THE JOURNAL OF THE

Fell and Rock Climbing Club

OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

VOL. 7. 1925. No. 1.

LIST OF OFFICERS.

President :

A. W. WAKEFIELD.

Vice-Presidents :

G. BASTERFIELD. J. B. WILTON.

Honorary Editor of Journal :

R. S. T. CHORLEY, 22, Thurlow Road, London, N.W.3.

Assistant Hon. Editor :

GRAHAM WILSON, 94, Laburnum Avenue, The Garden Village, Hull.

Honorary Librarian :

H. P. CAIN, Rosebank House, Ramsbottom, Manchester.

Honorary Secretary :

L. W. SOMERVELL, Plumgarths, Kendal.

Honorary Treasurer :

W. G. MILLIGAN, 59, Croslands Park, Barrow

Members of Committee :

J. C. APPLEYARD.
G. S. BOWER.
T. R. BURNETT.
WILSON BUTLER.
BENTLEY BEETHAM.
MRS. B. EDEN-SMITH.
R. J. PORTER.
R. SHAW.
HUGH SIMPSON.
MISS H. M. TODD.
MISS K. WARD.

Honorary Members :

GEORGE D. ABRAHAM.
BENTLEY BEETHAM.
BRIG-GEN. THE HON. C. G. BRUCE.
GEORGE B. BRYANT.
J. NORMAN COLLIE.
W. P. HASKETT-SMITH.
GEOFFREY HASTINGS.
THE RT. HON. LORD LECONFIELD.
LIEUT-COL. E. F. NORTON.
N. E. ODELL.
HAROLD RAEBURN.
GODFREY A. SOLLY.
T. HOWARD SOMERVELL.
ARTHUR W. WAKEFIELD.
L. R. WILBERFORCE.
GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG.

CLIMBS ON GREAT GABLE

By H. S. Gross.

The task of writing the " Guide to Gable " has proved a difficult one, the work having been undertaken at a time when important changes were in progress in the life and " position " of the writer.

The material was collected during the one short fortnight of reasonably good weather which followed Whitsuntide in the remarkably wet season of 1924.

The routes described were all actually climbed and notes taken, with the exceptions noted.

The work was carried out with the sole assistance of Mrs. M. Hewson, whose pluck and unselfishness alone made things possible. I cannot express my gratitude for the help given in a trying task. Those who have assisted with the other guides will understand in a measure the work entailed.

Almost immediately on completion of the notes, I left for New Zealand, and the writing up of the guide was done far from any hope of further reference if any difficulty cropped up.

Having in view the high standard of the previous guides, therefore, the task has not been an easy one.

I am indebted to H. P. Cain for the section devoted to History, and for the list of " first ascents."* For the section on Boat How Crag I have to thank G. Basterfield.

For descriptions of individual climbs I thank those indicated therewith, especially F. Graham who has supplied notes of new climbs.

For photographs I thank Mr. W. Taylor (Gritstone Club) and others.

* This will be published when the Guide is issued separately.

APPROACHES.

The climbing on Great Gable is accessible from Wasdale and Borrowdale, and in a considerably less degree from Buttermere and Langdale.

Wasdale.—This is the usual centre for the climbing on Gable; the climbing on the Napes and Kern Knotts being probably the most easily reached of any in the district. The usual method of approaching the Napes is by following the Styhead track until the bridge over the beck which runs down between Gable and Kirkfell is crossed. The track is then quitted for a path which branches off to the left.

After passing through a small gate in a wall, a steady "grind" follows up Gavel Neese. The ascent will probably be classed as severe by those in lack of training, and is tiring at any time. When the angle of the track (known as "Moses Trod") moderates somewhat, in the neighbourhood of the screes, a conspicuous outstanding boulder is seen on the hillside above. This boulder is "Moses Finger," and forms a useful guide in misty weather. It is best to strike straight up past the finger, and some distance higher a cairned track is reached, which skirts the fellside below the Napes Ridges to the east. The track continues past the Napes, and eventually leads to Kern Knotts. In misty weather it is better to follow the track for about 300 yards, and then to strike up to the base of the Crags.

An alternative route is to keep to the Styhead track. This is followed until just short of the summit, when a scramble up grass leads via Lower Kern Knotts to Kern Knotts. The track to the Napes is then followed. By some this route is preferred to the ascent of Gavel Neese.

To reach the Ennerdale face, known as "Gable Crag," the route is continued on Moses Trod below the "Finger," and is followed until eventually the marshy hollow of Beckhead is reached, between Kirkfell and Great Gable. Here a wire fence is encountered, and followed to the point where it meets the rocks at the Western end of the Crag. The Trod itself passes below the Crag, round the shoulder of Green Gable, and over to the peat bogs of Honister.

Borrowdale.—Is almost as good as Wasdale for any of the climbing on Gable. The obvious route is via Styhead. A few yards beyond the cairn and signpost at the head of the pass, a cairned track leads off to the right to Kern Knotts. The track then continues past the Buttress to the Napes, by way of scree slopes.

Gable Crag may be reached by the Styhead track, and then striking up Aaron Slack to Wind Gap between Green and Great Gable. A short distance down the scree, skirting the rocks, brings one to the foot of the crag below the Oblique Chimney. Another route is by way of Gillercombe. The track past the famous Borrowdale Yews is taken, leading by way of the lead mines track into Gillercombe. The Buttress is across the valley on Grey Knotts, but a cairned track is followed on the western slopes of Base Brown, leading up to Green Gable, and so to Wind Gap.

Buttermere.—Gable Crag and Gillercombe are fairly accessible from Buttermere. From the track up to Scarf Gap a track goes along the slopes above Warnscale Bottom, below the Haystacks. It eventually leads through a rocky gateway to Blackbeck Tarn. Easy slopes lead up on to Brandreth, and from here Gillercombe can be easily reached. Gable Crag can be reached either by way of Green Gable and Wind Gap or by "Moses Trod" at a lower level.

Langdale.—As a centre Langdale is somewhat remote from Gable. The obvious route for Kern Knotts and the Napes is by Rossett Ghyll and Esk Hause to the top of Styhead.

TOPOGRAPHICAL.

The Great Napes lie on the South West shoulder of Gable at the head of Wasdale, and are clearly seen from the Hotel. On the westerly end of the crags the screes of Little Hell Gate divide them from the "White Napes," while at the easterly end the reddish screes of Great Hell Gate can be distinguished. Great Hell Gate forms a deep recess almost cutting off the ridges from the rest of the mountain. The rock formation is very irregular, being composed of a series of sharp ridges divided by deeply cut scree gullies.

In approaching the rocks from Gavel Neese, after crossing the screes of Little Hell Gate, the " Sphinx " or " Cat Rock " is the first item of interest, and is found upon the left. This remarkable rock has been likened to a Cat, a Bear, and an Owl, when seen from the Styhead track. Viewed from the neighbourhood of the Arrowhead Arête, it forms a " Sphinx " like face. It is situated on a broken ridge which yields a short climb.

To the East of this is the Arrowhead Gully, with the Scimitar and Arrowhead ridges to left and right respectively. The tip of the Arrow is a noticeable feature.

Next comes the Eagle's Nest Gully, a scree shoot. This is flanked by a steep buttress forming the backbone of the Napes. It is split by two chimneys, and on the right is the Eagle's Nest Arête. A roomy grass ledge, known as the " Dress Circle " lies at the foot of this ridge, overhanging the Needle Gully. It is a convenient place for lunch, and a view of the Needle.

On the opposite side of the Needle Gully rises the Needle Arête, and that handsome, if overworked pinnacle from which it takes its name.

East of this, the crag becomes broken, yielding little further climbing until the Tophet Bastion is reached close to Great Hell Gate. Here the crag terminates in an abrupt and forbidding wall. This wall yields one course of great difficulty.

The gullies of the Napes are very disappointing to the climber, and are places to be avoided. Particularly is this the case with the Arrowhead Gully, which is dangerously loose and full of vegetation. The Needle Gully is a scree gully of little merit, containing two small pitches, and quantities of loose scree and vegetation. Eagle's Nest Gully is a scree walk. The ridges provide good climbing on sound rock, and offer variety from the moderate to the severe. The rock is sound and rough, except where the passing of countless bootnails has worn the surface to a state of polish.

Owing to their situation, in good weather the climber can revel in sunshine all day long, and the rocks are quickly dry after bad weather. From the top of the Napes the Westmorland Crags afford scrambling to the summit, with a fine view

en route from the Westmorland Cairn. On the summit rocks is the Bronze Memorial tablet of the Club.

Gable Crag offers a complete contrast to the Napes. Facing north it is apt to be gloomy and damp. The climbing is all of the chimney variety. Starting from the Wasdale or western end of the crag, a scree gully is first encountered. This rises a short distance to the left of the wire fence. The Doctor's Chimney is situated in the left wall of this gully, some 150 feet from the foot. To the left of the gully a "sheepwalk" leads across the crag by way of grassy ledges, a considerable height above the scree.

The broken nature of the crag renders it difficult to find the routes in misty weather.

Skirting the base of the crag, the narrow crack known as Smugglers' Chimney is passed on the way to the Central Gully. The gully is easily identified, as it contains a large bridged boulder. High up to the left is a detached pinnacle which can be reached by easy climbing. The pinnacle offers little in the way of climbing, but is a useful landmark. It is on the sheepwalk. To the left of this is a formidable stretch of slabs overhanging at the top. These have not yet been climbed. The Engineer's Chimney is situated at the end of these slabs, while the Oblique Chimney is east of this, at about the same level. Between these two climbs, from near the Oblique Chimney, an easy route leads to the top of the crag. The ridge to the left of the Oblique Chimney is the Bottle-shaped Pinnacle Ridge. East of this the crag rapidly falls away, and offers little of interest to the climber.

Kern Knotts is situated on the Wasdale side of Styhead Pass. Like the Napes it has a southerly aspect, and gets the full benefit of the sun. The rock is splendid throughout. The climber will presumably approach via Styhead. If from the Wasdale side, the chimney is conspicuous, while from Borrowdale the crack is the first striking feature. From the east the buttress is seen to be formed by a huge chunk of rock split from the main mass. The split forms the Chimney on the west, and the Crack on the east. To the west is a steep wall, the only break being the West Chimney. Beyond this the crag is broken by heather

ledges. It is useful to know that by following the track which leads to the Napes, a spring will be found in a short distance, in a corner up to the right. Below the buttress a number of large blocks give some interesting problems.

Boat Howe Crags (from particulars by George Basterfield).—Boat Howe Crags stand just beneath the summit of Kirkfell, Ennerdale Face. From Wasdale they are about equal distance with the Napes.

The approach is the same as for Gable Crag as far as Beck Head. From there turn to the left round Kirkfell, rise 100 feet along the railings, and strike cairns leading to the crags.

Five climbs have already been explored and provide a pleasant day's climbing for the average party, given a fine day and dry rock. Other probable routes await final exploration, particularly one up the face of " The Boat " or central pillar. The last named route consists of a shallow twisting chimney running up the steep face of the otherwise unbroken rock. This route (of which about 20 feet remain to be explored) if and when completed, will be of the " ultra " class.

East and West of the climbs outlined below, there is much rock that seems to offer additional sport to the pioneer.

CLIMBS ON GREAT GABLE.

THE NAPES.

The climbs are described in order from left to right, commencing at the Sphinx rock. The terms left and right are used as for an ascent.

The Sphinx or Cat Rock.—A short problem of moderate difficulty. Stepping off from the tail of the " Cat " a move to the right and upwards constitutes the " climb " of 15 feet.

Sphinx Ridge.—A short ridge rising immediately behind the Sphinx. Moderate ; any footgear. [This term is used throughout to denote any recognised climber's footgear.]

Easy climbing leads to a stance from which a somewhat difficult V groove is climbed to a stance and belay. In a few feet an awkward landing discloses a cairn. Easy scrambling remains.

Rainbow Ridge.—Rises some 30 yards to the right of the Sphinx, and is marked by a small cairn on a grass ledge. Severe ; leader needs 70 feet of rope ; rubbers.

Starting immediately to the right of the cairn and to the left of a grassy chimney, a slab is climbed by means of small holds until a movement to the left is made, and it is possible, with difficulty, to mount a small ledge 18 feet from the start of the climb. (The slab is severe, and is the most difficult portion of the climb). From the ledge the climb bears to the left and upwards on good holds, until a detached block is reached in 40 feet. The rope is threaded behind this block and the second man joins the leader on a small stance. The route now traverses to the right for 15 feet on to the arête, which is followed for 15 feet. A flake on the left is then used for a swing round, and the route then returns to the arête, which is followed more or less straight to the top, treating one or two loose blocks with circumspection. A cairn is reached 60 feet above the belay.

Scimitar Ridge (from particulars supplied by F. Graham).—Very difficult ; leader needs 40 feet of rope.

This is the curving ridge that divides the Arrowhead Gully from the Branch Gully.

After an unpleasant approach through the flower beds in the lower reaches of the latter, a lodgment is made at the first opportunity on the ridge on the right. About 25 feet of steep climbing lead to a stance and belay.

The route now continues via a mantleshelf slightly to the left, and then trends to the right to another stance and belay. 35 feet.

The final pitch of 30 feet lies up the slab above, and finishes on the crest.

A very pleasant climb on steep, sound rock.

Arrowhead Gully.—An uninteresting gully abounding in loose rock and vegetation. Most distinctly a place to be avoided at all costs.

Arrowhead Ridge, Direct Route.—Difficult ; suitable for any number of climbers. Leader needs 45 feet of rope. Any footgear.

Two small pitches of eight feet each may be climbed by the stickler for accuracy. The Ridge rises immediately to the right of the Arrowhead Gully.

(1) A steep arête equipped with splendid holds leads to a stance and belay in 25 feet.

(2) 30 feet of similar climbing lead to a second stance and belay.

(3) In 25 feet the base of the Arrow is reached, and a rest may be taken. The Arrowhead is then climbed straight up to the tip. The holds are good, and a position is reached astride the Arrow, 40 feet from the belay.

(4) A stride is made across the gap and a steep pitch of 15 feet is climbed. The ridge is then almost horizontal until a scrambling pitch of 15 feet is reached, followed by the " strid " and scrambling to the top of the ridge.

Arrowhead Ridge, Ordinary Route. The climb starts up a groove to the right of the arête proper, and joins the direct route at the top of the second pitch. The arête is then followed to the base of the arrow, and a traverse is made to the left into the gap. From here the route is the same as described for the direct route.

Arrowhead Ridge, S.E. Variation.—Severe. Leader needs about 60 feet of rope. Rubbers.

This variation can be reached straight from below, but the proper course runs as follows. The direct route is taken to the stance below the final slab. At this point the groove on the ordinary way is descended for about 25 feet, when a short traverse to the right leads to a good stance and belay beside the easy way. Straight ahead, above a slab, rises a short arête.

The slab is climbed to a corner, which is surmounted. Thereafter one moves straight out on to the arête, which is climbed on its left hand side, and leads direct to the tip of the Arrow. F.G.

Arrowhead Ridge, Easy Way.—Starts well to the east of the direct route, in the Eagle's Nest Gully, below the big chockstone. A grassy walk first to the left and then to the right, by easy ledges to the level of the top of the chock. A traverse to the left and a slight descent bring one to a scrambling pitch where rock is encountered. In 12 feet the

base of the Arrowhead is reached. The step across the gap may be avoided by a short traverse to the right, followed by scrambling to the ridge.

Cutlass Ridge.—Very difficult. Leaders requires 100 feet of rope. Rubbers preferable.

This climb is on the east wall of the Arrowhead Ridge, and starts to the right of a grassy chimney well above the level of the gap behind the Arrowhead. A cairn will be found to the right of the grassy chimney. The climb commences with a steep little buttress slightly above and to the right of the cairn, and is done in one runout.

25 feet bring one to the foot of a small fault or crack which is followed for 25 feet, when it gives on to a steep slab. A further 25 feet on good holds leads to a stance, and in 10 feet one reaches the " strid " on the Arrowhead Arête.

Sabre Ridge.—Very difficult. Suitable for any number of climbers. Leader requires 50 feet of rope. Rubbers preferable.

This Ridge divides the Eagle's Nest Gully, well above the big chockstone.

30 feet of scrambling lead to the foot of a steep arête, which is climbed on good holds for 15 feet. A severe groove is then climbed and quitted on the left at the top. An exposed and narrow arête is climbed for 20 feet, avoiding the grass on the right. 30 feet of easy climbing lead to the top of the ridge.

Abbey Buttress.—Very difficult. Leader requires 60 feet of rope. Any footgear.

The ridge rises between the Eagle's Nest Gully and the West Chimney. It is easily distinguished by a large detached block which forms a " crevasse " at the foot of the ridge.

(1) From behind the block 35 feet of climbing on good holds lead to a stance and a belay.

(2) 18 feet straight ahead on good holds lead to a small rock platform, and in 5 feet to a good platform and belay. (This pitch may be climbed by an easy chimney on the right).

(3) A further 15 feet disclose a good ledge, on which a traverse to the left is made, of 12 feet. The steep buttress is

then climbed straight up for 25 feet on good holds, and a somewhat awkward traverse of 5 feet made to the right. It is then necessary to cross a groove crowned by an overhang. A good grip will be found directly under the overhang, and a foothold for the left foot at about knee level enables the climber to stride across to a foothold on the far wall. A pull up is then made on to a ledge. 25 feet of easy rocks lead to a good stance and belay. At this point the ridge is joined by an easy chimney on the left, which leads from the Eagle's Nest Gully.

(4) The climb now becomes easier. The left corner of the buttress ahead is climbed for 35 feet; by means of a crack in the corner, to a stance and belay.

(5) 20 feet of difficult climbing up the left corner of the buttress to a stance and belay. A further 25 feet of easier rocks lead to another belay. 30 feet of scrambling follow to a narrow strid and an easy 10 foot pitch with a landing on to a rock platform. An easy exit can be made round the corner to the right, the climber, however, will prefer to tackle the slab above the platform. This gives a difficult problem of balance on small holds, and in 18 feet leads to easy scrambling on to the ridge.

Abbey Buttress, Variation.—Severe. Leader needs 60 feet of rope. Rubbers.

Starts to the right of the ordinary route from the foot of the West Chimney.

(1) 30 feet of scrambling to the top of a pinnacle.

(2) The steep slab is climbed on good holds, gradually working to the left until in 35 feet a belay and stance are reached at the right hand end of the ledge on the Abbey Buttress Ordinary Route.

(3) The buttress is climbed straight up to the overhang from the belay, and the climb is then the same as the ordinary route.

Eagle's Nest, West Chimney.—Moderate. Leader requires 45 feet of rope. Suitable for any number of climbers. Any footgear.

This is the deeply cut chimney to the right of the Abbey Buttress, and west of Eagle's Nest Arête.

25 feet of scrambling lead to a belay.

(1) Easy chimney climbing leads in 45 feet to a large block belay on the left.

(2) A second stance and belay are reached in 25 feet.

(3) A crack formed by a detached pinnacle on the right is climbed; 10 feet.

(4) An awkward slab leads to the platform at the top of the difficult portion of the Eagle's Nest Arête.

(5) A 25 foot chimney pitch of moderate difficulty leads to a stance and belay. A small chimney of 8 feet finishes the climb and easy scrambling leads to the summit of the Ridge.

Variation.—Difficult. (" Pope's Variation.")

From the level of the large block belay at the top of the first pitch. The chimney is quitted and a traverse made to the right on to the steep wall. 30 feet of climbing on good holds lead to the top of Ling Chimney. A steep little 15 foot crack brings one to the top of the pinnacle on the ordinary route.

Ling Chimney.—Very difficult. Leader requires 50 feet of rope. Any footgear.

The Chimney lies between the West Chimney and the Eagle's Nest Arête.

Starting immediately round the corner to the left of the Eagle's Nest Arête, 15 feet of easy climbing lead to a stance. Here two cracks split the buttress. The left one is climbed for 20 feet to a small stance and good belay, where the two cracks rejoin.

The Chimney, which is steep and grassy, is climbed, and in 25 feet narrows, and becomes difficult. A thread can be arranged here behind a small stone in a crack on the left. The chimney is then climbed with difficulty for 20 feet, facing left, and a good foothold will be found on the edge of the left wall. Exit is made on the left to a good ledge, provided with a belay. The 15 foot crack behind the pinnacle is then climbed, and leads to the West Chimney route.

Eagle's Nest Arête.—Severe. Leader requires 80 feet of rope. Rubbers preferable.

The climb starts up steep but easy rocks, gradually working to the right until a large belay (known as the Piton) is reached 45 feet from the start. The second man joins the leader here, and the next move is a traverse of 8 feet on to the nose at the level of the belay. Two narrow parallel cracks provide holds for the operation. The nose is then climbed up to a small rock platform—the " Eagle's Nest "—20 feet from the belay. This platform is quitted on small holds for a second ledge 15 feet higher. From here delicate work on slightly sloping holds, brings one in 30 feet to a large platform. Here the ordinary route is joined.

Eagle's Corner.—Severe. Leader requires 60 feet of rope. Rubbers.

The climb lies on the left wall of the Needle Gully, opposite the foot of the Needle, and commences to the right of a grassy gully. A small cairn exists. From the cairn 30 feet of scrambling lead to the foot of a small chimney on the right. This is climbed to a grass ledge at the foot of a splintered slab, 25 feet. A small chimney on the right is climbed, and in 40 feet leads to a shattered platform. A scramble of 30 feet up a steep bilberry and fern slope, and a traverse of 10 feet to the left, disclose a triangular grass stance and a good belay. The climb now becomes difficult. A traverse of 25 feet is made to the left on a bilberry tufted ledge. Handholds are scarce until a good one can be grasped at the end of the traverse. The ledge now ceases, and the traverse is continued at a slightly lower level for twelve feet until a deep, narrow chimney is entered with some difficulty. The second portion of the traverse is severe, hand hold is poor, and foothold almost non-existent. The exposure is great.

The chimney proves easier, and is climbed facing right. A platform and cairn is reached in 20 feet, and a large belay will be found in another 10 feet. A 20 foot grassy chimney is climbed to a grass stance, and a further 25 feet of climbing in a broken chimney on the right lead to the Eagle's Nest route well above the difficult position.

Variation (1).—Severe.

From the end of the bilberry traverse, the steep slab is climbed to a grass stance at 10 feet. The crack in the corner

is then climbed, utilising the left hand edge of the crack for a " lay back." In 20 feet the cairn is reached.

Variation (2).—Very difficult.

From the end of the bilberry traverse the steep slab is climbed, and a traverse is made to the left on to the nose. A traverse can then be made into the chimney on good holds.

Tricouni Rib.—The demerit of Eagle's Corner is the grassy nature of a section of the climb. In August, 1925, a pure rock climb was shown to be possible, starting from the right hand outer edge of the Dress Circle (adorned by foxgloves !), crossing the long standing traverse of the Eagle's Corner Climb vertically, and concluding comfortably at the new land-mark on the crest, the big fallen block.

15 feet plain sailing, platform, pulpit.

6 feet plain traversing, excusable just to the corner on the right (good practice for the Central Buttress second traverse to the overhanging buttress, where the " exposure " is some fifty times deeper).

70 feet (an 80 foot rope serves) of difficult scrambling up the external angle of the rock rib. The grass gully on the right is very steep and shallow. It was crossed and almost immediately re-crossed at a point high above the pulpit, an apparently unnecessary digression. The climbing is by no means tedious, and the waiting room at the top is agreeably roomy.

20 feet, a slab.

The first ascent was made under ideal evening conditions in rubbers, sunshine, and that charming formation, " mixed doubles." [From particulars by C. D. Frankland.]

Needle Gully.—A scramble containing little climbing, an abundance of scree and loose vegetation. Unsuitable for any number of climbers.

Needle Arête.—Moderate. Suitable for any number and any footgear. Leader requires 30 feet of rope.

The ridge rises immediately behind the Needle.

The climb is usually started from the gap, but the Arête may be tackled from the bottom, i.e. to the left and from there it is severe and should be climbed in rubbers. The first obstacle—also the most difficult—is a 12 foot slab,

provided with some small pocket holds, which prove important. The polished nature of the slab affords entertainment on a wet day. A 10 foot chimney provided with a chockstone and belay is followed by 12 feet of easy climbing to a large block, and then 15 feet of steep rock to a belay. (An alternative is a 25 foot chimney on the right). After another 15 feet of easy going comes a steep nose of 20 feet. This may be climbed either on the right, left or centre, or avoided altogether on the right. The next 15 feet is climbed by the Arête or alternatively by a small chimney on the right, which is rather more difficult. The Arête is then climbed for 25 feet up to grass ledges. A 20 foot crack to the right then leads to easy rocks and the summit of the ridge.

Needle.—Very difficult. Obverse route severe. Best number, three. Any footgear, rubbers preferable. Leader requires 40 feet of rope.

This handsome pinnacle is easily the best known climb in the Lake District. The climb is one which is becoming increasingly difficult. The holds are remarkably polished, and from much scraping of foot nails, verily " we've worn the Needle slim." For this reason rubbers are advised in the ascent. The route first taken was by the crack which faces the " Dress Circle " at the foot of the Eagle's Nest Arête. The first few feet are easy until the crack bends. At this point the left leg has a tendancy to jam if the body is not kept well out of the crack. The crack requires 35 feet of rope, and a stance is then attained, the top of the crack forming a belay.

12 feet of easier rock lead to the shoulder. The next problem is to reach the " mantleshelf," a ledge 5 feet from the platform. This is usually surmounted at the right hand extremity, which is in the form of a small triangular ledge. A good handhold is found on the right of this ledge, and the left hand presses on the " mantleshelf." A small, smooth foothold for the right is found on the wall, overhanging space. By these aids the body is raised until the left knee is on the shelf. A difficult balance allows of a standing position, and the climber then sidles along the shelf. A foothold then enables the top edge of the boulder to be reached, and the body hauled into safety. Fortunately the descent is easier than

the ascent. The mantelshelf may be mounted from the left hand end.

Variation I, The Arête.—From the foot of the crack a horizontal traverse of 10 feet is made on to the Arête. This is then climbed on good holds until the previous route is joined.

Variation II.—From the end of the platform from which the two previous climbs start, a slight descent enables an easy traverse to be made to the right, leading round to the Lingmell Crack. Between the nose of the arête and the Lingmell Crack, a steep slab rises. A cairn will be found at the foot of this slab. A pleasant climb on good holds leads straight up the slab, crossing the Lingmell crack on to another slab, and so leading to the shoulder.

Variation III., The Lingmell Crack.—As its name implies, this crack is on that side of the Needle which faces Lingmell. 10 feet of easy rock are climbed to the foot of the crack proper. The bottom of the crack overhangs slightly, and is difficult to start. A stance and belay are reached in 8 feet, and the crack is then easier up to the junction with the ordinary crack.

Variation IV., The Obverse Route.—This route, which is more difficult than the others, starts to the right of the Lingmell Crack. A steep and somewhat holdless slab is the first difficulty, and a good platform is reached. The top of a large flake on the left is then reached, and the steep wall above is climbed on good holds to the shoulder. From the mantelshelf corner a traverse is made, using the mantel as handhold. The situation is exposed, and the corner nearest the Needle Arête is reached, overhanging the gap. The corner is then climbed straight up, with a " monkey on a stick " motion.

Variation V., The Girdle.—Starting from the left hand end of the mantel, it is possible to make a dropping traverse to the left, and girdle the neck below the top boulder. The traverse is fairly difficult and exposed. A finish is made by climbing up to the shoulder immediately below the right hand end of the mantelshelf. The Girdle can, of course, be reversed.

Chantry Buttress.—Very difficult. Leader requires 40 feet of rope. Rubbers preferable.

The climb starts to the right of the Needle Ridge, and is reached by descending from the Needle Gap to the East. A cairn marks the start.

A climb of 25 feet up an easy buttress leads to a grass ledge. A steep slab provided with good holds leads to a crack in a corner, and on to a detached pinnacle, providing a stance and belay at 25 feet. A traverse of 5 feet is made around a corner to the left, where there is a stance. A broken scoop is then climbed for 15 feet. It is then necessary to make an awkward and exposed traverse to the right below a nose of rock. The holds are good, and a belay is reached in 25 feet at the top of the climb.

An interesting addition to this climb may be found by proceeding across a steep grass slope for several feet to the foot of some steep slabs.

Buzzard Wall.—A cairn marks the start of the climb, which lies on the right hand portion of the slabs. The route starts diagonally to the right to a conspicuous recess and belay. This is quitted on the right, up a steep slab with good holds, to a rock ledge and a belay. The climb continues for 15 feet up rough slabs on small holds to a grass ledge at the end of the climb.

Zeta Climb.—Very difficult. Leader needs 60 feet of rope. Rubbers preferable.

A start is made from an embedded rock to the left of the cairn on the Buzzard Wall. For a few feet the route goes straight up beside a grassy groove till a resting place is reached on the right. Further above and to the right is a grassy niche with a splendid belay in the floor.

A slightly rising traverse of about 30 feet to the left now leads to a platform with a small belay. So far the climbing has presented little difficulty.

From the left hand end of the platform a ledge is surmounted, and a short crack followed to a good ledge partly occupied by a large block. Here an easy exit can be made to the right, but the route goes up the short face on the left, and finishes by an obvious corner after a runout of about 50 feet.

The climb is rather artificial, but quite enjoyable, and the rock is pretty sound, though it looks far otherwise. F.G.

Belfry Crack.—Severe. Short runouts. Rubbers.

Above the Buzzard Wall there is a small knott of clean, steep rock, more or less in the middle of which rises a thin crack, slightly overhanging a few feet up.

From a cairn to the right of the crack a short traverse lands one on a platform. The left wall of the crack here projects and enables the climber to back up till he can gain a ledge on the left.

The leader can now bring his second to a good stance and belay a few feet to the left, and then return to the attack well safeguarded. The crack steepens, and the next pitch of about 25 feet is awkward. Above it a remarkable platform is reached, and the final short pitch negotiated without difficulty.

The crack forms an interesting final spasm to the Chantry Buttress—Buzzard Wall (or Zeta Climb) combination, and the whole expedition gives nearly 300 feet of actual climbing.

F.G.

Tophet Bastion.—Difficult ; severe if Groove Pitch is done. Leader requires 50 feet of rope. Any footgear.

Lies on the East of the Napes, 30 yards from the corner of Great Hell Gate. A grassy gully divides the climb from steep rocks on the left, and slabs rise on the right. A cairn marks the foot of the climb, which starts from a grass ledge up a moderately steep arête to a grass corner at 45 feet. A small but good belay will be found on the left at the foot of a chimney.

Avoiding the chimney, take to the steep corner on the right. 25 feet on good holds bring one to a rock ledge with a small belay on the wall to the right.

A steep slab is then climbed, keeping to the left side for 30 feet, when grassy ledges are reached, and a stance with a small belay on the right. A move is then made round a corner to the left, to a grass stance and a big belay. A steep arête then leads in 25 feet to a small crevasse and a belay.

A stride is then made to the right, and in 28 feet the bottom of a scoop is reached. From the foot of this groove a move is made to the left and up a short crack to a stance and belay at the top of the groove. A spike belay is found on the wall above a grass stance. The pitch is 40 feet.

70 feet of easy rocks lead to a cairn. The steep ridge (known as the Shark's Fin) above can be climbed, and is more difficult than the lower portion. The ridge is 75 feet, and the leader needs 50 feet of rope.

A traverse is made on to the steep arête, 10 feet from the bottom of the ridge. Difficult climbing leads to a small stance and belay 25 feet from the bottom. The Arête is then followed until a steep crack is reached. From this crack the arête is again attacked and climbed to the top on the left of the crack—50 feet from the belay.

