







THE  
CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL

EDITED BY  
A. W. ANDREWS

Vols. IX. and X.

LONDON  
THE CLIMBERS' CLUB  
1908



T H E

# CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

[COPYRIGHT.]

Edited by ARTHUR WESTLAKE ANDREWS.

57

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. Popocatpetl. ( <i>Illustrated</i> ) . . . . . By OSCAR ECKENSTEIN	3
II. In the French Dolomites : Mont Obiou. ( <i>Illustrated</i> ). By J. BRETLAND FARMER	4
III. Fell-Walking . . . . . By A. W. WAKEFIELD	11
IV. Three New Climbs on Cynr Lâs, Snowdon. By GEO. T. ATCHISON	27
V. Committee Notes . . . . .	31

PUBLISHED BY THE CLIMBERS' CLUB.

*Copies can be obtained from the Editor, or from*

GEORGE PHILIP & SON, 32, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

W. HEFFER & SONS, CAMBRIDGE.		FRANK MURRAY, MORAY HOUSE, DERBY.
HENRY YOUNG & SONS, SOUTH CASTLE STREET, LIVERPOOL..		







O. Eckenstein, photo.

Brunner & Co., Zürich, Switzerland

## Popocatepetl



b

THE

# CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

---

VOL. IX.]

SEPTEMBER, 1906.

[No. 33.]

---

## POPOCATAPETL.

By OSCAR ECKENSTEIN.

POPOCATAPETL, according to the new Mexican survey, is 5,452 metres (17,889 feet) high. It is thus the second-highest mountain in Mexico, being only surpassed by Citlaltepetl, 5,550 metres (18,209 feet). It is a mountain of special interest to climbers: the first definite record we have of any high ascent is that of Popocatepetl, by Francisco Montaña and five other Spaniards, in 1521.\* It is hardly necessary to add that this was a "guideless" climb; it remained the greatest recorded altitude, on a mountain, till it was beaten by Captain Gerard early last century.

It is curious how this ascent has been overlooked. For instance, at an Alpine Club meeting held in 1897, Mr. Solly remarked that he believed Adyrsu Bashi (14,673 feet) was the highest "guideless" new climb, whereupon Mr. G. P. Baker stated that that record had been beaten, by Mr. Yeld and himself, with Basardjusi, 14,700 feet.† Mr. Baker's record had, however, been beaten, by over 3,000 feet, more than three and a half centuries before!

The illustration annexed is the reproduction of a photograph I took in January, 1901, from the south ridge of Iztaccihuatl.

---

\* Prescott, "History of the Conquest of Mexico," Book III., Chapter VIII.

† *Alpine Journal*, Vol. XVIII., page 486.

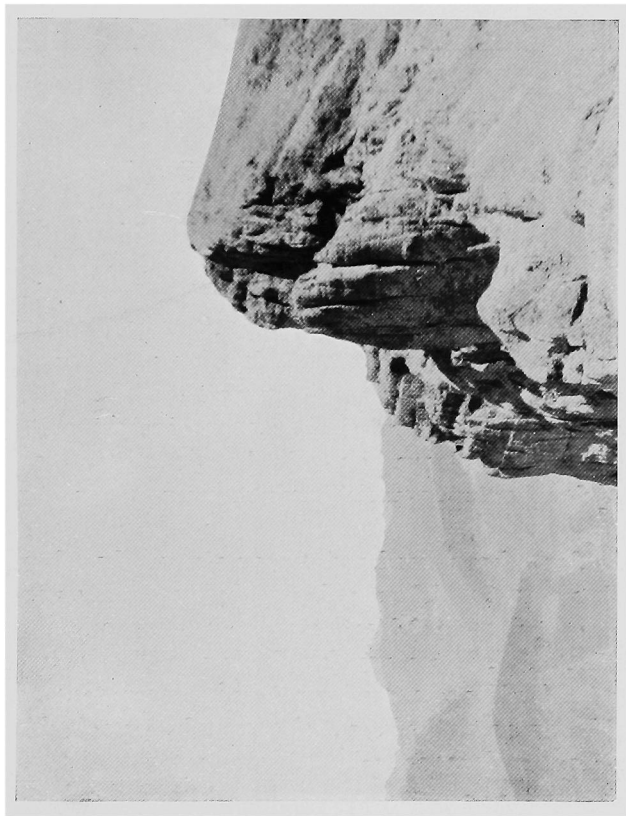
## IN THE FRENCH DOLOMITES: MONT OBIOU.

By J. BRETLAND FARMER.

AFTER spending several weeks amongst the mountains of Dauphiné with my friend A. W. Andrews, a proposal to visit the little known limestone region of the Dévoluy gradually assumed definite form in our minds. It was not, however, without some regret that we finally quitted La Berarde for the Val Gaudemar, bidding farewell to ice and snow at the Col du Says.

On our way down to the hamlet of Le Clot we came suddenly upon a magnificent view of Le Sirac that more than atoned for the rather dreary tramp down the valley. The mass of the mountain rose before us as a great grey wall of rock, its steep sides fluted and seamed by the streams descending from the glaciers of its upper slopes.

Passing above Le Clot, where walnut and chestnut trees began to form grateful means of greenery, the path wound round the hillside, far above the stream flowing down the valley, to La Chapelle-en-Val Gaudemar, where we proposed to pass the night. We had been led to expect but indifferent accommodation here, and we made somewhat anxious enquiries for the best *auberge* of the place. We speedily stood corrected, and were conducted to the Hotel du Pic d'Olan, a place modest enough in external appearance, but thoroughly sound as regards the root of the matter. An excellent dinner, that was speedily prepared, included a freshly-caught trout and really good wine, at once decided us in favour of spending the whole of another day in the place.



MONT OBIU.



The village itself is rather low down for things like the Pic d'Olan, but it is beautifully situated, above the mosquito level, in a wooded and well-watered valley, and it is surrounded by pastures and cultivated fields of corn and hemp.

We came to the conclusion that a char was better than tramping as a means of getting to Corps, and thence to Pellafol, the hamlet from which The Obiou is usually climbed. A reasonably early start at 6 a.m. enabled us to cover the 25 miles or so of hot dusty road soon after mid-day, having, however, spent some little time in dispatching a package containing crampons and one rope to Clelles, where we expected the latter again to be of use.

Andrews, who is always the expert on the commissariat matters, insisted on buying several kilos of tomatoes and grapes at Corps, saying we should be sure to want them on The Obiou. By the time we reached Pellafol, however, a considerable proportion of the whole had already been consumed—a circumstance which, considering that we were our own porters, I regarded with well-concealed satisfaction.

