

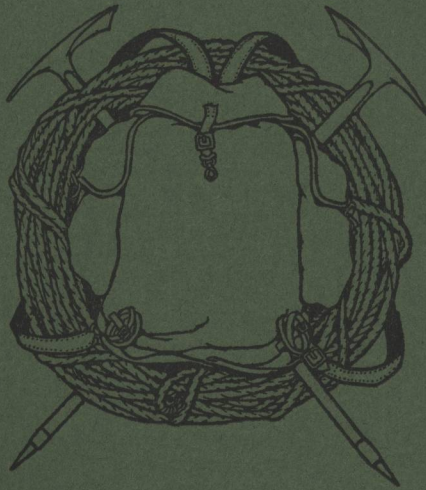
Vol. II., No. 3.

1913.

No. 7.

THE  
**Rucksack Club Journal.**

EDITED BY ERNEST BROXAP.



*Issued Yearly.*

---

*Published by the Rucksack Club.*

---

Copies may be obtained from the Editor,

OR FROM

CHARLES H. BARBER, 24 St. Ann Street, Manchester.

**PRICE ONE SHILLING.**

# JAEGER

Fine  
Pure Wool

## ALPINE REQUISITES.

Why the Jaeger "Poro-lastic" Puttee is superior to any other:—



Stocked in two lengths  
at 5s. and 6s.

### 1. Easier Manipulation.

- a. Its permanent elasticity (no rubber) ensures a perfect fit without the special curves which, in other Puttees, necessitate so much attention to adjustment to particular parts of the leg. Each Puttee will fit either leg.
- b. The edges do not stand out, curl up or fray. The width is not reduced by stretching.
- c. An absolutely secure novel fastening, which does away with the long tape-ends attached to other Puttees.

### 2. Lighter Weight,

yet great strength and durability.

### 3. Greater Porosity,

therefore not heating; at the same time resisting water and snow.

### 4. Greater Utility,

as the "Poro-lastic" Puttee forms a perfect bandaging in case of accident.

LONDON—126 Regent Street, W.  
456 Strand, Charing Cross, W.C.  
30 Sloane Street, S.W.  
102 Kensington High Street, W.  
115 Victoria Street, S.W. (close to A. & N. Stores).  
85 and 86 Cheapside, E.C.

MANCHESTER—30 King Street and 10 Princess Street.

LIVERPOOL—64 Bold Street and 4 Castle Street.

*Address in other towns sent on application.*

THE  
RUCKSACK CLUB JOURNAL,  
1913.

---

**Contents :**

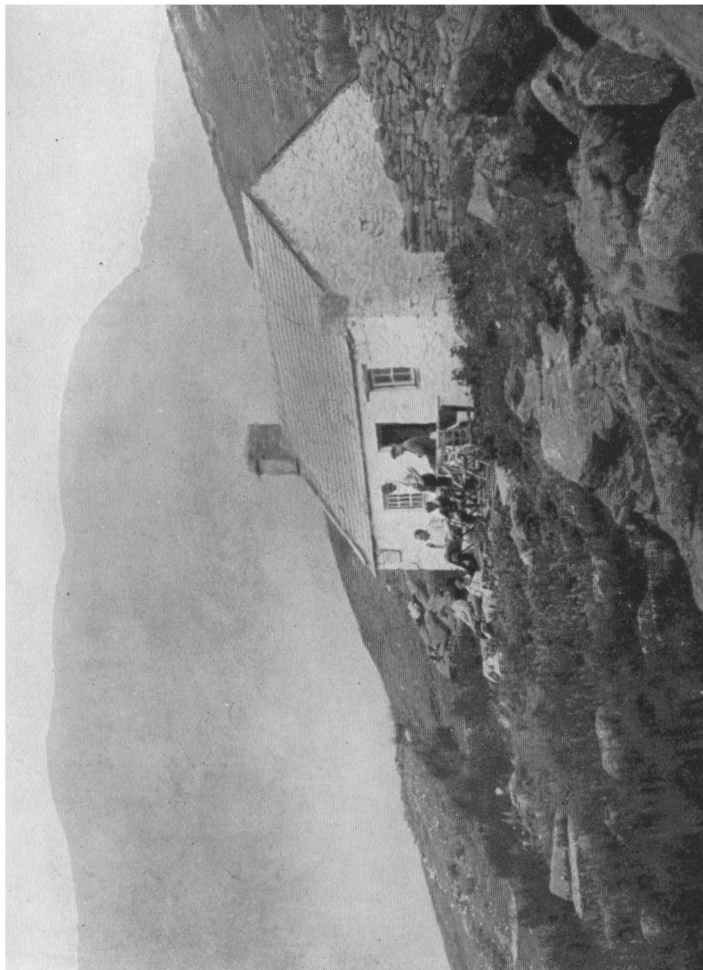
	Page
Recent Cave Campaigns ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), by Ernest A. Baker, M.A., D.Litt.	173
Bodlyn Crag ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), by J. Rooke Corbett, M.A. ... ..	181
A Holiday in the Vosges Mountains, by A. E. Barker, B.A., B.Sc. ...	185
Climbs on Hen Cloud and the Roches ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), by S. F. Jeffcoat ...	192
Col du Meiten, Aiguilles Rouges, Lötschental, by B. B. R. ... ..	196
The Rucksack Club Hut ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), by T. Wyldbore ... ..	204
An Unofficial Night-walk, by E. W. Steeple ... ..	209
Glengarriff ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), by C. H. Ashley ... ..	213
Some Alpine Wanderings in 1912 ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), by J. Wilding ... ..	219
Two Early Ascents of Scafell Pinnacle by the late J. W. Robinson, by F. W. Jackson ... ..	230
Under Canvas on the Fells ( <i>Illustrated</i> ), by J. H. Hobbins ... ..	235
A Trampler's Easter Soliloquy, by H. S. Porter ... ..	244
Proceedings of the Club ... ..	246
Excursions ... ..	251
Reviews ... ..	256

---

MANCHESTER  
M. CARR & CO., PRINTERS, 38 ALEXANDRA ROAD

---





*Photo by A. E. Watson*

**THE RUCKSACK CLUB HUT.**

# The Rucksack Club Journal.

---

VOL. II., No. 3.

1913.

No. 7.

