

foot of this chimney, and accomplished the ascent in about two hours, having to traverse more than once to find an eligible route forward. Another hour was then spent in exploring the eastern end of the rocks, where several promising chimneys were discovered, but time did not permit another complete ascent. Full reports of this visit subsequently appeared in the local press. In fact, these reports were so full that much of the information they contained as to the doings of the climbers was news to the members of the party.

A second visit was made a few weeks later. As the principal object of this excursion was to provide lantern slides for the members' night, the climb was commenced at the same spot as on the former occasion, but it was done in less time and by a more difficult and direct route. The party then descended a little further to the west.

J.R.C.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF A MOORLAND WALK.—On Sunday, 8th December, 1907, there were twelve members of this Club in a compartment of the train which leaves Exchange Station at a nominal 10 a.m., and then takes a casual course to the north-east. The weather was beastly, but we were all cheerful—Noar and I were cheerful—and the “happy-looking member” made jokes. According to the programme, this day was sacred to Pickstone’s walk, but evidently eight out of the twelve knew something, because they left the train at Greenfield with the alleged intention of climbing, and Noar and I were left—Pickstone and Corbett were also left! The exit of the eight was hurried. They closed the carriage door most carefully, like a keeper after depositing the tiger’s food, but their hasty farewells were sympathetic in sound. Silence reigned in Greenfield until the train moved away, and then the eight from the opposite platform raised a relieved and awful yell—and Noar and I were left. I knew that Pickstone and Corbett had the agility of the chamois, and the tracking powers of Sherlock Holmes, and that they never thirsted and only hungered at times convenient to themselves, but I never credited them with an artistic power of torture that would have filled Torquemada with envy (if T. was not the man I take him for, his name may be replaced by that of any scientific torturer that may occur to the editorial mind). The victims—Noar and I—were led up an inclined plain to the summit of a tableland, where the wind blew and the rain came horizontally and hard. I expect Pickstone carefully chose the 8th of December after consulting Old Moore. We had now the whole of England to go at, but after a secretive examination of an alleged compass, a course was struck, and we were to know we were right when the wind blew down our left ears. With fiendish perspecuity Pickstone had noticed the effect of wind on eyeglasses, and mine were blown into such a position that for hours I was fighting for life only partially assisted by vision. For æons of time—I’m sticking to æons, right or wrong—Noar and I followed Pickstone and Corbett over countless miles of a heath

that could not be blasted, that is to say corporeally blasted, because it was so beastly wet. It would take the pen of a "Daily Mail" war correspondent to describe our sufferings, and the pencil of a Gustave Doré to depict the horrors of the scenery. For miles and miles and miles, Noar and I toiled to overtake the leaders, with the same success as a donkey pursues a carrot hung over its nose. Pickstone and Corbett skipped along the horizon—what horizon there was—like ballet dancers, and all the time Noar and I, with the wind making a clean score of bull's eyes in our left ears, and the rain trickling down our garments, squelched our weary way. About every hundred yards there was a yawning abyss, with perpendicular sides composed of crumbling peat. These gullies ran at right-angles to our course, and I now see that but for the wind in the left ear fetish, we might have gone parallel to them without the need of crossing. But that is where Pickstone and Corbett came in! We had to wallow in each, and there were thousands! We lunched behind a damp and draughty rock, and five minutes afterwards our tormentors showed us with great glee a board stating "this way to the Brown Cow." But did we go to the Brown Cow? As certain vulgar persons would say, "not much!" After about five years—Pickstone's walk chronology—had passed, Noar said in a tone of subdued passion, and with a faint glimmering cheerfulness, that he could do a drink. I concurred, and our souls clave together in that direful day. But for the thought of the gurgle of that celestial drink, we should have given up the struggle, and no doubt the Club would have put up a board to indicate that somewhere between this spot and the Brown Cow, Dust and Noar disappeared in the slush—R.I.P. The shades of night were falling fast, and we were still half-a-mile from the edge of the moor, when Pickstone and Corbett discovered a beastly rut which, for purposes of delay, was discussed as a probable Roman road, the object being, of course, to cause Noar and I to have to wallow in those accursed gullies in the dark, but a distant light denoted the "White House" on Blackstone Edge; the blood of the Noars and the Dusts rose, and we dashed for the road! The proceedings at the White House are too sacred for description, even in the *Rucksack Club Journal*, and Pickstone and Corbett remained *outside* in a hurricane of wind and wet. The tramp to Littleboro', though uncomfortable, was devoid of incident, and the tea there was a huge success. We then walked to Rochdale, and Torquemada Corbett got in a final smack by landing us at Rochdale Station five minutes after the train had gone, although we were led to believe that his knowledge of Rochdale and its environs was only surpassed by his comprehension of the idiosyncracies of glaciers.

Perhaps some day, when thoroughly inoculated with the bacillus "Rucksackii," I may abjure tobacco, abandon beer, and limit my diet to chops, rice pudding, and thrilling draughts of weak tea, and then frolic one hundred yards in front of Pickstone and Corbett on a more awful expanse than Buckstone Moor.