When we reached Pellafol, our first enquiry was for an inn. Our hopes of a long deferred meal received a severe shock when the somewhat truculent landlord said nothing was to be had, but his bark was worse than his bite, and, after a little chaffing, he turned out an excellent fellow, and exhibited considerable interest in what he clearly regarded as our insane project. The lunch was a chequered one. Millions of flies, thirsting for personal interviews, would have made any feast a mockery, whilst music was afforded us by an elderly specimen of the fair sex, who declaimed on the virtues of the Corsican men, "*si gentils et si braves*."

We decided that whatever might be the custom of the country, we were going to camp as high up as we could get water, if only to be out of the reach of the flies, and also of the well-meant attention showered on us by the villagers. But we had our difficulties. One man seems to have a monopoly as the guide of this side of the mountain, and we were only desirous of a porter to carry as much as we could

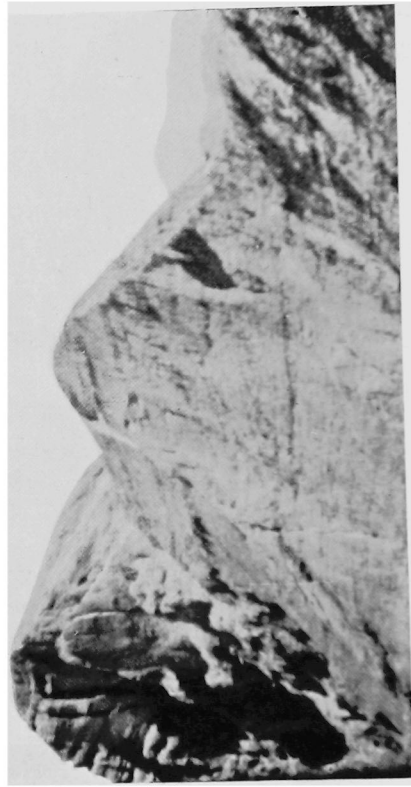
persuade him to bear, to our camping ground. He soon made it clear that whether as guide or porter he was not going to stand any poaching on his preserves, and, after long and oft-repeated explanations, we made him understand that we wished him to act solely in the latter capacity. Very grumblingly he assented, but drove a bargain on the basis that our camp was going to be three hours' distant.

Accordingly we went up across fields, and afterwards through beautiful beech and pine woods to the higher tree level, where the last water supply was to be found. We found this to be very little more than an hour from the village. Our porter endeavoured to persuade us to take him on as guide, and told us many thrilling tales of foolish tourists who had been rescued from places of appalling danger, at the cost of hundreds of francs, in consequence of attempting to ascend the mountain without a guide. It was not until after repeated assurances that we meant to traverse it to Mens that he finally gave us up as a pair of hopeless lunatics, and, after some kindly meant directions and words of warning, he left us and descended to his village. We then began to think of a camping ground. There was a little wind, the ground sloped steeply, and there were many stones. As none of these things are conducive to a night's repose, we decided to cross a belt of alder bushes, and to reach some pines growing below them. We neither of us had realised the effectiveness of properly grouped alders as passive resisters. We lost the whole of our temper and smashed most of our cherished tomatoes in the struggle to get through the zone, and when we did get to the pines I was so exhausted that I proposed an immediate encampment on a comparatively level diverticulum of a broad path. Andrews, however, objected that curious cattle, of which we had seen some specimens, might wander down to investigate us during the night, and the event proved that his objection was at least specious.

Recalling the matter of cattle, he further proposed that I should fix up the silk tent and the other things for the night, whilst he would go and buy some milk. After a lengthy







RIDGE OF MONT OBIOU.

absence he returned, with no milk, but with an addition to our knowledge of technical terms. We had been told that the herds consisted of *genisse*, a word which, in our ignorance, we had unfortunately concluded to be synonymous with *vâche*. The only useful result of his search lay in the correction of this ill-timed mistake.

Next morning we started early, and sure enough, on the path, close to the spot where I had first suggested as a camping place, we met a solitary bull. We gave each other a wide berth, with a distrust as mutual as it apparently was groundless.

Our path led upwards by a remarkable limestone cliff, honey-combed with galleries and caves, many of which serve as shelters for the cattle. From thence we reached a sort of grassy ridge, from which we got a fine view of the summit of The Obiou. It forms, when seen from this side, an imposing mass of dolomite-like rock, and is apparently undercut, except at one place, where it is connected with a lower summit.

A long traverse round broken rocks and a grassy basin led us on to the scree slopes that run down from the sides of the cliff. Some of this scree lies as a shallow covering on steep rock, and deserved and obtained our respectful consideration. After traversing the screes, we finally reached the wall connecting the chief and minor summits of The Obiou, and while climbing the staircase rocks, of which it consists, I was delighted to find patches of *Potentilla nitida*, a characteristic plant of the Dolomites, in flower.

Arrived at the top of the wall, we skirted the overhanging cliffs of the summit till we got round to the south-west side, where the angle gives, and an easy couloir leads up to the top. I was getting bored by the grind, and proposed a route by a promising chimney. Andrews, however, preferred the obvious, so I attempted the variation. It was not very long, but afforded excellent climbing—quite as much as I wanted—and it resulted in my reaching the summit about half-an-hour after my companion. But the exercise had proved good for

the temper, and our relations re-assumed their normal friendly attitude.

The view from the summit over the Dêvoluy is very fine. The series of limestone scarps and high plateaux all lay below us. It is difficult to avoid the conviction that the upheaval and distortion is related to the eruption of granite that has produced the adjacent high mountainous region of Dauphiné. To the west of us we made out, though with some difficulty, Mont Aiguille, near Clelles, which we subsequently visited, but from our much higher elevation, it appeared so insignificant that we were tempted at the time to pay no further attention to it. But later on, as we descended towards Mens, this mistaken impression was soon corrected.

