, which up to this point has been avoided, forms an introduction to the edge of Peregrine Gully, into which there are fine views. Sound scrambling and ridge walking lead to the track along the Scawfell ridge.

This route is recommended to a strong party on the way from Eskdale to the Scawfell climbs.

Peregrine Gully.—The gully itself does not appear to have been climbed throughout. The first pitch, which is surmounted by a chockstone, can be turned on the right. The second pitch is of the cave variety, and from the back of the cave the left hand window should be taken. Some distance above this the gully divides, but it is not known whether either branch has been climbed.

Esk Buttress.—On Dow Crag, north-east of Cam Spout; very severe. Rubbers.

Looking up to Mickledore from Eskdale, this buttress is in full view, and presents a magnificent appearance with its 400 feet of more or less vertical rock.

The cairn that marks the start will be found at the right hand end of the buttress, near the top left hand side of the scree face, just below where the rocks steepen. There is about 400 feet of climbing, and the leader should have 100 feet of rope.

Nearly 100 feet of pink Gimmer-like slabs are climbed to a bilberry shelf. These may be divided into three parts,—20 feet of scrambling, 30 feet of harder climbing towards the left, and 40 feet of severe slab work after a short traverse to the left. Anchorage on the shelf is supplied by a large cube of rock.

The next pitch is straightforward, though difficult. The line taken leads at first to the left, but the leader gradually works to the right, and reaches a belay 80 feet above the shelf. A thin steep crack is then ascended until an exit is possible on the right wall, which is then climbed, working to the right to a belay.

Easier climbing leads to a Waiting Room near the vertical slabs on the left.

Of the two cracks above, the wider vertical one to the left is taken, and will be found severe. There is a good belay at the top in a chimney, which is conspicuous from below, as it cleaves the skyline.

A short stiff pitch in the chimney then leads to a break out on the right, landing on a perfect rock ledge.

Easy slabs extend to the top of the buttress.

Esk Chimneys.—Immediately to the north of Dow Crag.

Two magnificent 40 foot chimneys will be found. A descent of these is recommended, after their ascent, in preference to the long, steep, and dangerous grassy slopes above.

PIKE'S CRAG.

This fine crag has suffered from its proximity to Scawfell, and has been grievously neglected in consequence. In the far off misty days of the Gully epoch, four gloomy and inferior clefts were ascended, apparently with distressing frequency, while since then vague notes as to buttress climbs have appeared from time to time. It was found that the task of identifying most of the climbs previously noted demanded the acumen of a Sherlock Holmes, in fact, with the exception of the recent discovery near Mickledore, no identification at all was made.

Unbiassed exploration, however, produced some new climbs of very considerable merit, which should become popular.

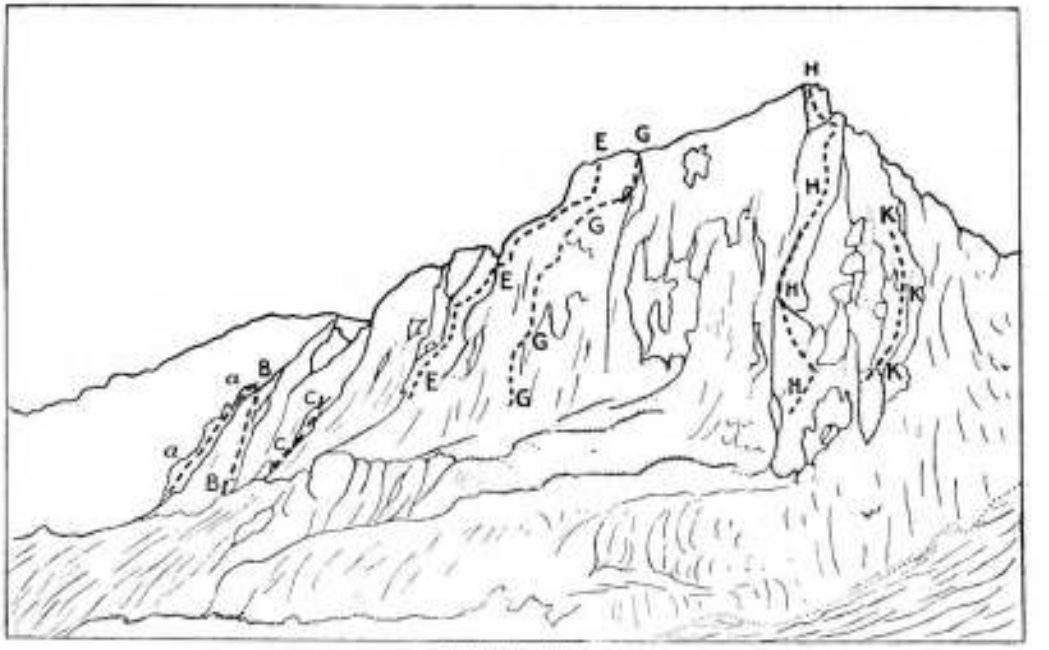
GULLIES.

The Gullies are four in number, and will be found fairly close together towards the left hand end of the crags.

"A" Gully.—Moderate.

Starting from the left, this is the first met with. A preliminary 20 foot pitch leads up to the bed of the gully, and 150 feet of scrambling intervene before a fine pitch is reached. This is climbed on the right wall, and has an awkward exit.

A scree walk leads to the final 15 foot pitch, which can be climbed either to the right or left.



PIKE'S CRAG.

A—A Gully.
B—B Gully.
C—C and D Gullies.
E E—Wall and Crack Climb.
G G—Juniper Buttress.
H H—Grooved Arête.
K K—Southern Corner.

PIKE'S CRAG.

" B " Gully.—Difficult.

This is quite the worthiest of the gully climbs, and will be found especially so in wet weather.

After scrambling a short distance, a fine chimney about 40 feet high will be noticed on the left, and this gives good hard climbing of its type, with another pitch above it, but the main gully lies straight ahead.

After 50 feet of easy climbing, a short vertical section gives but little trouble, and a few feet higher an excellent belay is reached at the foot of the steepest and hardest pitch of the climb. After nearly 20 feet of bridging with the feet on the left wall, a large cave is entered.

This is left and the climb finished by a tortuous hole in the roof, which will be found wholly unsuitable for climbers of generous proportions.

An alternative exit can be made on the left wall and outside the chockstone, without much exertion.

" C " Gully.—Moderate.

This is the next big opening on the right.

The one and only pitch cannot be climbed direct, but from a ledge a few up on the left a slabby 20 foot wall can be reached and ascended on excellent holds.

" D " Gully.—One pitch of the cave variety. A strenuous pull up to the left of the chockstone, very difficult though short, mossy, and usually wet.

A few feet away on the left a 15 foot pitch leads to a subsidiary gully. If this is persevered with up scree and lush vegetation for a considerable distance, a respectable 20 foot chimney will be discovered and found to give some useful exercise.

FACE CLIMBS ON PIKE'S CRAG.

Western Buttress.—On the left of A Gully the climb runs up the right hand corner.

A ledge is soon reached. From the right hand end of this the route goes straight up the corner till one lands on a grassy platform with a block, 70 feet above the start.

The next pitch is taken from the block, and is short but difficult. Within 20 feet a landing is effected on another grass ledge.

A 40 foot pitch ends the climb. After ascending a few feet on the corner a move can be made to a flake on the left, and so straight up. The rock is sound and the climb is a steep one.

Horse and Man Rock.—From Hollow Stones the Horse and Man are a prominent feature of the skyline, and a line of chimneys in the centre of the upper half of the buttress below them are also very plainly observed. The lower rocks are much broken up, and the chimneys may be reached in a variety of ways. Probably the easiest line will be found by taking to ledges on the right, and working up and across to a recess. A long grassy groove above this is left 40 feet up, and an easy traverse to the left round two salient corners leads to the foot of the lowest of the chimneys.

Four short pitches, one of which is quite strenuous, lead eventually to a fine cave with a through route nearly 20 feet high.

This in any case exacts considerable effort, and will provide innocent amusement for the rest of the party if any of its members be designed on broad lines.

Contouring from " D " Gully towards Scawfell, the broad and imposing front of Pulpit Rock is approached, slanting up at a high angle for nearly 400 feet, and search will disclose four cairns marking the starts of four face climbs of some distinction.

Wall and Crack Climb.—Very difficult. On the right of a scree gully, near the edge of which the route keeps the whole way.

The rocks are attacked at the corner, and the ridge is climbed for 40 feet to a platform, from which it is possible to traverse off into the scree gully.

A 20 foot wall, with adequate holds, is succeeded by a vertical 20 foot crack, on the face to the right of it, landing on a large rock platform.

A mossy and steep staircase finishes in 25 feet on a big sloping ledge, with a large grassy ledge a few feet higher at the foot of a fine looking wall. A spike of rock will be noticed a few yards away on the right.

The wall, 30 feet, is climbed from right to left, starting at an incipient crack, the foot of which is cairned. The holds

Photo by GREAT END AND SPRINKLING TARN. *G. P. Abraham & Son.*

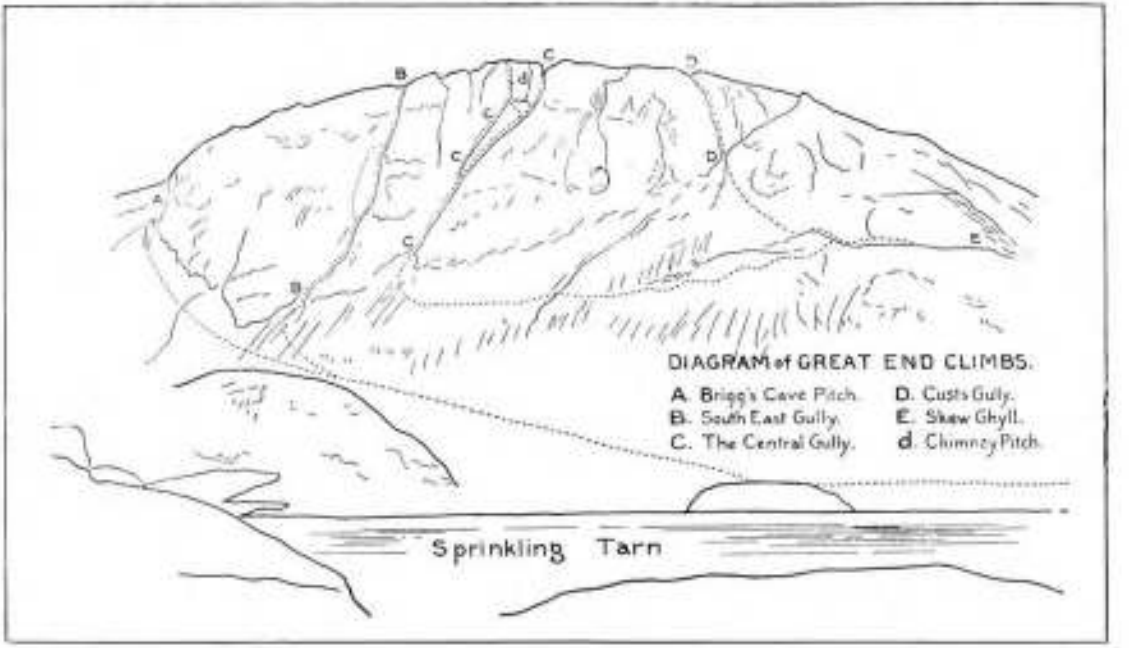


DIAGRAM of GREAT END CLIMBS.
A. Brigg's Cave Pitch.
B. South East Gully.
C. The Central Gully.
D. Custs Gully.
E. Skew Ghyll.
d. Chimney Pitch.
Sprinkling Tarn

The left hand corner of a slab is followed to a number of blocks 20 feet higher, above which the slab continues for another 20 feet, which are mossy and holdless. There is a good belay at the top. The steep grass on the left crowns the big slab off which the climber has been forced shortly after the start.

After 35 feet on easy grass ledges, a similar height is gained on a slab, the nature of which forces one ultimately to the left hand side of it, and a good belaying block is reached at the foot of a noticeable crack.

This is 25 feet high, and at the top of it both a belay and a cairn will be found.

5 yards to the left a short slab above a grassy ledge is succeeded by scrambling, and pleasant ridge climbing ends by the last cairn some 50 feet above the top of the crack.

Some distance higher it is possible to descend into the scree gully on the right, without having to go to the top of the rock.

Mickledore Buttress.—The buttress nearest to Mickledore.

Starts at the base near three large boulders. Cairn. 10 feet of easy climbing to a ledge, whence a horizontal traverse connects with a crack. This is climbed, and on emerging the course proceeds up slabs, keeping as far as possible to the crest of the arête until the top is reached in 100 feet.

The crack is difficult; the rest moderate.

The next buttress to the left gives a climb of moderate difficulty by scrambling to a point on a level with a semi-detached pinnacle, where a 50 foot chimney is entered. This is left near the top on the left wall.

GREAT END.

This fine looking crag, which towers above Sprinkling Tarn, is singularly deficient in good climbing. It sends down a considerable buttress to the Styhead side, which is separated from the main mountain by a deep scree gully, called Skew Ghyll. This furnishes a pleasant variation route to the crag from the Wasdale side, and when filled with hard snow gives useful practice in step cutting. If the crag is in the mist it is well to pass a

short distance beyond Sprinkling Tarn before leaving the path to strike directly upwards over the scree.

Cust's Gully.—This is on the extreme right of the crag, almost above the top of Skew Ghyll. Under snowy conditions it is the haunt of persons with ice axes. It has been alleged that a pitch has been found during its ascent. The rock scenery is however remarkable, especially for the huge boulder jammed high above the bed of the gully.

Central Gully is about two hundred yards east of Cust's and a little past the east end of Sprinkling Tarn. An ideal expedition under snow, but avalanches have been known to fall here on several occasions. Under normal conditions there is not much to interest the rock climber apart from the chimney finish at the top. After 300 feet of scrambling varied by a few easy pitches, the gully divides. Under snow the left hand branch is usually taken. The right hand branch starts with a steep 20 foot pitch, best climbed on the left. Above this steep screes run up to the top of Great End.

Scrambling up the slopes on the left, the chimney finish will soon be unmistakable.

An ascent of 40 feet on the right wall reaches a spike belay where the second should join the leader before the latter makes a difficult step across a slab into the chimney. A short scree slope then ends below the final 15 foot chimney, which is only moderately difficult.

South East Gully.—Starting a few score yards to the left of Central Gully. Moderate or difficult according to the route taken. Most of the pitches can be turned on one wall or the other.

After a preliminary 15 foot chimney, easy scrambling for about 200 feet up the bed of the gully ends below a chockstone. This is passed on the right. 30 feet higher the gully divides, and the right hand branch is taken.

50 feet above the division a series of chockstone pitches begins. The first is passed by a 10 foot mossy wall on the right, the second is about 25 feet high, and can be climbed direct or avoided by ledges on the right.

After 60 feet of scree and scramble, a third is encountered, and the chockstone can be passed on either side with some little difficulty, or avoided on the left wall.

Rather more than 100 feet higher a 20 foot pitch can be overcome by means of a groove on the left, or by ledges on the left wall.

After an 80 foot interlude of scrambling a fine cave is reached, and variety is offered by an exit behind the chockstone. A 10 foot pitch leads to a stony gully, and the top 150 feet above, with easy rocks on the right as a pleasant alternative to the scree.

Brothers Crack.—Very difficult.

This lies among the steep rocks at the Esk Hause end of Great End, a few score yards to the right of the conspicuous cave known as Brigg's Pitch.

By scrambling up sundry ledges a 10 foot corner is reached, leading to a broad grass platform above which the crack starts.

This is about 60 feet in height, and continuously difficult and delectable.

Two 10 foot corners lead to a sentry box. The entrance to the recess immediately overhead is the hardest part of the climb. A few feet higher a fine spike belay safeguards the second on an uncomfortable stance a few feet lower, while the leader proceeds up the slightly overhanging top storey of the chimney for 10 feet.

The Wayfarers' Crack.—Starts directly above the last climb.

There are few indications of any crack formation here, and the task of climbing up the steep and holdless 40 foot wall by the easiest route possible in a direct line, will be found quite severe. Rubbers.

Briggs' Pitch.—Close to Esk Hause. A vast cave with a record chockstone.

This cannot be climbed direct, but after scrambling up a few feet under the chockstone, a route starts up the right hand wall, where the first 15 feet may be taken straight up, or by a traverse to the right, leading back to a big ledge, from

which steep but moderately difficult rocks on the right lead in 25 feet to the top of the chockstones.

PIER'S GHYLL.

This extraordinarily deeply cut ravine was climbed for the first time by Dr. Collier, in 1893. A second ascent was made many years later by a party led by H. R. Pope (1911).

The climb is only possible under exceptionally dry conditions, and even then will be found extremely wet.

The jammed stone pitch, the first difficulty, will not be found a very serious obstacle, if the unsound rock is handled with care, unless the holds are masked by water, in which case it will probably be impossible.

Above this the Ghyll can be followed with less difficulty till the crux is reached, a pitch of 40 feet, the exit being made under a small stone. The pitch above, under the big jammed rock, is less difficult technically, but extremely rotten. It is on the nearly flat ground, between these two pitches, that Mr. T. C. Crump lived for eighteen days.

THE SCREES.

When visiting the gullies on the Screes, much time and energy will be saved by walking by road to the far end of the lake, and crossing the stream a few hundred yards lower.

The path along the lake across the lower slopes of the mountain loses itself eventually in vast screes, and their passage is a tedious and tiring business.

Above the exit of the stream the two principal gullies are obvious, and can be reached in less than a quarter of an hour, " C " Gully being the opening on the right, with Great Gully perhaps 100 yards away to the left.

Denudation is proceeding very rapidly on the Screes, and both these climbs vary considerably and frequently. In consequence they are repulsively loose, and suffer from excess of vegetation and moisture. At the moment " C " Gully appears to be the sounder of the two, but the utmost caution is necessary.

During recent exploration it has been found that the old seventh pitch of " C " Gully has probably not altered, while

the ninth, originally the supreme difficulty of the climb, has become much easier. The original fifth pitch of the Great Gully was passed unnoticed, while the ascent of the first great pitch was found extremely trying and dangerous owing to loose rock.

The upper pitches of the Gully proved the hardest, and the last of all had to be abandoned owing to the furious raging of the waters, and as the original method of climbing out on the left wall seemed hopelessly dangerous, a retreat from the cul-de-sac had to be made down three pitches before it was possible to break out of the gully, and a special warning may be given against breaking out anywhere except by obviously easy rakes, as the steeper parts of the containing walls are quite competent death traps.

"C" Gully.—A 20 foot pitch of unsound rock is climbed on the right, and followed closely by a 30 foot waterslide, with a 100 foot section above it, which will be found hard to start, but after that, moderate.

The cave of the old seventh pitch is now overhead, and may be reached by 40 feet of easy climbing on the right.

The second climber can make himself fairly secure here, but should trust nothing. A traverse to the left enables the leader to ascend to the top of the pitch 40 feet higher, either by the crack, the lower reaches of which have been avoided, or, more easily, by the wall to the right of it.

A 30 foot pitch in the shape of a wet wall is then turned on the left, and the old ninth is at hand.

This is a long scoop, the water channel, rising for nearly 100 feet, and used to be extremely difficult to start. Recent rock falls have altered matters for the better.

The great and final 100 foot pitch ahead is turned by a chimney on the right.

The Great Gully.—Two easy pitches lead to a point where the gully divides. The big yellow wall on the left is hopeless, and has to be turned. This is done by climbing the first 12 feet of the branch gully, after which a direct ascent for 20 feet leads to a traverse to the left into the main gully above the impossible pitch. For this dangerous and difficult section,

the second should get as far as possible up the branch gully, but should put no trust in belays.

A waterslide in three sections rises above, the first 20, the second 25, and the third 60 feet. This latter is apparently the old fifth pitch, but great changes have taken place of late years.

A few yards higher the gully opens out into a huge amphitheatre, the continuation being up the branch on the left.

After a long walk up scree another watercourse is entered and climbed for 30 feet on the left wall to a platform, and for a further 30 feet up the bed.

An impressive vertical 20 foot pitch is now encountered, and is climbed on the left wall until a bridging position can be attained.

The landing above this is close to the foot of the last pitch, a vertical 25 foot crack with a good belay and stance about 10 feet up.

If water is falling here in such volume as to make the exit by the crack impossible, the best plan is to descend to the bottom of the watercourse, and walk out to the left, as the right wall is impossible, and any route up the left one excessively dangerous.

In conclusion, the extreme unsoundness of these gullies at all points must be emphasized ; they are most dangerous.

There are two other gullies of very little interest. The "A" or Seven Pitch Gully is little better than a long scree walk. It is situated to the east of the big buttress which forms the (true) right retaining wall of Great Gully. The other is a minor gully on the west of the crag. It has one pitch of some difficulty which can be turned on the left by means of steep heather.

CLASSIFICATION OF CLIMBS.

I. Moderate—

SOME RAMBLING RECOLLECTIONS OF WASTDALE HEAD.

By A. L. Mumm.

Having been invited by the Editor to put on paper a few reminiscences of Easter visits to Wastdale Head in the early eighties, I thought it would be a useful precaution, before attempting to comply with his request, to look through the latest volume of the F. & R.C.C. Journal, in order to form some idea of the kind of readers whom I would be addressing. I confess that, after I had done so, my heart very nearly failed me.

