

J. C. APPELYARD
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C L I M B I N G C L U B
O F T H E E N G L I S H L A K E D I S T R I C T

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T H E F E L L A N D R O C K C L I M B I N G C L U B
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1950

ON CLIMBS, 'GOOD' AND 'BAD'

Bentley Beetham

Having spent much time in recent years making fresh routes and exploring new climbing grounds, I have often felt that something just done was a poor climb, hardly worth doing, and one to forget ; but occasionally one has felt that it was a beauty, and its contemplation has given a sense of pleasure. I was thus led to wonder what the factors were that made some climbs so much more delectable than others and the question proved difficult to answer. It may be a surprise to some that it was soon apparent that mere degree of difficulty was not the real, the deciding factor. True, there are some people, particularly young climbers, who have only one measure, one valuation, for a climb—its difficulty ; if it is a severe it is, *ipso facto*, very good ; if it is in the easy or moderate categories, it is no good at all. But here I venture to think a mistake is being made ; it is not the inherent quality of the route or climb that is being valued but the power of that route to tax the ability of the climber ; and the valuation, though it pretends to evaluate the climb is nothing more than a measure of the skill of the climber who is thinking of doing it—a very different matter.

' All in a row the routes are classified,
The neophytic vision modified,
And worth is measured by the skill supplied.'

... as a certain parodist wrote in the 1946 *Journal*, getting a bitter sting into the tail of his parody.

I therefore tried to analyse some of the best climbs and determine the real factors which make a climb delectable, and in the hope that the fruits of this cogitation might be of interest to others, I have jotted them down. I have given them in their order of importance as that appears to me.

DESIRABLE QUALITIES IN A CLIMB

(1) Be on *sound, clean rock throughout*. Ledges unencumbered by earth and loose stones, or platforms and tenaces of scree, for such provide a ready source of falling stones—a constant danger, dogging the sport throughout from petty rock scrambling to great mountaineering. The rock should be free from earth and vegetation as such releases water slowly and so prevents speedy drying of the climb after rain.

(2) Should *lead to a definite summit*, whether of mountain (most desirable), crag or outcrop, and not be merely a route traced on a part of a face. Best of all it should be a natural way up a difficult feature ; a patent challenge to our ability.

(3) *Belays present where required*—the harder the climb the greater their need. Good climbing is doing dangerous things safely ; and nothing gives that safety so well as adequate belays in the right places. Moreover, good rope-work, including the proper use of such belays, is one of the pleasures of the sport.

(4) Be of *adequate length*—at least in the neighbourhood of **two** hundred feet, and as much more as possible. Climbs of about a hundred feet, though they may be very difficult and otherwise food, seem to lack something ; they are too short to give the true feeling of mountaineering.

(5) The *climbing should be continuous*, and not interrupted by walks up scree and other slopes. Adequate halting and gathering places, however, add to the enjoyment of the climb.

(6) Have a *S.E. to S.W. aspect*—so that one may hope to experience the joy of climbing in sunshine.

(7) *Variety* of situation and, therefore, of climbing tactics required **to** proceed adds to the interest of the route, as do unexpected or unusual features, like the Collie Step or the so-called Knife-edge Arete.

(8) *Difficulty* is the last on the list, for a true mountaineer, no matter what his ability is, may get real delight from climbing a good moderate course, but no one other than an expert (horrible, though hallowed, term !) should ever lead, and therefore be in a position fully **to** appreciate a severe climb.

But given a number of climbs of equally good quality but different degrees of difficulty, then the hardest one that any particular person may safely accomplish will probably give him the greatest pleasure—the pleasure of exercising to the full his scansorial powers and the added pleasure of achievement.

I have not touched the matter of accessibility ; some climbs are handy, others are remote—*Middle Fell Buttress, Haskett Gully*. There are people who may enjoy a climb more if they have had to make an effort to reach it, but there are others who may have their appreciation dulled by fatigue. There is another side to this matter of accessibility ; too easy an approach, too near to pedestrianism may mean spectators—I ceased to climb on the West side of Castle Crag some years ago as I found I was in danger of becom-

ing the local performing flea. Scraps of conversation floated up to me : ' Look, there he is—I told you we would see him,' and scraps of slate dislodged by would-be spectators above floated down.

Few climbs **will** pass with credit under all eight criteria, few will be ideal in all respects—even the splendid routas up the Pinnacle Face do not bristle with belaying spikes and gathering places, but they so eminently comply with other requirements that the sum of their merit is indeed high. The reason for the popularity of such climbs as *The New West* and *Eagles Nest* is easy to appreciate, but it is difficult to say why so very many routes well within the powers of most climbers are so seldom if ever used—perhaps a perusal of this table will give the answer.

THE CINDERELLA OF CLIMBING VALLEYS

W. Peascod

From time to time in recent years various articles have appeared in the *Journal* concerning the exploration of the rocks around Buttermere. Despite this quite a number of people have asked me if there is any climbing there, while others are under the impression that all the new climbs done in this district are of the 'newer order of desperation.' Now that the new Guide-book is out it is easier to correlate the older and newer climbs; give some impression of what is to be found in Buttermere as a climbing centre; and, I hope, satisfy the questions of most of these people.

As I scan the classified list I find there are about 60 climbs recorded. Approximately half fall into the category of either old or new climbs (counting those routes which appeared in Pollitt's guidebook as the 'old climbs,' and referring to the output since then as the 'new climbs'); I am aware, of course, that some of the 'new climbs' were made as long ago as 1937. **It will** be noticed that quite a few of the old climbs have been altered in classification. No doubt it will be a matter of satisfaction to several people that one or two climbs—*The Slabs* and *Harrow Buttress*, for instance - which appeared previously as 'moderates,' have been elevated to the position of 'difficults.' Decisions like these have not been taken lightly, and certainly not without the opinions of others. The newer climbs have been fitted into the existing standards, and occupy their places on their merits against the older climbs. Of course, many will not agree with my classifications of some of the climbs, but that is always to be expected.

Roughly half the climbs listed are of the amenable standard, i.e., up to and including 'very difficults.' Of the others, 25 are 'severe,' and the rest 'very severe.' From these facts it is easy to see that there is enough climbing here to satisfy climbers of all standards.

To answer the questions regarding the quality of the climbing a little more thought is required. Bare facts are not of sufficient use. The climber's own tastes must be taken into consideration, but I think I agree with the majority as to what is a good climb and what a bad climb. If I don't, a new guide-book is indicated.

Of the amenable section, *Harrow Wall*, *Rib and Wall*, *Suaviter*, *Tailgate* and the Round How routes are all most pleasant climbs of no great length. *Rib and Wall* is the longest, at 285 feet. *Suaviter*, also on Grey Crags, is about 150 feet, and its delightful, rough grey rock has made it one of the most popular routes in the valley. The second pitch of this climb is the real plum, and it photographs most spectacularly. *Harrow Wall* lies on the same buttress as *Harrow*

Buttress Ordinary Route, but breaks away drastically from the conventional route up the wall. It has a continuity which has been achieved by ascending the edge farthest away from the usual promenade, then by sweeping across the face in a traverse of some exposure the route links up with a groove of rough rock which could have formed a logical conclusion to the *Ordinary Route*.

Rib and Wall ('difficult') lies behind *Harrow Buttress*, and on a subsidiary rib of *Mitre Buttress*. Here again continuity was the main theme. The summit of the *Mitre Buttress* is reached by pleasant rock-climbing, **with** the amount of deviation insufficient to label the climb artificial.

There are many more climbs on Grey Crag of these standards. The fine quality of the rock makes all climbing here a pleasure which can seldom be indulged in to the same extent elsewhere. The crags catch the sun as no others seem to do, and without question offer the best training ground in Lakeland for the beginner.

Across Birkness Coombe the sombre cliff of Eagle Crag offers very little to the gentle stroller. The entertaining *Tailgate*, which lies hereabouts, is classed as 'very difficult,' but is the most amenable of the Eagle Crag climbs.

In attending to the needs of the 'severe' climbers Buttermere is most successful. Taken at random, in this class, the routes that **will** prove most popular are likely to be *Honister Wall*, *Half Nelson*, *Border Buttress*, *Slabs West Route*, *Flake and Crack*, *Holly Tree Grooves*, *Nameless Route* and *Garden Wall*.

Half Nelson and *Border Buttress* are to be found on Eagle Crag. The former climb, led by Sid Cross, has a remarkable steepness for its standard, and finishes with an airy move on to the large green terrace which cuts across the front of Eagle Crag. *Border Buttress*, much farther to the left, has difficulties concentrated in two steep walls which are separated by a pleasant grassy ledge. I have never repeated this climb since the first ascent, but others say it is a good little route, and most useful.

Another climb in Birkness Coombe which is becoming increasingly popular—probably because of its rough-textured rock—is *Slabs West Route*. A first pitch of about 100 feet has difficulty only at the start. The route then goes up a sweep of pleasant slabs, and leads to a small terrace and a pile of blocks. Above the terrace the slabs rear up into a pronounced wall, with a nose of rock its most prominent feature. After a small niche has been attained, the climber traverses to the right, and over the nose. A steep ascent follows for a few feet, then a dainty traverse back to the left leads to better holds. The climb finishes steeply at the top of the crag.

Honister Wall, a hardish 'severe,' is about 300 feet long. It lies

on **the** steep crag near the summit of Honister Pass and on **the** southern slopes of Dale Head. This crag has been named Buckstone How. The traditional name is Drum House Crag, the new title which applies mainly to the range, is a more distinguishing name. Seen from down below on the Honister Road **the** crag does not possess a very encouraging appearance. It is as steep as it looks. The rock, though not bad, is far from being of the same quality as Grey Crag. Nevertheless, some very exhilarating climbing is offered. *Honister Wall* is **the** only 'severe' on the crag : **there** is a 'difficult' (*Groove One*), in addition to several of the hardest standard. *Honister Wall*, which has been climbed three times to my knowledge, lies towards the left-hand end of the crag. It begins steeply on rock which runs to incut holds, and the first pitch finishes below a set of fine overhangs. The way out is by a rather exposed nose to the left, which is traversed and ascended. It is considerably easier than it looks, the solution to the difficulty being a long finger-width crack. From the cosy nook above the pitch a smooth groove, still steep, leads to a pleasant, grassy corner with comfortable belays. The route now takes to the steep black wall on the right, where a long reach is a decided asset. The next section, though easy, has a steepness which makes one appreciate the profuseness of the holds ; while the short final pitch, which seems to work out right above the rest of the climb, adds just that touch of spice that a leader appreciates.

Nearer Buttermere, but on the same stretch of crags, the cliffs about Yew Crag Gully have been explored. The climbing here is of mixed quality. *Flake and Crack* has a good chimney pitch, followed by a difficult crack, but it is not as good as *Holly Tree Grooves*, which lies nearby. Well to the right of the Gully a small crag gives *The Garden Wall*, a short climb of some interest which appeared to have been climbed previous to our ascent. Like the other routes in the valley, this 'mild severe' is most suitable for a short day, as it can be reached in about 20 minutes from the road. A useful feature of these crags is the fact that they dry quickly after rain.

Passing on to the climbs of the highest standard, these are to be found from the 'amenable' of this class to the difficult. Among the former are *Resurrection Route* on High Crag, and *Spider Wall* on Grey Crag.

Resurrection Route has a variety of pitches which makes it rather unusual. A fine crack with two awkward-looking overhangs is probably the best pitch. The traverse out onto a steep wall to avoid the upper overhang is quite spectacular but not very difficult.

Above the crack with the double overhang the route now takes to the steep wall on the right ; this is the uncompromising east wall of

High Crag Buttress. In the upper centre of the wall a green mossy crack **will** be noticed. This is reached by a traverse along a narrow gangway, then a short ascent on poor holds until a move right can be made into the crack. The wall is then climbed without great difficulty but with some exposure, and is followed by a delightful slab to the top of the crag. The movement up from the traverse and into the crack is the crux of the climb.

Harrow Buttress, on Grey Crag, has yielded a third route which was first done with G. Graham Macphee. An interesting crack which forms the second pitch leads out from underneath an overhang, and finally to a rock platform. Above and to the right of the platform is the face of rock which is crossed (but not ascended) by *Harrow Wall*, and ignored entirely by the *Ordinary Route*. *Spider Wall* route reaches the top via the centre of the wall. Above the *llarroic Wall* traverse the face is rather smooth, but about its centre a small bracket is noticeable. The route makes for this bracket, which from below looks quite a substantial foothold, and is reached by a long pull on rounded holds. When one is standing on the bracket it is uncomfortably obvious that it is not so substantial as had been anticipated, as it slopes rather awkwardly. Once on the bracket the notion of the spider's web becomes apparent—but whether one imagines oneself as the spider or the fly is purely a matter of existing 'form.' All ways to and from the bracket are fairly difficult. A second pull, followed by a finger-hold in a narrow, sloping crack, enables the web to be followed out to the summit of the buttress.

At one time or another we do a particular climb that pleases us in every way. It may be that the weather is partly responsible, or the rock on which we are climbing ; again, it may be our 'form' at the moment, or perhaps the route itself, which is entirely responsible. When it is a combination of all these, then the memory of the day's climbing must surely live for a long time. So it has been with me since we made the first traverse of Grey Crag. Mendus, I believe, has the same feeling for the climb and the day. Reading his article in the Club's 1944 *Journal* I have lived again those delightful hours on what I remember as the most pleasant climb I have ever done. *The Chain* begins at the bottom of *Bishop's Arete*, crosses the *Cracked Wall*, which involves a tummy traverse in a delightful situation, thence continues onto *Grey Wall*, where *Further* overhangs are descended (what vivid recollections I have of going down with one rubber in the front of my wind-cheater and the other in my mouth). Uneventfully the route then continues across *Grey Wall*, *Chockstone Ridge*, and onto the *Slabs Buttress*. The last pitch of the climb is the grand second pitch of the *Slabs West Route*.

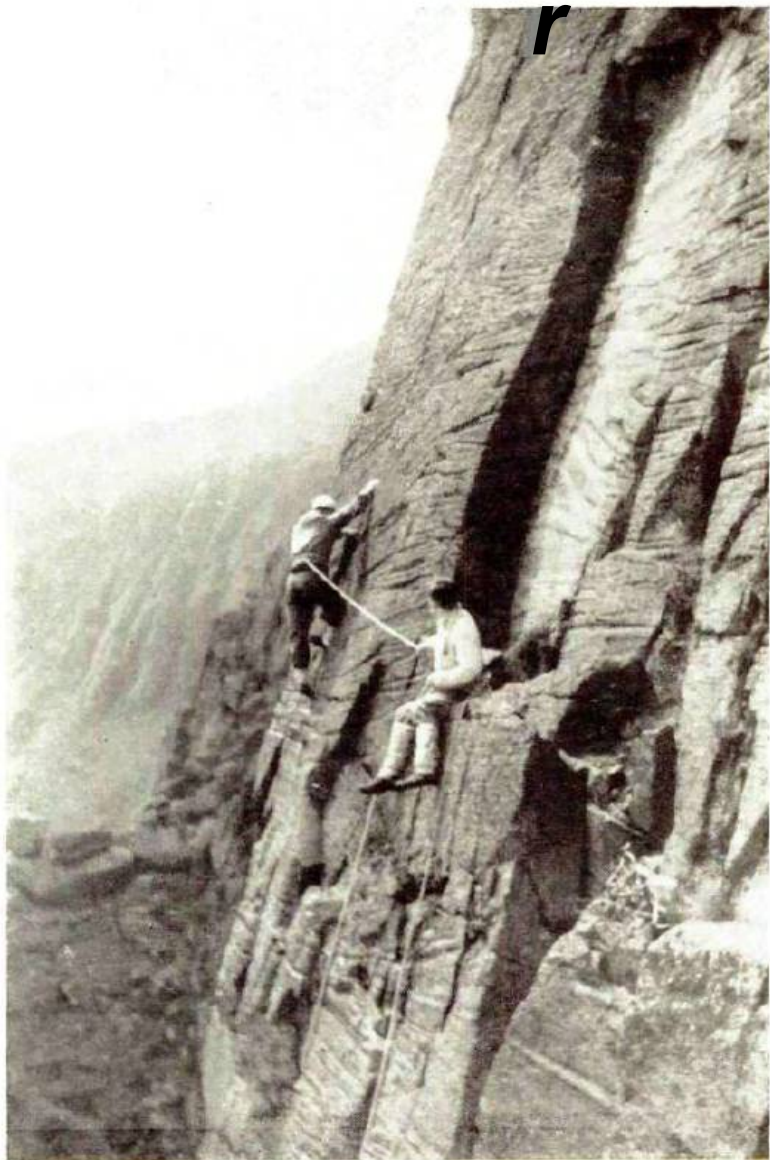
The actual length of *The Chain* is 545 feet. It is a good climb of its type and will be enjoyed by most of those who do it. Incidentally *The Chain* has never been reversed.

Before finally leaving Grey Crag I must mention two other routes, short but interesting, which I believe will stand on their own merits for some time. These are *Fortiter* and *Dexter Wall*. *Fortiter*, the companion climb to *Suaviter*, lies in the middle of Grey Wall, and takes directly the square cut overhangs which garnish the centre of the face. The first pitch ascends easily to a pleasant rock ledge, well below the overhangs, which we have called the Balcony. From the Balcony the overhangs are reached in about 40 feet of steep climbing, and are ascended to a very small ledge. A crack just off the ledge is difficult to approach, but once reached is followed without difficulty to a narrow ledge in a fine position. The pitch is steep throughout its 70 feet, and offers one of the best bits of climbing in the Coombe, without being unreasonably severe. Climbing remains pleasant throughout the rest of the ascent.

Above Grey Wall the upper range of cliff offers *Dexter Wall*, of which a picture appeared in the 1942 *Journal*, as well as a short description of the route. For this reason I do not propose to say more about the climb, except to add that it is still, without question, the hardest route on Grey Crag.

Progressing down the list of climbs we now come to the hardest routes in the valley. For these we need only consider two crags—Buckstone How and Eagle Crag. Both are very steep. The rock of Eagle Crag is firm and very reliable, but with an awkward tilt that calls for balance climbing. On Buckstone How the rock has in many places a tendency to run to holds, yet with occasional sections as blank and denuded of holds as an oak tree is of leaf in January. The frowning northern face of Eagle Crag, only touched by weak morning sunshine from the east, contrasts forcibly with the wealth of sunshine that can be the lot of Buckstone How. Pulling on a hold on Eagle Crag is dependent almost entirely on the amount of 'finger' and 'hook' that one can get into it. The same operation on Buckstone How is concerned less with the quantity of the hold than the quality—though I must add hastily that I myself have never been let down, but have merely been conscious of the difference and treated the crags accordingly. For my own part I am extremely fond of Eagle Crag and Buckstone How, and have had my moments on both.

Buckstone How has three 'very severes' recorded in the Guide, and one additional route of this standard has been made since. It is difficult to say which of these climbs is the best. *Sinister Grooves*, near the left-hand end (hence the name) has a variety of pitch, and



SUAVITER, GREY CRAGS, BIRKNES COOMHE

M. Hayes

difficulty which is almost continuous, except where the smooth sides of the 'groove pitch' give it an extra touch altogether alien to the well spattered holds on the open faces. More towards the right-hand end of the crag *Groove Two*, a long groove climb, is easily distinguished from its more amiable neighbour, *Groove One*. The former climb has one really hard move which is necessary for the scaling of an overhang in the groove. The solution is a small hold, just sufficient for the accommodation of two tips of the right-hand fingers. There is very little else.

Crossing the crag almost entirely, the *Girdle* is the third 'v.s.' to be encountered. In this route we endeavoured to work in some of the harder moves of the other climbs, frequently of necessity, and not altogether of design. It is a grand climb, and worthy of attention. The last climb to be made on this crag, but climbed too late for recording in the Guide-book, we have named *The Cumbrians' Climb*. It was made with R. Wilkinson, a fellow Cumbrian and whilst it is not the first climb in the book which has been done by an all-Cumbrian party (D. G. Connor was a Cumbrian despite his Irish name) the name has never been used to date, and we thought it should be. This route is about the same length as *Sinister Grooves*, between which climb and *Honister Wall* it lies. Like the other climbs on the crag it rises steeply from the grass. In 20 feet an overhang is surmounted, and some distance higher a small, bulging wall is overcome, and an uncomfortable stance reached beside a small rowan tree. The rock all round this stance is anything but amenable, but a short groove about 5 feet to the left offers a line of advancement. The undercut base of the groove makes a direct ascent into it virtually impossible, and it can only be reached by a difficult movement from the level of the tree. This movement involves a finger change on a small, incut hold, footholds being for the moment inadequate. Upward progress continues via a nook and substantial belays; another groove, rounded and slightly troublesome; and a fine-looking chimney, with a square cut overhang which completely blocks it. The move out underneath the chimney is one of the juicy bits of this climb, and entails a long pull on a good handhold—when it can be reached. A long groove and an easier chimney finish the climb at the top of the crag.

Wandering back to Eagle Crag, the obvious climb here is *Eagle Front*. This is a fine climb, and the second ascent, in 1948, left me in no doubt of the opinion I had formed on the first ascent eight years previously. This time I was with G. Rushworth, whose introduction it was to this grand face. Again I lived each pitch, nor did I find them less difficult or exposed. The long run-out on the second pitch still felt like 90 feet, and the small gangway and slab

at its upper end was still as awkward. The bulge above these two was ascended with the most tongue-sucking delicacy, and relief to be handling the magnificent flake handholds below the great black overhang was just as marked. The next pitch, a bulge and scoop, 'went' with a little more difficulty than on the first ascent, and the grass terrace was reached in high spirits. After the long traverse to the left we decided we must have decent belays instead of the loose block S. B. Beck and I had used in 1940—after tying on to this block, Beck had sat on it to keep it in position while I negotiated the overhang above. Our efforts were rewarded by a thread behind a doubtful flake, and a rounded knob which would remain adequate only so long as it wasn't used. Above the overhang and short groove is probably the finest situation on the climb, a sloping stance and poor belay. The view of the Coombe below is interrupted by neither rock nor grass. The walls above and to the left may be written off; only to the right does the way seem feasible, and on this ascent the traverse, across a water-worn slab on rounded holds, became increasingly 'interesting' when a film of water made its presence felt on rubber-soled footwear. When one gets into such a position the second none too happily placed, the ground a long way below, and progress in any direction only possible by movements which are attended by 'natural hazards'—I think a climber must cease to regard himself as a member of a party, welded together by three strong strands of rope, and climb with the intensity and concentration of a man going solo on similar rocks. And so it was here. The final crack led joyfully to the easier summit rocks, and we had made the second ascent of *Eagle Front*. So far as I know it still awaits a third.*

After this plethora of buttresses, walls, grooves, etc., it seems only fitting that we should return to consider the valley for that type of climbing which won it affection in the eyes of L. J. Oppenheimer and his friends at the dawn of the twentieth century—that is, gully and chimney climbing. In considering this aspect I must mention two clefts which are as much of that era as any others in the district, and which for sheer character rival the best in Lakeland. Those who are familiar with Buttermere and its gullies will know that I mean the *Y-Gully* and *Central Chimney* of Eagle Crag.

Of the *Y-Gully* much has already been written. In his article in 1942 *Journal*, Beck describes the first ascent. At odd intervals I have thought I would like to go back to the Gully—why, I don't know. The rock is not good and its funnel pitch is too awe inspiring, especially with the belay available. Yet in fancy I often return. Whether I return in the flesh will depend, like many another climb we have visited, only on Chance. Only when we are standing at the

foot of it, looking up into its gloomy top reaches, will I know that I have returned—and even then Stack Ghyll may still be too near at hand. But *Central Chimney*, the long, fine looking cleft which splits from top to bottom the front face of Eagle Crag, engenders in one different feelings. Like the *Y-Gully* this fell at the third blow. The first attempt was from Brackenclose, when Lyna Kellett and I, in 1943, walked over and ascended the cleft to the first major problem in the upper section. Only extreme tiredness, and the knowledge that the return to Brackenclose had still to be undertaken, made us give up at seven o'clock in the evening. I remember how, dirty and dishevelled, we flopped down in the smoke room of the hotel at Wasdale Head, and Pollitt said: 'What have you been up to?' 'Buttermere,' I answered **evasively**. 'What have you climbed, then?' countered Laurence, getting to the point. 'We tried *Centra! Chimney*, but we didn't get up,' was my reply. 'Better luck next time,' consoled Laurence, and we drank his beer and accepted his good wishes. But next time 'didn't yield the Chimney. True, we had no set intention of ascending it, for we had arranged to take some beginners onto Grey Crag, and it was only as we neared the spot that Lyna and I had reached that we saw them ascending into the Coombe. This time it was S. B. Beck who was with me, and we had ascended primarily for the purpose of prospecting. If, however, **the** difficulties above had looked less impressive we might have continued.

The third visit was with Rushworth as a third; a hasty note to Lyna asking if she could get over for the 'do' had found her unable to join us. Without incident we reached the major problem (or so we thought). This is a steep chimney, with the left wall overhanging badly and the right wall cut away about half its height into a small, sloping ledge. The top of the chimney also leans out, and at that time a large cannon of rock stuck out at the top of the cleft, barring progress. After ascending on to the ledge on the right I managed to work into the groove formed by the left wall and the back of the chimney, and with difficulty and considerable thought to those below I worked over the cannon, which was dangerously loose. After climbing above it I sent it hurtling down to the scree below, to join the rest of its companions. Above this the chimney was still steep, but in 90 feet it eased off, and a comforting belay was reached. We were now in a large, overhung cleft, with a narrow exit between the overhang and the right wall. The exit, guarded as it was by an intimidating bulge, proved to me to be the most awkward section of the climb. This pitch is also an anxious one for the leader because of the tricky landing, and ascent of rounded slabs to a corner. The pitch is 80 feet long and the belay is reached thankfully.

Once there, however, all is over, and 30 feet of easy climbing finish the chimney.

I have written at some length about several of these climbs yet I have in no way fully described the good things this valley has to offer. Many first-class climbs I have not mentioned, among these the old ones. Yet space **will** not allow me to say any more. To those who may read this and form a desire to visit Buttermere—and I hope I have helped to create that wish—I would say that there is much before them. To those who know the crags intimately, I say there is much more still to do. There are still unclimbed walls, buttresses and even gullies around Buttermere. There are still many second ascents to make—*Dexter Wall*, *Grey Crags Chain*, *Fortiter*, most of the Buckstone How climbs and several of the Eagle Crag routes.*

Buttermere has been described as a Cinderella among climbing centres. I believe she can now be said to be wearing the Glass Slipper.

* POSTSCRIPT. At the time of correction of proofs, the second ascent has been made of *Dexter Wall* (B.L.D. and W.P.), followed by a third ascent a few days later (A.C.C. and B.L.D.)—both ascents in August, 1950.

Second ascent, *Fortiter*, August, 1950 (W.P. and B.L.D.).

First ascent *Fortiter* in boots (A.C.C. and B.L.D.).

Third and fourth ascents of *Eagle Front* (by unknown party and by A.C.C. and B.L.D.) both in 1950.

Second ascent *Cumbrians' Climb*, August, 1950 (B.L.D. and W.P., made in socks and rain).

P. Hogg and P. Moffat made, I believe, the second ascent of *Sinister Grooves* some time ago.

W.P.

MONS CLAUDIANUS

John Hunt

Apart from the Sinai peaks, which my wife and I had climbed early in 1948, the highest summit in Egypt is the Gebel Shayib (7,170 feet). It stands, a noble mountain despite its low stature, amid a spectacular array of granite satellites which compel the eye of the ocean voyager as he passes the head of the Red Sea. The mountain chain of which these peaks are a part is the northern extremity of the so-called Red Sea hills, and forms a watershed between the coast at this point and the Nile Valley at Qena.

Early in December, 1948, we had the opportunity, in company with Dr and Mrs Bangham, to visit this interesting region. While our main intention was to make an ascent of the Gebel Shayib,* we were also keen to see the Egyptian Government's Marine Biological Station at Hurghada, and to visit the dead Roman town of Mons Claudianus, situated in the hills not far from our objective.

Travelling perforce in two vehicles—an old motor-cycle combination and a Standard-8 tourer—ill suited for the 250-mile journey to Hurghada, which passes over very rough going, we set out from the Canal Zone on the afternoon of 3rd December. At dusk we stopped to 'brew up' beneath the high and rugged Gebel El Galala, some 40 miles south of Suez, in a sheltered cove littered with drift wood which made an excellent fire. Our only mechanical defect thus far had been a broken motor-cycle chain, but later that evening more serious trouble developed when the same vehicle burst a tyre beyond repair. Owing to various misfortunes prior to our departure no spare wheels or inner tube had been brought for the machine, and an anxious two hours were spent in extracting and fitting the tube from the spare wheel of the car into the motor-cycle tyre. The problem was the more difficult in that the respective dimensions of the two wheels bore no relation the one to the other. Again here we were lucky to find, by groping on the shingle in the inky darkness, enough drift wood to build a fire, which provided light for our operations. Late at night we passed in succession the lighthouses of Abu Darag and Zafrana, and towards midnight we found a sheltered hollow in the sand hills south of the latter place, where we huddled for a few hours' sleep.

Next morning, after further mechanical adventures, we ran on into the busy oilfield settlement of Ras Gharib. As we approached over the good oiled road which runs for 40 kilometres on either side

* First ascent was made by Mr G. W. Murray of the Survey of Egypt in 1922. Since that occasion there have been four other recorded ascents of this peak prior to ours.

of this township, we had magnificent views across the Gulf of Suez to the Sinai peaks, bathed red in the morning sun, and were able to pick out familiar summits. Nearer at hand, to the west, the fine dark mass of the Gebel Gharib rose abruptly from the sand plain some 40 miles distant. At Ras Gharib we refilled with petrol, which we were disappointed to find more expensive on the oilfield than in the Canal area. The Shell Company officials were most kind in making spare parts available.

Soon after 1 p.m. we set out to complete the 100 miles remaining to Hurghada. Much of the track has a good oiled surface, and with a strong following wind we made fast time over this final stage of our journey. Before we reached Hurghada, the sun was setting behind the Gebel Shayib, throwing the long serrated chain of peaks into a fantastic silhouette of sharp and tortured forms. The oilfield officials had been informed of our coming by telegram, and the Guest House was placed at our disposal. We were pleasantly surprised to find it a well-appointed bungalow, with electric light, gas cooking, and running water—a strange luxury this in a place entirely dependent for fresh water on a weekly tanker from Suez. An excellent dinner was served in a style almost embarrassing to our travel-stained selves, after which we began to make arrangements for our two days' stay in this area.

Part of the morning of the 5th December, was spent at the Marine Biological Station. The Director, Dr Gohar, was absent, but we were shown round by his clerk. Among the many fascinating live specimens at this observatory were sharks, giant rays and sea turtles, while hanging from a hook was a recently killed bull walrus, a rare catch in these parts, although we were informed that the cows are fairly common. In a glass-bottomed boat we rowed out to a coral reef, and gazed in amazement at the myriad shapes and colours of this strange form of life.

In the early afternoon we started across the desert towards the mountains, driving fast over the sandy stretches to avoid becoming bogged down. After the first 20 miles we were already in the foothills, while the higher peaks began to rise impressively from the flat sandy wadis ahead of us. After a further 20 miles, and over the watershed, we turned off into a remote wadi, and suddenly round a bend came in sight of Mons Claudianus. It is built within walls about 100 yards square, the dwellings forming a veritable honeycomb of cubicles inside. Although the roofs had collapsed, the walls are in a remarkable state of repair, and on the rubble and sand filled alleys and floors we found several domestic objects of obvious historic interest. It was indeed tantalizing to imagine what must lie buried in this as yet unexcavated town. A little above and beyond the

town is a temple similarly well preserved, and in the surrounding hills we found amazing evidence of the industry which had attracted the Romans—the quarrying and dressing of the local red granite. Wedge marks in the rock faces showed where great slabs had been split off by the action of water on wooden wedges. Tablets and cubes of granite lay around in profusion, some of them inscribed. Most interesting of all were the pillars, in every stage of completion, from the rough unfashioned 'log' of rock to the perfectly rounded and polished column ready for export. One such monster measured no less than 50 feet long and 8 feet in diameter; its weight we were later informed was 122 tons. Completely finished, this work of art had split across the centre, presumably while its craftsmen were endeavouring to move it from its horizontal bed of rock. In one wadi were numerous high stone cairns or platforms, where the slave masters used to sit and supervise the work of their Egyptian slaves. The sun was already sinking when we turned to go, after all too short a visit to this remarkable relic of life as it was led 19 centuries ago.

That night we bivouacked on the watershed at about 2,000 feet, and at dawn next day we set out to cover the 10 or more miles and 5,000 vertical feet which separated us from the summit of the Gebel Shayib; we had first to cross an intervening ridge to reach the great sand stream of the Wadi Abu Abid, which runs beneath the south face of the mountain. Moreover, we had misinterpreted a sketch map of the area in an article by G. W. Murray in the May, 1947, number of the *Alpine Journal*, and as a result wasted precious time and effort in seeking a way over this ridge; a maze of shallow wadis and indefinite stony hillsides barred our view of Shayib, and made navigation a difficult problem in the half light. It was not until 7 a.m. that we stood on the crest, and looked down on the upper reaches of the Wadi Abu Abid, and across it to the south face of our peak. About one and a half miles wide, this sand filled valley reminded me forcibly, both in appearance and scale, of some Karakoram glacier; it was not the only reminiscence of the Himalaya which I was to experience that day. From this side, the mountain presents a complicated structure of deep twisting couloirs, bold dividing buttresses. It was clear that a number of routes to the foot of the final ridge were offered to us. But with a bare minimum of available daylight, and with only this one day to spare for the peak, we elected to follow a proven route to the top rather than to explore an alternative of our own, and followed **Murray's** footsteps via the head of the great wadi below us, to reach the north face.

Dropping 600 feet onto the level sandy surface of the wadi, we made our way upstream, and in 45 minutes reached a further low col which gave access to the steep stony gully forming the head of

the Wadi Abu Abid. In this we picked up a faint cairned track, and laboriously made our way to its head. Dr and Mrs Bingham now dropped behind, and as agreed, we went ahead without them. Time passed relentlessly, and it was already past 9-30 a.m. before we emerged from the gully into a sheltered amphitheatre beneath the western-most peaks on the summit ridge, which towered not more than 1,000 feet above us. I was now beginning to feel the effects of a heavy rucksack—we had come prepared for a bitter wind—and lack of training. We, therefore, abandoned here most of our paraphernalia, before climbing up the western flanks of the ridge, to reach a gap **between** the summits.