We made a careful examination of the downward route to Mens, which lay to the north-west of us, and decided that a particular arête was the right one to take. We started down, and were rather congratulating ourselves on the absence of obstacles when the only serious one we had to encounter suddenly revealed itself. The ridge we were descending unexpectedly contracted itself to an exceedingly thin wall of considerable steepness, whilst the sides became nearly vertical for about 80-100 feet, and then went down another 1500 or 2000 feet, at an angle comparable with that on the Cwm Glas side of Crib Goch ridge. This, of course, we should not have minded, but the wall seemed such an excellent example of jerry-building, that we wished we had not been so precipitate in dispatching our rope to Clelles. I went down with my legs astride the ridge, the top of which was covered with layers of loose fragments like white tiles, instead of a decently sound coping. Presently the slope of the top of the ridge got steeper, and finally it looked as if it were going to end altogether. My responses to the queries addressed by Andrews as to how it was going became shorter and shorter, but on cautiously advancing to the edge of the cut-off, I was delighted to find a narrow but sound edge down which it was possible to descend. We had about 300 feet of this sort of thing, and it was quite enough in the absence of a rope to cause

us to alter our notion of the traverse as being a mere walk-over. When we had got down into a decently broad part of the ridge, Andrews considerably suggested I might go up again and pose for a photograph. I received the suggestion coldly and walked on. Nemesis has, however, been severe, for the photograph that was taken gives no sort of idea of the place as it really is. (Fig 2.) But we had not by any means quite exhausted the quiet humour of our Obiou on leaving the wall behind us. We got down a long arête of about 2000 feet of scree boulders, when we were pleased to encounter a large cairn that clearly shewed we were on the right route. The way probably leads down to the right from this, but there were no direct indications of a path, and we descended about 1500 or 2000 feet lower, to find that we were above a series of walls that cut us off from the lower slopes of the mountain. However, by observing the way in which the strata had been tilted and folded, it was possible to predict that a connecting terrace would be found that would enable us to turn them to the left. This theory turned out to be correct, and it was some satisfaction when we got much lower, and could study the geography of the upper part of the mountain, to find that the route we had followed was the only one by which we could have descended within a reasonable time.

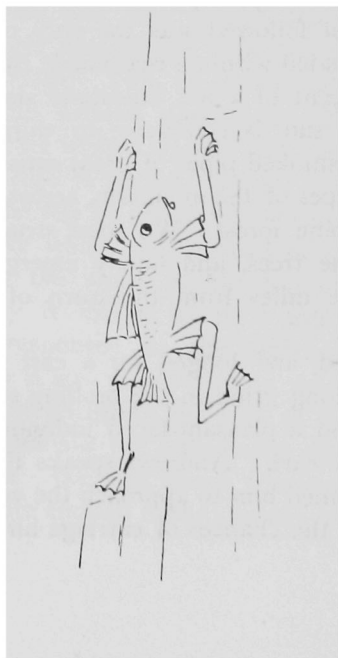
The long descent of a hot limestone slope, fully exposed to the afternoon sun, is conducive to thirst, and we drank much water, and smoked pipes of great satisfaction on getting off the barren slopes of the mountain, across a beautiful gorge into the upper pine forest. We soon struck a zig-zag path down through the trees, and finally emerged in the valley below, about five miles from the town of Mens, where we intended to sleep.

We were tired, and longed for a cart or anything that would save us a long grind in the broiling sun. Fortune was kind, however, and a pleasant-faced individual hove in sight, driving a country cart. Andrews speaks French better than I do, so I constrained him to approach the vehicle and discuss with its occupant the chances of carriage hire. As I had half

expected, he gave us no hopes, but with charming politeness offered us seats—at least as far as room allowed—in his cart. Thus we entered Mens, having stopped at an intervening village for much needed “drinks.” Our friend assumed everywhere a sort of proprietorship over us. In fact he, so to speak, exhibited us as specimens of peculiar animals that cross hills merely because they are so minded, and not of real necessity.

Everyone we encountered seemed especially interested in knowing whether we had not found the side of the mountain towards Mens to be more difficult than that belonging to the opposition at Pellafol. Fortunately, in so far as we had found difficulties at all, our answer proved as opportune as it was conscientious.

It is curious that more English people do not visit this district. Perhaps Ball's Guide may be partly responsible, for in that excellent work an altogether undeserved emphasis is laid on the desolate character of the region. It is true that it is above the Vine zone. The winters are to blame for that, but it certainly forms an interesting variation on the routes most commonly taken from Dauphiné to the low country.





## FELL=WALKING.

FELL-WALKING, or "peak-bagging," as it is contemptuously termed by the genuine climber, may perhaps be best described in the neat words of our worthy President at the last annual club dinner, namely, "doing the right thing in the wrong way." Without question it is "doing the right thing," for is it not the sacrifice of oil and gladness on the altars of those great mountains that we love so dearly? But then of course it is "the wrong way" to select the easiest, instead of the hardest available, route. For this most serious defect I must beg the forbearance of my fellow-members of the Climbers' Club, and plead the editorial demand as my only excuse for the following description of the "bag" on August 15th, 1905. The aim of these walks is to ascend the greatest possible number of peaks above 2000 feet, and to return to the starting point within 24 hours, or as much less as is possible. On such a walk in July, 1903, an hour had been lost on Scawfell and the Pike, owing to thick mist, and it was with the idea of substituting for this waste time a slightly extended route, which would include the Newlands and Mosedale Fells, that we had planned the walk for August 15th. But, truth to tell, we had *not* planned it originally for August, but for the beginning of July. However, a knee, strained in the course of training, necessitated a five weeks' complete rest, and at the end of this time the ultimatum was "Now or never."

I decided to risk the softening effect of five weeks' "slacking," and also the weather—for there had not been a single fine day for a fortnight—and bicycled over to Keswick on Monday, August 14th, in rain and mist, expecting to be obliged to return after about a week's delay, with nothing to

our credit but perhaps a few wettings and sloppy climbs accomplished to pass the time. Our party over to Keswick consisted of G. F. Woodhouse (C. C.), T. H. Richmond, E. C. G. Buckley, and R. P. Wade, all of whom had shared with me the benefits of the Sedbergh Hills, and the cross country training derived from the annual 10-mile school steeplechase. At Keswick we were joined by F. Philipson (C. C.).