We used to stay in those days with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tyson, at Row Head Farm, and there were a few literary odds and ends preserved there, among them an account—cut out, I think, from some local paper—of an ascent of Skiddaw in 1820 or thereabouts, by some Keswick people. The writer described in awe-stricken language how, as they rose higher and higher, the way grew steeper and narrower, and the people below dwindled to mere specks; how one of the party was so much overcome that he threw himself on the ground, and demanded to be let blood (I think that is how it was worded); and so on and so forth, all of which we read with feelings of amused superiority. But the gulf which separated them from us is as nothing to the one which yawns between our doings and those of the climbers of to-day, and any entertainment which they may derive from the records of our not very enterprising scrambles will be of very much the same character as that provided for us by the Keswick gentleman's story.

Perhaps I ought to mention here that, in the first two or three years at any rate, climbing was not our avowed or our principal object. We were a reading party, a real one, I mean, with serious aspirations after distinction in the "Schools" at Oxford, and we generally worked quite hard

from about 9-30 till 1-0, and again for an hour or two in the evening.

The earliest visit was in 1881, and I still have a very lively recollection of one of the first walks I took, up Sca Fell by the easiest possible route, with Charles Cannan, who joined the Alpine Club a few years later, and another friend.

We inspected the Sca Fell Pinnacle, though we did not know it by that name, and the idea of climbing on to it just crossed my mind, but did not materialise. What I was curious about was the "Mickledore Chasm." I had heard of this, and had a very well-defined notion of what a chasm was, or ought to be—two cliffs, perpendicular or nearly so, facing each other, with a narrow gorge in between. So I wandered off alone to look for it, and soon found myself on the edge of the great North face. This was quite all right so far as it went, but where were the cliffs on the opposite side? They must obviously be provided by Sca Fell Pikes, somewhere away to the right. So I moved to the right, crawling with considerable caution over a little grassy ledge with a rather treacherous covering of snow on it. Presently came another ledge, and another—in fact, a whole series of them, which I negotiated in the same way.

All this time I had been gradually getting lower and lower. I had a stout walking stick with me, but only a very ordinary pair of boots, with no nails in them, and suddenly it was borne in upon me that I did not at all want to retrace my steps across those ledges again. I could not, however, see any other way up that appealed to me, whereas it seemed fairly easy to continue going down (by this time I was more than doubtful about my chasm) so down I went. The next thing I recollect at all clearly was reaching a large, gently sloping slab, glazed with ice, which put out of action a nice crack that would have made it easy, and with a nick across it that would also have made it easy, but that it was about a foot beyond my reach. I was now almost at the bottom, and there was a lot of snow, apparently two or three feet deep, so I hardened my heart, let go my hold at the top of the slab, and found myself, apparently instantaneously, lying comfortably in the snow, and considerably astonished

at the lightning rapidity of the performance. So far as I can recollect I was about 30 or 40 yards to the East of the actual Mickledore col. Curiously enough I never returned to hunt for the exact spot. If I ever find my way to Wastdale again it will be the first thing I shall do.

This was decidedly the most adventurous proceeding of my first season at Wastdale; looking back dispassionately, I am not at all sure that it was not the most adventurous of all my seasons. It certainly stands out as the one my memories of which are incomparably the most vivid.

In the summer of 1881 I had the pleasure of introducing Cannan to the Alps, and when he and I returned to Wastdale the following Easter we were armed with an ice-axe apiece. It did not occur to us to bring a rope though Cannan introduced the use of it some years later. For while the other members of the party varied from one Easter to another, Cannan came back year after year till his gatherings at Wastdale become a regular Oxford institution; but that is another story, something of which has been told elsewhere by Mr. A. D. Godley. I had dropped out before Godley came on the scene, but I lasted long enough to remember the appearance of, amongst others, C. Cookson, R. I. Simey, Major A. E. W. Mason, and Sir A. Quiller Couch, all of whom, except the last-named, later became members of the Alpine Club.

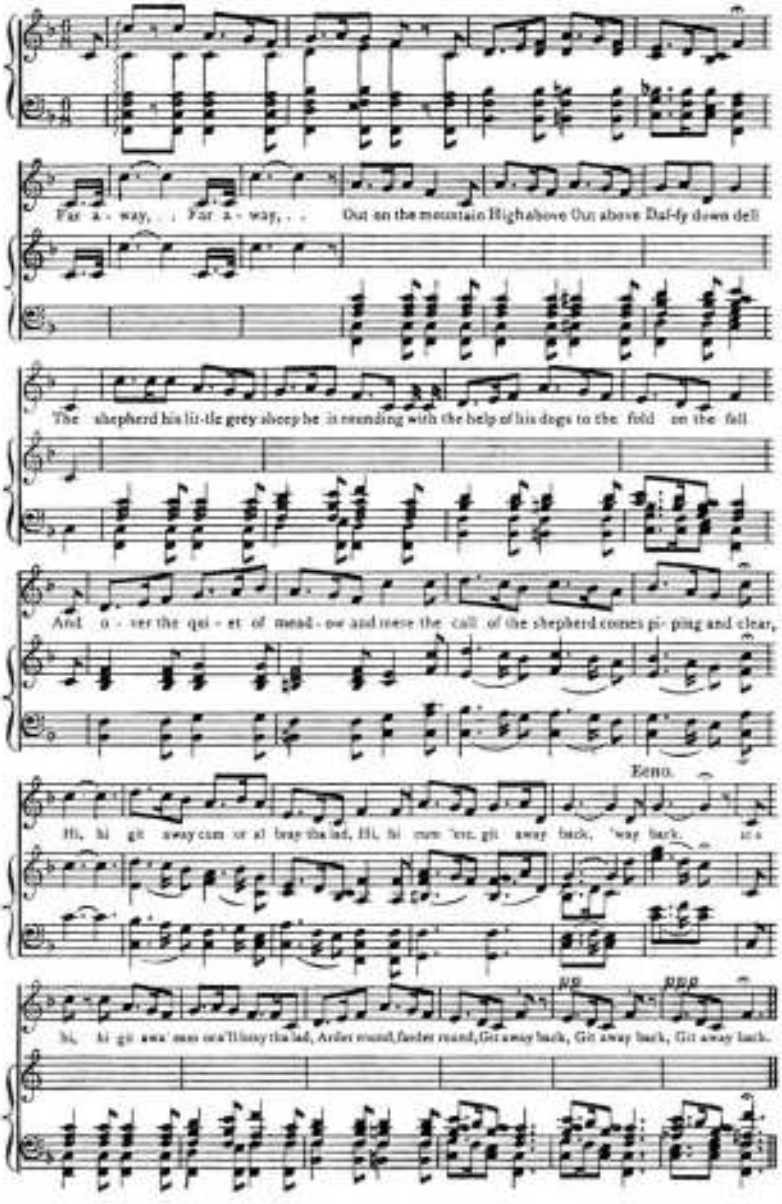
But in 1882 I think Cannan and I were the only ones here who took any interest in mountaineering, and we were still in a very unsophisticated rudimentary stage, and knew very little more about Wastdale than we had the year before. Possibly something may have penetrated to us of the name and fame of John Robinson, but we never heard of the Pilkingtons till after Mr. Lawrence Pilkington's accident on Ling Mell in 1884. Haskett-Smith I had known for some time, but I thought of him as a classical scholar and an athlete (the broad jump and hurdles were his strong suits, if I am not mistaken), and had never connected him in any way with climbing, nor, though he began his epoch-making operations some time in the course of this year (1882), did I so connect him till considerably later. The great name to us was that of Pendlebury. One of Mrs. Tyson's best puddings (she

was an excellent cook) was known in our circle as Pendlebury pudding. Whether this was the cause or the consequence of his being held by us in special veneration, I cannot now remember; we believed rather vaguely, that he had done something remarkable on the Pillar Rock. But we had no desire to emulate his exploits, and our two or three ascents of the Pillar Rock were made by the ordinary Slab and Notch Route.

What we, or at any rate Cannan and I, were keen about was, first, finding steep snow slopes, preferably hard enough for us to cut steps in and pretend we were in Switzerland, and secondly, getting as long a glissade as possible on the way home. The gullies on Great End provided the largest amount of amusement of the former kind, and I remember once having a sitting glissade down Cust's Gully. Also there were wonderfully satisfying sitting glissades to be had on the snow banked up under the stone walls, sometimes continuing for hundreds of feet below the line where the snow ceased elsewhere. Does anyone, I wonder, find entertainment on the fells in this fashion nowadays?

It must have been in this year, an exceptionally snowy one, that I came down Deep Ghyll with Dr. J. E. King, the late Head Master of Clifton. A few words about this performance may serve to bring these ramblings to a conclusion. Long afterwards, when I became acquainted with the Alpine Journal, I discovered, much to my surprise, that it had got into print, and I remember being mildly nettled when I read that "two climbing men, both strangers, walked down the snow the whole way without knowing that they had even done anything remarkable." I did, in fact, know exactly what I was doing, and had learned enough about Wastdale to be well aware that to find Deep Ghyll choked up with snow must be a very rare occurrence. Apart from that there really was nothing remarkable. I had spent five or six summer holidays in the Alps, and been up about a dozen snow-peaks and over several glacier passes, so that I was not without experience of what liberties can be safely taken with snow when it is in really good condition, and I sounded conscientiously at almost every step. I do not think I should have ventured on the descent if I had not had an ice-axe with me.

THE SHEPHERD'S LULLABY.



SHEPHERD'S LULLABY.

BY GEORGE BASTERFIELD.

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1. Far away, far away, out on the mountain,
High above, out above, Daffy-down-dell,
The shepherd his little grey sheep he is rounding,
With the help of his dogs to the fold on the fell.
And over the quiet of meadow and mere,
The call of the shepherd comes piping and clear.

Chorus—
Hi, hi, git away, cum or'al bray tha lad,
Hi, hi, cum 'ere, git away back, way back.
Hi, hi, git away, cum or'al bray tha lad,
'Arder round, farder round, git away back, git away back, git away back.

2. Far away, far away, grey sheep are bleating,
High above, out above, Daffy-down-dell,
The dogs, they are barking ; the lambs, they are greeting,
As they flock with their dams to the fold on the fell.
And over the quiet of meadow and mere
The call of the shepherd comes, piping and clear.

3. Far away, far away, grey sheep are folded,
High above, out above, Daffy-down-dell,
The dogs that the shepherd has rated and scolded,
Run panting and proud round the fold on the fell.
And over the quiet of meadow and mere
The call of the shepherd comes, piping and clear.

4. Far away, far away, clouds they are mounting,
High above, out above, Daffy-down-dell,
The shepherd his flock of grey sheep he is counting,
As they stream to the mist from the fold on the fell.
And over the quiet of meadow and mere,
The call of the shepherd comes, piping and clear.

5. Far away, far away, dreamland is calling,
High above, out above, Daffy-down-dell,
Over the blue hills the shadows are falling,
Now empty and silent the fold on the fell.
For the dogs and the sheep, and the call from the steep,
Have gone into dreamland with little Bo-peep.

THE SPIRIT OF WASTDALE.

BY GEORGE BASTERFIELD.

You are smiling to-day, Wastdale, smiling again ;
As I walk abroad in your early light,
You rouse from the dew-wet arms of night.
And why are you smilimg, old valley, to-day ?
Those jewels about your breasts ?
The young day has conquered your Eastern height,
With his shining sword he has put to flight
The lurking shadows that lay around
Your cragbound hills. In your lake profound
He has flung his gold in that profligate way ;
Are you glad for his treasure, old valley, to-day ?
ANSWER—
" I prize the gold, yet this is why I smile,
" Grey hills are green again, old hills are young awhile."

You are brooding to-day, Wastdale, brooding again.
As I stand in the gloom by your nether shore,
Your ancient hills would seem no more.
And why are you brooding, old valley, to-day ?
Grey shadows athwart your deeps ?
Your myriad wavelets stilled to rest,
The fallen skies on peak and breast.
Those grim old ramparts looming dim,
Towering above with their callous grin.
Softened behind that veil of grey,
Why are you brooding, old valley, to-day ?
ANSWER—
" I steal in secret back across dead years,
" To live again their sorrows, joys, and fears."

You are falling asleep, Wastdale, falling asleep.
As I rest by your lake in the afterglow,
Your wise old heads all drowsy go.
And what will you dream of, old valley, to-night ?
When dark has scaled your steeps ?
When this molten light that floods you, Vale,
Shall, in the space of moments, fail.
When all your outcrop facing west
Has lost its fire ; and your highest crest
Shall cease to burn of the western light ;
What will you dream of, old valley, to-night ?
ANSWER—
" I would dream of eternities in time,
" That men may come to share my strength sublime."

SKETCH MAP OF THE CARPATHIANS.

THE CARPATHIANS FROM END TO END.

By W. T. Elmslie.

If an excuse is required for the present paper, it must be found in the extreme lack of information obtainable in English about the Carpathian mountains and the attractions and possibilities which they offer to the mountaineer. So far as I have been able to discover, there are only three references to them in the whole range of British mountaineering literature, and one of these describes only the ascent of a small outlying point. Mr. Leslie Stephen's admirable account ("A.J.," 1867) of his ascent of the Bucsecs, in the Transylvanian Alps, does, however, present a valuable picture of the general features of mountaineering in that quarter; and there are two interesting chapters on the Tatra in Lord Bryce's "Memories of Travel." Nevertheless, it must be confessed that Baedeker's "Austria-Hungary" gives the best and fullest information as to the range in general that is to be found in English.

The Carpathians, as every schoolboy knows, describe a rough semi-circle, whose ends rest on the Danube at Bratislava and at Orsova. The total length of the chain must be about 1,000 miles. Previously they formed roughly the boundary of Hungary. Now they run North through Czechoslovakia, between Moravia and Slovakia; bend round East along the Polish frontier, as far as Ruthenia; then turn South through Roumania; and, dividing the provinces of Transylvania and Wallachia, finish in a Westerly direction to the Iron Gates which separate them from the Balkans. They attain their highest point between Poland and Slovakia in the Tatra group (8,737 feet), and the Transylvanian Alps only fall a little short of this height, the Negoi reaching 8,347 feet.

Inspired mainly by a photograph of a mountain tarn in the Tatra, I found myself in July, 1923, at Bratislava (Pressburg), whose square, white, ruined castle stands on the last

spur of the vine-clad Little Carpathians, overlooking the Danube.

From Bratislava one should travel to the Tatra up the beautiful valley of the Vaag. My own route, through Budapest, was slower, but revealed the fine hill scenery at the point where the Danube enters Hungary and turns South ; and also took me through the vine-hills of Tokay, and the lovely limestone Hernad valley. It was growing dusk when I saw a great range of magnificent rock-peaks rising high into the evening sky across the plains near Poprad—like a gigantic wall. They were the High Tatra, Vysoke Tatry, as they are now called. An electric train took me up to Stary Smokovec (pronounced " Smoke-of-etts "), the chief of several little villages at the foot of the hills at a height of about 1,000 feet. It is well supplied with hotels and lodging-houses, as well as a hydropathic ; and at the Tourists' Information Bureau on the station one can secure guides, and change money.

The Tatra are not only the highest, but the finest mountains in the whole Carpathian chain. Their bases are easily accessible, and they are well provided with huts. A volume which describes the various climbs is published in German, and is obtainable at Stary Smokovec. For campers and guideless parties they are absolutely ideal. They " present mountain scenery of the wildest description, in which only glaciers are wanting : barren, fissured peaks, precipitous and inaccessible crests, and bleak, rock-cumbered valleys, containing deep and lonely tarns, known as ' eyes of the sea '."

My first expedition was up just such a valley, to just such a tarn ; and the same evening I left Smokovec with a guide and a Czech gentleman who asked permission to accompany us, and slept in the Schlesierhaus, a delightful provisioned hut just above the tree-line ; it was built by the Hungarian Carpathian Club, and now belongs to the Czechoslovak Touring Club.

Next morning we left to ascend Gerlach, the highest summit of the Carpathians, which both Baedeker and local people assured me was " difficult." Moreover, Herr Blazek had previously been turned back by bad weather on the mountain, and had been impressed by his guide with the dangers of the

undertaking. Still further, there had been rain in the night, and the clouds were blowing about on the sharp ridges and peaks around our valley.

We set out at 6-45, and in half-an-hour had crossed the "Flower Garden," and had reached the foot of the rocks. Here came the so-called "First Test." A wide gully ran up to the skyline, perhaps 1,000 feet above us. On the left were magnificent granite crags, which might provide extremely difficult, but first-class climbing, if they proved at all vulnerable. In the bed of the gully was a short, wet pitch. On the right were steep slabs, leading to easy ground some 60 feet above. "The most difficult pitch," said the guide, but he showed no signs of uncoiling the rope, which did not reassure me, seeing that he was climbing with two strange Herren. On arrival at the slabs, however, they proved to be provided with iron steps, clamped into the rock, and what would have been a moderate pitch was turned into a walk! Once again, after we had gained the ridge and were traversing along the breast of the mountain towards the summit, we encountered fixed ropes and other aids; but although the rock scenery was superb, and the route not always obvious in the blowing mists, there was nothing between the "Erste Probe" and the summit but quite simple scrambling (8,737 feet).

It was cold on the top, but Herr B. was jubilant; it was his first mountain, and moreover it was his birthday. He had made this "difficult" ascent unroped in three hours, and had even carried a stick with him most of the way. Csizsak was annoyed about the weather. To distract him I asked to have a look at his rope, and inquired about it's reliability. "It's quite sound," he replied, "I've tested it well. I've been using it for thirty years!!"

After a delightful day on Rysy, a central summit not difficult of access via the lakes of Strba and Poprad, I set out again at daybreak with Paul Csizsak, my one-eyed guide. The original plan had been to ascend the Spitze Turm with his son, one of the finest climbs in the district; but I had returned the previous evening too late to purchase Kletterschuhe or rubbers, and they would not take a Herr with boots.

Accordingly it was decided to climb the Lomnicky stit by the "Jordanweg."

The Lomnicky is the finest looking peak that I saw in the Tatra. If one may make comparisons, which are not as absurd as they sound, I would compare it with the Matterhorn as seen from the Staffel Alp, or with Great Gable from Wasdale Head. In all three cases the "wave-like" form gives a certain indescribable charm to the view, and although the Lomnicky is only 8,640 feet high, it yet rises above the pines at its foot with a sweep that is in its own way perfect.

The ascent from Smokovec, and return, occupied about twelve hours, going fast. From the hut at the "Five Tarns" to the summit we were climbing continuously for two and a half hours. For the most part we were on good, clean granite, but we had also to cut steps in the hard snow of one of the gullies. The rocks and the scenery were delightful, and the climb would undoubtedly have been a good "difficult," but for the large quantities of fixed ropes, iron rungs, and so forth. These the guide had helped to fix, and he was extremely proud of the achievement!

After admiring the green hills, capped with white limestone cones, of the Bela range to the East (like a long row of Ill Bells!), we descended by the ordinary way, which presented no serious difficulties.

The Tatra mountains are amongst the most attractive that I know. They rise out of the plains, thickly clad in pine-forests, above which clean, sound granite rocks rise into jagged ridges and pinnacles. They are almost as clean of vegetation as the Dolomites or the Coolin, and they strongly reminded me of the latter in their upper regions. An exaggerated Coolin ridge set above a Lake District, or a Graian valley—such is the Tatra. Here is climbing to be found for many strenuous weeks, on perfectly reliable rock, and amidst the most wonderful scenery.

A third-class all-night journey through Ruthenia, and a slow ascent through the thick beech forests of the wooded Carpathians, past sundry signs of war, and a little cemetery in an apple orchard. The Jews who said their prayers so ostentatiously at sunrise had been replaced by rough-looking

shepherds with queer leather moccasins on their feet, and every village revealed the women in fresh and ever brighter costumes. I possessed only a political map of Old Hungary, with the legend " Pietrosz—2,305 metres," and the information from Baedeker that this mountain is " for experts only—a night in the open air." On the advice of some shepherds I left the train at a place called Moisciu, and found board and lodging that would not have disgraced the Lake District, in the house of a fellow-traveller from Maramaros.

Next morning I was unable to get away before 7-45. The summit of my mountain was in mist, and before long rain began to fall. Using what little information I was able to pick up, and such general direction-sense as I possessed, I struck up through the damp fields and forests, now on tracks, and now knee-deep in grass and undergrowth. Close to the upper limit of the trees (where I had been warned of an ancient haunt of robbers), I came across some extremely primitive shepherds' huts, where the patriarch not only protected me from the innumerable barking dogs, but gave me a large bowl of sour milk, and some not very clear directions as to the route.

Now began my real struggles, up a steep and endless stony slope in a fierce gale, and always just about the lower fringe of the mist. My enormous pack contained kit for two months, including clothes for visiting bishops and professors, and my pace became slower and slower. I reached at length a rocky ridge, from which descended snow-filled gullies, and scrambled on in the mist, not knowing whether it would continue to " go," nor whether even it was part of my mountain at all. At 2-15 I reached what appeared to be a summit, for it was furnished with a small cairn ; and almost at the same moment the mists rolled completely away, revealing a dazzling blue sky with white clouds floating in it. By great good fortune I had indeed reached the summit of Pietrosz (7,562 feet). West and South were some fine peaks ; to the East the plains stretched over towards the Bukovina, and to the North were endless ranges of forest-clad hills.

I estimated from my map that the railway to which I was making was between 20 and 30 miles ahead of me as the crow

flies. Pietrosz lies slightly North of the Radna Range, which runs East and West at this point; an hour's walk along a grassy ridge brought me to it just as the mist came down again. I intended to follow this range East for a mile or two, and then drop down a valley to the South to the village of Radna; this involved passing the heads of two other valleys. Presumably I got on to a lateral ridge (the ridges hereabouts are like High Street), for I was forced round again towards the West, and eventually had to descend into the head of a wild upland valley. After emerging from the mist I ate most of my provisions, expecting soon to get down to a village. Presently I came to trees, and almost immediately found a woodman's hut. Like all the country folk I met, the men here were extremely friendly, and offered me food, but they did not speak any language but Roumanian, nor recognise the Hungarian names on my map!