---

## RECENT CAVE CAMPAIGNS.

---

It is now some years since I had the pleasure of doing any underground work with members of the Rucksack Club, and I regret to learn that during the interval this department of the Club's activities has fallen into abeyance. The cause is perhaps the idea that the cave district which lies nearest to headquarters, the Peak of Derbyshire, has been exhausted as a field for exploration, a view in which I do not concur. We almost thought the same of Somersetshire a few years ago, but, as I shall show in the course of my paper, nothing was farther from the truth. I hope by a brief account of what has been done recently in that county and in the new field of operations in Ireland, to reanimate the cave spirit among old enthusiasts, and perhaps I may look forward to joining them in the near future in opening up certain of the unknown caverns and waterways that undoubtedly exist in several parts of Derbyshire.

In Somerset, the Mendip Nature Research Committee have been applying the principles of intensive culture to the old caves, chiefly in the direction of archæological research. Work upon unopened swallets, like that at Hillgrove, has been almost at a standstill, though it is now starting again with good hope of engineering an entry into what must prove a very extensive cave. In Wookey Hole all efforts to find passages leading into the regions upstream have failed so far, though walls have been cut and weeks of labour spent in quarrying through a thick bed of stalagmite. Better results would doubtless have been attained in this direction before now but for the distraction caused by the important discoveries in the parts once inhabited by primitive man. A very short summary of these last is perhaps worth while.

At least a hundred tons of the cave floor in the vestibule of Wookey Hole have been dug up and sifted bit by bit, an enormous number of finds resulting which illustrate the life of people dwelling in the cave from about 500 B.C. to the date of the Roman evacuation of Britain. Wookey Hole is of course associated with the achievements of that veteran archæologist Professor Boyd Dawkins, the scene of whose digging was the Hyæna Den, a tributary cave now debouching into the gorge outside the main cavern. His discoveries related to the Palæolithic era; those now under discussion belong to the Late Celtic and Romano-British periods. Implements, pottery, ornaments of all kinds have been unearthed, as well as human and animal remains. I dare not attempt to describe any of them, lest I should be tempted to dilate at great length on a special branch of our science of speleology, a branch too often ignored by the explorer. Suffice it, that the pottery in particular discloses a high standard of artistic taste and skill, and that we can form a fairly complete idea of the kind of life led by these cave-dwellers, whose village was a good deal older than the neighbouring lake villages of Glastonbury and Meare, and lasted centuries longer. The main credit of the work rests with Mr. H. E. Balch, F.S.A., who, in conjunction with Mr. R. R. D. Troup, is bringing out a lavishly-illustrated monograph on the subject which all members of the Club should buy.

In the parallel gorge of Ebbor a number of cave-mouths which had been completely masked by screes or earth and vegetation have now been cleared. There does not seem to be much likelihood of penetrating into any extensive channels inside, but the finds of a palæontological kind have again been considerable. One small cave was completely choked with a mass of deposits composed chiefly of the remains of animals now extinct, like the cave bear and woolly rhinoceros, and a grand collection of well-preserved bones and teeth was secured for the Wells museum. The other caves have not been worked yet to any extent, but in the course of an hour or two's digging we came across a fine Neolithic scraper, a lot of Roman glass, bits of Celtic pottery and other promising finds.

Return now to the more sporting side of caving. The embargo on Swildon's Hole has now been removed, and with the owner's permission some useful work has been done just within the entrance.





*Photo by E. A. Baker.*  
WOOKEY HOLE--THIRD CHAMBER.



A way has been cleared, from the little chamber just inside, leading directly into the waterway, and enabling this to be reached without the labour and torture of the S bend. The whole cave has been surveyed and nearly everything of note photographed, but we still know nothing of what is beyond the sixty-foot drop at the end of the stream in the Rift Chamber, 300 feet down. A high-spirited cave-man has, it is true, been to the bottom of this sixty-foot vertical; but as he seems to have trusted to luck and let himself go on the rope, landing in a deep pool, without a light or any possibility of getting one, and spending nearly an hour in exhausting attempts to climb back before his comrade above even knew that he was in difficulties, the information at his disposal is of a meagre and doubtful kind. Expeditions have been projected from time to time, with a descent of this pitch as a main object; but as exceptionally dry weather is indispensable for success and wet has always intervened, nothing has come of them.

Bad weather, on the contrary, has helped to extend our knowledge of the great Eastwater Cavern. First, however, the efforts of many years to link up the two chief waterways below the Ruckle of Boulders next the entrance were at last crowned with success. These two channels run downwards at an angle of forty or fifty degrees, roughly parallel but wide apart; and in between lies a wide region of steeply-inclined bedding chambers, where the roof comes so close in many parts that for a long time no one could squeeze through. At length H. E. Kentish got past all obstacles, and found that the bedding chambers extended much farther to the left than was suspected; and later on a party found that an entrance could be made from the Canyon, which is part of the main channel, into a series of small passages and chambers communicating with these bedding chambers and so with the parallel channel, usually known as the 380-foot way. A few weeks later, whilst a party were exploring what was supposed to be another series of bedding chambers on a level with the Rift, about 300 feet below the surface, we discovered that we could reach the same spot from below. Thus what had been considered as three distinct sets of bedding chambers proved to be one of vast extent, running far up towards the surface, and, as we ascertained on the same occasion, leading down to an impassable pot-hole on a level with the first vertical drop in the main cavern. The traverse thus

opened up between the two chief passages of Eastwater proved of high importance a week or two later.

This was when a party of nine, including five novices, made a descent of Eastwater on a day of frightful weather. It was a foolish thing to attempt, and we ought to have been discouraged by the volume of water which was tumbling from the roof of the Boulder Chamber, the first cavity after the Ruckle of Boulders. We pushed on, nevertheless, and reached the top of the second vertical, 400 feet below the surface, where a terrific body of water was tumbling into the huge hollow beneath. It happened that a rope had been left behind which was required for a descent of the final vertical; but anyhow this could not have been carried out, as the bottom was a raging torrent. On the way down and back several cavities in the floor or the roof of various passages were explored, and it was hoped that by the time we arrived again where the stream is encountered the flood would have had time to run away. On reaching the Boulder Chamber, however, we found the place alive with streams, and the Ruckle of Boulders was spouting water in volumes. Nothing could live there, and obviously our only hope lay in the newly-discovered traverse. By dint of nearly two hours' labour all the party were eventually pushed or hauled into the beginning of this. Meanwhile a pair of us had reached the 380-foot way and found this also swept by a torrent as impassable as that in the Boulders. For some time the whole party were hopelessly cut off from the surface, and we turned our attention to the best means of supporting existence for two or three days, if necessary, until the waters subsided. Late at night, however, there was a remarkable abatement of the swollen streams; we seized the right moment, and got safely out to the surface, drenched and many of us in rags, but otherwise not a penny the worse.