Lucifer Crack.—Severe. Leader needs 60 feet of rope. Rubbers.

This is the crack that winds up the steep wall on the left of Tophet Bastion.

The short first section has not been done direct, and the route starts up a grassy gangway slanting up to the left. The crack is soon reached, and begins with a hoist into a niche. The walls soon close again, and one lands on a terrace with a belay 50 feet from the start.

The crack now continues on the right, and at first some easy ledges are climbed till it is necessary to effect a lodgment on a long chockstone. Above this a rather awkward landing is made on a ledge, and the short, steep wall straight ahead climbed to a stance. The finish lies in the corner, and is short but fairly strenuous. There is a good belay at the top, 50 feet from the terrace.

The holds are mostly good, but sometimes awkwardly placed. For the final pull one should avoid using a loose flake hold for the left hand. F.G.

Tophet Wall.—Severe; steep and exposed. Leader requires 70 feet of rope. Rubbers.

The climb lies on the wall forming the western boundary of Great Hell Gate. Some distance up the screes of Hell Gate, the rocks at the foot of the wall are somewhat broken up. The climb starts from a cairn on a grass ledge some 50 feet up. From the cairn a traverse is made up and to the left, 20 feet on a grassy ledge, to the foot of a steep 15 foot wall. There is no belay, and the wall is climbed on small holds to a narrow ledge. A traverse is made to the left to a grass ledge and a

doubtful belay, 50 feet from the start. The next move is up a mossy groove or slab to a grass stance and a good belay at 35 feet. The buttress overhangs at this point, and a traverse is made to the right on good holds. A doubtful looking flake en route proves quite safe in use. The traverse proceeds for 40 feet, and it is then possible to climb up for 25 feet, passing a recess paved with loose stones, and swinging over a detached block to a stance and belay. A belay is also found on the right. A crack which is formed by a detached pinnacle rises in the corner. It is best to climb on to the edge of the pinnacle whence the crack is reached by a long stride to the left on good holds. The crack is climbed for 12 feet on good holds to a stance 35 feet from the belay. A belay can be arranged here, but it is better to proceed 25 feet on easy rocks to a cairn and a good stance. 50 feet of easy climbing remains, on a shattered ridge, or a traverse can be made to the right, and a descent to Hell Gate.

Direct Start.—On a grass ledge several feet below the start of the original route there is a second cairn. From it a short wall is climbed till a step is made into a crack on the left. This is ascended for 5 feet till one pulls out on to a ledge on the left about 30 feet up.

An obvious line now leads diagonally to the right to the bottom of the 15 foot wall.

This adds about 90 feet to the climb. F.G.

Variation.—The last pitch may be varied by traversing 20 feet to the right across a wall to a good belay, and the corner ahead is climbed to a junction with the ordinary route.

KERN KNOTTS.

Flake Climb, West Face.—110 feet; severe. Leader requires 80 feet of rope. Rubbers.

This climb, which is very severe on the arms, is practically one pitch. It lies on the steep wall to the west of West Chimney, on the most westerly face of Kern Knotts.

A cairn marks the start, and 25 feet of steep rocks lead to two cracks. A small cairn is at the foot of the right hand crack. This crack is climbed for 25 feet on good flake holds until a ledge is reached sloping up to the left. This ledge is

the "Catwalk." Balance is awkward, and the strain on the arms is heavy for 50 feet, when a bilberry patch at the foot of a small chimney is reached. The landing is awkward, and apt to be greasy, but a good hold high up on the right wall proves useful. The chimney is now climbed facing in. There are good holds at the top, and for the feet on the wall to the right. In 10 feet the top of the climb is reached. An easy line of descent is found somewhat west of this point.

West Chimney.—Very difficult. Leader needs 45 feet of rope. Any footgear.

The climb is on the western face of Kern Knotts, and is about 40 yards from K.K. Chimney. A cairn marks the start. Steep rounded rocks provided with good holds lead in 40 feet to a small rock platform at the foot of the chimney. A belay will be found on the left corner. The chimney, which is steep, is then entered. A good hold will be found inside on the right wall. The start is difficult and is best made facing left; after a few feet it is better to face into the chimney. Good handholds will be found mostly on the right wall, and small footholds on either side the crack. Careful use of the feet makes matters easier. A small rock platform and a belay are reached in 30 feet. The crack in the corner is then climbed, facing in on good holds, and another platform is reached in 20 feet. This pitch may be avoided by easy rocks on the right.

West Buttress.—Severe; 120 feet. Leader requires 40 feet of rope. Rubbers.

The climb is up the corner of the buttress to the right of the West Chimney.

From a cairn, 30 feet of climbing up steep rocks lead to a flake, and an awkward landing. The second man may join the leader here, using the flake as a belay. From the flake a V groove above and to the left is entered. This is quitted with great difficulty on the left, necessitating a swing round to the left, until a foothold can be reached on the wall round the corner. A ledge above is then attained, and a good stance is secured. The climb finishes on easier rocks and ledges to the left.

Central Climb, South Face.—Severe. Leader needs 40 feet of rope. Rubbers.

The climb starts a few feet to the left of the chimney.

From the cairn steep grassy rocks lead up to the right from 35 feet to a pinnacle, and a small ash tree. From the top of the pinnacle a traverse runs upwards and to the left on mossy rocks. The holds are good, but hidden by moss. 35 feet leads to a rocky platform with an apology for a belay on the right. The leader then returns for 12 feet, and attacks a steep scoop which is difficult and exposed, until a flake of rock at the roots of a bilberry tuft offers a splendid grip for a pull up. The scoop is 15 feet, and above this 15 feet of steep rock lead to a cairn.

Kern Knotts Chimney.—Difficult. Leader needs 40 feet of rope. Any footgear.

The chimney is climbed for 30 feet to a platform and belay.

The next pitch of 40 feet is started facing left up to the chockstone. The footholds are much polished, and the situation is precarious until the top of the chock is grasped. The remaining portion is climbed on good ledges on the right wall. A cave formed by a bridged boulder is then entered. From the top of the boulder a steep slab is climbed. Here again the polished nature of the holds makes for difficulty at the start, and the knees will render good service. The difficulty soon moderates, and a good belay is reached in 25 feet. From here scrambling remains. The slab may be avoided on the left, but the variation is not recommended.

Kern Knotts Buttress.—Very severe. Leader requires 50 feet of rope. Rubbers and strong fingers.

The climb is on the buttress to the right of the chimney. Around the corner from the foot of the chimney a cairn will be found. A steep crack runs up the face of the wall.

15 feet of climbing up the crack, on good holds, lead to a small rock stance and belay. The crack in the corner proves steep and difficult, a hold for the foot on the left wall proving useful. In 20 feet the big platform on the chimney route is reached. The wall of the buttress extends about five feet beyond the edge of the platform. A small nick on the skyline provides the only handhold for a swing round the corner to a

high foothold on the front of the buttress. A move is then made to the right and up a small vertical crack to a small stance where a rest may be taken. In 15 feet a good ledge is reached, but no belay. A move is made to the right up the nose of the buttress, finishing at a tiny juniper bush between the chimney and the crack on the top platform.

Kern Knotts Crack.—Severe. Leader needs 80 feet of rope. Rubbers preferable.

The climb commences with a rising traverse on small holds, into the "Niche" or "Sentry Box." The polished interior of the niche is of an awkward V shape, and will absorb much energy ere the climber grasps a chockstone which is well back in the crack above the top of the niche. Tall climbers may preferably climb this portion on the wall to the right. Working up on small holds until the body can be swung into the top of the niche—using unsatisfactory small holds—when the chockstone can be reached and a lodgment effected in the crack. The crack then becomes easier. It is best climbed facing in, keeping the body outside as much as possible, and using holds on either side the crack.

K.K. Crack is sometimes climbed from the bottom instead of by the initial traverse.

Innominate Crack.—Very severe; 80 feet in one pitch. Rubbers and strong fingers essential.

This crack rises a few feet to the right of the K.K. Crack.

The first few feet up to a jammed stone are easy. Some use may be made of a parallel crack on the left, and a second jammed block is reached at 45 feet. This block moves, but is safe at present. An uncomfortable rest may be taken here. A good hold will be found above on the right wall, and in 20 feet a triangular niche is entered. A rock grip will be found for the left hand, and the right is used for a press up on the grass ledge. Climbing up the back of the Niche leads in 12 feet to the junction of the Crack and Chimney.

The East Buttress.—Severe. Leader needs 50 feet of rope. Rubbers.

40 yards to the right of the Crack is another and apparently little used climb. This neglect is surprising, as the climb,

though perhaps a trifle artificial, is one of the best, and certainly the longest on Kern Knotts. In the absence of any known name, I have christened it the East Buttress.

Two cairns will be found, one at the foot of a shallow crack, and one a few feet to the right at the foot of a vertical wall. The wall is the more pleasant of the two routes. 40 feet of climbing on good but small holds lead to a stance, and in 5 feet to a small belay. A grass patch is traversed to the left for 12 feet, and a steep wall of light grey rock is then climbed. The holds slope to the climber's disadvantage, but in 25 feet a good rock ledge is reached, and a belay can be arranged here. The overhanging buttress is then attacked, holds are scanty and footholds sloping. A series of awkward balances bring one in 30 feet to the top of the ridge on the right of a small chimney. Here is a stance and belay. Three alternatives now present themselves—(1) a steep corner on the right of the chimney on good holds, 25 feet; (2) the chimney and chockstone; (3) the corner to the left of the chimney, 35 feet.

The Variation at the commencement of the climb is severe. The shallow crack is climbed, proving very awkward and strenuous for 20 feet. One can then take to the buttress, or up easy ledges to the grass at the foot of the second pitch.

LOWER KERN KNOTTS.

This small buttress is situated halfway between Kern Knotts and the Styhead track.

The Crack.—This climb consists of two pitches of 12 feet. The start is awkward, and the climb, though short, provides an interesting problem.

The Slab Climb lies to the right of the crack, and is very severe. The wall is climbed up to the overhang which is passed on the right; one then pulls up on to the overhang, a matter of some difficulty. A good left handhold then proves comforting, and a finish is made straight ahead.

The Buttress to the left of the crack yields a short and easier climb.

Lower Kern Knotts, West Route (from description by H. M. Kelly).

The climb starts at the lowest point to the left of the crack. Steep rocks lead to a ledge. Traverse to the left of the ledge, then go straight up to a short crack, following which get on to the slabs above by a long stride to the right. The route keeps to the left of Lower K.K. Buttress climb.

Numerous boulders at the foot of Kern Knotts provide a quantity of boulder problems of varying difficulty for an "off" day.

LOWER KERN KNOTTS WEST.

This is a somewhat broken buttress, 80 feet high, and lies some 40 yards to the west of Lower Kern Knotts.

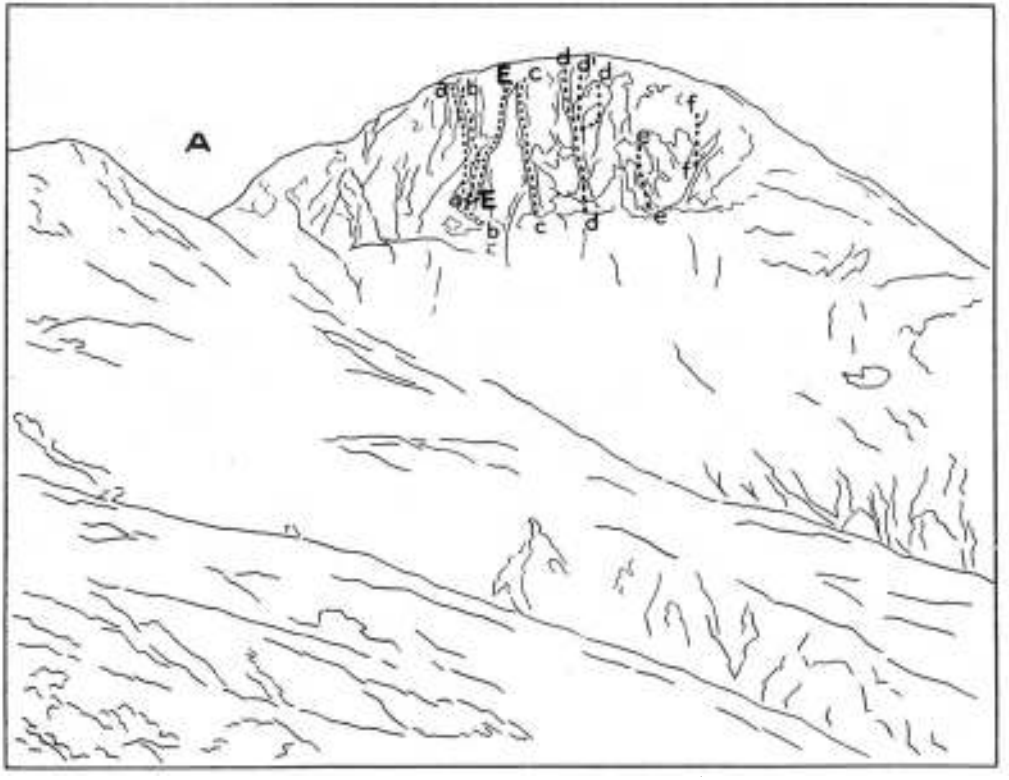
The Buttress.—Severe; 85 feet in two pitches. Rubbers.

The climb starts up a steep slab in the middle of the buttress. A cairn marks the start, and the climb can be identified by a peculiar projecting block on the skyline above. It finishes at this pinnacle. The steep slab is climbed for 15 feet, working to the right, and using a thin crack for the fingers, until a small stance—or rather foothold—is reached. From this one rises for 3 feet on very small holds, and then a stride is made to the left. The route is then straight up the slab on good holds to a grass and juniper ledge at 40 feet. Belay on right. (The first portion of the climb can be avoided on the left). On reaching the ledge, traverse 5 feet to the left, and then climb straight up the wall to a small rock platform in 12 feet. Leave the platform by climbing the steep groove directly above, finishing at the jutting rock 85 feet from the start.

Slab and Chimney Route.—Difficult. Leader needs 30 feet of rope. Any footgear.

The climb lies to the right of the previous route, and is marked by a cairn. A steep slab is climbed to a bilberry terrace. A narrow chimney is then climbed for 20 feet to a stance. Another short pitch completes the climb.

Raven Crag.—Above Kern Knotts and really forming the upper portion of that outcrop, lies Raven Crag, a familiar name in this district. It contains several short chimneys which will be found interesting by novices. In particular a bifurcated chimney with smooth chockstone furnishes quite good spor-



A—Wind Gap. a - - - a Bottle-shaped Pinnacle Ridge. b - - - b Oblique Chimney. c - - - c Engineer's Chimney. E - - - E Easy Sheep Walk. d - - - d Central Gully. d' Direct Finish. e - - - e Smuggler's Chimney. f - - - f Doctor's Chimney.

Further up towards the summit of Gable, Tom Blue Crag will be found, but there does not appear to be anything of interest there.

GABLE CRAG (ENNERDALE FACE).

Doctor's Chimney.—75 feet; difficult. Leader needs 35 feet of rope. Any footgear.

On approach from Wasdale via Moses Trod, the wire fence at Beckhead will be reached. This is followed almost to the point where it meets the crag. A little beyond this a scree gully rises; this is ascended for 150 feet, passing a large and recent rockfall. The Doctor's Chimney is then visible in the left wall of the gully.

The first pitch is easy, up to a jutting block at 25 feet. In another 5 feet a pinnacle is reached on the right wall, and can be used as a belay. The chimney then narrows. Keeping the body as far out of the crack as possible, a narrow stance and belay are reached 45 feet from the start. The climb is continued for 15 feet, facing left at first, and later facing in to the crack up to a small stance and belay. 15 feet of easier climbing remain, and a stance and belay will be found 20 feet higher on the left.

Smuggler's Chimney.—Very difficult. Leader needs 40 feet of rope. Any footgear. The climb is very strenuous. The chimney lies 60 yards to the left of the gully, which contains the Doctor's Chimney.

The climb starts up a little crack with an awkward landing on to a grass ledge on the left. A short wall with good holds at the top, lands one at the foot of the chimney. A belay exists.

The Chimney is very narrow and difficult to start. A good hold will be found at the bottom of a mossy chockstone in the back of the crack. It is best to face in up to the chockstone, and then face left, using holds for the feet on each side of the crack. In 35 feet a cave provided with a belay is reached. Facing left a struggle is made up to a chockstone. Another chock and belay are reached on a landing in 18 feet. The route lies more at the back of the cave, and an exit is made

through a restricted window pitch in 10 feet, on to a grass terrace.

The Central Gully.—40 yards to the left of Smuggler's Chimney is the Central Gully, easily distinguishable by a large boulder which bridges the gully.

The climb is artificial for a Lake District gully, as after the initial difficulty all the pitches can be turned on the left by variants which require little if any climbing, and, as in wet weather the various pitches are apt to be water-falls, even strong parties have been known to shirk the duty of taking a shower bath by this means.

The first short pitch lies under the bridge stone. 15 feet.

The second pitch, but little higher up, is formed by a big boulder jammed in the bed of the gully. By using the left wall a few feet are gained which enables a stride to be made on to the holds higher up in the right wall from which the top of the boulder is reached without difficulty. 20 feet.

The third pitch some distance higher up consists of a narrow crack which requires considerable expenditure of energy. It is often avoided by an easy staircase route to the left. To the right an exit may be made by grass ledges past the alleged remains of the smuggler's hut.

A shorter but rather similar crack furnishes the fourth pitch and will be found somewhat higher up to the left, after which the summit is reached by a scree gully.

The Direct Finish.—A much more sporting finish is provided by taking a short chimney to the right front which brings one to an overhanging corner. This is surmounted by a short traverse to the right and back again. The chockstone above is very steep and holdless, providing much the best pitch in the climb. A foot or two must be gained by using the left wall after which a good handhold will be found at the back of the chock, the use of which brings an end to all difficulty.

Immediately to the left of the gully, some distance up, is a pinnacle which gives an easy scramble. A stretch of very steep slabs then rises, at the left hand end of which is the Engineer's Chimney, 40 yards from the Central Gully.

Engineer's Chimney.—Very severe. Leader needs 40 feet of rope. Any footgear. The most difficult portion of the climb is usually wet.

The chimney is divided by a steep rib of rock a few feet above the start. The left branch is entered after 15 feet of easy climbing, and a stance at the top of a rib is reached with rather more difficulty at 35 feet from the start. The rope can be threaded round a small chockstone as a belay.

The severe portion now commences.

The chimney becomes difficult in 5 feet, and is climbed facing in until a bulge on the rib on the right is reached. Some use is made of a thin crack on the left for the feet. It is then best to face right. Small poor holds for the fingers are on the front of the rib, and two small holds a foot apart will be found in the moss of the left wall at the back of the chimney.

The left leg is jammed in the crack. The crack is always wet, and progress is very exhausting. A good flake hold will be reached in the bed of the crack. A little higher are holds on the rib, and a crack well back in the right wall of the chimney, very hard to reach. It is very strenuous for 8 feet, then difficulties moderate, and a chockstone is reached 35 feet from the thread belay. From the chock, backing up is indulged in with the feet on the right wall, until a good pointed hold in a crack on the left wall can be grasped. It is then possible to step into the crack on the left wall. The holds are good, and bridging with the feet is resorted to. The top is reached in 25 feet on a series of grass ledges. A belay will be found a few feet higher. This pitch is sensational, but is easy after the previous pitch.

Variation Route.—Severe.

From the top of the first pitch, one steps out on to the left wall from the thread belay. A traverse is made on small holds to a doubtful looking flake. This should be treated carefully, the climb going up the corner to a stance, and small belay at 35 feet. The climb then rejoins the chimney. This avoids the severe pitch of the chimney, and is a somewhat easier route.

Oblique Chimney.—Difficult. Any footgear. Leader needs 40 feet of rope.

The climb lies at the same level as Engineer's Chimney, and is about 30 yards east.

The climb commences with a cave pitch of 20 feet, and leads to a small cave and poor belay. A second and easier pitch of 25 feet follows up to another small cave and belay. 15 feet discloses another small cave, and in 35 feet the climb finishes up a series of boulders. The landing is on to loose scree, which demands care.

Bottle Shaped Pinnacle Ridge.—A scrambling climb of moderate difficulty, up the buttress forming the retaining wall of the Oblique Chimney.

Mallory's Climbs (taken from the Wasdale Book). Described as to the left of the Bottle Shaped Pinnacle Ridge, reached from the scree gully at the easterly end of the crag, by "traversing up from the fork to a large overhanging crag." The climbs are the nearest routes to the right and left of the overhanging crag.

(1) Starts to the left of the crag on a leaf of rock which leads to a ledge 40 feet up, and to the right. A crack goes to the right from the ledge to a bad spot, but by getting over a corner to the left a route can be found up slabs. The climb is finished by a traverse to the right and a pull over a rectangular block. The climb is not very difficult, and is 150 feet.

(2) A steep crack runs up to the right of the overhanging crag. For the first 80 feet are small pitches and no belay. The crack then widens out, and is easy, or a traverse can be made over the buttress, 180 feet.

BOAT HOW CRAGS.

(From particulars by George Basterfield.)

This fine crag is split into three buttresses, of which the central one is a pillar, connected to the Fell by a narrow ridge against which the East and West Gullies converge. Between each of these gullies and the pillar is a chimney.

The West Chimney (Starboard Chimney) consists of 2 pitches. It is about 100-120 feet. It may be classed well down the difficults (but was climbed under bad conditions). The upper pitch is about 50-55 feet, and the finish of this pitch needs careful handling on account of loose rock.

East Buttress Arête (Sea-wall Arête).—This climb proceeds up near the right-hand edge of the East Buttress. The start is marked by a small cairn at the foot. The climb goes up direct to a vertical rock with a crack up its centre. Take this direct and continue for about 30 feet up the arête into a broken groove. Just above, go to the right round a corner, and then up slabby rock to a cave (good anchorage). Climb up and out on the left wall. Traverse a little to the left, and proceed to the summit on broken slabs. The finish is marked by a cairn. In all about 250 feet of interesting climbing. The climb may be described as difficult. Both these climbs may be climbed in boots.

Hatchway and Rigging Climb.—Consists of East Chimney, of Central Pillar (20 foot chockstone pitch, taken on right) Just above top of chimney ascend right wall direct to obvious spike belay at 20 feet. Thence short traverse (6 feet) to foot of obvious vertical crack. This is climbed direct to top of flat pinnacle (20 feet) where climb finishes. Short but difficult, climbed in boots, rocks wet.

Larboard Arête (East Arête of Central Pillar).—Starts at small cairn at east corner, and proceeds direct to summit, overlooking Hatchway climb. About 120 feet. Climbed in boots. Severe, upper half.

Breakwater Slabs and Lighthouse.—The slabs lie immediately to the left of East Gully. The climb commences at a cairn near the left corner of the slabs. Thence traverse to right immediately to centre of slab, where a narrow crack leads directly up. (The climb may be started at the foot of the crack.) The traverse is 15-20 feet. Climb crack direct, and continue more or less direct to top of slabs (about 80 feet). The slab ends on a large glass platform on which is a large detached boulder. The second pitch continues directly up commencing with slabs at easy incline. Take to extreme right-hand edge, and climb to finish, the last 20 feet are vertical, but the holds are good. (Second pitch, perhaps 70 feet). Rubbers; estimate slabs as severe; top pitch (which may be avoided) as difficult.

CLASSIFIED LIST OF CLIMBS.

ROCK CLIMBING IN BORROWDALE.

By A. R. Thomson.

INTRODUCTION.

The climbs in Borrowdale are few and far between. It is hardly necessary to call the attention of members of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club to Sergeant Crag Gully, to Raven Crag Gully on Glaramara, and to Gillercombe Buttress, with its variations and its gully. Mouse Ghyll, and Bridge Gully on Maiden Moor are an interesting day's work. The fine buttress on Black Crag, called by its discoverers Troutdale Pinnacle Climb, and the Pinnacle above the Bowder Stone are not too far from one another, and are well worth a visit. Walla Crag Gully, too, proves of interest, and can be combined with the short gully on the left hand side of this crag, well seen from the road, or with the numerous and very difficult short problems on Castle Head, a mile nearer Keswick. An exploration of the rocks above and round Lodore has yielded no climb of sustained interest, but numerous short climbs can be found on the heathery uplands above High Lodore farm and on the rocks to the left of the road leading from Keswick to Watendlath and nearly a mile from that village. The right branch of Ashness Ghyll gives a climb of over 100 feet of slabs, followed by two other short pitches. It is well worth visiting in the autumn for its wonderful scenery alone.

Gate Crag, on the right hand side of the valley, almost opposite the Bowder Stone, will attract climbers, although four or five visits of exploration have resulted only in the discovery of short problems. A small peak between Maiden Moor and Gate Crag just to the right of the stream descending from the uplands, gives a good climb up its centre, just to the left of a cleft, the bottom of which is repellent from its excessive amount of vegetation.

80 feet of rope for three climbers will be sufficient for all the climbs described, with the exception of those on Gillercombe Buttress, Black Crag, Mouse Ghyll, and perhaps Raven Crag Gully. For these 100 feet will be required.

So much for the general possibilities of Borrowdale :—

Castle Head.—Proceeding from Keswick along the Borrowdale road for about five minutes, a gate is reached, steps are ascended, and a footpath is followed. The topmost crags soon come into view on the right. A divergence is made, and after a scramble for 25 feet up grass and rock, a 30 foot crack can be seen right ahead. It is steep throughout, but holds are good until near the top, when a right hand hold is reached with difficulty. Descending slightly and passing a small chockstone pitch (to the left of which there is an awkward climb), a corner is rounded and an open V chimney attracts attention. It is exceedingly steep and smooth, and its upper portion almost overhangs. To overcome this, it is usual to " back up " facing the right wall. A considerable descent is now made, and in the centre of the wood will be found a curious pulpit shaped rock. It contains five climbs :

(1) On its left, a short overhanging chimney.
(2) An arête to the right of this reached by a sloping shelf about 7 feet up.
(3) A crack in the centre, past an ash tree sapling.
(4) A short crack to the right of this.
(5) A traverse across the face of the rock, starting from the crack just mentioned.

With the exception of the short crack all these climbs can be called severe. Just to the left of this rock is a steep overhanging face. A good hand hold about 8 feet up, the use of another and higher handhold on the right, combined with a skilful use of the feet, are the necessary elements for the solution of this problem. Above the pulpit rock is a buttress about 30 feet high. Three curious sloping steps commence the climb, to pass from one to the other requires skilful balance. Bearing upwards and to the right, heather ledges are reached and the climb is finished by them. Passing round the base of this buttress a ledge or terrace is reached, with broken rocks below and very steep rocks—at least 30 feet

high—above. A way can be made up these nearly vertical rocks for 15 feet, bearing a little to the right. It is then necessary to traverse slightly to the left, and after overcoming a short overhang, the branches of a small tree are within reach, by means of which the climb is completed. Following the ledge round it is necessary to descend a few feet by a small chimney. A very alarming crack is then just overhead. It is quite 30 feet high, and even more severe than the previous climb. Immediately to the right of this climb is a short wall of rock about 15 feet high. Above this is a comfortable terrace, whence a very steep right angled corner can be attacked on its right wall.

There are numerous other climbs of varying difficulty which are left undescribed. Their scratched condition will attest their popularity. The arête climb, the crack climb on the pulpit rock, the V chimney, the climb through the tree and the chimney and crack on its right should not be attempted without the moral support of the rope.

Walla Crag.—Walla Crag is best approached from the public path which passes along its base in the direction of the Ambleside road. The entrance to the path is from the Borrowdale road, a mile from Castle Head. The crags are in private grounds, and objections may be raised to visits by climbers. On the way thither from Castle Head, three small gullies will be noticed to the left of the summit. The first one contains two pitches, the bottom one, though short, being difficult. The second gully only provides scrambling. The third has four pitches. The first pitch, a very short one, is best avoided on the right. The second, which is nearly 50 feet high, after starting easily for 20 feet, becomes very stiff owing to loose rock and paucity of holds. There are two easy pitches above. The place is altogether unpleasant, and does not deserve a visit. It will be noticed that Walla Crag is divided into two sections by a wide gully that forks at the top. This is the "Ladies' Rake," by which Lady Derwentwater escaped, or is said to have escaped, from Lord's Island during Jacobite troubles. To the right of this gully, which contains no climbing, is a buttress covered with trees, but fringed with rocks at its base. Up the centre

of this band runs the well known Walla Crag Gully. This is reached from the road by bearing to the right almost immediately, and making for the centre of the rocks above. The gully is just on the south side of a very conspicuous rock face. A steep ascent up grass and rock for 50 feet leads to the first pitch, where a tree root renders valuable, if uncertain assistance. A gully-chimney follows, about 25 feet high, and of no great difficulty. Then comes another chimney with down sloping holds. Its ascent is a little precarious in wet weather. Here, at a holly tree, the real climbing in the gully may be said to end, but it is usual to make a traverse across a rather sensational slab on the right, and then, after progressing upwards—still a little to the right—a steep chimney will be seen ahead. This can be reached by an awkward little pitch easily avoidable on the right. The chimney itself is deep cut and almost overhangs. It is 25 feet high, holds are good, but the exit cannot be described as easy.

Falcon Crag.—Falcon Crag, unlike Walla Crag, presents a bare and steep face to the Borrowdale road. No route has been discovered, or is likely to be discovered, up the centre of this face, but on the right side, starting from the gully on the right, is a route of sorts. It begins with 30 feet of rock and heather, then an easy and rotten traverse is made to the left. Afterwards there is an unpleasant climb up grass and rock of no difficulty till near the top, when 60 feet of good rock completes the climb, which is somewhat dangerous. The gully to the immediate right of the start of this climb contains five short pitches of no particular difficulty. There is much loose rock about, which makes the climb dusty and unattractive.

Ashness Ghyll.—About a mile from Lodore on the Keswick side, will be noticed the road leading to Watendlath. This can be followed for half a mile over Ashness Bridge, and then the course of the beck is followed to where it divides. The left branch contains only one short but disagreeable pitch. The right branch can be followed till it disappears in the fell side. A start is made for at least 100 feet up easy slabs to the right of the stream bed. Towards the top these steepen and require care, and afterwards a traverse can be made

to the left, and a short pitch in the stream course easily surmounted. Two short pitches remain to finish the climb.

Black Crag.—3½ miles from Keswick and immediately behind the Borrowdale Hotel is the little valley of Troutdale, and at its head can be seen the small peak called Black Crag, which is reached by ten minutes walk along the beckside, followed by twenty minutes steep ascent up bracken and boulders. The crag contains two climbs.

(1) The gully which is almost up the centre of the crag and afterwards bears to the left.

(2) The buttress on the right of this gully.

Black Crag Gully.—A description of the Gully climb is to be found in the Climbers' Club Journal for 1903, by the late A. Goodall.

1st Pitch. A slab is ascended for 25 feet, this terminates in a short and awkward wall of rock.

2nd Pitch is 25 feet in height. A chimney with good holds.

3rd Pitch is less steep but very rotten, grass holds have to be used.

4th Pitch is a chimney which is climbed half way, and then an exit made on the left.

5th Pitch is a smooth slab. The climb looks very rotten, and is best avoided.