I left them, and followed a track which rapidly disappeared in the dense forest down the valley. My progress became slower and slower. Boulders and streams, thick undergrowth, and hundreds of vast tree trunks lying about as they had fallen in the virgin forest, some of them many years before. About six o'clock I was contemplating a nettle-bed in the open in a wolf and bear infested forest, and with rain falling, when I heard goat-bells and the barking of dogs. Out of the brushwood emerged a considerable herd of goats in the charge of two small boys, clad in the most ancient and filthy black garments. As usual, their first act was to offer me food. Then they made me clearly understand that progress down the valley was impossible, and directed me up the hillside. For an hour and a half I struggled up, and at length emerged from that dense forest into the mists on the ridge. Nowhere any sign of a path! Manifestly I must get down quickly somewhere, for it was getting dark, and the wind was bitterly cold. On the far side of the ridge were some simple rocks and grassy slopes, and when I emerged from the mist I found myself in close proximity to a rude hut.

Here I received shelter from the shepherds, who provided me with some soft, wet food; it was either lard or cheese, probably the latter, but it tasted only of smoke. There was

no bread. There were eight or ten shepherds, who came in one by one and washed their hands in the warm milk in the cheese cauldrons. Two went out again to watch their flocks during the night; the rest of us lay about round the smoky fire. They gave me the best place, a length of tolerably clean boarding, but my feet were wet, and the cold wind drove through the open sides and door of the hut, so that sleep at best was fitful. We rose at dawn, and the men would take no other payment than a few cigarettes. I could not bring myself to eat any more of the smoked cheese, and set off with one small bun and a bar of chocolate.

Doubtless I should have got up on to the ridge again, but I thought I had found a path on the side of the valley; it soon ended in the forest. For five hungry hours I struggled through the wilderness of trees, fording streams, traversing little crags, climbing over and under fallen tree-trunks, never seeming to get any nearer civilization. At long last I hit a real path, and presently came out into a clearing. My main troubles were over; two hours later, shortly after mid-day, I reached the railway at a village called St.George of Roumania. The only shop contained nothing to eat, and the public houses were all empty—not a soul to be found. Accordingly, I got hungry into the 1 o'clock train, which was a "Vegy"; that means that you stop fifty minutes at every wayside station to shunt trucks and talk to the villagers. About tea-time I was able to breakfast at a wayside station on dry bread, chocolate, and raspberry-soda.

At Cluj, alias Klausenburg, alias Kolozsvar, the chief town of Transylvania, I met Walsh, who had just arrived from England via Budapest. After dining sumptuously with bishops and professors, we took a night journey into the mountains of Szeklerland. These mountains—we crossed the Hargitta, 5,910 feet—are covered to the top with forests and blaeberries. In spite of the effects of riotous living in Cluj, we managed to make our way, still without a map, from Madefalva to a village called (for short) Olahfalu. Here Magyar is the only known language, and we had the greatest difficulty (armed only with a phrase book called "The Roumánian in France") in securing two table-tops for the

night in an unutterably filthy fifth-class pub. The houses here all stand end-on to the road, and each is surrounded by a stockade. In the evening the village cows come in from the hills unattended, over 2,000 strong, in a long procession. Each goes to its own home and lows for admission.

Hot and dusty roads, mineral baths, a grass-grown Roman way, a stream to swim in, another "Vegy," and a night in the "Saxon" town of Schassburg; then on to Hermannstadt (now Sibiu) where the Karpaten-Verein has its headquarters, and so to the Transylvanian Alps. Here there are a few refuge-huts, and a few made paths; but many of the hills are pathless, and the valleys clothed in dense, almost impenetrable forests. On some of the grassy ridges we found war relics, shells, cartridges, hastily constructed trenches, bones of horses and even of men. Elsewhere we came across shepherds playing on the pipes. In one of the villages "where no Englishman had ever been before," we were taken to a concert, "theatre," and national dance. We were introduced to "a real American citizen," the big man of his village, but not so important—we imagined—across the water. In these parts the men wear a white costume, the sleeves embroidered with blue flowers, and a bowler hat trimmed with little pink roses.

The Transylvanian Alps are well worth exploring. They stretch for over a hundred miles at a good height. In their forests we ourselves disturbed a bear, and lower down the ordinary beast of burden is the buffalo. West of the Red Tower Pass is some of the finest scenery in Europe, and to the East, between the Negoi (which we ascended), and the Bucsecs, are miles of rock-peaks. Probably nearly all of them possess fairly easy ascents, but these can be varied at will. We saw no very great rock faces, but many of a few hundred feet, which looked attractive. The rock seemed similar to that with which we are familiar in the Lake District, but there were considerable rotten patches, and not a few overhanging walls. If the Tatra be compared with the Coolin, the Transylvanian Alps may be likened to the hills round Ogwen; but they are far wilder, and far more extensive.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

By J. H. Doughty.

I have a grievance—in fact several grievances. Against the Editor of this Journal, the Editor of the Climbers' Club Bulletin, and Mr. George D. Abraham: also against the authors of the Fell and Rock Club's Guides, and several other eminent climbers.

I am annoyed with Mr. Abraham and the Editor of this Journal because they will write nonsense about the use of rubbers; with the Editor of the Climbers' Club Bulletin for encouraging Mr. Abraham in his sin; and with the other gentlemen mentioned because they, knowing the Light and able to speak with far greater authority than the present scribe, have left it to him to utter this protest; and that despite strong representations which he himself has made to at least two of their number.

With the charity that begins at home I will first proceed to scarify the Editor of this Journal On page 328 of the 1921 issue, there appear the following words from his pen:—"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 manoeuvring 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."

Now in the first place this passage gives a very inaccurate record. Mr. Gardiner did not slip during any manoeuvring (indeed it is more than doubtful whether he slipped at all). He was not well held (though that was no fault of his companion) and he did not swing on the rope. I had the whole story from Mr. Chantler the day after the accident, and have since had it confirmed by Mr. Gardiner himself. What happened was this. Mr. Gardiner came last down the gully as far as the cave, at which point he went ahead with the idea of giving his companion some experience of leadership down the easier rocks that follow. Owing to a misunderstanding, Mr. Chantler started climbing down before Mr. Gardiner (now out of sight) had stopped, and at the instant when the accident took place, each was moving under the impression that the other was stationary. The exact cause of the accident can never be known, but the bulk of the evidence suggests that Mr. Gardiner was knocked over by a falling stone; and the fact that he has no recollection of falling, though he dropped almost forty feet, certainly lends support to the theory that he was stunned at the start. Mr. Chantler showed both courage and resource in his handling of the difficult situation that resulted. It is gratifying to learn that Mr. Gardiner has made an almost complete, though very slow recovery, and has renewed his climbing activities.

I have recorded the above facts at some length in the interests of accuracy and of fairness to the gentlemen involved, but in this article I am more concerned with the inferences made regarding the use of rubbers. To suggest that a man who had come last down all the hard pitches of Great Gully—including the Brant and Slape—slipped on the easy rocks below on account of unsafe footgear is, to put it mildly, a little far-fetched; and no doubt had Mr. Chorley been in full possession of the facts he would never have put forward this argument. But when he goes on to the Solemn Warning contained in his last paragraph, I find myself unable to make any sense of it at all. I cannot understand, either clearly or otherwise, how rubber shoes can make difficult climbing easy (even for the inexperienced) any more than they can make steep slopes gentle, or wet rocks dry. It is to be

presumed that when speaking of "difficult climbing" the writer has some more or less absolute standard in his mind, such as the standard commonly adopted in the established classification of easies, moderates, and difficults, which is generally supposed to imply the use of nailed boots under dry conditions. If this is so, I should like to ask Mr. Chorley a plain question. Does he seriously contend that the ascent of the Napes Needle (or any equally hard climb) in rubbers on the driest of days is easier for any man (be he novice or expert) than the ascent of (say) the Slab and Notch in boots under similar conditions? Fortunately for our sport there is a good deal more in climbing than putting on the right pair of shoes. The simple fact is, of course, that whilst most (though not all) climbs are easier in rubbers than in boots when the rocks are dry, in most (though not all) cases the position is reversed when the rocks are wet. If the Editor thinks that this plain truth requires special emphasis he is perfectly entitled to give it; but it is regrettable that he should drag it in as a moral to a legendary story, and state it in incomprehensible jargon.

At this point we may assume that Mr. Chorley acknowledges having been wrongly instructed by his solicitor, gracefully abandons his brief, and throws himself upon the mercy of the Court.

And now for Mr. Abraham.

Mr. Abraham has never taken kindly to rubbers, and at one time his die-hardism took the form of suggesting that it was actually easier to climb severes in nailed boots than in stockinged feet—the old-time equivalent of rubbers.‡ Latterly he seems to have despaired of driving sense into the stiff-necked (albeit nimble-footed) modern experts; but in his latest book* he makes a pathetic attempt to capture the rising generation. "The beginner,' he writes, "should never learn his craft in rubber shoes; nailed boots should be his sole wear. The former plan teaches wrong and unsafe methods for real mountaineering." This is what the Editor of the Climbers' Club Bulletin describes as Mr. Abraham's

‡See "British Mountain Climbs," introduction.
*"First Steps to Climbing" pp. 71-2.

"sane judgment in the rubber shoe controversy." I am surprised at Mr. Greene, and can only hope that "sane" was a misprint for "same."

Now I do not propose to follow Mr. Abraham in a metaphysical discussion on the nature of real mountaineering, whatever that may be. Nor do I object to his prepossessions in favour of the footgear in vogue in the days of his own great triumphs. That same 1921 Journal from which I have quoted above contained a delightful story of an old farmer who insisted on his grown-up sons using the old path over Styhead because he didn't hold with these new-fangled ways; and we all know the good old-fashioned photographer who had no use for dry plates, and the good old-fashioned cyclist who had no use for a free-wheel. Such an attitude, indeed, is not without a certain archaic charm. But when Mr. Abraham asserts that learning to climb in rubbers imparts bad style, he is forsaking the ground of prejudice, and entering on that of argument with a vengeance. This, if true, would be a veritably damning charge. But what is the evidence? Apparently Mr. Abraham has seen some of the younger school who have been brought up by dissenters, and their methods make him shudder with apprehension. He must forgive me for suggesting that his well-known and lovable penchant for making our flesh creep will necessarily discount an argument of this kind, especially when the conclusion is so improbable on *a priori* grounds. We do not set the young batsman to practice on a bad wicket, nor make the young bowler use a wet ball, because they must ultimately learn to cope with these unfavourable circumstances. It would be odd if the methods of training adopted in all other forms of sport were inapplicable to this one. The most important thing to be learnt in climbing is balance; the chief difficulty lies in the feeling of insecurity of foothold, which is apt to oppress the novice to the exclusion of all other considerations. Surely it is not unreasonable to minimise this difficulty by the choice of the most convenient footgear, so that the learner's attention can be concentrated more on the acquiring of balance and rhythm. The additional troubles brought about by less favourable conditions, whether of footgear or

weather, may well be postponed. Of course there are novices who learn in rubbers and acquire a bad style, just as there have been novices who learnt in boots and acquired a bad style. Style depends on natural aptitude and good teaching. If one or both are absent, you won't make a silk purse out of either a piece of rubber or a clinker nail.

It may be thought that these arguments are as hypothetical as those which I condemn, and I freely admit that the material for a valid decision on this subject is not yet available. It will be ere long, when we shall have a new generation of climbers, many of them trained in rubbers from the start. Then we can see and know. Till then the prudent course is silence. But this philosophical detachment is of little avail against the Philistines who rage furiously; and if I have been unduly dogmatic, I can only plead that so much that is loose and ill-considered has been written about the use of rubbers for climbing that a little warmth and vigour do not come amiss from the other side.

Honour where honour is due! They are not all fallen into iniquity. On pages 154 and 155 of G. W. Young's "Mountain Craft" may be found expounded the wisdom of this question, concise, balanced, without passion or prejudice. A word is enough to the wise!

[The description of Mr. Gardiner's accident was given in the 1921 Journal as it was reported to me at the time. In so far as it was inaccurate I am glad to withdraw it, and to apologise to Mr. Gardiner for the error. As to the special pleading contained in the above article I hope to have a word for the wise (if they really need it) in the next number.—Editor].

WASDALE FORTY YEARS AGO.

(*Continued from Vol. V. p.* 304.)

By W. P. Haskett-Smith.

One of the oddest characters at Wasdale Head forty years ago was an old fellow called Tommy Tompson, intellectually not very bright, but with a dry humour of which he himself seemed hardly conscious.

John Robinson and I met him one day, and while we were in conversation old Tom Tyson passed in the distance, and we spoke of his crumpled ear. Tom's account of it was that years before he had been on Gable screes one winter's day, had lost his footing and slid a great distance down the steep hard snowslope, grinding off most of his ear in the process.

On Robinson referring to this, Tommy was much interested and said with great simplicity: "Was that the way of it? Wal! Wal! An' us as ollas tho-at at ear was takken off by cartwheel when Tam was liggan droonk i' t' road!"

Many people thought old Tompson grumpy, and he certainly was not exactly affable, being always a little suspicious that some ridicule might be intended, and rather curt until his doubts were set at rest, but the chief difficulty was that of language, for his dialect was of the ruggedest, untainted by School Board innovations. For instance, the tendency of the present generation is to pronounce words like "cow," "how," "thou," much after the Southern style; but the older men stick to "coo," "hoo," "thoo," so Tommy's normal reply to a greeting, "Hoo are you?" sounded in Southern ears like a repellent "Who are you?"

Will Ritson, on the other hand, could, when he chose, talk English which anyone could follow; but his dialect vocabulary was immense, and it is a thousand pities that no effort was made to record the quaint old words and proverbial expressions with which his wonderful memory was so copiously stored. Contemporary with Ritson were two remarkable characters who enjoyed much the same kind of reputation

as he did—Owen, of Penygwryd, and Perrot, of Dartmoor—and people who had the good fortune to know all three, or even two of them, are often asked to draw comparisons between them. All three were observant, clear thinkers, and masters of local topography. All were admirable talkers.

The third was the one of whom I saw the least. He was by no means free from the defects of conceit and garrulity; but he was an entertaining companion, and a most intelligent guide with an unrivalled knowledge of the Moor.

Harry Owen was personally perhaps the most attractive of the three. It is rare to find a brilliant talker who is by no means eager to display his powers; but Owen was shy, and not at all easy to set in motion. Even when you had fairly started him there was always hanging over you the doubt that his command of English might prove inadequate to the task of expressing thoughts which were derived from another language. No doubt this slight hesitation gave a piquancy to his discourse. It used to be said that Gladstone's oratory riveted the attention of his hearers mainly on account of the seeming impossibility of his ever extricating himself from sentences so terribly involved. The suspense secured your sympathy, and when at last the breathless orator found the miraculous exit from his maze, you felt that you had a share in his relief, and also in his triumph.

In Owen's case your anxiety was not quite so keen, but there was the same relief when he found the sought-for word, often not the one which an Englishman would have used, but one based on a slightly different and probably more picturesque metaphor drawn from the more poetical language of Wales. Indeed light poetical touches here and there were a great feature in his talk. As he sat there in the dark and (if strict truth must be told) rather dirty old kitchen, with the firelight playing on his round, ruddy, weatherbeaten face, he looked so essentially prosaic that his unaffected relish for the poetic side of things came with a shock of pleasurable surprise.

Ritson, on the contrary, was at once less poetical and more artificial. He was alert and quickwitted, but it must be confessed that many of the retorts on which he specially prided

himself were, like some of the great Dr. Johnson's, rather ponderously rude.

Like that great man he was accustomed to dominate the conversation, and, when he was in the mood for talking, talk he would, enduring no rivalry. He knew his own talents, and was not going to hide them under a napkin. Another side of his character shewed a type much more common in America than here. Shrewd, kindhearted, self-assertive, humorous, with a special weakness for mere exaggeration, he was withal a born showman, with all the showman's tact and quick grasp of character. He enjoyed himself most thoroughly when talking before a roomful of people; but, brilliant though he then was, it was perhaps rather in quiet talks with one or two others that his best qualities came into play. Then he had time to think, and would answer a judicious question in a style which gave evidence of remarkable insight and capacity, far more convincing and far more spontaneous than the stock witticisms which he sometimes displayed to raise a cheap laugh in the taproom. I say "sometimes," for at his best he was a real artist in words, in grouping, in light and shade, in colour, and in dramatic climax. I, at least, have never met his superior.

Though he had taken Mr. Baumgartner to the Pillar Stone in 1850, and watched him climb it, he did not show much interest in the crags, except as traps for the unwary sheep and "bields" for the hunted fox. He could not tell me much about the early climbers of the Pillar, and more than once he tantalised me by saying "And then there was another man from out Cockermouth way—Fearon, was it?—No! not Fearon," and the real name we never reached.*

*The question was raised not long ago of "Moses Sledgate" and what Ritson would had had to say about it. I can't remember that he ever mentioned it; but my recollection is fairly clear that on that side of the hill "Trod" was never heard; it was always "Sledgate" with "Moses," "Gable," or simply "The" prefixed. Whether there ever was an individual Moses connected with this track is at least doubtful. In place-names "Mose" or "Moses" was often evolved out of "Moss," and as most of the sledgates were made with the object of fetching peat, and this one heads directly for the great bog in the hollow South of Honister, it is quite possible that the name may mean merely "the sledgate to the moss." No doubt it would also be used for the purpose of bringing roofing and building material for houses in Wasdale.

Auld Will was a tall, gaunt, bony man with unusually long arms, which, like those of Rob Roy, were a source of great pride to their owner. They figured largely in a comical scene which left an indelible impression on my mind. A wagonette from one of the coast towns had brought up a party of six or seven people, who were wandering about the valley, leaving one of their number behind who was so much over-awed by the unwonted sternness of the surrounding hills that he never ventured to quit the inn yard till his friends returned. This was a timid little man, thin and narrow-chested, wearing a threadbare frock coat and a rusty top hat. He was the very picture drawn by Calverley:—

He stood, a worn-out city clerk,
Who'd toiled and seen no holiday
For forty years from dawn to dark,
Alone beside Carmarthen Bay.

Meanwhile Ritson had been drinking in the bar-room, and with startling suddenness came reeling forth in the direction of the "worn-out city clerk." He was in the best of good humours, but no stranger would have guessed it. He had forgotten his hat and coat, and looked half cannibal and half Berserker. Ever vain of his long arms, he was wont in moments of exhilaration to display them by executing a horrifying war dance. The main feature of this performance was to shoot out both arms horizontally, then suddenly bending the body sideways from the hips, to bring the finger-tips of one hand nearly to the ground, when, with an equally rapid reverse whirl, to bend over the other way and bring the other hand down on the other side. This manœuvre repeated half a dozen times with lightning speed, made him look like an inebriated windmill, and when in this guise he bore down upon the inoffensive visitor, roaring out, "Art a wrostler?" it was a sight to daunt the stoutest heart. The little man was well nigh paralysed, but luckily misunderstanding the question as an enquiry for the ostler, stammered "N-n-no, sir, I think I saw him over there," and, pointing towards the stable, he made a slight quick movement in the same direction. This was lucky for him. At that moment Ritson made a wild clutch at him, missed his mark and, finding himself several yards down the lane, before he could recover his

balance, wisely made no effort to turn back. The little man was saved, and sank down gasping on to the nearest seat.

Ritson must have been a trying sort of husband, especially as his wife, Dinah, to judge by her quiet manners, delicate features and general air of refinement, belonged to a better class than his. There was, however, a touch of insanity on her side, which came out more clearly in the next generation. One of her sons for a time had Burnthwaite, at the foot of Kirkfell, but had to leave it and go into an Asylum. But for years poor Dinah could not get it into her head that her boy was no longer there, and one hot day in August she did an eccentric, but really pathetic thing. Tying up a large feather bed into a square bundle, she perched it on her head and carried it all the way up the valley to her son's old abode, walked in, and smiling happily, set down her burden on the table, exclaiming: "There now! See what a nice bit o' beef I've brought ye to your Sunday dinner."

Delusion though it was, it gave her great pleasure, and she trudged contentedly back to Littleground, at the other end of the lake.

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TOPHET WALL.

0-5—Tophet Wall Climb. X—Proposed Direct Start.

TOPHET WALL.

BY H. M. KELLY.

After a lapse of two years we found ourselves again at Wasdale, free ! Pillar Guide, which had filled up our time to the exclusion of other ambitions, was behind us, and we were at liberty once more to renew that battle with Tophet Wall from which we had more than once retired, discomfited if not quite defeated. Defeat we would not accept. All we asked were more favourable circumstances ; just the technical difficulties of the wall itself, and not those of unfavourable elements as well. We always felt the fight was an unequal one when the latter were also arrayed against us. That the enemy was not fighting the battle alone, and that his alliance with wind and rain was, as it were, three against one. That to contend with these as well as a holdless wall, was unfair ; so we argued at the time for sun and a windless day.

As already indicated, thoughts of the place had been submerged by other matters, and it was not until last July but one that we were at Wasdale again—free agents—with the one fine week of that atrocious year, 1923, at our disposal. Ironically, two or three days slipped by, unavoidably lost owing to the indisposition of one of us ; and another day, strangely enough, in visiting the one rock face in the district that was slimily wet—an extraordinary condition seeing that the temperature in the shade was well over 80° more than once during the week.