The tiny Eastwater stream, we found, had swollen to the dimensions of a river whilst we were below, and the mouth of the cave had been submerged under a deep whirlpool. The flood did an immense amount of damage, much of it highly interesting to the speleologist, opening new swallets and caves of exit and altering many features inside the Eastwater Cave. Some time previously Mr. Balch had spent a good deal of time clearing out an enormous choke at the end of the 380-foot way. A narrow passage was



*Photo by E. A. Baker*

IN THE GREAT CHAMBER, MITCHELSTOWN OLD  
CAVE. SLOPE OF FLOOR,  $50^{\circ}$



opened past a mighty cube of limestone, beyond which the way was blocked again. Before any attempt could be made to continue the clearance the flood came, and now many tons of rock and rubbish have firmly choked everything up again. Several large blocks in the Ruckle of Boulders were violently shifted by the water, and new openings made in the floor of the chamber beyond. But since this date no complete exploration of the cave has been carried out, and the important question—what has happened in the nether regions?—remains unanswered.

A number of narrow escapes have occurred to people unconnected with the M.N.R.C. in misguided attempts to explore Lamb's Lair; these are chiefly of interest as calling attention to the pressing need for putting the entrance shaft of that fine cavern, and also the windlass and platform above the great chamber, into a safe and proper condition. It is a pity that the largest stalactite chamber in Britain should be now inaccessible through mere neglect.

In Ireland speleological effort was for some time concentrated on the two Mitchelstown caves in county Tipperary and on the Marble Arch cave-system in Fermanagh. Splendid work in exploring and mapping out these interesting ramifications has been done by Messrs. Brodrick and Hill, in which the present writer has had but an insignificant share. Even to summarise the results attained would take up a great deal of space, so I must content myself with referring readers to the graphic accounts which these two gentlemen have published of their explorations. Both series are unique in different ways. The Mitchelstown pair comprise the most extensive network of passages yet opened out in the British Isles, and some of the most impressive cave scenery. At Marble Arch we have the finest system of underground waterways and scenery of another type equally impressive.

In the barony of Burren, a district in Clare adjoining the western border of Galway, we have found a new field of exploration. We were attracted to this quarter of the world by the caverns recorded in the neighbourhood of Gort. Here a river rises in Lough Cutra, is engulfed in a large swallet, comes to light at the bottom of divers pot-holes and devil's punch-bowls, issues in full stream from a rising, runs through the town of Gort, and after various curious performances finds rest in Lough Coole. From this lake

there is no visible outlet, but the river is proved to make its way underground to the head of Galway Bay, where it enters the sea below low-water mark. Two dozen miles from Gort, in the heart of the Burren, we were shown a cave at a place called Kilcorney. The strangest feature of this cave is that, although it lies in a depressed field, or turlough, liable to floods, it does not receive a stream, but on the contrary, after a rainy season, gives birth to a mass of waters which pour out, so we were told, with a noise that can be heard for miles. Apparently it is a kind of overflow pipe, which comes into action when the channels in the interior of the limestone strata behind it are choked with water. On our first visit we went through all the parts hitherto explored and discovered a pit giving entrance to a lower series, which seemed to be quite unknown. There were only two of us, but Kentish let me down single-handed, by means of a pulley, and I found that the lower passages were roomy and extensive. Last autumn, with four in the party, we made a more thorough examination of the place. At the bottom of the forty-five foot pit we found ourselves not far from a very muddy pot-hole, with several passages apparently opening in different directions, but all choked. The main cavern proceeded several hundred feet in the other direction and ultimately brought us to a pair of side passages connecting this with a parallel cave, in which was a considerable stream, the only one we observed in the Burren, where water is rarely seen on the surface. The stream flowed away into a very narrow fissure, and we could not follow it. The principal side passage also took us only a hundred feet or so, ending with a muddy pot-hole which we could not examine properly through the lack of a spare rope. In the same mass of cliffs and on the farther side of the Kilcorney glen there were many caves, several of them roomy but not penetrable to any distance. One, however, is evidently a most promising bone cave, and is likely to yield good results to anyone who can devote time to it.

Between Kilcorney and Lisdoonvarna, where we were staying, we had the luck to discover a cave whose existence is, so far as we can ascertain, yet unrecorded. It is close to a swallet called Poulwillin, on the townland of Cahermacnaghten. I give these particulars in case any member tries to locate it. A wide, low cave-mouth, entirely hidden by bushes, leads into a narrow water-channel,