Towards evening the weather improved, the glass began to rise, and a council of war was hastily convened. J. W. Robinson and George and Ashley Abraham unanimously advised a start, and, yielding, somewhat, I must confess, against my own judgment, to the advice of the local sages, a midnight start was decided upon. This left little time to conclude arrangements, and a merry, though short, evening was spent in buying chocolate, biscuits, &c., and boiling cocoa, in preparation for the morrow. The local chemist was somewhat taken aback by the demand for two dozen medicine bottles, but fortunately he had them in stock, and each one was duly filled with a slip of paper bearing my name, the date, and a request to return the slip to the editor of the *Keswick Guardian*. One of these was to be left on each summit next day, and this was done except in a few cases, where, the bottles running short, substitutes had to be improvised. In anticipation of the midnight start, an early move to bed was made, but it is not everyone who can sleep at 8 p.m., and, having heard each hour tolled forth by the market clock, I was punctually called at 11.30. Anticipating a hot day and the good luck that it ever brought me in the days of yore, I donned my old Sedbergh School football jersey, worn threadbare and laid to rest ten long years ago! A hasty, and rather sleepy, final meal—breakfast? supper? what shall I call it?—was partaken of in the dining-room of our “Skiddaw Temperance” Hotel, and then, as the clock chimed 12 o’clock, Philipson and I, accompanied as far as the bridge by Richmond, set off in the Portinscale direction. It was a perfect night, full moon, dead calm, not a speck of cloud in the sky. A film of mist hung over the low lying meadows,

but as we rose to higher ground this was quickly left behind. For the first mile or so I did not seem to get comfortably into my stride, but we soon settled down to a good swinging pace, and rattled away up Newlands in moonlight that was almost as bright as day. We reached Buttermere Hause at 1.18 a.m., and struck up the northern ridge of Robinson. This leads up to a face that is rather steep, and, the moon being now behind the mountain, we were not so well able to pick our way, so were obliged to go rather more carefully. Soon, however, we emerged into the brilliant moonlight on the top (1.53). Leaving our card in the shape of a medicine bottle on the cairn, we rapidly continued our course down to the neck and up the side of Hindscarth, which we reached at 2.15. After leaving another bottle, we made on towards Dale Head, where we arrived at 2.32 a.m. The moon was now sinking low, and kept hiding her face in fluffy shrouds of mist and cloud. So much darker was it that we could only with some difficulty make out the time on Dale Head, and the descent to the top of Honister Pass was quite exciting. We had no time to waste, and ran more by faith than by sight, often not knowing till we got there whether our feet would land on grass or rock, in a hole or on a point. We were both of us lucky enough to reach the Pass with no sprained ankle, with nothing worse in fact than a few scratches and bruises. Leaving Honister Pass at 2.58, we kept up the opposite slope, stumbling rather in the darkness, and planted our Brandreth bottle on its goal at 3.25. The dawn was now fast advancing, and fortunate it was for us that this was so, for the railings running along the crest from Brandreth to Green Gable had been renewed quite recently, and the old wires, left to rust away and entrap the innocent feet of unwary travellers, were a veritable source of danger, and we had already suffered discomfiture owing to the persistent attentions of similar booby traps on Dale Head.

Woodhouse was to meet us on Great Gable, in charge of the commissariat, and we shouted across from Green Gable (3.43) to let him know we were coming. But there was no reply save our own echo. Could it be that he had overslept

himself, and we should have to go on hungry? The very thought urged us on that we might know the worst. Great was our relief, on nearing the final cairn, to see a rucksac perched on the top of it, and shortly afterwards to see Woodhouse himself nestled down in a sheltered corner, sleepily rubbing his eyes, and protesting that he had been waiting for hours, and had almost gone to sleep! Five minutes we spent on the top (3:58—4:3) discussing chocolate and parkin, and admiring the view between the mouthfuls. And truly such a sight is but rarely seen even in this hill country. It was a perfect summer's morning. The sun was almost rising over the hills to the north-east, tingeing the pale blue sky with a rosy pink. Behind us the great Scawfell crags stood in bold outline against the sky, their every rock and gully detailed in the clear morning light. Yes, climbers called at 8:15 for breakfast at 8:30 have still to learn the charms of an early summer morning on the tops!

Now leaving the rucksac, in which Woodhouse had brought up the supplies, for Philipson to take back to Wastdale Head, where he was to make sure that breakfast was quite ready, Woodhouse and I set off down the scree in the direction of Kirk Fell. Part of this scree is first rate for a rapid descent, part is composed of such large-sized elements that bruised ankles and a certain amount of slipping are almost unavoidable. Moreover, in our haste, we more than once "took the oath and our seat simultaneously," as "Badminton" neatly puts it. However, we were soon on the other tack, ascending Kirk Fell, whose cairn we "bottled" at 4:31.

Thus far all had gone well, and we had gained consistently on our scheduled time, but during the descent of the rough piece on to Black Sail I managed to strain the tendon once more which had necessitated the postponement of the walk five weeks before. This did not at first cause very much inconvenience, as I only felt it on steep ascents and descents. Sticking steadily to our task, we reached the top of the Pillar at 5:15, the Steeple at 5:32, and Red Pike at 5:42. The

descent of Red Pike towards Yewbarrow is rather steep, and was accomplished with some difficulty owing to my knee. Following this, and the steep ascent of Stirrup Crag, the almost level stretch along the top of Yewbarrow towards the southern and topmost cairn came as a decided relief. Rounding this cairn at 6.5, the route lay almost straight down the side of Yewbarrow, towards Wastdale Head Hotel. This descent is extremely steep, and my method of progression must have caused great merriment to any spectators had there been such, but fortunately there were not. It was almost a case of "hop and go one," and at times the game leg entirely gave way quite unexpectedly, and gave me a sudden and by no means pleasant introduction to mother earth. However, all good things, they say, and consequently, I suppose, all bad ones, come to an end, and certainly this descent came to a most pleasing end in the coffee-room at Wastdale Head (6.40), where we found that Philipson had secured for us a most welcome breakfast, thus obviating even the slightest delay.

The question now arose whether it was worth while continuing, with my knee "crooked," and but little more than a quarter of the journey done. Considering that this was the last chance of trying the walk for a year at any rate, and that no great harm would be done by continuing, even if I failed, we decided to keep on. Fortunately I was able to get a bandage, which distinctly helped matters, and seemed to prevent the knee getting worse during the rest of the day. In fact it was that bandage, tightly applied, which to a great extent saved the situation.

By this time my shoes, which were comfortable, but not new on starting, had been knocked to pieces on the rough rocks, so I did a rapid change into a reserve, but untried, pair that had luckily been put in the rucksack.

Leaving Wastdale at seven o'clock, Woodhouse and I set off for Scawfell. This we took by Green How, crossing Lingmell Gill, some considerable way below the tip of Brown Tongue. Once up the short steep side, and on to the crest of

Green How, the rest of the ascent is a long, dreary, gradual, rise, with at least half-a-dozen little peaks, one after the other, limiting the view ahead, and every one of these the climber thinks must be the top. At last we attained the real summit (8:32), and, in preparing to leave the inevitable bottle, we found that, by some accident, our stock for this group was short, in fact we had two bottles only. With one we decorated Scawfell, the other we decided must certainly be reserved for Bowfell. Something must be found to leave on the Pike and Great End, whereby to prove that we had duly paid these early morning calls. However, something would doubtless turn up when the time came. Off we started again, Woodhouse making straight as an arrow for the Broad Stand; a few minutes later we were across Mickledore, and making up the Pike for the big cairn on its top.