From here **we** at last had a **view** of the highest point. It rose, a smooth square tower of grey granite, depressingly high above us and a considerable distance away—we reckoned the latter to be more than two miles. Weariness grew as we plodded on beneath the summits and above a great deep wadi; the ascent of a final boulder-filled gully leading to a col on the ridge immediately north of the peak taxed us to the utmost. From this col no more remained but about 150 feet of apparently unscalable rock, but by descending a short distance on the far side we were able to skirt the smooth uncompromising walls and attain a gap dividing the tower into two distinct turrets. After a few minutes of moderate scrambling we stood, on the stroke of midday, upon the smooth sloping dome of Gebel Shayib, and lay down to rest beside the cairn built there by Murray 27 years before.

The day was somewhat overcast, and in the dull light the magnificent panorama lost some effect. Despite this, we were rewarded by a very extensive view, ranging from the Sinai Massif, 130 miles to the north, to the ground beyond the Nile Valley, 100 miles to the west. The coast line could be traced for very many miles, and beyond it lay the tapering apex of the Sinai peninsular, a dark shadow on the deep blue of the ocean. At our feet, 4,000 feet below, the Wadi Abu Irn bounded the eastern foot of the crags on which we stood. The day was still, and it was difficult to realise that only 30 miles away on the coast a high wind was blowing from the north-west.

The time passed all too quickly, and after 20 minutes we had to start down, knowing that already scant time remained if we were to return to our camp site in daylight. In one and a quarter hours we were back at the little plateau beneath the western summit ; I was suffering from severe cramp in my thighs, and we were both much parched. The descent of the long stony gully to the Wadi Abu Abid proved to be as hard a trial as on the way up, but worse was still to come. The 600 feet which had to be climbed to leave the wadi

were, in fact, as great a nightmare as the climbing over 23,000 feet above Camp 6 on Peak 36 had been nearly 14 years ago ; we were by now almost on our hands and knees with fatigue. Once up, however, I found a final reserve of energy, and with less than half an hour of daylight remaining (it was now 4-30 p.m.) decided to race ahead and reassure the remainder of the party. In the failing light I could see two cars waiting at the end of the wadi in which we had camped, and was able to raise an answer to my shouts. At 5 p.m. the party was reunited, and my wife and I were being plied with mugs of hot coffee ; it was mainly of this that we had been thinking for many hours past.

Throughout the day we found abundant traces of wild life ; ibex (of which we picked up a horn), gazelle, and what we were later informed were wild asses. Once again we bitterly regretted the lack of available time in which to watch for and observe the creatures which live in this parched and desolate land.

The return journey occupied the next two days, which were not without a number of mechanical misfortunes. On the second day my wife and I stayed behind to admire at our leisure the splendid stretch of coast north of Abu Darag, dominated by the great escarpment of the Gebel El Galala. We called in for water at one of the Camel Corps outposts, who watch for contraband along this famous smugglers' coast, and were shown a giant ibex horn which dwarfed our own cherished find ; we were surprised to learn that these animals range so far north. That evening, the 8th December, we returned to Fayid, weary from our journey of nearly 550 miles, but refreshed in spirit by the environment of the grand mountains which guard the city of Mons Claudianus.

A FIRST ASCENT IN GREENLAND

W. R. B. Battle

The mountains at the head of Tyroler Fjord, N.E. Greenland 74°N., are not the majestic peaks one finds in the Alps. They are not in fact as beautiful from a climber's viewpoint as those further south in the Franz Joseph Fjord region, peaks which J. M. Wordie and N. E. Odell have made known to British climbers. However, they have a certain character, bold and grandiose, if not truly Alpine.

The Leeds University Expedition to this area in the summer of 1948 was the first venture of its kind sponsored by the **University** authorities. Hitherto research in the Arctic had been by tradition the prerogative of Oxford and Cambridge. The work carried out by the expedition was glaciological and geological and full accounts of this are being published elsewhere. In this article, however, I want to describe a three-day expedition by Jack Haines and myself, the glaciologists of the expedition, to climb the highest peak in the neighbourhood, as yet unnamed. Perhaps our 'nunatak' hardly deserves the term peak, but as it rises to a height of 1,600 metres, and commands a view of the whole region for a distance of at least 50 miles, it is a feature of some prominence.

We set out with moderate loads about 10-30 one morning. Our light duralumin packboards had already proved their worth, when we carried five weeks' food and equipment for the four of us, in relays, to our base camp in the valley. This time it was very pleasant to have reasonable packs, although our scientific equipment always tended to make us look and feel more like Arolla mules than humans. The Pasterze Glacier up which we were going was at least a mile wide and the rock ridges on either side of us were broad and sweeping, the flat tops giving them a typically Scottish appearance. We were below the snow line and at first could thread our way quite easily over the hummocks of ice and up the 'broad rides' which are so clearly marked on many Arctic glaciers. The constant recrossing of channels cut by melt water streams showed clearly the effect of the long summer day in these latitudes. The journey up the glacier was comparatively easy though in places the hummocks and radiation holes made travelling awkward and tiring. These latter are, I believe, unknown in the Alps and consist of holes in the ice from 8 inches to 2 feet in depth having a width of between 2 inches and 2 feet. Very often frozen over, they are extremely treacherous. First one, then the other of us pitched full length whilst on the glacier in thick mist. It is most disconcerting to be brought down with a sickening thud as your leg breaks through into the concealed hole and brings you down as though shot.

We pitched camp in the late afternoon just under the nunatak which appeared as a symmetrical plateau 1,500 feet above us. A ring of cliffs about 1,000 feet high protected the virgin snow cap which now seemed domed, though perhaps this was due to foreshortening. The crystalline ice made securing the tent difficult, and although we tried freezing the pegs in, we had to rely on piling the loose crystals on the snow flaps. It was quite early when we finished our usual pemmican stew, too early for bed on such an evening as this. We donned our fur parkas, as the temperature was well below freezing, and went out to explore next day's route.

The glacier at this height, 3,000 feet, had a thin covering of crisp firm. The sky, still a brilliant blue at 7 p.m., was later to become radiant with suffused sunlight; pinks, blues and greens shone through a large puffy alto-cumulus cloud, lighting it like an opal. We reached the base of the cliffs and examined the gullies carefully; the large steep one which faced us seemed the obvious route, if it would go. The snow was so crystalline and therefore loose, that we put off our final decision until morning.

Whilst walking round the base of the nunatak to try and find an entrance to the foot of the glacier (we wished to examine the crystal structure and movement at depth), Haines suddenly gave a shout and disappeared. When I reached the spot I found him in the entrance of a naturally arched tunnel formed in the base of the glacier by an underground stream. The top, bottom and one side consisted of solid ice, whilst the head wall nearest the cliffs was rock thinly curtained with hoar frost and icicles. We entered the passage and felt our way gingerly along—the ice underfoot was dangerously slippery—it was at first difficult to see. Jack led the way and I followed closely. Stepping down from the ice shelf on which we were standing we followed an old stream bed. We could hear rushing water but could see nothing in the darkness, and cursed ourselves for having no matches. It would be foolish to go on in the dark. We decided to retrace our steps and wait until we had the cameras and a torch. As we walked back over the ice the distant orange tent looked insignificant on the glacier stretching out down the valley as far as the eye could see. But in reality it was roomy, and warm too when the primus was roaring, and we felt we had come back to a comfortable hut after a long climb.

By this time the sun had long been hidden behind the nunatak, looming so large above us, but there was still sufficient light to read by easily. The sky was alight with a pink glow, coming from the sun's rays on the high clouds. Jack Haines disliked the light nights, and eventually found a means of producing artificial darkness to ensure sleep. Cutting some cardboard eye pieces to fit his snow

goggles, he wore these at night. The combination of these with a bushy red beard was an awe inspiring sight.

It was hard and cold that night on the glacier and we had no difficulty in waking early. The usual breakfast of cold oats, sugar and water with two biscuits spread as thickly as possible with butter and marmalade was altered slightly by Jack. He decided it was so cold he would have porridge but this so filled him that the usual two biscuits were too much. We found that these light breakfasts were quite adequate, and with chocolate, biscuits and cheese for lunch we were seldom hungry until six or seven p.m.

Leaving the tent about nine a.m. we soon gained our tunnel of the previous night. This time we reached the water without incident and crossing it took several photographs of the rock and ice walls, using flash powder. The tunnel involved us in some scrambling up a rock wall but eventually we came out at the edge of a small marginal lake. The passage must have connected at some time two marginal lakes under the glacier.

We had lunch at the foot of the gully and decided that this should be our way of ascent. It looked pretty steep and interesting. After 80 feet we realised that the ice crystals made up only the thin surface layer, beneath which was a steep ice slope. This layer, moreover, had an objectional habit of sliding away under one's feet. We made slow but gradual progress. The sun was hot and after 600 feet we were really sweating. Taking turns to lead we found the conditions involved the second in quite a lot of rope work, especially when the leader hit a patch of crystals which started moving on the underlying ice. There was no cornice at the top of the gully, only a platform of rock before the snow slope which led to the top. On this shelf of broken rock we found many large garnets which had weathered out. Their size varied, some were as big as a hen's egg others the size of a pea. After collecting a good number we continued the climb.

Already the whole drainage system of the Pasterze Glacier was coming into view. The snow slope, the first real snow we had trodden since being in Greenland, was rather deceptive. It seemed to go on unendingly, broad and not steeper than 55° . It was exciting to know we were the first to see the far off peaks of Clavering Island, 50 miles away, from this mountain. For mountain it turned out to be. The snow slope finally led to a craggy outcrop which crowned the whole nunatak. We went up together and arrived at the summit as one. Both of us had thought we should apply for Danish permission to call it *Leodiensis Bjaerg*, to mark the first Arctic expedition from Leeds. (Official sanction for a slightly altered form, *Ledesia Bjasrg*, has now been given).

The sight that met our eyes is difficult to describe. The ice cap

stretched as far as one could see to the north-west and merged with the horizon in a blue haze, the ice in the distance reflecting the blue sky. Northwards we could see the 'northern Matterhorn' and numerous islands and peaks, with the pack ice providing a frame to the picture in the east. Down the long sweep of the Pasterze one could see the mountains of Clavering and in the south-west the peaks of Hudson Land and the Franz Joseph Fjord region stood out with Alpine sharpness. We spent perhaps two hours on the top, sunning ourselves and feasting our eyes on the peaks. The tent, just an orange dot on the glacier below, seemed utterly insignificant. To avoid retracing our steps and in order to see the western side of the nunatak, we picked our way down the snow, which in the north-west sloped to the inland ice. We soon found it necessary to rope up again, as one after the other we slipped as far as the knee into small crevasses. This was the first time such a thing had occurred, as previously all travelling had been on dry glaciers. The journey down was quickly accomplished though the tent seemed much farther away than we anticipated. Our pemmican hoosh was doubly welcome that night.

Next morning the minimum thermometer showed the lowest reading over the whole period, 16°F. The mist, which swirled round our tent enveloping the whole glacier was undoubtedly the cause of such low temperatures. Both of us had experienced an uneasy night, cold very readily penetrating up from the ice and through our down sleeping bags. We left at one p.m., having delayed our start hoping in vain it would clear.

Although the glacier surface required all our attention we managed to follow the line of moraine to the first glacier junction. This was passed after a short rest for lunch and gradually we realised that the mist was thicker than ever. We could not see the cliffs on the west side of the valley and now, having left the melt water stream, we had nothing to guide us. Hoar frost besmeared our eyebrows and hung from our beards in small crystals. We calculated that we should reach our old camp site on the moraine spur at 5-15 but at 5-30 we seemed no nearer. I took out the compass and we decided to march on a bearing of 180° which, however, instead of bringing us into the middle of the glacier, took us into a maze of crevasses. In this mist they were the very devil and to make matters worse seemed to be trending along our line of direction. We walked across them for some time then followed our original bearing, all to no purpose. The crevasses seemed to head us off again. We toiled first along one bridge, then another until we were perched on an ice buttress with yawning crevasses on three sides. We thanked our lucky stars it was a dry glacier.

Another look at the map showed us that we could not be more than a mile away from the camp site, but a mile in this mist might mean 10 minutes or 10 hours. We could hear water on our left but knew it might be any one of three streams. Suddenly we heard a stream on the other side. Now mist plays funny tricks on your ears and Jack suggested another look at the map. We took a bearing on each and decided that the right-hand stream must be the one near our camp site. Working out our position on this assumption meant marching on a bearing of 190° , into the much reviled maze of crevasses. I suggested marching across them for 15 minutes then making straight for the sound of water. It worked. Suddenly the crevasses gave way to melt water streams and then the whole glacier surface became more regular. We noticed a steep slope on our right and below, a small marginal lake ; we were at the glacier junction. In another 15 minutes the tent was going up. Again the compass had been proved right.

FELL-ACCIDENT

Graham Suiton

From North Star, by permission of Messrs Wm. Collins. Period 1816.

On a day of late August Dirck walked slowly up Grain Gill with a dog he was training.

This was the easy time of year for shepherds — Kendal Fair over, the hay-harvest carried and the little fields of oats not yet ripe : Seth Banks and Clute in the shade of a sycamore, leisurely painting a wagon : the two young shepherd-lads away down to Keswick, and his Jennifer urging him to take a day off while he'd the chance.

She had worried over him lately. She said : ' You're fifty this year, Dirck ; and I don't like these cramps — oh, I know they're gone in a moment. But doctor warned you when you jarred yourself with that fall, you must treat yourself easier ; and much heed you've paid to *him!* ' And Dirck answered : ' Time enough for doctor's talk when a man can't manage his darrak. These cramps are no more than a touch of rheumatics, I got over the fall long since —'

* Still, to please her, he spent some spare time at the dog — today in Grain Gill, for instance, where he could send it to shed-out a ewe or two on the fell opposite : and watch for any sign of wicks : and while he was there, go on as far as Sprinkling Tarn and take a look at the crags, where a lamb might be cragfast: and be down by noon for his meal.

Homing, two miles above the liouse, he sent the dog up Sprinkling Fell and then whistled it to rejoin him. But a stiff wind was blowing, and the dog hung uncertain. Dirck signalled ; the dog moved towards him, dipped down the intervening gill, and failed to come out. The gill was some way off the path and Dirck crossed to investigate. From its edge he could see the dog below at the foot of a washout, nosing at some old carrion ; he shouted ; it paid no heed. With his eyes on it he began to slither down, when one of his cramps caught him. He lost control, pitched headlong and went somersaulting to the gill-bottom. As he landed he jammed a boot between two rocks, fell forward, broke his leg : and so lay.

In the mid-afternoon, since Dirck had not yet reappeared, Seth and Clute went to look for him. Till the young dog arrived home hungry and frightened, they had felt no anxiety ; two or three wick'd sheep could have kept him on the fell up to now. Then they began to wonder if he'd spied a lamb on Great End, and was trying to rescue it. They went there direct, within an hour, for he'd left word where he would be. From the tarn they examined the precipice ; there were not more than half-a-dozen danger spots, well

known to both of them, where sheep got cragfast ; but they saw nothing. Seth said : ' He might have tummel't intil one o' the gullies, if a yow knocked him off ——?'

Three steep dark gullies gashed the crag. From below, their beds were invisible. The men both knew it was unlikely that Dirck would touch a sheep anywhere near the gullies, he'd have let it bide till next day. For all that, Seth Banks climbed the three in succession—up one and down the next—and made a detour by Skew Gill on the far side, to search there also. This took him several hours, till dusk. Meanwhile Clute moved from point to point below the crag with his spyglass, peering from every angle, till he was confident that neither Dirck nor sheep could be there. They returned home by moonlight, both dead beat. Clute had turned sixty-nine the preceding April. Seth Banks was fifty-seven.

Dirck watched them search.

His boot was inextricably jammed. When he tried to release it, or to twist round and cut the lace, his thighbone gave him such a stab of agony that he fainted. Reviving presently, he took stock. He was half in the beck and half among its tumbled stones, with a rowan tree leaning over him. He could see 10 or 15 yards upstream, between steep walls, till the gill turned a corner. Above the gill, through the gaps in the rowan leaves, he saw Great End and the scree running down from it about a quarter-mile off. He did not shout ; he knew there was not the remotest chance that anyone would be near him ; towards evening, maybe, they would come up to look for him ; he must save his shouting till then. . . . And indeed they came, earlier than he dared to hope, and passed him within 200 yards, shouting sometimes. But the wind and the beck-noise drowned their shouts, and Dirck never guessed they were so near till he saw them below Great End : Clute and Seth, Rake and Spot and Meg and Nell and the puppy that he'd been training. The dogs had fetched them up, he reckoned, scenting him on the grasses ; but they'd missed him where he turned oil' the grass to the rougher ground near the gill ? He thought: It's no good whistling now, not with this damned wind. . . . But he whistled. They took no notice ; Clute moved down slantwise out of his line of vision ; Seth Banks went plodding up the scree to a gully, and disappeared.

He thought: I'll catch them on their way home. . . . His whistle would carry to the path if he chose the right moment. Or Rake might get his scent, returning, at the point where it branched off: rough ground or no rough ground. But the main thing now was to listen. He could not see on to the path, he must hear them

and whistle when they were abreast of him ; otherwise he was done.

Seth was still somewhere in the gully, or had climbed out at the top. Clute reappeared along the scree, gaping up at the precipice. If only this bloody wind would drop : or the rowan didn't shadow him : or the dogs wandered off to hunt the fell on their own. . . . When he'd seen nothing of the men for a while, he began whistling at intervals, praying that his strength might hold out ; and it held out till dark, and longer. He could not know that they had gone home another way at last, by the top of the fell.

After dark it turned bitter cold, and colder in the small hours. He dozed, dreamed, woke numb, and dozed again. He woke to find the moon had set—maybe he'd been unconscious ? The next time he woke, it was day. The young dog had left him, but that might have been yesterday—must have been yesterday, for he remembered he had seen it on the scree with the others. If it were Rake, now_____ old Rake, he'd soon have led them right. The young dog hadn't sense enough. Rain fell. If it rained much, the beck would spate and he'd be drowned and that 'ud settle the business. . . .

Then something moved against the sky, and he saw Rake looking down at him.

FROM THE ROCKIES TO LAKELAND

Sydney R. Vallance

When my wife and I left our home in Banff, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, toward the end of April, to visit our native England, our plans were rather vague. We wanted above everything else to see and enjoy the English countryside and in course of doing so, to visit our scattered relatives. We had been absent many years and only had the limited memories of youth, but these had been fostered by much reading, and that kindled a desire to know more of the land for which our affection had never waned. We wanted to see the little churches and the great cathedrals, the lovely villages and the ancient cities, the southern downs and the northern moors, and last but not least, the mountains of Wales and the hills and dales of Lakeland. As I write the shores of England are receding, the glimmering lights are growing fainter, and our four months' holiday is over. It has been a wonderful one ; every day has brought its happy experiences, and no amount of planning could have made better or more varied use of our time, except perhaps for one thing—our visit to Lakeland was too brief. My friend and predecessor in office, Eric Brooks, had told me of the delightful hospitality extended to him by the Fell and Rock Climbing Club and by Colonel Westmorland, an old and valued member of our own Alpine Club of Canada, and the holder of our ' Silver Rope ' award for outstanding leadership in the activities of our Club in Canada. By pre-arrangement Col. Westmorland gave us the benefit of his advice and guidance during our brief stay in Keswick and we shall be ever grateful to him and his friends Dr and Mrs Lyth for making our visit to Lakeland so full of enjoyment.

On the afternoon of our arrival we were afforded the pleasure of taking tea at the Club Hut in Langdale and meeting the President and some of the members of the Club. From there Col. Westmorland led Miss Molly FitzGibbon and me in a climb on Scout Crag, by what is known, I think, as Route No. 1. Another day, from Borrowdale Hotel, Col. Westmorland with Dr and Mrs Lyth took me up Shepherd's Crag, by what is known as the Chamonix Route. On other days my wife and I walked over the Styhead Pass, and along Ullswater from Howtown to Patterdale, and drove over the Honister and Whinlatter Passes. The days passed all too quickly for surely there must be few places on earth where so much natural beauty is confined in so small a compass and within such easy reach.

I have been asked to give my impressions of climbing in Lakeland as distinguished from climbing in the Rockies where most of our

experience has been. With so brief and superficial an acquaintance with the climbing of the English Lake District I do not feel competent, nor would it be proper, to make comparisons with our climbing in the Rockies where we have spent so many years. But I will venture to give my impressions of climbing in Lakeland so far as my limited experience goes, and by contrast go on to tell something of the nature of our climbing in Canada.

For the climb of Shepherd's Crag, we met at the Borrowdale Hotel shortly after noon, and as it was a perfect day went into a field and picnicked near a stream. After a pleasant and leisurely time in the field we prepared for our climb. There were congenial people about. American tourists wanted to know where we were going and were intensely interested in all the Colonel had to tell them. A youthful party with climbing ropes came along, looking for sport and were pleased when the Colonel gave them directions. I thought to myself 'What sort of climbing do we have here? Starting out at lunch-time, then a leisurely picnic, then a period for social intercourse___' I wondered if the next thing would be refreshment at the inn, but no—we strolled from the hotel a hundred yards or so and we were on our way. The climb was on an innocent looking crag by the roadside of some 300 feet and at last, at about three o'clock we were on the rock. For the next hour or so I enjoyed as fine a pitch of rock climbing as is to be found on many of our great rock peaks and finer than on many of our highest mountains. My enjoyment, and I think that of my companions also, was marred by some distress I experienced with my breathing while climbing. This was due partly to my being out of condition and partly to the change to sea-level after having lived for so many years at an altitude of about 4,000 feet. But despite this the climb, made with such good companions, was a delightful one. I have enjoyed it over and over again in retrospect—unhampered by difficult breathing. We were down in time for tea and my first thought was: 'What an ideal way to do one's climbing.' I am told there are dozens of such crags, each with dozens of routes to suit all tastes. I cannot think of a more pleasant way to climb.

In the Canadian Rockies climbing is quite different. The summer season is a short one—from the 1st July to the middle of September. Then, while in the valleys and on the prairies open weather may prevail into December, frequent snowfalls at the higher altitudes (which may be rain in the valleys) prevent safe or enjoyable climbing. Then the ski lodges prepare for their winter activities and by Christmas the ski-ing season is in full swing. But I do not think I can do better, to give a true idea of mountaineering in Canada, than review briefly the facilities of our Alpine Club and the way in which

those facilities are enjoyed by its members. The Club is divided into or perhaps I should say 'united by' its 'local sections' from the Victoria section in the West to the Montreal and New York sections in the East, each with its own constitution under the authority of and approved by the executive board of the Club which includes the chairman of each local section. During the winter the members of the various sections organise their own outings and social gatherings, such as cross-country ski-ing, ski mountaineering, gatherings at Club Huts, and banquets or dinners at which the members or selected speakers show slides or motion pictures of mountaineering expeditions. In March or April the annual ski camp of the Club is held in an area selected by the ski committee. This year the Camp was held at Mt Robson in the northern Rockies and lasted 10 days. Provisions and equipment are taken in by pack-horse train before the winter sets in, and the camp site is generally located near one of the Club Huts or some building which can be used for cooking and resting.

As soon as weather conditions permit, the sections organise week-end outings for climbing, when instruction is given to the newer members and those who want to 'graduate' to active membership. The present qualification for active membership is that one must have made an ascent of such a truly Alpine, glacier-hung peak, rising at least 2,500 feet above timber line, as is acceptable to the executive board.

The main undertaking of the Club is its annual camp held for a period of two or three weeks during July and in a different and generally remote region in each year. Members assemble from all over the continent and frequently there are in attendance representatives of the Alpine Clubs of England, France, Switzerland, America, New Zealand and other countries. The attendance averages about 150, and members walk in (or may ride on ponies) a distance varying from two or three to 18 or 20 miles from the highway to camp, and occasionally when the distance has been greater it has been necessary to establish a half-way over-night camp and take two days to walk in. As soon as one camp is concluded, the officers of the Club commence their planning and organising for the next one. Provisions and equipment are taken in by train, motor lorry and packhorse from the Club Headquarters at Banff, and the work of construction of the camp commences two weeks before the opening date. Framework of the marquees and tents, tables, benches, etc., are all made from timber taken from the forest at the camp site.

As soon as camp opens a 'Climbing Committee' is appointed by the President from the members in camp and this Committee causes to be posted on the noticeboard each evening the climbs and

expeditions for the following day. Members sign up for the climb or expedition of their choice and the Committee selects from the signatories those who may make up each party. Alternative climbs are arranged for those whose names are deleted. All parties are led by selected volunteer guides, and each party is 'called' at 4, 5, 6 or 7 a.m., according to the distance and nature of the peak to be climbed. A climb may involve a walk of a mile or two along a forest trail, then 'bush-whacking' through virgin forest to a rock peak, or up a long glacier tongue and over a snowfield to a snow peak, or through forest, up scree slopes, and cliffs leading to a final peak of eternal snow. But always the climb is to the summit of the mountain, and the party can generally spend an hour or so on the top, and be back in camp for tea, or for dinner or in late evening. And generally the descent is by the same route as that of the ascent, except of course where a traverse of the peak can be made. For the higher peaks more remote from the main camp a high subsidiary camp is established to which parties go on the day before climbing and return to the main camp on the day after. There are, of course, more accessible climbs close to camp which make for an easier day, and botanical expeditions and picnics are arranged for those who want a rest between climbs. In case of illness or accident the camp doctor is always available.

While the mountains range in altitude from 9,000 to 12,000 or 13,000 feet above sea-level, the actual climbing altitude is reduced by the height at which the main camp in the valley is established. This ranges from 4,000 to 7,000 feet above sea level and the 'high camp' may be established at anything up to 10,000 feet.

Apart from this undertaking of the Club, its members and other climbers do considerable climbing from the more accessible centres like Lake Louise, Jasper and Banff, either guideless or with Swiss guides who make their headquarters at Lake Louise, but always the objective is the same, namely, the summit, and the approach is generally along the lines I have intimated.

Doubtless, there are climbs in Lakeland of much longer duration than the two I experienced but as I have only read of them I cannot say anything of them from my own knowledge. But one thing that contributed so much to the pleasure of the climb on Shepherd's Crag was the solidity and firmness of the rock, and the absence of falling stones. So often in our climbs every handhold, every foothold, must be thoroughly tested because of rotten rock, and constant vigil must be kept for loose rocks and falling stones. Seldom can we relax this vigilance even on peaks where the rock is firm.

We loved the fields and trees of Lakeland, the bracken and the ghylls, but we did miss the flowers and little animals which we

encounter in the Rockies in such profusion. True, there were the heather and the foxgloves, but we missed the little meadows filled with flaming colour from the Indian paintbrush, with its dozens of shades ranging from white to deep maroon, and the myriads of other wild flowers including the columbine, arnica, gaillardia and geranium. We missed too, the shrill whistle of the marmot, the piping of the chipmunk and the plaintive 'peep' of the rock rabbit, which have always been such welcome sounds to the solitary wanderer in the high places. While we were sorry to leave Lakeland and shall not be content until we have again tasted the delights of climbing its crags and hiking its trails, the call of the Rockies is sounding in our ears again and as we toil up the slopes or rest on the summit rocks in the warmth of the summer sun we shall think of those precious days in Lakeland and of our friends in the Fell and Rock Climbing Club whom we hope to see again.

WESTMORLAND WEATHER

In counties east and south and north,
From Lizard Head to Firth of Forth,
The people meeting one another, stay
To chat, and pass the time of day.
Here . . . our topic never fails,
First, the weather, then our ills and ails.
'Rayder slattery,' some will say,
Or 'gaen ta mizzle a t' day.'
Although the sky's as black as ink—,
'Nay, it'll git oot fine a' think.'
Some calm still morning **with** the sun on high,
The wind at rest gives not a sigh . . .
'Aye, it'll brak doon like eneuf
And mappen seun t'wind coom reuf.'
Now when the fire is burning dead,
And though you poke will not show red,
The logs are black. 'It burns like snaw,'
Then when you wake and curtains draw,
You're sure to see by morning light
That all around the fells are white.
Its pouring 'gey gurt pells' and yet
'Seesta ! t'kitchen flags is wet,'
With certainty as time is time
By morns morn the sun will shine.
Without our weather we would be
'Capt for aught,' as you can see.

MARY ROSE FITZGIBBON.

AN ANCIENT RAGE

E. W. Hodge

In June, 1948, I completed the task of climbing all the Scottish 3,000-foot mountains (and indeed all those in the British Isles, except one). For many years, imaginary travels among them had filled a good part of my more idle thoughts ; I had concentrated my mind on them in the dentist's chair and when unable to sleep at night ; and had studied maps with the diligence many people give to pools or crosswords. Somehow I had expected that when the job was at last done a sort of celestial amen would sound on the inward ear, and that I should feel . . . well, like a man who had done the Munros. But actually, I don't feel as if I had done them at all. (No beard, perhaps ?) But are they the same hills as those I set out to discover ? The old illustrations which seemed to suggest such ineffable visions, now furnish to the more knowledgeable eye quite different information, or are even plain bad. The tender and magical light has faded into the light of common day. None the less, my debt is paid.

It was Sir Hugh Munro of Lindertis who first undertook to catalogue the Scottish mountains, of which, in his Revised List, he reckoned 276 separate ones. The task was then less simple than it would be now, since he had to work with the old hill-shaded maps, and not with the beautifully-sketched contours of today. We have to imagine the pioneers penetrating the long glens in pony traps procured by complicated arrangements beforehand with keepers, and by personal influence with forest-owners. This very likely produced a more intimate knowledge of the country than the hit-and-run style of the motorist. But an eccentric such as Winans could make it really difficult for strangers to traverse his vast domain, which extended from Kintail to Strathglass.

Sir Hugh never finished climbing the 'Munros.' He purposely postponed the easy and accessible Cam Cloch Mhuillin to be his last, and the Kaiser's war overtook him. Meanwhile the Reverend A. E. Roberston had, in 1901, completed the task. Burn came next, in 1923, and since then some eight or nine others have followed, many of them visiting all the subsidiary 3,000-foot points as well.

I have myself only taken account of mountains, and not of the subsidiary points, although no doubt I must have stood on the great majority of the latter, especially if they had some independent interest. What I tried to do was to cover the most striking features of the mountain, whether these happened to be tors, corries, or what have you, visiting the place again if one day was not enough, but not sacrificing an interesting gully or ridge for a scarcely distinguishable top. This perhaps would be less natural were it not

that it is somewhat doubtful whether quite a lot of the tops comply even with the nominal qualification, a modest one.

On the question of revising the tables, two schools of thought appear to exist. Both are highly traditionalist. One maintains that the list should be left exactly as Sir Hugh left it. The other points out that he was still collecting information up to the day of his death, and asks : ' What would he have done, in the light of the additional information we now have ? ' Thus it happens, that the only new mountain whose inclusion would command unanimous approval is Beinn Tarsuinn, in the area north of Loch Maree. The one-inch map still gives this no more than a 2,800-foot contour ring, but it is in fact about 3,050 feet high, or very slightly lower than the eastern top of Slioch. The claims of the separate mountains Beinn a' Chlaidhemh (in the same area), Beinn an Oighreag (Lochay), Cam Gorm Loch (Stravaich), and Foinaven, to reach 3,000 feet have all been put forward, but must be considered firmly disproved. Of course, in the case of many mountains in the tables which are known to exceed 3,000 feet, there is doubt what the exact height is. Perhaps a dozen points not in the tables are known to exceed 3,000 feet and have been suggested for inclusion as subsidiary tops. But one can feel little enthusiasm for efforts to show that the re-ascent from a main summit to a subsidiary point slightly exceeds 50 feet.

Another suggestion is, to subordinate scientific measurement to romantic considerations such as prominence in the landscape, or estimation of mixed facts such as difficulty combined with distance from the main top. Should Beinn Eighe, or Cairngorm, be divided into three ? Such suggestions would seem even more shocking were it not that the same sort of thing has actually been done in some instances in the Tables. Thus, why are the Newtonmore hills counted as seven ? Interesting as are these speculations, they open the door to such endless discussion, without hope of general agreement, that one can understand the decision to leave the list as it is.

To me, a pleasing feature of the pursuit has been its non-competitive character. Not less firmly would I hold in check the collecting instinct, whether applied to postage stamps or mountains. But it has its uses. Sometimes it is only by enlisting all possible inducements, against the inclination of the moment, that one undertakes excursions which promise to be dull. Yet many a day expected to be boring can turn out to be richly rewarding, as we all know. In a given area it is often those mountains which are the least striking to look at which are the best to look out from. Yet by the time one is threequarters-way through a fixed list, one's choice of excursions becomes a bit restricted, and one feels one has seen, as Samuel Johnson put it: ' enough for the contemplation of a

philosopher.' A man were but an ass, who should take on such a job for no better reasons than competitive or acquisitive ones.

Some people have claimed that the pursuit of the Munros requires a longer holiday lifetime than is given to the ordinary man. Others, remembering that 11 Skye mountains have been traversed in a day, have reckoned they could all be done in about a month. With fair luck, perhaps a dozen years' holiday time would be a reasonable allowance. But I think it is really a matter of how much one wants to do them. If one makes the best of one's ordinary chances, sooner or later luck may put additional ones in one's way. The completion of such a long job might be expected to leave a serious gap in one's interests, and to pose the question : ' What shall I do now ? '

In the answers they find to this question, those who have climbed the Munros naturally vary. Mr Robertson gallantly asserted that he meant to do the list all over again ; but perhaps this was to be taken as a gesture, and not seriously. Yet it will be asked why the reasons which were valid for the original task do not continue to be so ? Well, because the impulse to undertake this sort of thing is not wholly a material one, and the virtue would not be in it a second time. Not only orange peel, but faith, hope, and love lie copiously strewn on these barren slopes.