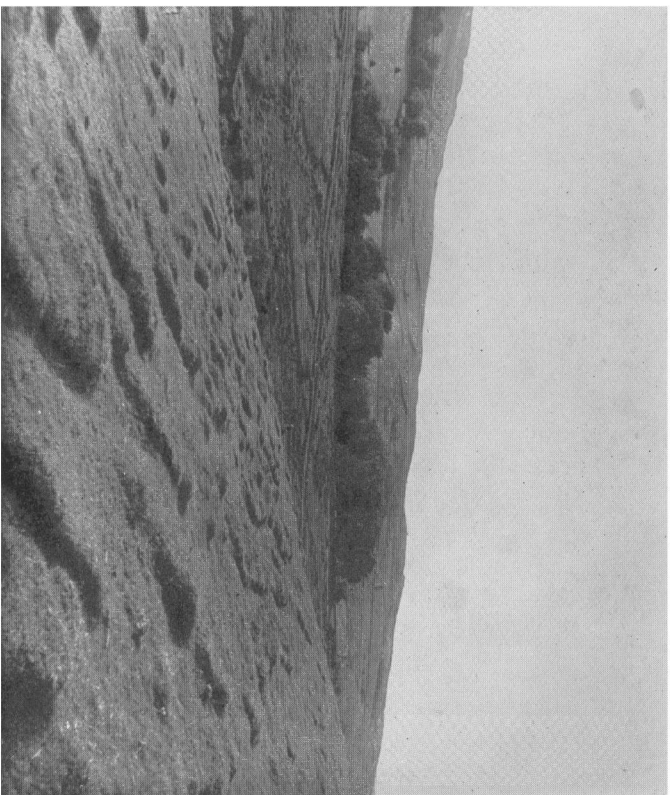
along which one shuffles sideways, keeping out of the water except where a spray falls from the roof, but not entirely escaping an awkward sheet of mud. At a distance of 680 feet from the entrance we came to a pot-hole, which Kentish investigated. He had to straddle across deepish water, coax his head and shoulders into a low slit, and wriggle through with much resistance until he could look down a shaft some twenty-five feet deep. As he felt doubtful of ever coming out again whole if he tried to get any farther he now returned. Meanwhile I had climbed a sloping bank of mud, forced my way through a grating of stalactites, and found myself in a curious prolongation of the cave. It was a passage about five feet wide and ten feet high, floored to all appearances with solid stalagmite. But the moment you put your foot on this coating it gave way and you were plunged in two or three feet of liquid mud. By dint of an indescribable combination of swimming and squirming we forced our way along this fearful road until the cave dwindled to almost nothing. But the beauty of the incrustations adorning every bit of this part of the cave was worth all the trouble.

We soon found that many caves await exploration in the close vicinity of Lisdoonvarna, though scientists have been quite unaware of the fact. I must limit myself to a brief account of a single one. On the shoulder of Slieve Elva, near a place called Caherbullough, there are two great open pot-holes on either side of the road. The upper and larger one is a magnificent opening, with a charming cavern bringing a stream down to it, which I partially explored. At the bottom of the pot-hole, which is altogether about ninety feet deep, we found a passage in the side, entering which we came forthwith to a considerable stream. This we followed, wading most of the way, for a total distance of 1,830 yards, sometimes in up to our middles and sometimes escaping the water by climbing the rocky walls and utilising deserted passages. Often the roof was so high overhead that we could see nothing but darkness, and in several places there were vast chambers of an awe-inspiring kind. At a distance of 513 yards from the mouth we met with a big waterfall, coming in probably from the adjoining pot-hole; and at 1,563 yards another good-sized stream, flowing down another vast tunnel, joined our stream. It seemed as if we might have gone on indefinitely, and in fact we did not turn back till we found our illuminants getting

low. Obviously, this impressive underground river will have to be thoroughly explored at an early date; and it is not the only item of interest in the valley skirting Slieve Elva. We made a superficial examination of a still more capacious pot-hole lower down the valley, and openings of various kinds are abundant. But we had to hurry away after less than a week at Lisdoonvarna (where the Queen's Hotel, by the way, has now got quite used to the savage ways of the uncivilised cave-man) in order to deal with the chief object of our Irish trip—the descent of Noon's Hole, near Enniskillen.

Space remains for the briefest sketch of our doings here. Noon's Hole, or Sumera, is the only pot-hole of any depth known in Ireland. In 1895 M. Martel descended the first sixty or seventy feet, and not having taken the precaution to dam back the water, arrived at the erroneous conclusion that it was less than a hundred feet deep. In 1907 I reached a natural bridge just below the point he had attained and found a hole going still further down. The ladder being lowered I reached another bridge 143 feet from the surface, but had to stop at this point through our shortness of tackle. We were nearly worsted again this time through the same deficiency—the ropes and ladders sent from England being held up somewhere *en route*. Wingfield at this juncture had the happy idea of buying material and making ladders, provided with which we were able to complete the descent. The last pitch was rather trying. The whole depth of the pot-hole was 250 feet, and this section measured 115 feet—a few yards more than the total length of our ladders. It was a straight vertical shaft, in absolute darkness, with a waterfall spraying on one's head all the way down; and not till the present writer (who had the dubious pleasure conferred upon him of pioneering the way) stepped off on to a bed of shingle at the bottom had we any feeling of certainty that the bottom was anywhere within reach. Unfortunately the passage down which the stream makes its way from the pot-hole speedily led to deep water, where there was not head-room enough for swimming; and all hopes we had cherished of finding a through route to where the water makes its exit five furlongs away, in a noble cave called Ooboraghan, were disappointed.

ERNEST A. BAKER.



SLOPE ABOVE NOON'S HOLE.