Black Crag Buttress.—This is in the corner to the right of the Gully, and can be climbed direct from the bottom and the original climb entered at the top of the 2nd pitch. This start, however, is unattractive, and it is best to make one's way up steep screes for 50 feet, when a cairn on the left marks the start of the original climb. This begins (1) with a traverse. After a few feet a couple of awkward steps lead to a recess. Above this and a little to the left is (2) a steep pitch rather devoid of holds, succeeded by (3) 20 or 30 feet of easy slabs to a yew tree. (4) Above the yew tree is another somewhat difficult pitch. It is necessary to work over a slab to the right. Afterwards a corner is ascended on the left, with the assistance of a small oak tree. (5) A groove is then climbed, first vertically, then horizontally, making from right to left. (6) Afterwards comes a descent for 15 feet, and a traverse across some smooth slabs on to a grass terrace. (7) From the

left side of this a gully is reached by means of a slightly overhanging corner, which is awkward to surmount. (8) Easy climbing ensues till the top of a wedge is reached, on which the climber can sit astride and contemplate the steep and sensational finish. (9) Taking off from a loose boulder which connects the wedge with the rocks above a very steep ascent is made for at least 20 feet until a recess on the left is reached. From here 12 or 15 feet of easy climbing leads to heather, whence to the summit cairn is practically a walk.

Gully to Right of Black Crags.—Five minutes' walk across screes from the start of the last-mentioned climb brings one to a deeply cut gully. It contains four short pitches, of which the first two are somewhat awkward. This climb is hardly worth doing, as it is wet and inclined to be rotten.

Bowder Stone Pinnacle.—This short climb is situated immediately above the Bowder Stone. Its base is reached by a toilsome scramble up boulders. The summit may be attained from the mountain behind. A circuitous route involving no climbing is made to the right. Then follows a passage along the top of the rocks to the left till immediately behind the pinnacle. A steep descent is made to a gap where grows a yew tree. A traverse along a wedge shaped block and a long stride brings one to the summit of the pinnacle.* The stride may be omitted by climbing down the wedge previously described on its right side, and traversing across into the gap across which the stride is made. The yew tree may be reached from below by a grassy gully on the immediate right of the pinnacle. This contains two or three rotten and steep pitches, and is rather dangerous. A better and more sporting ascent may be made a few feet to the left of this gully. A wall perhaps 18 feet high is climbed with the aid of a convenient tree and a gully entered. After a few feet of scree scrambling, a route is made on to its left wall by a long stride. Here the leader generally has a shoulder. A short traverse leads to the chimney which separates the pinnacle from the wedge previously mentioned. The chimney is climbed up to the gap, and the ascent concluded after a step or two of somewhat difficult climbing.

* A photograph of this place appeared in Vol. 3 of the Journal wrongly described as Troutdale Pinnacle.

On the way from the Bowder Stone in the direction of Keswick, by the road which comes out at the Quarry, some slabs may be noticed. These, at the Bowder Stone end, are apparently too smooth to admit of ascent, but a little further on a block can be observed with a chimney behind it. This can be used for the ascent of the block, and from its top a long stride made across to easier ground. The block may also be reached from its left hand side up a smooth and steep slab. The ascent can be continued to the summit on the right by loose and unsatisfactory rocks, or a descent made by easy grass. The slabs to the left of this climb give a difficult problem where some traversing is necessary.

The North West corner of the Bowder Stone for the first 12 feet is very difficult until the North East route, which is a mere scramble, is joined.

Eagle Crag.—The climbs on Eagle Crag and Sergeant Crag are reached by turning off the Seatoller road to the left just after passing Rosthwaite. Half a mile further on the road ends at Stonethwaite Village. If the objective be Sergeant Crag, keep straight on through the village and over fields for about a mile and a half, and where the old cart track bends to the right, follow it on. After passing through a gate, a foot bridge on the left must be crossed. The rocks of Eagle Crag which face down Langstrath are immediately above one. A mile further on, and on the left, is seen Sergeant Crag Gully, a most conspicuous cleft. The square topped rock close by the footpath is the well-known Gash Rock. Mention should be made of the splendid bathing pool close by. To reach the gullies situate on the other side of Eagle Crag it is best to turn to the left in Stonethwaite village. A bridge is crossed and the Greenup track leading to Grasmere is followed for two miles. A rock face will be seen high up on the fell side on the right, seamed by the four gullies, of which the following description appeared in the Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, Vol. 2, page 127 :—

A GULLY.—The first reached is approached by a stiff scramble up the fell side, occupying perhaps 20 mintes. Hands must be used here and there just before attaining the gully. (1st pitch) Starting up the centre a sloping ledge

is reached requiring care in wet weather. 30 feet up steep grass follows, and then the second pitch is climbed by a deep cut chimney, perhaps 18 feet high. (3rd pitch) A dangerous looking fringe of stones must be passed on the left, using a rib of rock high up on the left. (4th pitch) A real problem is afforded by a little chimney on the right. The leader should not attempt this until the second man is in the recess. There is a right hand hold on the buttress, and a ledge on the chockstone may be used higher up. (5th pitch) Is short, with unsatisfactory holds at the top.

B GULLY.—Proceed along the terrace, at the foot of the crags, for 30 yards to the left. Then a deeply cut gully can be seen, after climbing a steep grass slope. Some wedged blocks can be passed on the left, and a narrow chimney entered from a good ledge on the right. The large stone at the foot of the chimney should be used with caution. Grass ledges complete the climb.

C GULLY.—Is well seen from the Grasmere track, and is to be identified by its overhanging roof. An attempt to climb it failed.

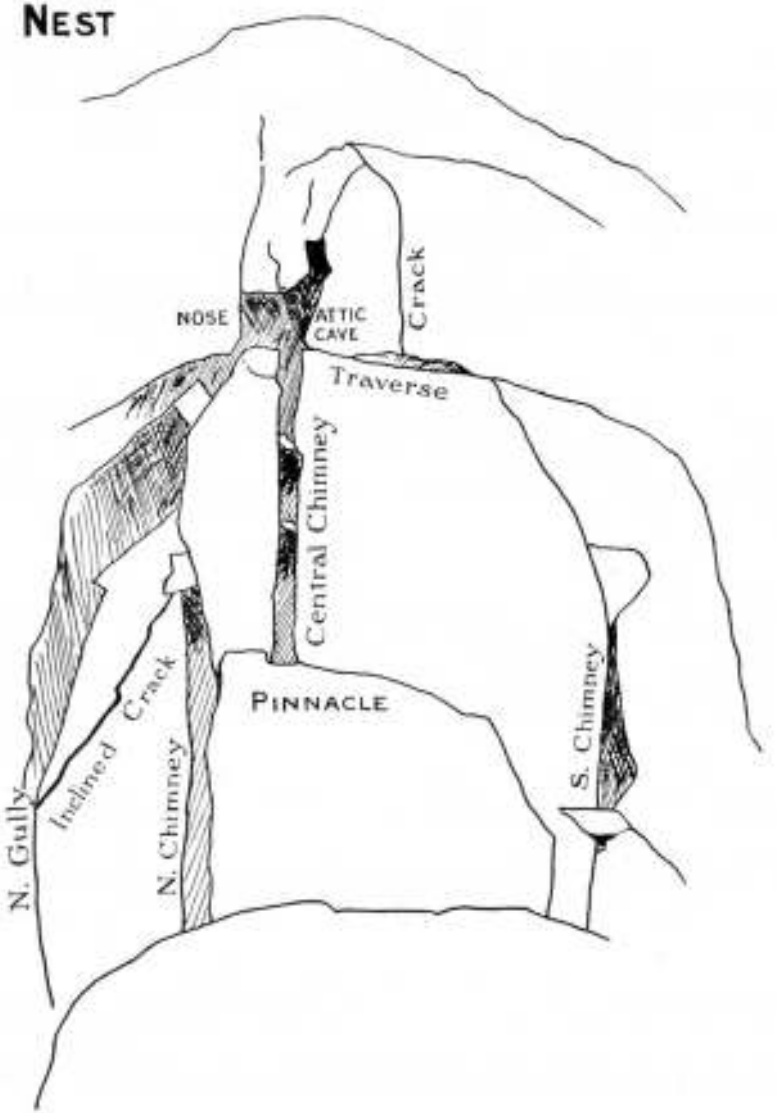
D GULLY.—To the left of the last-mentioned. The main wall of Eagle Crag forms the left wall of the gully at the start. (1st pitch) A narrow vertical chimney proves easy until about 15 feet up, when both feet may be brought out to a sloping edge. Some vigorous wriggling leads to a rough shelf a few feet higher. (2nd pitch) The next pitch consists of a group of stones almost covered with vegetation. (3rd pitch) 40 feet higher a fine slanting chimney is entered. Starting well in the chimney, the climber may gradually work out to the left until level with the chockstone. Then it is advisable to turn to the right. A short vertical pitch, before the chimney slopes back at an easy angle, provides a delightful finish. Possibilities of further climbing are also suggested. The gullies on this face must be treated with great caution. Mr. A. W. Wilson lost his life in A Gully while climbing alone, June, 1923.

Eagle Crag (Langstrath Face).—Just after entering Langstrath by the route already referred to, the steep face of Eagle Crag attracts attention. The lower rocks are not worth a

visit, but an ascent in the direction of the "col" which separates Eagle Crag from Sergeant Crag, by somewhat steep grass slopes, will reveal other possibilities. This side of Eagle Crag, which faces nearly south west, is extremely steep at its base. At the height of 80 feet or so it is crossed by a broad ledge or terrace, above which the rocks rise at a less uncompromising angle. A short gully high up on the right can be climbed without any difficulty, and an upward traverse made to the left until this terrace is reached. From here a zig-zag route was made to the summit, which proved of interest, though difficult to describe. In conjunction with the ascent of Sergeant Crag Gully, near by, these rocks will probably give a satisfactory day's work.

Sergeant Crag Gully.—Proceeding for a short distance along Langstrath a slanting course through the bracken will enable the foot of Sergeant Crag to be reached in about half an hour. The first pitch of its gully can be avoided on the left by a grass terrace, and its ascent is often omitted, but is worth doing on a dry day. Steep scrambling ensues till the second pitch 15 feet or so in height and crowned by a chockstone, is reached It can be easily climbed on its left wall. The 3rd pitch is not more than 9 feet in height ; the walls of the gully are not far apart, and good holds can be found for the pull up. (4th pitch) Boulders form a block about 15 feet high ; the right hand of the gully is ascended to this block, which is passed over on its left. (5th pitch) This pitch, which has hitherto been called the 4th pitch, owing to the previous omission of the real 1st pitch, is by far the hardest in the gully. It can be avoided by making a short traverse in the right wall immediately above the pitch last described. An easily climbed gully is then ascended, and at its top a traverse to the left leads into the main gully without any difficulty. If the 5th pitch is to be climbed direct, a few feet of screes must be ascended. Holds on the left wall must first be used and eventually a recess reached. From here an awkward pull up through thick vegetation can be effected. The 6th pitch is easy, and much grass does not interfere with its ascent. The 7th pitch consists of wedged stones, and is steep and strenuous rather than difficult. It is of no great height. (8th pitch) A few

DOVE NEST


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

feet higher up, the gully is left on the right. The step on to a slab, rather smooth and devoid of holds, requires care. After the ascent of this slab the climb is practically over.

The rocks on the opposite side of the valley have been explored. In their lower section they are extremely steep, but can be climbed by a kind of sloping terrace consisting chiefly of grass and heather. Their upper portion is more interesting, and an arête was ascended to the summit, which gave amusing climbing of only moderate difficulty.

Gash Rock.—The Gash Rock, about 20 feet high, and close to the stream which drains the Langstrath valley, gives two problems. The north west side of approach is steep, but for the first 8 feet or so there is no lack of holds for hands or feet; the rest of the ascent is not difficult. On the other side, boulders are used until the summit is not far distant. The final pull up is, for most people, not easy.

Doves' Nest Caves, etc.—At "Mountain View" cottages about a quarter of a mile on the Keswick side of Seatoller, a turn to the left is made through a gate. Keeping to the left a green cart track is followed until it vanishes in marshy land above. By keeping to the left side of this and a little up the fell side, wet feet can be avoided. After threequarters of an hour the crags of Doves' Nest will be just above one to the left. Raven Crag, with its many pitched gully, is on the right. The climbing portion of Combe Ghyll lies straight ahead. Before the marshy ground is reached, some rocks will be noticed on the left, about 300 feet up the fell side. Several interesting little climbs can be made on these. Further on an outcrop 80 or 100 feet high can be climbed on its left. A cairn marks the start. This climb is only of moderate difficulty, but it is steep, and care is necessary on account of loose holds. Further on at a high level, a deep cut gully will be seen. It contains one pitch of considerable difficulty.

Doves' Nest.—A pretty complete account of this has been given in the Journal of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club (Vol. 3, No. 2, p. 78). It contains many short problems. The face is divided some distance up by three chimneys. The North and Cen-

tral Chimneys terminate in a deep recess called the Attic Cave. About half way up a mass of rock stands out, separated from the rocks behind by a deep cleft. On the right is the South Chimney, from near the bottom of which an entrance can be made to the underground passage by which an ascent can be made to the Attic Cave. Approaching the rocks from below a slab 40 feet high is climbed by its left side, without difficulty, to a grass plot, whence an ascent of 20 feet on the right brings one to the base of the pinnacle. The South Chimney is then reached by a walk of a few steps. From this point also an ascent up a corner of 15 or 20 feet brings one to the summit of the pinnacle. Thence, by a short descent and a long stride across the gap already mentioned, the Central Chimney is reached. This forms an easy means of reaching the Attic Cave. Progressing outwards to its balcony and making a short traverse on the left wall, a crack is reached and climbed with difficulty for about 20 feet. At the top, a movement to the left and round a steep corner brings one to easy rocks and, eventually, to the summit of the crag. The North Chimney is easily entered from the base of the pinnacle, and is on its left. A scramble leads to an archway whose summit can be attained by strenuous "backing up" from outside, or, more easily and with much less effort, from inside. A traverse on the left brings one into the North Gully, which is of little interest, and by a pull up through a hole, the Attic Cave is attained. The South Chimney on the other side is really difficult, smooth, almost vertical, about 25 feet high, and covered with a dirty green deposit. Its ascent is best avoided.

Before commencing its ascent a hole will be noticed on the left hand wall, which is scratched with an arrow. This is the through route. Candles and care are now necessary if the passage, upwards or downwards is to be explored. An excellent ledge on the right wall can be traversed for 15 or 20 feet, and an easy descent made into the basement by means of convenient boulders. The depth is at most 20 feet. In order to ascend to the Attic Cave a traverse on the right wall is to be made with care. Then a climb of 20 feet by a species of gully brings one to a good stance. A step or two

to the right and a narrow chimney is reached which can be climbed without any great difficulty. A pull up after a short traverse brings one to the Attic Cave.

Combe Ghyll.—Combe Ghyll has only two pitches worthy of mention—

(1) A chimney nearly 30 feet high, down which, even in dry weather, falls a considerable stream of water. This can be avoided more or less by a skilful use of both walls, till a movement can be made on the right and the chimney finished on that side.

(2) The second pitch is a little shorter than the first, nearly vertical, and is composed of very rotten rock. It is likewise wet. It can be climbed direct, but the easy route on the right hand side will attract most people. These two pitches are preceded, divided, and followed by interesting scrambling.

Raven Crag Gully.—Is a conspicuous cleft facing "Dove's Nest" on the opposite side of the valley. It was first climbed in 1893, and a very full and extremely interesting account is given in Jones' "Rock Climbing in the English Lake District." As will appear from that account, from which the writer has borrowed, the route selected will depend to a great extent on the amount of water present in the gully, which is always wet. The climb starts with a pitch 40 feet high if taken from the bottom; it is easily avoided by grassy rocks on the left. The second pitch, about 80 feet in height, is usually done on the right by a species of shelf which is exposed, but not particularly steep or difficult. A traverse is made at the top into the gully, and this requires care. The third pitch is nearly as high as the second. The gully here is very narrow, and ledges on either side of it can be used. After a pull up, a crack on the right is reached and the boulders crowning the pitch ascended from thence. The fourth pitch appears to be, and is very difficult. An ascent is first made into a cave 40 or 50 feet up. There is a rib of rock on the right hand side of the pitch. This may be ascended, or use may be made of the gully or chimney on its right. In either case there is considerable difficulty owing to lack of holds. From the cave the jammed boulders dominating the pitch have to be surmounted. The

first of these can be reached by the right wall of the gully, whence there is no great difficulty in overcoming the second.

A large amphitheatre is now reached, and the formidable last pitch, 100 feet or so in height appears on the right. The ascent direct is generally avoided. The first part is simple, up to a stone which is wedged in the gully, and above which there is room for two. Above this a large block of rock prevents an ascent on the right of the chimney which is overhead, and which looks possible in its upper portion. A crack between the rock and some slabs on its right can be used with assistance from behind, and a niche gained by the right foot. In the crack above, an angular stone is jammed, behind which the rope can be passed. This stone is used as a hand hold and the knee jammed in the crack. From here the ascent into the cave above presents less difficulty. The cave itself has room for two. A traverse for 6 feet on the left is now made, and the final pitch surmounted by a crack on the left. It is usual to leave this direct finish. From the first block about 20 feet up a way is made on the right to a belaying pin about 30 feet from the summit. From here it is possible to traverse back into the cave to just below the final difficulty. A more satisfactory and safer ascent is direct up the buttress above the belaying pin. This alternative to the direct climb is very sensational and the holds small. The climbing, however, is not particularly difficult. It may be mentioned that a way has been made up the buttress to the left of the gully. There are two really difficult pitches, but the climb contains too much heather and grass to be satisfactory.

Hind Crag Buttress (Glaramara).—About a quarter of an hour's walk from Seathwaite, and just before reaching Stockley Bridge, a crag will be seen on the left called Hind Crag. It is reached by a laborious trudge up screes and grass for about 500 feet. The crag itself contains much grass and heather. It is between 200 and 300 feet in height. Its right side is extremely steep, but on the left the rocks rise at an easier angle. About the centre a start was made (cairn) on slabs which, at the outset, were not difficult. After 30 feet or so of climbing, which became harder with every step, progress was arrested by a steep and smooth slab about 15 feet high, and

covered with ice. It might just be made to "go" under favourable conditions. A traverse was made to the right, and easy slabs, forming the left wall of a gully, were followed for 30 feet. Then the gully was ascended by a zig-zag route for another 30 feet. The climbing was not difficult, but loose grass holds made great caution necessary. As the angle was becoming steeper the low wall on the left was climbed, and a few feet of simple work brought us to easy ground. A traverse was made to the left, and an arête followed to the summit. This gave 100 feet of climbing on very good rock. Some variation was possible, and the difficulties, such as they were, were short.

GILLERCOMBE BUTTRESS.

(From description by H. S. Gross.)

Gillercombe Buttress is on the South West face of Grey Knotts, and overlooks the head of Borrowdale above Sourmilk Ghyll. It is some 600 feet in height. To reach Gillercombe a start is made through the farm buildings at Seathwaite, and the bridge over the stream crossed. One can then take a slanting course up the fell side to the left of Sour Milk Ghyll. After passing some slabs, which give amusing climbing suitable for an "off" day, a track is struck which conducts one through a gateway on to the very wet ground above. An alternative track takes the right hand side of the beck. Higher up on this side, a small crag gives on its left a steep ascent up a little chimney which is well scratched with boot nails. Whichever way is taken, the Buttress lies straight ahead and is reached in about an hour. Towards its left hand side a gully will be noticed which forks some distance up. The smaller buttress to the left gives no continuous climb. To the right is the main buttress. It is of good sound rock, but is somewhat broken by broad heather ledges. Further over this is even more the case. At the end of the crag is a deep corner containing the remains of ravens' nests. This in itself may almost be taken as an indication that there is

nothing here for the climber. On the right a scree shoot forms a convenient line of descent.

The Buttress.—Severe. Any footgear. Leader needs 55 feet of rope.

The climb lies on the corner to the right of the gully, and the start is from a cairn immediately above an ash tree, which grows a few yards down the scree.

The first pitch starts straight up the corner on the side of the gully. The rocks are steep and canted at an awkward angle. A stance and belay are reached in 40 feet. From here leave to the left of the belay up shelving rocks for 20 feet, then make an upward traverse to the right on a slab covered with black moss. This leads at 45 feet to a stance and a rusty iron "piton"—a belay which is unique in the Lake District. A difficult 20 foot traverse to the left now follows, with an awkward balance on a mantelshelf up to a large heather terrace.

A traverse of 50 feet to the left on heather leads to the corner of the gully at the foot of a chimney. The chimney is 30 feet high, and of moderate difficulty. It is followed by grass ledges to a stance and detached block belay at 45 feet. A better route is, instead of traversing the heather, go straight up heather for 70 feet to the foot of a steep wall. Difficult rocks are climbed straight ahead for 40 feet to a sloping rock landing. (From here a traverse round corner to the left leads to the top of the chimney). A further 15 feet lead to the stance and detached block belay.

A steep awkward little pitch of ten feet leads to a large ledge and cairn. A good belay will be found 20 feet from the edge. From here a number of routes are available. The original route here goes to the left up 80 feet of scrambling until a steep wall is reached, where an arrow is scratched on the rock close to a detached flake of rock, which leans against the face. The route then lies to the right for 25 feet, and then up and out to the right for 35 feet. A traverse of 40 feet is made to the edge of a fern filled chimney. 50 feet straight up on mossy rocks lead to a stance at the foot of a mossy chimney with a belay on the right. The chimney of 35 feet is difficult, and

gives on to ledges. 40 feet of scrambling lead to the cairn at the summit.

Variation Finish (I).—From the arrow scratched on the wall. This arrow is at a point almost on the edge of the gully. From the flake of rock, step out to the left slightly, and climbing on good small holds a belay on the left of a ledge is reached in 30 feet. The route now lies straight up the slabs ahead for 50 feet to the foot of a mossy little chimney containing bilberry, etc. A good belay will be found in a detached block 8 feet to the right of the chimney. A further 30 feet of slabs lead to a small cairn at the end of all difficulty.

Variation Finish (II).—The route is the same as above for 30 feet. The route then bears somewhat to the left for 55 feet to a block belay. A chimney formed by a large detached block is avoided by climbing a steep wall to the right for 40 feet to a small cairn. Scrambling only remains.

The climbing on this portion of the buttress can be varied a good deal, as the rock consists of a large stretch of good slabs of sound rock.

The Gully.—Very difficult. Any footgear. Leader needs 65 feet of rope.

A grassy walk up the gully leads to a wet mossy pitch of 25 feet. This gives on to a steep grass landing. A walk follows up 50 feet of the grassy gully, to a point where it branches. A dirty looking chimney goes up to the left, and there is nothing to interest the climber in that branch.

The right branch provides a good pitch. A crack in the corner leading up steep and mossy slabs to a belay at the top in 60 feet. A grass promenade follows.

A 15 foot chimney with a chock on the right forms the next pitch, and another 25 feet of grassy chimney leads to a small holly tree and stance. A rather stiffer chimney of 40 feet now follows, with a bad landing and a loose hold on the right at the top. A belay will be found on the right. A loose grassy chimney of 50 feet follows with scrambling to the top of the crag.

Gillercombe Chimneys.—Severe. Rubbers preferable. Leader needs 60 feet of rope.

The climb starts at a cairn 20 yards to the left of the point where the wire fence joins the buttress. It is somewhat artificial.

A 25 foot slab is climbed in a corner to a heather ledge. The steep mossy wall above can be climbed and a difficult traverse made to the right to the foot of a chimney. This portion is easily avoided by a ledge leading to the right. The chimney is then climbed, and is easy until it becomes necessary to leave it on the left. An awkward move is entailed. A small hold will be found on the right, and a good one high up in front for the left, a knee balance lands one on a stance, with a belay on the right at 40 feet. The climb goes straight up mossy rocks for 55 feet to a grass ledge. 20 feet upwards to the right a second chimney rises from a large bilberry ledge. The chimney is climbed for 20 feet, and is then quitted on the left up 10 feet of difficult rock to a grass stance. 50 feet of scrambling follow on rock and heather ledges, until a chimney containing an outstanding chockstone is reached. The chimney of 40 feet is easier than the previous chimneys. A belay and stance are found at the top. 40 feet more of scrambling straight ahead lead to a juniper bush and a good belay. A traverse is made up and to the left for 20 feet. 35 feet straight ahead land one at the end of the traverse on the ordinary route. A few feet to the left along the traverse will be found a broken block. To the left of this a very difficult green mossy chimney leads to the end of the climb. Scrambling remains to the summit.

High Scawdel Gully.—A very difficult little gully will be noticed on the right, when going from Seatoller to Honister Pass. To reach it, turn off just where the new and old roads join above the steep first portion of the ascent. Two conspicuous black holes can be seen, and they constitute the only two difficult pitches. Except in very dry weather the place is not worth a visit. Amusing scrambling up the stream bed leads to the first pitch, which is not more than 15 feet high, but wet, slimy and awkward. A short and easy slab leads to the second pitch. Here the right wall is ascended with difficulty for 8 or 10 feet. A movement is then made round the stone which roofs in the pitch, and an ascent made on its

right. Above, two pitches of no particular interest complete the climb.

Gate Crag.—The collection of rocks facing the Bowder Stone, but on the opposite side of the stream, is perhaps worth a visit. There are three more or less defined ridges, on which routes—which consist chiefly of scrambles up steep heather—can be made. A stiff bit of rock can be found here and there, and there is a small pinnacle about the centre of the crags, standing out from the main mass. It can be approached by an easy traverse from the right, and climbed from behind by good ledges. An ascent into this gap from the left hand side was not attempted.

Knitting How.—When near the Bowder Stone a little peak will be noticed on the other side of the Derwent. It is high up on the fell side, between Gate Crag and the shoulder of Maiden Moor. On the left side of its pointed summit will be noticed rocks, very steep at their base, and divided from the upper portion of the crag by a terrace. They can be reached by the road which passes through the village of Grange, in the direction of Castle Crag. A way is made through the wood and up the fell side, past numerous outcrops of rock which give interesting problems. Keeping towards the stream on the left, and along the base of the crags, a sloping slab (cairn at bottom) is ascended just to the left of a gully full of vegetation. After 30 feet of moderate difficulty, a ledge is reached, and a traverse made behind a holly bush. 15 feet of much steeper ascent follow, and the gully is then at hand on the right. An ascent for 40 feet or so is made along the arête of its left wall, then when its summit is almost reached, the gully may be crossed. An easy traverse for 15 feet from left to right, and an ascent for another 15 feet or so, of no particular difficulty, bring one to the terrace already mentioned. Here this little climb may be said to end, but it may be prolonged, either by the ascent of a steep little chimney almost straight ahead, or by another climb starting lower down the terrace (cairn). A short vertical chimney about 20 feet high, with a tree near its base, is climbed by good holds. One then proceeds up rotten heather and rocks, which require care, and finally by slabs on the left for

40 feet or so right up to the summit. A descent can be made by a good track on the North side, passing along the rocks to the foot of Maiden Moor Buttress.

MAIDEN MOOR.

Maiden Moor is for the most part an unattractive mixture of heather and rock. It will, however, be noticed that there are three conspicuous gullies. That on the left contains a dark cleft, its big pitch, and is called " Mouse Ghyll." It is by far the best climb on this side of Borrowdale. To the right of this a gully slants from right to left, called the " Bridge Gully." The gully to the right again appears to end about 100 feet up the face, and has attracted little attention, perhaps owing to its severity and the lack of a defined start.

Mouse Ghyll.—Difficult ; Abraham's variation severe.

At the start there is a steep little pitch not more than 15 feet high. It can be easily avoided on the left, but is worth doing. The next pitch begins with about 40 feet of easy staircase work up to a kind of cave formed by the lower of two jammed boulders. From here a short and awkward traverse is made to the left, and an ascent between the left wall and the boulder, to its summit. The upper boulder has then to be climbed. This can be done with considerable difficulty on its left side, or by an easy scramble on its right. The ascent on the left, though not high, calls for an expert leader. The climb can be finished direct by two short pitches of moderate difficulty. An easy exit may be made on the right by a chimney. On the left an ascent was made many years ago by Messrs. G. and A. Abraham, who gave the following account of it :—" After scrambling up a fairly easy pitch, we found ourselves at the foot of a very steep and almost holdless crack. An attempt or two directly up the crack convinced us that it was hopeless, so an ascent was made up the right hand wall, and the crack joined about 12 or 15 feet higher. This was kept to for about a yard, and then a traverse was effected into a small groove on the right hand wall, and this was followed until it terminated at the top of a little splintered pinnacle. A shoulder was here given,

and a traverse made back to the left into the crack above its difficulties."

Bridge Gully.—Bridge Gully on the right of Mouse Ghyll, begins with a very formidable first pitch. It is usual, if not necessary, to ascend by a slab on the right, some 25 feet high. This, although not steep, is singularly devoid of good holds. After this for a few feet further a traverse is made to the right without much difficulty, and an easy path to the left is followed to the top of the pitch. Easy scrambling follows for some distance till a rock face is seen ahead, split by a chimney in which, 20 feet up, stones are jammed. Passing under these stones their top is easily reached from inside. From here the ascent of the final 15 feet is hard. Skilful bridging or laborious backing up bring a hold on the right within reach, a movement can then be made to the left, and the chockstone surmounted with difficulty. A number of little pitches of the "South East Gully, Great End" type complete the climb.

Gully to Right.—Reference to climbing literature leads one to believe that this gully has been ascended, but an attempt on it direct by a very expert leader failed at the top of the first definite pitch. The bottom of the gully is best reached by a short and amusing little chimney. A traverse is then made to the right, and screes ascended for a few feet. A 40 foot pitch is then ahead. The lower sections were climbed without difficulty, but the final section was so wet and holdless that the attempt was abandoned. Well on the right an ascent could probably be made without great difficulty, and after reaching the level of the top of the pitch, a traverse can readily be made into the bed of the gully. The two or three short pitches above appear to present no great difficulty. They were not attempted owing to excess of water.

Buttress to Right of Gully.—The wall on the right of this gully was climbed along its arête for 40 feet. A steep ascent up grass for 15 feet or so, followed, and then a traverse along an unstable turfy ledge to the right. Then followed another steep and awkward ascent for more than 20 feet up an arête. After this a traverse was made into the gully above its real pitches. A few feet of easy scrambling and an arête on the right was again followed to its summit, whence easy walking

brought us to the top of the fell. The climb was interesting, but a good deal of loose grass made it somewhat unsatisfactory in certain sections, and much care is needed.

CLASSIFICATION OF MORE IMPORTANT CLIMBS.

LAKELAND MEMORIES.

By Sir Alfred Hopkinson, K.C., M.P.

In the last Book of Wisdom it is written: "When old age cometh to thee, turn thy back on the future, forget the present, live in the past; so shalt thou renew perennial youth, the 'old familiar faces' shall still abide with thee, thy heart shall know no change or decay, young children shall be thy equal comrades, the rising generation shall call thee—behind thy back—Peter Pan! The hills, the streams and the flowers shall give the same joy as they did when thyself a child."

So let us go back to (say) 1857. Few now living have memories of Lakeland and of Wales extending much beyond that date, and I am told there are young people now who would like some of these memories to be revived before the last relics of an older generation have disappeared.