Another case is that of J. A. Parker, of Aberdeen, who completed the list in 1927. He was equally indefatigable in mind and in body. Even hills of a thousand feet were not beneath his notice, and before he died he could count more than a thousand of them that he had climbed, besides organising the erection of mountain indicators and footbridges, and solving scientific problems. He has left magnificently accurate and full accounts of some of the finest and most remote of our mountain regions. In *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal*, vol. xviii, at p. 124, he listed a further 23 mountains of 3,000 feet in Wales, Ireland, and England ; or 300 with Tarsuinn.

A different answer was given by yet another of the earlier men, who approached the hills in what one may call a spirit of Swinburnian enthusiasm. Truly his hours were rounded with a nimbus ; and his brilliant articles are the only ones I know in mountaineering club *Journals* which, besides quotations from the Greek and from the Gaelic poets, contain also some from the Hebrew. He left behind him a sheaf of suggestions for the amendment of the tables. What if I have not found them particularly reliable ? Would he have loved mountains so well if he had not also loved poetry ? Not for such a one as this the dull ambition of finding another list of smaller hills to do, in order to rationalise a behaviour-pattern grown habitual.

My friends, we will not go again, to ape an ancient rage
 Nor stretch the folly of our youth to be the shame of age
 But walk, with clearer eyes and ears, this path that
 wandereth . . .

Though no longer heard of in our circles, I am sure he shines with comet-like brightness wherever he is.

One of the best testimonies to the soundness of the pursuit was to hear Mr Robertson himself, after more than 50 years as a mountaineer, acclaiming the 'golden memories' the Scottish hills had left with him. In writing shortly after completing the list he said: 'I only wish I could tell of some far-away unknown peak bristling with difficulties on all sides, but the fact is there are none.' In the narrowest sense of the words perhaps this may be true. But I must mention, for the record, the abundance of interest I myself have found in Highland wanderings, and the magnificent features—not indeed my own exclusive discoveries, but certainly far from familiar, and equal to the better-known ones. There are pinnacles rising two, four, five, or six hundred feet out of the sea, precipitous faces on which no climber has set foot, waterfalls higher than Glomach, cliffs overhanging their bases, unexplored caverns, odd sections of main ridge narrow as Aonach Eagach, and half-forgotten curiosities like the Black Rock of Novar. Besides wild life, it has been the relics of human occupation which have especially interested me: such things as shieling settlements (up to 2,000 feet), or huts (up to twice that height) used for watching deer, or by surveyors; or, at valley level, the tiny lodges which must have made to their builders, as they make to me, the deep appeal of sheer solitude: Papadil, Bendronaig, Slugan, Upper Tarf, Cuilrea—if I had to name another pilgrimage for myself it might be, I think, to visit all these, so many of them now ruined. Then there is the interest of the tracks which have existed for different purposes at different periods, their patterns unconcernedly overlaying each other: stalking paths, drove roads, corpse roads and footways between vanished settlements, the tracks of armies and of lesser thieves, the 'military' roads which were all right for peace-time soldiering but contemptuously by-passed in war, and the roads made (often, too, by military labour) in abortive efforts to open up the country.

The problem of planning the ideal route and following it, over constantly fresh ground, has been perhaps my main interest. (I suppose about 30 of my Munros have been done in very, very, thick weather.) Even with a good map, the perfect solution can occupy much thought beforehand. In prospect, many hills looked rather hard to get at, but in retrospect one is apt to wonder where the difficulty was. Of course, I have had a few long walks, such as

Corrou to Fort William, or Kinlochewe to Poolcwc, over tops, and the round of Ben Avon and Ben a' Bhuid. But I have no mishaps to record, such as losing or injuring myself, or involuntary nights out—on land, that is. Even at sea, though we saw the whale's back teeth many a time, some latent instinct of seamanship or some cherubic guidance from aloft always saved us in time. I am not sure whether landing on all the islets of Scotland (say, for the sake of definition, those big enough to pasture a sheep) would not be a longer job than the Munros.

For indulging a fancy for out-of-the-way places one must pay a price. Such is my bad taste that I do not much regret the sacrifice of foreign mountain holidays—because I just happen to like Scotland. Rock-climbing opportunities perhaps I regret more. But lack of companions is certainly a loss, and it says a lot for one's enthusiasm that one should think exploration worth doing alone. Only on about a quarter of the Munros have I had a companion, and on hardly more than a dozen have I met anyone else anywhere on the mountain. Walking by oneself is a habit that grows on one. With the best will toward others, one gets a nervous dread of being run off one's feet, or impatience of other people's hesitations in route-finding.

Up till half-way through the list, nearly half my three-thousanders were done under wintry conditions, but since then the proportion has been much smaller. Perhaps the grimmest tour was one by cycle to Sutherland (the last for five years) early in 1940—a deserted country and unrelenting strong sleety winds. Only a keen interest in geology kept me warm. The jolliest days (though hardly concerned with the bigger hills) were some in the motor-yachting expeditions to the Hebrides (1936-7-8-9)—with their great novelty to us, their 20-hour-a-day occupation and sunshine, and laughter all the time at our mishaps. But this is but a tiny fraction of what comes to mind ♣

If I should sit by some tarn in Thy hills
Using its ink as the spirit wills . . .
Ere unto Z my pen drew nigh
My worn reeds broken, the dark tarn dry,

the *Journal*, too, would be filled, before I had exhausted the 'golden memories' to which I, like Robertson, could bear witness. But it is not an epitaph that I want to be writing.

For there is good news yet to hear
and fine things to be seen
—even if they do not forever take the shapes of bog, scree, and cairn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH AND THE LAKE COUNTRY

E. M. Turner

The English-speaking world has this year been commemorating the centenary of the death of William Wordsworth. In the Lake Country, the celebrations have been on a scale approaching hero worship ; and it is therefore perhaps not inappropriate for a Journal which mirrors not only the interests of the professed rock climber but of all who love our Lakeland fells, to consider, in this centenary year, how far the poet Wordsworth is responsible for increasing and stimulating a love for natural scenery in general, and of Lakeland scenery in particular. Certainly a taste for mountain scenery already existed before Wordsworth's time. The poet Gray had described the Vale of Grasmere in charmingly appreciative fashion, even though Borrowdale frightened him so horribly ; and the divine, William Gilpin, showed a real appreciation of natural scenery in his ' Observations, relating to picturesque beauty . . . particularly the Mountains and Lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland,' published in 1786. Wordsworth was then a boy of 16, and seven years were to elapse before, in 1793, he published his first considerable efforts, ' An Evening Walk ' and ' Descriptive Sketches.' Had he stopped here, our debt to him would not be very great. These poems are conceived in **the** conventional eighteenth century manner, and their descriptive language is extremely stilted. But Wordsworth did not stop here : and that he did not do so, provides the *raison d'etre* for this short essay.

Why in fact should we trouble ourselves with Wordsworth today and continue to study him with any depth of seriousness ? It is easy of course to point the finger of scorn at some of his poems, at their *naïveté* and almost comical matter-of-factness : yet Wordsworth at his greatest can sound a trumpet that few others know how to handle, let alone place to their lips. There is a majesty about his verse, and an intensity of feeling for nature revealed in it, such as few other poets have had. Wordsworth not only communed deeply with nature, but in his verse was also able to communicate something of her mysteriousness to his readers. He was amongst the first to look beyond the mere outward landscape, so fair to the eye, to the spiritual frame in which it was set : and he strove to interpret nature to men, believing that she had a spiritual message for them. How well he describes the influence of natural objects over the imagination in his early youth :

' Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
 With stinted kindness. In November days,
 When vapours rolling down the valleys made
 A lonely scene more lonesome ; among woods
 At noon ; and 'mid the calm of summer nights.
 When, by the margin of the trembling lake,
 Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went
 In solitude, such intercourse was mine :
 Mine was it in the fields both day and night,
 And by the waters, all the summer long.
 And in the frosty season, when the sun
 Was set, and, visible for many a mile,
 The cottage windows through the twilight blazed . . . '

This sense of unity and fellowship with nature comes out over and over again in the great passages in the 'Prelude' : and it is perhaps because of this that such power underlies his descriptive writing. See his great lines on the Simplon Pass : the stark sublimity of the description shows how deeply the actual scene impressed itself on his imagination. This power of nature over his senses, so supremely attuned and sensitive to her varying moods, appears frequently, and in such lines as the following, in which he retrospectively looks back over the experiences of boyhood. He describes how he would cause the owls to answer his mimic hootings, and how in the silence when they would not respond, the natural influences would take complete possession of his natural being :

' . . . And, when there came a pause
 Of silence such as baffled his best skill :
 Then sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
 Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
 Has carried far into his heart the voice
 Of mountain-torrents ; or the visible scene
 Would enter unawares into his mind
 With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
 Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
 Into the bosom of the steady lake.'

Always he had an intense physical awareness of nature. What a different approach to her he had from that of so many men of letters! What nature meant to him in early youth also finds powerful expression in 'Tintern Abbey' :

' I cannot paint
 What then I was. The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite ; a feeling and a love,
 That had no need of a remoter charm.
 By thought supplied, nor any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye.'

And in inspired lines he writes :

' I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.'

This passage, it is true, is capable of a pantheistic interpretation. But at least Wordsworth regarded nature as a compelling force in human life. What she meant to him, he sums up well enough in the ' Tintern Abbey ' lines when he writes that he is

' Well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thought, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.'

To us there may indeed appear something extravagant in this claim : and well we know that nature is not always beneficent or kindly in her operations. But Wordsworth taught men to look upon her with the inner eye ; so that no man who beheld her in her nobler forms could fail to be inspired and strengthened mentally and spiritually—whether morally, as Wordsworth would have liked to claim, is entirely a different matter. Because a man can appreciate a fine sunset, it does not necessarily mean that his moral conduct will move along a high plane simply because he is capable of rejoicing in such natural phenomena. Even Hitler could appreciate the beauty of the mountain scenery near Berchtesgaden, yet that did not alter his moral character. But the thoughts and sensations that come to many in the presence of fine scenery have received no finer expression than in the poems of Wordsworth. Here was one who lived close to the heart of nature, and could interpret her every mood with fullest sympathy.

This in fact is Wordsworth's great claim to remembrance ; and this, too, is why we who walk and climb should be glad to join in honouring him this year. It is the principal reason for honouring his memory, too, since in many ways Wordsworth was not a typical native of the Lake District. True, he was born in Cockermonth, and lived for the greater part of his life in the District, especially during the great creative years at Grasmere. But his soul was like a star that dwelt apart. He described events in the lives of simple Lakeland folk, and considered that he was using the simple and unadulterated

English which a Cumberland shepherd might be expected to use (though this was far from being so). But he never mingled with his neighbours in their sports and pastimes ; fox hunting, high up on the fells, it was not for him to describe. For all his praise of the shepherd, too, he apparently knew nothing of farming or sheep breeding, even as an amateur. Nor did he mix with his neighbours socially, or gossip or joke with them. What in their turn did they think of him ? The story goes that one morning Hartley Coleridge, the son of the poet Coleridge, asked the old stone breaker by Rydal Lake what was the latest news, and was told that there was ' nowte varyy particlar, only aid Wudsworth's brocken lowce ageean.' This is a reference to Wordsworth's habit of quoting poetry aloud on his country walks, which the country folk took to be a sure sign of mental aberration. On another occasion a stranger, resting at a cottage in Rydal, inquired if Wordsworth made himself congenial to his neighbours. ' Well,' she said, ' he sometimes goes booin' his pottery about t'roads an't'fields an' taks na nooatish o' nea'body ; but at udder times he'll say good morning, Dolly, as sensible as oyder you or me.' Wordsworth must have been a sore puzzle to his Lakeland contemporaries. Even his physical appearance was scarcely that of the stalwart and upright dalesman. He seems to have had a somewhat awkward, unathletic frame, with stooping shoulders, strange in one who spent so much of his time walking about in the open air : and when he was but 3^C), he was considered by a fellow traveller in a coach, one day, to be an elderly person of 60.

And yet, if in so many ways he stood apart from the dalesfolk, Wordsworth could certainly walk. The Journals of his sister Dorothy are full of the most tremendous excursions on foot, which might well take aback even our modern fell walkers ; and when Wordsworth lived in Grasmere, and Coleridge in Keswick, the two friends thought nothing of walking the 13 miles that separated them, and did it frequently. We might recall this when we pass over at high speed by car the excellent macadamised surface of the road skirting the eastern shore of Thirlmere today. We also hear of Wordsworth tramping down the valley from Grasmere late at night to Ambleside, there to rouse the sleeping postwoman, so that some poem already dispatched to one of the newspapers might receive the benefit of a last-minute alteration. It was doubtless due to his powers as a pedestrian that W^ordsworth owed physical health and long life, and as well surely, the quickening of his poetic sensibilities.

As for Wordsworth's love for the Lake country, that comes over and over again in his poetry. Quite an anthology could be made of the poems, or parts of poems, descriptive of definite Lakeland scenes. So many of them draw on this background as their direct

source of inspiration, and would lose their meaning if they were to be detached from it. In this category can be put many of the Lyrical Ballads, ' Michael,' ' The Brothers,' very many of the charming short nature poems written in the Dove Cottage days, the Matthew poems, ' Resolution and Independence,' and others. They all belong essentially to the Lake Country that Wordsworth knew. A whole series of sonnets describes the Duddon, from source to mouth ; and though they were written late, yet they are instinct with the beauty of that enchanted dale. Each charming and noteworthy spot calls forth its appropriate sonnet, and in a fine epilogue the poet summarises his thought, and describes the faith that actuates him, his youth gone by :

' Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide :
 The Form remains, the Function never dies ;
 While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
 We Men, who in our morn of youth defied
 The elements, must vanish ;—be it so !
 Enough, if something from our hands have power
 To live, and act, and serve the future hour ;
 And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
 Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent dower,
 We feel that we are greater than we know.

Those who would seek out poems about Lakeland scenes and mountains can turn to his descriptions of echoes amongst the hills in **the** second of the ' Poems on the Naming of Places ' ; or the description of Dungeon Ghyll in the ' Idle Shepherd-Boys ' ; or of the account of many scenes and well-known places between Rydal and Keswick, in ' The Waggoner ' Did space permit, extensive quotation could be made from such poems ; but we have to beware lest we come to regard Wordsworth as a Lakeland topographer in verse. For here was one who saw very deep into the heart of nature, and experienced her power to heal and soothe and inspire. And how wonderfully does he express it all! Something of the magic of the Lakeland scene is conveyed in lines that have already been quoted. Here it is again, in Wordsworth's account of the Borrowdale yews, under which the poet imagines a meeting of Fear and Hope, Silence and Foresight, Death the Skeleton and Time the Shadow

' there to celebrate
 As in a natural temple scattered o'er
 With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
 United worship ; or in mute repose
 To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
 Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.'

How subtly is the mountain atmosphere conveyed in those last two lines ; and to all who look up at Glaramara from Borrowdale, how apt and fitting they must appear. It is because Wordsworth was so at home among the hills, so at one with nature, that he could write thus. In his 'Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle' are these lines :

' Love had he found in huts where poor men lie ;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.'

Wordsworth writes about these things as one who knows from experience what a rich influence they can exert over the human mind ; and it is because he helped to open our eyes to the beauty that surrounds us, and to the inspiration and inner spiritual meaning it can hold for us, that we ought gladly to pay homage to his memory in this centenary year.

As one's middle-age creeps towards the seventies, the inevitable thought recurs : ' When shall I no longer be able to enjoy the mountains on my own feet ? ' One knows that the day must come when nature will answer : ' Now ! ' It may, therefore, be of comfort to fell-walkers of my generation to learn how I have put my old muscles to the question and received the encouraging reply: ' Not yet.'

1947 was a bad year for family travelling abroad so I decided to tramp by myself across Switzerland over a series of under-9,000 feet passes, to see just how much one could enjoy without overstrain and without previous training. In the circumstances there is much advantage in going alone. The solitary walker can start when he likes, stop when it suits him, change all his plans at will, and spend unlimited time dawdling over his lunch enjoying the view, without feeling that he is keeping back a more energetic companion or overwalking a less agile fellow-ancient. In describing a solitary tramp it is impossible to avoid the Ego. If I used the royal and inaccurate we, I would incur the obvious jibe : ' I thought you said you were alone. Who was the other and where did you pick her up ? ' There are people like that. They shall be disappointed, for I will retain the Ego but remain anonymous.

To cut all farther preliminaries, I **left** London on 7th July, bound for Lenk, with rucksack and a small suitcase-full of spare clothing. I had not been to Switzerland for 17 years, and two spare hours in Berne at tea-time, waiting for the train connection, was too great a temptation. Having cashed all my travellers' cheques at a nearby bank, I tumbled into the biggest and most inviting patisserie and chose such a heap of delicious cakes that the waitress solemnly handed me two plates and two sets of eating tools !

Arrived at Lenk in the evening. I sought out the cheapest hotel, since it was one of the objects of my tour to find out if one could keep **total** expenses within £\ per day. Having made calculations on the *Guide to Sziiss Hotels* for 1946, it was a shock to discover that all prices had been put up 10 per cent. There lies my only grouse. Swiss hoteliers will not realise that foreign visitors make their summer plans, as a rule, in January, and a list of prices ruling in the past year is of no interest or value whatsoever, if it is no guide to prices in the coming season. I did manage to keep within an average £ 1 per day but it meant frequently cutting out afternoon tea and an occasional bottle of beer in the rucksack.

Much has been written in the last two years of the welcome extended by the Swiss to British visitors, with sly hints that it is

the custom, rather than the customer, which prompts their warmth. I deny that imputation —**violently** ! I can speak, with the experience of nearly 30 Swiss holidays, of the natural and kindly courtesy of **the** Swiss hotel proprietor who welcomes his guests, of whatever nationality, and personally supervises their comforts and individual needs. If a Briton arrives carrying a well-worn rucksack and wearing the badge of the Swiss Alpine Club there is a *friendliness* in one's reception, not only in the hotel but in shops and trains and buses and on the road. The shopkeeper, the waitress, the **hall-porter** and the chambermaid are generally all mountaineers on their off-days and enjoy swopping yarns.

To get down to business, after a restful night in a bathroom-**with-private-bed**, the only room available, I posted the suitcase **to** Sierre, bought rolls, cheese, bananas and chocolate for my lunch and started off for the first day's walk, over the Trutlisberg Pass, a rise of 3,000 feet, carrying an approximate weight of 25 lb. and taking it *very* easy. How can I describe the thrill of approaching the Alps once more, **with** a fortnight's holiday all before me, the tinkle of cow-bells, **the** sight of flowers still in full bloom and the smell of larch and pine ? I won't try. Others can do it so much better. The track often disappeared under the lush pasture grass, and I was cutting across a gentle slope dotted with cows, when suddenly two fierce-looking members of the herd threw up their heads and charged down on me, as if resenting the intrusion of a stranger and intending to put him into the next valley. Now, I had recently seen an illustrated article on the art of bull-fighting and I knew exactly what to do. At the last moment, when the beast's head goes down to give force to the toss, one just springs nimbly to one side and the surprised animal looks up wondering where the fellow has got to. It is quite simple and always works. But the bull-fighter is not wearing heavy climbing boots, he is not carrying a well-loaded rucksack, he is not over 60 and is not charged by two bovrials at once. So, being unable **to** run away for the same weighty reasons, I stood my ground reflecting that never yet had I heard of a Swiss cow savaging a stranger. At a distance of one yard they simultaneously applied their four-foot brakes and thrust out their velvety noses to be petted ! Having thus established friendly relations, they fell in, side by side, behind me and escorted me to the edge of the forest, bells clanging musically with an occasional nudge at my rucksack.

Clouds were hanging low, there was a light drizzle and it was distinctly cold on top of the pass, rather the conditions one expects on the fells in April, but oh ! how precious was every minute of that walk. The rucksack was a bit too heavy, one heel was starting to

blister, but I walked into Lauenen in the evening sunshine, untired and entirely happy.

On the second day I walked over the Wallis-Windspillen (a rise, again, of 3,000 feet) to Gsteig, spending a lazy two hours on the top in a comfortable spot, sheltered from the wind.

The third day was to be a real fight between physical (un-)fitness and the **Sanetsch** Pass to Sion, involving a rise of 3,300 feet and a fall to the Rhone Valley of nearly 6,000 feet. I am not sure which won, but the day did show up one's limits. After nine and a half hours' plodding, with an hour for lunch, I came to the conclusion that we ancients cannot carry 25 lb. downhill at the end of the day, that the load could not have been safely cut in view of the necessity, on tour, of having spare clothes to change into in case of getting wet, and that, therefore, it is wiser to make day expeditions from a centre, **carrying** only food and woollies. That was the main lesson of the trip. The Sanetsch Pass is a grand walk, through very wild scenery between Wildhorn and Diablerets. Most of the height is made at the very start. One traverses some three miles of narrow plain on the high level, followed by a slight final rise to the Col itself before starting on the long descent to Sion, spread over some 10 miles, mostly through uninteresting forest.

And now I must introduce the great success of the tour. I had searched many renowned outfitters and army surplus stock dealers for a lightweight waterproof cape to fit over a rucksack, but without success. Then it occurred to me that cyclists wear sleeveless capes which bulge out in front to cover the handlebars. Why should not such a one cover a rucksack if worn back to front? Our local bicycle shop supplied a lovely saffron-coloured oilsilk cape with bulge complete, which rolled up to convenient smallness and cost only a few shillings. The top of the Sanetsch was in cloud. The wind was chilly and a few drops of rain were falling. Lunch-time was overdue. I undid the cape, wondering how I was to eat without sleeves and found that the stiffness of the oilsilk enabled it to stand up like a tent. A tent! Of course, that was the solution. I sat inside (all but my feet which were too big to get underneath), with a deerstalker cap to fill the neck-hole and keep out the rain. Sheltered from wind and rain I ate in warmth and comfort. The cape was almost transparent and the colour gave a warm impression of sunlight. I had to take my cap off to smoke a pipe so that the smoke could get out through the neck-hole, but by that time the rain had stopped.

Of the walk down to Sion I will say little. Clouds spoil what should have been a glorious view of the Pennine Alps. My knees became wobblier and wobblier, and, finally, I was glad to tumble into a local bus at Saviese to save a last weary hour of unnecessary

downhill plod. From Sion I took train to Sierre where I spent a day and two nights for rest and change of clothes, and replanned my remaining days to make up four days at Zinal and four days at Arolla, with a night at Montreux.

Up to Ayer by postal motor coach, I walked the remaining four miles to Zinal. I had not seen Zinal since the winter of 1912 and was delighted to find the old village quite unspoiled, either in its fine old chalets or its hospitable inhabitants. A few new buildings have been erected in good architectural keeping with the old. A new generation of Theytaz guides is specialising on the Arête des Quatre Anes of Dent Blanche and the Weisshorn, as their fathers and uncles did 40 years ago. One of them, whom I had last seen as a baby two months old, had just come down from Dent Blanche and was setting out to lead a party of young climbers up Lo Besso. Their womenfolk keep the shops and run the family-owned *pension*, where I put up for my all-too-short stay.

I made straight for the post office, my first calling place for home letters, to learn that the postmaster was away for the day climbing the Pointe de Zinal! However, he was back early, defeated by bad weather, and I had in the meantime plugged hotly up some 800 feet to see Benoit Theytaz, my guide and companion on many skiing expeditions in the winters of 1908 to 1914. I wondered why so old a man should chose to live such a distance above the village, but ceased to wonder when I saw the spot he had picked. From his chalet he can look out on the magnificent panorama of Weisshorn, Rothorn, Gabelhorn and Dent Blanche, and, in spite of his age, somewhere in the seventies, he makes light of popping down to the village and up again.

There is an extraordinarily friendly atmosphere in Zinal—there always was. One gets a cheery greeting from every man, woman or child in hotel, village street or on mountain path. It is as if one were accepted as a member of the community during one's stay in the valley. Perhaps I enjoyed some privilege as a sort of Uncle Van Winkle, or perhaps it was that there were no British visitors, for when I went on to Arolla, where the clientele was exclusively British, not a soul spoke to me, or showed any inclination to, for four days. On the fifth and last day a fellow club member turned up, so I had at least someone to wish me a friendly goodbye !

Zinal has many good expeditions for old feet and I started by walking up to the Col de Tracuit (10,700 feet), where I spent a happy two hours basking in the sun outside the comparatively new **hut**, feasting my eyes on the wild tumble of ice and snow which clings to the north side of the Rothorn. The last time I had seen that great hanging glacier was in the light of the full moon, at 4 a.m.

of a January morning in 1910, and the beauty of it remains as an imperishable memory.

That was the best day, as the weather steadily deteriorated. I walked up next day to the Petit Mountet and on up the Glacier Durand towards the Cabane du Mountet, but had to retreat from rain and low cloud. On my last day I went up to the Alp Arpitetta to get a close view of the great west face of Weisshorn and the Morning Glacier. The conditions seemed to be perfect and I found the ideal spot for lunch and a long laze. Madame had given me a well-filled nosebag and for once I had packed a bottle of Swiss beer. I had just spread everything out when, plop-plop-plop, three large hailstones dropped into my lap. Two minutes later I was trying to shelter from an ice-cold wind under an overhanging rock, and soon had to give it up and battle my homeward way through hail and sleet. The weather had indeed broken. Soaked parties came in during the evening from the Mountet and Tracuit huts and local prophets predicted three days at least of continual rain.

I should have crossed next day the Cols Sorrebois and Torrent to Evolene, but instead went down by bus to Sierre to await better conditions. It cleared by morning and I drove up to Hauderes in perfect weather, walking thence up to Arolla.

Next morning I made for the Col de Riedmatten which lies close to, and north of, the Pas de Chevres. Clouds were low and by a bit of careless map reading I turned off to the right a little bit too soon. After a long scramble up an interminable boulder-strewn slope and some unpleasant scree, a gap in the mist showed me to be high up the south ridge of Mont Rouge, well above the Col. No wonder it had taken an hour longer than calculated. However, the momentary clearing had given me my position and I eventually made the Col on which I spent an uncomfortable five minutes rest in a biting cold wind before hurrying down below cloud level for a more sheltered lunch.

The following day was in marked contrast. I sweated up to the Plan de Bertol in blazing hot sun and settled down, in shirt sleeves, to watch parties plodding religiously—it was Sunday—up to the Bertol hut. I found a conical stone, just the right height and angle to fit my back, and every half hour or so I shifted round to face another glacier and a different mountain. Just after settling down to my sandwiches, a large Swiss party of all ages, apparently three generations of one family, set off for the Bertol hut. I made the tedious ascent with them, in the same way that Mark Twain climbed Mont Blanc—by telescope. With a pocket Zeiss I followed their progress at intervals. It was noteworthy that, even at 11,000 feet the two children were still going as strongly as their elders who

included a lady of uncertain age in an ankle-length skirt. Having seen the party safely up the final steep snow slope and the rocks on which the hut is built, I packed up and trotted down to Arolla in time for a good tea. So passed into my collection of pleasant memories a perfect mountain day for the middle-aged or am I, horrid thought! really *elderly* ?

Pas de Chevres, and Plan de Bertol once more, closed my holiday and, **with** a leisurely stroll down to Hauderes, I said farewell **to** that beautiful valley.

So, home by Montreux, Spiez, Basle and O.,tend, with one last excitement. I got clear of Victoria with 10 minutes in which to catch the last train home from **Paddington**. A passing ' free ' taxi picked me up, the traffic lights were green all the way, and I rushed into Paddington **with** half a minute in which to stagger up the platform and tumble, bag, rucksack and all, into an **already** moving train. Phew !

And what conclusion is to be drawn from this egotistic rigmarole ? This—for those who live in the plains and never see the hills between annual holidays—this, that uphill rhythm is such an instinctive part of the old mountain-walker's set up, that early in a fortnight's holiday he is able to stand up to a full day's walk, without undue fatigue and with complete enjoyment, always provided that he does not go higher **than** his individual physique will allow, that he does not try to equal the pace of his youth or outdo Baedeker's timings, that he does not carry too much on his back, and lastly that he does not do two long days in succession. We British suffer some disadvantage at present from lack of meat, but it is astonishing what strength returns to one's system after a fortnight's good Swiss food and cooking. Given currency sufficient for a month's stay in Switzerland, one would be climbing up to the Bertol hut with the best of them, instead of watching others from half way up. So, we elderlies can look forward to our sixty-fifth birthday (perhaps our seventieth) with confidence in our power to enjoy the mountains *actively*.

SIX BLASTS A MINUTE

J. C. Lyth, M.B., B.S., Lond.

I don't quite know why I am writing this article. I am a very humble person -especially on rock. So long as I have a rope going upwards, I am as bold as a _____ well, quite bold ; but when I have only a rope going down, I am very far from being a tiger—at best a rabbit with a couple of stripes. So that, since I am also but a new boy in the *Fell and Rock*, I feel that only Bateman could have done justice to my appearance in this *Journal*.

However, I do know the Fells, and I do know something of first aid and the Borrowdale Mountain Rescue Team, so here goes for what it is worth.

We cannot, of course, deal with all the aspects of first aid and mountain rescue in one short article, but perhaps we can discuss a few of the principal points as they are likely to arise in an emergency. A companion (not, of course, you or I) comes unstuck climbing, or much more probably a fell-walker gets into trouble, and either you come across him, or happen to be near when he is found. Now, whether he has just been hurt, or whether he has been lying out all night, please remember that in every case he will be suffering from shock or exposure or both. To this rule there are no exceptions. Also remember that while men usually stand shock better than women, the latter suffer less from exposure than men. I remember being called to a motor smash involving a young man and his wife. The man had multiple very severe injuries, including a fractured skull, a compound fracture of the thigh bone, and a number of ribs broken ; yet his general condition never gave cause for anxiety and he recovered completely. His wife had only two broken ribs, but she very nearly died outright from shock. On the other hand, if you are a woman and become benighted in bad weather with your husband, don't let him give you his coat and sweater, however unselfish he may be ; he will need them more than you, with your useful layer of subcutaneous fat.

How can you tell whether anyone is suffering from shock ? His teeth may chatter, he complains of cold and looks and feels cold to the touch ; in severe cases he may sweat, his pulse is rapid and feeble, his colour is leaden, and his pupils dilated.

The treatment for shock consists of—not exactly wine, women and song, but wine, warmth and sustenance. Wine (or other alcohol if you have it, the stronger the better), works like magic.

I remember a small boy scout whom I helped to rescue one evening from the Links of Bow Fell above Three Tarns, about 1932.

He had a double fracture of the leg bones and had been out all the night before in wind and rain. I took a large flask of port with me,

and gave him half of it before I set his leg. He was soon in good shape, and I gave him the other half before we set to work to get him down the crags and scree. By the time we reached the saddle, where a stretcher awaited us, he was drunk as a lord and happy as a king, and never looked back.

Reassurance also helps. Light a cigarette and give one to the patient. If you see an obviously serious injury such as a piece of bone sticking out, don't say : ' Oh, my God ! ' ; neither of course must you appear to take it with levity. A good line would be : ' Well, this is just too bad, isn't it—when we get you tidied up and down below, you're going to have to keep quiet for a bit.'

In addition to shock, there will, of course, be pain after injury, and perhaps some bleeding. The pain you will treat with whatever you have—*aspirin* is not much good ; *phenacetin* is better ; but, of course, *Morphia* is best if it is available, and the pain is severe. Alcohol helps a bit here. But the main thing is to remove the cause of the pain if possible, and this I will deal with under ' Wounds and Fractures.' Stopping pain will also lessen shock.

Haemorrhage is very unlikely to be serious in any injury sustained in the mountains. Remember two things—*firstly never, never*, never use a tourniquet of any kind whatever. You would certainly not get it on properly, and an incorrectly applied tourniquet increases instead of checking the bleeding ; while if you did succeed in stopping the circulation in the limb, by the time the patient reached hospital the limb would be dead and have to be amputated. Secondly any haemorrhage you will come across can be stopped by a firm pad and direct pressure on the spot. A little blood looks quite a lot on a reasonably clean handkerchief ; and the pint or so of blood cheerfully given by a blood donor would make an unholy mess scattered about. The main thing is to see that there is no continuous steady drip after you have got your pad and pressure on. Remember also that bleeding from a limb is appreciably lessened by elevation and fixation. This applies also to internal bleeding, as after a severe bruise, or indeed a fracture. Internal haemorrhage in the body from, for instance, a ruptured spleen or liver, is a different proposition. Here the symptoms resemble those of severe shock, with in addition thirst, air-hunger, and of course pain in the body. You can do little except get the patient to hospital as quickly as possible, carrying him in whatever position he finds most comfortable. *Morphia* is excellent, alcohol bad. Fluids by the mouth are generally inadvisable, but a very little plain cold water only may be given at intervals if there is severe thirst. In winter, ice may be sucked.

With regard to wounds and fractures, I am not addressing these discursive remarks to a mountain rescue team, complete with all

the apparatus which ingenuity can devise and stout fellows can carry up the Fells. I am supposing that (as happens more often than not) you will have to use whatever you have in your rucksack. So I do urge all, climbers and fell-walkers alike, to carry a roll of 3-inch elastoplast and a 3-inch bandage, as well as some stimulant. With these, you can work wonders.

On the mountains, fortunately, injuries are comparatively simple. Without high explosives and machine guns, they are almost limited to the results of contact between a moving and a stationary body.

Whether the victim be the former or the latter, the results are similar. Falling rocks make scalp wounds common. Falling bodies may land anyhow ; but if they keep right way up, fractures of the leg are commonest.

Fortunately, again, the hills are pretty clean, and wounds not likely to be grossly infected. Blood is itself an excellent antiseptic ; therefore, in first aid at any rate, allow it a chance to work, and close a wound if possible with plain elastoplast, stretched *across* the cut. Avoid running a complete turn of elastoplast around a limb (unless over a splint), as this will constrict the circulation. If bleeding continues, put a pad (*e.g.*, a tightly rolled handkerchief) on top of the elastoplast, and bandage tightly over all, easing later if feasible.

Never wash a wound with plain water, however clean—germs love it ; and never put iodine on a wound (it hurts to no purpose), nor M. and B. powder.