However, we did start out eventually, and the weather fulfilled our requirements so perfectly that we took with us a quart can in order that we might gather water and have some at hand should our operations be long and tiring—thirsty they were sure to be on such a day. Moreover, we adopted at the commencement a programme of " no hustle," a plan so well carried out that it took us three hours to reach the foot of the precipice. Styhead path was given the same

consideration as those saunters up to Alpine Huts in the late afternoon, when time does not matter and rests are frequent. Such things as the Garnet Stone were found to be of engrossing interest, and the one stream bisecting this stony ribbon of a track afforded every excuse for reserving our energies for the more strenuous work ahead and gave us an opportunity to take in water supplies much as a camel would at an oasis in the desert. The pathway, too, past Kern Knotts, was treated with so much circumspection as to need doing in two sections, with a half-way halt for luncheon. We did get there at last!

After further deliberations, both physical and mental, we decided that our proposed start of the climb should wait until we knew the result of our attack on that tantalising fifteen-foot wall which had baffled us so many times. Then, and then only, would we give attention to the thin crack lower down to the left, the last few feet of which we knew would link up the two first pitches of the unclimbed route we had been presumptuous enough to particularise as Tophet Wall.

It did not take us long to clamber up the fifty feet of rock at the base of the cliff, so little in keeping with the great face above, but holding the feet of that towering bastion in strong embrace, and seemingly checking it from toppling down on to the very flooring of Tophet itself. This preliminary scramble landed us on the narrow, uneven, grassy ledge at the foot of our "impossible" wall. As before, we looked about for a belay, hoping that since our last visit a rocky piton might have crept up in the night, but there was nothing except that ridiculous stump of juniper bush which our minds scorned as an aid, but to which our hearts clove to with a sickly feeling. The second man wound his rope round it two or three times and assured the leader that it "wasn't necessary really, but he might as well."

The leader now started at the left hand end of the ledge, and working slightly to the right up the wall on small holds, found himself, much to his surprise, at the top of it and crawling gingerly back to the left along a rocky ledge some fifteen feet long. The situation was now even more sensational —a shallow niche (the word is used in a comparative sense)

with a small and sloping grassy stance and an even more absurd root of juniper as a contemplated belay. It was now the leader's turn to bluff, not only his companion, but himself. Certainly this fragment of decaying wood had a moral force quite out of proportion to its living power. Fortunately the latter was not put to a test. It could hardly have withstood a fifteen-foot swing, but superb climbing obviated any such contretemps.

After a little jostling and disentangling we were ready to proceed with the next pitch, a grass crowned slab with an awkward corner start. The leader had to think twice before he could effect a lodgment on it, but having overcome the corner the rest of the pitch became amenable. Our third belay was of a different order altogether: a nice, comforting, big, sharp-pointed flake.

It was now very obvious, owing to an overhang, that we would have to traverse to the right to some broken rocks in a corner, this confirming our ideas formed of the climb when viewed from the screes below. The traverse, though rather exposed at one point, provided the cream of the climbing so far. A large flake of rock, behind which the rope could be run, was first passed, then a short " hand traverse " ensued (the use of a doubtful looking flake providing the main support at the critical point), after which easier climbing over some loose rock brought us to another good corner and belay.

It was our intention to climb the narrow crack immediately above, but a number of loose stones in it suggested the necessity of clearing it before attempting to do so. We did this by first making a traverse round a buttress to the right into a recess, the ascent of which brought us to within a few feet of the top of the crack. The second man quickly made his way down the latter and used the broom effectively and with despatch. We then retraced our steps to the point of divergence,and the difficulty we had in overcoming the crack showed how wise we had been in making it reasonably safe for ascent.

This proved to be the end of our difficulties, for the remaining two pitches only gave easy slab and ridge climbing.

Just before we finished the climb, however, a familiar figure was espied coming up Great Hell Gate towards the foot of

the crag. With the elation born of success we rapidly descended the Backstaircase of the Napes and sped down the screes to receive congratulations. What we met with was something more than that, for our friend had been transformed into a divine messenger.

We had more than once read of Nature's acclamation and Heaven's benediction under similar circumstances. How, on reaching the summit of a new climb the very walls around took up the conquerors' shouts of joy and passed them from crag to crag and peak to peak. How the darkened sky had suddenly opened and the sun, bursting forth, glinted on the victors' tossing hair with effulgent ray, then quietly sunk back again into benignant obscurity.

But this was something different. Heaven adopted a more tangible and practical form of expressing its approval. Of echoes there had been plenty to our exclamations during the climb—we are but human! The sun, too, had done all that was asked of it, and in a much more beneficent way. Very soon we were reclining on our backs, feeding from a basket of strawberries! Were ever mortals more blissfully occupied? A fine climb behind us and "God's best berry" in front. On such a day, too; the temperature . . . . . well, it *was*! Neglected was our watercan. Heedless we were of the hour. Forgetful that our climb remained uncompleted.

Sad to relate, what followed was in the nature of an anti-climax. "Well, what about the new start?" And immediately the fruit turned sour in our mouths, the water tasted flat, and the cushioned ease of our grassy couch changed into the discomfort of a bed of stones!

We were ever slaves to the completion of things; and, be it remembered, we had decided that Tophet Wall should start much lower down the face. Years before we had prepared the way for this by extensive gardening, making at the same time a fine traverse to the top of the crack from the base of the fifteen foot wall above. There was no help for it—we must, at least, vindicate ourselves.

But Fortune forsook us. Did the Fates look unfavourably on our feast? There passes before one's mind a vision of the three of us plastered on the face; of small holds and the

leader's efforts to ascend them and the crucified attitudes he had to adopt to do so: six feet of apparently unclimbable crack: desperate attacks on it, and retreats. The sudden discovery of a miniature chockstone and the difficulty of holding on with one hand whilst the other forced—threaded would be too mild a term—a rope behind it as extra security. Security indeed! Experience had already taught him, on at least four occasions in his climbing career, that these safeguards were a snare. And this was the most snareful of the lot. Probably the energy expended in this operation, plus a little moral suasion, would have got him to the top of the crack. But the rope stuck, as it always does, and the situation became hopeless. There was nothing for it but to retire. Then came the climax of the whole proceedings. Not being in a position to tell which was the right end of the rope to commence unthreading, and acting on what he thought was the advice of his second, he painfully worked twenty feet of it through the small hole only to find himself more firmly bound to the rock than ever, and almost at the point of exhaustion. He might have freed himself by cutting the rope—there would have been no disgrace in it under the circumstances—but even this was a physical impossibility. It looked at one time as if he would have to bite through it to regain his freedom. Actually the teeth were made use of though not in quite so drastic a manner, and with their aid the rope was eventually unthreaded.

Providence, doubtless considering the lesson salutary enough, came to our aid (though somewhat belatedly), and a rather exhausted party found itself once more on safe ground.

SOMETHING RICH AND STRANGE.

As I was meditatively perambulating I chanced to look up and stopped, spell-bound.

Here was a sight for the ardent rock climber! Straight before me I saw a mighty pinnacle, whose longer outside face swept grandly down for perhaps, two hundred feet, and then came to an end on meeting the bottom border. But, with rare skill, the cunning artist had made it evident that he only portrayed a mere fraction of the fearsome crag.

"Who knows," I said to myself, "to what stupendous depths it plunges?"

Who indeed? Not, I think, the artist.

Upon the very edge of the arête, not far from the top, was silhouetted an insectual figure, remotely perched. Was this, I wondered, author using only foothold, or merely porter dangling over 5,000 feet of space? I could not decide. Then, as I went nearer, I made out the forms of several other dare-devil mountaineers at various appropriate points.

"Magnificent!" I exclaimed. Then, realizing that the half had not been told, I looked again.

Behind the towering rock I saw a wonderful ridge that ran upwards, unbroken, as far as the margin would permit. On following it in the other direction, I found myself looking dizzily downward to the bosom of a broad, placid lake whereon, to my joy, a paddle steamer puffed. Life here was not all heroism, I was glad to see. There were at least paddle steamers and (presumably) bottles of beer—ginger or otherwise—oranges, esplanades, and all the pleasures that make existence delightful.

A legend at the foot intimated that the artist had given us, in his masterpiece, a rendering of some part of the English Lakes.

I am convinced that I have found a new field combining fabulous climbing with pleasant relaxation. True, it was only a railway poster, and the rock bore a striking resemblance, in general form, to the Needle, but . . . . . F.G.

TWO POEMS.

By Katharine C. Hopkinson.

Sgurr Dearg.

Aloft on a gabbro terrace,
With the slack of the rope in hand,
And the last man breasting the purple rock,
And beneath, the sunfilled land;
Guest at the valiant revels
Where the Lords of Life converse,
I that was slave on the sweating levels
Am free of the Universe.

What should the Gods ask further
Of man for an altar fire
Than the flame of song when his spirit bends
As a minstrel bows to the lyre,
Bends to his sense and urges
A chorus of wonder won,
And as sea with sky at the world's rim merges,
Body and spirit are one!

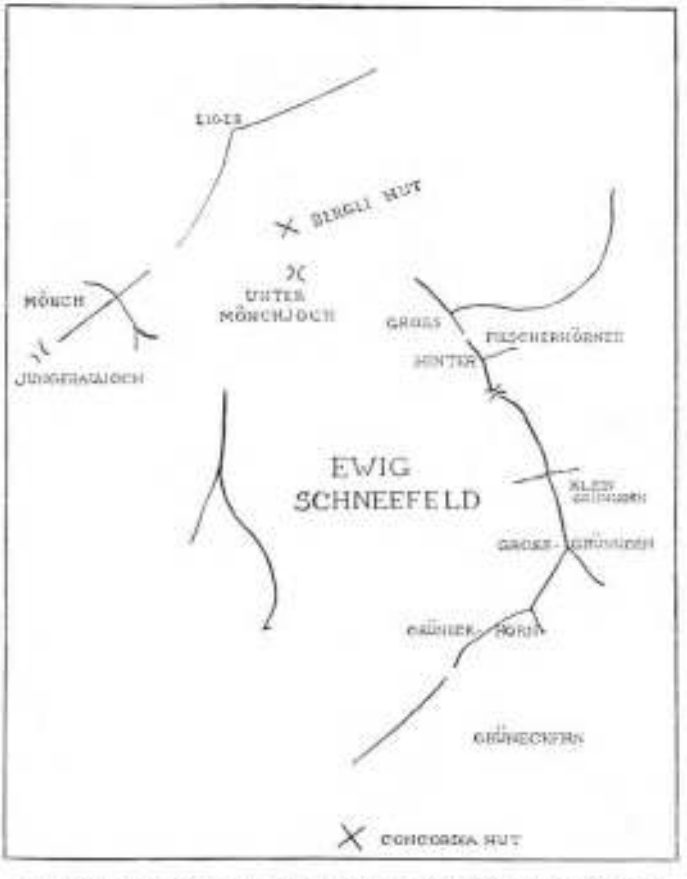
Per Ardua.

No groves of summer shading
Can ease my ardent eyes,
Nor boughs of luscious lading
Afford me Paradise!
And the lisping garden fountain
May be silent, for I go
Where the moorland finds the mountain
And the scarlet rowans grow.

No ways of gilded pavement
Shall lure my traveller's tread,
Nor jewelled halls' enslavement
And music softly shed;
But the curlew's lonely screaming
Be my herald when I go
To the peaks of midnight dreaming
And the white, unbroken snow!

There are reapers at the revel
  Where the crested wine-cups brim
When golden lights draw level
  And dusky shadows swim.
And their hair is blossom woven,
  And they hail me—But I go
Where the cloud-hung rocks are cloven,
  And the curded torrents glow!

White and green their fragrant garlands,
  White and red the liquor's foam—
O dim and desert far lands
  Which part me from my home,—
And their laughter rings a warning,
  And they call me—But I go
Where the tall hills meet the morning
  And the winds of valour blow!



SKETCH MAP OF FIESCHERHORN-GRÜNHORN RIDGE AND ITS IMMEDIATE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

A RIDGE IN THE OBERLAND.

(The Fiescherhörner and Grünhörner.)

By R. B. Graham.

Among Alpine mountaineers, some are primarily baggers of peaks; and of these the Concordia Hut on the Great Aletsch Glacier is the true earthly paradise. The hut is high, the glaciers are easy, and the mountains around most politely turn their backs to invite the climber. In good conditions and good weather he can take his mountains with the solemnity and almost with the ease of a man in the Lakes climbing Gable and Pillar one day, and Sca Fell with the Pikes the next. When great names are to be " bagged " in this manner, who is to blame the " bagger," or indeed to resist his temptations ?

But the leading vice of a more numerous section of mountaineers is not a mania for collecting names ; it is rather a species of obstinacy. People of this larger class deviate into unlikely and awkward places, such as rocks and mountains, merely from a determination that nothing shall turn them from their path. They climb places that are difficult and high, for no other reason than that they are difficult and high. Their main-spring appears to be a sort of higher cussedness. The species is first cousin to the mule ; it carries large burdens up steep places ; it goes where no donkey would go ; and it is capable almost anywhere of a stubbornness which it takes for a sublime pertinacity.

This class has contained such noble names in the history of mountaineering that even humble members of it do not like to be written down as " arrant peak-baggers." Certainly all the members of a party of three, who came over the Lötschenlücke to the Concordia in August, 1923, lay claim to possess the sweet disposition and engaging manners of their nimble prototype. So if any kindred mule, reading these

lines should incline so to dismiss us, let him—

" Pray be so kind
To bear in mind
We were the victims of circumstances "—

By intention, at least, " this is one of our blameless dances."

The three days after the Lötschenlücke had taken us at the regulation rate of one peak a day up the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn and over the Mönch. But on the very first of these days our eyes had rested with some interest on a ridge of five peaks, stretching from near the Eiger almost to the hut itself. From north to south, their names are Gross Fiescherhorn, Hinter Fiescherhorn, Klein Grünhorn, Gross Grünhorn, and Grüneckhorn. These peaks are of little fame and are comparatively seldom ascended, not because they are insignificant in themselves, for three of them are over 4,000 metres high; but partly because they form no great part of the view from any important centre, and partly because four of them are so very easy to climb. Only one, the Gross Grünhorn, is really fine to look at from everyside, and only the Klein Grünhorn has no easy way up it.

The second day, on the Finsteraarhorn, we saw the ridge from the other side, and the idea of taking it as a whole and traversing it from end to end, was more fully thought out and openly discussed. For all we knew (or know) the complete traverse had never been made before, and it seemed likely that part of the direct ascent of the Gross Grünhorn by its northern arête was also virgin, though we knew that Messrs. H. V. Reade and J. P. Farrer had ascended that side of the mountain by the couloir and subsidiary ridge a little to the (true) left, thus avoiding some overhangs which apparently then existed on the ridge itself. (The photographs will show the two places where difficult rock might be expected. These are the north ridge of the Klein Grünhorn and the north ridge of the Gross Grünhorn).

On the third day we took double provision with us to the Mönch, and finished up for the night at the Bergli Hut, which lies conveniently under the Gross Fiescherhorn at the north end of the ridge. The possible ways off the ridge were investigated with some care, for fear of difficulty

on the two Grünhörner. The inspection disclosed that, short of the true " get-off " to the Grüneckfirn at the end of the ridge, there is only one reasonable line of descent. This is from the lowest point of the ridge, the col between the Hinter Fiescherhorn and the Klein Grünhorn. It was necessary, therefore, to decide the latest hour at which we could safely continue from this point. After much consideration, leaving a wide margin for safety, we determined to be there, if we could, by 8 o'clock, and to give up the ridge if we were later than 10-0.

Eight o'clock at the col fixed our other times. We must be on top of the Gross Fiescherhorn by 6 o'clock. We must leave the hut at 2 o'clock. We must go to bed betimes.

The Bergli Hut stands in a wonderful situation. It is perched on a bastion of rock thrown out just below the rim of a magnificent glacier-cirque fully two miles in diameter. The Eiger forms the left wing of the cirque, two of the Fiescherhörner the right. Across the way are the Schreckhorn and the Lauteraarhorn, and far below is the stone-covered ice that emerges at Grindelwald as the " Lower Glacier." The extraordinary steepness of the wall of ice and snow, out of which the " bergli " juts, gives one the feeling that the hut and its platform are on an airy basket slung out from some miraculous tackle five hundred feet or more above the descending ice. A pebble thrown with some force from the hut platform will fall out of sight, and almost out of hearing.

Here we spent an afternoon and evening with great pleasure, each after his kind. For at least is seemed to be a great pleasure to Michael Wilson to absorb unto himself practically all that there was to do, and to do it with efficiency. We fed well, and moreover, it is certain that all those things which are a " devoir " for " chaque touriste," things whose full import is known only to the climber who has neither guide nor hut-guardian to help him, were well done at the Bergli Hut that night.

The next morning, what with waking a little late and being very dutiful to the hut, we started not at 2-0, but at 2-40 a.m.

There was light from a moon somewhere, and with two lanterns between three we could see where we were going.

We put on crampons at the top of our " bergli," but very soon discovered (the first bad sign) that the snow was soft. It was the 15th of August, the last day, had we known it, of 1923's wonderful six weeks of sunshine. The morning was unnaturally warm, and anxiety about our enterprise hastened our steps against the softness of the snow. It was not comfortable.

But we were soon at the Unter Mönch Joch and clambering precariously down the ladder, thoughtfully placed over the great bergschrund on its other side. One of us thought this the most dangerous pitch of the day!

The crampons had not been removed, and half-way across the level plain of the Ewig Schneefeld, one of them, for no apparent reason, snapped across close to the tongue which unites the two halves. It seems worth while to mention this, as a warning for those who use crampons to put them on with care, for this one must certainly have been ill-adjusted. The attempt to climb in one and a half crampons caused a small slip an hour or two later.

We had made out a route up the snow to the north ridge of the Gross Fiescherhorn the previous day, but altered it slightly in the painful conditions of soft snow in the early morning, and hit the ridge rather lower than we had previously intended on an obvious shelf rather above point 3642.

It was now half-past four, and as night fled we slogged painfully up some steep and soft snow for half-an-hour to the next step on the ridge. At sunrise (5-15) we had a short halt for photography and a morsel to eat. The day looked fairly good, the snow was hard above the next piece of rock, and we were beginning to pick up the time lost in our delayed start. We were on top of the Gross Fiescherhorn by ten past six, and on the Hinter an hour later, meeting on the way other early birds, an Englishman with two guides from the Finsteraarhorn Hut on their way to Grindelwald.

On the Hinter Fiescherhorn we took off our crampons and had breakfast, and a needed rest (7-10 to 7-45 a.m.). After which we went rapidly, indeed often at a run, down an easy ridge to our col. A most deceptive photograph of this ridge, taken from the Klein Grünhorn, will be found on another page. The col was reached at the comfortable hour of 8-30, and we

duly embarked upon the ridge leading to the Klein Grünhorn.

The first piece after the col, to the sharp ascent of the Klein Grünhorn, took us a full hour, much longer than we had expected. We kept below the ridge on the right, or west side, and should perhaps have done as well—we should certainly have been happier—among the gendarmes on top. On our route the rock was vile. However, we did reach the Klein Grünhorn at last, and here appeared a pleasant quality in our "rope." Difficulties in the Alps (and elsewhere) are of two kinds, those which you go round, and those which you go over. So long as there is a way round, it is not usual—in the Alps—to go over. A glance at one of Wilson's photographs of the ridge will show that at this point the difficulties begin to have no "way round." Accordingly the rope rotated on its axis, Chorley took the lead, and we all threw ourselves into some real rock-climbing, with the happy feeling that part of Cumberland had come with us to the Alps. We climbed to the foot of a great red gendarme, turned to the right into a couloir, and from a point on its left side found good climbing to the summit of the Klein Grünhorn.

By the time we were on the top (10-15 a.m. till 10-30) the weather was beginning in all seriousness to fulfil its earlier promise. There was thunder in the far distance, and in front and behind us clouds were sweeping up to the ridge at one moment, and leaving it clear the next. But the Gröss Grünhorn in front of us, though it looked imposing enough, as a mountain *en face* always does, was sufficiently clear to encourage us to go on.

We reached its steeper part over interesting rock, but without difficulty, and then, after another short halt, Chorley led up the ridge with much aplomb. This place had given us all some anxiety, for we did not know how difficult the rock would be, and one member of the party had talked of the overhangs to be expected here ever since the peak had been first looked at from the Jungfrau. The difficulty turned out to be of about the standard of the New West on Pillar, but not even this for long. After a pitch or two it eased off, without revealing any overhangs, and we saw that we need not have feared.

The climb is over when a subsidiary N.W. ridge comes in on the right above the obvious couloir in the north-west face. From that point we walked to the top and subsided happily. Nothing short of a complete and sudden break in the weather could now harm us.

But that break was near. We spent half-an-hour on the top (12-10—12-40), and enjoyed a magnificent view of half-hidden peaks and surging clouds. Then we went down the easy S.W. ridge of the Gross Grünhorn, and up the two summits of the Grüneckhorn, with something of that dangerous laziness that comes of a feeling that the task is done. Thunder continually warned us from neighbouring mountains, but the brunt of the storm did not fall upon our ridge. It was busy, as we found later, with Somervell, Beetham and Rusk, on the Weisshorn.

The sole difficulty after the Grüneckhorn is to hit the break in the cornice which lets you down comfortably to the Grüneckfirn. It is the very first place (after point 3810) that a descent is possible ; the ridge here becomes flat and the cornice ceases. Although we had looked at it carefully from below, it was not easy to find, and when it was found the leader had to be let down with some anxiety to a big bergschrund below it.

It was at this moment that the storm broke upon us in heavy drops of rain. But the schrund turned out to be " honest," and a second one below it was easily jumped. In the increasing rain we blessed our care in examining the way off our mountain, and scuttled speedily down the glacier, to gain the hut with wet skins at twenty-five past three.