The first mountain I ascended in the Lake Country was Fairfield, in June, 1857. The last was High Street, at the end of August, 1925. Between those dates must have come sixty or seventy visits, and recollection of the earliest is the clearest. Professors of child psychology have asserted that interest in nature and care for natural beauty does not develop until about the age of fourteen. Wordsworth knew better, and names six as the age when the highest faculties are most active. In those early days people spoke of "climbing" Helvellyn or Fairfield, even in summer. The phrase would hardly be used now, but conditions in winter may still be found that make these ascents a task for experts; an overhanging cornice on the east of Helvellyn may test their powers to the utmost. I have seen the top cased in black ice, swept by a blizzard in which no one could stand upright, and one of the finest climbers of last century meeting with a serious accident on the hard frozen slopes on the Wythburn side. He tried to stand up in the gale, but was blown down the slope on which one could almost wheel a perambulator in summer,

unable to stop until reaching the stones at the bottom. He was badly cut by the sharp stones which here and there protruded through the ice. Another less adventurous member of the party sat down on the ice and was blown along rapidly, steering with a stock behind him until stopped by a hummock of snow. At such times step cutting from the top of Fairfield to Grisedale Tarn may be found an interesting experience, even for those who have travelled "the Alps from end to end."

To the best of my belief I have never written a word, not even in the old Visitors' Book at Wasdale, on any climb in the Lake District. I do not know or care whether any of them is classed as easy or severe. I expect they have now all become easy, but I do not know their names. The labels—Cust's Gully, Westmorland's climb, Botterill's Slab, to take a few examples—convey nothing to my mind. These proprietary brands, though useful, no doubt, for purposes of identification, are sometimes a little trying to those who like to find out things for themselves. Indeed, so-called failures may have most interest. I remember as a school boy, about the time of the American War, late in the day on Mickledore, thinking ways up Scawfell on the right might turn out difficult. Going to the left we imagined we had discovered a new route. It may have been a beaten track even then, but we were happy in our ignorance. Half a generation later, about 1887, we tried the West face of Scawfell, and coming to a very steep chimney, then wet and slippery, climbed part way up. But it looked bad at the top, and I did not venture to pursue it quite to the bitter end, but turned up a fine deep ghyll to the South, leading by a cave over a big stone which, though simple in summer, is not easy to climb when cased with ice. We then climbed another chimney on the left—short, so far as I remember—but it was a fairly creditable piece of work then to surmount an overhanging rock without moving any of the loose stones which must now long since have gone clattering down. I believe that now even this chimney has a name.

The actual Pinnacle was already, we found, threatening to show signs of wear and tear, but the scratches on it were encouraging to the new-comers.

Even on so fine an objective as the Pillar Rock, I only remember trying five ways. One on the North Face with that charming companion and excellent mountaineer, J. W. Robinson ; it had an amusing traverse, one leg being placed in a crack, and the other hanging over the edge. Another with my brother Charles as leader, rather more to the left ; he seemed to be unduly long at some places, but on reaching them it appeared to those who followed that he had done well to get up at all.* I suppose that now this climb which seemed to us really difficult, is as well known as Oxford Street.

But the passage of time after three score years and ten does not enhance one's powers, and now I have some doubt whether I could get up Jordan crack without help from a rope, or down alone without risk. Indeed, I have decided next time I take two or three novices up even the easy way to suggest a rope and an old hand to share the duty !

Certainly those of the older generation must admire the agility of the younger men—and women—who regularly make climbs which we perhaps might have regarded as impossible. Someday I hope to see how gaily members of the Fell and Rock Club surmount, for example, the big stone which blocks the great gully on Doe Crags. Many years ago it was tried by a party, including some experienced climbers, and all but one failed. A similar party tried it years later, and all (including the former successful one) failed entirely. The method adopted on both occasions was the same, and may be open to some criticism.

I end by asking if one of the Fell and Rock fraternity would kindly offer to let me follow on his rope when he climbs—say Pavey Ark in very wet weather, and when he has wriggled through the water pouring over the last slab, give me a little pull up so that I may preserve a few dry rags to meet the cold wind at the top.

* Is it possible that this climb was an unrecorded first ascent of Savage Gully ? Ed.

SOME NOTES ON THE GRAIANS.

By J. W. Brown.

The Editor has suggested that I should write a few notes on the Graians, a portion of the Alps not often visited in these days by British climbers.

Taking Cogne as the centre, the journey from London is rather long. There are three alternative routes—to Turin, and thence on to Aosta by rail; to Bourg St Maurice by rail, thence by motor diligence via Courmayeur to Aosta; to Orsières by rail, thence by motor diligence to Aosta.

From Aosta to Cogne there is a service of motor buses in about two hours.

The district is admirably suited for guideless climbers who do not aspire to really big things, as the ordinary expeditions are neither long nor difficult.

Climbers who do not mind being separated from their luggage for a week or ten days can very well combine the Graians with the Tarentaise, and I will give here a brief account of a guideless expedition made some 20 years ago, which may give some idea of what may be done.

Our rendezvous was at Modane on the Mt. Cenis route. Walking up to the little village of Aussois, we dined there, and then started, rather late, for the Fournache chalets, where we were to sleep. It soon got quite dark, and the path being rather sketchy, we promptly lost it. Whilst we were groping about, a man appeared who was returning to Aussois. He turned back, walked a little way with us, and put us on the right track. He remarked that he knew the English well, as he had been with them in the Crimean War as a young man, having been one of the Sardinian contingent.

Next morning we started in indifferent weather for the Dent Parrachée. After a long and toilsome ascent we found ourselves on the top of the final col in a snowstorm. We went a little way up the arête, but the conditions were too unpleasant, and we retreated, eventually finding our way on to the track which leads from the Col d'Aussois to Pralognan.

Photo by THE GRAND PARADIS FROM THE GRIVOLA. *J. O. Walker.*

The following day was chiefly spent in playing bridge whilst the rain poured down. Next afternoon we started for the Refuge Félix Faure on the Col de la Vannoise, hoping for the Grande Casse on the following day, but we reached the Refuge in a snowstorm, and although next morning was fine, we funked the ice slopes on the Grande Casse with so much fresh snow about, and went up the Dome de Chassefôret, a snow grind, but a remarkably fine view point.

Afterwards on to Val d' Isère by the Col de la Leisse, and then, after another late start, up the Pointe de la Galise, and along the ridge to another little summit where we got caught in the clouds.

We went a good distance down in the cloud, were then cut off by a precipitous cliff, and had to return nearly to the top, and got down to the Col de Nivolet and then down to Pont. When near the top of the Pointe de la Galise, we disturbed two chamois, one of which broke through a snow bridge over a crevasse ; he managed, however, to scramble out.

From Pont it is only about 2½ hours to the Victor Emmanuel Club Hut, whence the Gran Paradiso is climbed, but the expedition is too easy to be of much interest, whereas the ascent of this mountain from the other (Cogne) side is a fine glacier and ice excursion.

Pont is in the Val Savaranche, a very pretty valley, which ends in the Val d' Aosta at Villeneuve, some seven miles above Aosta. Some two hours from Pont is the little village of Dégioz, with a small but comfortable inn.

There are three interesting routes from Dégioz to Cogne—first, traversing the Grivola, rather long ; second, traverse of the Grand Nomenon, a pleasant rock scramble and a remarkably fine view point ; and thirdly, the traverse of the Herbetet. We decided on the last. We were called early but it was raining hard ; however, we were called again, and started at six. We had about 8,000 feet to ascend, and unfortunately one of our party was rather unwell, so we did not reach the summit until 3 p.m. The weather was perfect, and a guideless party never worries much about the future, so we stayed on the summit until 4-30. We got to the keeper's chalet about 7, and saw the beginning of a well made path,

which we concluded would take us quickly down to the valley. The path soon petered out, and we found ourselves on a very steep broken hill side, just as it got dark. Eventually we got into the valley and on to a path, our only candle had burnt out, and the leader stumbled over a cow. After much searching we found a bridge over the torrent, and had a five mile walk down to Cogne, which we reached at 11-30 p.m.

From Cogne the Grivola can be climbed, sleeping at a hut on the Col de Lauzon.

The Herbetet can be climbed from the little keeper's hut near its foot, by the Eastern or Southern arête. Both are good rock climbs ; the South is the more difficult of the two.

Our destination was now the Piantonetto Hut, some seven hours from Cogne, which is, or I should say was, reached by an easy glacier pass, the Col de Monei. This hut, which was about 9,000 feet, was very finely situated, and lay at the foot of the following mountains—Tour de Grand St. Pierre, Roccia Viva, Punta di Gai, Becchi de la Tribulazione, Ondezana, and Monte Nero, but the hut is unfortunately now in ruins.

The Tour du Grand St. Pierre can be traversed by sleeping at the Monei chalets some three and a half hours from Cogne, the descent being made on to the Teleccio glacier and back to Cogne by the Valeille.

A party who did not mind camping out in a couple of Mummery tents (on the site of the hut) could pass a delightful four or five days climbing these various peaks. None of the expeditions are at all long. Cooking stoves and meta should be taken, as there is no wood available. I would only mention that on getting near the Roccia Viva we saw some large stones coming down the couloir indicated by the climbers' guide, and we took another route. This mountain has a little frozen lake on its actual summit.

From the Piantonetto Hut we walked down to Ceresole, where there is a luxurious hotel ; thence to a club hut at the foot of a long steep couloir leading to the Colle Perduto. From the Col we ascended the Eastern Levanna, came down to Bonneval sur Arc, and then drove to Modane.

FLATLAND.

By K. C. Chorley.

I am, by tradition and bent, a lover of mountains. When I hear a person say that he dislikes the scenery of Switzerland and finds pleasure in that of Holland, I cannot suppress an impulse of horror. It is a denial of the accepted gods, and my faith receives a shock. I comfort myself with the reflection that probably the remark is made largely for effect, and the speaker, like a good many other freethinkers, not nearly so atheistical as he would like to appear. And yet . . . . a tiny seed of doubt has been sown in my mind. I have to admit that mountaineers are very prejudiced people. We regard the man who would sooner look out across a plain than up at a mountain with the terror and distrust of the late Senator Bryan for an exponent of Darwinism. We are perfectly sincere about it. Allow the wicked fellow his say unchecked, and in time he will bring down in ruin on our heads the whole system of nature-worship which we mountaineers have so carefully built up. Faith has little faith in its own endurance, shrinking from the cold breath of enquiry like a hothouse plant. The priesthoods that we organised to defend our dogmas will shrivel away, frostbitten to death. Heresy is active, and already the taint has spread even to the sacred ranks of the priests. It was reported a little time ago that a well-known member of the Climbers' Club brought a bag of golf clubs to Wasdale Head at Whitweek.

Golf-clubs and ice-axes shared the umbrella stand together :

"The wolf shall also dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the young lion and the fatling together."

O bitter consummation for all champions of exclusive creeds.

No tarnish of disloyalty to the mountains can possibly cling to the name of Leslie Stephen, but even he felt " some regard "

for the Fen Country and the flats of Holland. And that is encouraging to one who, like myself, unashamedly and unreservedly enjoys scenes which conscience says no true-blue mountaineer ought to tolerate. I like the banks of the River Thames, and apple-orchards in blossom or when the fruit is ripe and the trees bearing so profusely that the whole orchard glows red. I like parkland—broads of deep and rich green lying round a great house. I like forest trees; oak and ash, and beech, and elm, and lime. But I am deeper dyed in heresy than this. I suppose that in the picture gallery of memory, every man has an inner cabinet, locked from curious eyes, where he keeps his choicest treasures. In my inner cabinet, companion of the half dozen memories that I exalt above all others, I keep one picture of the lowlands. During moods of emotional and mental hunger, colour provides for some people a more satisfying feast than form. And there are two colours in nature more sumptuous than any others. The one is an indigo and purple dye which floods the sea in certain effects of light, and the other is the colour of standing corn. Imagine, then, a house on the blunt crest of a Chiltern hillside mottled with chalk and dotted with juniper bushes. From the windows you gaze out for thirty and forty miles over a great arc of country. Somewhere in the valley the Thames flows, leisurely and noiseless, and sinuous. Beyond are low downs undulating into the distance like a long sea swell. It is evening and a week or two before harvest and all that country is corn country; from Chilterns to Cotswolds, a cloth of tawny gold, patterned with dusky trees and hedgerows and fringed with blue of the far horizon. You gaze and gaze, and the colour flows through every channel of your mind, fulfilling with strength and rich contentment.

De Wint could have painted it. That contrast of twilit green and tanned orange occurs so often in his drawings in some form or other, that you feel here must be the colour harmony in which above all others he delighted.

Alas, it was rash and ill-considered in me to mention painting. I have led from the very suit which flatlanders can

trump from the beginning. For at this point they will quietly remind me that the greater landscape artists almost always painted in the lowlands and that the art developed and bore its noblest fruit in Belgium and Holland. Countries, they will add, where a painting was conditioned by the simplest scenic properties—none of your baroque fantasies of Coolin or Dolomite rock. The sky filled threequarters of the painter's vision, then came a wide level of land only limited by the curve of the earth. He had windmills, rows of Lombardy poplars, square sails beyond a sand dune, a group of black and white Friesian cattle. Yet he need never fear monotony, for he had to better advantage than any hillman, the changing shape of clouds. Indeed, this is the secret of Flatland. To experience its charm you must delight in great spaces empty of everything but atmosphere and sunlight, you must accept its economy of effort. A hayrick or a clump of trees takes the place of a mountain in more lavish lands. In Cumberland, the scene is knit and dominated by the complicated rhythm of huge masses of rock and earth, but in Cambridgeshire a single church steeple is a key to the design of the landscape.

There is a picture in the National Gallery which reveals for all time the lowland secret. In his "chateau of Steen," Rubens has distilled the essential magic of the plains. He has done for them what Pater would have us believe Leonardo did for woman in the portrait of La Gioconda. The light, all important, comes from the painter's left, and by the length of the shadows, it must be afternoon. With consummate skill of composition, he has chosen his place so that the main incident of the picture, the castle half hidden by tall trees, falls on the left of the canvas. Thus, surely, but so quietly that you are hardly conscious of it, he has emphasized the source and flow of the light. The foreground is a bushy heath of glowing brown. Beyond are the long fields, luminous green, dotted with trees, receding ever receding, until they melt at last on to a clear note of turquoise blue near the skyline. Everything is lucent. You look, and the enchantment of the sense of interminable distance on earth steals over you.

Here is a poetry denied to the painter of mountains. A man depicting a mountain cannot be interested in great

spaces of atmosphere. His object is to render solid forms which limit and block his vision long before his eyes have found their natural horizon line. The thought suggests that though flatlanders may be right as to the facts of landscape painting, yet we mountaineers can dispute their inference. We can interpret the facts without any invidious comparison of lowland and highland. Rubens, for example, painted landscape when he wanted to think in terms of light and space. When he was in the mood for weight and mass, and movement, and ryhthmical contour, he painted men and women. And mountains are things of mass and weight.

They have an anatomy and a construction almost as formal as that of the human body. They have rhythm, not of line only, but of contour. They give an illusion of dynamic force. So, when you want to express your sense of these values you can choose between the depiction of a mountain and a man's body. You have as it were a choice of fuels to fire the imagination. A normal imagination would surely flame first from the man.

It is, of course, true that Rubens saw mountains but seldom. The great Florentines, however, lived in daily contact with the Appenines. And they had, into the bargain, a more consuming passion for the solid than any other group of painters. Orcagna, Masaccio, the Pollaiuoli, from Giotto with his superb sense of weight and mass to Michel Angelo glorying in his power to interpret dynamics; what painters of mountain scenery would these have made had some mountaineers' Providence ordained a Pompeian destruction which should have left them bereft of models, alone in Tuscany with their native hills. As it was, alas for the mountains, their adoration of solidity combined with an unexampled ardour for analysing the intricate structure of the human body. They were like children let loose for the first time in a novel house of knowledge, and never at rest until they had explored it all. It is hardly to be wondered at, therefore, that the Prato Magno was neglected like the poor relation of a cynic's story.

In Pater's unfinished romance of Gaston de Latour, there is a description of the Cathedral of Chartres seen from a

distance across the plain of La Beauce. The cornland of Central France appealed to Gaston's imagination as a sea surrounding the tall Cathedral. "Like a ship for ever a-sail in the distance, everywhere the great church of Chartres was visible with the passing light or shadow upon its grey weather-beaten surfaces." It is a prospect revealed to any traveller who approaches Chartres by the Paris Road. Recall it; and then set beside it in your mind a first sight of the Matterhorn after coming out from England. When I was last at Zermatt, we arrived in a thick raw rain, which obscured even the sides of the valley. We dined, and during dinner the miracle happened. At nine o'clock we strolled out into a night of clear moonlight, and crystal cold with frost from the heights; up through the village, along the Z'mutthal path, and then suddenly round that spur of hillside which hides the great mountain from Zermatt. If you have had a rainy journey all the way from England, and no sight of the Oberland mountains from the uplands above Lausanne, no view of the Dent du Midi with its snow fields shining reflected in the Lake of Geneva, then your mind and eye will be totally unprepared for the sublime kaleidoscope. In a flash your vision of London in August, tired and dun, disappears, extinguished by that soaring form of gleaming white, framed by the velvet shadowed slopes of the valley. You know something of what these Eastern peasants felt in the story of the Transfiguration.

The twin spires of Chartres and the single blade of the Matterhorn have this in common. They are alone in the world; in their setting they have no peers. And each is supremely dramatic. But here the resemblance ends, and it would be hard to find any two scenes which kindle the imagination of mankind in more diverse fashion. The Cathedral towers of Chartres have been for a thousand years as a beacon to the beneficent thoughts of men. You can hardly conceive a condition of life in which they should leave the imagination quite cold. A ship sailing in the distance is but one of many images. To the voyager making his way over the vast plain, they symbolise welcome, and rest, and fellowship. They signify the contentment of his homing instincts.

And the desire for home is perhaps the deepest and most cherished feeling in a man's heart. "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head." Is there another cry in history that cuts us to the heart like that bitter little phrase?

The Matterhorn, on the other hand, satisfies no yearning for home. The time is not long past when the great snow fields and rock ramparts of the Alps inspired nothing but terror and superstitious awe:—

"With midnight startings, crying out, O! O!
Nurse, O! my love is slain, I saw him go
O'er the white Alps alone."

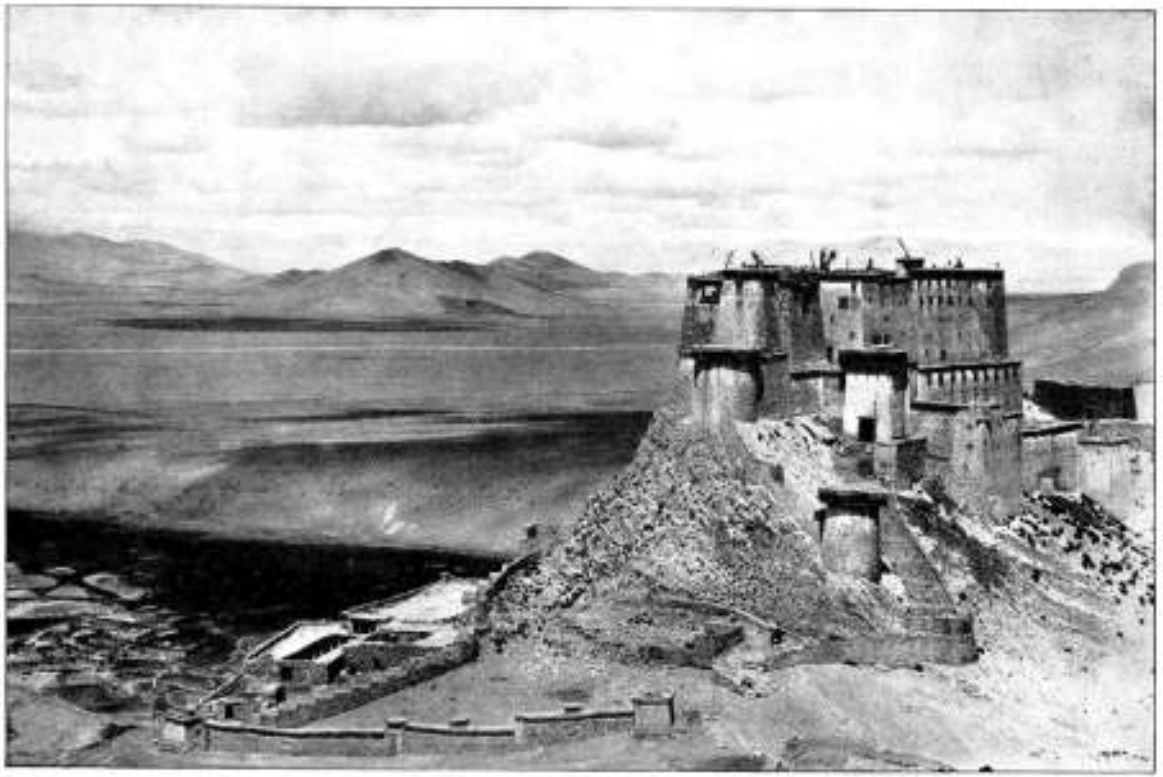
To-day they are exciting and a challenge to battle. You can imagine that curious small cloud that clings so often to the summit of the Matterhorn as a description of Gessler's cap—a splendid insult to the sovereignty of man on earth. We accept the challenge, and we conquer the tyrant, but when all is said and done, we can never possess the land. So soon as the crested citadel is ours, we must sound the retreat. We are sojourners like our fathers, and before we have had time even to scan our fill of the promised country, the exigencies of the weather will drive us down.

It is not inconceivable that the view of Chartres may outlast the Matterhorn in the admiration of mankind. We may never re-people the mountains with the demons feared by the old Swiss and Italian peasants, yet in some future cycle of time, wearier or more obtuse and slavish than the present, mankind may gaze on them unmoved, refusing to be fired for a conquest that seems barren of obvious and tangible good. Even a sensitive person like Ruskin ridiculed mountaineering as a climbing of soaped poles; and who knows but that our dim descendants may share his indolent mood when he avers that in sauntering over the passage of the Jura by Olten, and picking wild-flowers, a man could get "diviner aspects of the distant Alps than ever were achieved by toil of limb, or won by risk of life."

"Surely, surely slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar;
O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more."

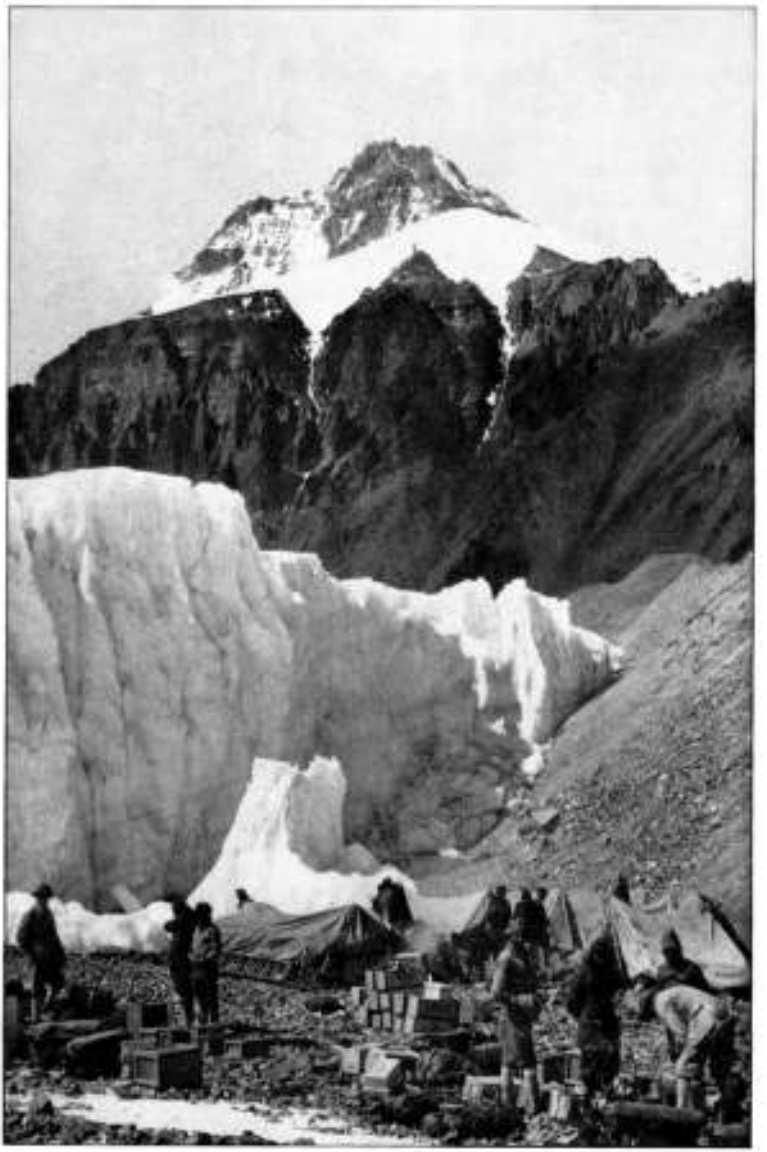
It is amusing to think of Ruskin as a lotus-eater.

(To be continued).



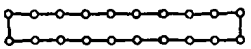
KAMPA DZONG.

BASE CAMP FROM THE NORTH.
The debris-covered snout of the Rongbuk Glacier is seen stretching across the valley.



Geoffrey Bruce. Mallory. Norton.

CAMP II—19,800 feet.

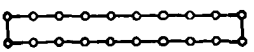


AN EVEREST PORTFOLIO

BY

BENTLEY BEETHAM, A.C.,

EVEREST EXPEDITION, 1924.



SUNDAYS IN ITALY.

By George S. Bower.

When the pen was forced into my hands to write these few lines my first idea for a title was the novel and almost incredible one, "Four Months of Good Weather," a sort of sequel to Somervell's "Five Weeks," and Elinor Glyn's "Three."

Second thoughts, though, reminded me that the week-ends, or rather Sundays, even in Italy, did not quite ruin the reputation of a castaway British Jonah, one who has narrowly escaped being cast out by the ju-ju man from many a climbing meet.

In March of the year in which the sun visited England, the writer was banished to the country where it is ruler—next, of course, to Mussolini. Florence was visited on the way to the chamois-infested South, and a happy day was spent with the ski-ing members of the local section of the C.A.I., on the heights near Vallambrosa. The weather, as befits Sunday, was damp and cloudy, so that on foot I was able to keep up with a French-speaking member to whom I, mapless, attached myself.

Later on, with much hardness of countenance, I requested the loan of his ski for a few runs, pleasurable memories even yet, because, for the first time, I realised that ski, when short, can be good servants, my previous experience of them having been as masters of a slippery, untrustworthy character, by whom I was carried I knew not whither.

The C.A.I. people were most kind to me (a non-member), and not readily forgotten will be the ride back to Florence in a large char-a-banc round a succession of muddy hairpin bends, each one navigated to the accompaniment of loud cheering and other forms of music.

In Rome no ascents were made. An afternoon's pot-holing, under the guidance of a genial Brother, not far from the

Appian Way (the original one ; not the more famous one on Pillaroc), together with the enjoyment of some excellent feeds, was the only mountaineering done in this most impressive and wonderful of cities. The chanting of pilgrim children in the vast, dimly lighted Basilica of St. Paul, the almost incredible mosaics and statuary of St. Peter's, the pagan ferocity recalled by the Coliseum ; these are among the most enduring memories of Rome.

* * *

And so to Castellammare, a thriving, one might say humming little town of some thirty million inhabitants on the shores of the Bay of Naples.

My stay here was brightened by some young students I met one day on Monte Faito, which overlooks Castellammare. It was about the middle of April, and I heard the cuckoo, my native bird, and turned my lire as I made my way up through greening woods, by wood-cutters' paths, to the foot of a long line of vertical limestone cliffs, where I became interested and slightly apprehensive in watching the evolutions of a large brown bird of prey.

The battlements were avoided by a détour to the right, and a steady plug through chestnut woods landed me on the tree-sprinkled top of the mountain, where I came upon a number of young fellows resting. Being in the final stages of a camping tour they were carrying heavy loads. We talked French, that long-suffering intermediary, with the addition of many Italian and Neapolitan words. They were a very lively lot, devoted to sport, and a great contrast to the majority of Neapolitans to whom dear-stalking is the favourite sport. There was Arnaldo Fusco, a stalwart boxer and climber of steep and grassy slabs of mountain limestone ; also Francesco Cannavocciuoli (" Cicci " for short), a strong man, a stout second, and an exponent of the Lotta Greco-Romane ; and Guglielmo (sometimes called " Tell " because of his marksmanship with stones), an energetic fair-haired youth always arguing with his cousin Arnaldo. Finally, there was Vladimiro, a Pole, named the " Poleesman," because of his alleged interest in detective work.

The last named proceeded to put me through my paces as regards my knowledge of British poets. I fear that the complete ignorance I was bound to confess of Keats and Shelley, and trifling acquaintance with Shakespeare, were not atoned for in his opinion by the fact of my having shaken hands with some of those who have come under the influence of the Muse of this Journal.

Whilst we were talking and eating, a gun was fired close by, and the pellets rattled through a tree just behind us. There was much gesticulation and expostulation, but it was only one of the band of devoted spirits who, with rare public spirit and selflessness, and a fine disregard of danger, shoot all the little birds whose presence is such a menace to the safety, and whose song is such an outrage to the cultured musical sensibilities of those who walk these woods.

Away in the distance I could see the rocky peak of Monte Sant Angelo (4,735 feet), and I told them I was anxious to ascend it. At first they said I had not time that day, and then, seeing that I was determined to try, they offered to accompany me.

Progress was slow along and alongside the wooded ridge until we reached their camping place, where two of them stayed, leaving Fusco and Cicci, lightly clad and laden, to take me to the Sant Angelo. Presently we got amongst the rocks, and on the left enjoyed charming mist-veiled views, great limestone slabs leading the eye precariously down through the woods to the white road which cuts across the Sorrentine Peninsula to Amalfi. Some months later I was to traverse this road, to percolate its eerie summit tunnel, and to descend (and re-ascend) the thousand and one steps leading down to the sapphire sea by Amalfi, where brown skinned, barefooted maids carry loads on their heads, and their Sunday shoes in their hands, whilst their men folk walk, unladen, in the dark clothes which seem so unsuitable for such a hot and dusty district.

However, on the present occasion I followed my guides past a cavern, where we drank delicious spring water, to the base of the summit crags of the Monte. Here I was tempted. I was offered a first, or second, or third, or other small integer

ascent of a secondary peak which my friends had in mind. But the afternoon was wearing on, and it was essential to get back that evening, so I had, regretfully, to content myself with a short " mauvais pas " on the track to the foot of the secondary pip, and with the ascent of the main peak which was effected, without actual climbing, at the far end, facing the sea.

Capri was very beautiful viewed over the sunlit sea, of which the blueness can only be likened to that of my mood when I found that these excursions in the " demi-monde " of climbing would have to be described in an attempt to pacify a ruthless editor.

On the top were the ruins of a chapel. One disquieting feature of modern Italy is the way in which Hermits and Hermitages have been allowed to wear away without renewal. It seems to be one of the few professions which is not overcrowded, and undecided parents might do worse than set their sons to Hermiting. With these noble thoughts it was soon time to descend.

I should have enjoyed the return more thoroughly if Fusco had not thought fit to run along the sometimes slippery path with a loaded automatic pistol in his hand, with which, I believe, he had some idea of bringing down a " falcone," and which he fired occasionally through sheer joy of living. All day he had been enthusing about the macaroni we were to have when we got back to the camp, so that I was filled with gloomy forebodings which duly gave place to something much more substantial, pressed down and (almost) running over, for macaroni seems to be the acid test with which the Italians try out their English friends, to see of what metal they are made.

At such times how one longs for the companions of many a hard fought mountain dinner at Mrs. Harris's. As in a dream one sees Wilton absorbing rice pudding, Jackson tarts, and Masson—everything ; then one comes back to the present with a start at the realisation that more of the stuff is being piled on one's plate, and that one is being regarded very curiously.