For scalp wounds you cannot use elastoplast. Put a pad on and a **tight** bandage over it, taking care to leave at least one eye uncovered. Never carry the bandage under the jaw. It is not easy to get a tight bandage on to the top of the head. The St. John's Cappelin Bandage and a similar affair made with a triangular bandage, are about as much use as a night-cap. The solution is a so-called ' Barrel Bandage,' which consists of a bandage tied horizontally round the head at eyebrow level in a half-hitch, with the knot at one side near the ear. One long end is then taken over the top, is threaded under the circumferential bandage at the opposite side, brought back and tied tightly to the other end above a pad on the wound. And make sure that the pad **is** on the wound, not always easy in thick hair.

To diagnose a fracture, note the position of a limb, which may obviously stick out at a strange angle, and the extreme pain on attempting to move it. I wouldn't advise you to try to elicit ' crepitus,' the grating felt when the broken ends are moved against each other. If anyone did that to me, and I had one sound limb left, he would himself receive a contusion on any part of his anatomy available. Many fractures, however, show no obvious deformity,

and may be mistaken for a bad bruise or a sprain, especially about the ankle. When in doubt, treat as a fracture.

The treatment of fractures consists in straightening out the bones as far as possible, and immobilising. For first aid, don't spend too long trying to straighten things out ; in fact, if, as may happen, the ends are jammed together, they are best left so for the time being. But you *must* fix the bones, and preferably immobilise the joints above and below. How can you do this without a splint, which you can hardly expect to find in your rucksack? Well, it is surprising how various objects can be pressed into service as splints in emergency.

Unfortunately, you are unlikely to find much choice of wood when climbing (except perhaps on Shepherd's Crag !), though you may find a suitable bit. As examples of ' suitable bits ' I may mention the aforesaid boy scout's staff, which came in handy after splitting it up ; while I have used so large and clumsy a thing as a piece of fencing for a fractured forearm. A walking stick, an ice axe or ski stick, a tightly rolled newspaper—with a little imagination many things will do. If all else fails, remember that for a fracture of arm or forearm, you have quite a useful splint in the patient's own chest. Bind the arm rigidly to the chest in a flexed position. For a leg or thigh, you have the other leg. Tie them rigidly together at the feet, above the ankles, and above the knees. All splints must be fixed *rigidly*, by which I mean extremely tightly. In getting the casualty down, whether on a stretcher or otherwise, you would be surprised how things work loose, so that what you have thought to be a neat bit of work comes to look like the wreck of the *Hesperus*, and about as much use. As with all injuries, elevate the broken limb as far as possible, a sling for the arm, and if possible a stretcher, or at least portorage, for a leg. If, after you have set the fracture, there is still much pain on moving, you have not done the job well, and must try to get it fixed better.

I have been dealing with fractures of the limbs. Here are a few of the many other fractures you may come across : a fractured skull may be obvious because there is a hollow pushed into the cranium ; more likely, it may be of the base of the skull, when a little bleeding at a nostril or an ear may be the chief danger sign. There may be a squint or the pupils may be unequal. The patient may be comatose, or merely apparently drunk—many an unfortunate man, who might have had a little drink, has spent the night in a police cell with a fractured base of the skull. Or he may appear at first little the worse. In any case, including especially the latter, a person with signs of a fractured skull must be regarded as extremely ill, and removed to hospital as quickly and with as little jolting as may be. You can do little by way of first aid.

A broken collar-bone is caused usually by falling on the shoulder. The bone being just under the skin, you may be able to feel one broken end overriding the other. Compare the two sides—a good general rule. But like many other fractures, it can easily be missed. People react differently to pain ; I am sure some feel more than others. A farm labourer came to me with a ' lump in his neck.' I found a badly united fracture of the collar bone. I asked him if he had had an accident lately. He said : ' Ay, I remember falling off t'hay rick aboon six weeaks agoe.' He had been working all the time, and would only admit to ' feeling a bit stiff like i't shoulder.' Tough !

However, if you suspect a fractured collar-bone, please don't follow the old St. John's practice of a large pad in the arm-pit and a tight binder around arm and chest. This docs not reduce or immobilise the fracture and merely distracts the unfortunate victim's attention from the pain in his neck to the pain in his arm-pit. Take two handkerchiefs and tie them loosely, one over each shoulder and under the arm-pit, then tie them together very tightly across the middle of the back, using a third to join them if necessary. Place the arm in a sling, and all is well.

Fractured ribs (with acute pain on breathing) are an easy problem. Put elastoplast in strips, each higher than the last one, around the damaged side. Cut the strips long enough to extend across the middle line back and front, and put on as tightly as they will stretch. Each strip of elastoplast should be applied with the chest contracted, i.e., with the breath expelled.

You may have the misfortune to come across a fracture of the spine. I hope not, for you are then faced with an impossible situation. The patient must on no account be moved, for fear of more and irreparable damage to the spinal cord, and yet he has to be got down somehow. The answer, of course, is that he must be moved as you would carry a tray full of your wife's best china. The signs are not always obvious. The patient may be paralysed in one or both legs, either after a fall or after a heavy rock has fallen on him, probably in a stooping position. He may have loss of sensation in the legs, and may or may not have severe pain in the back, aggravated by movement. It used to be the practice to turn such a case on to his face and carry him (on a stretcher) like that. It is now considered best to alter his position as little as possible, and carry him as he lies—face, back, or side-up. In any case, you must not try to move him without a stretcher and plenty of help. Merely treat for shock as best you may till help arrives.

Lastly, a few hints on getting the casualty down. You may be faced with a difficult decision. If alone, are you to leave the patient

and go for help ? If so, make sure of three things : First, that the patient is as warm and comfortable as possible ; second, that if not fully conscious, or liable to go to sleep, he will not fall over a crag ; third, that you can direct or lead a party to the spot.

On the other hand, there may be a number of helpers, and you may know that a stretcher party will arrive in due course. Are you to begin to get the patient down, or await the stretcher ?

Much depends upon the state of the patient, the locality, and the time of day—and the number and effectiveness of your helpers.

In general, a severely hurt person is best transported on a stretcher—and my illustration, taken at a practice of the Borrowdale Mountain Rescue Team, shows that it is feasible to use a stretcher almost anywhere. (Members will recognise the ' Barrow Boy ' and the crag.) But it is worth almost anything to get the case at least to easy ground (off rock and scree) in daylight; and it is too dangerous to try to pack the patient on a stretcher on a very narrow ledge. In these conditions, or if late in the day, I would say that with anything except a fractured spine it is better, if help is available, to set about getting the patient, even if unconscious, off rock and big scree. You need plenty of rope, and I would stress two points here—on steep rock, lower a climber along with the patient, but on a separate rope, and do *not* depend upon a single waist rope to take the patient's weight.

A good harness is a ' Triple Bowline,' i.e., a bowline tied on a doubled rope, with what is normally the short end from the bowline making a loop long enough for the waist. The two loops which would normally form the waist rope are used for the thighs, and the whole adjusted accordingly. Belay in this way also, with three carriers if possible, down scree. For carrying on better ground, it may be feasible to make and use a rope stretcher, but this takes some time to make, and remember it requires six people to carry a recumbent man on a rope stretcher, and this must never be used for a fractured spine. Three men can makeshift with a conscious man sitting (two for the cross hands carry and one for the legs), or one lusty fellow may manage best of all with the patient pick-a-back, on a rough track, perhaps steadied by one or two others at the sides.

However, let us hope that you will soon meet the stretcher party, with blankets and perhaps hot bottles and morphia for the patient, and lots of hot tea and sandwiches all round—and so to bed.

POT AND KETTLE

L. H. Pollitt

'Excuse me, can you tell me the way to Beddgelert r' The speaker, an elderly man, loomed out of the mists of a late October evening on the col between Snowdon and Lliwedd. Dressed in a blue lounge suit, trilby hat and thin shoes, he might have passed without remark in a city street, but up there on a misty evening he looked pathetic and forlorn, and while I gave him directions I took a quiet look at him. He was obviously tired and I thought scared. He admitted that he was hungry and had no food. He had to meet his wife at Beddgelert, where she was to wait for him in the car, and didn't know this side of the mountain.

Five minutes ago I had been at peace with the world, looking forward to a hot bath and a good dinner after a traverse of the Horseshoe in wild weather. The wind had dropped, and the evening was still with quiet mists forming and dissolving against the ridge, and the noise of swollen streams rising and falling from the depths of Cwm Dyli. Now I was landed with this, for it was obvious that something would have to be done about it ; left to himself he would just as likely end up in Llydaw as Beddgelert, and his relief when I told him I would see him down showed how near to panic he had been. After he had eaten some food we set off down the Cwm-y-llan path. His relief showed itself in garrulity, and I kept him talking, purposely trying to keep his mind off his fatigue. Though the policy was successful it was a tired little man who was restored to the arms of an agitated wife, and I set off in a disgruntled frame of mind up the windings of the road to Pen-y-Gwryd and the dinner which by now was probably spoiled. As I plodded up I mused on the follies of mankind in general, and in particular of those who tackled hills for which they were not fitted, and my indignation grew with the rising road, till suddenly a chord of memory stirred and the bubble of my indignation burst with a bang which was almost audible. . . .

Edgar and I had arrived at the Mountet Hut after a grilling walk from Zinal. It was the first day of our holiday, and as we intended to spend a few days climbing from the Mountet before crossing to Zermatt, we were heavily laden. It was a weary pair who were welcomed by the guardian, an excellent fellow who was an old friend. After we had recovered from our exertions and satisfied our thirst, we wandered out to take photographs, and to prospect the route to the Besso, which we proposed doing the next day. On our return we got into conversation with the guardian, who expressed the opinion that the weather would break in the next

24 hours. This was awkward—if we could not cross the ridge we should have to go to Zermatt via Sierre and Visp which we wished to avoid, so we began to consider alternatives. We had three choices of route to Zermatt, over the Col Durand, over the Triftjoch, or over the Rothorn, and after much discussion and examination of the terrain through glasses, we decided to traverse the Rothorn, which was decidedly a mistake.

We left the hut about 2-30 a.m., and the guardian shook us warmly by the hand, wishing us 'Bonne chance,' in a tone of voice that sounded to me as though he thought we should need it, but perhaps it was only my usual early morning pessimism. As Edgar's usual placidity seemed undisturbed, I muttered thanks in my best French, and we staggered out into a starry night. Thanks to our reconnaissance of the day before, we made good progress, and as the first hint of dawn appeared we stepped onto the glacier, put on the rope and made our way up towards the lovely snow ridge that sweeps down from the shoulder of the Rothorn, which was to be our staircase to the beginning of the rock ridge made famous by Stephen's account in 'The Playground of Europe.' While we were plodding up these slopes we were overtaken by a young Englishman and his guide going like a train, and puffing nearly as hard, and I who was feeling the altitude wondered sourly what possessed people to rush up and down peaks like that. Probably sour grapes, but if it was, we had ample compensation in watching the most wonderful dawn we have ever seen, whilst they pressed on like men fleeing the evil one. Later on I wondered if they didn't have the laugh on us.

We crossed the bergschrund without much difficulty, and a short bout of cutting up steep ice brought us to the narrow ridge up which we moved carefully, planting our crampon shod boots on the narrow crest until we arrived at the shoulder, where we stopped for second breakfast—that is second for Edgar. It would have been my first if I could have eaten any, but as I couldn't I just looked on enviously. The meal over, we set off along the jolly rock ridge with its towers and knife edges, and wonderful views, and for a while I forgot my *mal de montagne*. Included in the view was a mass of dark clouds in the direction of the Matterhorn lit up by flashes of lightning, and as we approached the summit it began to snow gently. The view from the summit of the Rothorn is a magnificent one, but the emotion of which I was most conscious was that for a first day this was a bit too much, and that before we were much older we were going to have trouble. The dark clouds had spread, a gusty wind was beginning to blow, accompanied by flurries of snow.

After a very necessary rest we moved off down the ridge towards the Gable in rapidly worsening conditions, and after a traverse

across the couloir reached the snow shoulder. By now we were so tired that we decided that, whatever the weather, we must have a rest, so we made our way to a mass of rocks which gave some protection from the wind, and in a few minutes we were sound asleep. When we awoke we were covered with snow, but the rest had done us a lot of good and we felt much better prepared to face the remainder of the descent. The snow slope from the shoulder was trying, but our luck held, and in spite of thick mist we hit off the exact spot for the descent of the rock wall, and 30 minutes of rather nasty glacier saw us on the moraine, and safe. The weather having done its best to make the day interesting, now relented for a while; after a short rest I noticed Edgar poking around in the sacks, and in a few minutes he was frying eggs and making coffee, and whilst I left the eggs to him, I was glad to share his coffee, having had neither food nor drink for 15 hours. As we made our way down the long Trift moraine, it began to rain, and long before we reached the Trift we were soaked to the skin. As we entered the lighted streets of Zermatt the evening was very much like that of a wet summer at Pen-y-Gwryd, but the welcome was as warm, and the dinner as acceptable.

Just a very ordinary tale of the hills, but as I lay in my bath at Pen-y-Gwryd that October evening I thought that if my friend learnt his lesson as we did, he would be a better mountaineer for it, and if he got only a tittle of the pleasure in looking back on his traverse of Snowdon that we got from our traverse of the Rothorn, I grudged him neither my sore feet nor my spoiled dinner.

THE GALLOWAY HILLS

Harry R. Preston

In these days when the Lakeland hills are 'wick wi' fwoak' **and** Cabinet Ministers have perambulated the Pennines and held mass meetings on Cross Fell, it may not be generally realised that within sight of the Cumberland Fells lies another mountain district, where it is still possible to walk all day and never meet another person. These are the Galloway Hills lying in the counties of Kirkcudbright and Ayr.

This hill district covers an area of over 250 square miles and contains 26 tops of over 2,000 feet, the highest hill in the south of Scotland—The Merrick—2,764 feet—over 50 lochs ranging in size from Loch Doon and Loch Trool to the tiny Dow Lochs of Craignaw and Craiglee. Included in this area are the highest cliffs in the south of Scotland and some of the loneliest and most inaccessible houses in the country.

Accommodation within easy distance of the more important hills is limited to two hotels, one at Bargrennan on the west, and the other at Carsphairn on the east, both unpretentious but comfortable inns. Rooms may be had at some of the farms near Glen Trool and the Forestry Commission has made a camping site at Caldons near there. The use of a car or cycle is recommended as, although lifts may occasionally be obtained, the bus services are all on roads some distance from the hills.

There are no through roads in the area, but several penetrate a few miles from the main roads on the perimeter. Those that are of most use to the hill walker are :—

The well used motor road to Glen Trool Lodge and the Bruce Stone. This road goes on past the farm of Buchan to Glenhead, but immediately after the Bruce Stone there is a severe gradient and hairpin bend and drivers are advised to leave their cars at the top of the **hill**.

The road along the west bank of Loch Doon reaches into the hills from the north and terminates four or five miles from the nearest 2,000-foot top.

On the eastern side there are three good roads that are convenient approaches to the Rhinns of Kells, the first being a mile north of Carsphairn, the second just south of Polharrow Bridge on the New Galloway road, which passes Forest Lodge and ends at Forehill of the Bush below Bennan Hill; the third follows the Garroch Burn to Clenrie two miles east of Meikle Millyea.

There is a short stretch of motoring road on the north side of Clatteringshaws Reservoir and two miles away on the other side of the water is a similar road that runs past Craignell to Craigencaillie.

A good road leads from the village of Minnigaff through the valley of the Penkiln Burn, ending at Auchinleck as far as motoring is concerned, though the road continues in a very rough state to White Laggan, less than a mile from Loch Dee.

From Clachaneasy, a mile south of Bargrennan, a service road runs to the Black Linn Bridge on the Glen Trool road with a bridge over the Minnoch to Holm Farm, one of the nearest approaches to the Lamachan Hills.

The principal hills are in roughly parallel ridges running north and south, divided by the long valleys of the Doon and Dee. The latter stream emerges from Loch Dee and the upper part of the valley, the Dungeon of Buchan, has been drained by the Cooran Lane which joins the Dee half a mile east of the loch. The north-south ridges end here and the Dee turns to flow to the south-east. Glen Trool commences at the divide less than a mile to the west of Loch Dee and only two hundred feet higher than the surface of the water, the Glenhead Burn in this valley flowing to the west. South of Loch Dee is the valley containing the White Laggan Burn which flows north ; at the side of this the road from Auchinleck falls to the White Laggan shooting box. At the top of this valley rises the Pulnee Burn which flows south to Drigmorn Farm. Here it joins the Penkiln Burn and runs south-west until it reaches the Cree at Minnigaff. In the triangle formed by this burn, the Water of Minnoch and the Water of Trool, lies another ridge of high hills, but to the east, with one exception, the hills are lower and gradually decrease in height until the Dee Valley is reached at Clatteringshaws.

The Cairnsmore of Fleet group lie to the south of the Newton Stewart-New Galloway road and are the only three 2,000-foot tops that are not in the main group. The hills to the east of Carsphairn, including Cairnsmore of Carsphairn, are not classified as Galloway Hills in Percy Donald's list of the Lowland hills (*S.M.C. Journal*, November, 1935).

Of the three parallel ridges the two outer ones are the highest. The western ridge commences at the Fell of Eschonchan, half a mile north of Loch Trool and increases in height until The Merrick, 2,764 feet, is reached. It does not fall very much below 2,000 feet in 9 miles until the north top of Shalloch on Minnoch, when it gradually descends to the road near Craignure Lodge. This ridge is generally smooth and grassy on the west but scarped on the north and east. An inspection of the Ordnance Survey of this area (Sheet 87 of Scotland) gives the impression of many crag faces, but these are shale hills and the rock is rotten and broken up.

The eastern ridge is known as the Rhinns of Kells, although the name truly applies to the southern portion only, the northern

section being known as the Carlin's Cairn Ridge. This eastern ridge is similar in length to that on the west and contains two hills over 2,600 feet (Corserine and Carlin's Cairn) and for over 6 miles the ridge never drops below 2,000 feet. These hills are gentler than those on the west, and although scarped on the east side they fall in steep grass to the Doon and Dee valleys. At Corserine the ridge becomes more complicated, and there is another ridge at right angles to the main one. This cross ridge ends on the east at Bennan Hill and in the west at Little Craigtarson and the divide between the Doon and Dee valleys.

Although lower than the other two ridges, the central ridge is of far more interest. This ridge is granite and stretches from Craigmawhannel about two miles south of the head of Loch Doon to Craiglee a mile north-west of Loch Dec. This granite, a feature of the Galloway hills, occupies a vast area in the centre and forms the base of The Merrick ridge and the lower hills on both sides of Glen Trool, giving a wild highland appearance to this lowland valley. The three highest hills in the central ridge are Mullwharchar, 2,270 feet ; Dungeon Hill, 2,000 feet ; and Craignavv, the bulkiest hill of the three, 2,115 feet high.

Viewed from the south-west and the higher ground of The Merrick or Kirriereoch Hill, Mullwharchar would not appear outstanding as the hill is only 600 feet higher than the basin containing Loch Enoch. The interest of this hill and in fact of the whole granite ridge is at the eastern side. There the ground falls precipitously to the Dungeon of Buchan and the Valley of the Doon. A mile north of the summit of Mullwharchar are the Tauchers, the highest cliffs in the district and indeed south of the Highlands. For three to four miles the steeps continue, not with the unbroken sweep of the Tauchers but in gigantic staircases of rock and heather. There are four gaps in this wall, the most northerly one contains the Pulskaig Burn, the next is the Nick of the Dungeon, the third the Coronach Strand leading to Loch Valley and the fourth the pass to Glen Trool south of Craiglee. Unfortunately, I was only able to see these cliffs from above and to obtain a distant view of them from the Carsphairn road, owing to bad weather conditions. They will in fact be seldom visited as they are very difficult of access. The southern portion lies above the Dungeon of Buchan and the route from the west is long and circuitous. The approach from the east necessitates the crossing of the Kells range to Backhill of the Bush and a journey northwards to avoid the Silver Flow, an extremely wet and treacherous floating bog. The Cooran Lane, too, is wide and deep and it is not advisable to attempt the crossing unless high up the valley. From the south end of the Loch Doon road the

ground is very wet and rough and the best route would appear to be along the true left bank of the Gala Lane until the Pulskaig Burn comes in from the west. The usual route from the west is through the Nick of the Dungeon and below the rocks of Dungeon Hill.

From the top of this latter hill, a summit of granite slabs, there is a fine view on to the north face of Craignaw where the exposed granite is a magnificent sight and there is no doubt the Nick of the Dungeon merits its well-known reputation, especially if seen on a day when the clouds are low.

The third 2,000-foot top of the ridge, Craignaw, is remarkable for the large amount of exposed granite. On the south-west the granite is in terraces and there are many wide slabs 30 to 40 feet long set at such a gentle angle that walking along them is very easy and height is quickly gained. The rock is very rough surfaced and even mossy discoloured slabs give good foothold. The summit ridge is very wide and slopes gradually down to Craiglee the last of the granite heights from whence Glen Trool is easily reached. The mountain has many detached boulders, which if more accessible would be good sport for an off day.

The granite on Craignaw is very light-coloured and on a sunny day it is a very cheerful place to visit. There are many little pools on the granite slabs and although a big open gully leading down to Loch Neldricken bears the ominous name of the 'Soggy Gut,' most of the boggy places can easily be avoided. Its situation is more open than the other hills of the ridge and there are splendid views down Glen Trool to Luce Bay and the Mull of Galloway in the south-west and over the vast valley of the Black Water of Dee on the south-east. Near at hand three of the lochs of the granite basin arc visible.

The highest of a chain of seven lochs is Loch Enoch lying at a height of over 1,600 feet. It is the deepest of the granite lochs and at the west side the depth has been found to be over 120 feet. The loch has two small islands on one of which is another small loch. Lately the gulls have taken possession of the islands as nesting places. - Very attractive features well known to readers of *Crockett's Raiders*, are the beaches of pure white sand. The water of these lochs is exceptionally clear and pure.

When I first visited Loch Enoch I followed the course of the Buchan Burn. The clouds were low and I found the stone wall on the true left of the burn a very useful guide as it extends the whole of the way to the loch. The col is about a hundred feet above the surface of the loch and although the mist was thick in the Buchan Valley the clouds were clear of the water. As I scrambled down from the col to the water's edge the sun broke through the clouds and shone on the silver beaches. The contrast between the long

gloomy valley and the sudden view of the sunlit loch was memorable.

Loch Enoch is the only loch in the basin whose waters reach Loch Doon. The stream leaving the loch is the Eglin Lane. This with the Gala Lane at the other side of the granite ridge are two of the main feeders of Loch Doon. The application of the word 'lane' to a stream is peculiar to this district. I was informed the word only applies to a stream leading directly from one loch to another, such as the Eglin and Gala Lanes mentioned above. The Mid Burn and the Gairland Burn are also lanes, although they do not bear that name.

Loch Neldricken is another of the larger lochs in the granite basin and here, too, there are beaches of silver sand on the eastern shores. There is a remarkable peninsula that almost divides the loch in two. It is a disappointment for the unwary pedestrian to find it impossible to cross to the southern shore without swimming as the water is very deep at the end of the promontory and steps have to be retraced for nearly half a mile. In the north-western corner of the Loch lies the famous Murder Hole. This is actually a circular lagoon that is formed by the growth of reeds and aquatic grasses. The full circle appears only when the growth is at its strongest from the middle of summer until the grass dies away. It would be extremely difficult to dispose of any corpse here as it would be impossible to reach the centre of the lagoon at all without using a boat. The actual murder hole which was 'borrowed' by Crockett for his novel was a deep pool in the Water of Minnoch, near the old toll bar at Rowantree on the Straiton road. This was filled in with rocks to prevent any danger to children from a nearby school. However, on a gloomy day in late autumn this bay of Loch Neldricken is indeed eerie.

The Mid Burn, a short 'lane' joins this loch to Loch Valley the third large sheet of water in this series. There is a small dam and sluice gate at the western end of Loch Valley and the stream that carries the surplus water down to Loch Trool is the Gairland Burn which descends over 800 feet in the course of two miles. There are no still pools or reedy deeps in the Gairland and in spate it is very difficult to cross. It can, however, usually be crossed at the sluice gate at Loch Valley and there are one or two places where the stream divides and each branch can be jumped or splashed through.

Loch Trool itself is well known and visited by many who do not penetrate much farther into the hills than the Bruce Stone. Nevertheless, it is very picturesque and the view from the Stone, which commemorates the victories of Robert Bruce in 1306, is very fine indeed.

The chief mountain tracks start near the Bruce Stone. Due north is the track along the Buchan Burn to the shepherd's house at Culsharg, the commencement of the usual ascent of The Merrick. The steep slope of Benyellary can be climbed direct or turned by following the burn that comes down from the north-west. When the stone wall is reached this is followed to the right and leads nearly all the way to the grassy summit of The Merrick. A second well-marked track leaves the Glenhead road immediately after the stone bridge over the Buchan Burn is crossed. This strikes up over a shoulder of Buchan Hill and reaches the Gairland Burn about half a mile from Loch Valley. After this loch is reached the track soon peters out in the rough grass. There is also a track along the southern shore of Loch Trool leading to Caldons Farm and another along the Glenhead Burn to Loch Dee and the White Laggan road, but the majority of the Galloway valleys and hills are trackless.

South of Glen Trool lie another group of interesting hills, the Lamachan hills. The three main summits are Larg Hill, 2,216 ; Lamachan Hill, 2,350 ; and Curleywee, 2,212. I ascended these hills from Caldons Farm which would appear to be the quickest route, at least for Lamachan Hill. I found a sheep gathering track along the true right bank of the Caldons Burn which led through the granite foothills. After the granite is left behind at 1,500 feet the upper western slopes of the hills are a vast grassy sheep run. There are crags to the east but again the rock is rotten and there are extensive screes under the small cliffs. Once the steep pull to the top of the spur called Cambrick Hill was accomplished I had an enjoyable walk over smooth well cropped turf. The views are extensive and include Ailsa Craig and the Arran hills to the north-west. Immediately north are the three ridges of the Galloway hills but The Merrick hides the distant Ben Lomond hills. Due east lies Curleywee, a very attractive little hill that reminded me very much of Great Gable. To the south are glimpses of the Pennines and the Lakeland hills from Carrock Fell to the Buttermere fells. South-west are the Galloway moors and the low lying land above Luce Bay. In the south-east the foreground is occupied by the large valley of the Penkiln Burn, the nearest habitation being at Auchinleck, five or six very rough miles away.

These hills can also be reached from the mountain road leading to the White Laggan shooting box, in which case the road should be followed to its highest point. An ascent of over 1,000 feet in half a mile leads to the summit of Curleywee, after which there is a steep drop to the Nick of Curleywee and a gradually ascending ridge a mile long leading to Lamachan Hill.

Millfore, the most easterly of this group, is somewhat isolated.

It can be climbed from the White Laggan road, but the easiest ascent is from Drigmorn the last farm in the Penkiln Valley. The hill can also be reached after a somewhat peaty walk from the New Galloway road a mile and a half after passing the Murray Monument on the way to Clatteringshaws.

The remaining group of high hills are south of the New Galloway road and consist of Cairnsmorc of Fleet, the Knee of Cairnsmore and Meikle Mulltaggart. The ascent of Cairnsmore from the west is gentle and a well-made track can be followed from Cairnsmore House almost to the summit cairn. On the east of Cairnsmore there are fine corries including the one containing the Spout of the Clints at the south-east. This corrie is well seen from the southern spur of Cairnsmore, the Knee of Cairnsmore. As will be expected there is a fine open view over the moorlands and the rich farm lands of Wigtownshire to the Solway and the Mull of Galloway. Cairnsmore can also be ascended from Clatteringshaws by a very wet track leading past Loch Grennoch and then heading for the col between Meikle Mulltaggart and Cairnsmore when the corrie is eventually reached.

The Galloway hills lie within 20 miles of the west coast and are some 50 miles nearer the Atlantic than the Lake District ; consequently the higher summits collect a good deal of cloud and due allowance must be made when planning a holiday there. Another point to remember is that the area drained by the burns is very extensive and when they are in spate considerable detours may have to be made until a suitable crossing place can be found. One particular trap is to be found when approaching Loch Dee from the north. It is a simple matter to cross the feeders of the loch at the western side, but if an attempt is made to cross at the eastern end either over the Cooran Lane or the Black Water of Dee, the streams will be found to be wide and deep. To have to make such a detour at the beginning of the day is annoying, but to do the same thing as evening approaches is more serious as Loch Dee is some miles from the nearest main road. The whole area is sparsely populated and there is not much chance of obtaining a lift along the road late in the evening.

These hills have been strangely neglected and to those Club members who grumble at the summer crowds on Scafell Pike and the spectators in the 'Dress Circle,' I would recommend the loneliness of Galloway. I feel sure that those who do visit these hills will not be disappointed, but will return with happy memories of 'The Land of Bog Myrtle and Peat.'

THE CLIMBING ROPE IN PRACTICE

FACTS AS COLLECTED TO DATE

R. P. Mears

Since the submission of an article under this heading to *Mountaineering* at the end of last year, several more instances of mishaps involving climbing rope have occurred. Therefore, in view of the importance of the subject, it is felt that a further article published in another journal is perhaps not out of place and would be helpful in reaching more climbers ; also, as it is hoped, that by thus spreading this knowledge further contributions on this subject of experience in the use of climbing ropes will be received.

The subject is divided up under seven headings of which the statistics as collected to date are summarised as follows :—

A. Rope Body Loops Coming Undone.

Instances recorded	11
Resulting in deaths	3\
injuries	\j

Examination of the detail of those instances suggests that the bowline knot is not always tied correctly especially in cases of exhausted climbers using ropes stiff with wetness or actual ice. It is considered that a separate body loop is preferable with the rope attached through the medium of a snap-link.

B. Climbers Injured by the Rope.

Instances recorded	11
Resulting in deaths	5\
injuries	6j

Such forms of injury seldom occur and generally where reported require careful investigation. In one such instance recently reported in a very reliable journal it was found subsequently that the fatally injured man, who was sustained on the rope, had in fact received his injuries in his fall before the rope tightened. This case had, therefore, to be transferred from ' B ' to ' F.'

There are three cases of strangulation by the rope, one a few years ago on Tryfan, where the rope coiled round a climber's neck, and another, which occurred many years ago, of a guide, having some coils of rope round his shoulders, fell into a crevasse and the rope loops slipped up and tightened round his neck.

It is surprising when falls occur and are held on the rope how seldom any serious injury caused by the rope results either to the

person whose fall is thus arrested or to the person holding, and this is particularly remarkable in instances where falling leaders are held by their seconds.

C. *Anchor Slings Breaking.*

Instances recorded	4
Resulting in deaths	3\
injury	1J

It may require emphasising that one should at least exercise great discretion before trusting an existing anchor sling conveniently found in position. Rope exposed to the elements under the influence of strong sunlight, damp and rain deteriorates slowly but surely, and nylon is no exception to this rule. Investigations into such effects on climbing ropes of various materials has been going on for some years and still continue. It is hoped subsequently to make known the results. Paradoxically as it may seem, ordinary metals like iron and steel, on account of the purity of mountain air, deteriorate less under such exposure than would be generally expected. The outstanding example being the unprotected hanging chains, on the summit rock cone of Adam's Peak in Ceylon, one of the world's wettest spots, having a phenomenal rainfall. Those interested scientifically are referred to the 1924 edition of the book entitled, *The Corrosion of Metals*, by Ulick R. Evans, published by Edward Arnold and Co., where on page 130 reference is made to the relative immunity from rusting of ironwork on Alpine Peaks and particularly of the chains on Adam's Peak, samples of which corroded quite normally in London.

D. *Ropes Breaking in Actual Use in Mountaineering.*

Instances recorded	64
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In 32 of these instances fatalities resulted and in some of these cases more than one death occurred, thus the total of deaths is 43.

In six further cases injuries were caused.

This is a long list and its analysis on the information, frequently very scanty, accompanying each case calls for much thought. Facts as here stated are only given where their correctness can be established by reasonably reliable written evidence. This accounts for the large number of cases given under the ' unclassified ' heading. It will be noticed that the list has considerably increased since the submission of the article to *Mountaineering* as previously referred to. Considerably more evidence also has come in.

Thus the 64 instances can with reasonable reliability be classified under the following sub-headings : —

(a)	Rope tight over rock bollard or otherwise fixed at its point of support	4
(6)	Rope tight over rock edge	12
(c)	Rope cut by falling stones	8
(d)	Rope of poor quality (8) or ' line ' (3) ..	11
(e)	Doubled, roping down	3
(/)	In falling into crevasses	5
(g)	Unclassified	22
(h)	Rope chemically or physically damaged before breaking	2

Note.—In some instances a case is classified under two sub-headings, i.e., a rope may break when held tight over a rock bollard (a) and be found on test to be of poor quality (d).

It is likely that in many of the cases classified under sub-headings (e), (/), and (g), the rope was of poor quality or had become deteriorated in storage, but only such instances are given in the eleven cases recorded under (d) where ' poor quality ' has been established by evidence or actual test.

As is well known a knot in a rope is a source of weakness and the most commonly-used knots break, when tested in a machine under ordinary laboratory conditions, at half to two-thirds of the strength of the unknotted rope, yet in practice ropes do not appear to break at their knots. The evidence so far collected includes only one instance of breaking ' at the knot ' and two instances ' within a few inches of the knot.'

Evidence and tests have shown that many people use ropes of very doubtful quality and continue to use previously good ropes long after such ropes have passed their prime and should have been discarded.

Evidence supported by tests also shows that ropes, at least of natural fibre, are always liable to break if shock loaded when ' fixed ' at their point of support as may occur where a leader gains the crest and, holding some slack, falls when passing over to descend on the farther side. So far only one instance is recorded of a nylon rope breaking, a very recent case of nylon ' medium ' which is still under investigation.

Evidence also shows instances of ropes of natural fibre recently purchased which though new or nearly so, fall short of B.M.C. specification.

E. Falls into Crevasses held on the Rope resulting in Death.

Instances recorded 8

In each case death appears to have been caused within about 10 minutes being mainly due to the constriction of the chest by the

loaded body loop. Two clear cases are, however, on record where such time of suspension was greatly exceeded without causing any permanent injury.

As a safeguard foot loops 'prussiked' to the main rope are recommended and the technique of Crevasse Rescue as described on pp. 21 to 23 of *Mountaineering*, No. 7, of June, 1949, should be tried out.