For some time past the new shoes which I had donned at Wastdale had been trying their best to compress my feet into the size and shape which is considered fashionable amongst Chinese ladies, and on reaching the top of the Pike (9:7) I came to the conclusion that something must be done or I should be unable to wear any shoes larger than "threes" for the rest of my life. So I decided to try the effect of discarding an extra pair of socks which I had put on to protect my feet. This I did, and then—brilliant idea!—why not leave them on the cairn in place of a bottle to record my visit? No sooner said than done, and we were off again towards Great End. Here (9:33) I could not with decency leave any more clothing by way of a visiting card, my whole outfit consisting of but a football jersey, "cuts," socks, shoes, and a handkerchief. Woodhouse, however, came to the rescue with a slip of paper from his notebook, but, having no other means of writing on it, we were reduced to the form of autograph adopted by the criminal and illiterate classes—a dirty thumb mark!

I now went on alone, while Woodhouse watched, and timed, me over Hanging Knot (9:57) and Bow Fell (10:20), before he descended to Seathwaite, where he had left his bicycle,



and so back to Keswick, after having accompanied me for 5½ hours over some of the roughest ground.

Meanwhile I descended Bow Fell towards Three Tarns, and thence down the Band, with thoughts of "Zweite Frühstück" at Stool End speeding my course. On the Band, however, I made a most foolish mistake. Finding that it hurt my knee less to descend along the side of the slope than along the top of the crest, I decided to keep well on the south side of the Band. Dropping too far down, however, I finally got "tied up" in a steep little rocky gully, and it cost me five or ten minutes to right myself again. Buckley had arranged to bicycle over from Keswick to get "second breakfast" ready at Stool End, after which he was to accompany me over Fairfield and Helvellyn, leaving his mount at The Swan, Grasmere. As I appeared over the last ridge of the Band above Stool End, I heard a shout of welcome, and there was Buckley, with Mr. Martindale, of the farm, all ready, and on the look out, and I had scarcely time to sit down before breakfast was brought in. We spent fifteen minutes (11-11'15) despatching this most welcome meal, and then Buckley and I set off on our long stretch of road down Langdale, intending to go over Red Bank, and through Grasmere to the Swan Inn. Buckley dismounted, and led his bicycle, in order to keep me the better company on foot. The day had now become very hot, a thick heat haze obscuring all the distant view. Several times, with some skill, we managed to splash ourselves over at little wayside brooks, to the great joy and wonderment of the passers-by. These splashings nevertheless helped us on our way, greatly cooled and refreshed. But now a sad calamity befell us. Buckley, representing the Army Service Corps, had charge of the provisions and bottled slips for this stretch of the walk; moreover he carried our pecuniary supplies, and our only timepiece. Having his bicycle, he arranged to follow the road over Red Bank, while I took the short cut over the fell, and we were to meet where the routes re-joined, just before reaching Grasmere. What could be simpler? And thus we parted at Chapel Stile. Some days previously I had

been over this part, and had cut a path through the bracken, which is in some places up the steep hill side at least 4 feet high, and very thick, entirely covering the track. It was quite a relief to get off the hard road, and feel the turf under one's feet again ; then hurrying along the top through the heather, and down the little lane, I regained the road once more. But what had happened to Buckley? He was nowhere to be seen. Had he been tossed coming down the steep hill? Had he missed the way? or had he perhaps ridden on to have a milk and soda ready for me at the Swan? Then again there was always the possibility that his bicycle had punctured. In any case, time was too valuable to waste by waiting, and very likely he would catch me up before I reached the Swan. So on I went, looking back at frequent, very frequent, intervals, in the hopes of sighting the lost commissariat department. Once, indeed, my hopes ran high. There was a man behind on a bicycle coming my way. Surely it must be Buckley! As he came nearer and nearer, however, I began to doubt, and finally the rider passed, with an undisguised look of horrified amazement at the unexpected sight of such an apparition.

And now I had almost reached the Swan, and must make up my mind what course to take. Once past the Swan, there was no possibility of getting food till I had reached the top of Helvellyn, and it was doubtful if I should find supplies even there. I had only made a rather vague arrangement with Wade to bring up tea and sandwiches for a picnic on the top, under certain climatic conditions, and I was by no means sure that he would consider that these conditions held. Consequently, I reasoned, I must obtain food at the Swan at all costs. But how was this to be done since I had not a single halfpenny to bless myself with, not even a watch to leave as security? "Nothing venture, nothing win"; I must be bold, and, if necessary, resort to bluff. So in I walked, and bravely ordered milk and soda and biscuits to be brought to me as quickly as possible outside. And then, for fear of missing Buckley, I retired outside, and sat down in the ditch

by the roadside "sub tegmine fagi" in the shape of a thorn bush. I had scarcely sat down when out came half-a-dozen men, who had been tippling at the bar, to see what the fun was. What, they wanted to know, was I trying to do, and how much had I on it? They would scarcely believe that I was doing it for sport, and had not a penny on the result. Then one, who was more "tipply" than the others, began describing to us, with graphic details, how he had once, when he was young, walked from Windermere to Keswick, but the thrilling details of his adventures were interrupted by the arrival of the milk and soda and biscuits, and for the next five minutes the interest of the latter completely obscured even the tipsy traveller's tale. But now came the rub, how was I to settle the reckoning? I went in and began to explain to the landlord how I had lost my friend who was paymaster, but he would scarcely listen to my explanation, and told me to go on and not waste time. The little crowd outside had by this time re-collected in the bar, and on my way through I was hailed, and then they wished to celebrate the occasion by standing me drinks all round. It was with some difficulty that I managed to explain that I did not want to carry more than was necessary up Fairfield, and I finally set off, after a lusty handshake all round, speeded by many wishes for success, "Laäk oop, an' tha'll win a' reet!" I reached the Swan exactly at one o'clock by the village chimes, and left some five or ten minutes later.