A sadder and wider man, I waddled away down, accompanied as far as the road by Fusco and Cicci.

* * *

We met often after this; on one occasion to do an "ascension difficile" of the deepest dye, on mountain limestone, liberally coated with "herbe" and other delicacies. Mine was the role of last man, a fitting position on such ground, but not altogether inglorious, as I soon discovered. It appeared that their method of using the rope was for the leader (Fusco) to climb the pitch with it slung over his shoulder, and, if anyone below needed its saving strength, to tie a stone to the end and throw it down, the stone, of course, as often as not, coming out during the throwing operations. Hence the glory for the bottom man! The second man was expected to climb up the rope, which was secured to a tree.

Those who know me will realise that all this was rank heresy and almost sacrilege. Thoughts of the recent Solemn Warning of the Committee flitted through my mind, and I was moved to mild, but, I fear, unconvincing expostulation. For, on this peculiarly treacherous going, they were far more at home than "Monsieur" (as Cicci always called me), so that I did not feel competent morally, and still less linguistically, to say much.

One comment of theirs I could not effectively answer. After I had told them how beautifully sound and clean was English rock, they asked: "But isn't climbing easier on sound rock?" Just before one pitch they pointed out to me a plant which, they said, was a favourite dish of the viper! It was with a keen feeling of anticipation that I put my fingers into holes in the rock for some time after that.

The descent, by another line, was made atavistically, and at a great pace, swinging from the pliant stems of infant trees, so that I began to feel like Mowgli in the hands of the Bandar-log. In one respect, at any rate, they were like British climbers. They took me back by a most circuitous route in order to avoid going through the Piazza Municipale in our "abiti sportive." In the course of this detour we saw an immense crowd assembled in a sort of football ground. Peering

inexpensively through a chink in the palings, I saw a man in a green gown or overall, but very red in the face, who was supposed to be wrestling with a ferocious bull. I gathered the impression that the animal wanted to lie down quietly and chew its cud.

* * *

Vesuvius! What memories the name invokes! As the train creeps Naples-wards, giving glimpses o'er thickets of grotesquely shaped Indian fig of its sulphurously smoking sinister summit, nostrils instinctively stiffen at the recollection of the well nigh hopeless struggle with the fresh morning air of Resina, scented with goats and countless bambini; boots intuitively fill with cinders as one ascends ever upwards through vineyards and, higher still, past the outposts of cultivation, o'er fields of distorted lava, moor-like in colouring, to the steep cinder slopes of the outer crater, above the Observatory and hotels with their busy tramway civilization. One's mind goes back, perchance, to that grim day when a young Teuton fell in one fearsome leap into its fiery maw. He never climbed again. Had he worn asbestos undies, cooled as recommended by the author, a different story might have been to relate, and the youth returned not a hair the poorer, but the richer by the advertisement.

The writer well remembers his first visit one muggy April day. Above the Eremote Ristorante, where the strains of the barrel organ mingle with the merry music of trams 'midst the heights, all was mist-erioso, as an Italian friend once humorously remarked. For a time, whilst poised uncertainly on an eminence o'erlooking the Astro del Cavallo, the issue hung in doubt. But just then the mists melted momentarily and the Cumbrian trained compass pointed unmistakably to the summit scoriae of our peak. Now was the time to enjoy our mountain sport.

Tier upon tier of loose and deep brown ashes stretched alluringly overhead until lost to view in the sullen cap of cloud. The local guides have a proverb: "Sulle ceneri la scarpa di Minor e migliore della minore scarpa della Cener-entola."* The writer's feet are 50—50, and he had to fight

* Minor's feet are better than Cinderella's on cinders.

his way up inch by inch, ever and anon halting to take in breath and take out cinders.

At the edge of the mile wide crater he halted and peered cautiously over into the cloud and smoke filled depths. For a time all was silent, save for the hoarse cry of the nesting phœnix; then a noise was heard as 'twere some prehistoric beast puffing and splashing, and beating the walls of its bath. Anon the clouds partially cleared, and, to the amazed vision of the writer, was disclosed a veritable inferno. Encircled by red walls of crumbling lava was a steaming basin, its gloomy bottom tortured with bygone fires, and bearing at its centre an evil cone.

Black and green was the cone, but the green was not of grass. From its apex came smoke and steam in great puffs, illumined fitfully from Vulcan's furnaces below. Gazing almost as though bewitched, the impression was strong of Nature's ruthlessness. Fascinating was the spectacle, fascinating enough, alas, to lead to the construction of a railway to the summit. But whilst looking at that sinister cone, with its livid patches of green, one suddenly realised that the remarkable symmetry of architecture was not due to the geometrical eye and brain of the engineer and contractor, that underneath and all about were natural forces which, when their time came, would take no account of man, his works, and his railways; in short, that here man only existed on sufferance, entirely without his wonted control of matter and motion. Ultimately, no doubt, puny man would presume too much, the fire fiends, allied with the mountain, would fling themselves upon him, and man would be no more.

* * *

A second visit produced simpler and yet very vivid impressions. The day began well at 2 a.m., when I was awakened by the dulcet voices of a serenading party aiming at the captivation of a lady of France in the hotel. Outraged sleep, indifferently revenged by a toothsome piece of bread-lemon one or two moons old, again resumed its sway, relinquishing it at 4 a.m. to the zanzari which came in glee to the feast.

About 5 o'clock I got up to eat a cold breakfast, and to catch the first train.

Resina was more noisome even than usual that morning, and as I made my way past the vineyard zone I felt quite ill, and my later progress up the zigs and zags of the path alongside the fonicolare of Mr. Cook was one befitting a mountaineer, and a member of clubs withal.

Arrived at the top, I was beset by myrmidons demanding cinque lire for admission to the edge of the crater. After a while I broke off these financial conversations, and hurried along the edge until brought up by a bevy of guides and hangers-on with one of whom I commenced a debate on the ethics of guideless work. Hugo's Simplified System was by this time roused within me, and I was becoming really eloquent, when the original brace of myrmidons re-appeared with a couple of carabinieri to collect the five lire, and to place their final veto on any guideless promenades. So I meekly followed my appointed leader into the pit, down a crumbly but easy path (the Italians could make a path up a skyscraper). We approached the central debris cone on the side where hot stones were intermittently falling in order to secure a freshly baked piece, and imbed in it a coin, a pleasing little ceremony mentioned by Bædeker, and very repaying.

Continuing our tour of the crater I was shown a minor "bocca" filled with red hot lava, and a cooled off pool of sulphur. The air was heavy with sulphur fumes during the whole of our pilgrimage, and the smell might have proceeded from the seventh circle of the Inferno.

The circuit completed, we sat on the slopes of the crater and I tried to take photos of stone showers, after which I proceeded to administer the "mancio" to my escorting friend. He was a nice old man, and had specialised in volcanoes, having officiated on Etna and having been invited, at one time to join a party intending to visit a Mexican one.

When he had departed in search of other and perhaps higher (priced) game I decided to have a meal, and discovered that my bottle of Acqua Minerale had shed its cork and liberally soaked the bread in the rucksack. But a few lire applied to the local Moses brought forth, from the ground

close by, a brand new bottle of lemonade. Otherwise this article might never have been written.

On the recommendation of a sort of chief Cerberus, I descended on the Pompeian side, down a sinuous cindery mule track. Presently I was halted by a small but determined figure, which, appraising me by my clothes and rucksack, demanded " Zwei Lire " for the use of the alleged private road by which I had come. I stayed some little time teasing him, he trying to sell me every imaginable thing, and at intervals giving vent to his parrot cry : " Wahnagoforawahk." Callously refusing his modest and reasonable request for an English shilling " as a souvenir," I made my way down between leafy vineyards, with pleasing views of Vesuvio and the Bay, to Torre Annunziato. Hereabout I was followed by divers urchins, until an explosive " Mannagiamarina ! ! " with other words not to be found in an English-Italian dictionary, brought them up all standing with a surprised and hurt look in their eyes, like that of a dog when it has been chasing a cat which unexpectedly and unreasonably turns at bay.

Having shed a sufficient number of lire for one day, I decided to walk to Castellammare, along the dusty road past the fields where the artichokes grow.

A MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD.

By Nicholas Size.

When William the Conqueror ravaged the North of England and made Yorkshire a desert, he found it impossible to subdue the men of Lakeland. Thanks to their high mountains and mysterious pathways, their long lakes linked by morasses, their dense forests and undergrowth, and the mists which opportunely sheltered them, they were able to strike successfully at every body of Norman soldiery which ventured away from the main army.

Woe to the steel-helmeted bowmen who marched with their armoured and well-mounted leaders into the uncharted valleys among the fells. Swift arrows came to them from nowhere, heavy boulders fell upon them from above, and resolute Norsemen armed with targets and light battle axes gathered so rapidly and attacked so quickly that death itself seemed to be in league with them; and neither horse nor rider, bowman nor spearman had any chance of getting back to camp again alive.

King William's armies found no opportunities for pitched battles; they could march into a broad valley and out again without so much as seeing Earl Boetar's men concealed among the trees or hidden cunningly among the crags, ready to lead pursuers where it was difficult and dangerous to follow, ready to vanish into thin air themselves.

Fugitives from Lancashire and Yorkshire flocked for safety to the fastnesses of the resolute Earl. These swelled the number of defenders, and took the places of those who fell, so that eventually the unconquerable King William gave up the unprofitable warfare, and left the Lake District more or less to itself.

True he gave all Cumberland to his great lieutenant Ranulf de Meslin, who had every incentive to overthrow Earl Boetar and make himself master of the mountains, as the Romans had

done long before, with their castles at Keswick, Ambleside and Kendal, and smaller forts in Borrowdale and on Hard Knott Pass, etc. ; and with their roads which still remained. But in the end he contented himself with capturing the flat land about Egremont and St. Bees, and he persuaded his great lord to give him the Earldom of Chester instead of this intractable Cumberland.

No doubt he made every possible effort to storm Earl Boetar's stronghold, but it was very nearly impregnable, and was far better than a castle, because it could be provisioned from every side, and was too big to be besieged.

To-day it is merely a singularly beautiful and wild valley ; but for those who have eyes to see, its ramparts still exist, and its possibilities from a military point of view are easily apparent.

Its main entrance was by boat along Crummock Water, and you may still examine the remains of the nearly square Scandinavian earthworks on the west side of the Cocker, at the foot of the lake.

This was easy to defend in the old days, because the valleys on each side of it were broad swamps, which one could neither cross with boat nor horse ; and it was necessary to go round to the north west before one could commence to attack it.

At this base a fleet of boats was stationed to give rapid access to Boetar's village at the head of the lake, where the Earl had his headquarters, and where his name will remain as long as our language exists.

An enemy might march an army along the east bank of Crummock Water as far as Rannerdale Knotts, but here was a barrier which even modern engineering has a difficulty in getting round ; and in those far-off days it was a death-trap ; for if a thousand men tried to scale the wall-like rock of Rannerdale, it would take less than a hundred to keep them back, and meantime another little army could cut their communications and outflank them from the Grasmoor path ; and also all the defenders from the other entrances to the Buttermere valley would have time to come and help in the killing. Anciently there was a memorial chapel near this point, which would suggest an extensive battle.

The west side of Crummock Water was just as difficult, but in another way. To this day there is no path, and it is hard to get along, so it is clear that in the old days a few men rolling stones down Melbreak could make the narrow route impossible.

The way into Buttermere valley from Starling Dodd or Floutern Tarn must have been an impassable swamp in those days (it is little better now), and in any case an invader by that route would be heavily handicapped.

The next access to the valley is by Scarf Gap, a point most easy to defend.

The same might be said of Honister Pass, for no army could travel between the precipices of Dalehead and Fleetwith Pike without suffering immense loss, if the defenders were awake.

The entrance from the Vale of Newlands along Buttermere Hause is, of course, more open to attack, but here again the handicap is heavily in favour of the defenders of the valley, and if many of the enemy got over the head of the pass, they would find the long Hause a deadly passage which would decimate their numbers if the defenders were resolute.

Enough has been said to show that it is not surprising that Buttermere held out against the Normans for fifty years.

The old Earl Boetar is traditionally said to have died at home, and to have been buried beyond the top of Buttermere Hause, at a point where there is an exceptional view down the valley of the Sail Beck towards his home. Certainly there are traces of graves, but there is no stone ; and as his enemies triumphed in 1158, no monument would be likely to remain.

His son, Earl Gille, seems to have been as successful as his father in this guerilla warfare against the Normans; and a great part of Lakeland came to be called Gillesland, so that he evidently lived long enough to establish himself more firmly than his father had done.

Eventually he was murdered very treacherously at an arbitration meeting arranged by the Church, under a guarantee of safe conduct, and Lanercost Priory is reputed to have been built as an act of atonement for this outrage.

Be this as it may, the Church took such strong action against Robert de Villibus, his murderer as caused the King in 1114

to make a grant of the Lake Country " to the family of Gille the son of Boet for ever."

The claims of Robert de Villibus were inherited from Ranulf de Meslin, and forty-four years later Henry II. reversed the justice of his predecessors, and at Newcastle in 1158 awarded all Gillesland to the aged Robert de Villibus.

Originally Buttermere Lake and Crummock Water were all one, but as the water meadows gradually separated the two lakes in Earl Boetar's time, Boetar's Mere became the inevitable description.

It was a great achievement to have held back the most famous soldiery in Europe for half a century, when all the rest of England had capitulated ; and the name of Buttermere may well conjure up the fierce fighting of those evil days when William the Conqueror reduced the population of England by fighting and starvation to 2,000,000 souls.

To-day its wild beauty never palls, and as the guide book says : " It is a quite ideal spot, and gives a greater sense of seclusion from the world than any haunt of tourists we have seen." But hail to the old Earl Boetar, who kept all Lakeland out of Domesday Book, and avenged his countrymen.

" Peace waits among the hills ;
I have drunk peace,
Here, where the blue air fills
The great cup of the hills,
And fills with peace."

ARTHUR SYMONS.

QUO VADIS?

By B. Calvert Alferoff.

It was dark. An absurd, raucous, high-pitched voice loomed near behind me, swept past in a vision of painted faces and shabby hats, dissolved once more in the foul and grimy surroundings of the great sea-port. "It looks so dressy, he says, but I don't like it. So I says: Let's see, and he says: Now that's nice, only why 'avent you got a dance frock? So I says: What . . . . ." I walked on. The fog heaved clammily around. My thoughts—half pitying, half cynical—swung unconsciously from extreme to extreme . . . . .

* * *

Feverish with all the concentrated impulse of my fifteen years, I was on my way to the mountains for the first time. For many long, dreary days had I watched the swaying, boundless steppe through the window of the train, ever unbroken, ever suggestive of freedom-loving Cossacks, Tartars and Kirghiz on their sturdy little mounts. And lo! There arose on the horizon an eerie vision, not unlike a tremendous irregular saw, jutting out from the great beyond. Nearer and nearer we came, until at length the boundless steppe gave way to a rolling, surging expanse of virgin forest. Above this, summit after rocky summit, height after craggy height, reared themselves proudly into the pale, evening sky. Gates of the Caucasus! Solitary peaks at first, separated and accentuated in their peculiar grandeur by rolling forest, and wide sweep of swaying *kovil*. Gradually the peaks closed in on each side, culminating eventually in an unbroken black wall against the horizon, and above this, suspended as if by magic in the limpid evening sky, lay a mighty chain of snow-clad summits, reminiscent in a way of some delicate carving in mother o' pearl. The graceful twin summits of Elbruz on the right, and just a dim suggestion of the proud peak of Kazbek on the left, appeared to float upon the capricious waves

of lesser heights between. Dusk, followed by the diamond-studded velvet of Caucasian night, closed around . . . . Shivering, more with excitement than with real cold, I rose and breakfasted in the candle-lit sanctuary of white, moon-kissed monastery walls. Then out into the open, into the Caucasian dawn. . . . . What a train of thoughts these last two words kindle in my mind,—meaningless and inexpressible to all but myself! I stood on a hillside of swaying *kovil*, whispering and shimmering in the cold elusive light of coming dawn. Away to the north the steppe swept boundless as ever. In the immediate foreground, the first craggy sentinels of the Caucasus jutted stolidly from the billowing forest, and amongst them floated delicate, feathery, fleecy mists. Behind me, the rocky heights of Beshtau—most graceful of the minor peaks—reared their shapely summits into the cloudless sky, dark enough still to accentuate the uncanny brilliance of the stars, but fading perceptibly. All was still. I became contemplation personified. Suddenly, from the pregnant darkness of the woods upon my left, there arose a mysterious scuffling, a busy succession of queer, forest sounds—a black form parted from the stillness of the tree-tops; floated serenely and noiselessly across the paling fathomless sky, whilst in its clutches a helpless little object uttered stifled dying cries. It disappeared from view. . . . . The spell and charm and wonder of the Caucasian night was gone. I stood on the threshold of many months of scrambling midst the rock sublimity of the Caucasian heights, in the exalted company of eagles, and of shy dwellers in places untrodden by man. A climber was born.

* * *

After the fashion of railways, immediately following the "great disturbance," a friend and I, both free once more from the disfigured fields of conflict, were deposited in Bangor station some four hours late. It was about 1-30 a.m. of a spring morning. We held a hurried consultation, and—well—the pale light of a Welsh moon watched us tramp sturdily along the rising ground, in the direction of moon-swept, cloud-kissed, and grandly impressive sentinels guarding the

sleeping beauty of Nant Ffrancon. There was much *terra incognita, aqua incognita*. By 4-30 a.m. we were nicely lost in the most immense slate-quarry I had ever seen. In the course of ten minutes we had more narrow escapes from falling down precipices than in our entire previous and subsequent experience of climbing. The first signs of dawn caught us (literally) napping, huddled together upon a friendly and comparatively warm slab of rock, on the slopes of Moel Perfedd. I was awakened by the vibration of my companion's body as he shivered in his sleep. The steely, relentless cold of dawn was creeping over the hills. The busy Ffrancon sounded faintly in a valley below. Massive, lumpy masses on the opposite side marked the position of the Carnedds, contrasting strangely with the shapely form of Tryfaen, outlined against the yellow-green luminosity of coming day. My companion oscillated until he rolled off his slab and awakened, muttering thickly. We had some sandwiches. It commenced to rain.

The morning and afternoon were spent on Elydir Fawr in mist and drizzle. A whirlwind came casually along, and performed a few select juggling tricks with some sheep munching stupidly by. For hours we descended blindly in a southerly direction, over swamps, through streams, and by means of sitting glissades on wet moss. A few cottages appeared. It was Nant Peris, and we elicited the news that: "Mrs. Owen, or Mrs. Jones, or Mrs. Roberts, or Mrs. Edwards would put us up indeed, if we lliked, untill the rrain should stop!" We did, and they did, and it did. How we slept! The sunshine on my face awakened me. Through the window, a mighty, sun-bathed shoulder of Snowdon swept majestically upwards, littered here and there with tiny specks, in which I soon recognised the ubiquitous sheep grazing on their lofty pastures. A great calm, an altogether novel grandeur reigned in the stillness of the valley. Our clothes were drying somewhere below. I hauled my companion from his bed and we had an animated ten minutes trying to decide whether it was morning or evening, and of which day. Our cries of anguish eventually produced the llanlady with our clothes, and the information

that it was evening. We fed and set out for the top of the pass. Turned right: Snowdon—most shapely of British mountains—arose before us. The great gloomy cliffs of Lliwedd frowned through the gathering dusk upon the luminous waters of Llyn Llydaw, whilst the razor-like edge of Crib Goch clove into the magnificent evening sky. In the centre, Y Wyddfa reposed in stately and serene majesty upon the mists and gathering darkness below. From her summit there rolled a flaming column of cloud. Flaming, aye, with the purple and gold and orange of the setting sun, which was to rise again on many glorious days on the hills of Wales.

* * *

We had made a day's cycle journey between Kendal and Wasdale Head. It was a warm, June evening. The loneliness of Langdale contrasted strangely with the peculiar joy of sweeping down Hardknott and Wrynose passes on our silent wheels. The sun was just descending into the shimmering depths of the sea as we turned into the wooded lanes of Wasdale—the unknown heart of Cumberland. After the fantastic variety of foreign heights and the shapely peaks of Wales, we had come with a mind full of bias to the English Lakes, confident in a vague sort of way that there would be nothing here to compare with things we had seen in the districts we loved so well. And yet, as we passed from the shade of wooded lanes, and the fairy-like beauty of Wasdale opened before us, a fleeting thought, half of regret for the passing of old affections and allegiances, half of wonderment at the infinite variety and charm of the scene before us, sped through our minds. If you, my reader, have come upon Wastwater unawares as did we, if the perfect, supreme stillness and calm of the silvery surface reflected for you, as it did for us, the graceful outline of the mighty fells, if the coolness of night swept down from Yewbarrow to the Screes, and away to the proud head of Great Gable, guarding the hamlets below—then among the words inscribed above there may be just one that will touch the chord I wish .... If not, there is nothing more I should say, for words are but words. . . . .

The shades of night gathered in the valley, the outlines of sleeping fells commenced to fade from sight in the darkening,

cloudless sky. We searched out the Cumbrian farmstead where a welcome awaited us, unpacked our various climbing utensils for the morrow, and went to sleep with open windows, through which flowed the inexpressible, elusive atmosphere of night, carrying with it visions of silent crags, of Scawfell, of towering Pillar, of the elfin, capricious, unforgettable Napes Ridges.

* * *

These were the thoughts that fled through my mind on that dismal night in the great sea-port, born, through some inexplicable remote psychological laws, in the meaningless babbling of a small derelict member of the human race.

"The climber of mountains seeks a similar rapture by going to places where he is, in full exertion, the sum of his physical faculties, little more. Here all his hopes are for things close at hand; ambition lives along an arm stretched out to grasp a rock eighteen inches away; his sole aim in life may be simply the top of a thirty foot cleft in a steep face of stone. At home, in the thick of his work, he seemed to be everlastingly threading mazes that no one could thread right to the end; here on the crags it is all divinely simplified; who would trouble his head with subtle questionings about what human life well might or ought to be, when every muscle and nerve are tautly engaged in the primal job of sticking to life as it is."

C. E. MONTAGUE.

A DANGEROUS MEMBER.

During recent years we have heard a great deal about the Club Qualification, and much oil, or electricity and be-bacco have been consumed whilst the Committee earnestly debated very intricate points such, for instance, as whether Miss X and Mr. Y had really qualified, when their ascents of that grand old peak Lingmell, instead of being done, as befits single minded lovers of the hills, alone, or in the bracing company of the storm fiends, turned out to have been made together. When one thinks of the conscientiousness with which similar considerations are threshed out, it is all the more remarkable that such a leakage should have occurred as that which is revealed by the sinister activities of the member whose conduct I am writing to expose. One wonders, with something like horror, whether Solly has anything to do with his entrance into the Club.

Few people appear actually to have seen this young fellow, for he is very young and of the male persuasion, although he works in collusion with a female confederate, and they often appear on the picture together.

So far as one can gather he is entirely devoid of climbing experience, and the only sports in which he is known to engage are aviation and shooting, the former chiefly as a means of locomotion, and the latter, I regret to have to say it, not the chamois chasing patronised by members of the A.C., guides, nobility, and gentry, and all the best people but —— the maiming of the younger members of mountaineering clubs. Indeed, so strong a hold, either by fear or favour, has he obtained over our Manchester brethren, that his surname, in slightly modified form, has come to be considered as characterising the habit of mind of one of their chief mandarins when performing the duties of his office. One wonders why he does not put his foot down on this young person.

He is undermining the very foundations of the Club, even though he may double its membership. Let us take, Raeburn like, a typical example of his working. Here is Y, a young man educated sufficiently to take his part in discussions of

the vital question whether footgear should be drawn from the mineral, vegetable, or animal kingdom, and with a keen moral perception of the enormity of borrowing a finger hold from an adjacent climb, a man who reads a chapter from "Mountain Craft" every night before going to bed, knows all the most popular works of another mountaineering writer off by heart, and is able with the greatest of ease to bite the dust and his tongue at the same time; a keen motor cyclist; a despiser of golf; in short, an active member.

Visualise now Mr. Y after he has become the quarry of this ruthless young hunter. We find him, in boots, leading a string of rubber shod damsels up into the rocky fastnesses of Deep Ghyll, Kern Knotts Chimney, or other noble clefts. Not now for him the clash of the Napes Cutlery, the sweep of the Pinnacle slabs, the grim paraphernalia of Walker's, or the exceptionally exciting exercise of the Eliminates.

Variations leave him unmoved; his motor cycle has gone, or worse, is unhappily mated to a sidecar; the Alps promise fair weather in vain—he is going to Borrowdale.

And so the end. He goes to the Annual Dinner. He sings with gusto the Club Song. He goes to the Doe Crags Cave the following day. He may even adventurously essay C Buttress; more likely is he to demonstrate the topography of the crags, as seen from Easy Terrace or the Path to his mildly protesting consort who has ascended to this point to humour him. He will tell you how, in a few week's time, or when the fine weather comes, he will recommence serious climbing. But it is the end, and he knows it, and we, his sorrowing friends, know it too.

There is no need to harrow our members' feelings with all the details of Y's affliction; how for his former nightly reading is substituted a still more voluminous work on domestic economy, and how, in place of his motor cycle combination, he acquires a very light four wheeler with solid tyres, and bearing a musical box. No, it would only open up old wounds.

But is there no remedy? Are the farms and hotels of Lakeland to continue their cry: "Where are our young men?" and to receive no comfort? Can *nothing* be done?

Cannot this unscrupulous member be transferred to the Pinnacle Club with the rank of Uncle, or, desperately, in the last resource, could not the professional services of Wilton be invoked, to make the Club unfit for Eros to dwell in?

In the meantime strong single men, not even protected as are the birds by a close season, look at one another with a wild surmise. Who next?

GRIEVOUSLY SCARED BACHELOR.

"At home they see on Skiddaw
His royal purple lie,
And autumn up in Newlands
Arrayed in russet dye;
Or under burning woodland
The still lake's gramarye.
And far off and grim and sable
The menace of the Gable
Lifts up his stark aloofness
Against the Western sky."

W. N. HODGSON.

THE RUBBER BOOM.

By R. S. T. Chorley.

There is evidently a boom in rubber in more places than one, nor am I surprised to find Mr. Doughty among the bulls. Several of us seem to have been trailing red rags before him recently, and now, snorting with apparent rage, he advances majestically into the arena, seeking to toss the leather merchants—perhaps naturally—to heights which they could never hope to scale in their antediluvian footgear.*

Bulls and arenas remind one of Don Quixote, but he tilted at wind mills.

Not that he is all fire and fury, for he is sufficiently experienced a dialectician to have interwoven with his special pleading sufficient truth to make a plausible case. The ruddy adjectival glow which surrounds his periods perhaps obscures this, but at the risk of reducing the affair from rhetoric to reason, that dull divinity of the age which produced the climbing boot, I feel that I must elaborate a few of the arguments on the other side.

Now the object of my note about the Pavey Ark accident was to give a hint to the inexperienced. Mr. Abraham, whom Mr. Green was apparently foolish enough to support, was also dealing with the training of novices. Although not prepared to go all the way with Mr. Abraham, I am in general sympathy with his views on this point. My reply, therefore, to Mr. Doughty, will be concerned primarily with the use of rubber shoes by novices during their training.

The truth of the matter, as it appears to me, is that the so-called rubber controversy is merely one aspect of the ancient dispute as to whether the student is best educated by having everything possible done to make his task easy and comfortable for him, or whether a period of hard work and difficulties is not likely to produce the best result. To learn by an intelligent facing of difficulties seems obviously right,

* See "Nothing Like Leather," The Journal, No. 18.

but so many educationalists have concentrated on the provision of difficulties rather than the encouragement of intelligence that it is little wonder if we are in for a course of the other extreme.

In every craft the ultimate purpose of training is to teach the student in due time to use every tool in his workshop on its appropriate occasion. The basis of the teaching should accordingly be to obtain familiarity with, and the instinctive use of the instrument which is most typical of and essential to the craft. I think it would be a mistake to teach a child the use of the typewriter before that of the pencil, though doubtless easier.

In Mr. Doughty's view, and it was one perhaps more widely held in a more optimistic educational period, you should start a beginner off by making everything easy for him, so that he will get confidence and pass on to more difficult things. The drawback to this pretty theory is that he so seldom passes on.

Mr. Doughty takes the analogy of teaching cricket on a bad wicket or with a wet ball. In a less bullish mood the falseness of this would have at once been apparent to so keen a dialectician. His cricketer is using the same instrument throughout, and his bad wicket and wet ball are the equivalent of rotten rocks and rain. A youngster who has learned to play a straight bat on a good wicket will have a fair chance of holding his own on a poor one ; but what would happen to a man who had learned to play with a soft ball and a tennis racket, and was suddenly called upon for the real thing on a sticky wicket ?

It would be nearer the mark to use the analogy of a golfer, whose sport, like that of the climber, does in fact call for the use of various implements. Most of us know the long handicap golfer who makes constant use of his iron, whereby he lifts the ball off the ground, and scoops it a short distance towards the green. This man will never make a golfer, though no doubt he derives amusement from the game. The golf coach, however, does not put the novice on to the iron at the beginning, so as to give him a cheap feeling of confidence. He knows that the correct use of the wooden club is at the basis of the game. It is the use, therefore, of this club, which he

teaches in the first instance, and if he is good at his job, he should awaken a real confidence, a confidence reposing on the actual ability of his pupil, and not on the adventitious enchantment of a club well sloped back. Similarly, he who would teach a novice to climb, should teach him in nailed boots and on easy rock. I quite agree with Mr. Doughty that what is to be aimed at is balance—rhythm comes later, and is in any event (with deference to Mr. Winthrop Young) important only in certain branches of rock-climbing. Mr. Doughty seems to imagine that balance can be picked up from the confidence obtained from using rubbers—this is the fallacy of the golfer and his iron. Balance is largely a matter of individual make up, but in so far as it can be learned, it is learned on a basis of correct footwork. The rubber shoed novice has no particular need to consider his feet when on easy climbs—they will hold quite comfortably wherever he puts them. Moreover, he will probably climb so rapidly that he will pay very little intelligent attention to what his feet are doing. In fact, getting up easy rocks in rubbers is not climbing at all, and is as valueless from the point of view of learning our craft, as is playing French cricket with a tennis ball and racket to the would-be county cricketer. In nailed boots, however, it is always necessary to place the foot accurately, and the beginner realises this as soon as he gets on to the rocks. When the hold is smaller than a size which is soon recognised from experience, or steeper than a slope similarly learned, the foot must be placed with particular accuracy, and care must be taken in the raising of the body so as to give the foothold every chance. It is here that the importance of balance is felt and technique is born. It is certainly a mistake to start a beginner on difficult climbs, because he will then tend to rely too much on his arms, but even this evil usually furnishes its own cure, for as his arms become tired he is driven to paying more attention to his footwork.

That confidence in rubber which is at the basis of Mr. Doughty's argument is often illusory, for the percentage of days on which the average English climb is free of damp and greasiness is apt to be small. As soon as he puts his rubbered

foot on to a greasy slab the novice's confidence vanishes with wonderful rapidity. He would indeed rejoice to wear some thing with a little bite in it.