*Photo by E. A. Baker*



## BODLYN CRAG.

---

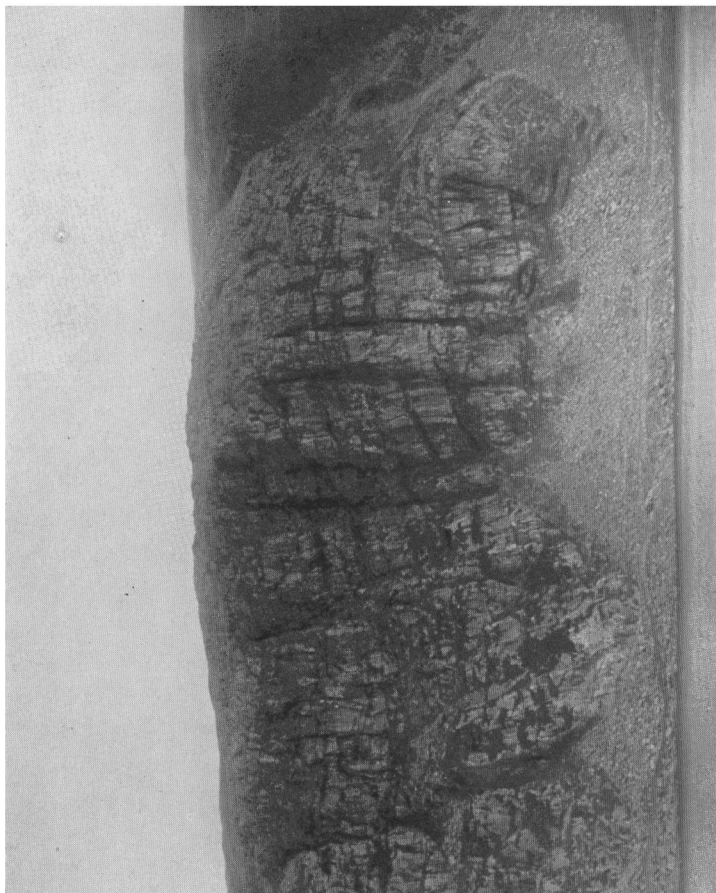
It was in the summer of 1908 that two members of the Rucksack Club, in the course of a walk across the Rhinogs, came upon a precipitous face of gritstone rock on the north side of Diphwys, overlooking the Barmouth waterworks reservoir at Bodlyn, and their enthusiastic descriptions of the find were among the chief of the causes which brought the Club to Dolgelley for its Easter Meet in 1909. It is, therefore, scarcely to be wondered at that Good Friday of that year found the Club moving *en masse* across Penmaenpool Bridge and up the by-road which leads from Bont Ddu on to the mountains. The expedition, however, was unfortunate. The day was excessively hot and the long grind uphill with the sun on our backs was very fatiguing, and, moreover, most of the party were so ill-advised as to carry ordnance maps, and the ordnance surveyors, in accordance with their usual custom, being, I suppose, anxious to keep foolhardy persons out of temptation, had carefully marked every bit of rock on the mountain except the one piece that was worth climbing. So most of the Club wandered about near the old mines and Llyn Dulyn, and those who found the rocks did not do so until the day was far advanced. One party, however, took a direct route to the top of the rocks, crossing Hirgwm and keeping up the ridge on the west side thereof. They found the top of a gully which turned out to be near the west end of the cliff, and, climbing down it, reached the shores of Bodlyn in time to greet the other arrivals. This gully was an easy one, and the rope was not required. After a short adjournment for lunch the rocks were carefully examined and it was agreed that the most promising point of attack was immediately to the west of the point where the foot of the crag approached nearest to the shore of the lake. At this point the precipitous face was broken by a pair of gulleys, or rather by a double gully, for the narrow buttress or ridge between them looked much less

impracticable than the rock on either side. Two parties roped up, one for each gully. The rock being grit, extensive horticultural operations were of course indispensable. The first pitch proved easy, but the party in the left-hand gully were beaten by the second, which terminated in a small cave. The party in the right-hand gully attained a somewhat greater altitude by coming out on to the buttress, but as evening was approaching it was decided to return and leave the climb for a future occasion.

Owing to meteorological and other reasons no further attempt was made on the rocks that year, and, so far as the members of the Rucksack Club have been able to ascertain, the double gully on Bodlyn Crag was still a virgin climb when it was visited again by us in 1912.

I am afraid it must be owned that the Club, as a Club, was not enthusiastic about Bodlyn, and that the second visit to Dolgelley was due more to the excellence of Miss Bicknell's catering than to the prospect of an addition to the Club's list of climbs. The members who had failed to find the rocks in 1909 expressed great scepticism as to their existence, while the original discoverer professed to have lost interest in them on the ground that they were unclimbable. Mr. Minor, however, who had taken a prominent part in the previous attack, never wavered in his faith in the feasibility of the climb, and had, of course, no difficulty in finding a sufficient party to support him. But this time the climb was treated with respect. Instead of rushing at it the first day we prepared ourselves with a preliminary scramble on one of the ridges of Mynydd Moel. Then we had a carriage to Bont Ddu; and, finally, instead of approaching the climb by a rough cross-country walk, we followed the old bridle road as far as the hairpin bend above Pont Scethin, a route which can be heartily recommended to those who desire to reach the foot of the rocks with a minimum of exertion. There was a thick mist, but the climb was found without difficulty, and the first pitch negotiated before lunch. Owing to the cleaning it had received three years before it was now quite easy without the rope. We lunched at the top of this pitch, 1,450 feet above the sea level, and then five of us, Minor, myself, Bennison, Seaton and Hardwick, roped up and attacked the small cave pitch in the left-hand gully, but were again unsuccessful;





*Photo by A. G. Woodhead*  
BODLYN ROCKS, FROM ACROSS BODLYN LAKE.

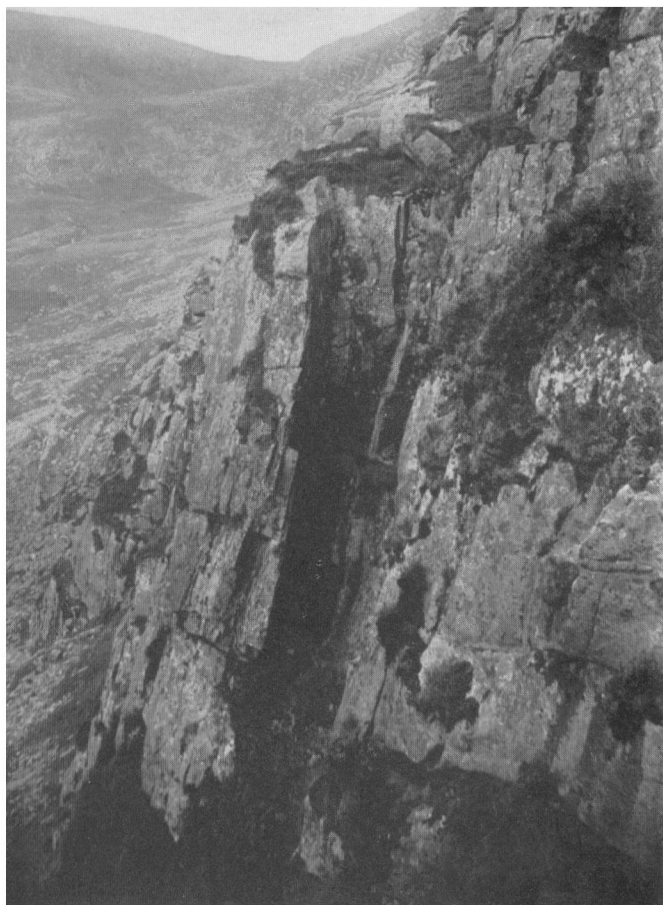


so we came round on to the right-hand side of the buttress where a scramble up steep and loose rock deeply covered with vegetation brought us to the highest point attained on the previous visit. The next pitch above this was very similar but steeper and much more difficult, as we had not now the advantage of the previous gardening, and brought us to a good-looking belay, to which the party trusted although a careful examination led me to doubt its stability. From this point Minor went forward up the left-hand side of the ridge to a sharp shoulder. I, coming second, took the right-hand side, finding deep under the vegetation a crack into which I could get an arm. This had the advantage that Minor could belay the party over the shoulder, but unfortunately the crack disappeared when I was still ten feet from him, leaving me nothing to climb but the rope. At this point the last two members of the party wisely decided that five men on a rope were too many for a new climb on grit, so, after making a generous division of the provisions in the rucksack, they returned down the buttress, while Bennison followed Minor's route to the shoulder.