Now came one of the most arduous ascents of the whole walk. It is a long, steady, solid, grind up Fairfield from Grasmere, and the midday sun beating down on one's back makes it desperately hot. Moreover, the spring that enables one to take such an ascent without a thought at the beginning of the day is beginning to dwindle, after 13 hours' hard going. So up I toiled, greatly enjoying another shower-bath in a little stream *en route*, and once Stone Cove was reached there began to be a little breeze, making the heat more bearable. Nearing the top, I began to rack my brains for some means of leaving a trade mark to prove my visit. But my mind remained a

blank, and offered no suggestion. What, then, was my relief on seeing three figures moving about on the top! In spite of my grimy and dishevelled aspect, they were not frightened, or, if they were, they never showed it, but boldly stood their ground. One, who turned out to be a member of Magdalen College, Oxford, on my requesting him to witness my presence, most kindly tore a leaf out of his guide book, and, after recording the place, time (2:48), and other details, forwarded it to the editor of the *Keswick Guardian*. A steep and rather rough descent now brought me to Grisedale Tarn, and, after crossing the stream just below this, I made up the opposite rise towards Dollywaggon Pike. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and there being no one by this cairn to bear me witness, I bethought myself of my handkerchief, tore off the marked selvedge, and left it to adorn the cairn; then onwards towards Helvellyn.

And now a dreadful thought seized me. I had partaken of nothing more than very "light" refreshment at the Swan three hours ago, and I was getting both very hungry and very thirsty. Suppose Wade was *not* on Helvellyn! It would be two hours or more before I reached Threlheld, where the next meal had been arranged. But there were people on the top, so it would be all right; Wade was sure to be one of them. As I drew nearer, I saw that Wade was not amongst them, and my heart, and a certain part of my anatomy not very remote from it, sank within me. How long would it take me to reach Threlheld without "fuel"? No, Wade was not at the shelter; I must go on. Moving off, sad at heart, feeling something like a deflated football bladder, I see a small hump by the side of the cairn a little further on. What can it be? Surely it is a basket. Yes, it is indeed, and there is Wade, too, lying fast asleep, and snoring, under the shelter of the little cairn! The basket contained three large wine bottles full of hot tea, and a huge pile of jam sandwiches. I reached the cairn at 4:5, and I don't think it took me three minutes to dispose of the contents of one bottle, the greater part of a second, and a large number of sandwiches. Instead of the

usual medicine bottle, with its enclosed slip, we graced the Helvellyn cairn with two big pint bottles, each with a sandwich paper inside!

And now, alone once more, as Wade took back the remnants of the feast, I made my way along the crest, and then down the side towards the road, which I struck close to Thirlspot. Getting over the wall into the road, I noticed a cyclist, and was overjoyed when I recognised him to be G. Waddington, another Sedberghian, who, hearing of the walk, had cycled over from Ambleside, and had thus by a lucky chance just met me exactly where I was in need of company. He, being of a simple and trustful nature, left his bicycle (I know not whether it was his own or a borrowed one) by the roadside, and accompanied me on foot down St. John's Vale, almost as far as Threlheld. And for this company I was indeed truly grateful. For nearly five hours I had been my own pacemaker, so it was a great help to have some one else to set the stride, and right well did he swing out.

For some time my shoes had been beginning to pinch my toes again, and this stretch of road quickly brought things to a crisis. What was to be done? I decided to make a slit across the toes, much after the manner commonly adopted by tramps. But I had no knife, and Waddington was in a like case. However, a farmer chanced to pass by, and he lent us a big clasp knife, so I sat down on the road and set to work to "carve" my shoes. The result was most successful, the shoes were ornamented like patchwork, but they pinched no more.

Shortly after this Buckley joined us, and cleared up the history of his strange disappearance. He, not knowing where the short cut from Chapel Stile joined the Red Bank road, had inquired of a likely-looking passer-by, who had told him wrong. Consequently Buckley had sat down and waited for me where I never passed, and at last, finding out his, or rather some one else's mistake, and blessing his mis-informer, he hurried on to the Swan, only to find that I had gone on. So, having remunerated the trustful landlord, he rode back to Threlheld, and, after there consulting with Richmond, who was to take

up the pacing over Blencathra and Skiddaw, he came back to meet me towards Thirlspot, and right glad I was to see him. Soon after this, Waddington turned, hoping to find his patient bicycle still standing in the ditch. Whether his hopes were realised or not, I never heard.

So, alternately trotting and walking, we reached Threlkeld at 6.15, where we found Richmond awaiting us with more tea and jam sandwiches. After a ten minutes' halt, we set off again for the "last lap," taking Blencathra by way of the Copper Mine and the ridge to its east. This is a straight, stiff, pull of about 2200 feet, with scarcely a stretch level enough to give one a breathing space the whole way. Moreover the track—if track it can be called—is distinctly tricky, and it is quite possible to get stranded, first of all in deep heather, and higher up, amongst the rocks. But Richmond was splendid. With the skill of a practised climber, he picked the very best route, and, moreover, set a pace that I could just follow, and kept me at it. We reached the cairn at 7.25—an hour from Threlkeld. After we had each enjoyed a luscious tomato, we started the descent towards Skiddaw Forest, which, of course, is no forest, but a bleak, open moor. Swinging widely round the head of Roughton Gill, we made down the opposite ridge, bearing a little to the left of Skiddaw House, where, prospecting a short time previously, I had discovered that the low-lying marsh land might best be crossed.

It now began to grow dusk, ominous clouds were gathering, and the wind was rapidly rising. We pressed on, to get as far as possible while it was still light, for darkness is a terrible handicap to rapid progression. About this spot I almost stepped on a beautiful little patch of white heather, which I quickly plucked, and pocketed a handful in order to secure good luck and a successful finish.

Leaving Skiddaw House on our right, we made up the ridge to the north of Salehow Beck, which leads up close to the top of Skiddaw. Those who have been this way will recollect a sweet little spring nestling in a hollow of the ridge, some 2000 feet up. Never shall I forget the joy of drinking

at that spring, and then of plunging my head and arms right into it! Then onwards and upwards for the last 1000 feet of the day. The darkness deepened, and the night came on shortly before we reached the top; in fact we almost ran into the railings, which cross here, without seeing them, for the moon was obscured by clouds. Moreover, a bitterly cold wind had sprung up, and I was deeply grateful to Richmond for the sweater, which, with great forethought, he had carried up. We triumphantly planted our last bottle on the cairn (8:58), and then turned to descend. But this was no easy matter over the rough ground in the darkness, and we had more or less to feel our way over the rougher parts, trotting where we could on the better ground to make up time. Just below the half-way house we were met by Woodhouse and Buckley, who had strolled up to be in at the finish. The moon was a little brighter now, and the road comparatively smooth, and we trotted on in single file, thinking of nothing but the hot bath ready at our "Skiddaw Temperance Hotel," and of bed to follow. Down the lane, past the station, and finally into the market place, we clattered, where there was quite a little crowd to welcome us.