F. Leaders who have fallen and have been sustained by the Rope.

Instances recorded	40
Resulting in:					
Little or no injury	26)
Leader injured	12 V
Second injured	3 J

Note.—Case No. 29 is counted twice since both leader and second were injured.

Type of rope used where known :—

Nylon 'full'	4 (3 in America)
Nylon 'medium'	3
Austrian woven	1
Natural fibre :—					
Full weight	13
Three-quarter	2
Half-weight	8

The high proportion of such dangerous experiences known to have been attended with no injury of any consequence is perhaps amazing, particularly under the ordinary conditions of climbing as practised on our British hills where pitons are rarely used. The author has heard of many more but can only accept cases which are given in writing. In climbing with the aid of pitons leaders may be able to fall relatively safely. It is also surprising to find so many cases where half-weight natural fibre rope has not broken under such conditions. This constitutes a tribute to the efficacy of the 'indirect' belay.

Two recent cases using nylon medium are interesting.

In one the leader fell about 14 feet completely clear into space and was apparently easily held by his second using the shoulder belay. The leader did not experience any jerk on being stopped and suffered no body abrasions—a tribute to the 'give' and elasticity in a nylon rope.

In the other case the leader fell 80 feet with only one glancing contact with the rock. The rope was held over a rock edge and suffered much abrasion as the impetus of the fall was arrested, in

fact some slices were taken off the rope but no strand was broken. In this instance also the yield inherent in nylon rope undoubtedly greatly lessened the strain on the man holding as well as on the fallen leader.

G. *Miscellaneous.*

In the article published in *Mountaineering*, a brief account is given of a party of seven taken off their feet in an avalanche and being saved from disaster by the rope, a nylon 'full,' becoming engaged on a rock projection and thus stopping their downward slide.

A collection of facts concerning accidents in abseiling would be of interest ; it is known that many accidents have occurred due to faulty anchorage. Accidents have also occurred due to stones dislodged when retrieving the abseil rope from below. But instances cannot be given.

Also, though snap-links as commonly marketed are at times of doubtful reliability, no clear instances have come to light of any accidents due either to weakness or to the keeper opening under critical conditions.

CONCLUSION

The author expresses his thanks to the many individuals, club honorary secretaries, etc., who have so kindly contributed the information here tabulated. He hopes that he will continue to receive such information and feels that there is yet much to learn on the subject of experience in the use of climbing rope. Whenever possible it is desirable that the whole of the rope involved in any incident should be sent to the author.

BABANKI D'AYA—A BAMENDA CLIMB

M. N. H. Milne

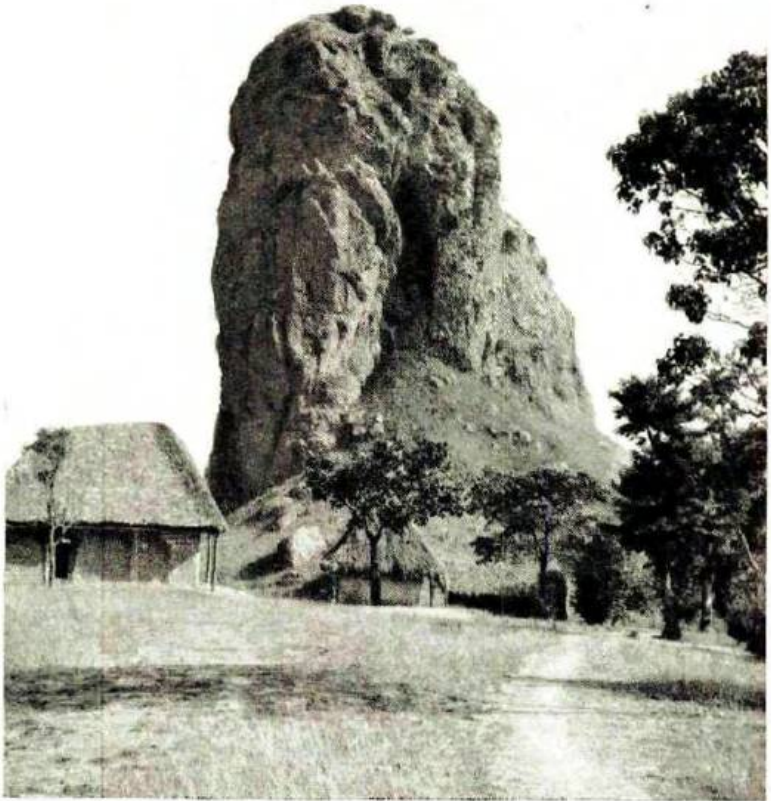
During my first eight years in Nigeria, hills and rocks were sadly lacking. I was condemned to spend most of the time on the coast or in the hot and humid plains. There were, it is true, odd pimples in the Nsukka Division which I thought high and airy then but none exceeded 1,500 feet. As for rocks . . . there was a little mudstone cliff near Enugu which yielded fun of a sort on Sunday mornings and there were very occasional expeditions to the granite of the Jos Plateau. But each of these latter visits entailed, unfortunately, a journey of 1,500 miles—no light task with a family in tow, cars being what they are and repair facilities remarkable for their absence—and I could get away no more often than once each 18 months' tour.

It was, therefore, with considerable excitement that my wife and I learnt, half-way through our 1947 leave, that I was to be posted to the Bamenda Division of the Cameroons. It meant a cool, invigorating climate for the kids, fresh milk, lashings of cream ; and for me, unlimited wanderings in the course of duty over the best Division in West Africa : for Bamenda is the size of Wales and twice as mountainous.

For the rest of that leave I was on tenterhooks lest some ill chance should intervene, and we find the posting cancelled and ourselves returning to the appalling plains. But the Fates were kind and early in November we drove over the high Santa Pass and saw, for the first time, the blue hills of Bamenda stretching far into the harmattan haze. Below us lay the forest-dotted Bande plain ; beyond, from the sun shadow in the west to the prolongation of the Santa range to the north, rose range after range of hills. I saw, during that first intense moment, no notable peaks, but the steepness of the slopes in profile assured a multitude of crags. It was a promised land, and a beautiful one.

To gild the lily the same Fates had produced, in 1947, two climbers within reach of Bamenda. Angus Robin was in charge of the next-door Division—a matter of a mere hundred miles—while Hugh Burgess was Provincial Forest Officer with duties that took him, occasionally, into the high grasslands.

I wasted little time in searching the District Office records for information of a mountain flavour. There was, I discovered, precious little to be got. One enthusiastic District Officer had ascended several of the highest summits in the course of inter-tribal boundary disputes, erecting magnificent cairns on each. None of the small rock peaks had been climbed, nor had any of the cliffs been touched. A virgin field, but one, as I was soon to find, with a real obstacle to



M. N. H. Milne

BABANKI D'AYA AND THE CATECHIST'S HOUSE

conquest ; all the highland rocks were basalts and trachytes, rotten and treacherous in the extreme and all susceptible of the high degree of vegetation which is characteristic of tropical cliffs. Rocks of the basement complex outcropped in the deep valleys ; but it was not until I had trekked the outer parts of the Division for 12 months that I discovered any good granite cliffs—and those that I did find were so remote that we never attacked them seriously.

As to maps—there were none. The triangulation of Nigeria had not been extended as far east. Travelling officers of Government had compiled time and compass traverses but not one was contoured and their only use was to record the positions of villages. Much of the country was extremely wild. There were three villages that had not been visited since the advent of the Germans in the early nineteen hundreds.

But I must return to Christmas, 1947. I naturally had very little first-hand knowledge of the 7,000 square miles of the Bamenda Division then, although I had noted half a dozen magnificent cliffs and as many more volcanic plugs all within reach of headquarters. Two, in particular, of the latter strongly attracted me and both Hugh and Angus had been detailed for an early attempt on one or other. However, official duties interfered with Angus's movements and only Hugh was able to get away for the Christmas week-end.

Lately over an attack of fever, he needed two afternoons on the little cliffs below my house to recover something of his old confidence. In spite of this practice I don't suppose either of us were in good enough form safely to have led a Lake District 'severe' in good weather, had some magic carpet suddenly transferred us over the hills, and forests, and seas to, say, Hollow Stones.

Sunday saw us cross the pass behind Bambui and leave the car by a lone tree on the slopes above Sabga. Four miles to the south-east, far down the valley, rose our two rock masses : tremendous insulbergers of tertiary trachyte. The first cigar-shaped with a deep cleft in the North-West face and the second reminiscent, in miniature, of the Grand Combin—a lovely inverted U. We decided to attempt the first. The map—a 10-year-old compass and time traverse—showed it as dominating the little village of Babanki Tungaw.

As we trotted down we were far from sanguine of success but the day was cool and the sun just strong enough to make us brave without flagging the energy ; we were getting rid, too, of much of the evil accumulations of the wrong sort of living over Christmas. We glanced repeatedly at the great cleft and searched, with less confidence the nearer we got, for an exit on to the slabs high up on what was rapidly revealing itself as a very steep 700 feet of rock.

A family of baboons contoured the hillside below us, swinging

along in their three-cornered style. We wondered what fauna we should meet on our rock.

The Babanki African Catechist living at the bottom, when questioned, looked glum about our prospects but stated with certainty that no man had ever climbed the rock before. He suggested that the best route would lie on the less steep South-East face, although anybody trying to climb it from that side would inevitably be stopped by a 'corner.' Asked how the 'corner' went the answer was 'so' 'so' being at much too steep an angle to entice us.

We accordingly attacked the gully. The first hundred feet was made easy by the shrubbery which had got itself well established in the lower part. There was always a good hold on a wild fig whenever the rock became too thin. The first difficulty was a young palm securely rooted on a large platform at the foot of a steep wall. The long thorns on the fronds were so adjusted that they penetrated the skin immediately any attempt to retreat was made and retreat, at first, appeared inevitable as the wall was holdless (as only cleaved trachyte can be) and overhanging 10 feet higher. But an easy sloping chimney led out on to the cliff to the right and after withdrawing from the unwelcome embraces of the palm we climbed it without difficulty to find ourselves on a large platform finely situated on the vertical Western face. This platform was also supplied with a palm tree; but this time the thorn-provided fronds waved impotently, 30 feet overhead. Further advance was perhaps possible up a crack, but we did not essay it since the crack was too narrow to allow the whole body inside, and too holdless to make any other method justifiable. About 50 feet higher a large tuft of 'pagiami' grass established in the crack was more than enough to deter us had not other considerations already prevailed. The wall to the left of the crack might have been forced for a few feet but we could see that a second vertical pitch lay immediately above and, as we had been thoroughly impressed in our examination from the viewpoint of the Catechist's house with the way in which the whole cliff grew progressively steeper towards the summit, we funked exploring farther in this direction. We returned to the embraces of the palm tree within the great gully.

We could see that the gully, or at least one section above the palm tree, was overhanging. Later on I found that gullies becoming progressively steeper, until they reached the impossible, were a characteristic of the great trachyte plugs of the Division. I was to suffer numerous defeats two-thirds of the way up several such gullies before the lesson sank home.

But just to the left of our retentive palm a crack about seven

inches wide led to a platform 15 feet higher up. I made an ineffectual attempt to force it. Hugh, making a much more determined attempt, managed to get his fingers round the root of a fig growing outwards apparently from the 'innards' of the mountain but, after much hard swearing at the Japanese who had had the insufferable insolence to shoot away a piece from his left shoulder, had to come down. In the end using combined tactics and the fig, I was able to struggle on to the platform, blowing horribly. Hugh followed, using a loop of the rope in lieu of a shoulder, but unfortunately for the next party tore out the fig root in the process. I am afraid I was not holding him very tightly and the run of the nylon burnt my hands, although he only fell seven feet or so.

The next pitch was a few feet in height. It took me a long time, and many assurances from below that H.B. was tucked well away out of the line of fire, before I gatiiered sufficient courage to pull up over a huge poised block seemingly held only by a little humus at the edges. The block, needless to say, held and Hugh followed rapidly. An alternative would have been to have shinned up the continuation of our fig root which went straight up to an overhanging bulge above, for all the world as though some primeval giants had left an abseil rope hanging after their descent.

Followed more poised blocks and more combined tactics and then, pleasant release from the exposure, a cave pitch. But here our climb ended. The cave roof was about 10 feet above our heads. We stood astride the hole up which we had squeezed. Twenty-five feet to the right the roof turned up once more into the sky and scrambling over it, like a climber with his tummy on a large chockstone, was the upper part of our fig tree about 120 feet above the lowest root that Hugh had plucked out so inadvertently from the first difficult pitch. The wall behind our backs sloped inwards and upwards to where it joined the arch of the roof above and extended in this way about 20 feet to the right. The floor ended abruptly 2 feet to our right. The distance between the two containing walls of our floorless cave was about 4 feet and there were certain easings in the left hand of the two walls which might have allowed one to have done an upward straddle for the 25 feet or so necessary to bring one within reach of the posterior, so-to-speak, of our fig tree. But there was no belay and it would have been necessary for the second to have afforded support by withdrawing again into the hole by which we had ascended with the consequent danger of the rope coming into violent contact with the sharp edge of the rock had the leader fallen. And as the leader lacked the necessary courage it was plain that as far as our party was concerned the North-West face had won for the time being. It might be possible to give the leader

adequate protection by placing a rock piton or two in the roof of the cave immediately above the exit from the pitch below sufficient to make the lead justifiable, but short of this sort of engineering I don't see how this route can be won. We consoled ourselves with the reflection that trachyte at the best of times is poor stuff but it is doubly so where the down-thrusting roots of figs are prising off blocks the size of a car. It was no sort of place to go in for the kind of feats that the public is apt to imagine from the normal mode of progress on mountains.

We roped down to the now friendly embraces of the young palm at the bottom of our troubles and climbed down to the grass at the foot of the gully just as the tropic day gave way suddenly to the tropic night.

It was not until Easter that we were able to have another go. This time it was Angus who managed to get away and Hugh who had to remain at his headquarters. We had both been doing a certain amount of trekking and were both reasonably fit, although naturally out of rock-climbing practice. The problems on the cliffs below my house had ceased to be difficult to me—I had climbed them so many times and had even led two of them in the dark—and other opportunities of practising had not arisen. We soon ran down the valley and roped up, within an hour of leaving the car, at the foot of the S.E. face of our cigar-shaped rock.

It was easy to get lodged on the rocks forming the plinth. We were on the rounded base of the pillar for some time. A ridge did appear later as the angle lessened but not for another 200 feet. There were shallow gullies in plenty but all were filled with long sharp grass—the sort of grass that cut Angus' eyeball when he looked down too suddenly for a foothold—and the effect was to make it much safer to keep to the rock ribs in between the lines of weakness, which, in a different climate, might have provided the route. Trachyte weathers into pleasantly rough rock but large columns have a habit of coming unstuck at the wrong moment ; we moved very delicately.

We were leading through and after three long pitches I was the unlucky one to find myself plastered to the rocks of what was certainly the Catechist's 'corner.' The answer, after a lot of shuffling, was an off-balance traverse, two steps in the bed of a muck-filled scoop and escape out to the right onto blocks which formed the top of an unpleasant overhang. The blocks held and I was glad to sit back 20 feet higher on a ledge the size of a camp-bed and jeer at Angus as he sent the rucksack up first. He very soon followed.

The next 150 feet or so were steep and exposed. The long grass that grew everywhere except on rock of an angle of about 75 degrees made the exposure seem less—one's face was generally buried in it searching for a bit of rock for a foothold—but such grass is frightening stuff and we were full of respect for a hazard which must be peculiar to tropical mountains. We had not time enough to hack our way with a machet. (Incidentally a machet here is almost as essential as an ice-axe in happier climes.)

The angle suddenly eased and soon we were moving together along a ridge almost Alpine in its situation. The actual summit was a poised block. We made a cairn and stuck a branch in it for the edification of the locals.

Time up was two hours and 20 minutes of which three-quarters of an hour had been spent on the 'corner.' We enjoyed a splendid half-hour on the top. There cannot be any finer sight in Africa than the cleanly little village of Babanki Tungaw dominated by these two great rock massifs. The huts, 1,000 feet below, looked fragile. I am confident we could have thrown a stone over the North-West face to pitch on the roof of the nearest. It was surely proper if only for the sake of euphony, to name our rock 'Babanki D'aya,' and the challenging mass to the south-east 'Babanki Biyu.'*

Care was needed on the descent, but we had no difficulty until we came to the 'mauvais pas' and here we rigged up a most imposing cat's cradle of rope on the theory that either one or other of the slings or perhaps even the abseil rope would stay put on the inadequate knobs to which we had entrusted them. So fragile were the supports and so complicated our engineering that I determined to climb down. In the event however, everything held well and the abseil-cum-belay down nearly resulted in my being permanently suspended over the overhang.

We noticed that most of the African spectators in the coco yam field below left as soon as the 'corner' was safely descended, disappointed, one supposes, that the prospect of a more entertaining kind of descent had been denied to them.

The Chief of Babanki Tungaw awaited us at the bottom. He was polite, saluted us with the customary hand-clap, as did all those present, and informed us that besides ourselves the only individual that could climb that rock was a very strong juju from his compound. We said that we had met nothing except a lizard or two on top.

The route that we took should present no difficulty to any experienced party being in fact, except for the 'corner,' nothing more than a very fine scramble. But it is well worth doing, for the situ-

* D'aya ~ one. Biyu = two (Hausa).

ations are superb and the next ascent will be, after all, the second one.

The nomad chieftain, Ardo Sabga, had thoughtfully sent two ponies to meet us. We rode happily up the valley in the moonlight. By a common impulse we both looked back : the mass of Babanki D'aya loomed up over a spur in the valley, very tall, very steep, and made, in the moon-lit harmattan haze, as though of mist itself. I silently thanked the Providence that had brought me from the steaming plains to this delectable land . . . and paid me for being there.

GEORGE SMITH THE GEOGRAPHER AND HIS ASCENT OF CROSSFELL

Gordon Manley

(Reprinted from the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society's *Transactions*, Vol. XLVIII, by kind permission of the Society, and of the Author. The biographical introduction has been abridged.)

The year 1747 saw the bicentenary of an event in this neighbourhood of considerable interest and significance, not only locally but to the general development of English art, science and literature in the late eighteenth century. On 13th August, 1747 (Old Style), a party of five made the ascent of Crossfell and one of them, George Smith of Brampton, sent an unsigned account to the Gentleman's Magazine. Forty-seven years later this account was reprinted by Hutchinson in his *History of Cumberland*, together with a note which tells us most of what we know of the obscure but, I think, decidedly significant Scotsman who became a Cumbrian by residence and, at a critical time, did much to arouse interest in this part of England.

I think it likely that George Smith was born soon after 1700 ; he died in 1773, so that Hutchinson may have known him personally : he describes him as a man ' of considerable genius and learning, but irritable, assuming and of suspicious religious principles.' Nevertheless, Smith acquired the reputation in Cumberland of being a universal scholar. As a young man he had attended the lectures of Desaguliers, Curator of Experiments to the Royal Society, who for many years lectured in London on a great variety of scientific subjects ; and was one of the pioneers of ' popular lecturing ' ; it appears that at some stage Smith became his assistant. Some time later Smith established himself at Wakefield as a schoolmaster, but by 1741 he was settled at Brampton near Carlisle, with a small estate ; and he begins to appear in print as a contributor to the Gentleman's Magazine, founded in 1731 and soon to become widely known up and down the country. His first contribution is of considerable archaeological interest, an account of a Roman altar found at Castlesteads. In 1742 he sent in a careful drawing of the Bewcastle cross : from his account it appears that he was then engaged in compiling ' a full and accurate description of Cumberland.'

These contributions and others are well known to antiquaries, but his later cartographical and descriptive work deserves further study. He seems to have had a strong desire to establish his reputation for learning, and he took full opportunity of the occasion provided by the rebellion of 1745, when knowledge of Cumberland was at a

premium. In the following year he sent in a long account, still full of interest, of the events in November and December, 1745 : on 11th November he visited ' the Prince's life guards ' at Naworth, ' who were very solicitous to see a map of England, so I carried them one . . . to try if I could penetrate their intentions.' But on 19th November he made his way to Haltwhistle, trying to join Marshal Wade, after ' a long period of uneasiness and expense in carrying off and bringing back effects.' On 21st December, the Duke of Cumberland arrived before Carlisle, and two days later Smith sent him a plan of the city, with suggestions where ' batteries might best be placed for bombardment to disturb the town least.'

He executed an admirable little map of the Carlisle neighbourhood, reproduced in the magazine ; and it is evident that he had established close relations with Edward Cave, its publisher ; for in August, 1746, he was surveying the Cumberland coast at the latter's expense. In 1746 and 1748 he published two astronomical treatises ; in his ' Treatise on Eclipses ' (1748) he calculated the elements of the total eclipses visible in England in 1927 and 1999. The account of the coastal survey reveals a considerable knowledge of the art of surveying. From his account of Crossfell, as we shall see he was already acquainted with one of Linnaeus's botanical works published in 1745, and with some of the elementary geological ideas of the day ; while his later contributions (1754 onwards) include daily meteorological observations at Wigton. Hutchinson says that, with his fortune impaired by literary pursuits, he later lived at Wigton on a small annuity, supplemented by teaching mathematics and philosophy.

It may be presumed that he was well known in Cumberland. Without doubt, his accounts of Crossfell, Borrowdale, and the Caldbeck fells, did a great deal to start the interest in travel among our mountains. Artists such as Bellers and T. Smith in the 1750's ; Gilpin, Gray and Pennant in the 1760's ; West's Guide in 1778, Crosthwaite's regatta in 1780, the Lake School of Poets and the contemporary founders of geology form a lineal succession. For it is evident that Smith's work excited interest at once, as the Gentleman's Magazine's two great rivals, the *Universal* (founded 1747) and the rather older *London Magazine* (1732) immediately began to publish rival contributions from Cumberland ; Smith's satirical comments on their cartography are very amusing.

Let us now see what Smith had to say about Crossfell. Almost every sentence of his account is of interest, because it is the first description of an English mountain-ascent by a qualified scientist, and we are led to wonder not only why we hear so little of mountain ascents before the 1740's, but why Crossfell should have been

chosen. His very reasonable accounts of Borrowdale and of the Caldbeck fells may also be commended to any reader who wishes to trace the beginnings of our tourist industry ; and in another article he mentions the growing regard for bathing at Allonby.

A JOURNEY UP TO CROSS-FELL MOUNTAIN

The following account of Cross-fell, will entertain such of your readers whose genius inclines them to the description of romantic scenes.

A mountain that is generally ten months bury'd in snow, and eleven in clouds, cannot fail of exciting the attraction and curiosity of a traveller.

That immense ridge of mountains, which are reputed the British Alps, make their first appearance in Derbyshire, and are thence continued in one chain of different elevations to the river Tweed. The Lancashire and Copland heights, with those in Yorkshire and Durham, being only detached parts of this great body, such as are remarkably eminent have particular names assign'd them, whilst the general ridge bears one appellation for several miles together.

Cross-fell, tho' distinguished in none of our county maps, is most singularly eminent, whether you regard its height, or the immense base it stands on, being above 20 miles in circumference ; in some parts the rise is very leisurely and gradual, in others more rugged and perpendicular, emitting considerable streams to both seas. This insensible ascent removes its top to a very great distance from the inhabited plains, and being in a manner encompassed with other desolate and barren mountains, it retains the snow-much longer than any other we can see in Britain, there being some who affirm that it has continued sometimes for seven whole years together.

Aldstone is the nearest town where one can get a safe conductor to cross these almost impervious wastes, a country extremely ill represented in all our maps yet published, not to mention their exhibiting the towns on the wrong side of the river (Nint). About two in the afternoon we set forward three in company, and two who join'd us afterwards, out of the same curiosity. We pass'd the river Tine near its confluence with Blackaburn, beyond which this immense waste begins, and could plainly perceive the alteration of air in riding a few miles. On the top of Roderic heights is a pretty large lake, called Green-castle-loch, which receives no visible feeder, but emits a small stream northward to the said burn ; nor is there any vestige of a castle, from which it could be presum'd to borrow the name. The swallows, those incontestable remains of Noah's deluge, begin here to be very frequent. Some of these are 30 or 40 yards in diameter, and near as much deep, perfectly circular, but contain no water at any season, the ground having gradually fallen in at the sinking of the waters ; but where they have happened amid rocks, the holes are left open to incredible depths. This naturally accounts for those surprising phenomena in the Pyrenean and Narbone mountains and our Elden-hole in Derbyshire, whose depths have never been ascertained with the longest lines.

On the descent of Roderic-fell there is plenty of herbage, but few plants, save the scorpioides arvensis, and tormentil.

At the bottom of this height Blackaburn is divided into two branches, the easternmost tumbling over a precipice of 40 perpendicular yards, which makes a most wild, surprizing cascade.

From this rivulet we are to account the rise of Cross-fell. We were now so much environ'd with large and extended morasses, rocks and mountains, that they exhibited a very frightful appearance, not the vestige of a house, except some old shiels, where in former ages the people had resorted like the

Asiatic Tartars to graze their cattle in summer, a practice now quite disus'd. There were a few sheep, but no deer, that we could see, tho' there are several on the heights ; and notwithstanding the extraordinary drought, the water follow'd our horses footsteps for miles together, except where the ground was perfectly rotten. At a place called Bulmansleugh there have been formerly lead-works, now left off. We had now ascended gradually about 3 miles, thro' very broken morassy wastes, when the mountain began to rise in three very formidable ascents, very steep, in the manner of Mount Lebanon, pil'd one above another, with large and extensive plains to each of them, and loose shivery stones on brows, very troublesome to the horses which we were now obliged sometimes to quit. This continued for near 2 milts more, when we got on the edge of the highest, which forms a capacious plain of several hundred acres, if you reckon from the East ascent ; but of such a barren soil, that there was not so much as a single leaf of grass, herb or plant to be found in so large a plain, exclusive of a few of those rings attributed to fairies, some of which are perfect circles of the *Gramen glumis variis*, in botany, ascribed by Linnaeus in his description of the Baltic isles to a particular quality of its affecting the dirtiest soil, where no other grass can thrive. This immense plain has no verdure, therefore, but a venerably grey aspect from the moss or down, and even this can hardly draw a subsistence to support itself ; so inconceivably barren is this distinguished eminence. The West side towards the Cumberland plains is more rocky and steep than the way we ascended. Great part of six counties were to be seen, and notwithstanding our height, there seemed to be 4 or 5 mountains that disputed preheminen.ee, the rest look'd all far below us. These were, Skiddaw in the West of Cumberland, Criffield in Scotland, Pennygent and Ingleborough in Yorkshire, and the highest Cheviot in Northumberland. I computed the diameter of our visible horizon to exceed 120 miles, 60 each way from the center. The mountains in Cleveland by the east sea were very fair, and the West sea sufficiently discoverable. As to the perpendicular height of the mountain, I could not so well judge, having no barometer, and the top suffers too much by refraction to be ascertained on geometrical principles.

Whether it takes its name Cross-fell from its transverse situation to the common run of the ridge, or from a papistical conjuring cross to dislodge the aerial demons, which that religion has ascribed to this desolate mountain, I take not upon me to determine.

P.S. Being the 13th of August, and a long drought, and hot season, we were not able to find any the least relicks of snow, in places most likely for it ; which is very extraordinary.

NOTES ON SMITH'S ASCENT

The details of the route can easily be followed on a good topographical and geological map. The confusion between received opinion regarding snow, and the results of observation, is at once apparent ; that mountains ought to be snow-clad was no doubt an opinion deriving, like so many early opinions, from the classical foundation of learning. August, 1747, was nevertheless very dry and warm ; it appears that on the 13th (O.S.) the temperature in the south was about the average for the month, with a light north-east wind after a week of dry weather. Under stable conditions in the late afternoon, with a light N.E. breeze from the cool North Sea,

the Cheviots, the Cleveland hills and Ingleborough might well be seen (*experto crede*), though it augurs rather exceptional visibility. Smoke-haze in the Middlesborough region or, below the inversion, from Tyneside would be quite negligible compared with today. Meteorological conditions were probably not unlike those of the latter part of August, 1947 ; there may, however, have been a light cloud sheet on the day in question.

The ascent past Greencastle (where the limestone with its light-coloured grass outcrops—the same name is given to the limestone spur at the head of Knock Ore Gill) and the swallow-holes can be repeated today. ' Roderick ' is clearly Rotherhope ; the waterfall is still there, also the boggy impervious grits alternating with limestone scars ; but no longer are there any deer. The reference to Linnaeus is interesting, as the work mentioned by Smith was only published in 1745 ; we may therefore judge that he was a keen botanist as well as a patron of London booksellers. His use of ' loch ' for ' tarn ' is suggestive of the Scot.

The further comment on the absence of snow is noteworthy, as the appallingly cold, though dry, year 1740 was fresh in memory. It is just possible that if a particularly cold summer occurs, such as 1879, following a severe winter, an exceptional snow-drift might just linger through the year on the short steep north-easterly slope below the summit plateau, the height being about 2,700 feet. A traveller has recorded that drifts were conspicuously visible from Penrith on 18th June, 1785, and adds : ' I am told that in some places it remains all the year round ' ; nevertheless Hutchinson (1794) states that the oldest shepherds whose memory went back 70 years declared that this had never occurred within their knowledge. On Helvellyn John Dalton records on several occasions between 1812 and 1823 finding snow ' in the usual place ' at the end of the first week in July, north of the summit. Such an occurrence would nowadays be very exceptional.

It is also interesting to see that Ingleborough was recognised. Topographical maps of the Pennines were so imperfect that we must presume that it was the guide who knew its outline. We are thus led to wonder at the length of time required before the knowledge commonly possessed by one group or class became public property. Even the minor streams flowing northward and eastward from Cross-fell had been named by the fifteenth century at latest ; yet, as regards the relative height of the hills (a matter which Robinson of Ousby had evidently determined for himself) we find as late as 1777 an astonishing confusion of estimates. In that year Hutchinson, in his *Journey to the English Lakes*, gave Whernside, 4,050 feet, as the highest summit in England ; among others he mentions Cross-

fell, 3,390 ; Helvellyn, 3,324 and Ingleborough, 3,987. Yet in 1697 Frankland of Rathmell was able to quote the vertical height of Ingleborough, Penyghent and Pendle above his village with fair accuracy. Pennant gave Crossfell 3,839 feet.

That exploration in the sixteenth century led to a great development in literature and in the observational sciences is a commonplace; yet in the minor events of the eighteenth century we can see the process repeated. There is a moral for the geographer today. Field investigation of some out-of-the-way feature may lead to far more stimulus to a number of minds at any given time, than repetition of outmoded texts at second-hand. The published results of Smith's curiosity in 1747 and the succeeding years may have been some of the sparks which initiated a very considerable development in literature and art as well as science. Geographers may now have to go farther in quest of objectives, or delve into greater detail, but it is indeed to be hoped that the exploratory outlook and the reconnaissance survey in whatever field will never be disdained by the advocates of diligent study in the library. It is still true that one of the best ways for the geographer to arouse the interest of the informed reader lies in the provision of fresh points of view. In this respect, as well as on account of his surveying and cartographical abilities, George Smith well deserves the title, and it would be interesting to know more of the life of this strangely versatile 'off-comer,' who did so much to bring Cumberland into the public eye two centuries ago.

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE

Rock of ages cleft for me,
Cleft so that I climb by thee,
Pinionless by thee to rise,
Fainting I would breathe the skies.

Gained the toilsome slopes, the scree,
Rock crumbs of eternity,
High was heaven out the dell,
Flere I sense deep fathomed hell.

Far below the vale of tears
Love and laughter of the years,
Deeply distant world of night
Sinking as I breast the height.

Hopes of heaven wax and wane,
Foothold on the rock I gain,
As to earth my doubts I fling,
Safer to the rock I cling.

Eagerly my feet and hands
Seek that content life demands,
Avidly, as with his gold,
Miserlike I grasp the hold.

Testing all things, holding fast
That is good, the mind aghast,
Fearful lest that I be hurled
Gripless to the nether world.

Moving up the narrow way
All of self comes into play,
Wealth of spirit, strength of bone,
Wresting progress of the stone.

Points of contact mal-designed
Aids to progress ill-defined,
Tensively I rise, advance,
Poising high on lofty stance.

Out above, athwart the cleft
' Giant Grim ' of soul bereft,
O'er his visage I must tread
To that freedom overhead.

Under that relentless chin,
Poised on sloping foothold thin,
Stark, appalled, I view with awe
That contentious callous jaw.

'Neath the overhanging wall,
Standing where the shadows fall,
Restively I contemplate
On the vagaries of fate.

Shall I fail or make it go,
Rise above or crash below ?
Is it conquest or defeat,
Life to cease or heart to beat ?

Fear and hope, they foil and fence
 ' Hither ' parries thrusting ' Hence '
 Lust of life, despair of death
 Alternating, breath on breath.

Hope of conquest, fear of fate,
 Inward wrest in hot debate,
 Hope ' eternal lunging out
 Ends the soul-exhausting bout.

Desperate of prospect blind,
 Gulping Hades deep behind,
 Reason points the only way,
 Self demands that I obey.

Faith outstretched defines a grip,
 Fingers grasp the curling lip,
 Other fingers, prying, seek
 Purchase in cadav'rous cheek.

Digits, closing on the hold,
 Faith confides in manner bold,
 All dissension thrust aside
 Bracingly I take the stride.

Nerve and sinew, brawn and brain
 Concentrating, take the strain.
 Earth and Heaven both contend
 In that moment I Suspend.

Swift my footing finds *a* place
 Out aloft that rigid face,
 Face of stone, of blinded stare,
 Of my treading unaware.

Furrows in the wrinkled brow
 Comfort for the hands allow,
 Hollow cheeks my feet inquest,
 Gratefully I pause to rest.

Safe above the great divide
 Rested, comes the final stride
 Out that sunlit firmament
 Comes to me a great content.

Naught of earth to intervene,
 I behold ' the distant scene,'
 Cardinal, with thee awhile
 Seems ' those angel faces smile.'

' Rock of ages cleft for me,'
 Cleft so that I climbed by thee
 Pinionless, and yet I stand
 Out the heights of promised land.

Hand of heaven reaching down,
 My endeavour did encrown.
 Thus, by faith I came to rise
 To the glory of the skies.