\* From this point the prospect of further progress up the buttress did not look very promising, so we made a traverse into the right-hand gully. To me this did not look much better than the buttress, the comparative thinness of the vegetation being more than counterbalanced by the superabundance of water, but the moss on the buttress had been far from dry and we were rapidly approaching the state in which further moisture was a matter of indifference, so when Minor backed up a few feet under a waterfall and then climbed on to the scree above by means of some slimy knobs on the left wall we followed without more than the normal amount of grumbling. From this point the gully steepened and further progress up it in its then condition appeared to be impracticable. To the right a slippery-looking slab led on to a broad ledge, covered in the summer with bracken, which has been subsequently ascertained to afford an easy exit from the gully. Minor, however, rejected this route and led us across the buttress again into the left-hand gully which had now narrowed to a chimney, so that one could jamb oneself in it at any point where the rocks were not too slimy to hold. Minor and I climbed into this chimney, keeping close together so as to assist one another

when required, while Bennison was sent up to a narrow and very steep strip of grass on the left wall, partly to be out the way of falling debris and partly because it looked less unlike an anchorage than any other place within reach. We ascended the chimney for about twenty or twenty-five feet and then came to another cave pitch which baffled our utmost exertions. Meanwhile Bennison observed that a grass ledge about fifteen feet above him afforded a possible route to the top of this pitch, and, by means of a delicate traverse, he got into the chimney and assisted Minor over the cave. They were now in a position to examine the upper part of the chimney, and, though we were all too experienced to describe any climb as impossible, we agreed that we had seen very few places which afforded more justification for the use of this adjective. So we returned to the strip of grass, and, as Bennison had noticed a crack on the east wall which he thought would go, we turned the party round and made him leader. This crack started from a grass patch a little above and well to the left of the strip we were on, and when the initial difficulty of getting into it had been overcome, it provided a straightforward climb of about thirty feet to a large split chockstone which appeared to afford a good anchorage. On reaching this point, however, doubt was felt as to the stability of the split chockstone, while the stability of certain smaller but not unimportant blocks in the immediate vicinity was something worse than doubtful, so Bennison climbed on until he reached a quartz ledge which afforded him a resting place while I unroped and so enabled him to reach a good belay, from which a short scramble brought us to the end of the climb. The operations in this chimney were not so dangerous as might be thought, for the bottom of the chimney was slightly undercut so that the second man could obtain shelter by pressing close to the rock, while our rope, ninety feet, was long enough to enable the third to remain on the strip of grass out of the line of fire. Bennison, however, displayed his skill by climbing the whole chimney without displacing a single stone, while Minor and I congratulate ourselves that our efforts have mitigated, probably very considerably, the difficulty of the climb to future parties. We unroped at 1,670 feet above sea level, having climbed 220 feet in six hours.

J. ROOKE CORBETT.



*Photo by A. G. Woodhead*

THE LAST PITCH, DOUBLE GULLY, BODLYN CRAG.



## A HOLIDAY IN THE VOSGES MOUNTAINS.

---

The three-weeks' holiday, of which the recollections are here recorded, took place in the year 1900. Events move very rapidly nowadays and it may be that some things have changed since then, but the beauty of the hills and wooded valleys amongst which we wandered must remain, as their recollection is unchanged in the mind of one of those who visited them.

To anyone whose modest aspirations are contented by the simple beauties of wooded hills and valleys, and whose soul does not yearn for the sublimer solitudes of the snowy peaks of Switzerland, the Vosges Mountains may be confidently recommended. These mountains extend for about a hundred miles along the west side of the Rhine, running through the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, which were ceded to Germany by France after the war of 1870. Probably no part of France or Germany, if we omit the Schwarz Wald, can compare with these provinces, either in beauty or in the luxuriance of their forests and vineyards. It is easy, therefore, to understand the many quarrels there have been over this border territory.

All the Vosges are covered with dense forests, and are intersected with deep valleys which are exquisitely beautiful. The Northern Vosges average about 3,000 feet in height, and are covered with trees to their very summits. Many of the lower hills are crowned with fine old castles, which show their ruined towers through the trees with wonderful effect. The Southern Vosges are higher, the Grosse Belchen reaching to nearly 5,000 feet, and they are wilder than those in the North. The upper parts of those exceeding 4,000 feet are for the most part bare, not rocky, but smooth slopes of grass. There is no really rugged scenery, the great features of the country being the shapeliness of the hills and the luxuriance of the forests.

Except for the absence of any considerable lakes, many parts of it are very reminiscent of our English Lake District. In isolated spots in the midst of the forests are found the dwellings of the Foresters, who are easily recognisable by their picturesque dress of green. They are government officials, whose duties are to protect the game, to look after the felling and replanting of trees, and where they are near the border, to prevent smuggling. It is very easy to know when one of these "Fursthauses" is near by the deep baying of their hounds, which, as they seldom see any strangers, are very fierce. On one occasion one of them bounded out at us, but we gave him a warm reception with our sticks, and he retired without having tasted English blood, but probably sorry that he had roused it. The trees, when felled, are dragged down the hill sides by teams of oxen, which animals almost entirely take the place of horses in these mountain valleys. The oxen are attached to the long narrow carts by ropes fastened to a yoke which passes over their horns. The immense strength of their necks and horns may be imagined from the fact that two of these animals, thus yoked, can draw three or four huge tree trunks with comparative ease. Where the mountains are covered with grass, large numbers of cattle are reared, and it is pleasant to hear the bells which these animals wear hung at their necks, tinkling as they browse on the hillsides. In the valleys large quantities of fruit are grown, especially grapes and plums. The plum trees are often planted along the road side, the fruit being within easy reach of the passers-by. We were told that it was seldom or never stolen, a fact which would seem to speak volumes for the honesty of these peasants. It is perhaps only fair to say, however, that these plums, thus exposed to the public eye, are of the sourest description, so that their safety may perhaps be ascribed to other causes. The people who live on the hills are mostly woodcutters and charcoal-burners, and speak a "patois," which is a strange mixture of French and German. The lower slopes are dotted over with farms, and in the valleys are many thriving villages, where are cotton factories and saw-mills. In the valleys most of the people speak French or German with equal facility, and it is strange to ask a question in one language and be answered in the other, and stranger still to hear a sentence begun in French and finished in German. The head-dress of the Alsatian