The market clock told us it was seven minutes past ten, and that the round had consequently taken 22 hours and 7 minutes. This was 2 hours 14 minutes more than the time of the previous year's walk, but the latter had not included the Newlands and Mosedale Fells.

The weather conditions were just about perfect, and this was especially fortunate, as there was no other day in August when the walk could have been attempted without encountering formidable difficulties in the shape of mist, rain, wind, or moonless nights.

As may be seen from the times given, six stops were made for food, varying from 20 to about 5 minutes in duration, but, except perhaps at Wastdale, the food was always of the lightest, consisting of weak tea, bread and jam, &c.

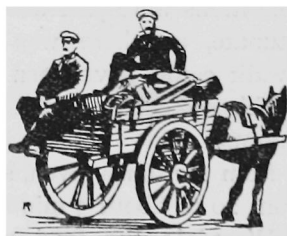
In addition to these fixed halts, I kept constantly "stoking up" from supplies of Plasmon and milk chocolate, ginger

nuts, parkin, bovril, bananas, and tomatoes, which my friends carried, and dispensed at frequent intervals.

I found that the five weeks' previous slack had affected my condition much less than I had expected, and my feet had remained perfectly hardened, for at the end of the walk they were scarcely tender, despite the new shoes!

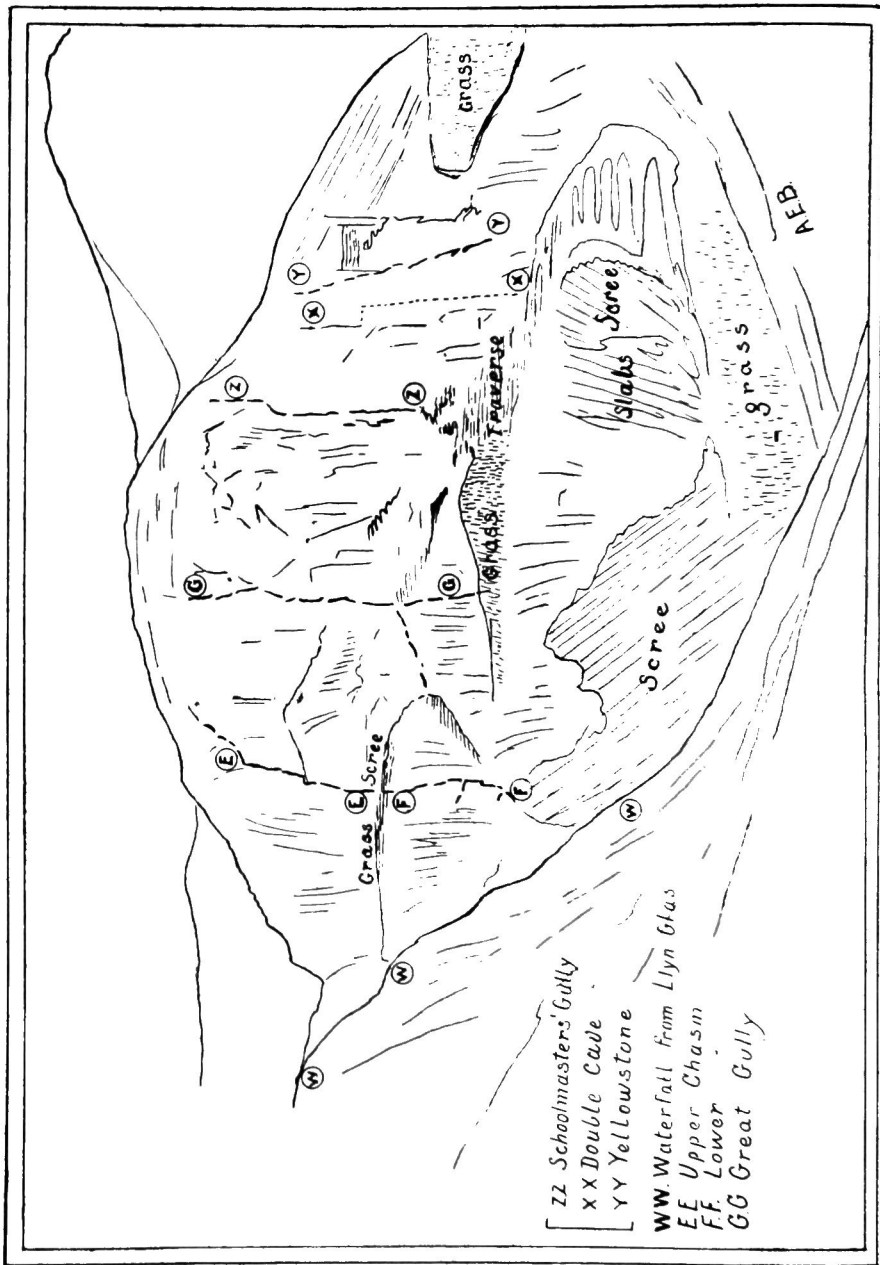
Before concluding, I should like to take this opportunity of expressing my heartiest thanks to all those who so kindly aided me by their advice, pacing, carrying supplies, &c., and I wish also to record my appreciation of Mr. Bakewell's great kindness in collecting, at his office of the *Keswick Guardian*, the "bottled" slips of paper and other things I left on the various summits of my walk. These have, with one or two exceptions, all been returned to him; the others still await discovery, or, perhaps, have been retained by those who found them, as a memento of what they no doubt considered an exceedingly foolish undertaking.

[Since writing the above, it has, by an extraordinary succession of coincidences, come to my knowledge that my sock, left in lieu of card on Scawfell Pike, has been found, and kept as a memento by the finder.]









CYRN LÂS FROM HALF WAY UP CWM GLAS MAWR.

## THREE NEW CLIMBS ON CYRN LÂS, SNOWDON.

AUGUST, 1906.

By GEORGE T. ATCHISON.

WE were a party of four—A. E. Barker, H. Mitchell, W. J. Drew and G. T. Atchison—on the first visit we had paid to North Wales for the purpose of climbing.