THE ZERMATT MEET—AUGUST, 1948

Eric L. Furness

It was a small party which visited Zermatt this year, and we foregathered somewhat in dribs and drabs, but the majority consisting of Dorothy Smith, Leslie Somervell, Jack Blackshaw, Dick Edleston and Eric Furness reached Zermatt about tea-time on Saturday, 31st July.

On Sunday there was a training walk up to the Riffelhorn (2,931 m.) and in hot sunshine L.W.S., J.B., and E.L.F. ambled up the tourist track, getting superb views of the Matterhorn, Ober Gabelhorn, Zinal Rothorn, and Weisshorn. The Riffelhorn is a rock climb of only moderate standard, with just the occasional pitch on its west ridge, but the party had spent so much time in idling and sunbathing that it was quite late in the afternoon before we reached the summit. It had been intended to descend the east ridge, but no feasible route could be discovered down the 100 feet or so from the summit on to the ridge proper. On the first attempt E.L.F. having climbed down to within 40 feet of the ridge, and thinking to make the rest of the way easier, committed the unforgivable sin of throwing his rucksack, containing ice-axe, onto the ridge, only to find a few feet farther, that he was above an overhang. After some five further attempts the party was forced from lack of time to abandon the east ridge and the rucksack, and to beat a retreat down the north face. In fact it was about 8 p.m. when we were off the climb with the knowledge that dinner was at 7-30 and we still had 1,300 metres of descent confronting us. However, our reputation was saved by the timely arrival of the last train from the Gornergrat, and we were seated at dinner by nine o'clock, to find that our leader, Jack Kenyon, had also arrived.

Sunday night was a disturbed affair. Zermatt was celebrating its annual fete. Bands played until the early hours of the morning, bonfires were lit all around the hills, and there were numerous displays of fireworks. However, in common with most of the other penurious British, our party abstained from the revelries, and were up in good time, eager to get to work. L.W.S. and J.B. very nobly volunteered to return to the Riffelhorn to rescue the rucksack, while the others set off with the object of ascending the Unter Gabelhorn (3,398 m.). The day, unfortunately, was spoilt by a succession of rain and hailstorms which so delayed the party that it was decided to abandon the climb at the foot of the final peak, thus missing the best of the rock climb. But we made up for this with a long glissade down a gully on the south side. The day was finished with a jog-trot in pouring rain back to Zermatt. Unfortunately, Dorothy slipped on a particularly muddy patch and strained her

ankle, thus putting her out of the running for a day or so. L.W.S. and J.B. had been lucky with the rescue of the rucksack. Just as they reached the Riffelhorn they saw a guide with a party bringing it down. The remainder of their day was spent in a quiet but enjoyable walk to Findelen, where they timed nicely a pint of beer to coincide with the worst of the rain.

Tuesday started in a most unpromising fashion. Most members of the party, in consequence, took the opportunity of a long lie-in, and after breakfast some even suggested having lunch at the hotel. Fortunately, the reputation of the party was saved by the resolution of our leader, and with pack lunches we ambled up the Zmutt Valley which lies to the north of the Matterhorn. The path meanders delightfully through the pine woods above the gorge-set river, and there are exciting glimpses of the Schahlthliorn behind, and the Col d'Herens in front. At Stafelalp we brewed a cup of tea, lunched and sunbathed, and then ascended to the Schwarzee. A jog-trot brought us down to Zermatt nicely in time for dinner, and we all felt that an off day could scarcely have been spent better. We found that our party had been strengthened by the arrival of H. V. Hughes, who had come fighting fit straight from a week's holiday in the French Alps.

We walked up to the Trift Hut on Wednesday afternoon, from where we hoped to tackle either the Wellenkuppe, the Ober Gabelhorn or the Zinal Rothorn. But in the evening it rained heavily and it was decided that unless 'Madame' called us at 2 a.m. on the unlikely assumption that the weather had improved, we would get up at the normal hour and do the Unter Gabelhorn. Just before we turned in we received news that two English climbers had lost their way coming down from the Zinal Rothorn, and R.C.E. with the son of the house went out and after some three-quarters of an hour discovered them sheltering under a rock, and duly escorted them in.

Well, Madame never saw fit to wake us in the night, so on Thursday morning, after an eight o'clock breakfast, we all set off for the Unter Gabelhorn. When we got onto the rock climbing proper, the weather took turns to rain, hail, and snow, and we were very glad to take advantage of a natural shelter for lunch. The Unter Gabelhorn is a most enjoyable expedition, particularly the last 1,000 feet or so, which provides interesting and exposed, though not particularly difficult rock climbing, and which culminates in a grand little summit. As there was no view to tempt us to loiter, we lost no time in descending to the Hut, and thence back to Zermatt.

Friday morning was clear and bright. Everyone was cheerful and expectant. At a hurried conference the decision was made to ascend in the afternoon to the Tacsch Hut from which, weather

permitting, we would attempt either the Alphubel or the Allalinhorn. With a blazing sun on our backs we set off down the road towards Taesch, and then up the lovely wooded path which traverses the hillside around the Taeschalp. J.B., who had started some 20 minutes after the rest of the party, not only overtook the younger members on the steepest part of the track, but forged straight on past them. Henceforth such a feat is to be known as 'Doing a Blackshaw.' From Taeschalp the path wound a long exposed way up to the hut (about 2,800 m.). We arose about 2-30 next morning, and after a good breakfast lit our lanterns, and in crocodile fashion proceeded slowly up the faint track which skirts the north of the Rothengrat. Our objective was the Alphubel by way of the Rothengrat. It was daylight by the time we reached the point (3,360 m.) at which the ridge is joined, but here we found all the guided parties who had preceded us returning defeated. The conditions were impossible—the rocks were covered with a veneer of new snow on ice. Reluctantly we retraced our footsteps, and it was indeed a demoralised party that sat about that morning in the hut. Some dozed, some sat and drank endless cups of ovaltine, and some just sat. Eventually, we pulled ourselves together and ambled back to Zermatt in what turned out to be pleasantly warm sunshine. That evening the last member of our party, Jennie Barnard, arrived from Hamburg.

Sunday dawned bright and sunny, and we decided to split into two parties : 'A' consisted of L.W.S., J.B., K.N.B., and H.V.H. and was to ascend the Mettelhorn (3,410 m.) starting early Monday morning ; 'B' was made up of the remainder J.A.K., D.S., R.C.E., and E.L.F., and was to set off this afternoon with two days' supplies for the Taesch Hut once more, to lay siege to one of the major peaks. Further J.B. proposed to leave this afternoon for the Trift Hut, as he had missed the previous visit there, and would be picked up by the rest of 'A' party on Monday morning. Well, Sunday cunningly kept fine until J.B. was on his way to the Trift, and then it deluged us with rain. It was clearly out of the question to begin the long walk to the Taesch Hut. The remaining three of 'A' party were a bit surprised to find 'B' party still at the hotel when they returned from a walk to the Grunsee, very wet for their pains, and we all wondered how J.B. would be getting on in his lonely sojourn at the Trift. 'No doubt,' we said 'Madame will be proffering hot water bottles and brandy.' 'A' party were off for the Mettelhorn on Monday morning long before 'B' were out of bed. It was misty in the earlier hours but gradually it became apparent that the sun was going to win the struggle, and as 'B' party slowly ascended the path to Taeschalp the sunlight was already slanting down through

the trees, lighting up all the myriad globules of rainwater. We took the walk easily, breaking off for a glass of milk at Taeschalp, and eventually arrived at the hut about 2 p.m. The guardian woke us at 2 a.m., on Tuesday, to tell us that the weather was bad, and at 4 a.m. he told us it was raining hard, so we postponed our start for the Allalinhorn until after a normal breakfast. Even then the mist was thick and by the time we reached the glacier it was snowing fairly hard with visibility about 50 yards. Roping up and guided by compass, we plunged slowly across the glacier, and were indeed amazed when at mid-day we struck the very clump of rocks for which we were aiming. The route from this point (3,530 m.) across to the Allalin Pass, which would be our next objective, was, however, considerably more complicated, and it was not a reasonable proposition at this time of day and in such weather. Our leader therefore wisely decided on a withdrawal, and, rather chilled and wet, the party arrived back at the hut about 2-30 in the afternoon.

Once more at 2 a.m. on Wednesday the guardian came up and informed us that 'it is not very bad, you can always return.' At 3-45 with lanterns lit the party emerged into the night. Even in the dark one could tell that the cloud was not too dense, and here and there a star could be seen, and higher up the cliffs of the Rothengrat loomed almost clearly on our left. Suddenly we stepped above the cloud. To our amazement we saw, in the first dawn light the summits of the Breithorn, the Ober Gabelhorn, the Zinal Rothorn, and the Weissshorn, floating, as it were, on an ocean of grey cloud. As we climbed higher, more and more mountains rose from out of this sea and behind them, around the horizon, appeared a broad ribbon of light, a lovely blending of the prismatic colours. About 5-30 a.m. the sun must have first appeared, because the snow peaks, which till then had been a dull white, turned to gentle pink, and then swiftly to a glittering gold.

By now we had reached the glacier and it was unnecessary to rope up since there were our tracks to follow from our previous day's visit. The snow was crisp and the walking fairly easy, our feet sinking barely more than six inches at each step. At 6 a.m. we reached the outpost of rocks which had been our previous farthest point, and roping up we quickly dropped down to the Mellichen-gletcher, across which we ploughed our way south-east towards the Allalin Pass. Just before reaching the pass we turned north to the foot of a wide couloir which would lead up to the lower end of the south ridge of the Allalinhorn, and with R.C.E. in the lead we began a diagonally upward traverse towards the ridge. Very soon we were at real grips with our mountain. A few hundred feet north of the lowest point of the col the ridge rises steeply into a tower and the

route avoids this obstacle by a diagonally upward traverse of the east face. The climbing by British standards is probably of the moderately difficult variety, but other problems were posed by these snow-covered and not too sound rocks. R.C.E. led very ably indeed, but at one tricky stage, a boulder was set loose which sailed neatly between the heads of J.A.K. and E.L.F. who crouched into the rock. Eventually the traverse emerged onto the snow arete, which though stimulating by the angle at which the slopes fell away, provided no climbing difficulties, and at 9-45 a.m., some six hours after we had left the hut we reached the summit of the Allalinhorn (4,030 m.). An hour or so later with J.A.K. leading we began a descent to the Feejoch with the object of traversing N.W. over the Feekopf and down to the Alphubeljoch. The ridge from the Feejoch up to the Feekoph provided a good deal of interest. It is a knife edge in the traditional style well guarded by a succession of gendarmes. Traversing one of these promised to be of a really delicate nature, since the only footholds appeared to be a thin edge of snow which would certainly disappear if you looked too hard at it. A carabiner provided some comfort to the leader as well as to his second as he carefully edged his way around, but fortunately the snow in fact hid a little ledge, which, as soon as it was uncovered by the first footsteps, provided a fairly easy key to the problem. From the Feekopf a series of steep snow slopes brought the party quickly and easily to the Alphubeljoch ; we descended without more ado to the hut, and thence, after a wash and a bowl of tea, on down to Zermatt in good time for dinner.

A note awaited us from 'A' party, addressed to 'The Tigers' and signed 'The Rabbits.' These cheeky ones had not only bagged one more peak than 'the tigers'—the Mettelhorn—but had set off that afternoon for the Z'Fluh Hut with the intention of climbing the Rimpfischorn, 4,202 metres, or 172 metres higher than the Allalinhorn. 'Rabbits,' indeed ! Let their spokesman, H.V.H., tell the tale of their deeds :—

Early on Monday the Rabbits (or 'A' party) chased the clouds up to the Trift Hotel with the Mettelhorn as their intended goal. After breakfast we pushed on up grass, shale and easy snow slopes to a low col from which we had a good view of the Weissshorn—completely white. After crossing a small snowfield we reached the foot of the final peak which looked shockingly steep, but a track in the scree led to the summit rocks in a few minutes. We were just ahead of half the visitors to Zermatt, and soon the rocks were almost invisible, but what did that matter when we had one of the finest panoramas in the Alps. Tuesday was a shockingly wet day and we sorrowed for the Tigers growling in their little cage high above Tasch ! Wednesday was by contrast warm and sunny and we lazed and lunched by the Stellisee until it was time to move up to the Z'Fluh Hut. Next morning the

usual alternation of weather and a very late start, but we were well on the way to the Rimpfischorn by dawn. The long caravan plugged on and we were delayed on the rocks by the first parties descending. By the time we had crossed the little snow ridge between the summits the sun was out and we were tempted to make a long stay. Then came the high spot—literally the highest spot of the meet, and Jennie announced that she had bees in her bonnet—to which we readily agreed. She insisted that they were real bees buzzing and stinging her, so the President conducted a thorough search for the offending insects. Then they got into his bonnet, and a moment later I was stung through two hats—there was no doubt about it—a severe electric storm was developing. We returned quickly to the axes and descended the tower and great couloir in a 'tourmente' of driving snow; it was not until we were back on the trackless Rimpfischvange that we could open our eyes wide and take stock. We were in rather bad shape and made one or two false moves before we got a good line to the Fluhalp, met the Tigers and got down to the valley as quickly as possible.

The ascents of the Allalinhorn and the Rimpfischorn really brought the climbing activities of the Fell and Rock party to a close. There was some talk of a desperate attempt on the Dom, but when on Friday the snow lay in the streets of Zermatt, we ceased to discuss the possibility of further climbs, and apart from a stroll by a few up to the Gandegg hutte (3,031 m.) there were no more expeditions. On Sunday, 15th August, the party bade a sad farewell to Zermatt, its great mountains, its delicious food, and its abominable weather.

There is no doubt that Zermatt Meet, 1948, will be remembered as an unequal struggle of enthusiasm against appalling conditions, but there is equally no doubt that it will be remembered by those who shared these conditions as well as the few, but richly rewarding successes, as a grand holiday with grand companionship. I know I am expressing the feelings of my fellow climbers when I say that the meet owed a great deal of its success to the leadership of Jack Kenyon, and above all to the untiring work of Lyna Kellett.

It had been intended, I believe, to arrange for the 1949 meet in Scotland to be held in the neighbourhood of Glencoe, but this proved impracticable. Those who were responsible for the return to Corrie, the scene of a most successful meet in 1946, chose a very happy alternative.

Dr T. R. Burnett's interesting account of that meet in the 1947 *Journal* included some reference to Arran's many attractions, and it is unnecessary in these notes to cover this ground again.

On 14th May about half the party met on the morning boat from Ardrossan, and reached Corrie in good time for lunch. A few of the more restless set out soon afterwards for Glen Sannox and the Saddle, returning by North Goat Fell and the Corrie Burn. The ridge was swept by wind and heavy rain, and for those whose only previous visit was during the perfect weather of the 1946 meet it was a new experience to see the granite towers and pinnacles looming up formidably in the mist, and to negotiate the peculiar rock under wet weather conditions.

The rest of the party—except for one or two who arrived at a later stage—had crossed on the afternoon boat, including the President and Mrs Appleyard. In addition there were no less than five Past-Presidents assembled, who contributed distinction, but by no means dullness, to the meet. In fact if this account of it seems rather easy-going and carefree it reflects the atmosphere which prevailed throughout. Little serious rock climbing was accomplished, no new routes were pioneered, but many enjoyable and some strenuous days were spent on the hills, and a few easier ones on Arran's beautiful coast.

Sunday morning being dull and threatening, with the clouds very low on the hills, it was agreed that the ridges were not inviting, and that a comparatively low level expedition was indicated. The whole party accordingly set out for Sannox, a short halt being made at the Cat Stone, one of the 'Corrie Boulders.' This was climbed by the President by way of inauguration as leader of the meet, a position which he subsequently filled more than adequately. Thence the coast was followed to the Fallen Rocks, where a fairly long stop was made for lunch, and of course (as T.R.B. was of the party) copious draughts of tea, not to mention a more potent beverage provided by another Past-President. After watching sea birds and seals for a time, the party split up, some continuing along the shore to Laggan and up onto the hills between the coast and the Lochranza road, others taking a more direct route to the same ridge. The going in deep heather and bog was heavy work, and before Sannox

was reached had certainly tested the lungs and stretched the muscles of those who were out of training.

Next day the clouds were still well down, but with some promise of lifting later. One party set out for Goat Fell, and by the time the cairn was reached—at a very leisurely pace—the sun had broken through, and half an hour was spent in enjoying the first clear view of the whole range. The ridge was then followed over North Goat Fell and Mullach Buidhe and so down to Corrie. The other, and more energetic party, went up Glen Sannox and thence over Chir Mhor and the 'Castles,' returning by the Witches Step and Suidhe Fhearghas.

As related in T.R.B.'s account of the 1946 meet, some of the party visited Holy Island on that occasion, thanks to the good offices of the Royal Navy, who were then still in control of the island. It is again accessible by ordinary means, and accordingly T.R.B. was asked to organise transport, which he did with his customary efficiency. A special bus took us to Lamlash pier, and a motor launch across to the island. The farmhouse which stands near the shore was derelict and deserted in 1946, but has now been restored and reoccupied as a guest-house. We struck up the hill behind the house to gain the ridge which leads up to Mullach Mor, the highest point of the island, which just overtops 1,000 feet. Unfortunately the cloud ceiling was below this modest elevation, and what should have been a grand view was totally eclipsed. At the south end of the island, near one of the lighthouses, the map marks 'Dorothy's Well.' One of the senior members of the party insisted that this was the place for lunch, though he could not, or would not, divulge anything as to the identity or antecedents of the lady. So down we all went, and the well was soon located—a scanty spring emerging from the hillside into a weedy and uninviting pool. However, if water was not abundant, the fuel supply was prodigious, as the shore was strewn with driftwood. Indeed so fierce was the fire that lunch was punctuated by frequent 'explosions' caused by the fracture of the stones on which it was built. Only prompt action by W.G.M., who was acting as stoker, prevented the kettles and their precious brew being violently overturned. The return to the farm was made along the shore with some antiquarian interludes, and after an excellent tea we re*embarked for the crossing to Lamlash in pouring rain.

Next day saw a return to the hills. The start was somewhat delayed while the President and his predecessors in office were rounded up, and induced to group themselves in front of the hotel to face quite a battery of cameras. This ceremony over, most of the party—one or two having decided to explore the island on cycles—

crossed the moor to the foot of Cioch na h-Oighe, the top of which was reached by various routes, involving more or less scrambling as desired. The clouds were again covering the tops, and little could be seen. The narrow ridge southwards was then followed, and the return to Corrie made on either side according to inclination or necessity—G.H.W. had unfortunately to take the shortest way down in order to catch the afternoon boat for home. The President wished to 'tick off' Goat Fell, and a few of the faithful followed his lead. Some anxiety was felt for T.R.B.'s late return, but another member reported a plume of smoke rising from the 'Devil's Punch Bowl,' which gave reassurance of his safety—and soon after he turned up.

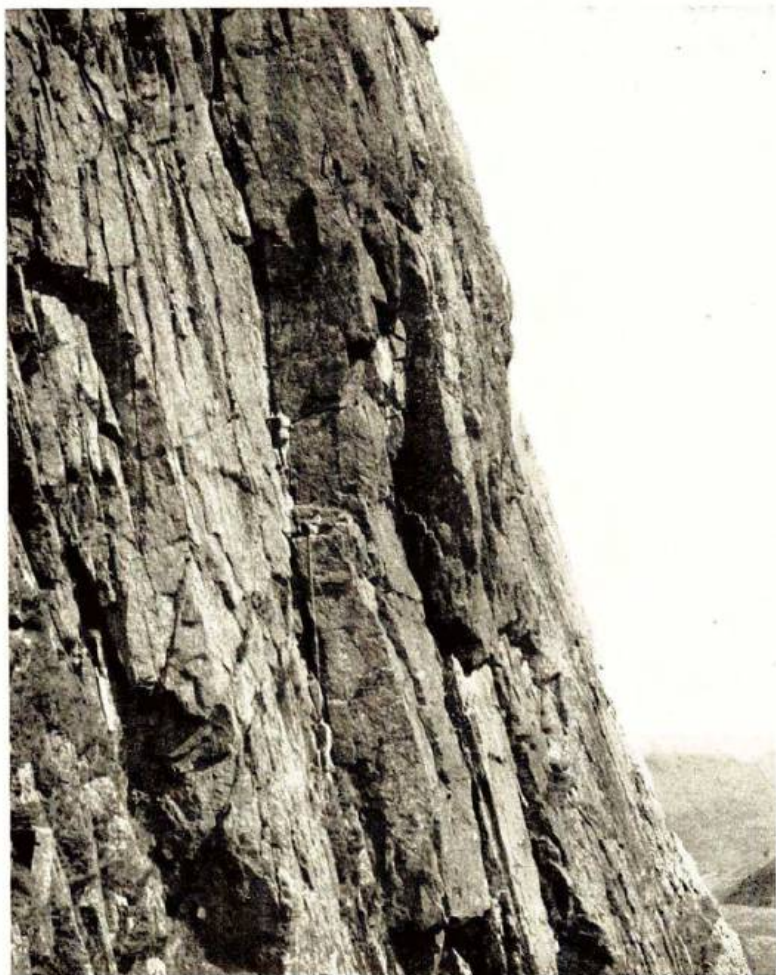
Thursday was the first day on which the tops were almost free of cloud, and transport in the shape of a number of bicycles and a taxi was secured, and the foot of Glen Rosa reached. The glen was followed to the bend, and thence the steep path crossing the Garbh Allt to the shoulder of Beinn a' Chliabhain. The day was hot and even F.L.C. complained of the pace (it transpired later that a touch of lumbago was responsible for this unusual reversal of form). However all reached the summit in due course, and were rewarded with the splendid prospect it affords, under perfect conditions. At the bealach the party split into two, some returning over Beinn Tarsuinn and Beinn Nuis, and the others over the A'Chir ridge (a traverse recommended to sufferers from lumbago !) and thence down the glen to regain cycles or summon a taxi. Only L.W.S. scorned such aids, and made a direct return from A'Chir to Corrie.

An off day was decided on for the morrow ; T.R.B. and W.G.S. (as the only ones who had taken part in a similar excursion in 1946) were commissioned to organise a coach trip round the island. The weather again proved ideal for this. As befitted a day trip of this character, the guides provided a somewhat intermittent, and more or less edifying, 'running commentary' on the features of interest passed on the road. The pre-historic remains, which are so numerous in the southern half of Arran, formed a frequent subject of their comments, and when the interest of the passengers appeared to flag, the guides could usually point out a 'standing stone,' though some of these were of doubtful authenticity. As the northern part was approached these relics became fewer, but ancient graveyards by the roadside provided a useful substitute. The trip was made in a clockwise direction, the first stop being at Largybeg Point for a stroll on the cliff, and the next at Blackwater Foot for lunch on the beach. The coach was then sent on to Tormore, and the coast followed on foot for three or four miles, with a visit to the King's Cave, with its ancient carvings, on the way. The final stop was at Lochranza, whence the return to Corrie was enjoyed undisturbed

by the guides, whom a substantial tea had mercifully reduced to silence.

Of the remaining three days no extended account can be given, so varied and widespread were the activities which could be chronicled. Suffice it to say that almost every peak and ridge of the main range was traversed by different parties, as was most of the coast from Lamlash to Lochranza. F.L.C. describing himself as 'an escapist having an easy day,' cycled to Pirnmill on the opposite side of the island, and walked over Beinn Bhreac and Beinn Bharrain, the highest tops of the western hills, which were thus not entirely unvisited.

So ended another of the Club's Scottish meets, and again Lyna Kellett must be thanked for the advance arrangements, which contributed so much to its success. Tribute must also be paid to Mr and Mrs MacInnes of the Corrie Hotel, whose concern for our welfare added much to our enjoyment. Both those who were visiting Arran for the first time, and those who had returned, will have many treasured memories of mountain and sea, and of friendships made and renewed during their all too short stay.



GIMMER CRACK, ABOVE THE BOWERY

J. E. L. Clements

CLIMBS OLD AND NEW

J. Carswell

A large number of climbs which would normally have been recorded here this year have by now appeared in various guidebooks. The additions to the lowlying Langdale climbs now give a good selection of routes, some of which are of a very high standard, for short days, while the climbs on Eagle Crag, Langstrath open up yet another field of activity.

LANGDALE

RAVEN CRAG

GIRDLE TRAVERSE 325 feet. Severe. First ascent, 13th March, 1948.
A.G., J. Ward, J.W.T.

- (1) 35 feet. Pitch 1 Evening Wall.
- (2) 40 feet. Continue up pitch 2 of Oak Tree Wall to small belay at end of short gangway.
- (3) 90 feet. Traverse right making for prominent rock ledge seen on the skyline. The first 10 feet is a hand traverse under the overhang with a difficult move after 10 feet. After crossing the small gully it is best to ascend slightly and then descend to the rock ledge. Immediately below there is a small tree above a holly tree ; descend to this from where one can gain the wall on the right, which is traversed upwards to the right to a small ledge with ample belays below prominent right angled corner.
- (4) 50 feet. Climb down over two blocks to a delightful slab which is traversed to the right to ledge and belay.
- (5) 40 feet. Climb down immediately below the stance on good holds passing a bulging ledge ; short traverse right to a small gully and crack, descend this for about 6 feet to a tuft of heather from where it is possible to make an upward traverse to the light to a good rock ledge. Stance just above ledge, good notch belay above in crack behind a tuft of grass.
- (6) 50 feet. Continue the traverse to the large ledge between two trees.
- (7) 20 feet. Finish up behind the blocks.

REVELATION

240 feet. Severe. First ascent, 28th March, 1948.
A.G., B. B. Black, J.W. Starts at the foot of the east face of the crag 15 feet to the right of a holly tree at the foot of a prominent buttress which leads up to the large trees at the top of the crag.

- (1) 40 feet. Straight up the buttress which is well scratched at the start to a good ledge below a rather overhanging wall.
- (2) 10 feet. Traverse round to the right into the gully to a belay below an obvious crack.
- (3) 50 feet. Step up on to a sort of gangway and traverse left ; ascend the corner of the buttress and climb up to a grass ledge. Continue straight up the face of the buttress over a protruding bulge to a sloping rock ledge and good belay.
- (4) 50 feet. Straight up the overhang to a large terrace by the tree.
- (5) 50 feet. Traverse behind the large blocks and continue left along an obvious ledge, descend slightly then up to a good rock ledge. Stance just above ledge, good notch belay in crack behind tuft of grass (Pitch 6 of Girdle Traverse reversed).
- (6) 40 feet. Climb down to the left on good handholds to a steep groove ;

step up the groove a few feet and traverse upward to finish over the corner to the left. The pitch is very exposed but the holds are excellent, belay slightly to the right. (Pitch 5 of Girdle Traverse reversed.)

REVELATION Second ascent. J.W.T., J.W., 24th April, 1948.

HOLLY TREE TRAVERSE 180 feet. Very Difficult. First ascent, 25th June, 1949. A.G., C.H.P., J.W.

- (1) 20 feet. From the bed of the gully scramble up to the bollard at the foot of Oak Tree Wall. Belay.
- (2) 50 feet. Up 10 feet of Oak Tree Wall until it is possible to make an upward traverse right to a sentry box. Belay junction with Ordinary Route.
- (3) 30 feet. Continue the traverse right making for holly tree which is a prominent feature of the crag. Belay round tree.
- (4) 50 feet. Climb the wall just right of gully to a rock ledge below a right-angle corner. Steep but good holds. Belay.
- (5) 30 feet. Climb right-angle corner to finish.

Variation finish. Rather harder than original route. First ascent. A.G., C.H.P., J.W. Starts at holly tree on pitch 3.

20 feet. Climb gully to oak tree. Belay.

70 feet. Leave gully on left for arete working slightly left and finish at top of crag.

STEW POT 110 feet. Severe. First ascent. A.G., A.R.D.

Lies on the small prominent buttress well right of the amphitheatre just before the gully. Start from the lowest point, broken rocks.

- (1) 40 feet. Up broken rocks to a large detached block, climb over block and continue up slab to a ledge with another large detached block. Belay.
- (2) 35 feet. Small slab is followed by broken rocks upwards to right, then slightly left to a rock ledge with large pinnacle on left. Spike belay behind pinnacle.
- (3) 35 feet. Climb on to pinnacle and up to top. Finishing move awkward.

BLUEBELL GULLY 155 feet. Very Severe. First ascent, 29th May, 1948. A.G., J.W.T., J. Ward, C. Peckett.

On extreme right of Raven Crag lies the Amphitheatre. Bluebell Gully lies to the left of a prominent rock pinnacle. Cairn at start of climb.

- (1) 55 feet. Climb straight up gully passing a small rowan tree to a grass corner (The Window Box). Belay round holly tree.
- (2) 55 feet. Continue up gully for about 6 feet until an awkward traverse to the right onto the wall can be made. Continue up steep right wall of gully to a step right to ledge. Small line belay. The first few feet of this pitch are the most difficult. A rather doubtful spike which appears to be an obvious handhold should be treated with respect.
- (3) 45 feet. The crux. Step up above belay on small holds until it is possible to make a very awkward step into gully on left. Continue with difficulty up the gully to finish of climb.

BLUEBELL GULLY Second ascent. A. C. Cain, J. Lancaster. 12th June, 1948. Pitch 2 was too wet to climb straight up the gully, and the arete on the right was followed instead to a

higher traverse back into the gully above a small overhang, which is followed to belay below crux.

CENTIPEDE 275 feet. Severe. First ascent, 10th July, 1948. A.G., C.H.P. This climb starts in the Amphitheatre to the right of crag 50 feet to the right of Bluebell Gully beneath the obvious pinnacle. Cairn.

- (1) 60 feet. Climb up the rib until a traverse is made to the left to a crack which leads to a good ledge.
- (2) 90 feet. Continue by stepping up on to the slabs ahead and climb up to the overhang. Traverse left and turn the overhang on to the left by climbing a few feet up the gully on left, until a traverse right is possible to regain the arete at a small rock ledge above the overhang. Climb straight up the arete to a large ledge.
- (3) 55 feet. The steep wall ahead is taken direct, the first few feet are the hardest. A pull up over a flake leads to nice climbing to another ledge.
- (4) 70 feet. Continue up the next step on the ridge which is more awkward than it looks. This leads to another ledge from which easy rocks lead to the summit.

CENTIPEDE Second ascent. C.H.P., J.W. (Alternate). 24th July, 1948. Pitch 2 may be made into two equal pitches as follows :—

- (2a) 45 feet. Continue by stepping up on to the slabs ahead and climb up to the overhang. Traverse left and turn the overhang on the left the gully is then climbed (10 feet) to a wedged block which provides an excellent stance and thread belay.
- (2b) 45 feet. Traverse right (15 feet) to edge of arete which is climbed until the grass ledge is reached.

BLUEBELL ARETE 145 feet. Very Severe. First ascent. A.G., J. Renwick. Starts 10 feet to the right of Bluebell Gully following the steep and obvious arete.

- (1) 50 feet. Climb into a groove on the right below a small rowan tree. Step two or three feet up the groove until it is possible to climb the steep right wall on small holds to a point near the rowan tree. Traverse left on the level of the rowan tree to join the arete proper. Climb the arete to a small stance from where it is possible to place a belay round a rowan tree, which grows in the right-hand corner of the Window Box on Bluebell Gully and leans towards the arete.
- (2j) 50 feet. Continue up the steep arete keeping as near to the true arete as possible to the ledge below the last pitch of Bluebell Gully. The first few feet and the last moves of this pitch are the hardest.
- (3) 45 feet. Finish up the final pitch of Bluebell Gully.

BASKERVILLE 100 feet. Very severe. First ascent, 24th April, 1949. A.R.D., J. Bloor. This route lies on the crag a few hundred yards to the right of Raven Crag. About half way along the crag is a deep cut right-angled corner containing a large holly tree. The first of the routes lies up the steep rib on its immediate left and gives a single pitch of a hundred feet of continuously steep climbing.

A small rock ledge about 20 feet up is attained either directly by the ascent of a groove or by traversing in from about 20 feet to the left, both are about the same order of difficulty. The route then follows the edge on the right all the way to the top, the main difficulty being the surmounting of a bulge at about 35 feet. The upper section consists of an easy angled ridge.

WATSON WALL 100 feet. Hard Severe. First ascent. A.R.D., J. Bloor. This climb lies up the wall about 50 yards to the right of Baskerville and is readily recognised by the 2-foot overhang about 15 feet up.

The overhang is surmounted by means of an awkward mantelshelf when a short traverse left can be made into a shallow niche. Then ascend right and up the rib. This becomes very steep and has eventually to be left for the face on its left which is climbed straight up to the top.

GIMMER

SAMARITAN CORNER 130 feet. Hard Severe. First ascent, 15th May, 1948, A.R.D., J. B. Lockwood, J. Bloor.

Starts just to the left of Asterisk in the right-angled corner.

- (1) 30 feet. Climb up the corner to a grass shelf and up to a ledge and belay. (Top of pitch 1 of Asterisk.)
- (2) 20 feet. An awkward step into the groove on the left is followed by an ascent of groove to stance and belay.
- (3) 40 feet. Continue up corner until stopped by the grass topped bulge, this is turned by a movement out onto the vertical right wall followed by a few feet of ascent and a step back left into the grass filled groove. Belay.
- (4) 40 feet. Climb the right wall to the top. Relay at the back of the grass ledge.

KIPLING GROOVE 165 feet. Exceptionally Severe. A.R.D. Previous inspection on rope strongly recommended. Starts at the same point as ' F ' route and goes out under the overhangs to the left to a deeply cut recess, this is ascended as far as possible when the route is completed on the vertical right wall with a clear drop to the bottom of Asterisk below.

- (1) 30 feet. Climb easy grass ledges to a belay below the square overhangs of ' F ' route.
- (2) 35 feet. Hand traverse to the left below the overhang on small flake holds to a tiny moss-covered ledge beneath an open chimney ; ascend into comfortable recess. Good belay above on right.
- (3) 100 feet. Climb the right side of the chimney, using a series of jammed blocks until progress is stopped by the overhang. Step out onto the rib on the right and ascend with difficulty for about 15 feet, until more overhangs are reached and step right to a small foothold. The next move is the crux and is very strenuous, an arm pull brings a diagonal crack above within reach and a horizontal crack a little higher to the right ; this is used to surmount the overhang and then as a mantelshelf, footholds being almost non-existent. Traverse right into a corner with a thin crack at the back which is climbed mainly by hand-jamming. A good ledge is reached and easier climbing leads to the top.