A young porter at the Concordia Hut, David Rubi by name, showed much interest in our expedition, and we learned that later in the season he repeated it with a " herr " in the reverse direction. We think it a climb that will appeal to vigorous parties who find the ordinary routes from the Concordia rather lacking in spiciness and length. Our time of 12¾ hours seemed fast going for the ridge, and with assured weather we should have taken longer. None of the snow work on the climb is hard, but the rock on the north ridges of the two Grünhörner reaches, a rather higher standard, and the expedition as a whole gives a good mixed day of snow and rock.

UNTO THE HILLS.

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(As a memorial to their fallen comrades, the Rock and Fell Climbing Club have set apart " for the use and enjoyment of the people of this land for all time," the mountains on each side of the Styhead Pass, including Kirkfell, Glaramara, Great Gable, and Great End).

With drifting ghosts of dreams the earth is grey,
  Dreams that can neither slumber with the dead
Nor lift themselves like lilies from the clay ;
  Wroth and dejected with low bending head,
    Man plods the clamorous windings of despair.
Is there no sanctuary, no place aloof ;
  Where quietness is shrined as in an ark,
Where the eternal hand may stretch a woof
  Of worlds across the undesecrated dark
    And dawn may rise like incense in the air ?

Surely the mind of man has bitter need
  Of some hushed refuge from the endless jar
Of pride and fear, whence battle cries recede,
  And where his thought may gather, like a star,
    Out of the circling dark its climbing fire !
And surely not to stumble in the heat
  Among the sharp weeds of a desert path ;
He was given immortal eyes and mortal feet
  In some blind caprice of derisive wrath
    That makes frustration twin-born with desire.

And yet the hills of peace, the slopes of gold,
  Like phantom peaks of sunset chrysoprase,
Fade far away, and scarcely we can hold
  A wan remembrance of the dream that was,
    A dream which shone in eyes that shine no more.
Were it not well for us if we might find
  Some skyey token wrought in ageless stone
That not like dust before an Afric wind
  Valour and hope shall scatter and be gone,
    Nor faith like foam upon a cruel shore ?

Love of the lone peak and the stark ascent
  Beckons the cragsman from the citied plain,
As honour beckoned from their old content
  Some who will never walk their hills again,
    Who girded them for a more arduous climb
And went forth unreturning, steadfast eyed,
  To whom their brethren of the crag have vowed
A mighty fane of memory and pride
  Scarred with dead fires and diademed with cloud,
    And one with England till the death of time.

Lo, where the grey fells rise august, austere,
  Where an abiding place of memory stands
For them to whom those perilous heights were dear
  Beyond all telling, o'er shrines not made with hands.
    The darkness thunders and the dawn light thrills.
Remembering them who loved the long climb well
  And knew the lonely summits as friends are known,
Who will look no more on English field or fell,
  And touch no more the grey crag or the brown,
    Shall we not lift our eyes unto the hills ?

D.M.S.

UNVEILING THE WAR MEMORIAL TABLET.

Great Gable, June 8th, 1924.

BY W. T. PALMER.

On Whit Sunday the Club completed its task of a permanent and magnificent memorial to members who fell in the Great War. In October, 1923, the title-deeds of 3,000 acres of high mountain had been handed over to the National Trust. The rocks, buttresses, and recesses of Lingmell, Great End, Allan Crags, Green Gable, Great Gable, Kirkfell and other peaks east and west of Sty Head Pass had been secured, as Dr. Wakefield (the new President) declared, " to us and our children for ever."

The occasion at Coniston was historic. The next ceremony on Great Gable was more intimate. If there is any communion with the spirits of dead warriors, surely they were very near that silent throng of climbers, hill-walkers, and dalesfolk who assembled in soft rain and rolling mist on the high crest of Great Gable. The gloom and gentle wind-sounds added impressiveness to the occasion. There was no effort at pageantry or emotion ; the service was a tribute to memory.

The simple eloquence of Arthur Wakefield, the glowing eulogy of Geoffrey Winthrop Young, the calm confidence of the prayers recited by the Rev. J. H. Smith, added to the striking power of the occasion. No one, however dour and hardened, passed through the service on Great Gable on that memorable day without feeling touched, but never was there unrelieved sadness in heart or mind.

The war-stained Union Jack which flew from H.M.S. Barham at the battle of Jutland, and which at the outset enshrouded the bronze tablet, gave the only touch of colour. For the rest, the climbers came in well-worn grey and brown. Now and again, through the hush, came the clink of boot-nails on the boulders, or a word of softly-spoken greeting. Grey mists and drifting rain gave us once more a mountain's greeting.

About five hundred persons drew closer together as the President stood on the rock-platform next the draped flag. Arthur Wakefield spoke slowly, under stress of the emotion everyone was feeling, of the climbers who had paid the last Great Sacrifice. He spoke of the love of freedom which had impelled them to dedicate strenuous hours to the joy of these hills, and to their love for their own land, which made its defence from incursion and domination a high and solemn duty. In a few words he described the great mountain park which lay in the mist and silence below and around, and which for memory, had been presented to the nation, a possession for ever.

Geoffrey Winthrop Young, a veteran of the Piave front, pronounced the following eloquent tribute to the fallen :

> Upon this mountain summit we are met to-day to dedicate this space of hills to freedom.
>
> Upon this rock are set the names of men—our brothers, and our comrades upon these cliffs—who held, with us, that there is no freedom of the soil where the spirit of man is in bondage ; and who surrendered their part in the fellowship of hill and wind, and sunshine, that the freedom of this land, the freedom of our spirit, should endure.
>
> This bronze stands, high upon the crowning glory of our free land, as a sign between us and them ; our covenant that those to whom in the time to come we, too, shall be but as these names, or as less than these names, still hold their freedom of this splendour of height, still breathe its fearless health, the inspiration of its faultless pleasure ; free still, amid these untrammelled forces, to perfect their own vision of what is beautiful, interpret for themselves their own discovery of what seems true.
>
> By this ceremony we consecrate a twofold remembrance; in token that these men gave their mortality of manhood for a redemption of earthly freedom, this rock stands, a witness, perishable also in the onset of time, that this realm of mountain earth is, in their honour, free. In token that their sacrifice bears witness still, beyond death, to the imperishable ideal of spiritual liberty, we commit to-day, not in bronze, but in unalterable faith, our thought

Photo by THE MEMORIAL TABLET, GREAT GABLE. *J. H. Doughty.*

of their triumph in the spirit to these spaces of power and light.

By this symbol we affirm a twofold trust: that which hills only can give their children, the disciplining of strength in freedom, the freeing of the spirit through generous service, these free hills shall give again, and for all time.

The memory of all that these children of the hills have given—service, and inspiration, fulfilled, and perpetual—this free heart of our hills shall guard.

The spirit of this eulogy permeated the whole service. The hymns which had been chosen were J. H. Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," and the funeral hymn of our Cumbrian dales, "O God, our Help in Ages past."

Godfrey A. Solly read the specially appropriate Psalm 121:

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

H. P. Cain read aloud the inscription on the Dedicatory Tablet:

In glorious and happy memory of those whose names are inscribed below, members of this club, who died for their country in the European War, 1914-18, these fells were acquired by their fellow-members and by them invested in the National Trust for the use and enjoyment of the people of our land for all time:—

J. S. BAINBRIDGE.

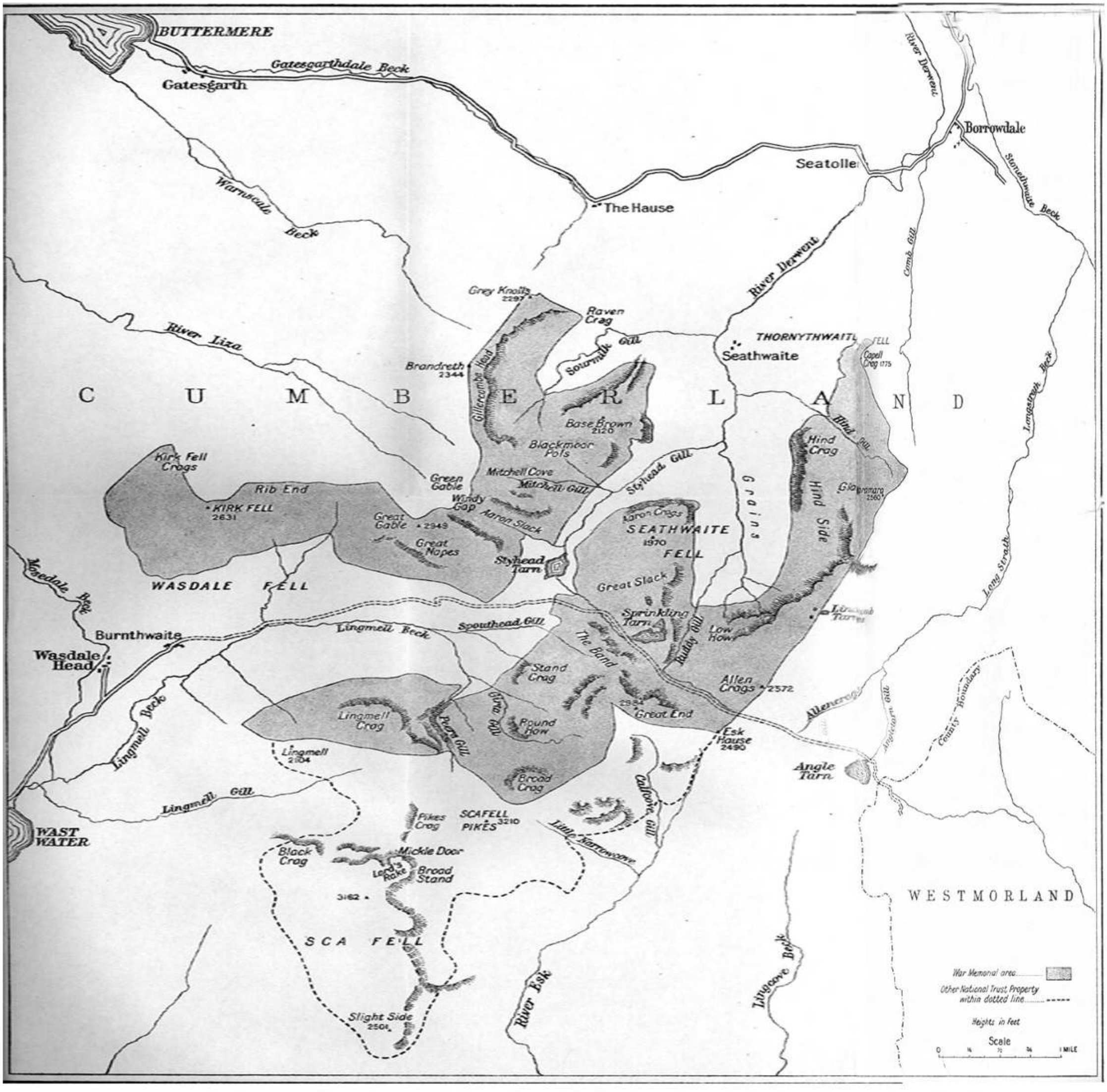
J. G. BEAN.
H. S. P. BLAIR.
A. J. CLAY.
J. N. FLETCHER.
W. H. B. GROSS.
E. HARTLEY.
S. W. HERFORD.
S. F. JEFFCOAT.
E. B. LEES.
S. J. LINZELL.
L. J. OPPENHEIMER.
A. J. PRICHARD.
A. M. RIMER.
R. B. SANDERSON.
H. L. SLINGSBY.
G. C. TURNER.
B. H. WITTY.
J. H. WHITWORTH.
C. S. WORTHINGTON

At the conclusion of the Service the "Last Post" was sounded by two buglers of the St. Bees' School Cadets.

Thus the Club completed the great task of a War Memorial. It is not right to be too proud, but as individual members those present felt that the Club had had a great opportunity for a Memorial, and that from first to last the scheme had been carried out in a great and noble manner.

In this National park, the climbers of the past (and of the present) will be remembered for all time.

Afar in foreign graves they lie,
  Not here where they could wish to be,
"Under the wide and starry sky,"
  Upheld by British crag and scree.
And yet we felt their spirits dwell
  Amidst the circumambient air,
Above the heights they loved so well,
  Austere, enchanting, cloud-capped, bare.
For those who bravely die, 'twas said,
  Their tomb is the wide earth's extent,
And Gable is for these, our dead,
  Their playground, and their monument. W. SNOW.


BUTTERMERE
Gatesgarthdale Beck
Gatesgarth
Warnscale Beck
The Hause
Seatoller
River Derwent
Borrowdale
Stonethwaite Beck
Comb Gill
Grey Knotts 2297
Raven Crag
River Liza
Sourmilk Gill
THORNYTHWAITE FELL
Seathwaite
Capell Crag 1775
Brandreth 2344
Gillercombe Head
Base Brown 2120
Blackmoor Pots
Hind Gill
Hind Crag
Kirk Fell Crags
Rib End
KIRK FELL 2631
Green Gable
Mitchell Cove
Mitchell Gill
Styhead Gill
Grains
Windy Gap
Aaron Slack
Great Gable 2949
Great Napes
Aaron Crags
SEATHWAITE FELL 1970
Hind Side
Styhead Tarn
Great Slack
Sprinkling Tarn
Ruddy Gill
Low How
Long Strath Beck
WASDALE FELL
Mosedale Beck
Burnthwaite
Wasdale Head
Lingmell Beck
Spouthead Gill
The Band
Stand Crag
Allen Crags 2572
Great End 2984
Lingmell Crag
Piers Gill
Grive Gill
Round How
Esk Hause 2490
Angle Tarn
Allen Crags
Lingmell 2104
Broad Crag
Lingmell Gill
Calfcove Gill
Pikes Crag
SCAFELL PIKES 3210
WAST WATER
Black Crag
Mickle Door
Lead's Rake
Broad Stand
3162
Little Narrowmoor
SCA FELL
Slight Side 2504
River Esk
Lingrove Beck
WESTMORLAND
War Memorial area
Other National Trust Property within dotted line
Heights in Feet
Scale
0 ¼ ½ ¾ 1 MILE

PEAK-BAGGING EXPEDITIONS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

By R. S. T. Chorley.

A Scotch friend, for whose opinion on such a matter I have no respect whatever, described one of these escapades as a "disgusting performance." "That is the worst," he added with marked vindictiveness, "of coming from the Lake District, where people are either acrobats or peak-baggers." His criticism contains a philosophy which is not uncommon among a certain type of person, well affected to the mountains, but inclined to a certain preciosity.

Peak-bagging, according to this school of thought, is treating mountains like poor relations—there is no wish for more than casual acquaintance The peak-bagger is really glad to see the last of his peaks. He only surmounts them for the feeling of self-righteousness which the mention of his exploits brings to him. While his condescension is as a goad in the flesh of him to whom even the least of the mountains is a temple of God.

Most of us have met the individual of this type, and scorned him and his ways with fierce completeness. Yet there are peak-baggers and peak-baggers. Many of the names most distinguished in our annals are associated with some such efforts; it is a matter of the individual temperament.

It is worth while to consider for a moment some of the advantages of the peak-bagger. He is a man glorying in the force of his vitality, and exultant to test wind and muscle against steep slopes and long distances, while youth is still in his blood. As he passes on his way he makes many acquaintances and some friends, but perhaps his friendships are the more real and full of the colour of life, because he has chosen them from a wide field of experience. Every mountain has its own personality, expressed in a thousand ways, in the tilt

of its crags, in the moulding of its wide supporting buttresses, in its deportment under strong sunlight or amid creeping mists, or maybe in the repose of that strange quietude which breathes through the final twilight before the coming of night. "All the more reason," says my Scotchman, "for treating their acquaintance with the respect due to such considerable individuality." My good friend, had I not moved about among a multitude of people, "bagging" their acquaintance I should not have known that yours was worth a more particular cultivation. Had I not completed the tour of the picture gallery at —— in one afternoon, but remained instead in Room No. I with Flemish masters, whom I do not like, I should not have known the charms of that Watteau in Room VI., or experienced the deep feelings revealed by the Rembrandt in Room IX. Had I not considered it a worthy ambition for a member of this Club to climb all the 2,500 Ordnance Survey points in the Lake District, the craggy gullies of Slight Side, and of many another little visited peak might be unknown to me ; the vivid, almost fierce impression of the moment, indeed, is often worth hours of determined contemplation. Out of a wide acquaintanceship with pictures, mountains and men, we may choose the better those whom we will take into the intimate places of our being, where personality is made.

For a mere climber I had a spasm of walking this spring which can only be described as severe. It was all due to the Rucksackers, whose virtuosity as rock climbers is only equalled by their originality and enthusiasm as fell walkers. At the moment they rejoice in a President who very suitably combines the highest talents for both forms of endeavour. At Easter they held their festive gathering—were not Scott and Minor present ?—at Fort William. Certain of them, whose smooth words should have been suspect, informed me that the Mamore Forest ridge taken from end to end made a very pleasant walk. It was apparently not against the rule, to have oneself transported as far up Glen Nevis as the landlord's Ford car could safely be driven. Feeling, therefore that I sinned in good company, I departed the next day with F—, not many minutes before ten o'clock on a bright April

morning. We said goodbye to the Ford some little distance below that wonderful ravine in upper Glen Nevis, of the existence of which so many orthodox climbers who visit these parts do not seem to know. If one can walk at five miles an hour, F— must be a very pleasant companion. Fortunately he was not in a hurry, and contented himself with a quiet four and a half—I am afraid he thought I hadn't much conversation. Some distance above Steall, however, our ways parted, for he was walking to the station at Corrour—a way of leaving Fort William worth remembering. Having thus got into top, I never succeeded in slowing down properly again, and was astonished to find myself on Binnein Beag before one o'clock. The great merit of the Mamore Forest is that when once the ridge is reached every 3,000 foot point may be visited without the necessity of descending below the 2,500 foot contour. It was a fine, cold day, with good views in all directions. The Cairngorms, Schichallion, Ben Cruachan, and the Coolin filled in the distance in somewhat hazy outline. Near at hand Ben Nevis was always impressive, but the peaks above Glencoe were the more beautiful. Stob Ban looked quite terrific, until close inspection showed that the dark precipices were a sham.

While climbing Binnein Mòr (2 p.m.) I developed indigestion, by way of following the accepted tradition, and from that time I got more and more behind the rough schedule which I had in my mind. I reluctantly came to the conclusion that I had neither time nor strength to turn back and gather Sgurr Eilde Mor—whether the Rucksackers had collected it I did not know. The ridge along to An Garbhanach was quite good scrambling. It is very narrow and rocky, and falls steeply away, more so than either Sharp or Striding Edge in the Lake District. Sgurr a Mhaim is reached by a similar edge, but one less interesting. The view from the shapely peak is perhaps the best on the ridge—evidently others than Rucksackers had been here, for there was orange peel about !

After Stob Ban (6-40) the heaviest of the climbing was over, and Easter being late, it would be light till ten o'clock or so. Moreover, it had been obvious for some time that

punctuality for dinner was out of the question, and pace slackened off. Coming down from Mullach nan Coirean I saw a very fine stag, outside the fences of the Forest. The trudge along General Wade's road from Barmachfoldach which appeared to be the shortest way back, was distinctly fatiguing, and when I finally reached Fort William at 9-45 I must have worn a tired look, as Mrs. McPherson, kindhearted as ever, immediately produced a glass of most excellent brandy, which whatever else it did, stimulated me for a colossal feed!

The remnants of the meet, two in number, thought that this walk was almost worthy of a Rucksacker, and intimated that one of the expeditions which really did intrigue members of that club, including even their President, was the bagging of all the 4,000 foot points in Scotland in twenty-four hours. This suggestion made a strong appeal to my competitive instincts, and when back in London I suggested to W—, who is the proud owner of an arrangement on three wheels which spends a good deal of its time in the hands of repairers, but occasionally transports its owner to the mountains, that at Whitsuntide, we should take our lives in our hands, mount the three-wheeler, and go and collect those 4000s. W—, however, spent that holiday pursuing other game—if that term covers them—and I abandoned hope for the time being.

On Whit-Sunday evening, after the Memorial Service, several of us were sitting round a pleasant fire at Seatoller discussing the day, and those who had been fortunate enough to attend. One of us had heard that the Rucksackers, headed by their redoubtable President himself, were about to set out for Scotland, and her 4,000's. The gathering, which was purely Fell and Rock, unanimously resolved that a rival expedition was called for. One of us was prepared to drive a car, and another to attempt the walk, so that finally, as the clock struck eleven, the decision to depart next morning at six o'clock was taken.

Our preparations were complete, and we were in bed by midnight. Shortly after six on Whit Monday we left Seatoller in a Jowett car, bound for Fort William, which we reached

about 9-30 the same night, having stopped at Stirling to buy a half inch map of the Cairngorms, a district which I had never visited. With some food inside us, and other, consisting chiefly of eggs, butter, cheese and bread, in the Jowett, we left Fort William about 10-30 p.m., and drove up Glen Nevis to a point on the road immediately below the huge grassy flank of Ben Nevis, which runs up to the Half Way House on the pony track. I chose this side of the mountain because I had been in Glen Nevis at Easter. Eustace Thomas, who did his walk three days later, took the better route by first tackling Aonach Mor from General Wade's road, and his chauffeur then drove round to Achintee at the bottom of the Ben Nevis pony track, where the walking party finished. He also chose the late afternoon instead of the small hours of the morning for this part of his task. We, however, did not know the way from Ben Nevis to the Cairngorms, and deemed daylight more essential to that than any other part of the expedition.