women is very imposing, consisting of several bows of black silk, made to stand up to the height of nearly a foot, and to project the same distance on either side. One of these ladies would doubtless cause quite a sensation if she appeared in this fantastic headgear in our midst. They only display this picturesque fashion on high-days and holy-days. The men, instead of corduroys and hob-nailed boots, wear blue cotton blouses and trousers, and clumsy wooden sabots.

The people as a rule are very hospitable, and will go to a large amount of trouble to put one on the right track over the mountains, when one is in difficulties. The villages, though often scattered at a considerable distance from one another, generally contain one or two good inns, where the traveller can be quite sure of excellent quarters for the night. Living is cheap, and the excellent wine of the country is often included in the fare as if it were water.

The unimportance of small periods of time to the peasants is shown by the fact that their village clocks possess no more than an hour hand.

Two is in many ways a good number for a travelling party, especially where, as in the Vosges, there are no glaciers to be crossed and no provisions to be carried up to mountain huts. We started a party of two, one fine moonlight night from Harwich *en route* for Antwerp. At six a.m. we were at Flushing, at the mouth of the Scheldt, where we took on board a pilot. When I arose and left my still-sleeping companion we were steaming slowly up the estuary. On reaching Antwerp we at once took train for Brussels, and went on from there through Luxembourg and Metz to Zabern, the picturesquely-situated town at the northern end of the Vosges. Here, as on many occasions, we surprised the natives by our treatment of the German language. We meant to ask the Zimmermädchen whom we met on entering the inn, if we could stay there, but the question we put apparently meant, "Can we stand here all night?" for she fled in amazement, and we were only admitted after explanations in broken German. Zabern is an ancient town, but has now nothing of interest except the surrounding scenery. By the Romans it was called Tres Tabernae, from which the modern name is evidently derived. Before we started on our route southward from Zabern we spent a day exploring the beautiful

country in its immediate neighbourhood and visited the ancient castle of Greifenstein and the natural grotto of St. Vitus, formerly a chapel and hermitage, to which pilgrimages were made. A day was also spent at Strassburg.

From Zabern we made our way in the direction of Wangenburg up the steep road to Hohbarr, where are the ruins of a castle built in the tenth century, and over the hills to Gerolseck, by the ruined castle of later date. At Wangenburg we were immediately under the Schneeberg (3,150 feet), the loftiest of the hills at the northern extremity of the range. Like its fellows, it was clad thickly with trees right up to the top. Next morning found us, after a little over an hour's walk, on the summit. It was a good view-point as an introduction to a new country, and with the help of the mountain indicator we identified all the peaks of the Northern Vosges. On the other side we dropped down a thousand feet to the Forester's cottage of Nideck at the head of the Nideck valley, a valley of exceeding beauty crowned by the Schneeberg and Grossmann, both clothed densely with verdure from top to bottom. All the rest of the day till evening we walked along the tops of hills thickly enshrouded in trees, among which we several times lost our way. Towards evening we had a fine view of the Donon (3,310 feet), at the little hotel under the shoulder of which we slept that night. From the top of the Donon next morning we saw far away in the south the higher peaks of the Southern Vosges, among them the Grosser and Kleine Belchen and farthest of all, the Ballon d'Alsace in the clouds.

We slept next at the busy little town of Schirmeck, and from there made our way by forest tracks to the lonely monastery of St. Odilien. This monastery was founded in the seventh century by St. Odile, who was born blind, but gained her eyesight on being baptized and afterwards spent a long life here in the odour of sanctity. Pilgrims still visit the spot for the cure of all sorts of ills, real and imaginary. Consequently the gathering at table presents a motley appearance, many of the patients being halt, maimed, or almost blind. During the next few days we went over the hills through Weiler to the magnificent ruined castle of Hoh-Königsberg, on the mountain of the same name, from which we dropped down to the delightful little village of Tannenkirch. Here



we left the Northern Vosges, and we next ascended the Brézouard (4,030 feet), the first peak of the Southern Vosges. On our way up we had a magnificent distant view of the Alps, which according to the natives is a sure sign of bad weather. The truth of this we soon found out to our cost, as we had to climb to the summit through a blinding rainstorm, which lasted the rest of the day. We reached Schnierlach, in the valley, more like drowned rats than human beings. We discovered an inn with a most attentive host, who not only dried our clothes but also put our boots in the oven, the consequence being that next morning to our dismay they were so burnt that we feared we should have to make our way over the hills to Münster in sabots. Upon our expostulating, our host imagined that we intended to go off without paying his bill and waved his arms excitedly crying "Ah, les Anglais, les voleurs!" Upon our assuring him that his bill would be paid, he almost embraced us and conducted us for some distance on our way to direct us. Fortunately after a copious application of grease, we found our boots not so badly damaged as we had feared, and we continued our way by the Weisse See, a finely-situated little lake half surrounded by precipitous granite rocks, and over the Hautes Chaumes to the romantic pass of the Schlucht, from which we descended to Münster. Next day we ascended the Kahle Wasen or Kleine Belchen (4,160 feet), from which we had a magnificent view over the Lautenbach valley of the Grosse Belchen (4,680 feet), which is the highest peak of the Vosges, and worthily maintains its dignity as monarch of the range. We came down to Lautenbach, a village containing several cotton mills, and from here on the morrow we began our ascent of the Grosse Belchen. This took us about three-and-a-half hours, mostly through thick and tangled underwood. From the summit of this mountain the view is superb.