INTRODUCTION 75 feet. Very Severe. First ascent, 23rd April, 1948. W.J.C., A. B. Durrant. Starts between Ash

Tree Slabs and Herdwick Buttress.

Move up to a small buttress just behind ash tree until it merges into a slab, continue up the slab on small holds. At 40 feet a loop can be placed over the spike on the left edge of the slab. From the spike climb up on poor footholds keeping to the left-hand edge, good handholds assisting over overhang. Belay at 75 feet from the start.

WEST FACE 185 feet. Very Severe. First ascent, 2nd May, 1949. A.C.C., J. L. The climb follows a direct line up the West Face by means of a groove which is most pronounced in Lichen Chimney. Starts just to the left of A route at the foot of a slight nose.

- (1) 30 feet. Up the nose by a thin crack on its right-hand edge to junction with Oliversons at top of first pitch.
- (2) 80 feet. Climb diagonally up to the right into a thin groove which is awkward to enter. The groove is followed up to the left to the belay at the foot of Lichen Chimney (this pitch forms part of Musgrave's Traverse).
- (3) 30 feet. Avoid Lichen Chimney by climbing a shallow groove mid-way between Lichen Chimney and the arete of E route. Belays and sitting stances at top of Lichen Chimney.
- (4) 45 feet. Continue up corner above (a continuation of Lichen Chimney) to finish mid-way between A and E routes.

PAVEY ARK
ALPH

275 feet. Very Severe. First ascent, 16th May, 1948. A.R.D., J. B. Lockwood, J. Bloor. Starts near the start of Wailing Wall and goes diagonally up to the right to the very steep part of the face and then up. Starts about 15 feet to the left of the combined tactics start of Wailing Wall at the farthest point to the right where the overhang is reasonably negotiable.

- (1) 25 feet. Ascend the overhang where it is broken by a shallow depression and traverse horizontally right to the good belay and poor stance at top of first pitch of Wailing Wall.
- (2) 80 feet. The objective is a small grass ledge with a holly tree away up to the right ; it is reached by a diagonal ascent on rather shelving holds. Belay on holly tree.
- (3) 60 feet. Step down to the left and make an awkward traverse out on to the left wall ; traverse left for a few feet to a small groove and ascend to a small juniper ledge, traverse left again to a grass ledge and ascend to another grass ledge. Climb the rib at the left-hand end of the ledge for about 10 feet until a horizontal traverse can be made back right to a good ledge. Thread belay round small ash tree.
- (4) 100 feet. Traverse right along the ledge over a juniper bush and continue to a loose square block below corner ; climb the corner to the overhang which is turned on the left, and climb straight up to Jack's Rake about 50 feet higher.

WHITE GHYLL WALL 240 feet. First ascent, 9th May, 1946. R. J. Birkett, L.M., T.H. Starts 6 feet to the right of a small cave below a dead rowan tree.

- (1) 30 feet. Up the rib to a stance below a split block. Thread belay in crack.
- (2) 30 feet. Continue up the rib to belay below the overhang.
- (3) 30 feet. Traverse right for 30 feet to a stance and belay below a scoop.
- (4) 25 feet. Up the lower overhang and on to the slab, then to a second overhang (a thread can be arranged), belay a few feet higher.
- (5) 25 feet. Straight up the mossy wall for 20 feet until it is possible to step left to a good stance and belay.
- (6) 45 feet. Step on to the rib on the left and climb straight up to a small belay.

- (7) 25 feet. Upwards and to the left to a small grass ledge.
 (8) 30 feet. Straight up to the top of the crag.

HASTE NOT 145 feet. Very Severe. First ascent, 9th May, 1948.
 R. J. Birkett, L.M. Starts 20 feet left of Gordian Knott.

- (1) 20 feet. Climb the slab to stance and belay below an inverted V overhang.
 (2) 50 feet. Break out onto the left wall and after surmounting the overhang follow a steep groove to a ledge level with the top of pitch 1 on the chimney. Belay.
 (3) 15 feet. An easy traverse to the right leads to a belay above a steep slab. Part of pitch 15 of Girdle in reverse.
 (4) 30 feet. Ascend the wall directly above the belay until it is possible to step on to a gangway running to the right under the huge overhang. After traversing the gangway make a difficult step into a groove below an impending corner, swing over the corner to a stance and belay opposite pitch 3 on Gordian Knott.
 (5) 30 feet. The wall above is climbed starting slightly right of the belay and passing between two overhanging blocks. Continue straight up to top of crag.

GRANNY KNOTT 130 feet. Severe. First ascent, 23rd May, 1948.
 R. J. Birkett, L.M. Left of Hollin Groove is a large overhang ; the route goes up to this, then up past its right-hand side. Cairn 30 feet left of Hollin Grove.

- (1) 70 feet. Climb the rib running up to the overhang ; stance and a belay level with small mountain ash tree.
 (2) 60 feet. Traverse right 15 feet then straight up to top of crag.

MILL GHYLL 130 feet. Difficult. First ascent, 12th December, 1948. A.G., J. Renwick. The climb lies on the prominent buttress well to the left of the ordinary route. Starts at the lowest point of the buttress.

Cairn.

- (1) 30 feet. Climb the steep rocks to a grassy corner. Belay above.
 (2) 40 feet. Up directly above the belay until steep rock gives awkward access to a grassy ledge.
 (3) 60 feet. Continue directly up the broken rocks to the finish.

MILL GHYLL 135 feet. Very difficult. First ascent, 27th June, 1949 Route on left-hand buttress.
 TARN CRAG
 Route 1 This route lies on the left-hand buttress and starts immediately to the left of an obvious tree at the foot

of a triangular slab.

- (1) 30 feet. Straight up the slab and the awkward groove at its apex to an exit into an earthy recess. Fine spike belay on right.
 (2) 45 feet. Traverse 15 feet left and climb a steep corner on to a sloping grassy ledge. Good spike belay.
 (3) 60 feet. Climb the groove on the right and follow the arete until broken rocks lead to the summit.

SIDE PIKE

SOUTH WALL 105 feet. Very Difficult. First ascent, 13th March, 1948. S. Taylor, J. W. Hughes. This climb lies about 60 feet left of Spider Crack in the centre

of the South face.

- (1) 25 feet. An easy chimney leading to a grass ledge.
- (2) 80 feet. First 20 feet up an easy staircase, keeping close in by left wall to treacherous grass shelf. Move diagonally up to the right towards prominent arrow-head boulder. Continue up about 15 feet of exposed slabs then traverse left to groove. Short pull up out of groove on to small ledge, then up steep slabs and to right of prominent boulder with vertical crack. Move out right on to exposed corner, and pull up on to overhanging boulder, followed by short scramble and over grassy patch to summit of Side Pike.

BOWFELL

NECKBAND CRAG 265 feet. Very Severe. First ascent, 22nd May, 1949. K.H., J.U., J.A.J. Starts 40 feet to the left of Neckband Route. Cairn.

- (1) 65 feet. Ascend slab on small holds for a few feet, an awkward move to the right across the slab leads to an open groove. Ascend direct on to arete which is followed on good holds to stance and flake belay.
- (2) 50 feet. Traverse left for 15 feet, climb arete to grass ledge. Block belay.
- (3) 65 feet. From ledge climb bayonet shaped slab to a short wall with an obvious thin crack with an awkward finish. Spike belay.
- (4) 45 feet. Climb obvious arete to grass ledge. Belay.
- (5) 40 feet. Steep wall climbed on small holds ; 20 feet of easy rocks leads to the top of the crag.

RIGHT HAND WALL 65 feet. Very Severe. First ascent, 25th June, 1949. K.H., J.U., J.A.J. Starts at the foot of the longest section of wall, below an obvious boss.

- (1) 65 feet. Climb direct for 30 feet on small holds, awkward move to right on level with top of boss. Continue direct to top of wall.

BORROWDALE

CASTLE FACE OF EAGLE CRAG

This is the continuous and extensive face, overlooking Greenup Gill, which rises beyond a more broken-up section seamed by the four gullies. It is well seen in profile from the main Borrowdale road. Its impending aspect does not belie the general steepness, and indeed some parts are overhanging. Some very fine situations are attained.

THE GREAT STAIR 260 feet. Very Severe. First ascent, 15th June, 1946. W.P., S.B.B. The left-hand (eastern) edge of the main face presents a sequence of steep short walls and ledges so that the route consists of a series of huge 'steps.' Starts at a bollard a little below and to the left of a birch tree.

- (1) 20 feet. Up the wall past the tree to a ledge and belay.
- (2) 30 feet. Straight up the second wall for a few feet, then diagonally right to a second small ledge and belay.
- (3) 35 feet. Diagonally left up the third wall to a big grass platform and block belay.
- (4) 55 feet. The steep wall has only small holds at first until a ledge is reached, but eases as one ascends diagonally left again to another grass terrace, this time with only small and not very obvious belays.
- (5) 55 feet. The smooth wall to the left of a crack seems to call for rubbers and dry conditions. Some strenuous pulls are needed on very small or rounded holds until turf ledges are reached, which lead to the foot of a fine chimney.
- (6) 65 feet. An attractive and interesting but not difficult chimney.

FALCONERS' CRACK 230 feet. Very Severe. First ascent, 1st June, 1946. W.P., S.B.B. A strenuous and irregular crack, followed by delicate face climbing. Starts to the left of a prominent subsidiary buttress below the first section of the crack. Cairn.

- (1) 25 feet. The crack has good holds, and leads to a good ledge and belay.
- (2) 35 feet. The narrow 'two step' crack gives sterner resistance, and a semi-layback is needed to surmount the overhang of the upper 'step.'
- (3) 30 feet. A groove rather than a crack, but equally stern in nature. It leads to a finely situated coign, where is a low-placed belay, and also a peregrine's nest.
- (4) 60 feet. Dry rocks and a windless day are recommended for this pitch, which is delicate. Direct upward progress is impossible owing to the tremendous overhang, so a rib some 15 feet away to the left must first be attained, and the wall beyond it ascended by some exposed and trying moves. Easier ledges are then reached, and trend left to a belay near the foot of the fine chimney.
- (5) 70 feet. Climb the face to the right of the chimney, finishing by a slab.

THE POSTERN GATE 160 feet. First ascent, 16th June, 1946. W.P., S.B.B. Hard Severe in boots, which are proper.

At the right-hand (western) end of the main face the rock turns back at right angles, and in the corner where it then meets the face still farther to the right, will be seen a steep chimney. The start may be reached either by a rising traverse from the right or by a scramble up a steep loose gull)- directly below.

The climbing is typical chimney work and though strenuous, is not much more difficult when wet.

- (1) 45 feet. A steep wall bars admittance to the chimney proper and forms technically the most difficult pitch. Stance and belay on the left.
- (2) 60 feet. Step right, and enter the chimney. An overhanging portion is reached, and a constricting struggle is necessary before one can emerge on the left wall. A deep narrow cave is then entered.
- (3) 55 feet. A sensational traverse is made outwards on the left wall below the chockstone, and a strenuous pull lands one in the upper part of the chimney which leads more easily to the top of the crag (on the second ascent a through route above the chockstone proved a less exposed but also a less interesting alternative to the traverse and 'pull').

THE POSTERN GATE Second ascent, 25th May, 1947. W.P., N. Brown, G.R.

TROUTDALE 230 feet. Very Difficult. Leader requires 60 feet
BLACK CRAGS of rope. Rock needs care. First ascent, March,
SLAB AND EDGE CLIMB 1949. R. Bacon, F. Bantock. The climb starts
50 yards up the scree to the right of the Buttress
climb.

- (1) 50 feet. A preliminary arete is climbed to a stance and belay at the foot of a moderately angled slab split by a crack.
- (2) 30 feet. This slab is climbed on good holds to an awkward stance but good belay at the foot of a short steep wall.
- (3) 40 feet. The wall is climbed from left to right with difficulty ; above the wall ledges are followed to the right after which a short ascent



J. S. Williams

NEWLANDS BUTTRESS, MINER'S CRAG, NEWLANDS

leads to a doubtful stance and belay. There is a way off at this point into the gully on the right.

- (4) 60 feet. From the belay, round an awkward corner to the foot of a long slab. The start of this slab is very delicate but holds improve after the first 10 feet and the rest of the slab ascended without difficulty to a poor stance but good belay in a fine position at the top edge of the slab.
- (5) 20 feet. From the belay climb a few feet, then traverse left on rock and gorse to a good tree belay.
- (6) 30 feet. From the tree follow a ledge to the right then climb a small exposed rib to a small good belay.

GILLERCOMBE

RAVEN CRAG 140 feet. Very Severe. First ascent, 16th May,
RAVEN'S GROOVE 1948. L.M., R. J. Birkett. On Raven Crag on the extreme right-hand end of Gillercombe Buttress.

The groove shows as a distinct line when viewed from the top of the Sour Milk Ghyll route to Gillercombe. Start slightly to the left of the middle of the crag where a wide groove runs up the crag bearing left. Cairn.

- (1) 30 feet. The right-hand groove which bears to the left. Stance and belay on top.
- (2) 30 feet. Traverse left to big groove which is climbed to stance and belay.
- (3) 30 feet. The crack above climbed to small stance and belay.
- (4) 20 feet. The wall above is climbed from right to left to a grass ledge and belay. Keep out of crack on the right of the groove as it contains an awkward loose chockstone.
- (5) 30 feet. Continuation of groove to top of crag.

BUTTERMERE

EEL CRAGS

NORTH BUTTRESS 200 feet. Very Difficult. First ascent, 1949.
G.R., S. Dirkin. The climb goes up the buttress to the left of Newlands Gully.

- (1) 40 feet. Starts a few feet to the left of the bottom of the Gully. Easy rocks lead to the nose of the buttress distinguished by three piled blocks. Belay.
- (2) 40 feet. Start to the right of the three blocks, climb on to the slabs and up to a heather ledge. Belay round the corner to the left, at the foot of a steep corner.
- (3) 50 feet. Climb the groove for a few feet then step right on to a rock platform. Traverse horizontally right then continue up the buttress to a ledge. Block belay.
- (4) 20 feet. Above and to the left can be seen a big flake ; traverse left and round the flake to a narrow platform above it. Belays to the right.
- (5) 50 feet. The bottomless chimney on the left. This pitch is harder than the rest of the climb, and no doubt an easier alternative could be found.

MINER'S CRAG 250 feet. Very Severe. First ascent, 1949. G.R.,
CORONA WALL S. Dirkin. The west face of Miner's Crag to the right of Newlands Buttress is steep and characterised by a central pillar which leans out like an inverted nose. The climb crosses

the base of the nose and gains a platform at the top of the pillar. Starts in the middle of the face at a black slab.

- (1) 40 feet. Climb the black slab to a vertical crack in the right-hand corner. Climb the crack and move forward to a grass rake slanting up to the left. An indifferent belay can be arranged here.
- (2) 30 feet. A steep grey slab slants up to the right. Start on the slab then move left on to a nose of rock and climb straight up to a ledge at the foot of a wall. Small flake belays.
- (3) 35 feet. Traverse right to the nose of the pillar. The overhang is surmounted by a difficult pull up and mantelshelf movement on to a rock ledge. Traverse right along then step down into a knee high niche. Spike belay on left.
- (4) 30 feet. Traverse left and up to the exposed platform on top of the pillar. Block belay.
- (5) 75 feet. Climb the steep arete above the belay until a short wall is reached which forms the base of some steep smooth slabs. Traverse left along the base of the slabs to a crack where they abut against a wall. Climb the crack and traverse right up along the top of the slabs to a heather nest. Belay high up.
- (6) 50 feet. Traverse right along a sloping gangway then up a steep slab. Continue over the broken slabs and easier rocks to the finish.

Moss CRACK 130 feet. Severe. First ascent, 1949. G.R., S. Dirkin. The north-west face of grey buttress is split by a shallow, indistinct, grassy gully. Pinnacle Wall goes up the right of this gully. The new climb lies to the left of the gully, and starts round to the left where a huge hanging block forms a shallow cave and to the left, a short crack.

- (1) 20 feet. Climb the crack to a flake belay at the top of the block.
- (2) 60 feet. Straight up via a series of short scoops until level with the top of the steep part of the grassy gully ; on the right a belay can be arranged.
- (3) 20 feet. Bear slightly right to a large V. There is a holly tree at the top of the right limb of the V.
- (4) 30 feet. Short slab on the left leads to an arete which is followed to the finish.

DALE HEAD

CENTRAL ROUTE 310 feet. Severe. First ascent, 1949. G.R., S. Dirkin. The north face of Dale Head Pillar has two climbs on it. Dale Head Pillar at the extreme left and Gable End at the extreme right. A gully divides the crag. To the left of the gully the rocks overhang in the upper section. The route endeavours to follow the ridge forming the left-hand bounding wall of the gully and starts at a small slab 20 feet to the left of the gully.

- (1) 50 feet. Climb the slab and traverse right on a small ledge. Continue up the arete to a heather ledge. Block belay.
- (2) 50 feet. Bear left to a large flake boulder at the foot of a wall. A few feet to the right of the flake is a short crack leading to a big scoop. Climb the crack and then traverse right onto the arete. Climb the arete and then move round the corner to the foot of a grassy chimney. Flake belay.
- (3) 25 feet. Climb the grassy chimney to the foot of another steep chimney.

- (4) 70 feet. The steep chimney. Traverse out to the left at the top to a little rock ledge on the ridge.
- (5) 25 feet. The steep slab above leads to a heather ledge.
- (6) 90 feet. Follow the ridge to a finish.

ULLSWATER

DEEPPDALE

DEEPPDALE GULLY 425 feet. Very Difficult. First ascent. A.G., J.W., F. Grundy. A gully of some character giving continuous climbing. This climb lies in the upper part of Deepdale which is the next valley to Dovedale running up the south side of St Sunday Crag. A line of crags on the left of the valley faces St Sunday Crag, the gully is found about a hundred yards from the bottom left-hand corner of the crag. Cairn.

- (1) 60 feet. Scrambling up the start of the gully.
- (2) 30 feet. The left wall of the gully to belay round tree.
- (3) 30 feet. The large chockstone is climbed direct to a recess.
- (4) 70 feet. Interesting climbing up the gully to a point where it is possible to belay round a rowan tree.
- (5) 70 feet. Rather grassy climbing to a ledge on the right, belay round a bollard.
- (6) 60 feet. Up the gully to a thread belay below the deeply cut chimney.
- (7) 30 feet. The chimney is climbed by backing up facing left. Belay high up on left wall of gully.
- (8) 25 feet. Continue up the gully to belay below the chockstones.
- (9) 50 feet. Start on the left wall until it is possible to climb directly over the chockstones. Easier climbing leads to the finish of the climb.

KEY TO INITIALS USED

S. 13. Beck	J. Lancaster
A. C. Cain	L. Muscroft
W. J. Cameron	W. Peascod
A. R. Dolphin	C. H. Beckett
A. Gregory	G. Rushworth
K. Heaton	J. W. Tucker
T. Hill	J. Umpleby
J. A. Jackson	J. Woods

(Non-members names are given in full in the text.)

THE YEAR WITH THE CLUB, 1948

Lyna Kellett

As last year, and the year before, we arranged to hold meets in the 'Known and Unknown Valleys,' and if requests to 'join the party' are anything to go by they have all been successful.

Mardale (November, 1947).—The party stayed at Haweswater Hotel over the Saturday night and were delighted with the comfort and arrangements made on their behalf. Some of the party approached Mardale by the road to Long Sleddale where they had to contend with floods. Higgins, who arrived at Penrith on the Friday, after a long journey from Portsmouth, made a long excursion onto High Street, descending by Bleawater. On the Sunday the conditions were very poor indeed, but in spite of the blizzard the various members of the party set off for walks, some enthusiasts going so far as to carry ropes to Buckbarrow where conditions, if anything, were worse, and at times it appeared as though the rope would have to be used to help the President from becoming airborne. After tea and a change into dry clothing, the party dispersed to their homes. The general opinion seemed to be that the district was worthy of further exploration in better weather.

New Year, Coniston.—Even if the New Year did start with a deluge, no one seemed to mind, and after Greetings, those who were not staying at the Sun Hotel ventured into the cold wet night, not in the least perturbed at the prospect of a soaking whilst returning to their habitat—they were warm 'within,' and the Spirit of Goodwill was abroad. Although the rain was torrential and they were really soaked to the skin, two ladies and one gentleman managed a Begin-the-year-climb on Dow Crag; a solo walker wandered to Hawkshead for lunch at the Queen's Head; several hardies waded over the Old Man and Wetherlam; another 'looked-up' acquaintances in Coniston and district. All returned to the Sun wet but with the happy thought that after dinner Howard Somervell would guide the party to Scotland, the Alps and the Himalayas by a gesture towards the lantern screen.

Novices.—February Novices at Wasdale were disappointed by the absence of snow which should have been lending atmosphere and background for the Instruction in Alpine Climbing, but at least they had a gale-plus and an epic ascent of Oeep Ghyll and descent of Red Ghyll was achieved. The Novices at Raw Head in August excelled themselves on dry rock, under the expert tuition of J. R. Files.

North Wales.—April was not exactly a sunshine and tears month, and the North Wales Meet paid a visit to Lliwedd in a dense fog, and made an ascent of the *Rocker Route*, not because of any particular

preference, but just because it found itself at the foot of that climb, a route with its large and frequent belays most appropriate to the prevailing conditions—and if an odd hand or foot hold was missing, there was always a tuft of deeply rooted Welsh grass ! The following day permitted a swift clatter up, along and down Crib Goch in a solid fog and then a whole gale.

Carrock Fell. Conditions were better for the Carrock Meet of 25th April which actually started on the Saturday evening. Climbing was enjoyed until 9 p.m., when everyone met together round a large camp fire amongst the boulders to cook, yarn and watch Donald Atkinson perform mechanical wonders with an old fence post whilst clearing a cave where *he* intended to roost for the night. Others slept under boulders, on bracken beds, some in a neighbouring barn, and two actually had tents. The noises during the night were strange and of things unseen—however, trains coming down Shap, sheep coughing, cuckoos and snipe calling and foxes barking, provided noises of a more recognisable nature. Sunday must have been April's gift day, for it was warm and sunny, and seven other people arrived to join those already climbing. All the routes between Mosedale and Stone End Farm were climbed between 10 a.m. and 2-30 p.m. when everyone returned to camp to 'brew-up.' A hot sun and a dozen duck-eggs put everyone into a somnolent mood, and there was no further climbing until about 5 p.m. when some went back on to Slapes Crag to climb, while the remainder practised on the large boulders. 6-30 p.m. saw everyone striking camp after a very pleasant meet.

Borrowdale.—Borrowdale at Whit, too, enjoyed good weather. At High House the meet started in a small way on the Friday night, but on Saturday there was a full house, the last arrival being offered a bed in the blanket box ! In spite of numbers, there was no congestion and the life of the hut went smoothly. Even the trinity of shortages—water, milk, and paraffin—produced no dismay. On Saturday large parties were on Gable, and in perfect weather, queued patiently for their climbs. On Sunday most people went to Scafell and Pikes Crag where routes were available without the necessity of booking in advance, and having arrived there, spent the afternoon and evening transporting a casualty from Red Ghyll to Wasdale Head, where the beer was good and the walk home by moonlight tedious. The meet started to break up on the Monday. The weather was better than ever, and while some people climbed on Gimmer, or Gable, on their way home, and some on Gillercombe and elsewhere in the valley, others frankly lagged ! It was a good meet, and Borrowdale at its loveliest in spite of crowds and strident music across the water.

Fort William.—'We had a marvellous time at Fort William. Lawson Cook kept us under control and showed us around,' seems to sum up the success of this 10 days' meet. It was a very happy party—two 'tigers,' an 'old climbing-hand,' a 'semi-tiger' a 'nondescript,' and four 'sloggers.' With the aid of occasional taxis, buses and bicycles, quite a lot of ground was covered and in consequence of the help of transport, most of the major Munros in the district were visited. The weather was excellent throughout, except for one snow blizzard of an hour's duration one day and half-an-hour's rain on another day.

August Bank Holiday, Brackenclose.—Scorching hot weather ; every bunk in the hut taken ; everyone full of anticipation of dry rocks and rubbers ; and the midges enjoying a generous ration of good food—so many visitors in the valley. The Green Gable alphabet was uncommonly magnetic and two parties were known to run the *Greek Gauntlet*. *Overhanging Wall, Great Eastern Route, Moss Ghyll Grooves* (in boots) and *Central Buttress* on Scafell and the severes on Pillar were frequently mentioned in the hubbub of conversation at the dinner table.

North Wales.—An August Meet in North Wales, this time domiciled at Glan Dena, the excellent hut of the M.A.M. The party was composed mainly of members of the London section. The time was divided about equally between walking and climbing ; no very exacting climbs were attempted, but those done provided some much-needed training to all, as well as much pleasure. Walks included Tryfan, the Glyders, the pass over to Pen-y-Gwryd (and back by road), and the Snowdon Horseshoe ; and the climbs the *Ordinary Route, Pulpit Route* and *Sylvan Traverse* on the Milestone Buttress ; *Little Tryfan, North Buttress, Arete Climb, First Pinnacle Rib*, and *Gashed Crag* on the east face of Tryfan, and one climb on Bochlwyd Buttress and one or two on the Gribin Facet. On an off day a very pleasant excursion was made by car to Anglesea. Weather conditions were moderate throughout, often turning out better than the morning had promised. Only once did a party get really soaked.

Keszyick.—The Dinner Meet at Keswick was outstanding, no less than 255 members and friends being present. Shepherd's Crag was festooned with climbers and their ropes, and most of the Borrowdale ridges were traversed during the week-end. The weather was mixed, but everyone seemed to be able to do what he or she had planned to do. It's a far cry to the majestic and awe-inspiring Rockies, but ex-President Brooks of the Alpine Club of Canada, in his after-dinner speech, did not fail to give us something of their atmosphere.

THE YEAR WITH THE CLUB, 1949

W. E. Kendrick

The Editor's summons for this account arrived during that superb spell of summer weather in July, when the wettest of climbs were dry, and on the fells, the bracken alone remained unburnt by the sun. At times like these it is difficult to remain indoors, and still more difficult to write this article. But, as the Editor reminds me, the writing of it is a duty that goes well with the office of Hut and Meets Secretary ; I must, therefore, bow to his behest, draw the curtains, shut out the sun, and recall the winter, when the Club's first meet of the year was held at Coniston.

With the New Year falling at a week-end the meet was very popular. The Black Bull was full, but Mrs Robinson found beds in the village for the overflow, and somehow contrived to find food and space for us in the dining room. Much of the success of the meet was due to her hospitality and to her kindness. The weather first threatened rain, then decided to send us snow, and on the Sunday, gave us a day of sun and good views of snow-clad tops. People entertained themselves in various ways ; a few hardy souls climbed on Dow, others walked ; some danced in the village hall on New Year's Eve, and early on New Year's Day were to be found playing darts and slaking their thirsts at the bar ; conflagrations seen in the direction of the Tarns and Tilberthwaite showed that others, content with a milder brew, were making tea. All of them enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

The snow at New Year raised our hopes for a winter when ice axes and skis were much in use. We were disappointed. It remained mild and damp. The meet at Brackenclose in February was wet and some 10 members watched the rain fall unceasing for the whole of the week-end. About an equal number had similar conditions in Eskdale in March. This time the rain was accompanied by cold winds but fortified by the comfort of their base (the Burnmoor Inn), a few members walked as far as Scafell.

Easter brought glorious days in spite of the weather forecast. The meets at both the huts were well attended. Raw Head was, however, deserted by the ladies, and only one spent the holiday there. We hope she enjoyed her distinction and her boudoir (the parlour). Several members of the Club at Brackenclose lost a day of their holiday, and a good deal of energy, in forming a rescue party for a climber, not of this club, who had fallen on Abbey Buttress. One member even spoilt himself for his holiday by an exhausting run to Wasdale Head to call the ambulance, and another was receiving treatment for a bruised neck from stretcher bearing for some weeks afterwards. We are happy to hear that the climber

received no serious injury, and is long since recovered ; we should be happier to have had some expression of thanks. We also hear that there was some very early rising one morning to go to the rescue of two members benighted on Pillar. The advance guard of the rescue party met the ' stop outs ' on their way home, chastened, and chilled enough to welcome thermos flasks of hot milk. We note the new technique of coming home with the milk. Happily they were in Wasdale soon enough to prevent the main rescue party, complete with stretchers and first aid gear from leaving the valley. Of climbing in general there was nothing of importance to record, except that *Slingsby's Chimney* suffered a ' pull through ' of eleven people on three ropes. We were glad to welcome at this Wasdale Meet, Dr Rodda of the New Zealand Alpine Club, and on other occasions during the year, Mr and Mrs Brooks of the Canadian Alpine Club.

Fortunately, there were no untoward incidents in Langdale at Easter. Gimmer, with its sun warmed rock was much in favour. A few went to Bowfell, others spent life quietly with cameras in the valleys, whilst the tigers sported themselves on Raven Crag.

At Whitsun the usual pleasant exchange of huts was made with the Fellfarers. High House held all it could of the younger members, others perforce or from choice, camped, and the elders of the Club enjoyed the comforts of the Langstrath Hotel. Sunday was fair, but the rest of the holiday was far from settled, Monday being a soaker. We heard afterwards, that it was fine outside the Lake District for the greater part of the holiday. Eheu !

The next two meets in Wasdale and Langdale, in June and July respectively, fell in that glorious spell of weather, when the beck at Raw Head was reduced to two or three small pools fed by a trickle of water, the sole supply. The numbers attending the latter were swollen by the Hut Committee, who imitating the example of those dining alfresco on the ' front lawn,' held their meeting in the field at the back of the hut. Midges ensured the prompt dispatch of the last items on the Agenda. In the broiling heat of the Sunday the meet maintained the traditional madness of Englishmen and dogs by-starting excavations for a new water tank for the hut, and by attempting to take a car up Dow!

Of the away meets, the gathering of Methuselahs in Arran during May is reported separately. Some 10 members enjoyed the comforts of Glan Dena in North Wales, from 30th July to 6th August, through the generosity of the Midland Association of Mountaineers, who spring cleaned the hut for their benefit the week before. The weather was very indifferent, and there is no record of any remarkable climbing, but it is said that at least a little of the enjoyment of the meet came from some culinary feats in Glan Dena's well-

equipped kitchen. Except for these two meets the Club did not stray from home.

There were more instructors than tyros at the Novices Meet in Langdale, on August Bank Holiday week-end, under the leadership of Muriel and Robert Files. The weather by now had broken. It is told that the novices learnt to handle brooms, spades and pick axes as well as ropes.

For our September Meet at Coniston the weather had recovered, and encouraged some 20 members and guests, of all ages, from five to 65, to climb on a variety of routes on Dow Crags from *Black Chimney* to *Eliminate C.* The young lady of five years was seen on *Giant's Corner*. At what age will she climb *C.B.* ? The sun shone on through the month, even to October, but at least, it left us just before the Kirkstone Meet on Sth-9th October, and the tigers among the large party of nearly 20 members, who gathered at Kirkstone Pass Inn, on the Sunday, saw their hopes of a day on Dove Crag dwindle away as the weather grew worse. They passed regretfully beneath it, to the gentler angle of *Dove Slabs* on Gill Crag, near Hartsop Hall. There they all had some measure of climbing, and a good deal of entertainment from the repatee of the three members representing the Army, the Law, and the Press. Rain falling in plenty reminded the party that the comfort of the inn was not far away. Thither they returned to a delicious tea and to large fires. We thank the inn for their hospitality, E. Arnison and G. B. Spenceley for gardening *Wing Ridge* on Dove, in anticipation of the onslaught that was rained off, and to W. Allsup for directing the traffic at Kirkstone Top. Incidentally the latter, who lives at Bridgend, Deepdale (Glenridding 211) welcomes a call from members.

The Club's year closed with the Annual Dinner at the end of October at the Royal Oak, Keswick, where we were pleased to welcome Arnold Lunn, as the principal guest, and the representatives of seven kindred clubs, and where, delighted by excellent speeches, and the songs of Harry Spilsbury and John Hirst, we renewed many friendships. We would once more express our thanks to the management and staff of the hotel for their unflinching service and attention.

It would be ungracious to end this account without expressing our warmest thanks to those who have lead the meets and to those who came to the Hut Cleaning Meets at Brackenclouse and at Raw Head, especially the very few who went to the two at Brackenclouse, and also to the stalwarts, who dug out the floor of the barn. Would there were more of them.

IN MEMORIAM

ARTHUR WILLIAM WAKEFIELD

The death of Arthur Wakefield, at the age of 72, robbed our Club of one of its most outstanding, best loved and greatly distinguished members.

His career was one of strenuous endeavour and enthralling adventure, mainly spent in the benefit of his fellow men. He revelled in hardship and discomfort. Whether tending a patient off the banks of Newfoundland in a rough sea and icy blast, or shivering under a waterfall in some Cumberland gully, or cutting his way across an ice-slope in blazing sunshine and heat, he was always in such circumstances at his happiest. Anywhere in the open air, preferably on a mountain, however, found him jolly, hearty and always a keen lover of nature and its wilder aspects.

'Waker,' as he was affectionately called by his friends, first saw the light in Kendal in 1876, a son of the late William Wakefield, of banking renown. His school was Sedbergh, where he was captain of the football team. Later he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he got a half-blue for cycling, rowed head of the river, and in 1897 boxed at middle-weight against Oxford.

His love of his fellow men led to Medicine as the chief work of his life, and in 1904 he took his M.R.C.P.-M.R.C.S. (London). As a resident at London Hospital he won the heavy-weight boxing championship of the 'United Hospitals,' and in 1906 was captain of their swimming team. In 1904 came, perhaps, his most outstanding physical achievement, when he put up his first fell walking record, ascending Scafell Pike, Helvellyn, Skiddaw and many of the highest intervening peaks including Bow Fell, Great End, Fairfield, Saddleback and others, in 19 hours 53 minutes, returning to Keswick whence he had started. The following year he improved on this, adding Hindscartli, Dalehead, Green Gable, Kirk Fell, Pillar Fell, Steeple, Red Pike and Yewbarrow ; a tremendous feat entailing in all about 23,500 feet of ascent and descent, his time being 22 hours 7 minutes-- a record that stood until 1920, when Eustace Thomas, helped by Wakefield, repeated the round in 21 hours 25 minutes. This was later bettered by Mr Thomas when he added the Newlands Fells. Later, both times and distances were beaten by Mr Robert Graham of Keswick, who added Grisedale Pike, and whose record still stands.