I left the Jowett at 2 a.m., after a meal of raw eggs, which I can heartily recommend to anybody as the most easily consumed of all foods—they are more palatable when beaten in milk. It was a misty morning, with light enough to see where one put one's feet, but little more. I walked in rubbers but slipped about a good deal in the wet grass and bracken, and thought that I would have been wiser to have put up with the added weight of my well nailed climbing boots. When I got on to the loose lichen-covered rocks on the Carn Mor Dearg side, I felt this even more strongly. It rained intermittently, and there was a heavy mist from about 2,000 to 4,000 feet. The last few hundred feet of the mountain, however, stood up above the mist in the cold grey light of dawn, like the huge black back of a whale rising out of the sea. It was very cold on top (4—4-10 a.m.) and after some raisins, prunes and an apple, I descended into the mist again in what I took to be the direction of Carn Mor Dearg. It is necessary to turn south-east here and make a sweeping movement down a south-easterly ridge—this appears on the photograph. I had failed to appreciate this, however, and soon found myself among the upper rocks of the North East Buttress. These

were very slimy, and not at all amenable to rubber; after about twenty minutes fruitless exploration, a break in the mist showed me the ridge I was after. There was a good deal of snow here, and it glissaded very well in rubbers, the place of an ice axe being taken by two suitable stones which I held in either hand.

Carn Mor Dearg (5-40—5-50), Aonach Mor (7—7-10), and Aonach Beag (7-30) were all in mist. On the north side of the ridge connecting the latter, the snow cornices were still magnificent, though it was half-way through June. The sun came out as I came down to the Steall, but progress was slow on the steep grass slopes, for every now and then the rubber slipped away from under me, and I journeyed for a few feet on quite another portion of my anatomy.

I reached a spot where there is a ginger beer canteen not far below the Glen Nevis ravine, at 8-20, having taken about six hours for the round, and here I found the Jowett in a bog! E— had zealously adventured beyond the last feasible place for turning round. Even a Jowett is quite an appreciable weight, and we failed to extricate her without help from Fort William. After this had arrived and been successful, the 4,000's in 24 hours were out of the question, so I resigned myself to sleep and another attempt on the morrow.

It was a day of sunshine, mingled with passing storms, and the glen was at its best in a garb of early summer. Alas I speak of what was reported to me, for I slumbered until nightfall, when a meal of eggs with scones, butter and cheese was of even greater interest than the scenery.

A short nap until midnight, and I again set off. This time at 1-35 a.m., and in boots instead of rubbers—I soon regretted the change, they weighed so much. This second circuit of the peaks was uneventful except for a flaming sunrise over Aonach Beag, which soon became overcast in the swirling mists. Uneducated by experience, I again failed to strike the proper route from the summit of the Ben (3-45—3-55) toward Carn Mor Dearg (5—5-10), and lost as much time as previously; on this occasion the summit itself was in mist, however. There was very little difference in the times to Aonach Mor (6-30—6-35) and Aonach Beag (6-55), or indeed to the Glen

(7-40), though I considerably altered my route down from this last summit, bearing more to the right. A heavy thunderstorm, which was a prelude to still fiercer fellows, made the grass slopes exceedingly slippery, and it was difficult to remain upright for long, even in nailed boots.

It was a relief to get back to civilisation in the shape of eggs and milk, and the Jowett. We left Glen Nevis in that intrepid vehicle at 9 a.m., and reached Kingussie at 11 a.m., and Aviemore about noon. Between these towns we encountered a thunderstorm which was as prolonged and heavy as I have ever known. The rain appeared almost solid, and pursued us all the way to Glenmore Lodge, which we reached up a cart track, which had been used for years for hauling timber, and consisted of two wide ruts about a foot deep, and full of water. It was for the most part steeply embanked, and the task of driving a car along the bits of terra firma to either side of and between the ruts might have daunted the chauffeur of a tank. This section was certainly the most exciting of the whole expedition, but E— was never at a loss, and the Jowett responded nobly, more like a sentient being than a mere collection of inanimate cylinders and springs.

Glenmore Lodge at 1-5, bannocks and lemon cheese (a fortunate purchase at Kingussie) till 1-40, and then once more en route—for the summit of Cairngorm. The clouds had now passed away, and the sun was shining so hotly that the soaking forest resembled a large scale Turkish bath. Going was so miserable that one would have been almost relieved to have been shot by the guns of the sportsmen, of whose malevolence we were warned by notices at every hand.

The sunshine did not see us beyond the top of Cairngorm (3-40—3-45), but the wonderful crags of Cairn Lochan did not lose impressiveness in the glowering of the new gathering storm. We followed the line of the ridge all the way round to Ben McDhui, ticking off the 3,500 points solemnly, and enjoying the fine views of Braeriach, and the peaks of the far north-west. As we reached the Lochan Buidhe the storm fell on us again, this time a driving blizzard of hail and snow. It was so cold that one's teeth chattered on the food one tried to eat, and visibility was so poor that it was not easy to

find the two cairns which mark the summit (5-45—5-50). Here indeed I made a mistake, which according to the rigour of the game, invalidates the whole expedition as a first ascent of the Scottish four thousands in one day. I failed to visit the third cairn on the Ben, which is some distance off to the east. It was not marked on my half-inch map, and was completely invisible in the blizzard. All unheeding my tragic lot, I plunged blithely down the steep westerly screes of the Ben, while E— returned to Glen More Lodge. That scree slope is the worst I have ever tackled—in rubbers and a blizzard, at any rate—and it was 6-50 before I reached the Dee, rather sore about the ankles. Forcing this lusty stripling of a river was an exciting task, for its waters were swollen in flood. Fortunately there is a place where they part company to form an island, though even here it was up to my hips, and fierce withal. In rubber shoes the climb from the Dee to Cairn Toul (8-5) is a joy—scree formed of big stable blocks, up which one may proceed with a chamois like movement. The walk round the horse shoe to Braeriach (final cairn 9-55—twenty and a half hours from the start) was very wonderful. It was fine again, clear and grey, the sky sullen with patches of black cloud here and there, tinged with an angry red from the setting sun. Suddenly the mists descended, and it became quite difficult to keep the path to Sron na Lairig. On that final summit I took my last glance at the map, and henceforward it was not for a long time possible to see further than twenty feet or so. The way down to the Lairig Ghru is very steep and rocky, but several sheets of snow, which with care were glissadable, helped to shorten the journey. From the pass (11 p.m.) I had the greatest difficulty in finding the path, which according to the map, lies on the right bank of the stream. Alas there lies a steep slope of very unstable scree, which proved quite unamenable to discipline in the dark, and stubbornly refused to display any signs of a route. In despair I tumbled back across the stream, hoping at any rate, for flatter going, and to my delight found a small cairn, and a track. After a while it did take to the right bank, and became a deep groove in the boggy hillside. This having filled with water, formed a minor

stream on its own, down which I splashed interminably, its slimy bottom being peculiarly inapposite to rubbers. Eventually I struck off to the right through Glenmore Forest, but missing the footpath to Loch Morlich, I embarked upon a delightful midnight ramble through the forest glades, and did not strike the Luineag River until about 1-30. It was some time before I could find a way over, and I had not the least idea where I was until I struck our cart-track of the previous day. Then I was sure, for surely it has no equal for vileness in the world. I reached the Jowett at 2 a.m., and a thermos of hot tea seemed more than an adequate reward for the labours of the past twenty-four hours.

At daybreak we departed along the quite illigant road which runs alongside An Slugan. The return journey was marked only by extreme sleepiness on the part of all parties except the Jowett, which trundled serenely into Seatoller about 10 p.m. on Wednesday night, after being away about sixty four hours.

The following table of times is perhaps of interest :—

EUSTACE THOMAS.		R. S. T. CHORLEY.	
Wade's Road	3-2 p.m.	Glen Nevis	1-35 a.m.
Aonach Mor	4-39½ ,,	Pony Track	2-40 ,,
Aonach Beag	5-0¾ ,,	Ben Nevis	3-45 ,,
			3-55
Ben Nevis	6-44¼ ,,	Carn Mor Dearg....	5-00 ,,
			5-10
Achintee	8-10 ,,	Aonach Mor	6-30 ,,
			6-35
		Aonach Beag	6-55 ,,
Left Fort William	11-25 p.m.	Glen Nevis (road)	7-50 ,,
		Left Fort William	9-00 ,,
Glen More Lodge	3-55 a.m.		1-40 p.m.
Cairngorm	5-36¼ ,,		3-40 ,,
			3-45 ,,
Ben McDhui, Cairn 1	7-8 ,,		
,, ,, 2	7-37½ ,,		5-45 ,,
			5-55
,, ,, 3	7-59 ,,	River Dee	6-50 ,,
			7-00

EUSTACE THOMAS.		R. S. T. CHORLEY.	
Cairn Toul	11-12½ a.m.		8-5 p.m.
Angel's Peak	12-12 p.m.		
Cairn 1....	12-46 ,,		9-10 ,,
,, 2....	1-10 ,,		
,, 3....	1-25 ,,	Not recorded.	
		First Cairn	9-45 ,,
Braeriach	1-40 ,,	Final Cairn....	9-55 ,,
(Also drove his Car).			

Rise before the dawn,
Then make a breakfast of the morning dew
Served up by nature on some grassy hill,
You'll find it nectar.

Massinger.

GRASS TRACKS.

By W. T. Palmer.

Admittedly I am an enthusiast for grass tracks. Many of them mark historic routes, or drove-roads which have been forgotten. They start anywhere, go anywhere, and end—nowhere, except at the gate to an open fell. In every tramp the wanderers find the convenience of the grass track. The hasty cragsman may think no pleasure in the grassy path up Mosedale or over the shoulder of Torver moor. Mountain grass is, however, springy to the foot; it is aromatic with tiny herbs, and before the eye it spreads a beautiful and lustrous mantle. It is restful, friendly, and never evinces that green which is too green—that green which, as Colin Phillip says, "shouts at you."

One has tramped many moors crimsoned with flowering heather; one has looked at rocks black as Skye, or quartz-frosted like Ben Eay; one has seen the Brecon Beacons banded and splashed with ochres and ruddles, but the green Lake Country tracks appeal most of all. It's grass, grass, grass, that makes their glory; seven months of the year it's all grass from Wasdale Head to Brown Tongue; it's all grass that flows up the passes and over the ridges. It's grass, too, that binds the steep tongue of precarious rock above the hardest pitches; it's grass that makes the ledge in the face of the cliff. And what is there finer in the world of climbers than a commodious gully floored with grass, with a little spring for the lunch fluid, or the traverse which carries one on grass round the corner of the great rock bastion. Perhaps in rock-climbing crises one would prefer a ledge held up by heather or bilberry roots, and even fringed with parsley fern or bracken. But a good tuft of mountain grass is often a safe-enough hold.

Learned botanists tell me that the sward on the Mosedale track is quite different from that on the ridge of Pillar Fell.

Any walker on the heights knows that there are many textures underfoot. The coarse bent of the bog, with its brown swords and star roots, grows where half the year there is extreme cold. At midsummer dawn one has seen icicles on the bearded grass of Eskhause. There is also the fluffy white cotton-grass, first of all to revive in spring and to give a green touch to the wet spots along the track. But it's not the grass population of the track alone that one loves, it's the track itself. Especially those old broad tracks by which sheep were driven long ago to the fells. There is such a track maybe leading from the Gosforth road away to the hills about Steeple—at first enclosed, then nicked out of the shoulder of the fell. There is another track on Red Screes; another north of Helvellyn, from Matterdale to Threlkeld. There are a dozen in the Langdale, Grasmere, and Borrowdales. I hope the Committee won't call for my resignation when I "speak well" even of a grass track across Skiddaw Forest, and another from Carrock Fell toward Mungrisdale. And I will help Dickie Hall to defend the grass paths from Cockermouth to the ridges which surround Hobcarton Pike against any rock politicians.

There is a glory about upland turf and upland tracks which must be experienced. Those old walls, ruins for the past century, were built to divide parish and township sheep rights. In the edge of the mist they have a friendly look; their road undulates outward and downward in a waving green ribbon. It's wonderful dropping down to such a track after hours of misery in the mist, the rain and even swirling snow. I dislike pretending to be a veteran. In Fell and Rock circles such a pose is out of place; it isn't done. Historic characters like a Slingsby, Minor and Scott, Haskett-Smith and Seatree, and Colin Phillip, are more prone to youthfulness than many of our newest recruits. But the memories are as long as the tracks down which one stumbles at midnight to Boot in Eskdale, or perchance to the Duddon when one seeks the hospitable vale of Coniston. There I write figuratively: I may arrive at dusk, but never to the wrong headquarters.

In the morning the grass track, rising steep and without relief, should never be dubbed a grind. I, at any rate, have

sense enough to remember that it is ever the grass track which leads on to the high fells. Chin up, and arms swinging, we may pant for the heights, but the grass track is still vehicle for hurrying feet. It is patient; it waits for us till eventide. Coming home in the dusk, how we relish the trodden smoothness, the merely occasional boulders and water-splashes, the definite boundary which enables the mind to rest, and map and compass to be stowed away in the pocket.

And then, at dusk too, one remembers the genial company of the grass track, the shadows which beckon and pass. And words fail to come.

Light o'er them, life with them, peace round them,
They have waited in masterless strength
For the moment of mortal awaking,
When, bright on new vision up-breaking,
Far beacons of freedom, at length
Art saw them, hope sought them, youth found them.

From Mountain Playmates.—G. Winthrop Young.

IN MEMORIAM.

JACK HERBERT, 1923-1924.

Jack Herbert, the youngest and one of the newest members of the Club, met his death on the evening of May 2nd, 1924, whilst C. E. G. Brown and he were exploring the face of Overbeck Crag.

The two had been climbing together for some days, and having done several " exceptionally severes " on Scawfell and Pillar, had complete confidence in each other. They had done the Overbeck Chimney climbs, and it was while exploring a possible new buttress route between " E " and " C " Chimneys that the accident occurred, Herbert being at the top of the crag, where there were plenty of good belays, while Brown was descending in his stocking feet.

The latter had descended about 40 feet, and while negotiating a difficult bit, shouted a warning that he might have to use the rope at any moment. Shortly afterwards a loose hold gave way, and he fell to the foot of the crag, a distance of 80 feet, the severity of the fall being fortunately checked by a grass ledge about half way down.

He naturally thought that the rope had broken, but found Herbert lying dead some distance below, having evidently been pulled from the top and killed instantaneously. Brown's own injuries consisted of several bruises and a cut over the right eye.

The cause of the accident can only be surmised, one theory being that Herbert, hearing the shout, had gone to the edge to see what his companion was doing, either neglecting to make certain that the rope was securely behind the belay, or possibly removing it altogether, under the impression that Brown had reached a safe anchorage.

Under such circumstances it is easy to understand how such a momentary neglect of elementary precautions may have come about, and although it is easy to be wise after the event, such

a sad and needless tragedy brings us up very sharply against the need for ceaseless vigilance.

My own friendship with Jack Herbert began last August, and was cemented during the ensuing weeks, when we climbed together regularly. Previous to that he had a brilliant climbing record, and I was astonished when he told me of some of the climbs he had done, including Hopkinson's Crack and Murray's Route, direct finish, on Doe Crags. He had led Rake End Chimney four times.

Although only a schoolboy, he had the physique and mature judgment of a man, and when climbing with him, I always felt complete confidence either as leader or second.

A nasty fall on Humphrey Head about two years ago, when he sustained concussion and a broken wrist, had taught him the need of caution, and he never attempted anything beyond his powers, always, as it were, keeping something in reserve.

Had he been spared, a great future lay before him as a climber. He possessed all the essentials of a mountaineer, and was a true nature lover in every sense.

One of his favourite haunts was Humphrey Head; he had also discovered the Pot Hole on Whitbarrow Scar, in fact, very few places of interest in the district, and its folk-lore, were unknown to him.

Even the chance of a climb never made him neglect his duties to the Windermere Exploration Society or his School Exploration Club, of both of which he was founder and ruling spirit. I have known him, after a hard day's climbing, confess to being a bit "off-colour," and discovered that he had been out on Helvellyn the previous night with a party of school friends to see the sun rise, joining me in Langdale later in the day after only two or three hours in bed. He was always in splendid physical condition, and had a tremendous turn of speed on either road or fell. So much so, that I usually found it wiser to arrange to meet him at the foot of a climb rather than to attempt to keep up with his pace.

At the time I was associated with him, he was compiling a sort of "Guide to Miniature Climbs," comprising the smaller climbs such as Oak Howe Needle and Scout Scar

Chimney,all tabulated in ratio of difficulty, for the benefit of junior climbers. He was very keen on adding to the list.

I spent very many happy days with him, our mutual interests and love for the fells bridging the gap in our years, and now nothing but the memory remains.

He thoroughly enjoyed his life, lived every moment of it to the full, and of him the old, oft quoted adage seems very applicable: "Those whom the Gods love die young."

H.B.L.

REV. J. NELSON BURROWS, Honorary Member, 1907-1923.

GEORGE LEIGH MALLORY.

Many of us lost our friends, some our best friends, in the War, but those who knew George Mallory as well as I did will feel that last June they lost a quite exceptional friend. For Mallory was quite an exceptional man. He was worth a dozen of most of us; he combined an extreme personal charm with a kind of resoluteness, without letting either master the other; he combined an intensely serious view of life with a light-hearted humour that did not conceal it, but entirely prevented it from becoming obtrusive.

Though he was not a member of our Club, he was known to so many of us, and was so entirely with us in spirit, that we cannot help, in common with the great brotherhood of all mountaineers, expressing our sorrow and admiration at his death; sorrow that so young and excellent a life was cut off; sorrow and deepest sympathy for his family, and especially his wife and little children; but sorrow tempered with admiration—one might even say envy— of his death. He died as he had lived, climbing among his beloved mountains, and striving at the almost impossible for the sake of Britain and of sportsmanship.

I verily believe his death, as that of his well-loved and splendid companion, is a clarion call to our materialistic age, which so terribly needs the true unselfish spirit typified by George Mallory alike in his life and in its ending.

Mallory was an intense lover of the beautiful; not only in mountain and landscape, but in the tiniest flower and in the spirit of fine men and women. He had remarkable literary ability, and an unusual perspicuity in literary taste. I remember discussing with him a certain rather charming modern poem. "It SOUNDS all right," he said, "but it can't BE all right, as it was written by such a horrid man." To him poetry expressed not only itself, but the man behind it, as indeed all true art should express its author. He had wonderful schemes for doing something to draw classes together and thwart the appalling scourge of class-consciousness that is being thrust upon the present generation; and I believe that, had he lived, he would have spent some years of his life to that end. But it was decreed otherwise by God, who knows best, and in his death let us hope he did more for the world than even he could have done had he lived.

Readers of this journal who did not know him well perhaps appreciate him most as a mountaineer. As a climber he combined, in right proportions, daring with care, linking them by a very exceptional skill both on rock and snow. He was remarkably fearless, and at the same time cautious and of sound judgment. But perhaps his outstanding quality on the mountains (would that more of us possessed it) was his extreme patience. I remember climbing a Himalayan peak called Sangkar Ri in his company; it was only 20,400 feet high, but we were neither of us well acclimatised at the time; moreover I had had a severe attack of dysentry, and frequent halts and slow progress were necessary for me. Mallory could, I think, have got to the top without me, but instead he chose the safety of a party of two; in his place I should continually have said to my companion, "Come along now, don't be so slow," and so on, but Mallory was absolutely patient, and while one could see his eagerness to get on one could see far more clearly his infinite consideration for his slower companion. That climb (we fell short of the top

by 400 feet or so) shewed me perhaps more than anything else, the sterling qualities of his character.

And although I have lost a dear friend and a wise counsellor, I must confess to a feeling of Pride—pride in the race which produced him and in the privilege of being intimate with him—as I went sadly down the Rongbuk valley last June, leaving to him the most glorious grave in the world, with the noblest of mountains as his cenotaph, and inscribed upon it the example of the finest of British sportsmen. T.H.S.

In him the sinews of man's strength
Are wrought to vibrant strings;
Echoes of movement to prolong
The secret breath of spirit song
His hill-born fancy sings;
Health and high heart, accordant powers
To scale life's ease-enchanted towers
And wake fair truth at length.

G. Winthrop Young.

THE USE OF THE ROPE.

After his own ability, it is upon the rope that the climber must chiefly rely for his safety. The neglect of its proper use appears to have been the cause of a recent lamentable fatality, and the Committee are of opinion that the time has come when they should utter a word of warning and advice regarding this matter.

Properly employed, the rope provides by far the greatest safeguard against the dangers which are inherent to our sport, while its misuse may actually enhance the risks.

The climber, young in years or experience, ought to make it a strict matter of principle to acquire a thorough knowledge of rope technique, and to apply it on every occasion; while the seniors should lose no opportunity of showing by example and precept that they are ever conscious of their responsibility to their weaker brethren.

It is not by any means always remembered that the man who for the time being is in charge of the rope, is answerable for the security of the whole party, the others having the right, and of necessity must trust him implicity. He must, therefore, exercise constant, unremitting vigilance—a moment's carelessness or distraction is unpardonable, and may cost a life, or lives.

Some points which seem to call for particular attention are—

1. The leader's neglect of hitches and threads, and his tendency to make his " run out " unnecessarily long.
2. Failure on the part of No. 2 to prepare for a possible slip of the leader.
3. Too many members of a party moving at once.
4. Neglect to make full use of belays.
5. Carelessness about the " slack."

It is suggested that many climbers have no true conception of the emergency which they may be called upon to meet until it actually arises. Hence the first experience of it not

only comes suddenly and without warning, but also finds them quite unprepared for the magnitude of the jerk.

In order to gain knowledge on this, all who have not already done so are strongly recommended to try the simple experiments described below.

1. Having made the rope fast above (say to the bough of a tree) hang from it by the hands, thus realizing what the weight of a man feels like when taken direct. See how long you can do it.

2. Leaning from an upper window and holding the rope only in the hands, get a companion below to tie on short and put his weight on the rope. Then try to pull him up hand over hand.