I will now deal with one or two of Mr. Doughty's more personal points. The report about Mr. Gardiner's accident which was sent to me at the time appears to have been inaccurate. The fact remains that the accident happened to a rubber-shoed party—as I believe have most of the accidents which have occurred in this country since the war. This is of course, not necessarily cause and effect, but it is, perhaps, significant. Moreover the fact that no accident occurred on the more difficult parts of the climb is neither here nor there—accidents occur as often as not after the greatest difficulties are over, when attention is relaxed. This is particularly likely to be so with rubber shoes, which are not so serviceable as boots on grassy ledges or loose screey places, yet after difficult pitches it is just here that carelessness is not improbable.

Mr. Doughty's strictures on a Solemn Warning are more amusing than convincing, and his alleged inability to grasp my meaning is due rather to the laudable desire to score a point than to any real lack of comprehension. In fact, he goes on to show that he understood what I meant—as did everybody else who took the trouble to read the passage. Classifications, though they are occasionally misleading, are generally referred to when the difficulty of climbs is discussed, and they are accepted by most novices and by some experienced climbers with an almost child-like faith.

These lists are based on the assumption that good conditions prevail at the time the climbs are attempted, and that nailed boots are used. Wet or cold may add varying percentages of difficulty to these standards, and moreover the percentage increase of difficulty varies considerably from climb to climb. On a day when one moderate climb should be promoted to the exceptionally severe, another, its near neighbour both as to location and standard of difficulty, may only get into the difficults. These difficulties are fairly obvious to the intelligent novice who will also be aware that rubber is more affected by wet than are nails. I doubt, however, if any novice appreciates how enormous the difference is. The Needle, for example,

which in its present polished condition should probably go say six places, further down the difficults, is in my opinion, on a fine day in rubbers, a middle class moderate; by the west route after rain, and especially in the descent, it is severe. So much is this so that here, and still more on certain long climbs with a tendency to greasiness, a party of novices in rubber shoes, overtaken suddenly by bad weather, may find themselves in considerable danger. Mr. Doughty thinks this is such trite lore that he really doesn't think that I can have been wasting my time over enunciating it. I think he must have forgotten his novitiate, or perhaps he, too, was trained in the years before rubber. Otherwise he could not ignore the really extraordinary difference which bad conditions make to the rubber-wearing novice who finds that he simply cannot trust his feet at all. To the experienced climber the difference is by no means so great; in fact one well known expert denies that it exists. To Mr. Doughty the Solemn Warning from the Committee about the use of belays must have appeared equally platitudinous, though possibly not couched in so "incomprehensible a jargon." The accident which made that admonition necessary was unfortunately fatal.

Here it may be worth while to emphasize again the importance of belays, especially to those climbing in rubbers. A booted climber can get a good purchase when he gives a shoulder belay, but the man in rubbers can make little of this method, especially if on grass or loose rock, unless he is directly above the second. Should the strain come on him obliquely his chance of holding his ground is slight indeed. This weakness of rubber might throw light on the recent accident in Wales.

At this point, so far from throwing up my brief, I shall be glad to take the verdict of any twelve impartial climbers as to whether novices should learn their craft in rubber shoes or nailed boots.

After a verdict for the defendant and the dismissal of the plaintiff's case with costs, I should like to deal shortly with the use of rubber shoes by experienced climbers. Mr. Doughty's article dealt chiefly with novices, and he had, I almost said, the impudence to pray in aid the name of Mr.

G. W. Young. He had, no doubt, a politician's reliance on the Englishman's apathy, thinking that nobody would trouble to verify his reference. In fact, however, at the passage quoted, Mr. Young is not dealing with beginners at all, and says little, if anything, with which an intelligent climber could find fault, pointing out, as he does, the value of differing types of equipment according to the terrain. Rubber shoes have not only come to stay, but afford an essential part of the modern climber's equipment. Their use has opened up a whole field of endeavour, and has made possible to us all scores of climbs of the highest technical interest, which were formerly feasible only to the most distinguished experts, and to them only accompanied by considerable danger. As well forbid the use of the mashie niblick to the golfer as the rubber shoe to the climber.

Every experienced climber is, as far as I am concerned, completely free to use whatever footgear he chooses. For the dilettante who climbs only in fine weather on warm rock, nothing can be more delightful than rubber. It reduces the physical labour of the business, and gives a joyful feeling of dash and freedom. This is hardly the best there is in climbing. To some of us the pleasure of the sport, considered apart from its adventitious attractions, such as scenery, lies in the overcoming of difficulties. The mere overcoming is a joy, but the more cleverly, artistically if you will, the problem is overcome, the greater the climber's delight. This artistic side of the business is that of technique. Technique with any artist is largely a matter of practise and experience. It consists in the application of the correct method and in the exact degree required. The painter, for example, should know precisely what is the sort of brushwork most satisfactory to a particular subject. Similarly the climber should wear the kind of footgear most suited to his problem, and which gives most scope to the expression of his own individuality in his treatment thereof. Personally I find that the ordinary route up the Napes Needle on a favourable day presents to me so few difficulties in rubbers that from a technical point of view it is of little or no interest. In boots, however, the same problem calls for an ingenuity of foot-work and of

balance which I have by no means always been able to apply at the first attempt. Success after such difficulties gives a delight much keener than does the mere movement upwards over steep rock, pleasant as that may be, or the satisfaction of reaching the top of the climb. Indeed, there is more joy to be found in the unsuccessful application of all one's skill and energy to a difficult problem of mountaineering than in the uneventful ascent of a well-known peak. As has been well said, " after all, we, as mountaineers, are not concerned simply with reaching the highest summit by any means whatever; but rather of matching against it the resources of our special craft."*

To the experienced climber, while it is a pleasant companion on an off day, the rubber shoe is an invaluable weapon on a certain type of climb, a fact which it is not necessary to emphasize further. It is mere revolutionary pedantry, however, to insist on the use of rubber at every available opportunity. Intelligence is shown in the choice of the foot-wear appropriate to the occasion, and it was sound sense which led a party of well known English climbers who are no enemies of rubber, to substitute scarpetti for that material in the Dolomites, discovering after experiment that the more old fashioned footgear was more suitable to the locality. It is this truth which Mr. Young has expressed so succinctly and authoritatively in the passage referred to.

If I have over-elaborated his thesis, my excuse must be that one word is apparently not sufficient for Mr. Doughty.

* The Conventions of Mountaineering.—Rucksack Club Journal, 1925.

THE GREAT DEED OF BORROWDALE.

By Wilson Butler.

Some time ago a member of the Club asked the writer what was the Great Book of Borrowdale. He was not able at that time to give his fellow-member much information except such as appeared in the printed particulars of the Musgrave Estates.

Recently a friend kindly lent him a copy of the document, so that he is now able to give the particulars more fully.

The Great Deed of Borrowdale, not the great Book, to give it the proper designation, relates to the Borrowdale Freeholds which comprise therein the larger part of the fells recently acquired by the Club as a War Memorial. A short account of it, and of the area to which it relates, may accordingly be of interest to our members.

A great part of the Lake District, including the whole of Borrowdale, belonged throughout the Middle Ages to the great monastic foundation of Furness Abbey. The precise extent of their Borrowdale estates is described by Professor Collingwood in his article on Mountain Names, Vol. XVIII. N.S. of the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society Transactions from which the following is taken.

"The better known Borrowdale is described in Alice de Rumeli's gift to Furness Abbey, 1209-10, more accurately printed in Mr. Brownbill's edition Furness Coucher Book, Part II. (pp. 570, 576) than in previous works, together with the agreement of 1211 between Furness and Fountains. The bounds of Borcherdale (borgardalr, dale of the fort, i.e. Castle Crag) begin from Eschnesbec, (Ashness Beck), where it falls into Derewentewater and thence go up the hill between Borrowdale and Watendlath—Wattintundelau, Watendelair (?-lau), or Wathenthendelau. This name has always been a difficulty. Prof. Sedgefield gives it up, but suggests the analogy of Carwinley (Place-names of C. and W. 121), with

the termination confused in later time with " lathe," a barn. Now " Wattin " represents Norse vatn, lake, though the word is rare in Cumbrian names, no doubt because it was easily seen to mean " water," and translated. But if so, vatn is in the nominative, and we have therefore another of the Celtic constructions. In some of these, as Set-mabanning (seat of Mapbennoc), Caerwenddoleu (Carwhinelow, Carwinley), the second element is a personal name. Here " Tundelau " somewhat resembles Gwenddoleu, the Cymric chief from whom Caer-wenddoleu was named, and it is possible that Watendlath may have been the lake named after some Cymric survivor among the Norse settlers, just as the Norse Ulf and Thorstein gave their names to Ulls-water and Thurston-water (Coniston lake). At any rate there is no O.N. or A.S. word out of which we could get the " tunde " or " thende " even if the " lau " could be explained.

Borrowdale bounds then, go up Brown Dodd to Laghedure and Heghedure; English, not Norse, for " low door " and " high door " two gaps in the ridge; one I suppose, at " Ladder " Brow, and the other at " Ether " Knott. And " Lodore fall " is the force near the Laghedure, which was not the name of the gill.

Thence to Marcebuthe or Marthebuthe (? merki-bud, the booth of the mark or boundary; cf. O.N. marki-bjork, a birch tree on the boundary, etc.) and to Docketerne, Dock Tarn, probably from the plant; in A-S. " docce (dock) that swims " is said by Sweet to be water-lily. According to the agreement of 1211 the bounds here go to the middle of Butherh hals, O.N. budar-hals, pass of the booth, which has become the Bowdergate from Watendlath to Rosthwaite; thence down a stream to Butherthwait, O.N. budaepveit, the sloping field of the booth. For " booth " the word " boot " is still found; e.g. Bessyboot on Stonethwaite fell; but " Bowder-stone " (see N.E.D. Boulder-stone) has approached the form shown in Bowdergate from a different source.

The boundary is then marked by Langestrothbec or Lang-estrodhebec, in which I do not see why we should not find Gaelic srath (anciently strath) or Welsh ystrad, because we have glen surviving in Cumbria. Up this beck we go " to

the sike that comes from Stainthwait," O.N. stein-pveit, and " by the lower head of Stainthwait to Gleuermergyestele (stile, steep path of Glaramara) to the top of the mountain between Gleuermerghe and Langestrode " or according to Lady Alice's charter, to Houedgleuermerhe, the head of Glaramara. This is " Glever-merhe " (not Glenermerhe), and seems to represent O.N. glaefra-merki, the boundary-mark of the chasms or cliffs (genitive plural of gljufr) a name which describes it well.

The next point is where the bounds of Borrowdale, Butter-ilket and Egremont join, i.e. Eskhause ; and so " following the bounds of Egremont by top of Hederlanghals," O.N. heidar-lang-hals, the long pass of the " heath " or wild fells ; cf. Icel. heidarvegr, path over fells and moors. This indicates that the Viking settlers or their immediate descendants used our Styhead path pretty much as it stands ; and long may it remain untouched, as an Ancient Monument which ought to be within the meaning of the Act.

From Styhead we go to the top of Windheg or Windeg, which Mr. Brownbill takes, with reason, for the Great Gable (or Gavel N. Eng. from O.N. gafl) ; perhaps this name was O.N. wind-egg, windy ridge.

Thence to Gatescartheheued, " head of the gap of the path " between Seatoller and Buttermere. Up again to Houedscal-dale, High Scawdel, perhaps from O.N. skal, a hollow, used as a local name in the Landnamabok. Then " to the white stone on little Greenhope;" " High and Low White rake " are above Greenop over Grange ; O.N. hop, O.E. hop, N. Ent. hope, a small enclosed valley. Then " by the midst of the side of Grenehope to the sike that goes down to Bredinebrigge;" probably " bredin " means " braided," from " to brede " or plait, and the name describes a hurdle-bridge such as was made from early times by simply laying down wattled hurdles on a wet place. For this point Mr. Brownbill suggests Grange Bridge, but perhaps the text requires us to take Ellers beck and the point where the track between Manesty and Grange crossed it, because we go onwards " by the same sike to Derwentwater at the point called Arneraid," for which I can only offer O.N. arnar-hreidr, eagle's eyrie.

It is a fine walk to take in the company of early thirteenth century beaters of the boundary. They seem to have known the fells pretty thoroughly, seven hundred years ago, and more."

There was, as a matter of fact, considerable dispute over this boundary, particularly about Langstrath, between the monks of Furness and the monks of Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire. For the good Alice de Rumely had at the same time conveyed her adjoining lands, including Watendlath and Langstrath to the latter institution. The quarrel was, however, in the end composed, and the boundary between the rival foundations settled.

The shortest route for the monks to Furness Abbey from their barns and storehouses at Grange would doubtless be by the Stake Pass and Coniston. It would not be a very convenient way of bringing or taking stores, however, and before long we find the monks acquiring a right of way over Watendlath to Wythburn, Dunmail and Grasmere.

After the Dissolution of the Monasteries, Borrowdale, like other properties originally given to Furness Abbey, devolved on the Crown. Easy come, easy go ; and most of them were conveyed away either by gift or sale within the next hundred years.

In the higher parts of Furness large grants were made by James I. of these Abbey possessions to London Merchants of the name of Whitmore. From a recital in the great Deed which is dated the 28th day of November, 1615, it would appear that James I. by letters patent, as well under the great seal of England as under the seals of his Duchy of Lancaster and County Palatine of Lancaster dated at Westminster the 12th March, 1613, granted to William Whitmore and Jonas Verdon their heirs and assigns forever, amongst other things ; All that the Manor of Borrowdale with the rights, members, and appurtenances, in the County of Cumberland, and all other those lands and appurtenances in Borrowdale aforesaid by the particulars thereof mentioned to be of the yearly rent or value of £28 10s. 0d., and all that salt well or salt water within the Grainge of Borrowdale or elsewhere within the said Manor ; and also all those wad holes and wad, commonly

called black cawke, within the Commons of Seatoller or elsewhere within any of the wastes or commons of the said Manor, then or late in the tenure of Roger Robinson or his assigns by the particulars thereof mentioned to be of the yearly rent or value of 15/4 ; and also all those issues and profits coming out of the Green Wood, according to the Custom there used, that is to say—for every fire house, four pence by the particulars thereof, mentioned to be of the yearly rent or value of 6/2 and the perquisites of the Courts of the said Manor, rated to be of the yearly value of 5/-, which said Manor and premises did in the whole amount to the yearly rent or value of £29 6s. 6d. and were late parcel of the land and possessions of his Majesty's Duchy of Lancaster or united or annexed thereto by force and virtue of an Act of Parliament in that behalf made and provided and all and singular messuages, lands, pastures, wastes, commons, etc., whatsoever to the said Manor belonging or appertaining except as therein mentioned To hold of the King as of his Manor of Enfield in the County of Middlesex, by fealty only in free and common soccage.

It would be interesting to know whether Whitmore and Verdon were land speculators, or whether they were acting as agents for the local squires and statesmen. Probably the latter, for within two years the area in question had all been divided up and conveyed to a considerable number of purchasers. On the other hand black lead may have been their object.

There were, however, various rights and properties which belonged rather to the district as a whole than to the individual parcels which had been sold, and which could not "be conveniently apportioned and divided and yet were included in the said purchase and were meant to be sold and conveyed by William Whitmore and Jonas Verdon to the several persons parties thereto, for their apportionable benefits, rateably and apportionably according to their several rents and payments which they had paid or were to pay for the lands which they had purchased."

These were first of all the woods which "were to be enjoyed as formerly they were before the purchase from his Majesty."

Then the "wastes, commons, stinted pastures, salt springs, courts, perquisites of courts, waifs, estrays, felons' goods and casual profits happening within the said Manor."

It had accordingly been agreed by all the various parties who had purchased these Borrowdale parcels of land that these various rights and properties should be conveyed as a whole to all of them. The Great Deed was the instrument by which this conveyance was effected, and it witnessed that "William Whitmore and Jonas Verdon as well for and in full performance and accomplishment bargained and agreed in their behalf, and in consideration of £25-2-0 of lawful money of England, did grant unto Sir Wilfred Lawson, John Lamplugh," and the other purchasers, their heirs and assigns for ever, "all that the said Manor of Borrowdale, and all that salt well, all the issues arising therefrom the Green Wood, and all other the premises granted by the King to William Whitmore and Jonas Verdon, reserving unto the King, all great trees, being timber, together with liberty to cut and carry the same, and also excepted and reserved unto William Whitmore and Jonas Verdon all those wad holes and wad commonly called black cawke within the commons of Seatoller or elsewhere within the commons and wastes within the Manor of Borrowdale with liberty to dig work for and carry away the same To hold of the King in free and common soccage as of his Manor of Enfield upon trust to and for the apportionable and rateable use benefit profit and commodity as well as to all and every the purchase before named, and upon further trust that all and every the said parties purchasers therein named should and might henceforth and forever hold receive and take such liberty and freedom in all and every the stinted pastures wastes, commons, etc., within the Manor as theretofor."

The parties to the Great Deed are perhaps worth while the setting out in full, as their names throw some light on the population which the valley could support three hundred years ago, and also because among them will be found many names well known in the valley to-day. They were Sir Wilfred Lawson, a very prominent figure in the Cumberland of those times, as has been another Sir Wilfred Lawson

recently; John Lamplugh, gent., John Braithwaite, Robert Braithwaite, John Jopson the younger, Nicholas Dickinson, and Thomas Birkhead, of Seathwaite, yeoman; Charles Hudson, of Boutherbeck, gent., William Braithwaite, John Fisher the younger, John Jopson, Thomas Fisher, John Birkhead, Robert Birkhead, Anthony Braithwaite, and Christopher Vickers, of Seatoller; John Birkhead, of Thorneythwaite, yeoman; Daniel Heckstetter, of Rosthwaite, gent.; Jennet Richardson, of Longthwaite; John Yaudal and Nicholas Birkhead, of the Chapel; Edward Birkhead, John Birkhead, Christopher Birkhead, and Thomas Birkhead, of Rosthwaite; Hugh Fisher and Gawen Harris, John Wood, of Skairness; John Fisher, of the Grainge; John Banks, of Stanger; John Fisher and Timothy Fisher, of Hollows; John Lambert and Richard Hyne, of Manesty; William Howe, of Newlands; William Braithwaite, of Highhouse; and Christopher Braithwaite.

Heckstetter or Holzstetter was one of the German miners from Augsburg, who were in the district for altogether some hundred and fifty years. At that time the local copper mines were among the most valuable in the country, and the Crown was at pains to introduce the best foreign talent for their exploitation, in the absence of competent native workmen. The Privy Council papers contain instructions for the landing of Augsburg miners at Newcastle, and their safe conduct to Keswick. Holzstetter was mining in Newlands in 1607.

The salt spring referred to at Grainge was also of importance. According to Hutchinson (vol. 11, p. 164) the monks stored their grain and tithe at Grange, and also the salt they made from this spring. In the 17th and 18th centuries the water was famous for its medicinal properties, and was a rival of the salts of Epsom and other noted places.

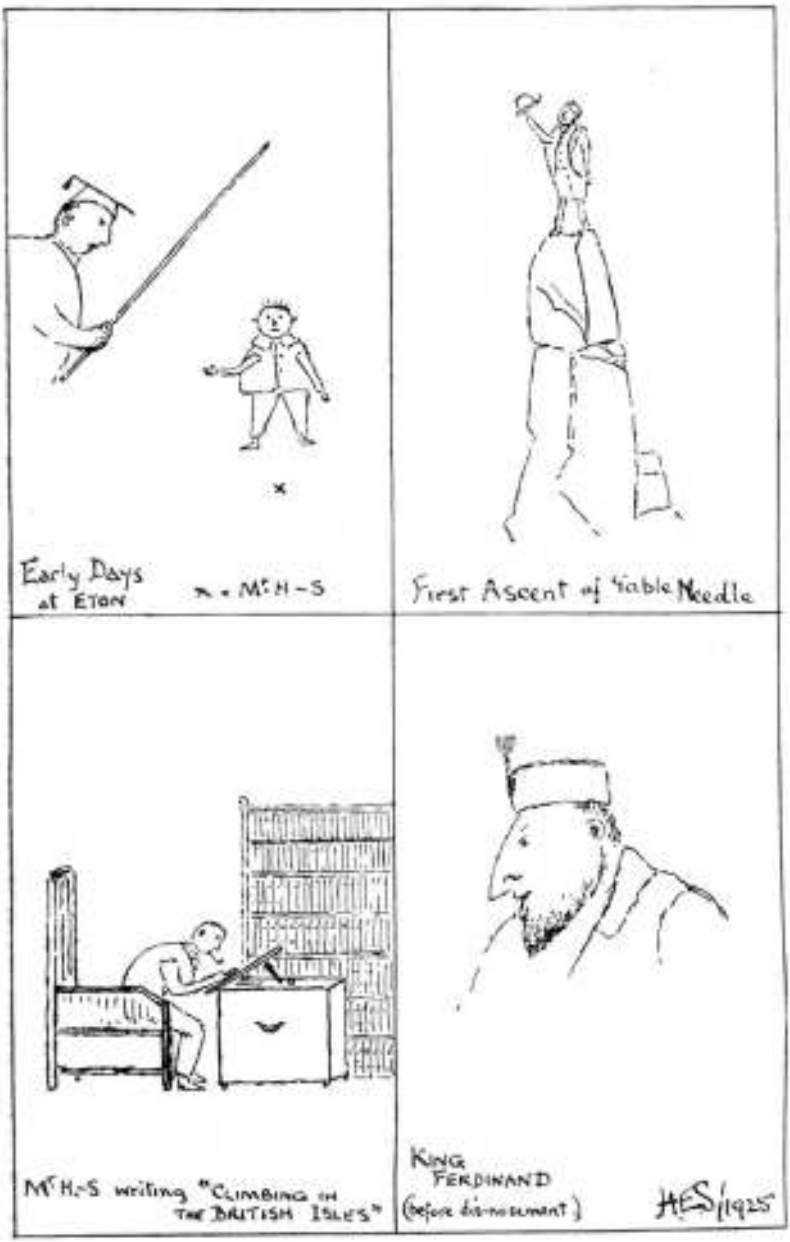
The "wad" or blacklead mine was regarded as unique at the time, and for a considerable period after. The pure article used to fetch as much as 30/- a pound, and the mine (on the fell side above Seathwaite) used only to be opened every five or seven years lest over production should lower prices. The natives of the valley used to make a good thing out of gleaning among the slagheaps, and even from surreptitiously removing

the " wad " from the mine. This was not larceny at Common Law, and a special Act of Parliament had to be passed in the eighteenth century with reference to this very mine, to make such conduct criminal. The uses to which the blacklead was put were numerous, including drawing, fixing dyes, cleaning and preserving iron work, medicinal, etc.

The Great Deed and also the preceding grant by James I. are believed to be in the Record Office, in London.

" I have been familiar from boyhood with mountains and lakes, and the sea, and the solitude of forests. Danger, which sports upon the brink of precipices, has been my playmate. I have trodden the glaciers of the Alps and lived under the eye of Mount Blanc."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.


Early Days at Eton
x = M.H-S
First Ascent of Table Needle
M.H-S writing "Climbing in the British Isles"
King Ferdinand (before disarmament)
H.E.S/1925

INTERVIEWS WITH CLUB CELEBRITIES.

W. P. HASKETT-SMITH.

PAST PRESIDENT.

BY H. E. SCOTT.

Having been informed that at or about the time when Tutankh-amen was depositing his lares and penates in the bowels of the earth Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith was depositing his handkerchief (the only thing there was room for) on the top of Gable Needle, I expected to find on my arrival at the palatial premises of the Alpine Club a man who shewed some signs of age. Instead of that I was agreeably surprised to meet a man of great mental alertness and brimming over with youthful freshness and vigour.

"Do you remember, sir, what Mr. Gladstone said in 1782?" I asked, as I took off my coat and prepared to sit down.

"No," he replied, "I was then only just beginning to . . . ."

"Excuse me, sir, I mean 1882 . . . ."

"Oh," said he, "I was far too busy at that time to bother about Mr. Gladstone. It was in that year that I climbed the big gully on Pavey Ark and explored Great End and Pillar. At that time Queen Anne was dead, and Mr. Geoffrey Young had not learned to walk. In 1884 Robinson and I made the first ascent of Scafell Pinnacle from Rake's Progress (by Steep Ghyll) and climbed the Needle Ridge, and I climbed Scafell Pinnacle alone by the short side. In 1886 I made the first ascent of the Needle, alone."

Realising by this time that an interview in the form of question and answer compels the subject of it to make use of the first person singular to an extent entirely foreign to his

usual habits, and is thereby likely to create a wrong impression in the case of so modest an individual as Mr. Haskett-Smith, I decided to continue the results of this memorable interview (with exceptions) in a biographical form. Before proceeding, however, I would ask readers to differentiate carefully between the subject of my interview, the *doyen* of the climbing world and Grand Panjandrum of the worshippers of the clinker*, and his distinguished relative F.E., who, though in a sense also a climber, did his climbing in a different dimension.

It was disappointing to find that Mr. Haskett-Smith professed himself quite unable to remember any details of his historic (or was it pre-historic?) visit to Pen-y-Gwryd with Charles Kingsley and Tom Hughes in 1856. Indeed, he went so far as to say he was not one of the party, but this was, of course, merely an official *démenti* and had no relation to fact.

However, to proceed. Leaving his university with a great reputation at the broad jump and the hurdles, he entered upon an epoch-making career as a rock-climber. Alone or in combination with J. W. Robinson, he performed numberless feats in Wales and the Lake District, including the exploration and opening up of great rock-faces, and such first ascents as the North Climb, Pillar Rock, Easter Gully on Doe Crags, Gable Needle, Steep Ghyll, etc., etc. From being a kind of mystic rite practised by the esoteric few, he and his friends developed and popularised the art of rock-climbing till it became the finest sport that England can boast.

In 1894 Mr. H-S. made the results of his work available to all by publishing a book entitled "Climbing in the British Isles," in two small volumes with pretty pictures. When I pointed out that there was no mention of Alderley Edge in the book, he told me how he had never heard of the place until the Rucksack Club was founded years afterwards, how he had been surreptitiously with Minor in the middle of a dark night to see these climbs before other experts got wind of them, and how he had then tried to call in the issue with a view to adding a special chapter, but owners refused to part with their copies. This was, he said, the great regret of his life.

* No slight upon the vociferous rubber experts is here intended.

By about 1898 all the satisfaction that tireless energy and brilliant rock-work could afford was already his. All the moderates in English and Welsh climbing, all the difficults (or the courses that were considered difficult in those pre-Alderley days), all the impossibles, he had done, and like Alexander, he wept nightly because there were no more worlds to conquer. He had passed through the whole gamut of climbing, and we find him declaring in the Climbers' Journal that " I'm not a climber now." Yet, though on his own shewing he weighed already sixteen stone, such was his indomitable spirit that like the celebrated Patrick Finnigan he decided to " begin agen." Some authorities maintain that he never really stopped.

Be that as it may, not content with doing everything in the British Isles, he went further afield and climbed in the Alps, the Pyrenees, Sierra Nevada, Sicily, Greece, the Balkans, Northern Africa and Arctic Norway, and braving the dangers and discomforts of the Great Doup . . . . er . . . . deep, he explored the mountains of Mexico, the Andes of South America and the Canadian Rockies. He was also credited with a project for climbing the mountains of the moon and investigating " the snows that glitter on the disk of Mars."

Also he lived for several days at the Rucksack Club Hut in Cwm Eigiau and climbed Leith Hill.

In 1905 we find him lecturing upon " the rucksack at home and abroad," to the Rucksack Club in Manchester, a definite indication that he had arrived at the top of the ladder. He was at that time Ex-President of the Climbers' Club, and was then, or has become since, a member of every climbing club of any importance from China to Peru. And he held the Presidency of the Fell and Rock Club longer than any other man.

In 1908, at the Rucksack dinner in Manchester, your interviewer had the pleasure of hearing this prince of *raconteurs* describe how he once hauled a certain Bishop (before he was a Bishop) weighing approximately x cwts. up a couloir or gully approximately several hundred feet in height. Since the feat was performed the height of the gully has increased almost as much as has the weight of the celebrated divine.

From this time onward legend and myth began to be woven round his head and his name began to appear in song and story. In 1907, for instance, the lively writer of " Haul, haul, haul," mentions the sight of Haskett's blood, but omits to specify whether it was blue (F. and R. Journal, III-I-91). Nay, prayers were even said or sung on his behalf, thus " save Haskett " (F. and R. Journal, III-I-91). The statement, however, that he took the Greek history prize at Eton but had to put it back again because he was observed, is now believed to have no foundation in fact.

" I understand, sir, that you have a great reputation as an etymological expert and decipherer of place-names. Can you give me an example ? "

" Yes," he said, " I can tell you the meaning and derivation of such words as bink, barf, griff, hause, pow, etc., etc." I have here omitted a number of Welsh words which I am unable to spell. " Further," he said, " I can prove to you, for instance, that Gable Needle is the identical pillar upon which St. Simeon Stylites lived in an earlier age. You have probably observed that the English words *head* and *light* are frequently found in juxtaposition, thus head-light or light-headed. Is is not natural, therefore, that Stylites, or Stylights as many authorities prefer to pronounce it, should become Stylightshead or Styheadlights ? Then, at a later time, by elision of the last syllable according to the ordinary processes of the evolution of language, the road which passes the Needle (sometimes called the Schweinhauskopfjoch) has come to be known as the Styhead, exactly as the word taxicab, for instance, has lost its ultimate syllable and has become taxi."

" Have you any trophies, sir—medals, pots, belts, etc., such as one sees on the sideboards of great golfers, wrestlers, etc. ? "

" The sport of climbing is not pursued in the pot-hunting spirit," he replied, " and there are no tangible prizes in the ordinary sense of the word. True, this rule has just been broken by the Climbers' Club, which proposes to give a free dinner to the member who is most successful in a guessing competition, but this exception only proves the rule. Still,

in the course of a lifetime of wandering, without any conscious intention of collecting scalps, one naturally brings home curious relics occasionally. The most remarkable object in my collection is described by me in an article on the Balkans written for the Fell and Rock Journal. If you will turn to page 74 of No. 3 (vol. III.) you will find that "his (King Ferdinand's) gigantic nose was the *sole concrete fact which I brought away* from the Balkan provinces." The italics are mine.

"The taking of rain and sun alike befits the men of our climate, and he who would have the secret of a strengthening intoxication must court the clouds of the South-West with a lover's blood."

GEORGE MEREDITH.

ON SCAWFELL.

By Mabel Barker.

August, 1924, was a wet month, almost as wet as August, 1923, but once again we spent it in camp at Seathwaite. My camping comrades, who had narrowly escaped drowning by the swollen Derwent, and squashing by a falling tree, insisted upon returning there and nowhere else. One of them was on honeymoon, and wanted to ensure a thorough initiation for her husband, and so had to have her way; and perhaps I didn't take much persuading, anyway. But more than chaff for their love of water, or congratulation on their grit are due to my cheery fellow campers, for whatever happens to them, it is I who am sure to get all the best going out of camping in Borrowdale.

That August, 1924, for example, while we sat at the foot of the swollen Sour Milk Ghyll, C. D. Frankland came and stayed at Seathwaite Farm for a week. That week was fine, all except one day, on which we stayed in camp to receive all his families, none of whom turned up; but all mine did. It simply poured. I believe they think I arranged it on purpose!

He suggested one day, rather casually, that we should go and do the Girdle Traverse on Scawfell. I was thrilled at the idea, but somewhat dubious of bringing it off. All I knew of it then was that it was reputed to take about six hours, and included Botterill's Slab (which had been pointed out to me as "a foul place"!). However, I had never climbed till I had had enough, and the chance of so long on the rocks!

"Which end shall we begin?" said I innocently, as we wandered through Hollow Stones.