Wakefield's physique was wonderful and stood him in good stead in his services in the South African War, after which in 1905, he took his M.B., B.Ch. (London), and in 1909 his M.D. (Cantab.). We were climbing at Gwern y Gof Isaf in North Wales shortly after-

wards and I well remember his joy and excitement when the postman appeared with his diploma, and how with the paper in one hand and an ice-axe in the other, he danced about in the sunshine.

From 1908 to 1914 he was Medical Officer to the Deep Sea Mission to Fishermen, in Newfoundland and Labrador, toiled with ' Grenfell of Labrador ' and was organiser and captain of the Labrador Unit of the Legion of Frontiersmen. During his service with Dr Grenfell and in Labrador he sent home a letter-diary of his daily life, which circulated among his own people and half-a-dozen of his most intimate friends. I was one of the privileged few to receive these letters and they live in my memory as an account of strenuous hardship, long marches by dog sleigh across ice and snow to the rescue and healing of almost uncivilised patients, mostly Indians and Eskimo—poor people whose need and pitiful call always found him at their side, often at the risk of his own life, with an operation, sometimes without anaesthetics, at the end of it. Nobody but those of us who read those letters will know how unsparingly he used his great experience, knowledge and physical strength to further the health and interests of those humbly circumstanced sufferers. Wakefield was a man of strong Christian faith. I often felt that he was upborne by this, and that he knew that he was following in the steps of the Great Healer and doing His work with all that in him lay.

This phase of his life was broken by the 1914-1918 war, when he served in the Newfoundland Regiment, R.A.M.C., and was mentioned in dispatches in 1917—after which followed a quieter spell as surgeon to the Canadian Pacific Railway.

It is, however, as a mountaineer that we will best remember him. He learnt his climbing in Lakeland, where my brother and I were glad to initiate him into some of the finer points of rock-climbing.

His prowess as a mountaineer, great physical strength, good comradeship, medical knowledge, dogged persistence and courage singled him out as an ideal candidate for Mount Everest's conquest. I well remember his joy when he told me of his selection ; indeed it was the crowning joy of his adventurous life. He was a most useful member of the 1922 Everest Expedition when Finch and Geoffrey Bruce reached a height of 27,300 feet and blazed the trail followed by later parties.

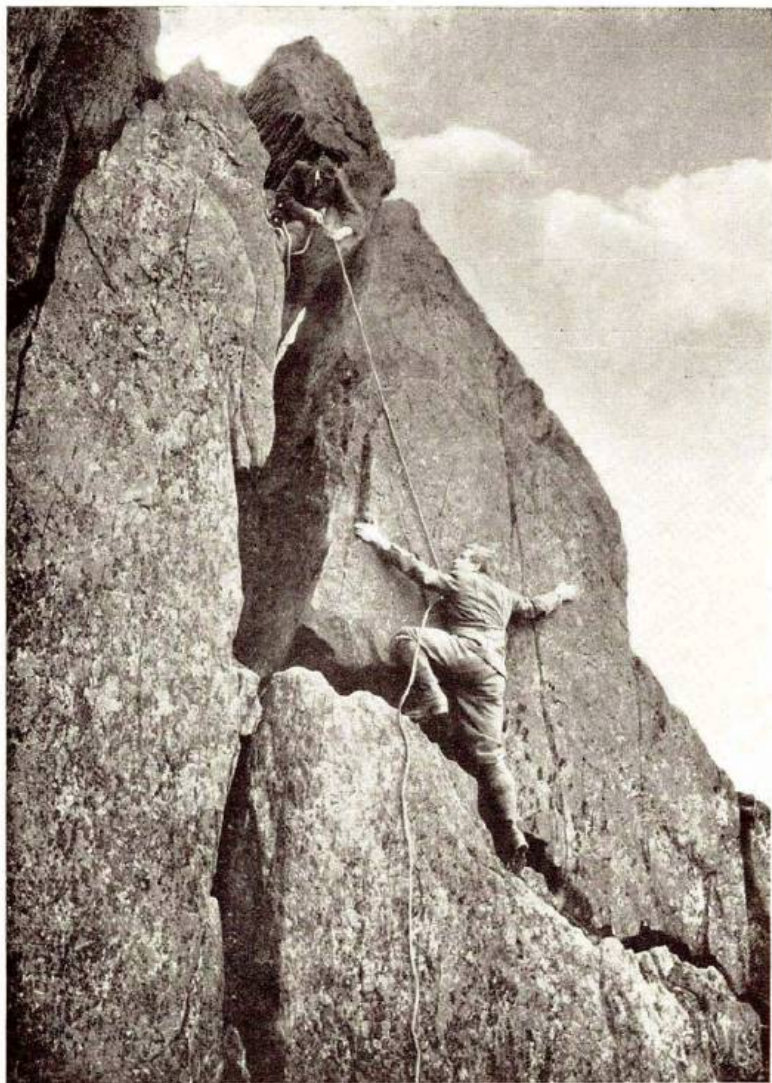
Wakefield was a witness of the terrible catastrophe which resulted in the death of seven of their coolies. On Everest, June 7th broke a beautiful morning with the snow glittering on all the surrounding mountains in their spotless robes of new but alas, treacherous snow. A large party was traversing the ice slopes en route for the North Col—Englishmen and coolies. The going was very bad and upward

progress was slow. About two o'clock Wakefield was at Camp 3, sitting in the sunshine writing a letter and watching the party slowly making their way up the North Wall. After glancing down for a moment he 'looked up again and saw the whole wall white and that the long dark line of climbers had disappeared. I realised that a disaster had occurred and that an avalanche had apparently wiped out the whole of the party.' Actually the Englishmen escaped even serious injury, but their seven coolies were swept into a crevasse and killed outright. In all his long and stirring career this was, he told me, his most terrible experience. The party broke up immediately afterwards, and Wakefield, whose age was then 45, never returned to Everest. He was a keen and capable photographer. Indeed his picture of Bruce and Finch returning beaten to the North Col, after their last attempt on Everest, is one of the best photographs of ice and snow, and for personal interest, that I have seen.

Returning to earlier days, his first climb was the Spitz Julien, in Switzerland, as long ago as 1893—followed by his first Lakeland climb—the Central Gully of Great End at Easter, 1894, under icy conditions. His next climbs were of a modest nature—North Climb, Scafell, Pillar Rock by Slab and Notch, and down 'Pendlebury's,' and other 'moderates.' He did little further climbing until 1899, when he again visited Switzerland.

From that time onward the amount he did was prodigious ; pretty well all the Lakeland and many North Wales courses were made, and he spent two holidays in Skye, where he amazed us by his wonderful powers over rough going. He was an excellent rock-climber, careful and orthodox, and led at one time or other practically all the Lakeland climbs, except some of the 'exceptionally severe' courses. To the best of my knowledge he never had an accident.

1904 found him at Zermatt where he traversed, amongst other peaks the Matterhorn, Ober Gabelhorn, and Zinal Rothorn. On subsequent visits he climbed nearly every considerable peak within reach of Zermatt. The Grindelwald, Engadin, Chamonix, Arolla and other peaks, too, he knew well and climbed, but the list of these is too long for review in this very incomplete record of his ascents. Mention must be made, however, of his Canadian climbs, in January, 1909, when two determined but unsuccessful attempts were made on Mount Stephen, with Captain Hadow : and a solitary attempt on Mount Field. In the summer of 1920, he traversed Mount Assiniboine, Wonder Peak, Mount Magog, Nairt Peak, Mount Terrapin, Mount Sturdee and several more in the company of Major Oliver Wheeler and other friends.



Asley Abraham

A. W. WAKEFIELD ON THE MILESTONE BUTTRISS
OF TRYFAN IN 1904

(The upper figure is G. D. Abraham).



GEORGE BASTERFIELD

Our friend was a member of the Alpine Club and, as many will recall, he was our President in 1923-25. It was a source of joy and pride to him that his Presidency coincided with the dedication of our War Memorial on Great Gable, at which he spoke.

After a life almost unsurpassed in adventure, variety, danger and revelment in the wilds of nature, he settled in his later years in Keswick as a general practitioner, with his wife, our fellow-member, and their three children (now, of course, grown up) Robert, Roger and Anne. I recall with great pleasure my first meeting with Mrs Wakefield. It was one of the early days of their honeymoon, when we journeyed to Kern Knotts, where Mr George Woodhouse joined us, and the four of us climbed together the Needle Arete, her first rock-climb— a lovely sunny day of happy and gracious memory.

Wakefield was a man of considerable means, a great part of which went to charitable institutions. He 'did good by stealth,' however, for beyond the beneficiaries less than a dozen people knew of his many benefactions. His chief donation—,£200 annually—was given to the Shaftesbury Homes which always had a warm corner in his heart, and much went to Labrador causes. He was Medical Officer of our Keswick Home Guard during the last war and never spared himself in doing good. Indeed, it was his eagerness to help that caused him to join a very strenuous search party (one of many), whose long wanderings in execrable weather caused a heart ailment which stopped further serious climbing. He died at his home, 'The Gale,' on February 23rd, 1949, loved, admired and respected by all with whom he had come in contact. He was laid to rest among his beloved Lakeland Fells in the God's Acre of Crosthwaite Church, Keswick, in the presence of a multitude of his friends.

Although, as most of us well knew, a man of great charm and friendliness, he had a spartan streak in his nature and was a severe disciplinarian, deeply religious, and a strict Sabbatarian. To quote from my obituary of him in the *British Medical Journal*, 'Only on one occasion, I believe, was this rule broken, when my brother and I induced him to join us one Sunday, on an early attempt on the Devil's Kitchen in North Wales. This he enjoyed vastly, but with some misgivings apparently for when he said 'goodnight,' he remarked: 'I am going to make my peace with my Maker, but I somehow feel that under such temptation, he will not be deeply offended ".'

Although most of his contemporaries have vanished 'around the distant corner,' many still survive who have the happiest and most cherished memories of his kindly, helpful friendship, and hope to meet him on the distant snowfields of the future. To us remains the wonderful legacy of the dear friend who, by his splendid example

of simple, strenuous and helpful life left the world better than he found it ; to us the ' thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,' while to him is given :

' The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is amongst the lonely hills.'

ASHLEY ABRAHAM.

GEORGE BASTERFIELD, 1915-1949

George Basterfield died on November 13th, 1949, at the age of 72. He joined the Club in 1915, but had been walking and climbing in the Lake District for several years before then.

On one such occasion, in his very early days, he found himself in the arena of Easter Gully. Hopkinson's Crack, snow filled, seemed to him the easiest way out, and knowing, or caring nothing of its reputation he forced his way up it. Another, later, adventure of his, the telling of which caused sympathetic shudders in his audience, was his landing in the Toe Traverse instead of doing Jones's Mantel-shelf on the Pinnacle Face. As he told it, one felt oneself alternately in the position of his apprehensive second and in that of Geo. B., who *had* to get into the vertical crack, or _____.

These, however, are only incidents in the life of a great climbing personality.

With his ' Yewdale Vags ' and others, this ' burly and popular member, whose attendance at the crags was almost as constant as that of the ravens,' was closely concerned in most of the important exploration on Dow Crags and Gimmer during the decade following the Great War. The standard was raised very considerably, notably by the Eliminates and Girdle Traverse led by H. S. Gross, and the climbs led by J. I. Roper in Easter Gully. Accompanied by T. G. Brown he pioneered most of the climbs on Boat Howe.

He led most of the Lakeland severes, some of them many times.

He was never tiring in his help to beginners, and, at a later stage, would encourage them to win their spurs (but not their wings), by acting as a most helpful and inspiring second on such climbs as the Eagle's Nest Direct or the Pillar Nose, telling them exactly where to grasp the ' angel's hand,' but never leading them to expect too much. His advice was given in such kindly fashion that it was always taken in good part.

He was never a slave of the rope ; very many of his ascents of the Needle were solitary ones, including his last at the age of about 70, whilst his solo climb of Intermediate Gully in seven and a half minutes speaks of his strength and skill in his heyday.

He climbed in North Wales, Skye, and in the Alps, but he always

preferred the Lakeland climbs. Although a member of the Gritstone Club, and sharing their revels at the 'Flying Horseshoe,' he never really enjoyed gritstone climbing.

He visited the Alps twice. On the first occasion he was with J. A. Wray, and they began the holiday in the company of a well-known mountaineer. The latter presently gave them his blessing, a post-card diagram of a route up Monte Rosa, and left with them an Austrian student. George missed the intended route, but, by determination and his great climbing ability, got his party to the summit nut about 9 p.m., after very lengthy rockclimbing.

He went to Arolla in 1929, with the late H. S. Gross and myself. On the ascent of the Central Peak of the Bouquetins his finger was damaged by a stone, but he carried on, and reached the summit first. George had a great collection of stories and phrases, derived from his Lake District friends, from his own observation of the bird and animal life, or from his own whimsical imagination. Thus he would describe the peregrines fighting their housing battles with the ravens and, later, driving their own young away over the Old Man, and would go on to talk about the hard winter when the foxes were hunting in packs.

Man)' of his stories, songs and poems are in his book, *Mountain Lure*, but those who have listened to him in the little smoke-room at Wastdale Head will always have a feeling that the District is not quite all it used to be—at any rate in the evenings.

He was Vice-President of the Club in 1924-25, President 1930-31, made many contributions to the *Journal*, and wrote the first *Langdale Guide*.

He was active in public life, and in private generosity, in his native town of Barrow-in-Furness, of which he was a Freeman, Alderman, Justice of the Peace, and twice Mayor. He was respected and trusted by each side on both the political and the industrial fronts, as it was well recognized that he was an honest man, imbued with the spirit of service and charity.

GEORGE S. BOWER.

A. E. FIELD, 1907-1949

The first list of Members of the Club was printed in Volume I of this *Journal* and contains 264 names. In accordance with a decision of the Committee in 1929, those still surviving have been accorded the distinction of 'O.M.' in all subsequent lists. The lapse of more than 40 years has naturally exacted a heavy toll and last year there were but 18 remaining. Of these two of the most distinguished have recently been lost to us. One of these (A.AV.W.) is doubtless being dealt with by more competent hands than mine, but I have been

asked by the Editor to contribute some recollections of my old friend, A. E. Field.

My first reaction to this request was the thought that more than 35 years ago Field and I had a miraculous escape from sharing a joint obituary notice. It was on a glorious sunny Good Friday morning at Wastdale that Field and I, with a pupil of his, were sitting on the ' Dress Circle ' watching the many climbers on the Needle and the Napes Ridges. A party of three or four was descending the Eagles' Nest Ridge above us. There was a shout and a huge-mass of rock that must have weighed several tons came down towards us from high up the ridge. It fell within about four feet of the three of us and bounded on to break into pieces far down the scree. It was followed by showers of smaller debris quite capable of doing lethal damage but we were completely untouched. Had the rock caught the rope of the descending party which had innocently dislodged it, it must have cleaned them all off. It was no fault of theirs as the mass was so large as to form an apparently integral part of the ridge which had no doubt been detached by the frosts of the previous winter.

Field was born at Buckingham, on January 31st, 1864, and was educated at Bedford School, with which he remained closely associated for the rest of his life. He went up to Trinity College, Oxford, with an open Mathematical Scholarship and obtained First-Class Honours. He joined the Teaching Staff at Bedford School in 1888 and only retired after completing 41 years' service. Even then he continued with private coaching and did much useful local work on various Hospital and other Committees and in connection with the Red Cross.

He was an enthusiastic mountaineer and early started his climbing career in the Lake District. He was familiar with all the then well-known courses many of which he climbed in association with such pioneers as O. G. Jones, A. D. Godley, Dr Collier, and the Abraham brothers. He was also well acquainted with most of the rock climbs in North Wales. Ashley Abraham records in the current number of the *Alpine Journal* how Field with G. F. Woodhouse and himself once spent two whole days on the Pinnacle Ridge of Sgurr Nan Gillian, owing to the high wind and *verglas*, and then only attained the summit of the third Pinnacle. He began his Alpine climbing in 1895 and during the next 20 years he collected a mass of experiences in very numerous first-class expeditions. In consequence he had a detailed knowledge of the Alps that can have been equalled by few if any of his contemporaries. He was ever most ready with advice and information to those going out for the first time or visiting new districts and he would usually illustrate his counsel by interesting

and often amusing personal experiences. He also had a fairly wide knowledge of the Pyrenees. After the first war he did no more serious mountaineering but visited the Alps every year from 1923 to 1928.

He was a very keen member of the Alpine Club to which he was elected in 1899 and he used to come up from Bedford for almost all its meetings.

'Ginger' Field as he was affectionately known, not only to many generations of schoolboys but also to a large circle of friends round Bedford and farther afield, was not only a first-rate mountaineer himself but he delighted in helping others, and especially the young, to participate in the pleasures that he enjoyed so keenly. Until his failing health made it impossible, he was a frequent visitor to the Lake District and a loyal and keen member of our Club of which he was a Vice-President in 1912-1913, sharing that honour with the late W. C. Slingsby.

Field was one of the many fine characters who are content to devote the powers of a first-rate brain and a strong and unselfish personality to the life of a schoolmaster. In doing so he succeeded not only in gaining marked distinctions for the boys under his care but also in obtaining their very warm respect and affection.

He died quietly at Bedford, on July 12th, 1949, at a good old age, so ending a long life which I am sure he had enjoyed to the full, all the more that so much of it had been devoted to the good and the service of others.

C. F. HADFIELD.

HARRY E. SCOTT, 1910-1949

Harry Scott died on February 10th, 1949, after a comparatively short illness; and the Club has lost a very notable and valuable member. He was 81 in years, but was still a young man in spirit. The following comments were made by two ex-presidents who knew him well:—

'He was the most lavish giver of friendship ever met, and his death leaves a gap which cannot be filled. He was the most popular after-dinner speaker, and although he was called the "Club's Official Insulter," he never said anything which would hurt the feelings of the most sensitive. He was a first-rate story teller, had a keen sense of humour and appreciated a practical joke whether it was against himself or another. He was a true lover of the fells and of nature and a friend to the young and old of similar tastes.'

Another ex-president wrote:—

'He had a quite unusual kindness and generosity. He had a sensitive and sympathetic side which seemed to be based partly on

intuition and partly on thoughtfulness and was of a quality I have hardly met in anyone else.'

I count myself fortunate in having had a very long and intimate-friendship with Harry Scott. Below the surface qualities, Scott had much deeper and many-sided interests which it took years for even intimate friends to realise. His outdoor life originated in an interest in botany, and this brought him into contact with mountaineering, for which he maintained a keen interest during the rest of his life. He was himself quite a good, though not an outstanding, mountaineer. He had travelled a great deal, principally on the Continent: but had made several visits also to the Americas.

He had less mental laziness than most people. He loved good literature and music and architecture and had a keen and critical literary and artistic sense. This found scope in his editorship, over eight years, of a Mountaineering Club Journal. He brought originality and imagination to bear on this ; and was himself, the author of many delightful articles and sketches. Permeating all, was his practice of critical thought and analysis. He freely acknowledged that his most successful after-dinner speeches were the result of careful preparation, and the study of certain models. This seems to the writer, more admirable than if he had been merely exercising a natural effortless gift. Through it all was the good-humoured forthrightness of his Lancashire background.

For two years he had a private laboratory in a technical college, where he experimented on certain interests in optics and acoustics. He left four albums of neat sketches made in his serious studies. He had clear-cut political views (he was a Liberal), which he would freely express in their proper setting ; but he was no fanatic. He was quite a good chess player, and was a pleasant partner or adversary at bridge.

All this is an appraisal and a summary. What really matters is that Scott earned not only the respect, but the love of so many of us.

EUSTACE THOMAS.

J. R. CORBETT, 1919-1949

John Rooke Corbett, who died on August 13th, 1949, in his seventy-third year, was a man of many interests and achievements, but best known amongst his friends in the Club for his long distance hill walking, and for his having been the first Englishman to complete the full list of Scottish ' Munros.' He joined the Club in 1919, and was a most regular attender at the Dinner Meets, where his bearded features and tall figure were happily familiar.

Corbett had a distinguished career at Cambridge, where he was a

Wrangler, and came subsequently to occupy a high position in the Government Land Valuation Department, finally at Bristol where he was in charge of the valuations for War Damage. He was a great walker from early youth, once walking home to Manchester from Cambridge, and he was an original member of the Rucksack Club, in the congenial atmosphere of which he formed many friendships, and undertook many all-night and other expeditions.

In his last years, physical infirmity curtailed outdoor activity, but his intellectual interests were unimpaired, and in them he found full compensation for any deprivation he might otherwise have felt.

F. LAWSON COOK.

MRS E. H. DANIELL, 1911-1949

Mrs Daniell, who died at her home at Bradford-on-Avon, on 8th August, 1949, joined the Club in 1911, and had thus been a member over a long period. Few, probably, of the present generation of members realised that Mrs Daniell (whose husband, a Bristol solicitor, was killed at Ypres, in 1917) was known to a much wider circle as Miss E. H. Young, the novelist, for whose books discriminating readers have a high regard.

Although her first book was published in 1910, it was not until 1925 that the publication of *William* fully established her reputation as a writer of distinction, and in this—to quote from an obituary notice in *The Times* - she came perhaps to an authentic greatness.' She continued writing up to a few years ago, and such books as *The Vicar's Daughter*, *Miss Mole*, and *Chatterton Square*, her last, will be known to many.

Her output was not very large compared with that of some novelists but—to quote again from the same source—she was 'a novelist of rare quality,' and 'brought a shining truthfulness to her observation of the ordinary or seemingly ordinary, personal relationships ; she had gaiety and a rich fund of subtle and delicately astringent humour ; and her work showed fastidious care . . . and was always admirably finished in its craftsmanship.'

Bristol and Clifton (under other names) provide the scene of her best known novels, but in some of her other books and short stories her love of mountain country in all its aspects and moods is very apparent.

Mrs Daniell was an Original Member of the Pinnacle Club, and although she had climbed in the Lake District, it seems that Wales was her happy hunting ground for climbing and walking. As recorded in the *Cwm Idwal Guide*, she led the first ascent of Hope in 1915, and was thus one of the pioneers of the exploitation of the Idwal Slabs which began in that year. One of those who was on the

rope on that occasion, as on many others, has testified to her remarkable qualities of balance, speed, and leadership, and to her sound judgment of rock and route -qualities akin to those she showed as a writer.

W. G. STEVENS.

MRS H. M. BOOTHROYD, 1923-1949

Owing to a serious illness five years ago which prevented her from attending Meets, Mrs Boothroyd will not be known to our newer members, but to those who were active before the war her name will conjure up many happy memories. Though never a rock climber, Mrs Boothroyd had been a fell walker all her married life and the love of our District and all that appertains to it she shared with her husband. Together they passed on this to their family, who may be said to have been fell lovers from the age of crawling! Joining the Club in 1923 there were for many years few major meets she did not attend, and right up to the time of her death she took a keen interest in the activities of the Club.

Mrs Boothroyd died on the night of the Annual Dinner, 1949, and, though not unexpected, her passing came as a great shock to her family and her many friends who were present.

J. C. APPELYARD.

G. A. DAVIES, 1924-1948

J. M. S. ROBERTS, 1932-1950

MISS F. RYLATT, 1943-1949

A. WELLS, 1909-1950

A. R. WELLS, 1940-1950

EDITOR'S NOTES

The last *Journal*—No. 42—was issued to members just after Christmas, 1948, and it has been evident from inquiries received during recent months, that its successor has been awaited with some expectancy, if not impatience. These inquiries have come in the main from those who are prevented by distance or other circumstances from taking as active a part in the life of the Club as they would wish, and have shown how much the *Journal* is valued as a means of keeping in touch with Club affairs.

Some reference to the principal reasons for the delay therefore seems called for in these notes. During 1949 the Club was faced with heavy expenditure to cover the cost of the reconstruction and equipment of the Raw Head Barn, which was not fully met by the funds specifically raised for the purpose ; and for the publication of the new Climbing Guides, although the cost of producing these should eventually be more than recouped. The Committee accordingly decided that the next *Journal* should not be issued until the spring of 1950. Unhappily circumstances which could not be foreseen prevented this. E. Banner Mendus, who had edited the *Journal* with distinction since 1945, was overtaken by illness during the winter, and this developed so seriously that he was compelled to give up all work for a period. This of necessity entailed his resignation of the editorship, and in due course the appointment of a successor.

I can say with confidence that all members, and other readers of the *Journal* will desire to extend their good wishes to Mendus, and to express the hope that he may be fully restored to health at no distant time.

The *Journal* has therefore been produced under somewhat unusual circumstances, and if readers find that it fails to come up to their expectations, they will perhaps make due allowance for the difficulties referred to. I am grateful for much help and constructive advice received from the officers and many other members of the Club. Limitations of space preclude these being adequately acknowledged here, but my thanks are especially due to Miss M. R. FitzGibbon for her help, and particularly for assuming responsibility for the reviews of books and journals. I must also express my appreciation of the forbearance of contributors, whose articles in many cases appear in print after a considerable lapse of time ; and also to those who have borne patiently with much editorial importunity during the summer holiday season.

In moments of despondency I have re-read an article entitled, 'On Producing a Journal,' by the late H. E. Scott (a memoir of whom appears on another page), which appeared in the *Wayfarers'*

Journal, No. 1, in 1928. This deals in a stimulating and amusing way with the troubles of the editor during the 'progress of his monumental work,' and with the idiosyncrasies of contributors. Perhaps its author showed rather a bias in favour of the editor !

Mr Sydney M. Vallance, who kindly contributes the article entitled 'From the Rockies to Lakeland,' is a Past President of the Alpine Club of Canada, his term of office having expired during his recent visit to this country. Like him, we hope that before long he may be able to renew his acquaintance with our fells and crags, and with members of our Club.

Stories of early ascents of the fells always have their appeal, and for this reason permission was asked and readily given for the reproduction of a paper on such an ascent of Crossfell, which recently appeared in the Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society. The author, Professor Gordon Manley, is a member of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, and a past President of the Meteorological Society, to whose and other scientific journals he has contributed a number of papers on the meteorology and cartography of British mountain and hill districts.

Should II. R. Preston's article on the Galloway Hills inspire any members to visit that attractive region, Dr T. R. Burnett, who lives on its threshold, would be glad to advise any inquirers who care to get in touch with him, as to its possibilities, especially for camping and caravanning. Mr J. Dow, a member of the S.M.C. was good enough to supply the photographs which accompany the article.

The late George Basterfield wrote to my predecessor six or seven months before he died, and in the course of his letter said 'Just recently I have been in mental, or shall I say, spiritual touch with two men who, in the flesh, wrote hymns, namely "Toplady" and "Newman." We deliberated for a while and the enclosed verses are the resulting issue. I have their permission to submit for publication and can only think of you as one who may be able to oblige.' He went on to suggest several alternative titles for the allegory, which we print under that of 'Life's Pilgrimage.'

The two Mountain Rescue Teams in the Lake District whose activities were commented on in the last *Journal* have continued regular training and practices, but happily their services have not been frequently needed during the past year or two. We can, however, be assured that this will in no way impair their readiness for action in case of necessity. The article 'Six Blasts a Minute,' which appears on a previous page was written by the Honorary

Medical Officer of the Borrowdale Team, Dr J. C. Lyth and will repay close study by climbers and fell walkers alike.

The late Frank S. Smythe was a member of the Club for a considerable number of years, but had resigned some little time prior to his death, the news of which was received with so much regret, not only by active mountaineers, but also by those—probably even more numerous—who perforce rely mainly on the printed page for their enjoyment of the riches of the hills. Reviews of two of his books are printed on a later page, and these contain tributes to him as mountaineer, writer, and pictorial artist.

It will be noted that the accounts of meets, new climbs and other Club activities which appear in this issue refer in general to the years 1948 and 1949. The opening of the Raw Head Barn at Easter, 1950, is mentioned briefly in 'Club Notes,' but it is intended to deal with this event and the reconstruction of the barn which preceded it more fully in the next *Journal*.

It is nearly 20 years since the report of the Departmental Committee on the creation of National Parks was issued. Anyone looking through our *Journals* for the intervening period can hardly fail to notice how constantly that 'Object' of the Club which is included in Rule 2— to protect the amenities of the District,' has been kept in mind. As has often been pointed out, what constitutes the amenities is largely a matter of individual taste and outlook, but there can be little doubt that the framers of our Rule intended the term to apply first and foremost to the unrivalled landscape beauty—both natural and man-made—for which our hills, and dales and lakes, are famed far and wide. It is inevitable, and indeed right and proper, that in an organisation such as ours there should be some differences of opinion as to the best means of 'protecting the amenities,' and as to how far these should be overridden by national or local requirements or interests. By and large, however, the Club in its corporate capacity, has steadfastly supported those special organisations, which have already done so much to preserve the district from much unnecessary or wilful harm, and have worked strenuously for the creation of National Parks, of which the Lake District by common consent held the highest priority. Many members of the Club in their individual capacity have taken an active, and some indeed a leading part, in the long and sometimes discouraging campaign, which at length resulted in the *National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act, 1949*, being placed on the Statute Book. This Act falls short in some important respects of

the high hopes that were held out for it, but in spite of this represents a great advance, and it can be confidently expected that before long the Lake District will be actually designated a National Park, with boundaries not widely differing from those recommended by the Hobhouse Committee.

Does this mean that Rule 2 can now be amended and the words 'to protect the amenities of the District' deleted? The answer is an emphatic 'No!' Unhappily the constitution of any area as a National Park does not automatically guarantee that it will thereby be preserved from developments which would drastically alter its character, and deprive it of much of its beauty. We have only to look southwards to Snowdon and its surrounding hills where extensive hydro-electric schemes threaten the very heart of a National Park. If these are permitted to proceed, there is little doubt that similar schemes, which have already been worked out for some of our finest dales will sooner or later be carried out. For this and for many other reasons Rule 2 must be kept intact.

The British Mountaineering Council is taking an active part in the opposition to the North Wales Hydro-electric Schemes, and is strongly represented on the Protection Committee, comprising representatives of various 'open air' societies, which is organising opposition to the Bill that will shortly come before Parliament, and are raising the necessary funds. The B.M.C. is carrying out in this way one of the chief functions for which it was constituted; that of dealing with matters of general concern to mountaineers. For this it has a status and authority, which cannot be attained by individual Clubs acting separately. We wish the B.M.C. all success in its efforts.

W. G. STEVENS.

CLUB NOTES

The outstanding event of the past two years has been the opening of the Raw Head Barn, which took place on 8th April, 1950. A large number of members and friends attended the opening which was performed by Mr. L. W. Somervell. The thanks of the Club are due to those who helped in various ways to complete the alterations to the Barn, and especially to Mr Somervell for his untiring efforts, to which, in no small measure, this very fine hut is due.

The publication of the new Guides continues under the editorship of Mr H. M. Kelly. *The Buttermere and Newlands Guide* was issued in 1949, and the *Great Longdate Guide* will probably be available before these notes are read by members. So many new climbs have been done in this valley since the last guide was published, that it has been found necessary to separate it from Dow Craggs in order to preserve a handy form.

Whilst not directly affecting the hake District, the North Wales Hydro-electric Scheme is of great importance and concern to all mountaineers. If the scheme goes through no National Park can be considered safe from spoliation, and with this in mind a substantial donation has been made by the Club to the fund which is being raised by the Protection Committee for opposing the scheme.

Mr and Mrs S. H. Cross have now taken over the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, Langdale and the Club offers its best wishes for their happiness and success.

Congratulations are offered to the following members on their marriage : Miss M. Newton and R. Braithwaite ; Miss M. Weyman and B. J. Cooke ; and also to Dr P. Alexander, and Miss E. Ramsay (now Mrs F. EC. Elliott).

LYNA KELLETT.

LONDON SECTION

The London Section continues to be active, and the walks and informal dinners are both popular. The dinners were first held at the Strand Brasserie and subsequently at the Rossmore Restaurant, Park Road, and at the Bridge House, Borough High Street, S.E.

On several occasions the Section had invitations from the Ladies Alpine Club, the Rucksack Club, the M.A.M., and the Mountaineering Section of the Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland to attend their meetings. It is difficult to say which of the many good lectures was the most enjoyable, but special mention might be made of F. H. Restall's excellent colour films of Wales, Ben Nevis and Skye which many of us were fortunate to see.

Among our own lectures one by Eric Jackson, at the London School of Economics, on 'The Mountains of Corsica,' which was given to an appreciative audience will no doubt tempt some people to explore new territory and see something of the beauty of a mountainous Mediterranean country.

The Sunday walks take place about once a month on all sides of London, and these range from 10 to about 22 miles. L. R. Pepper probably holds the record for leading the longest on one of the shortest days of the year, when a number of people enjoyed an excellent walk in the Chilterns. Londoners now have one great advantage over Northern walkers. Not only is there less chance of being thoroughly soaked than in Borrowdale—though on one occasion the dinner walk was held under conditions equalling the Lake District's wettest efforts, but they are now to be spoiled by a radio controlled bus service, which is being introduced by London Transport. Should they, for example, decide at the last minute to alter their route and descend from the lofty hills round Dorking by a different valley, London Transport will, doubtless, arrange for a bus to pick them up, and there can be no excuse for failing to turn out should the weather look doubtful now that there is almost a certainty of catching a train back in time for dinner!

The Annual Dinner is held at the Connaught Rooms, on the first Saturday in December, and this is an enjoyable function. In 1948, there were 76 present. The toast of the guests and kindred Clubs was ably proposed by Graham Wilson, and Sir Edwin Herbert (Alpine Club) and Mrs Poulton (Pinnacle Club) responded. In 1949, 63 were present including the Club guests Mrs Standing (Ladies Alpine Club), T. Clutterbuck (M.A.M.), and Alan Stewart (Rucksack Club). George Anderson made a delightful speech proposing the toast, Mrs Standing and Alan Stewart responding.

R. A. TYSSEN-GEE, *Hon. Secretary.*

E. W. HAMILTON, *Walks Secretary.*