3. If not convinced of the difficulty of holding a man "direct," get him to apply a jerk by jumping off a ledge a few feet above the ground.

4. Having passed the rope over a suitable belay, again take a man's weight applied first gently, and then with a jerk. The enormous difference made by using the belay will at once be evident—it needs to be experienced to be believed.

References to articles on the use of the rope:—

F. & R. C. C. Journal No. 2 .... C. H. Oliverson.
,, No. 11 .... G. S. Bower.

Considering the large number who participate in the sport in the Lake District, it is remarkably free from accident. It is up to every member of the Club to guard and enhance this reputation, and this will best be done when all strive to eliminate entirely the avoidable mishap.

THE YEAR WITH THE CLUB.

By H. P. Cain.

The Annual Dinner at Coniston in October, 1923, witnessed the completion of the first part of our War Memorial Scheme. Even the elastic dining-room-cum-lounge of the "Sun" was filled to its utmost capacity when the Deed transferring our thirteen summits was Signed, Sealed and Delivered to Mr. Acland, who received it on behalf of the National Trust. His speech and that of Wakefield, our President, who handed the Deed over, were worthy of the great occasion. More cannot be said.

The second and final part of the Scheme was completed at Whitsuntide, 1924, when the Memorial Tablet was unveiled on the summit of Gable. This ceremony, as is proper, is dealt with in a separate article in this number of the Journal.

Possibly we are still too near these events to see them in perspective, but bouquets give more pleasure to the living than wreaths to the departed, and the sound commercial maxim "Take credit when you can," has much to be said in its favour. We can, at all events, place on record the plain fact that our achievement has met with world-wide appreciation. Our own members have been enthusiastic—save when the Memorial itself had to be carried to Gable top!—the relatives of the men in whose honour the Memorial was conceived have expressed in touching phrase their gratitude and thankfulness—resolutions from sister clubs and from open air associations generally, have been received from far and wide, and lastly, the Press has loudly and unanimously acclaimed our work.

We have been condoled with in print on the publicity our efforts have been given, and we have been warned not to be too puffed up. To the one our answer is that "a secret virtue is often more intolerable than a public vice." Uriah Heep was "'umble"!! Publicity is not only right, but essential

when public interests are involved and, to be logical, the doings of the three recent Everest Expeditions should be known only to the chosen few. The recent acquisition by Messrs. Gordon Wordsworth and A. C. Benson of the further portion of the Scawfell Massif, and its presentation by them to the National Trust was, we believe, directly due to the enthusiasm engendered in Mr. Wordsworth's breast on hearing of our Scheme.

Of the second charge we can call to our support the words of Horace :—

> "Sume superbiam,
> Quaesitam meritis"

and rightly be proud of what we have already achieved, using it as a foundation to build on in years to come.

In other spheres of activity connected with our sport the Club has played its part. First and foremost was the selection of Howard Somervell and Bentley Beetham for the 1924 Everest Expedition. It is common knowledge how Somervell, handicapped by a throat that would have sent most people to bed at sea level, topped 28,000 feet without oxygen ; while Beetham dogged by misfortune, dysentry and sciatica, fought his way up to high altitudes only to be threatened with dire penalties and ordered to retreat. As one member of the Expedition has since remarked, "Heaven help the next mountain Beetham gets up against."

Linked so closely, therefore, with the fortunes of this Expedition, we felt the loss of Mallory and Irvine as a personal blow to each one of us, and to us all they "being dead, yet speaketh."

We honoured ourselves at the Annual Dinner in 1924 by electing General Bruce, Colonel Norton, Mr. Odell, and Beetham honorary members of the Club, and having had Colonel Norton as our guest on that occasion, can understand how and why he reached over 28,000 feet.

To catalogue the doings at the various Meets throughout the year would be merely to play variants with that much over-rated theme "the weather." Certainly the arrangements at Coniston in October were altogether admirable. Of the rest it need only be said that the fact that the most

RECOLLECTIONS OF WHITSUNTIDE MEETS

popular song of the year which was one which asseverated with great emphasis that no rain would ever fall, showed finally and conclusively that the English are the most credulous race under the sun, if " sun " be the right word.

Perhaps on account of the weather, there are few, if any, noteworthy new ascents to chronicle, though many of lesser importance. Other reasons may account therefor. Some of our " exceptionally advanced experts " have left us for " peaks and pastures new," and others have been too busy cleaning up the Alps, Norway and Skye to concentrate on the few remaining feet of virgin rock around Wasdale Head.

It was in search of new climbs that our Club lost Herbert, a young and recent member of great skill and of greater promise. If that loss can but drive home the lesson that over-confidence may be more fatal than lack of skill, it may prevent others from treating our sport too lightly.

The publication of Kelly's Guide to Pillar, worthily carried on the Club's effort to publish a series of Guides, bringing up to date, and in an accessible form, a complete record of the climbs in each of our centres. The average member probably does not realise the unselfishness and devotion which these Guides entail—not only on the author himself, but also on his party generally. In Kelly's case it has meant the greater part of two climbing years being devoted to the one place, to say nothing of the long hours spent in the classification of notes. Few men could do this ; fewer still, would.

Among our members we have had the usual gains and losses ; some, like Lyon, Allsup, and Gross, have left us, temporarily, we hope, for India and New Zealand ; others, like Masson, after years of ploughing " the howling waste of mighty waters," have come to anchor within reasonable reach of the fells.

Some, too, have found within the Club those mutual tastes and sympathies which induce people to take the first step towards matrimony ; others have entered the second and final stage, via " The Church Door."

Graham Wilson has fallen off a motor bicycle for the last time, and now finds safety on four wheels ; Basterfield does the reverse. Eustace Thomas had done the 4,000 footers

(or was it the 500 odd three thousand footers ?) in Scotland in 24 hours. Miss Barker is the first woman member to do the Girdle Traverse on Scawfell, and in record time. Hadfield goes to Skye and pokes about in pre-historic graveyards. The maliciously inclined would suggest that he could not give up "Shop." Porter re-visits Spain, and is almost persuaded to become a bull-fighter.

And yet they and the rest of us count the days when we can visit once more our loved and lovely land—

"The tall rock
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their form were then to me
An appetite, a feeling and a love."

None the less, I must go. Sublime hours of the evening in the solitude of the high pastures, blown on by the sharp breath of the glacier, mornings radiant in the limpid air of the heights, under luminous peaks, free and wild life of the mountains, tomorrow you will be but memories.

Emil Javelle.

A FORTNIGHT'S HOLIDAY ON MOUNT KENYA.

By Mrs. J. G. Hamilton Ross.

Twenty-four hours after reaching Nyeri I was asked by the District Commissioner if I would join his party in order to chaperon a young friend of his who was anxious to go up Mount Kenya. Needless to say I jumped at the prospect, but with no intentions of attempting to achieve the summit, as the other members of the party had never done any mountaineering before, or even been on a glacier, but the idea of camping on its slopes and ridges was very alluring.

Early on the 24th January we left Nyeri by car for Karatina, a camp in the Native Reserve 19 miles away, where our porters, tents and equipment were awaiting us. The D.C. having arranged everything satisfactorily, we rode off on mules and ponies to Murigo's camp an hour further on. It was a lovely spot amongst large trees, with grassy lawns spreading down to a sparkling rivulet. We decided to stay here for the night and push on early next morning.

January 25th. We rose betimes and the safari left at 7 a.m. As we were still only on the foothills of the mountain we were thus able to continue riding our steeds across rivers and undulating country for some miles until we reached the indigenous forest.

On this, the southern side, the forest extends higher than on the western, and it was truly beautiful, with towering Camphor and Podocarpus milanjianus trees, festooned with creepers and the bearded moss (usnea). Three years ago on the western side we had seen more cedar and juniper procea trees, whilst on the south side the elegant camphor prevails. We camped in this forest for one night, at "Chiururu," and very lovely it was with its profuse undergrowth of ferns, begonias, mosses, etc. We came across

many elephant pits, dug out by the Wanderobo to entrap this huge animal, and saw the bones of a victim in one pit. This camp spot was named after the stream flowing on its western side some 1,000 feet below, whilst on the eastern side of us flowed the Muhulu river. Although elephant tracks were numerous, we saw only the wily Colubus monkey bounding from tree to tree.

January 26th. We continued through the forest, sending back our ponies and mules to Murigo's camp to await our return. We crossed several stagnum swamps or morasses and then passed over the Ragati River three times, then into the Bamboo forest where we rested half an hour for lunch under a huge podocarpus tree. At length we reached a spot where, we were told, Dr. Arthur had camped in 1920. Here we found our posho had arrived and an Nderobo guide was awaiting us, so we camped under glorious trees, and had a perfect view of the Twin Peaks.

Githegi, the leading elder of the Native Council of Mathira insisted on accompanying us to see how the " memsahibs " would get on. Here we made our Base Camp, leaving behind our large tents and all our luxuries, such as baths, chairs and tables, and a box of groceries for our return, taking with us only one small tent for our own use and one for the porters, and cutting down our loads to the minimum. Our two personal boys were left in charge.

Next day we continued for half an hour through the bamboos which are not as fine here as on the western side, emerging at length on to the open alp covered with giant heath, giant groundsel, and the ever wearying tussocks of grass. Growing here were the white and pink cluster everlasting, and the scarlet gladiolus. We went on and up over the gradual slopes, and as Miss L. was not feeling too fit, we decided to camp early on slopes above the Sagana River, so we named this the " Sagana Camp." That night we had our first frosts.

Next morning we left at 8 a.m., Miss L. still feeling far from well, and only proceeded very slowly, crossing the Sagana River and along gentle slopes. Here we saw some fine heads of Giant Groundsel (Senecio Kenyensis) and Giant Lobelia

(Lobelia Gregoriana). On reaching the Nyamindi River, with its small but very pretty waterfalls, we stopped for a rest and Bovril. We then pushed on and up apparently endless slopes, camping finally on a ridge between the Nyamindi and Rupengazi valleys. Here we found quantities of dead giant heath and giant lobelias, so we revelled in big camp fires that night. Miss L. retired to her bed with severe headache and mountain sickness, so we gave her aspirin and brandy, and then consulted as to our next move. It was obviously out of the question taking Miss L. further, as she was physically unfit for the higher altitudes and the strenuous work that lay before us, so with her consent we agreed to send her to the Base Camp under escort, and with several porters who had to go down to bring up more posho. We had a very sharp frost that night, and guessed our altitude to be 13,000 feet, our aneroid having gone wrong.

Next morning at 7-30 we saw Miss L. off to the Base Camp, and we started off hurriedly to make up for lost time. We climbed round a huge krantz and along rising slopes to the left of the Rupengazi River. From here we had imposing views of the Peak, which seemed but a stone's throw away, and a halt was called in order to take photos and to decide on our route. The Wanderobo wanted to take us along Dr. Arthur's track of 1920, and we gathered from his map that he had had to retrace his steps, so we decided to drop down a 1,000 feet to the valley, and cross over on to the right hand ridge. We stopped at the river for a hard-earned rest and some Oxo. We all went on and up and over the ridge on the right until we looked down into the Ina valley, with its lovely tarn.

Clouds were now blotting out our view, and we were lucky enough to find a clear space and pitched out tents at about 14,000 feet. We had now only the giant groundsel, and saw some fine heads in flower. A driving mist made life very chilly, and later on we saw to our horror, a column of smoke coming from the direction of our recent camp. The porters had carelessly left one of their fires smouldering, and a strong wind fanned it into a huge blaze which eventually crossed the lower slopes of the Rupengazi valley to our ridge.

Next day we left this ridge at the head of the Rupengazi valley, and traversed along and over many ridges looking down on a beautiful tarn in the Thuchi valley. As we got higher and higher we were able to look down into the Hobley Valley with its four lovely tarns. We got our first near view of the twin peaks, and the Lewis Glacier cornice, which led up to Lenana Peak. A terrific storm, with thunder and lightning and snow, came on, so there was nothing to do but to shelter under some overhanging rocks. Snow and hail fell fast, and I realized that our porters would get chilled, so suggested that we should put up tents and get a fire going, which was not an easy matter as all the wood was very damp. It took some persuasion to get the porters to put up the tents. We were now at the top of the ridge, with steep slopes dropping away on either side of us, leaving only just enough room to fix up two small tents guyed to the boulders around us.

The storm continued with great violence for two or three hours, so after getting a fire going and having some food, we curled up in our sleeping bags and slept soundly. The porters had been given some hot coffee and a goat, and were soon warmed up, and became more cheery; cigarettes and snuff also pleased them.

We knew we had not much further to go to a camp just below the Lewis Glacier, but our porters had done a stiff and trying day's safari, so we spent the night at approximately 16,000 feet.

Githegi and the Wanderobo were not quite certain of the way, so went on ahead to investigate. About 4-30 p.m. the storm cleared; everything was covered with snow, and we were able to take some photos. Later a sharp frost set in and it was cold, as our beds were really on stony ground.

Looking out of our tent at eight next morning, everything was frozen and glistening in the sunlight. We continued traversing up and round Hill 4 (so called on the map) at the head of the Hobley valley for one and a half hours, and reached the Lewis Glacier at 9-30 a.m. Here we all eagerly took photos before the clouds hid our view, as they were rolling up fast. We had some nice rock climbing here and there, the porters keeping lower down on the ridge. One

bundle of bedding descended some distance down towards the Hobley valley, and had to be pursued by an irate porter. Luckily we got our tent fixed up by 11 a.m., after clearing away several inches of snow and pebbles, and got nicely settled when the gathering clouds warned us of approaching storms, and by 1 p.m. we again had thunder and snow for several hours. At 4-30 I was awakened by murmurs of "tea," and looking out saw everything gloriously white, while presently the clouds lifted and revealed the grandeur of the Twin Peaks, Batean (17,040 feet) and Nelion (17,000 feet).

Our porters went down to the Teleki valley and camped there. They were very useful in bringing us up loads of fuel each day, so we were thus able to have good fires close to our tent in the evenings.

February 1st dawned cold and frosty, but we turned out early in view of our project to cross the Lewis Glacier to Lenana Peak (16,300 feet). We climbed up the snowy ridge overlooking the Curling Pond, cutting steps on the glacier for some distance. Many rests were needed here, so progress was slow, till we joyfully came to fairly level going, and then looked up to see the steep angle of the glacier, which here exceeded 45 degress. However, the men cut steps valiantly in turn, until we came up against a huge overhanging cornice of ice. Our leader, the D.C., with great effort managed to climb over, and had to rest before I joined him. We were all roped together. It was then but a short walk to the summit.

Snow had been blowing over this cornice all the morning in true Swiss style; one could more readily associate the scene with Switzeiland than with the Equator.

We rested and left our records in a Kodak tin under the beacon,and partook of Oxo,chocolate and malted milk tabloids. We were fortunate in getting an extensive view away to the north, Meru, Archer's Post, and the Northern Frontier District beyond. Soon after leaving the top, clouds came rolling up, and we only crossed the glacier and slopes to our camp in time, before it snowed again. Snow penitentes

were observed on the east side of the Lewis Glacier towards Lenana Peak.

The next morning we started off early for the Curling Pond. Mr. A. had boots with skates fixed on. I did a turn across part of the pond; half was covered with the snow of the previous day. We left Mr. A. revelling in figures of eight, etc., but after a few minutes he got breathless and very stiff from his unusual exercise. The D.C. and I went off with rope and ice-axes to climb Point Thomson. The glacier was easier going after the snow of the previous day, and we very soon reached the foot of the Point.

We left rope and axes here, as we had only screes and boulders to negotiate. Very little snow rests on this sloping peak as the early sun finds it, whilst the north side is sheer if not actually overhanging in parts. We rested at the summit, approximately 16,140 feet, and enjoyed the gorgeous view down the Mackinder, Gorges and Hinde valleys, as well as of the Gregory and Krapf glaciers. I could pick out the ridge we climbed three years ago, overlooking the Mackinder Valley.

At the top we found an empty rusty sardine tin, but no records in it. We left our record in a cigarette tin, and built a beacon over it. Before we left this elevated spot clouds came swirling up and around us—we could only just see our tracks, so hastened down to our camp about 100 feet below the Curling Pond (approximately 15,800 feet).

We looked down from Point Thomson on to the Gregory Glacier, which joins the Lewis Glacier, on the ridge running from Lenana to the foot of Point Thomson, and thence to the main peak, Nelion. We passed a very cold night, and on looking out of the tent early next morning, we saw a snow blizzard blowing across Lenana; we breakfasted at eight, and our porters arrived to take the tent, etc., down. They were all smiles at the prospect of having no more journeys to make up and down the long lateral moraine, with loads of firewood. We left our records under a cairn just above our camp, and hurrying down soon came to the porters' camp at the head of the Teleki valley. From here we were able to enjoy a superb view of the principal glaciers, Lewis, Darwin,

Tyndall, and the Heim and Forel Corrie glaciers looking ready to drop off the side of Batian on to the Tyndall below.

We now went down and along the Teleki valley, crossing the Narro Moru River frozen at the sides, and over a long gradual ridge to our left, and camped eventually on the ridge leading to Castle Hill and overlooking Lake Hohnel. We were only just in time; it hailed and snowed most of the afternoon, and was bitterly cold. Next morning it was frosty, and soon after leaving this camp we crossed the Nairobi River, which was frozen over, followed on and over the next ridge, and down until we crossed the Sagana valley. Here we stopped for some light refreshment, but black clouds overhead warned us not to delay, so we hurried down the valley, across swamps and tussocks of grass till we reached the Giant Heather belt. Everywhere on the grass lay snow and hail; our tracks were running streams, indicating that the weather had been stormy since we had passed up that way.

I should say our return route from the head of the Teleki was the most direct route on the south side, the slopes were very gradual, and it was a far easier way for porters than the way we took going up, as we traversed round Hills 2, 3, 4 and 5, on the ridge leading to the head of the Lewis Glacier.

We continued down through part of the bamboos to our Base Camp, which we reached at noon having been four hours on the way. We all thoroughly appreciated the luxuries of a bath, and a comfortable bed. Miss L. seemed very relieved to see us, as she had expected us the day before, and was getting anxious.

Owing to the heavy rains, Miss L. and I were carried next day across the first big stagnam morass, otherwise we should have sunk in it up to our knees. The Bamboo forest we found wet and slippery, but the luxuriant undergrowth of ferns, begonias, etc., looked most beautiful in the veiled sunlight. Karangi camp was just perfect—our tents had been pitched under huge podocarpus trees, graceful with festoons of lichens and tree orchids, and we decided to spend the next day here and revel in the brauties of the forest. It was a typical sylvan forest glade, and we had our camp fire

under an enormous tree, and only the bark of a monkey and an occasional bird to disturb us. Tree hyrax, however, made the night hideous with their weird noises, but we were all too tired and sleepy to be kept awake for long.

Next day we had a lazy, peaceful time until 2 p.m., when the usual thunderstorm and rain came on. We indulged in a game of bridge beside a lovely fire, and were all loth to leave it.

Leaving Karangi camp at 7-30, our porters were most cheery, singing all the way down. I saw several Colobus monkeys which were pointed out by Githegi. The latter is a fine old fellow, President of the Native Council or Kiama. During the way up he had frequently pointed out faint tracks by which he said he had led the Wakikuyu over the foothills to fight the Meru, who live on the northern side of Kenya. He always carried my camera, and would go over the rocks and screes like a nimble goat, and had often to be recalled when I wished to take a photo. He was fascinated by our field glasses, and always asked to look through them. One evening I gave him a packet of snuff. Next morning he came to me and said he was very sick, the " coffee " that I had given him had upset him. The dear old man had made and consumed, with the Wanderobo, a hideous decoction of snuff.

We found our ponies and mules waiting for us at the edge of the forest, and were glad to mount them again. Karatina was reached at noon, to receive quite an ovation from the Chiefs and hundreds of natives there assembled to greet us with handshakes and loud cries of " Jambo." They were all so pleased to see their fellow-men return in safety, as rumours had been about that some had died, whilst others had gone mad and bitten each other in the Bamboo forest. Before we started Githegi had warned us that on no account were we to make a noise, as the " Ngai " or god on the mountain would surely send snow down on us, and then we should die.

CLIMBS OLD AND NEW.

COMPILED FROM THE CLUB BOOKS AND ELSEWHERE,

BY GRAHAM WILSON.

The various mutterings with regard to the weather which reached me during the alleged summer, whilst held by the leg in the swamps and morasses of Warrington, led me to believe that the output of new climbs would be much reduced. The following notes show, however, that much has been accomplished, new climbs having been reported from all centres.

It is a matter for surprise that the various routes on the Pulpit Rock have had to await discovery until the present year. The proximity of larger game evidently accounts for this neglect.

WASDALE : Pillar Rock, Routes A and B. The following is an excerpt from a communication by a member of the Club :— " Routes 1 and 2, West Face, Pillar Rock. " It seems a pity that these two climbs should be designated with such prosaic names as those given in the Guide to Pillar Rock. It is well known to an esoteric circle that one of the participants in the first ascents, in a moment of illumination, such as only he is capable of, and with his customary directness and conciseness of speech, suggested they should be named Sodom and Gomorrah. Probably only those who have made their ascent will realise the aptness of this, even though the climbs themselves may be far removed from association with the plains. Which was which, this Lot did not state ; but we think he was quite content to let the sequence of names and numbers have its way."

LOWER KERN KNOTTS : West Climb. The first descent of this climb was made on June 16th, by H.S.G.

NAPES : Abbey Ridge. Starting from the foot of the Eagle's Nest West Chimney, the slab was climbed to "ledge" on Abbey Ridge, then straight up to overhang. H.S.G., M.H.