### THE YELLOWSTONE GULLY.

On August 6th, without any idea of finding new climbs, we first went to Cynr Lâs. Our intention was to attack the Lower and Upper Chasms. We passed the small lake below the Parson's Nose in Cwm Glas, and, without exactly knowing where we were, went along the grass and scree platform between the two Chasms. We then scrambled down to the well-marked grass traverse at the foot of the crag, and went right along this until we reached the foot of the gully, which we afterwards named the Yellowstone Gully. The first pitch looked attractive, so we roped up and set to work. About thirty feet above us was a large chock stone with its rough razor edge coming down almost in the centre of the gully. The leader, A. E. Barker, at first tried to pass this direct on the left hand side, but when he was immediately below the obstacle several flakes of the rough edge showed an inclination to become detached. After bombarding his long-suffering followers for a considerable time, the leader descended and attacked the nearly vertical wall on the left hand side. Holds were at first good and plentiful, until a small and somewhat rickety platform was reached about twenty feet up. Here the

second man joined the leader, who proceeded to traverse across to the top of the chock stone. The holds for this manœuvre were neither good nor plentiful, but it was safely accomplished. The second and third took the same route, but, after the leader had moved on, the last man climbed the pitch direct, thus proving that the doubtful stones were perfectly secure. Several short pitches followed, the most interesting being one up a narrow scoop between two rough faces of rock. Cairns were built at the foot and top of this climb, as well as a couple *en route*. We named this the Yellowstone Gully, on account of the colour of some of the loose stones and scree about two-thirds of the way up, which can fairly easily be seen from the Cwm below. [Climbed by A. E. B., G. T. A., W. J. D. and H. M.]

#### THE DOUBLE CAVE GULLY.

August 9th saw us again at Cynr Lâs, intending to devote our attention to further exploration. A gully, which appears shallow and ill-defined when seen from a distance, starts about thirty yards to the left of our Yellowstone Gully. An attempt was made to climb the first part of this direct, but it was soon abandoned. It involved dependence upon steep grass holds, which, after the rain, showed more than an inclination to come away. The leader, H. Mitchell, accordingly turned his attention to the sloping rock face on the right-hand side of the gully. Thirty feet of good firm rock with abundant holds was followed by at least a hundred feet of mixed scrambling and climbing until the gully was re-entered a short distance below a delightful cave. This cave consisted of two stories, one twelve feet above the other, with a jammed stone far out on a level with the upper floor. In the upper story, which was beautifully decorated with beech-ferns, we built a cairn. The cave was left by a good climb of about forty feet up the smooth sloping slab on the right-hand wall, where the holds were few and small, but perfectly sound.

Although indicated by dotted lines in the diagram, this gully is practically invisible from a distance, and its two

delightful top pitches come as a pleasant surprise and reward after a course of somewhat unsatisfactory scrambling. We are inclined to think that it would be by no means difficult to ascend the first few pitches of the Yellowstone Gully, traverse to the left and finally join the Double Cave Gully below the pitch from which we named it. We did not have time to test this surmise, but if such a route were practicable one could combine into one climb the really interesting features of both gullies. [Climbed by H. M., G. T. A., A. E. B. and W. J. D.]

#### THE SCHOOLMASTERS' GULLY.

While returning down Cwm Glas Mawr on the occasion of our second visit we were struck with the appearance of a conspicuous dark chimney on the face of the crag, rather to the left of our two previous climbs. The gully, of which this chimney is so noticeable a feature, appeared to run almost from top to bottom of the crag, so we decided to pay the place another visit. We were well rewarded, for an extremely interesting and varied climb was worked out on August 12th, one, indeed, which we think would bear comparison with Moss Ghyll.

This gully we named the Schoolmasters' Gully, for while parsons, doctors, engineers and professors have their special climbs, none has so far been dedicated to the profession to which three of our party belong.

There are two entrances to this gully, of which the right-hand one was taken. The climb starts with about thirty feet of scrambling up a steep triangular patch of heather, ten feet above which there is a small cave, large enough to hold one. Here the climb proper begins, and the rock-work to a small platform ten feet above is by no means easy. The course to be taken, however, is obvious enough—out to the right and then up.

The second pitch follows at once, and is about fifteen feet up a vertical wall on the right. There is a large chock stone in the centre of the pitch, which seems to be supported only from above, and hence very insecurely. The leader, H. Mitchell,

spent a considerable time in unearthing a few minute holds on the wall on his right, and then succeeded in reaching a large sloping grass ledge about fifteen feet above. The next two followed his example, but the last man, since there were no heads to be broken below, used the chock stone, and backed up the pitch. He then further tested this stone from above, and found it perfectly firm.

From this grass platform, which we termed the "Bowling Green," we traversed to the left round a projecting rock back into the centre of the gully, and then worked up the left face to another sloping grass platform, to which we gave the name the "Croquet Ground." This traverse round the projecting rock was the source of considerable amusement. Each of us insisted that the man before him made a ridiculous fuss, and spent an absurdly long time over it. Criticism and advice flowed freely, but each of us modified his opinion when his own turn came. Our difficulty arose from a desire to find a more substantial hold for the left hand than that provided by Faith and Hope. We failed to find one.

The next pitch is up an imposing vertical wall on the left-hand side. We attacked this at a point about twelve or fifteen feet from the top end of the "Croquet Ground." After ascending about twelve feet, we traversed back and upwards to the centre of the gully, and then crossed to a small grass ledge on the right-hand side, where a large belaying pin was found.

The fifth pitch is a fine vertical chimney, narrow and quite sixty feet in height. Rather more than half way up is a small platform, where each man can have up his successor, and so obviate the necessity of running out a great length of rope.

The sixth and last pitch is a short and simple chimney, at the top of which we built a cairn.

This gully will well repay a visit, for after the first thirty feet of scrambling up the heather, the rest is almost all pure climbing, and pitch succeeds pitch practically without intermission. It can easily be identified from the Llanberis Road by means of the long and dark-looking chimney in the upper part. [Climbed by H. M., A. E. B., W. J. D. and G. T. A.]

## COMMITTEE NOTES.

THE following gentlemen have been elected to membership of the Club :—

Mr. Jack Thornton, 28 Springfield Mount, Leeds.

Mr. Stanley Gerard Dunn, M.A., Berberis, Gravesend, Kent.

Mr. Geoffrey Bartrum, 3 Wickham Road, Sutton, Surrey.

Mr. Harold Pemberton, 24 Falkner Square, Liverpool.

\* \* \* \*

THE date of the next Annual General Meeting and Dinner of the Club is fixed for Friday, February 15th, 1907.

Under Rule IV., the following officers of the Club will then resign their posts :—

The President—Mr. Wm. Cecil Slingsby.

Vice-President—Professor J. A. Ewing, F.R.S.

Members of Committee—Professor J. B. Farmer, F.R.S.  
Professor J. R. Wilberforce.

\* \* \* \*

THE Northern Section of the Club will hold a New Year's Meet at Wastdale, and their Annual Dinner at Manchester on March 2nd, 1907, both events open, of course, to all members of the Club.