"O, the Mickledore end, I think," said my partner. I did not know that this was not the usual proceeding, and that it was even doubtful if a complete reversal had ever been made. We were nearer it, and it was convenient for the lunch pool on Mickledore, and chimed with my own inclinations.

Not having done all of the Girdle Traverse the usual way, I can offer no very definite opinion as to respective merits and difficulties, but one thing is obvious. Taking it our way, the descent of Botterill's Slab comes almost at once, very early in the climb and before one has "got going." It has to be tackled in cold blood, and it remains a vivid memory of one of the thinnest bits of climbing I ever did. No muscular effort is required, nor any particularly long reach, so it is theoretically possible for anyone—and just possible. The upper part, where it is climbed on the edge, is not so bad; but these holds fade away, and one has to traverse on to the face of the slab. Here I have the impression of a long, long pause. In retrospect I seem to stand for the greater part of the afternoon on the ample security of a half inch ledge, wishing I had brought a pocket lens with which to look for a handhold; assured by my optimistic partner that there was a foothold somewhere beneath me; wondering if suction could be applied to the rock. Reluctantly, I had just said that I didn't see what to do with it, but come on the rope, when I tried something—have no idea what—and with immense astonishment and relief found my right foot in the hold. The rest was easy; but C.D.F.'s descent of that slab as watched from the belay at the foot of it was probably one of the most beautiful bits of balance climbing ever seen.

After that it was mostly pure joy. I am a poor hand at writing up a climb, for I fail to remember detail, and when asked how I liked so and so, am generally driven to reply vaguely that I suppose it went, while trying in vain to remember what my questioner is talking about, and being at the same time seized with a horrible suspicion that I never really did that climb at all, but got off it on to some alternative and far inferior route. If a description is available I then read it to see what we are supposed to have done. The result is unconvincing, and I am inexorably driven to the conclusion that I haven't done a single decent climb in the Lake District! Or would be, but that there are such vivid and purple moments. One cannot very well get "off the climb" on Botterill's Slab or the Flake Crack!

Anyway, I did read up the previous accounts of the Girdle

Traverse, and the Guide (when it came) with great interest, and must surely have missed out large portions of that climb. (And as this is being written by the Mediterranean, I cannot get them up again now). But I remember the traverse from the Fives Court very clearly, for it went well that day; and the thrill of reaching Hopkinson's Cairn for the first time, and looking from it into Deep Ghyll, is unforgettable.

It began to rain slightly while we were on the Pinnacle Wall above Deep Ghyll, and my partner betrayed some anxiety, and hurried a little. Now I thought that the Traverse continued round the West Wall (and why not?), and when asked the time, replied tranquilly that it was 4-20 (we had started from Mickledore at 2-0 precisely). "Hasn't your watch stopped?" said he. "Good heavens, we'll be on the top of the Pinnacle in ten minutes!" We were. I believe he would have suggested the Central Buttress then and there but for the rain; also we wanted to go to Wasdale to vindicate the character of my blameless watch.

So when on August 17th of this year we returned from a fortnight in Skye, splendidly fit and in beautiful weather, we suggested to the camp in general that we might as well go to Scawfell next day; the Corridor Route always made a good expedition, and some new friends had joined us who were anxious to see some climbing. The day was fine, and we set off in a leisurely mood, which persisted through lunch in Hollow Stones. But this late start was partly a strategic move in order to give the rocks time to dry (for the morning had been misty) and about 2 o'clock we went right on to the climb.

The first ascent of the Central Buttress of Scawfell was made in 1914 by S. W. Herford and G. S. Sansom, C. F. Holland, C. G. Crawford and D. G. Murray, and having been pronounced "unjustifiable" was again climbed in 1921 by C. D. Frankland and B. Beetham* A third ascent was made in 1923 by A. S. Pigott, Morley Wood, and J. B. Meldrum; so ours was the fourth ascent and Frankland is thus the only man who has been up it twice. It was this, of course, which made it possible for us to climb it as we did, straight through without

* See "Novel Tactics on the Central Buttress." Y.R.C. Journal.

loss of time or undue expenditure of energy, and with very great enjoyment.

The rocks were dry, but not in perfect condition according to C.D.F., because of the amount of lichen which has grown on them since his last visit; but I cannot blame the lichen for the fact that during the first part of the climb I felt decidedly scared. No doubt I would have climbed better and more confidently had we done something rather more modest by way of prelude, for most of us probably take a little time to get warmed up, and this was again like meeting Botterill's Slab early in the Traverse; but my nervousness was partly due to respect for the climb. It seemed a sort of impertinence to approach the Flake Crack at all—and I had dreamed of it for a year!

Up the rib on to the Oval was just good stiff face climbing with small holds which did not always appear when one first called for them. C.D.F. seemed to walk up lightly with a jest about their insufficiency, and I crawled after, endorsing it heartily.

We had only an 80 foot rope (which proved ample) and he ran out most of it on this section. When I joined him near the foot of the Flake he seemed wrapped in meditation. There was the question of that wretched thread belay. We both knew it wouldn't be wanted, but of course it had to go on. He got up a short pitch, and I came right along to the foot of the Crack, where there is a good enough stance, narrow but quite sufficient. The left hand and arm can go right into the crack, but there is nothing to hold there, and there is nothing for the right hand. It is a position where the second can wait comfortably for any length of time in reason, but cannot safeguard the party. If the leader came off during the difficult business of climbing up to the chock stone and putting the loops of rope over it the second could not possibly save either of them. We therefore wasted—no, spent—about twenty minutes of precious time and temper, he trying to induce a loop of rope to pass behind a small chock stone near him, while I tried to see it, and then to catch it with the left hand and pull it through. Coils of rope seemed to be fed into the crack, while nothing happened so far as I could see! At last

it appeared ; I pulled it through and put my left arm through it. Meanwhile, however, there was time to examine the crack near,me and I think that there is a small chock stone, far in and pretty low down, which might serve for a belay if it can be reached and if a rope will go round it. If so, it would be a great simplification.and help at this part of the climb.

The loop belay settled, however, C.D.F. led up the crack, and passed three loops over the chock stone and under himself. I pulled on each loop to his direction, but not quite to his satisfaction, for the rope sagged a little, and he said the loops were lower than on his former ascent. He then called to me to come up as quickly as I could. I did so, but by this time was too excited to climb decently, and scrambled up in an untidy fashion, remarking as I arrived that I was tired. It was a thoroughly commonplace observation, meaning nothing, but was bad psychology, for I fear it alarmed my partner. But after the long wait and this short struggle, the next few moments of tense excitement and rapid action passed quickly, and I do not really know what happened ; except that I got on to and over my partner and off his head as quickly as possible. He says he felt for my foot to hold it if necessary, but could not find it, and I do not know where it went. Probably, being slimmer than former climbers, I got farther into the crack, and chimneyed it. I faced out, and think there was a small hold far up on the inside wall. Almost at once I felt the top of the Flake with the left hand. " I've got it ! " I said, thrilled with the realisation that the thing was virtually done, and there probably was not a happier woman living at that moment !

There is a good belay a few feet along the Flake. I pulled in the slack as the loops were taken off the chock stone, and C.D.F. came up very quickly on a tight rope. We looked at the traverse in front of us. It is a marvellous situation, and it is difficult now to believe that I have been there.

" Beetham walked along that and coiled the rope," said C.D.F. " Well, I'm going to walk along it," I said, and did so, but with the utmost caution, and with both hands on the wall ; and then saw to it that as C.D.F. followed there wasn't any

loose rope for him to coil! Another upright piece of Flake follows (" dead easy ") and another broader edge, still to the left and leading into a collection of broken rocks easily visible from below. Here C.D.F. took the lead again, and just then we heard voices and came within sight of two men on Keswick Brothers, who asked with some interest what we were on.

" Central Buttress : just got up the Flake," said my partner with careful indifference, and just as his second appeared. There are moments when it is rather good fun to be a woman. Probably no lady in history was ever so sure of creating a mild sensation by the mere fact of being where she was.

The traverses to the right again, and especially the second one, are undoubtedly very thin indeed. Its poor handholds and sloping footholds are just about the limit. There is nothing to put one's weight on, and the only method is a slow and careful change of balance. Nor must the climber take any risk of a slip, for though the stances are good, the belays are poor. The climb is by no means over when the famous Flake is conquered.

But after the second traverse it is relatively easy, and my memory of its detail is vague.

There was a nice slabby wall presenting no special difficulty, and the climb finishes among several small slabs where I lost my partner's trail, so that we chose different ones. We forgot to look at the time, but our patient support party watching from Hollow Stones, say it was just 2½ hours till they saw us on the sky line, and we joined them again in three hours exactly, having come down Moss Ghyll (without help from Professor Collie, as we think, but is there only one Step ?).

I was told later that there had been some criticism and talk of risk taken on this climb, and I would like to say here that no risk whatever was taken by either climber. All the rules of the game were most carefully and conscientiously observed, and had there been any risk at any moment I should surely know it. I can also say quite honestly that at no point did I find myself having any serious difficulty with the climbing. Whatever he may say about it, I know very well who was the real leader at every point. Frankland found the route, carried through the difficult matter of engineering the loops over the

chock stone, gave calm and clear directions, and took all responsibility. What remained for me was a very real sense of co-operation (absent in some measure from the stiffest slabs and traverses which can be done alone, for I do not think that the Flake Crack is possible for the safest solo climber), and a perfectly splendid climb throughout, compelling respect for it, and giving no excuse for carelessness or relaxed attention at any point. Yet nowhere was there much call upon my very small reserve of muscular strength, nor had I ever the feeling that my power was taxed to the uttermost, and the pitch unjustifiable without the moral support of the rope.

"Above in the clear air and searching sunlight, we are afoot with the quiet gods, and men can know each other and themselves for what they are."

A. F. MUMMERY.

SPRING COLOUR IN BORROWDALE.

By W. T. Palmer.

This is a tribute to our President, the most enthusiastic lover of Borrowdale. He has been accused of steering his motor car to the left and halting twice, once outside Grange, and again opposite Gate Crag, on his way from Keswick to "the best of all meets," at Thorneythwaite. There are contrasts in our Club. That virile ridge-walker and rock-climber who is also Honorary Editor, is popularly believed never to have seen Borrowdale by daylight. He travels up and down in the dusk, spends all day in remote mountain coves, and has merely heard of "Spring Colour in Borrowdale." Therefore, these lines are dedicated to one who knows much, and to another who seems to know little, about field, farm, woodland and waterside; they represent a serious attempt to describe at some length light and shade, tint and tone, and veil of colour in the beloved dale, as seen during a life experience of rambling. It matters not a jot that the pages will increase our Editor's ignorance, and reveal the writer's incompetence; the greatest writers in our language have failed to depict the green and red mist of budding coppices, the rich carpet of spring flowers, the radiance of moss and growing timber, and that infinite glory of green which is really the life of the year, rising up the great coves and over the buttresses above Borrowdale.

My most striking impression of Spring Colour in Borrowdale was well earned. After a winter of late snow, I plunged across the white-mantled moor from Wythburn to Watendlath. It was a day of glorious indecisions; first I projected a walk from Windermere through Langdale, then was scared, and decided to do the non-heroic thirty miles by road through Keswick. At Grasmere I half decided on the Greenup Ghyll route, and then abandoned it—too much mist and snow for a lonely tramper. At Dunmail Raise I decided on the west

road to Keswick, and then changed my mind and plugged up to the Armboth Moor. The day was still as undetermined as myself, but once above Thirlmere the light was less grey and dim. Over the concealed heather the snow was springy; it was frozen stiff over the dead bracken, and treacherous over the moss-hags. Blea Water I did not see, for there was a down-swept wing of mist, but Watendlath Tarn was half-white with snow-ice, and half a mirror, on which, after I had passed, the great wall of Helvellyn, with ivory gullies and brown wind-swept buttresses, appeared. At Watendlath came the first relief to two hours of slow and difficult snow marching—a fire of rosy stems and a smoke of rich blue green needles showed the little knot of Scots fir near the single-arched bridge. Ragged larch, thin birch, green yew, and dense holly only serve to accentuate the desolation of snow, but to me Scots fir is always a relief and a joy. At the farm I asked some trifle about the route, and suggested that the outlook toward the Newlands and Buttermere fells was "still a bit winterly."

"Man, thou sud ha' sin it when t' sna was on."

As my boots were full of slush from the drifts and bogs I had crossed, I smiled to myself; of course I knew a bit, but the shepherd was full right. In a snowstorm Watendlath must be among the most exposed of mountain hamlets, and for days together drifts and ice may block the cart tracks down to Derwentwater. Not that such a factor is disturbing—unless someone is taken seriously ill. My path forward was free of snow, but there was more ice. For weeks thaw and frost had alternated, and every few yards there was a wet and slippery tongue of green, blue or white. Thus for a mile forward, and then came revelation. I wound in and out of outcrops of rock, relics of snow-drifts, and tongues of ice, and in ten steps it seemed as though the year had whirled forward a couple of months. The dale was drifted with green, with just a touch of red willow where the fields were marshy, and a tone of purple from the bird-cherry stems. In a hundred yards one left the perishing snowbreath of Watendlath moor for the comparative warmth behind great crags and shaggy woods, and one's face and hands, as well as eyes,

joined in the relief. I have never seen Borrowdale so flashing green and rose as it did that afternoon ; you may say that it was merely a matter of contrast and relief if you like.

Skiddaw was warm in afternoon sun, but through the gap to the Solway there was just a suspicion of red frost in the air. In its depths Borrowdale had forgotten winter, and there was a faint green smoke hanging over woods and hedges. The first foam on the blackthorns looked warmer than the white on the hill tops. That first flash from Above Lodore, however, failed to hold one's senses. There was a darker wing, a shadow of cold, as one descended further, and the green mantle seemed to shrink into the drab of wet meadows and the dull tussocks of the hillside. The green glory had been withdrawn, and the gloom which crept up the dale was rather welcome to a disappointed and weary rambler. I never ask whether I shall " see the like " of any view ; there are millions of grass blades in Borrowdale, no two of which are alike, yet every single growth is worth study, and has its place in the immense picture. Whether I " see the like " or not, there is ever a good reason to be satisfied with the glory of green grass among the fells.

In " cuckoo time," the first week of May, there is another Borrowdale, and full from beckside to mountain top of colour, green predominating, but there are flowers as well as grass. The bracken is still rising in last winter's red ruin, but daisies and celandines, and great king cups by the river, with pink of ladies' smocks and just a touch of red-brown avens add to the glory. This Borrowdale of the woods is a pageant of glory. There is " the green God gives the larches, as green as He is good " ; there are branches of red and green on the brambles, the elderberry, the honey-suckle, and a mist of faint emerald steams from the hazels. As yet the buds of sycamore are bronze, the oaks are red, the ash is that nigger-brown which follows the black of February. On such a day one feels unwilling, almost, to look on Borrowdale as a whole, but there is a recompense when one climbs up Castle Crag, and looks up and down the great trench riven out of the fells. One sees both walls, with purple crags, and grey fans of scree, with the rivulets bickering down the ghylls ; one sees the

outer dale past Grange to blue ruffled Derwentwater, tricked out in white of hawthorn, touched with blue of hyacinths, gold, silver, and jewelled along the pastures and far up the fells—and one gazes with wonder, maybe, at a ruby flashing high in Gate Crag. It is perhaps a sheet of red moss in which crystal water drops are hanging and throwing back the light.

See also that delectable inner plain of Borrowdale, with the afternoon sun kissing its silver and gold, and glittering brilliants out of the bursting spray of a waterfall. One sits and wonders once again, what is it that gives distinction to Borrowdale in high spring. Ullswater has a purple majesty; the dales about Windermere are flecked with ivory and gold of gorse; there is a green perhaps more tender in Eskdale; and a veritable singing mantle in Wasdale when spring comes up the vale. Borrowdale is different. Buds and leaves and open flowers have been mentioned, but is not the peculiar halo due to something different in Nature? We cannot claim another glory of sky, cloud and pure water—yes, we can, for in spring sunset over Great End there is a clear touch of turquoise one does not find elsewhere among our hills. For my part I feel that the unique colour of Borrowdale is due to the tremendous number of wild flowers in the grass. Those little spits on the hillside and by the rattling becks are never entirely green, for there are thousands of dainty little blooms crushed in among the grass blades. I am not going to write a dissertation on small flowers, but I earnestly invite all those who love the charm and mystery of Spring Colour in Borrowdale to look closely, not casually, into the sources of those wonderful touches of subdued white and yellow, red, purple and blue, which help to bring out the glorious green of pasture and woodland, and the radiant beauty of distant peaks and coves.

Even our ridge-walking Editor must have seen this last picture of Spring Colour in Borrowdale. Around us the fells shoulder, Gable rich in golden moss patches, Great End with its shadowy gullies and violet screes, Kirkfell with its half-gathered mantle of green, and Pillar, patched with purple gloom, with its rocks touched with evening light. Borrowdale is half visible in the shadow of its hills, but there is a revelation

of delicate colour. I have seen God's lilac carpet cast on the Derwentwater braes and meadows, and a glow of rose over Gate Crag, with a glad torrent of gold streaming through the Honister gap. Over the Rosthwaite plain all these colours seemed to meet and mingle in a wonderful iridescence through which the familiar old dale was transfigured. Then as the God of the sunset pondered on that mighty colour effort, He seemed to remember that man's mind is but wayward, and that such a revelation was beyond its compass, and so with mighty strokes of shadow, purple and bronze, and then dull blue, He painted out the great scene, but left us with a memory of its glory.

Spring Colour in Borrowdale—I have finished my musings, and know that this tribute only reveals my ignorance of its glory, its elements, its yearly miracle. But really the pageant of our dearest dale is to be seen ; it will never be written.

" Oh, at the eagle's height
To lie i' the sweet of the sun
While veil after veil takes flight,
And God and the world are one."

A.E.

HERE AND THERE.

By F. Graham.

A commotion is heard in the ranks of the tickers-off.

It is not fair, they protest, that so great a burden should be thrust upon them.

At the expense of no small patience and determination they gained the mastery over Jones' simple, compact list, and even managed to fight on level terms with the additions that appeared from time to time in the earlier Journals. But now, they ask, who can hope to keep his head above the flood of new climbs that comes surging in every year?

Manfully they wield their pencils, but the despair of Sisyphus settles upon them, and they find it hard to keep up their courage. Frankly, the task is too great.

And now, amongst others more noteworthy, comes this collection of new climbs—one of them a mere scrap. I seem to hear a cry of exasperation:

"Hi! Steady on! There's no need to make a route up *every* boulder; we've got quite enough climbs as it is."

This depends on the point of view, but I feel a sense of guilt, and am conscious of a shadowy finger pointed at me in stern disapproval.

* * *

Gimmer Crag, Herdwick Buttress.—This little buttress is situated on the lower rocks of Gimmer Crag, and lies to the right of the corner whose left wall is Ash Tree Slab. It may be useful as an introduction to some of the main routes without involving desecration of the Ash Tree Slab—D Route combination.

The climb starts from the ash tree, which grows in the foot of the corner, and leads up a fan of easy rock that, after about 20 feet, abuts on the edge of a slab slanting to the left. Having rounded the corner, the climber ascends the slab for 30 feet till some excellent holds enable him to move round another

corner to the right. Slightly higher is a ledge with a good belay. 70 feet.

The last section lies between two narrow cracks rising from the left hand end of the ledge, and goes straight up to a belay 40 feet higher. The pitch is fairly difficult.

This, of course, is only a little thing, but quite enjoyable.

* * *

Those of the Rucksack Club who were so fortunate as to be present must surely look back on the Easter meet at Buttermere with real delight. True, it rained throughout the first day, but on the other two the sun shone steadily from a cloudless sky, and gave just that amount of warmth which makes for ideal climbing conditions.

And then there were the homeward journeys through those wonderful evenings—Fleetwith Pike, with its unblemished reflection in the lake; the sunsets; the woods at dusk—we all know the perfection of such memories.

Eagle Crag, West Route.—Upon the first of our two fine days we tottered with that infinite weariness begotten of the plains up the rugged ascent to Birkness Combe. We followed the strange school of thought that says: "If you are at Buttermere, climb at Buttermere," and I may say we were not sorry. For most of us it was a first visit, and we were particularly impressed by the fine mass of Eagle Crag, our especial objective.

When at last we reached the foot of the crag, we divided into two parties, one intrepidly going round to make short work of Birkness Chimney, while the remaining three advanced with considerably less confidence to the right hand corner of the face.

Let me confess that we were after a new climb. Here was a splendid buttress of rock without a single climb on it! Such a situation is all too rare in Lakeland, and I think the list-and-pencil enthusiasts must admit that we were justified. We had a notion that the place had been attempted before, but we impertinently resolved at least to look at it ourselves.

A pathetic attempt on the actual arête was soon abandoned, as our physical and mental forces were at a low ebb. Incidentally this arête has been climbed for some distance.

Next we moved round the corner to the right, and while the party was gazing dubiously at the formidable wall in front, Pigott suddenly leaped at a rotten-looking crack, and to our horror proceeded to run up it with characteristic grace and speed, despite the fact that he was suffering from a bilious attack. But we found, when it came to our turn, that the rock was surprisingly sound, though it would be advisable to test the holds.

The route led up and beside the steep crack till, after 30 feet or so, it was necessary to reach the top of a block on the left. The movement entailed was amusing and rather awkward.

The crack then became a chimney, which we climbed in the style of our forefathers as far as a flat stance on the true right wall. Here, after a severe struggle, No. 2 managed to unearth a jammed stone in the bed of the chimney (now a crack once more) that gave a belay. 80 feet.

It was now obviously time to part company with our crack, so we took to the wall above the stance. This soon landed us on a grassy ledge, and 30 feet of scrambling led to a beautifully situated rock terrace on the left. The belay here is so large that it makes a climb in itself. 50 feet.

To start the next pitch we retraced our steps to the right for a short distance, and then climbed straight up, landing on an awkward mantleshelf. 20 feet.

There ensued a regrettable series of grass ledges that gave out, in 50 feet, on a broad terrace that traverses all this part of the crag. At this point the terrace divides into two branches, the one sloping up to the right, the other continuing horizontally. The latter was followed to a corner quite comparable, as regards situation, to that on the Gordon and Craig Route overlooking Great Gully, though in this case the floor is not transparent. A difficult crack in the angle and some easy rock slanting to the right brought us to a bollard in 40 feet.

The party now found themselves at the foot of a wide, open corner, evidently the last stage of the climb. But the rock was covered with a rich slime, so Pigott preferred to look round the corner to the right—a hopeless proceeding, as it seemed to us, even for Pigott. But the climb still held one

more surprise, for we found that the move took us to the foot of an awkward little crack that ended the ascent. 20 feet.

The climb is an interesting one, and offers some first-rate situations.

To classify a climb, of course, is one of its chief difficulties (though nothing to writing the subsequent article), but we agreed to call it a senior Very Difficult.

Easter Buttress.—The next day—Easter Sunday, hence, as the result of an astoundingly clever inspiration, the name of the climb—found us, a different party, once more at the foot of Eagle Crag.

The fine, tower-like buttress that flanks Birkness Chimney on the right had previously attracted our attention, and it was up this that we hoped to find a way.

The first 200 feet gave nothing more than scrambling alongside the chimney. Eventually we reached a grass terrace, where a cairn was subsequently built beside a corner and the lists were entered.

From the terrace 40 feet of easy climbing took us, trending to the left, to a stance and belay at the foot of a steep wall. Almost directly above lay a groove, which was obviously the place for our attack. In this we were successful, though we had to work for our victory ; in fact, the pitch is probably severe. Above the groove more easy rock led up to the foot of a conspicuous wide corner, where there was a belay. 60 feet.

The corner was tried, but we were doubtful about the landing, as it was obscured by an overhang, and the firmness of an essential flake seemed problematical. So we took an easy traverse of 20 feet to the right, and reached a splendid overhung rock platform tucked away round the corner.

To escape from our grotto we stepped on to the wall of a rib that rose beside the platform, and climbed up it to a grassy platform in a corner. This curious pitch is fairly awkward toward the top, and the climber must beware the cunning of some loose blocks just below the landing. One of the villains was converted into scree, not altogether intentionally.

A simple exit was made from the corner over the left wall which gave on to a ledge, a few feet along which was a spiky belay in a crack. 40 feet.

The final wall was climbed by the crack, which proved of some interest, and, just above the top, we came upon a vast belay. 40 feet.

This climb also gives some good situations, and was considered to be Very Difficult.

* * *

Direct Route to Moss Ledge.—In my happier day-dreams on the Pinnacle Face I had often seen myself blithely climbing in a comparatively straight line to Moss Ledge, reaching it from the front. All would go well till it became necessary to attack a series of sloping steps not far below Moss Ledge itself. Here my imagination faltered, and I could never visualize the ensuing pitch. I remember that I always landed in a very thankful frame of mind.

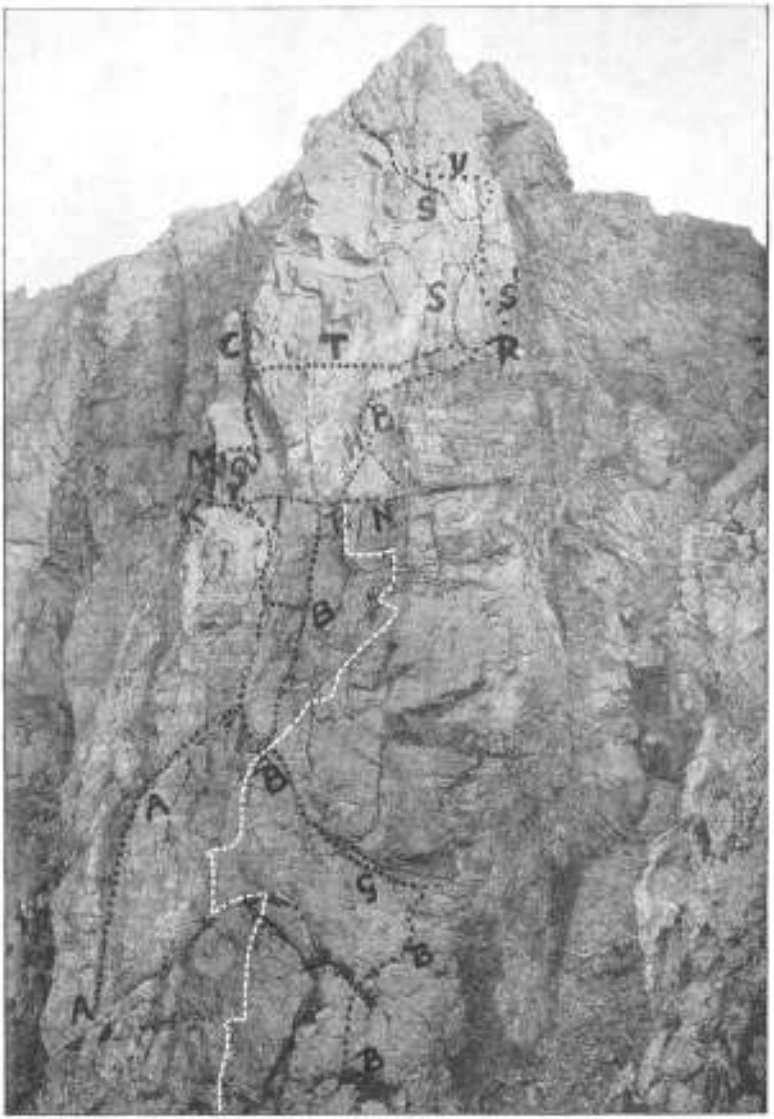
On the next visit in the flesh, my two companions, enniched in the First Nest, allowed me to make preliminary investigations. At first I was successful, but rapidly ran into a cul-de-sac. For a considerable time I remained gracefully poised on one toe and glared fiercely at the rock in an endeavour to conjure up a ledge, But there was no response, so I rejoined the brood in the nest, and we continued on our way by the ordinary route.

From Moss Ledge we looked down, of course, at our proposed climb, and were cheered by the realization that the last few feet would present little difficulty.

But it was now horribly cold, so we tarried no more by the way, but made what speed we could to the top of Herford's slab. No doubt the local ravens were highly scandalised at the sight of three human figures ludicrously hopping up and down and flapping their arms by Hopkinson's Cairn.

Next day Wellburn and I went back to Scafell to make an attempt. We avoided the cul-de-sac, and reached Moss Ledge, but were not quite satisfied with the route, as, on the second pitch, we had used the gangway for nearly three quarters of its length. The cold again put a stop to further efforts, so we returned on the following day, and straightened out the climb under less rigorous conditions.

I think it is fairly generally agreed nowadays that the difficulty of the Pinnacle Face climbs is too highly classified.



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.
Direct Route to Moss Ledge in White.

S—Hopkinson & Tribe's Route.
S¹—Hopkinson's & Tribe's Variation.
V—Gibson's Traverse.
K—Waiting Room.
M—Toe Traverse and Mantleshelf.
C—Crevasse.
T—Sansom's Traverse.

Rubber shoes and modern familiarity with slabs have undoubtedly caused this altered view. But at the same time, one must add that the charm of the climbing has certainly never been exaggerated.

The start of the Direct Route is best reached by scrambling up nearly to the foot of Steep Ghyll, when a conspicuous grassy terrace is seen slanting up to the right. Some distance along it stands a cairn by a corner. This spot can also be reached by a short diagonal traverse from the foot of the ordinary route.

We began just on the right of the cairn, and ascended a face on good holds. About half-way up there was a slight, momentary difficulty, after which we soon reached a grass ledge, with belay, 40 feet from the start.

Above us there rose a steep but attractive wall, whose most vulnerable point was eventually found a few feet to the left of the belay. At a height of about 15 feet our route led to a steeply sloping platform, and then . . . . . and then, after a stride to the right, went up to the First Nest.

From the Nest we followed a fault diagonally to the right to the foot of a corner, and passed at the same level round a mild nose. It was found best, in negotiating the latter, to stride round and move up the front of the nose till a splendid handhold could be grasped.

The route now continued with little difficulty to a small ledge above and to the right, and it was more or less from this point that we tackled the sloping steps previously referred to. When the top step was reached we traversed along it to the extreme edge of a small buttress on the left. This very short passage felt slightly insecure as the ledge, though wide, sloped steeply, and for a moment there was little handhold. Also the position was exposed. However, well trained rubbers did their work nobly, and Moss Ledge was soon reached.

Though this route seemed rather harder than the usual way to Moss Ledge, it does not offer any notable difficulty under good conditions.

The section from the First Nest onwards was taken in one runout.

Doe Crag, Necklace Route.—The weather at the dinner meet, as all know, came up to, even surpassed the high standard it has set itself. In these encouraging circumstances it fell to the lot of Bower, Jerram, and myself to make a new route up the southern corner of 'A' Buttress.

As a climb it has little claim to distinction, but as an expedition it is not without some slight merit. The great drawback lies in the fact that it consists of a number of pitches deliberately strung together. These pitches are clean and sound, and lead in an approximately straight line (compared with the other routes on this buttress), but most of them could be avoided by the simple process of walking round them.

On the previous day I had noticed that the left wall of the Arête offered an attractive face of rock so we went there with the intention of trying it simply as an alternative to the well-worn Arête.

Our route (since cairned at the foot) started somewhat to the left of the middle of the face at an inconspicuous finger crack. After a few feet of fairly awkward climbing a stride was made to the right and back again to an obvious line of holds on the left. At the top of this section we went to the right and gained a small ledge directly below the final groove on the ordinary route. Then a traverse to the left brought us to a steep but simple face, up which we finished. An apparently precarious block seemed to be jammed. 70 feet.