NAPES : Tophet Wall. Eagle's Corner Second ascents of these climbs were made in June by H.S.G. and M.H., these being also first ascents by a lady. Two new variations were made of the top pitch of the Eagle's Corner, starting from end of bilberry traverse.

NAPES : Zeta Climb. 115 feet. Lies on the slabs to the left of Buzzard Wall. It is somewhat easier than the latter, and might be a useful alternative under bad conditions.

The first pitch is the same of that of the Buzzard Wall to the recess.

Step out to the left, making for a two foot spillikin of rock about 45 feet away. From the spillikin ascend more or less up a shallow crack till the latter becomes a V groove just below the top, when one traverses to the right and finishes. Best done in one run-out, from the recess, of 85 feet.

ENNERDALE FACE : Engineer's Chimney. First ascent by a lady. H.S.G., M.H. A variation of this climb was also made by H.S.G. At the foot of the difficult portion a stride was made out on to the left wall to a small stance and an exceedingly doubtful looking flake, then straight up, joining the chimney after 35 feet.

MOSEDALE BUTTRESS : Easter Traverse. 220 feet. Girdles the face of the Upper Buttress. Starting at the extreme east end of the south face, one climbs up into a square corner about five feet up. From this traverse horizontally to the left (the ground falls away) past an awkward obstruction, and continue in the same line till, after consistently interesting climbing, one reached the spike belay on Route V.

Now traverse out on to the steep West Wall, and follow Route VI. to the terrace.

Thence the final traverse on Route VI. is followed till one descends a shallow corner to a good ledge.

From this the route continues to the left across the top of a slab, and descends in the corner on the left to the level of a big flake.

Taking off from the top of the flake, one climbs up till one reaches a scoop, slanting up to the left, that ends the climb. Owing to the leader's arms giving out, from much going to and fro on steep rock, H.S.G. led out the last pitch.

One's memory is vague as to the length of the pitches, but the first is about 60 feet, and the remainder not so long. The rock is excellent. F.G., H.S.G.

SCAFELL : Girdle Traverse. This was climbed in the reverse direction, from Keswick Brother's Climb to the top of the Pinnacle, on August 11th, by C. D. Frankland (Y.R.C.) and M.B. Time, 2½ hours.

The following new climbs are described in C. F. Holland's article in this number :—

PIKE'S CRAG : Western Buttress. First ascent, F.G., 27/9/1924.

PULPIT ROCK : Wall and Crack Climb. First ascent, 19/4/1924, C.F.H., G.R.S. The second ascent was made two days after the first ascent, by H.M.K., R.E.W.P. B.E-S., and G.W., in the belief that it was a new route.

Juniper Buttress. First ascent, 22/4/1924, H.M.K., R.E.W.P. N.L.E-S., and W.E-S.

Grooved Arête Climb. First ascent, 23/4/1924, C.F.H., G.R.S.

Southern Corner. First ascent, 23/4/1924, H.M.K., B.E-S. N.L.E-S., and W.E-S.

CONISTON. DOE CRAGS : "A" Buttress, Trident Route. C.E.G.B. and J.H. report having removed the " doubtful spike," together with several other loose spikes in the final pitch.

"A" Buttress, Eliminate Route. The second ascent of this climb has been made by a party led by G.S.B., who describes it as "Une belle ascension sur l'herbe et rochers perchés."

" B " Buttress. Murray's Route, Direct Finish. An ascent was made of the direct finish and a belay was found on the right, above the "lay-back" section. Here the leader took to the slabs on the right, but gradually drifted back to the crack, in which the climb was finished. The last overhanging section is easier than it looks, though balance is difficult. In the opinion of the party, the climb is very severe and strenuous, but hardly as bad as is implied in the Guide. J.H., C.E.G.B.

" B " Buttress. Eliminate Route. Second complete ascent, including Central Wall. G.S.B., G.W., R.S. and A.W.W. 18th May.

" C " Buttress. Lazarus Route. Starts at the extreme foot of the buttress on the slabs flanking Central Chimney. Climb up and to the left, to a ledge and good belay. 30 feet.

Continue up, having first moved over to the left, later passing in and beside an ill-defined crack or groove. Slabby rocks above, and a short, steep pitch, lead to a stance and belay under a conspicuous triangular overhang. 70 feet.

One escapes over the left end of the overhang with the aid of splendid handholds, then moves over to the right into a sort of corner, up which one goes until the Ordinary Way is joined. 60 feet.

For this last pitch, after having negotiated the overhang, instead of entering the corner on the right, one can go straight up near the right edge of the slab above. This direct finish is pleasant and superior to the other.

By the easier finish this gives quite a pleasant climb, about equal in difficulty to the Falcon Variation. By the direct finish it is somewhat more difficult.

First ascent, F.G. Second ascent, F.M.C. and M.W.G.

(Note.—H.M.K. and B.E-S. are reported to have done most of this climb on 15th Septenber, 1922, under the impression that it was the Southern Slab Route.)

LANGDALE. GIMMER CRAG : "E" Route. First ascent, August 11th, 1924, J.W. and G.B. This new climb is marked by a small cairn at foot of wall, about 20 feet to the left of the main cairn, near ash tree, where "A" and "B" routes start.

First Pitch. 30 feet directly above cairn, to good stance and belay.

Second pitch. 20 feet flaked wall direct to narrow shelf, traverse to left 10 feet to open corner with flat-topped belay.

Third pitch. Traverse to left 5 feet beyond belay to thin crack running straight up wall. Climb crack for about 16 feet, then cross wall to right, just below bulge on skyline, to arrive at foot of Lichen Chimney on "A" route. To do this traverse leader can bring up second to small foothold, and a fairly effective, though small, belay in crack.

Fourth pitch. Cross foot of Lichen Chimney to the right and proceed immediately to the arête on the skyline, between "A" and "C" routes. Though a short climber would probably prefer to take the left-hand side of this arête, the climb proper goes up on its right side, direct to small flat rock stance 6 feet to the left of the overhang on "C." There is no belay here, and the leader must climb a further 30 feet up the wall directly above to the "get-out" midway between "A" and "C" routes, a run-out of 70 to 80 feet.

The pioneers consider that this climb is more exposed than the other climbs in the Gimmer alphabet, though perhaps not as interesting as some. The best portions are the traverse on the third pitch, the arête on the fourth pitch, and 10 feet of the final "get-out."

The first three pitches provide a new approach to the upper parts of "A," "B," and "C" routes.

Bracket Slabs and Left Chimney Route. Vol. 6, No. 2, page 235. The "Left Chimney" referred to on pages 236-7 was climbed by J. B. Meldrum and myself (leading) on May 18th, 1918. We found the chimney very narrow at one point, and exceptionally difficult to overcome, and considered a few feet of it severe. We were ignorant of the easier ordinary route round the corner a little

to the right, and must admit that we come under Lyon's category (in this connection) of "misguided" climbers. We were very much amused at finding our mistake when we got to the top of it. H.M.K.

Chimney Buttress. Vol. 6, No. 2, page 238 (see also Vol. 4, No. 3, page 249.)

Regarding the last paragraph but one, on page 239, in which reference is made to a traverse from S.E. Gully to Amen Corner. This is really an alternative start to Gimmer Chimney and was first done, so far as I am aware, on March 30th, 1918. It starts from the gully about fifty feet below the arrow, marking the commencement of Chimney Buttress, as shown on the photo facing page 238, and continues underneath a prominent overhang to the large juniper bush at the foot of the overhanging chimney of Gimmer Chimney. On this occasion we also traversed at the same level to the foot of Amen Corner, but I am convinced the latter is not new. P. S. Minor, J. B. Meldrum, and myself were in the party.

The "slabby bit" of wall between Amen Corner and the Chimneys, I feel sure, has often been climbed, probably first in the pioneering days ot the crag. I and others have been both up and down it. H.M.K.

PIKE O' STICKLE : Stickle Gully. This provides a pleasant route up or down Pike o' Stickle for an off day. Though apparently unrecorded, it has clearly been climbed frequently before. From Rossett Ghyll it is conspicuous to the left of the summit of Pike o' Stickle, and may be reached by intermittent paths below the crags from the foot of Gimmer. The first pitch is mossy and wet, and decidedly unpleasant if taken direct, the left wall providing a drier and pleasanter route. The second pitch is easy. Screes and small obstacles follow, and there is a shallow and easy branch to the right. The last pitch may be passed through a tunnel, or by a short struggle, which cannot be called easy, to the left of the chockstone. The scenery throughout is excellent, with fine views of Bowfell. W.T.E.

BUTTERMERE : Toreador Gully. What is probably the third ascent of this Gully was made on April 19th, 1924, by J.H. and C.E.G.B. The leader was of the opinion that the Gully is as loose as Dollywaggon Pike Gully, and a first cousin to Pier's Ghyll, with which opinion C.E.G.B. disagrees. The severe 80 foot pitch was climbed by the leader without assistance. About 60 feet above this pitch a large mass of rock (weighing between 5 and 6 tons) collapsed, and C.E.G.B., who made what is apparently the first descent, alone, on July 23rd, reports that as a result of this fall the second pitch is now unrecognisable, and perhaps a bit easier.

DOVE CRAGS : Spiral Gully. The first recorded ascent of this Gully was made on May 19th, 1924, by a party consisting of Deboner (a Tyrolese Guide), A.R.T., R.W.H., and a non-member.

The location of the climb is described on page 146 of Journal No. 9.

The first opening is a scramble and the second pitch an easy 20 feet wall. The third pitch (15 feet) commences from a wide platform, is very steep, and the only rotten pitch on the climb. A foothold high up on the left, and use of the chockstone, are the keys to its ascent. A V groove then follows, between the vertical right wall and overhanging slabs on the left. An attempt on a 10 foot crack in a vertical wall on the left then proving unsuccessful, the leader turned the obstacle by traversing the lower edge of the slabs on the left and then, reaching the top of the crack, he assisted the rest of the party up. After a short, easy, and rather wet pitch, a 40 foot shallow steep scoop, with few holds near the top, was ascended, followed by a fine and fairly easy V groove (back and foot). An easy pitch completes the Gully, which gives 400 feet of climbing.

The name was suggested by the curious way several pitches twist round corners. R. W. H. questions if the traverse to avoid the 10 foot crack is safe, as the belaying is awkward.

Green Crag. On the side of this crag overlooking Black Beck Tarn there is a face of splendid rock 35 feet high, on

which are two cairned routes of moderate difficulty, also a severe route ending in a shallow groove on the left. The girdle traverse is interesting and, in one place, very difficult. R.W.H., Ian Anderson (non-member), C.E.G.B.

Honister Gully. At Easter, 1924, the late J.H. and myself visited this climb, which is not to be recommended. The first pitch, a huge vertical cleft between 80 and 100 feet high, is very rotten, and was turned by a difficult arête forming the right hand wall. The rest of the gully proved difficult, but abnormally rotten. Parties visiting the place should wear chain armour and crash helmets. It has probably been climbed before. C.E.G.B.

BIRKNESS COMBE : Slabs Climb. A variation, which has probably not been done before, was made on the 26th July, 1924, by C.E.G.B. From below the final chimney traverse to the left for a considerable distance until a small flake, which would probably afford a belay, appears about the level of the chin. The vertical 15 feet wall above the flake has very poor holds, and a small stance at the top. From the stance a steep slab, with no positive holds, leads to a steep corner, which was found to be very stiff, the holds being minute and rounded. The variation ends a few feet higher, near the ordinary route, and gives about 55 feet of climbing, excluding the traverse. It is not suitable for boots.

BORROWDALE : Eel Crag. An interesting, and, as far as is known, new climb, was made on June 9th, 1924, on that part of Eel Crag which faces towards Dale Head—a steep, flat buttress at the corner, so to speak.

The start of the climb is cairned, and is about 15 yards from the foot of the buttress, towards the pass between Dale Head and Eel Crag, and below a series of narrow cracks.

After a movement to the left, scrambling for about 30 feet brought the leader to the foot of the first of the cracks which he attempted but finally abandoned in favour of an interesting traverse to the right over a flat nose of rock (25 feet). The stance here is very poor, but the leader can belay round a

boulder at the top of a chimney and use a small belay for bringing up the second. After climbing about 10 feet on to a grassy ledge to the right, the leader made an almost horizontal traverse of about 15 feet back to the left, and then climbed a corner under an overhang. A fine belay on the arête, about 15 feet higher, should be used here.

The climb was continued up an indefinite chimney for some distance until further progress became impossible (or too difficult) and then to the right to a corner, from which a small easy crack brought the leader back to the arête (30 feet).

A scramble and a big, gently sloping slab, brought the leader into a corner, where there is a fine chimney with a belay on the right. He failed to climb the chimney, though the lower portion provided difficult and interesting work, and therefore traversed along the top of the slab and round a corner to a good belay, after which a further 15 feet of steep rock brought an end of difficulties.

There must be about 300 feet of climbing here altogether, and, though the route actually made was somewhat artificial, the work was everywhere interesting, and in parts, of some difficulty. Classification about the same as Bowfell Buttress. Suggested name: Newland's Corner. R.S.T.C. and E.F.H.

Iron Crag Chimney There is no particular difficulty apart from bad rock, but it is so rotten that it is best left alone. J.H., C.E.G.B.

The Benn. R.W.H. reports three short climbs on The Benn, overlooking Thirlmere, for which he is indebted to A.R.T. and Deboner. Firstly, a wall with an awkward traverse half-way up. Secondly, higher up The Benn, a 100 feet wall. Then to the left, the third climb, which began with a chimney, and was ended by an exposed traverse to the left.

The following is a key to the initials used above :—

H. S. Gross	C. E. G. Brown
Mrs. M. Hewson	Raymond Shaw
Fergus Graham	A. W. Wakefield

Miss M. Barker	F. M. Coventry
C. F. Holland	M. W. Guiness
H. M. Kelly	J. Wray
R. E. W. Pritchard	G. Basterfield
Mrs. B. Eden-Smith	W. T. Elmslie
Graham Wilson	A. R. Thomson
G. S. Bower	R. W. Hall
J. Herbert	R. S. T. Chorley

Miss E. F. Harland

The line
Of the olive-sandalled Appennine
In the south dimly islanded;
And the Alps, whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun.

Shelley.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

We have been occupied during the year with two glorious achievements—the dedication of our Memorial, and the assault on Mount Everest. Both these matters are dealt with elsewhere, and I do not propose to say any more. Bentley Beetham, who is lecturing on the doings of the Everest expedition, has proved himself as competent at that branch of effort as in his many mountaineering exploits. His grasp of his material, together with his capacity for bringing the daily life of the party right home to his audiences, has won for him a prominent place among the several distinguished climbers who have lectured on the same subject.

In this connection there is a great contrast with what may be called the commercialised mountaineering of the Everest film, recently on view at the Scala Theatre in London. Excellent as was the film in itself the showing of it was made a nauseating affair by an extraordinary lack of good taste in the choice of captions. The Everest committee might well attach conditions to any further sales of cinema rights.

I am very happy to be able to print in this number C. F. Holland's Guide to the Climbs on the Scawfell Group. His work reflects his own individuality as a climber just as much as did those of his predecessors. It will be invaluable to those exploring the many difficult routes on those crags, and the thanks of all members are due to him for his prolonged efforts during two miserable summers.

In the next number of the Journal we hope to publish a guide to the Climbing on the Great Gable Massif, by H. S. Gross, whose migration to New Zealand is a serious loss both to the Club and to the Editor.

My exultant note in the last Journal about the Mardale scheme having been suspended for ten years proves to have been ill-founded, as the Manchester City Council has recently passed a resolution to go ahead with the works at once, and it appears that there is but small prospect of any considerable further delay.

Otherwise there have been few attacks on the beauties of the district. A proposal which is, however, causing some controversy, is that of the Holiday Fellowship to establish some kind of hutments in Mickledene, Langdale, some distance above the highest farm house. I appreciate the very genuine love which the members of the Fellowship have for the Lake Country, and am unhappy to have to criticise their scheme. It seems to many of us, however, that it would be in the highest degree unfortunate to carry further into the heart of the country any sort of building projects, however inoffensive, and it is difficult to make hutments other than extremely ugly. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Holiday Fellowship will have the good sense to modify their decision, and if further accommodation is really necessary, to establish their base some distance further down the valley.

At Ambleside much interest has been aroused by a dispute as to whether there was a right of way over a footpath on Howes and Styriggs, much used by visitors to the Stock Ghyll Force. The Court held that the right of the public to use this footpath was established, but the case is under appeal.

In September of last year Mr. George Seatree, our popular ex-president, celebrated the golden wedding of his first ascent of the Pillar Rock. The only earlier ascent by a living mountaineer appears to be that of Mr. Lawrence Pilkington in 1869. A review of Mr. Seatree's interesting collection of anecdotes and articles on Lake Country matters will be found on a later page.

Mr. Seatree's book has evoked some interesting correspondence in the "Westmorland Gazette," from which I take the following:—"Sir, Mr. Seatree has got the tale about the

' girtest leer ' at Wasdale Head a bit wrong, as I, the writer, lived in the old inn at Wasdale Head for 23 years, with my uncle, old Will Ritson. The facts are, the Highest Mountain, Deepest Lake, Smallest Church, Biggest Leer, and Worst Parson, but that does not refer to the Parson with the Churchwarden pipe, it refers to another divine further back. The biggest leer refers to old Will Ritson, but he used to tell us lads that he never told a lee in his life ; but I believe he never did, only in fun to make people laugh.—Yours truly, Isaac Fletcher."

Mr. George A. Fothergill points out that we are now confronted with a fifth superlative in the shape of " the worst parson," and Mr. C. G. Townley sends the following typical lee. A guest asked Will whether he was not troubled with rats, and he replied, " I can manage to thin them gaily weel. I sticks a bit of toasted cheese in ma mouth, ligs down and bide whyat. Presently yan cooms. Snap ! He's down. Another ; t'seam. Happen thirty or forty in as many minutes."

H. C. Wilmott writes that the memorial tablet to the late Owen Glynn Jones in the Churchyard at Evolena had fallen into disrepair. Two of his friends however have had the old tablet replaced by a new one identical in form. Its inscription reads

In Memory of
OWEN GLYNNE JONES
who with the guides
Elias Furrer, Jean Vuigner
and Clemens Zurbriggen
was killed on the
Dent-Blanche
August 28th, 1899
Aged 31 years.

We are again indebted to several members for blocks of photographic illustrations to this number, including W. D. Dent, Graham Wilson, and H. P. Cain.

The Pinnacle Club have now finally grown their wing feathers, and soared to the heights of a Journal The first flight is a successful one, and that in no small measure because of the persistence and good humour of the joint editors, L. Bray and D. E. Pilley, well known Fell and Rockers, both. Judging from my own failures to obtain articles from lady climbers, their task must have been of the most difficult. A review will be found elsewhere, and needless to remark, every climber with 3/6 to spare is expected to support their effort.

"I love everything in the shape of a mountain from Mont Blanc down to Hampstead Hill; but I also have some regard for the Fen Country and the flats of Holland. Mountain scenery is the antithesis not so much of the plains as of the commonplace. Its charm lies in its vigorous originality." *Leslie Stephen.*

LONDON SECTION.

COMMITTEE.

Chairman: Dr. Hadfield.
Hon. Secretary: Miss D. E. Pilley.

W. Allsup	Denis Murray
R. S. T. Chorley	W. P. Haskett Smith
Miss B. de Fonblanque	G. R. Speaker
R. H. Hewson	Miss D. E. Thompson
H. F. Huntley	J. B. Wilton

The London Section has continued to increase in numbers. Its membership is now seventy-five, and the following have joined during the year:—

Miss Mabel Barker	Dr. Victor Ellwood	Miss Cicely Rathbone
J. W. Brown	Miss Mary Ford	Miss Dorothy Smith
Miss Mary Glynne	G. C. Haines, junr.	P. Unna
M. W. Guinness	A. C. Maconie	Dr. A. W. Wakefield

Walks have been held at least once a month. They have been well attended, and members keenly appreciate the work of the leaders, who have made all plans, including tea and travelling arrangements. A brief account does not permit of details, but all kinds of walks and weather have been enjoyed, and it has been an added pleasure to have Dr. Wakefield and other members from the North on various expeditions.

WALKS—October, 1923, to October, 1924.

Sunday, October 21st—H. F. Huntley: Rickmansworth to Amersham.
Sunday, November 18th—G. R. Speaker: Cobham.
Sunday, December 9th—R. H. Hewson: Chesham.
Sunday, January 13th—G. C. L. M. Pirkis: Bexley to Shoreham.
Sunday, February 10th—G. R. Speaker: Hatfield.
Sunday, March 9th—Dr. McLeary: Gerrard's Cross to Hedgerley, Fulmer and Black Park.
Sunday, March 16th—Lilian Bray: Leatherhead.
Sunday, April 6th—H. P. Huntley: Wendover to Great Missenden.
Sunday, May 11th—R. S. T. Chorley: Oxshott to Effingham.
Sunday, June 22nd—Lilian Bray: Gomshall and Shere.
Evening, June 26th—W. Allsupp: Staines and Thorpe.
Week-end, July 12th to 14th—G. C. M. L. Pirkis: Petworth, Midhurst and West Sussex Downs.
Sunday, August 17th—R. H. Hewson: Bayford and Welwyn.
Sunday, September 28th—R. H. Hewson: King's Langley.
Week-end, October 10th to 13th—D. E. Pilley: Coniston.

The following meetings have taken place:—

December 8th—Fourth Annual Dinner at Hotel Cecil. Chairman, Dr. Wakefield.
December—Exhibition of Alpine Paintings, Ladies' Alpine Club.
April 2nd—Lakeland Slides, shewn by R. S. T. Chorley, St. Bride's Institute.

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