Our task accomplished, we were preparing to scramble up to the Chimney, when it dawned on us that we were at the foot of a lump of rock. " Why not climb it ? " we said ; so we did. A little crack followed by easy rock constituted a pitch of 35 feet.

The same thing happened again ; more rock confronted us. We took a square corner just on the right, and ascended it for six feet or so, when we crossed beneath a slight overhang to the left edge. The pitch continued via a short wall. 50 feet.

To our surprise a short walk up and to the right now led to the beginning of Gordon Craig traverse. We crossed the Chimney and climbed the rock just beyond, reaching in 20 feet a fine little platform with belay.

A simple step out to the left gave access to a stretch of pleasant slabs of moderate difficulty, which we followed for about 40 feet. Next we walked skilfully up a nearly horizontal slab 30 feet long, and at the top came to a small mass of rock, which was climbed at the point of arrival by way of of an incipient overhang. 20 feet.

A walk to the left then took us to the final pitch, a slanting groove. 30 feet.

We now found ourselves near the top of the buttress in the glow of the westering sun, after an excursion that had been enjoyable and difficult in places.

One member of the party stated that it was harder than the Trident Route. My answer to that is not, I fear, suitable for publication, but it implies an emphatic negative.

" It was fine to walk over the elastic turf with the wind bellowing into each ear and swirling all around me in a mighty sea of air until I was as clean blown and resonant as a sea-shell."

W. N. P. BARBELLION.

"FELL AND ROCK."

Air:—"Jug of Punch," (an old Irish Melody.)

As I was lying awake in bed,
One early morning down at Wasdale Head,
I heard the voice of the farmyard cock,
Singing, "Come and climb with the Fell and Rock."

CHORUS—
Fell and Rock, Fell and Rock, Fell and Rock,
Fell and Rock,
Be you young or old, be you crack or crock,
You must come and climb with the Fell and Rock.

Oh! where on earth will you find such cheer,
As Langdale, Coniston, or Buttermere?
Where you finish breakfast at ten o'clock.
Then go and climb with the Fell and Rock.

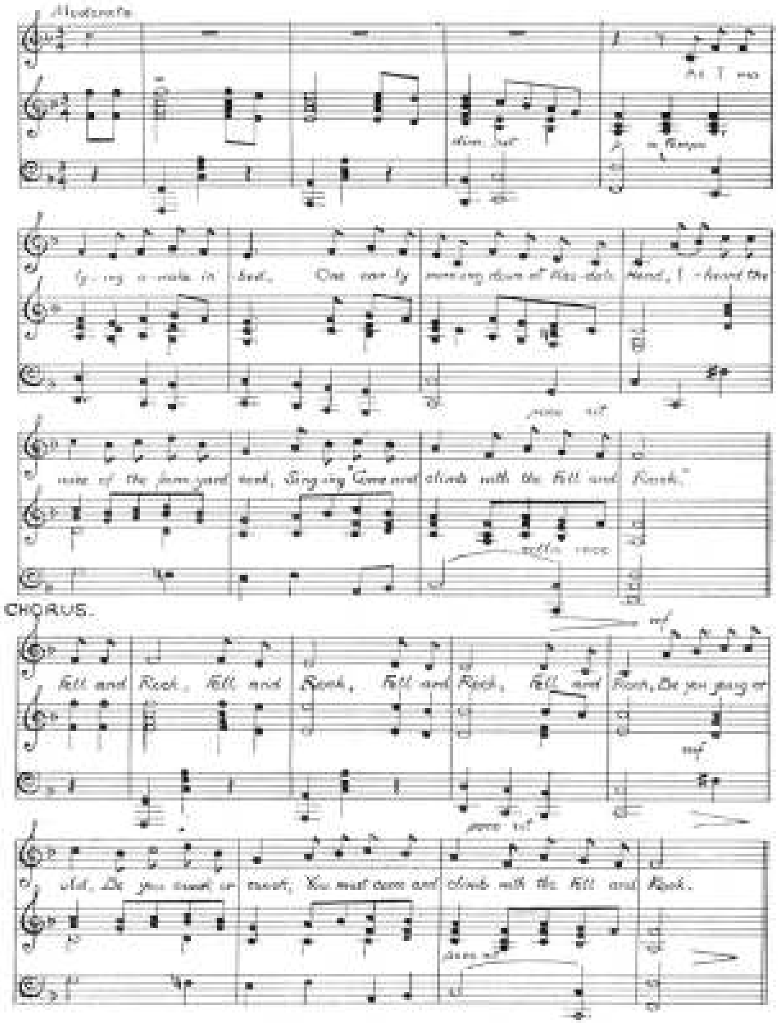
If on a pitch you should chance to fall,
Will you abandon climbing? Not at all.
You will scarcely cease to have felt the shock
When you'll climb again with the Fell and Rock.

If out of work, when the times are hard,
You try to find a job at Vickers' yard,
You will hear the boys down at Barrow Dock
Singing, "Come and climb with the Fell and Rock."

When Autumn tints shew upon the trees,
Your wife indents for many "Bradburys."
She would go to town to procure a frock,
For to go and dine with the Fell and Rock.

And if you're tired of this silly song,
And seek seclusion on the Continong,
You will meet a crowd on the Jungfrau Joch
Singing, "Come and climb with the Fell and Rock."

JOHN HIRST.


Moderato
As I was lying a-wake in bed, One early morning down at Wasdale Head, I heard the note of the farm-yard cock, Singing "Come and climb with the Fell and Rock."
CHORUS.
Fell and Rock, Fell and Rock, Fell and Rock, Fell and Rock, Be you young or old, Be you meek or bold, You must come and climb with the Fell and Rock.

THE YEAR WITH THE CLUB.

By T. R. Burnett.

No attempt will be made here to give a detailed account of all the monthly meets, which were much the same as before only more so—but a few notes on the major events may be of interest.

The October Dinner Meet at Coniston is always "the best we ever had," and that of 1924 was no exception to the rule. However, it does seem that the limit of elasticity of the Sun has at last been reached, and there are rumours of our seeking other quarters for the great annual festival. Coniston has stolen from Borrowdale its enviable reputation of providing fine weather for our gatherings. Warm sunny days, with the country looking its best, are the lingering memories of that great annual "do."

Buttermere at New Year set up new records, some of which are worth relating. Never had the members present experienced such terrific winds. It may sound incredible, but it is literally true that a hefty party were repeatedly blown down or away on the Honister road, only a mile above Gatesgarth. After one or two such experiences the climbers threw themselves down, like soldiers taking cover, on the approach of the gusts, and, even so, one was actually forced along the ground when on hands and knees. Luckily only slight casualties occurred, but the real danger was very much greater than that usually associated with rock climbing.

Crummock water boasted great, white crested waves, and the spray was carried on to the terrace road high above the lake in sufficient volume to drench the passers by. Huge "seas" broke over the Thirlmere dam, and on to the road near Low Wood. One can hardly believe that similar conditions prevailed at the Pillar which, in keeping with hallowed custom, was duly visited by certain of the faithful on New Year's Day.

The idea of holding a February gathering at Grasmere has again been justified by everything but weather. There was a good turn out, and the Swan certainly provides snug winter quarters. The natives have not quite got used to us yet, but we are educating them. By a coincidence we came in for the dialect play, and the next Grasmere meet has been arranged to fit with this most interesting local function.

Easter was, as usual, kept at Wasdale, and the customary rites were duly observed. One party ascending the snow filled Deep Ghyll, had occasion to rescue a group of boys who had walked up Scawfell from Eskdale, and thought the Ghyll offered an attractive means of descent. They were totally inexperienced and unequipped, and, when found, were in difficulties at the steepest part of the treacherous snow. When reached they were soon placed on the rope, and it was more pleasant to take them out alive at the top than (as might very well have been the case) dead at the bottom!

Whitsuntide at Borrowdale. Ichabod! Are those warm rocks, gentle zephyrs, and glorious dips but a dream, or did indeed the early summer kiss the pilgrims to Lakeland's loveliest vale in former years? Anyhow, Whitsuntide, 1925, got the idea that it was Eastertide. As an example, Cust's was climbed as a chimney of which one side was rock and the other hard snow. Surely a bergshrund in Cumberland in June is a record!

The glorious summer of 1925 blessed the Mardale meet in July. It was almost too hot, except for bathing, and some of the costumes seen on the hills certainly did not err on the side of excess. The valley was so beautiful in its midsummer garb that one could not but lament its impending doom, when the despoiling hand will descend upon it to supply the insatiable thirst of Manchester.

The Woolpack was the venue for the final meet, which was quite up to its traditional level.

Speaking generally, these meets have been better than ever. The attendance has been good, and there has been increased activity in climbing, walking, and alas! motoring. Many old members have come regularly, and lots of young ones too.

Solly has hardly missed, but Minor and others of his group would be very welcome if they could come oftener.

Musical activity has been well maintained, and Basterfield's songs are increasingly popular. The Nigger Sunday School threatens to rival the Club Song, though Mrs. Wakefield by no means confines her attention to this classic. If more members would remember to bring their books of words—for which all are deeply indebted to Hirst—the sing-songs would be even more successful.

The year has seen the introduction of a Club Badge—or trade mark as it has been flippantly called—and it is fairly generally worn. The front bears a "Needle," the reverse two pins. Those essaying the former should study the quality of the latter; they are of the safety variety.

The loan collection of lantern slides is largely used by members, and their repeated exhibition must be helping to spread a knowledge of our District and our Craft. Unfortunately many of the slides are getting broken, and members are appealed to for the augmentation of the supply. If they could arrange for giving duplicates or lending their negatives they would be conferring an additional benefit.

The Club Library is not much patronised. Is it that we all buy our own mountaineering books, or is it due to the common and inherent slackness which besets most people who think of borrowing books from libraries?

Fate in various forms has dogged the footsteps of many members, especially Committee and Officials. During the year both the Secretary and the Editor have engaged and appointed permanently assistants from amongst the lady members, and further cases are imminent. Jolly good luck to them all! A less happy event is the illness of the President and his successor. Wakefield crocked partly as the result of his laudable but (as it turned out) unnecessary search for a missing tourist, while Cain, not finding climbing sufficiently strenuous, knocked himself up playing tennis. As might be expected, A.W. considers that violent walking, climbing, and cycling will soon cure him, while Cain—not being a medico himself—is taking his doctor's advice and going easy. His

car, however, makes up for his deficiencies, and already has a long list of first ascents to its credit.

The prestige of the Club is increasing every year; the stream of applicants for membership is continually growing; while the general health and virility are more marked than ever before, and there is every indication that the success of the past year will be fully maintained.

" There is much comfort in high hills,
and a great easing of the heart.
We look upon them, and our nature fills
with loftier images from their life apart.
They set our feet on curves of freedom, bent
to snap the circles of our discontent."

G. W. YOUNG.

IN MEMORIAM.

SEYMOUR J. GUBB, 1918—1925.

Though not an active member of the Club, Mr. Gubb was a great lover of the Lake Country, and it was one of Fate's cruellest blows which cut him off at the moment when his retirement had placed at his disposal more ample leisure for the exploration of his beloved mountains.

For many years a schoolmaster at Southampton, Mr. Gubb had earned the love and respect of his pupils, colleagues and fellow citizens. When he retired the presentation of a motor car by his old pupils and friends placed at his disposal the means of taking his wife to the Lakes, which she had been unable to visit previously, owing to an incapacity for travelling by train. Immediately after their arrival at Buttermere, however, Mr. Gubb was taken ill, and shortly afterwards died. He left instructions that his body should be cremated and the ashes thrown to the winds from the top of Great Gable. His desires were carried out, and the ceremony, which was held on the top of the mountain, attracted some attention in the newspapers, which no doubt Mr. Gubb would have himself deplored.

H. C. WILMOTT, 1919—1925.

Mr. Willmott was, as far as his health permitted, a keen member of the London Section, and always attended the gatherings in London.

He had been a friend and companion of O. G. Jones, whose memorial at Evolena he recently had repaired. Indeed the Evolena-Arolla district was one of his favourite haunts, though he had a good knowledge of the Alps, and other mountain resorts both at home and abroad.

A pleasant companion and a great lover of the hills, he will be much missed by his many friends and acquaintances.

W. B. BRUNSKILL, 1909—1919.

We hope to publish a notice in the next Journal.

THE SCOTTISH FOUR THOUSANDS.

Messrs. F. Heardman and H. Gilliatt, of the Rucksack Club, have repeated the course of the Scottish 4,000 foot points. They were members of Eustace Thomas' party which made the first complete round of all these points within the twenty-four hours during Whitsun week in 1924.* Their walk was again accomplished at Whitsuntide, and their object was to establish a competitive standard for the course, since they regarded the times published at the end of my article as unjust and misleading. Their performance was excellent, and the time in which they made the round is only likely to be appreciably bettered by a fell walker of Eustace Thomas' own calibre.

Thomas, to whom I am indebted for the times which are printed below, makes the following comments :—

(a) For the Ben Nevis round they took my route, viz., from Glen Nevis back to Glen Nevis, instead of from from General Wade's Road to Achintee. They regard the former route as easier and shorter than the latter.

(b) They stopped half-an-hour for breakfast at Laggan Loch.

(c) They included the three cairns of Wells of Dee and Angel Peak, as also all three cairns on Ben MacDhui ;

(d) Mr. Gilliatt had not been well before the walk, and was further handicapped by having to walk in an odd pair of boots. His time was accordingly about five minutes longer than that of Mr. Heardman, whose time to the top of Braeriach is given ;

(e) The true Braeriach Cairn was reached at 16-50—16-55 was the time at which both walkers left the summit. They came down to Coylum Bridge at a very fast pace. After finishing the course and

* See Peakbagging in the Highlands, by R. S. T. Chorley, The Journal, No. 18.

partaking of a meal, " they went for a little stroll for exercise before going to bed."

As Eustace Thomas is apparently under the impression that I was " definitely out for competition," and that my times were intended to establish a " frankly competitive " standard, I should like to take this chance of saying that the two sets of times were published partly for their general interest, and partly to show that this fine expedition is well within the powers of any party of strong walkers. I had no idea of setting up any standard of times beyond those necessary for accomplishing the walk within the twenty-four hours, which was the only competition I was out for, nor, of course, did I intend to reflect in any way on Thomas' time—a cursory examination of the figures given in my article will show at once that his walking time was considerably better than my own, as anybody would have expected !

I may add that although the times were not given on my list, I visited all the cairns between Angel's Peak and Braeriach, and indeed all the cairns which are in question except the far cairn in Ben MacDhui, which is not given on the popular edition of the Ordnance map.

In conclusion I should like to congratulate Messrs. Heardman and Gilliatt on an exceedingly fine walk.

SCOTLAND'S 4,000's. WHIT-WEEK, 1925.

		5th June.
Achintee Farm	.....	1 53 a.m.
Ben Nevis	3 44 a.m.	3 50 ,,
Carn Mor Dearg....	4 27 ,,	4 37 ,,
Aonach More	5 22 ,,	5 27 ,,
Aonach Beg	5 45 ,,	5 47 ,,
Glen Nevis Road	6 34 ,,	6 45 ,,
(Tin hut below gorge)		
	Total 4 hrs. 41 m.	

Car from Glen Nevis to Glen More } Glen Nevis 6 45 a.m.
Lodge and halts for Refreshments } G.M. Lodge 10 21 a.m.

Glen More Lodge	10 21 a.m.	10 23 a.m.
Cairn Gorm....	11 59 ,,	12 3 p.m.
Ben Muich Dhui Cairn No. 1....	13 8 p.m.	13 9 ,,
,, Cairn No. 2....	13 18½ ,,	13 35 ,,
,, Cairn No. 3....	13 45 ,,	13 49 ,,
Cairn Toul	15 43 ,,	15 48 ,,
Angel Peak....	16 6½ ,,	16 7 ,,
Cairn No. 1 (4149 feet)	16 28 ,,	16 28 ,,
,, No. 2 (4061 feet)	16 34 ,,	16 34 ,,
,, No. 3 (4036 feet)	16 40 ,,	16 40 ,,
BRAERIACH....	16 50 ,,	
	Total 6 hs. 34 m.	

(From summit of Braeriach to Coylum Bridge 16,55 to 19,45.)

SUMMARY.

Ben Nevis round	4 hrs. 41 m.
Car and Refreshments from Nevis Group to Cairn Gorm Group	3 hrs. 47 m.
Cairn Gorm round	6 hrs. 34 m.
Total Time	15 hrs. 2 m.
Total Walking Time	11 hrs. 15 m.

R.S.T.C.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

The past year has not been conspicuous for mountaineering events of importance. Interesting and valuable explorative work has taken place in the Rockies, and in the Karakorams. By the amusing irony of fate the latter exploration was undertaken by a Dutchman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Visser, both well-known mountaineers. In our own district the recent tendency to look for new crags rather than for new climbs on old crags has borne valuable fruit. A considerable variety of climbs has been opened up by H. M. Kelly's explorative work on the outlying parts of Scawfell, while in Boat Howe on Kirkfell, George Basterfield has discovered a new climbing ground of some merit.

The amount of material for the Guide to the Gable Massif having proved smaller than was anticipated, it seemed best to include with it the Guide to the Borrowdale District, which the energy of A. R. Thomson has made available before its due date. Although this course involves the disadvantage of describing in the same number districts as far apart as Langdale and Buttermere, it should nevertheless enable us to carry out our original project of covering the whole of Lakeland in five numbers. The last volume is in the hands of George Basterfield (Langdale and neighbourhood) and A. R. Thomson (Buttermere and neighbourhood).

H. S. Gross had to contend with very considerable difficulties in accomplishing his task of producing the Gable Guide. He had to do almost all the climbing in a last holiday just before he sailed for New Zealand, and had to write his Guide entirely from the notes taken then, without any possibility of re-checking them. In addition to which one of his boxes of negatives was lost en route. His presence has been greatly missed at the meets during the past year, and his absence is hardly compensated for even by the excellence of his Guide.

The works at Mardale are going ahead, and although the old valley will not disappear for some little time, those who desire to visit the district once more before it is finally spoiled should not delay too long.

The Holiday Fellowship have now erected their hutments in Langdale. In response to the expression of adverse opinion which the original project to put their settlement in Mickledene aroused, the Fellowship withdrew to a site near Wall End. Here the work has been done with as much respect for the scenery of the valley as was possible in the circumstances. Our thanks are due to them for the consideration they displayed.

The Langdale Valley also has been the scene of road making operations. In the upper part of the valley a new road has been made sufficiently high up on the hillside to obviate the flooding which was so characteristic of the old road in wet weather. It runs from the foot of the hill beyond Harry Place following the track of an old cart road past Pye Howe, Raw Head, etc., and joins the old road just beyond the New Hotel, Dungeon Ghyll. There are new bridges at Middlefell and about half-way between the two hotels. A particularly good view of the Oak Howe Needle is obtained from the new road.

Wilson Butler, formerly Honorary Treasurer and Vice-President, has been awarded the degree of Master of Laws at Cambridge University for a thesis on the Manorial Customs of the Furness District. His work, which is largely based on his own observation and experience, should prove valuable to the legal historian.

A provision in the Law of Property Acts, 1922 (sec. 102) which has recently come into force, gives to members of the public rights of access for air and exercise to any land which is metropolitan common or manorial waste, or common land wholly or partly in a borough or urban district, or land which is subject to rights of common, and to which the section is applied by the act of the lord of the manor or other owner of the soil. The rights conferred by the Act do not extend to

access for vehicular traffic or for camping. It is a little difficult to say exactly how far the section affects Lake District fell land.

In the absence of Miss Pilley, whose summer holiday in the Canadian Rockies has developed into a business stay in the lowlands, G. R. Speaker, Abbotsmead, Twickenham, has been appointed Honorary Secretary of the London Section. Subscriptions are now due.

We were indebted for the fine panoramic view of part of the War Memorial Area which appeared in the last number, to Mr. H. Wright Baker, of Dalton Hall, Manchester. Mr. Baker says that his sister and father, Margaret and Harry Baker, of Runcorn, did the lion's share of the work in connection with the making of this photograph.

It has been a great year for marriages, as we have not been allowed to forget, and in at least three of them both parties have been members—others are threatening. The Honorary Secretary (L. W. Somervell) and Betty de Fonblanque, the Honorary Editor (R. S. T. Chorley) and Katharine C. Hopkinson, R. B. Graham and Gertrude Anson, have provided the inter-club marriages. There should also be mentio ned T. Howard Somervell and Miss Hope-Simpson, who we hope will one day become a member. The Editor would like to take this opportunity of thanking his many friends in the Club for their kindness and good wishes.

Miss M. R. Patmore, c/o Madame Chagniel, La Tronche, Grenoble, will be glad to give information to members intending to climb in Dauphiné regarding Hotels, Guides, etc.

The following have contributed blocks for use in illustrating the present number:—H. P. Cain, C. F. Hadfield, W. D. Dent, O. W. F. Thomas.

CLIMBS OLD AND NEW.

COMPILED FROM THE CLUB BOOKS AND ELSEWHERE,

BY GRAHAM WILSON.

A stormy Whitsuntide having given place to a summer of exceptional weather, 1925 has been remarkable for the number of new climbs accomplished. Kelly and Pritchard have put the Guide to Scawfell out of date before its publication as a separate guide, and made it necessary to add an appendix; whilst Basterfield and T. G. Brown have discovered a new Cinderella amongst Lakeland Crags in the form of Boat Howe on the Ennerdale side of Kirk Fell; whilst the exploratory nature and skill of Fergus Graham have found an outlet at every centre. Miss Barker has made history by making the first lady's ascent of the Central Buttress by the Flake Crack under Frankland's leadership.

A perusal of the Club Books shows that members are making very little use of them, and it is hoped that more entries showing the activity of members, not only in the making of new routes, but regarding their ascents of old climbs, will be inserted, as it is always of interest to find who have been at each centre, and what they have done.

WASDALE : Hind Cove. A prominent outcrop, high up on the left of Hind Cove, was climbed on June 21st by B.E.S. and H.M.K.

First four Pitches. A series of four pitches, 90 feet in all, up a slabby ridge starting from the foot of the crag. The last was a difficult wall of about 20 feet. The character of the rock hereabouts changes, the angle steepening to the perpendicular, and being very much broken up, as well as being plentifully supplied with vegetation.

Fifth Pitch. A few yards up to the right a grassy chimney was ascended, and much doubtful rock encountered. 30 feet.

Sixth Pitch. A wall was avoided for a grassy gully well on the left. 30 feet.

About 100 feet of easy scrambling leads to a neck below the wire fence on the ridge of Pillar Fell.

Kirk Fell : Boat Howe. Details of the undermentioned new climbs will be found in the Gable Guide in this number.

Starboard Chimney. First ascent, 19/4/25, G.B., T.G.B.

Sea Wall Arête. First ascent, 19/4/25, G.B., T.G.B.

Hatchway and Rigging Climb. First ascent, 30/5/25, L.L., T.G.B.
First descent, 31/5/25, G.B., L.L.

Larboard Arête. First ascent, 7/6/25, G.B., K.B.M.
Second ascent, 2/8/25, G.L., K.B.M.

Breakwater Slabs and Lighthouse. First ascent, 31/5/25, G.B., G.C., T.G.B.
Second ascent, 2/8/25, G.C., K.B.M.

NAPES : The Guide to Gable contains descriptions of the following new climbs and variations :—

Tricouni Rib. First ascent, 19/8/25, C.D.F., M.M.B.

Belfry Crack. First ascent, 7/9/25, F.G., G.M.W.

Zeta Climb. Improved route, 8/10/25, F.G.

Lucifer Crack. First ascent, 16/10/25, F.G.
Second ascent, 18/10/25, F.G., G.S.B.

Tophet Wall. The direct start of this climb was accomplished by M. de Selincourt (non-member) in the summer, and subsequently (October 16th) by F.G.

Arrowhead Ridge. Variation of direct route, 8/10/25, F.G.

KERN KNOTTS : West Climb. Variation, 5/5/25, R.G.P.

Whilst ascending the Arrowhead direct and traversing from below the Arrowhead to the sentry-box behind, a fox leapt down from the sentry-box into the West Gully, a fall of about 90 feet. It lay for a few seconds, apparently stunned, and then made off in the direction of the Needle. As there were blood marks on the Easy Way, the fox had evidently gone up by that route in order to escape from the hunt which had been on the Napes for most of the morning. R.G.P.

ENNERDALE FACE : Engineer's Chimney. What is probably the second ascent of this by a lady was made on August 26th, when it was climbed during heavy rain by C.D.F., and M.M.B. On the previous day the same climbers had ascended Walker's Gully, both climbs being done from a camp at Seathwaite, this also being probably the second ascent by a lady.

SCAWFELL : Particulars of the new climbs set out below will be found in the Appendix to " Climbs on the Scawfell Group," published with the Scawfell Guide.

Pinnacle Face. Direct route to Moss Ledge. First ascent, 6/9/25, F.G., G.M.W.

Castor. First ascent, 14/4/25, H.M.K., R.E.W.P.
Second ascent, 3/9/25, R.E.W.P., H.M.K., B.E-S.

Pollux. First ascent, 14/4/25, H.M.K., R.E.W.P.,
Second ascent, 3/9/25, R.E.W.P., H.M.K., B.E-S.

Bannister Climb. First ascent, 18/6/25, B.E-S., H.M.K.

Sinister Ridge. First ascent, 22/6/25, H.M.K., B.E-S.
Second ascent, 2/9/25, R.E.W.P., H.M.K., B.B.

Hole and Corner Gully. First ascent, 22/6/25, H.M.K., B.E-S.

Dexter Slabs. First ascent, 25/8/25, H.M.K., B.E-S., R.E.W.P.

Tower Buttress. First ascent, 30/8/25, H.M.K., R.E.W.P., B.E-S.

Intermittent Chimney. First ascent, 3/9/25, R.E.W.P., H.M.K., B.E-S.

Slime Chimney. First ascent, 5/6/25, C.D.F., A.W.W., B.B., J. Wright (non-member).

Stand Crag. South Face Route. First ascent, 30/8/25, F.G., C.B.J.

Central Buttress. An ascent, which, without doubt, constitutes the first ascent of this great climb by a lady, was accomplished on August 8th by C.D.F. and M.M.B., whose time, including the descent of Moss Ghyll, was three hours. The upper portion of the Flake Crack was led by M.M.B.

Moss Ghyll. Being stopped by ice at Tennis Court Wall, traversed to the right for about 20 feet to Pisgah Buttress direct route, as far as the detached flakes. Finding rocks here free from ice, climbed up to second table and thence descended by Steep Ghyll. Most of the rocks in the ghylls were iced, and a strong wind was blowing. The route was made on January 3rd, and provides an interesting escape from Moss Ghyll under difficult conditions.

C.D.F., W.V.B., J.W.W., M.M.B.

BUTTERMERE : Birkness Combe. Two new climbs were found during the Easter Meet of the Rucksack Club, and are described in an article in this number. Particulars of the parties are as under :—

West Route. First ascent, 11/4/25, A. S. Pigott (R.C.), F.G., L. Henshaw (R.C.).

Easter Buttress. First ascent, 12/4/25, F.G., Morley Wood (R.C.), J.H., J. F. Burton (R.C.).

Dove Crags : See Vol. 6, No. 3, page 407.

Spiral Gully. An attempt on this gully, under wet conditions, by a party consisting of C.E.G.B., K.B.M., and Betty Brown (non-member) failed at the fifth (i.e. cave) pitch. The party report the whole gully as rotten and unsafe and extremely wet.

Chapel Crag Chimney. Under wet conditions the first pitch can be avoided by the scoop on the right.
C.E.G.B., R.W.H.

Chapel Crag, Central Gully. C.E.G.B. reports two inches of moss on the top pitch, which was found to be very severe, the last few feet proving a tremendous struggle.

Charter Chimney. This is to the left of Yew Crag Gully, and can be seen from Gatesgarth. It is long, and has several difficult pitches, but is not recommended owing to the amount of vegetation. The rock is not above suspicion. C.E.G.B.

CONISTON :

Necklace Route. First ascent, 11/10/25, F.G., G.S.B., C.B.J.

"A" Buttress. See article by F.G. in this number.

Murray's "B" Simian Exit. At the end of the long traverse, instead of delving into the earthy crack the party monkeyed on to the end of the Giant's Corner Slab and climbed the steep wall immediately above, which is exposed, but not really severe. The hands soon attain an excellent crack, and, above the level of this, a gently inclined but mossy slab leads to a small belay. A synthetic finish is available round the corner on the left. First ascent, 8/11/25, G.S.B., L. Henshaw (R.C.), and R. H. B. Hector (R.C.).

LANGDALE : Gibson Knott. This crag is situated on the right hand side of Far Easedale, a little further on than the stepping stones, and is about 400 feet above the valley. Two climbs have been discovered on the south side, where the crag is from 130 to 150 feet in height.

LONDON SECTION.

COMMITTEE :

Chairman : Dr. Hadfield.

Hon. Secretary : Miss D. E. Pilley.

R. S. T. Chorley. G. L. Pirkis.
W. P. Haskett-Smith. Mrs. L. W. Somervell.
R. H. Hewson G. R. Speaker.
H. F. Huntley Miss D. E. Thompson.
J. B. Wilton.

The London Section has continued its activities with even greater success than before. Owing to the unexpectedly prolonged absence of Miss Pilley in Canada, it is not possible to publish the usual report in extenso, but the following is believed to be a complete list of the walks.

WALKS—OCTOBER, 1924, TO OCTOBER, 1925.

Sunday, October 26th—C. F. Hadfield : Amersham—Penn St.—Little Missenden—Shardiloes Park—Amersham.

Sunday, November 23rd—J. W. Brown : Chingford—High Beech—Hangbry Slade—Laughton Camp—Chingford.

Sunday, December 14th—W. P. Haskett-Smith : Datchet—Eton—Windsor Great Park—Virginia Water.

Sunday, January 25th—Miss Barker : Watford—Chipperfield—King's Langley.

Sunday, February 22nd—G. L. Pirkis : Redhill—Nutfield—Bletchingley—Godston—Brewer St.—Redhill.

Sunday, March 22nd—St. Albans—Marshall's Wick—Harpenden Common—Bacon's House—St. Albans.

Sunday, April 26th—G. Anderson : Esher—Claremont—Weybridge—Walton.

Sunday, May 17th—R. H. Hewson : Broxbourne—Nazing Common.

Sunday, June 14th—W. McNaught : Hertford—Chapmore End—Tonwell—Burleigh Common—Wareside.

June 20th—21st—J. B. Wilton : Salisbury—Stonehenge—Amesbury.

Week-end, July 4th—6th—G. L. Pirkis : Sat., Petworth—Midhurst ; Sun., over the downs, Ditcham, Tower Hill, Midhurst Common.

Sunday, September 27th—G. R. Speaker : Effingham Junction—Ranmore Common—Shere—Horsley.

On June 14th the Section were very kindly entertained to tea by Harvey Grace, Esq., and on September 27th were again fortunate to receive the like hospitality from Miss L. Bray at Shere Manor House.

The Annual Dinner (Saturday, December 13th) which was again held at the Hotel Cecil, was a crowded and happy affair. H. P. Cain was in the chair, and the number present (about eighty) was slightly in excess of last year's number.

The Section were kindly invited to various lectures and exhibitions given by kindred Clubs, and were fortunate enough to be addressed at a joint meeting with the London members of the Swiss Alpine Club by Mr. Arnold Lunn on the subject of mountaineering on ski.

The event which will apparently live longest in the mind—at any rate of those who took part in it—was the expedition to Stonehenge on midsummer night, for the purpose of seeing the sunrise. The general opinion seems to be that the sun actually did rise that day.