Below us, to the south, lay the beautiful St. Amarin valley, with high wild hills rising on either side and extending as far as the Ballon d'Alsace. On the other side in the distance we saw the Rhine valley, with the Black Forest mountains beyond. We made our way down to St. Amarin, a picturesque village, once a town of some importance, but which was almost destroyed in the Thirty Years War. Between here and the Ballon d'Alsace, a distance of about five-and-thirty miles, stretches a range of wild and lonely

hills, through which it is not easy to find the way—a fact which we sufficiently proved, wandering at times for hours with no other guide than our map and compass. We ascended the Belacher Thal to the col between Rossberg and Rimbachkopf, from which we looked down into the beautiful Dollerthal. From the top of Rimbachkopf we saw directly below us the lonely little Stern See. After a descent of 500 feet our way took us over the Rother Wasen or Rouge Gazon (suitably so named), the top of which commands a fine view of the Doller Thal and the Ballon. We made our way along the frontier in the direction of the Ballon, intending to descend to Sewen. There being no path, and the woods being very dense we soon hopelessly lost our way, and after scrambling for half-an-hour we found ourselves overlooking a solitary little lake, the Neuweiher See, 500 feet below us, precipitous rocks intervening. We now had to make our way upwards again, and after some very rough scrambling, we eventually found a path which brought us down the slopes of Kratzen into the Mäsmunster Thal, where we put up at the humble but comfortable village inn of Sewen. This little place is situated in a romantic valley of which the Ballon d'Alsace forms an imposing head. The Ballon is merely the highest point of an undulating moorland, but this end of the ridge drops steeply into the valley and there are some fine looking crags on this side of the mountain. In the ascent we made our own route, as it seemed to offer more interest than that indicated by the Vosges Club marks. These marks, by the way, are very plentiful in most parts of the country and are very helpful. Our tactics were well repaid, for we enjoyed splendid retrospective views during the ascent, the Doller Thal and Stern See behind us reminding us forcibly of Patterdale and Brotherswater seen from the Kirkstone Pass. From the summit the Jura mountains can be seen, and the lakes about Belfort, but the general view is hardly equal to that from many of the mountains we had climbed before. The top is very large and flat, so that it is impossible to obtain a good view in all directions from any one point. We dropped down to St. Maurice, a little village near the source of the Moselle River. Here we were surprised to hear the church clock strike two, when our watches pointed to three. One of our party ascribed this to the vagaries of his own timepiece, but was soon convinced that having entered French

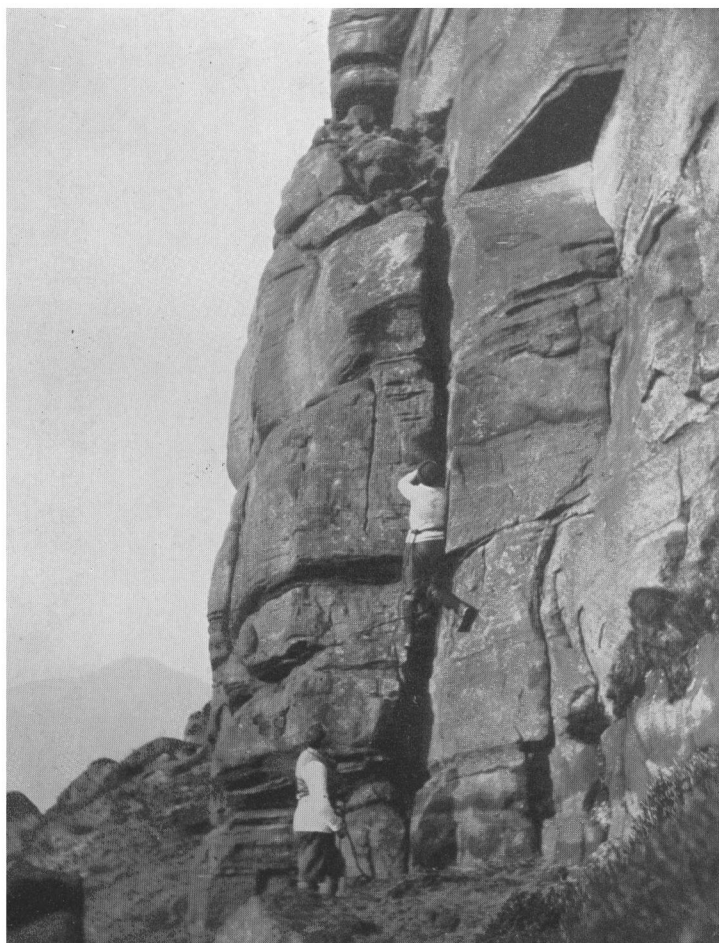
territory, and the time being reckoned from Paris instead of Berlin, we had gained an hour, but as next day we recrossed the frontier, we soon lost it again. From St. Maurice we made our way through very beautiful country over the Col de Bussang back to St. Amarin, and from there by train to Mulhausen and Colmar, where we took the train for Ostend, thus ending a most enjoyable holiday.

A. E. BARKER.

## CLIMBS ON HEN CLOUD AND THE ROCHES.

---

Until quite recently very little climbing had been done on the fine faces of Hen Cloud and the Roches, and the only reason for this neglect, as far as one can gather, is the difficulty of reaching them and the procuring of a permit. Leek station is five miles away and Buxton a liberal nine. The one-inch Ordnance Survey, sheet 111, gives the position of the rocks very plainly. There is no farmhouse accommodation for a party to stay a week-end, and they would draw blank at the small inn at Upper Hulme, which is only twenty minutes from the rocks, so the old market town of Leek would have to be their base. I was first attracted to these rocks by reading Mr. E. A. Baker's chapter in his "Moors, Craggs and Caves of the High Peak," and though he deals with the climbing the description favours more of what might be done, rather than any special climbs actually accomplished. Looking at the west faces of Hen Cloud from the old road that skirts its base, it will be noticed that the crags are not one continuous face of rock, but that they are divided into two main masses, with many detached outcrops of rock at varying levels, especially so at the south end. Starting at the north end, viz., the end of the rocks nearest the Roches, several narrow vertical cracks and chimneys are noticed that are still unclimbed. Then come some short chimneys that start at a slightly higher level up the crag, which give enjoyable climbs. Passing along further to the right, and almost to the point where an old wall abuts on the rocks, we come to the start of the finest climb the crags have to offer us, and I share the opinion of several noted climbers that this is the longest and one of the best gritstone courses.

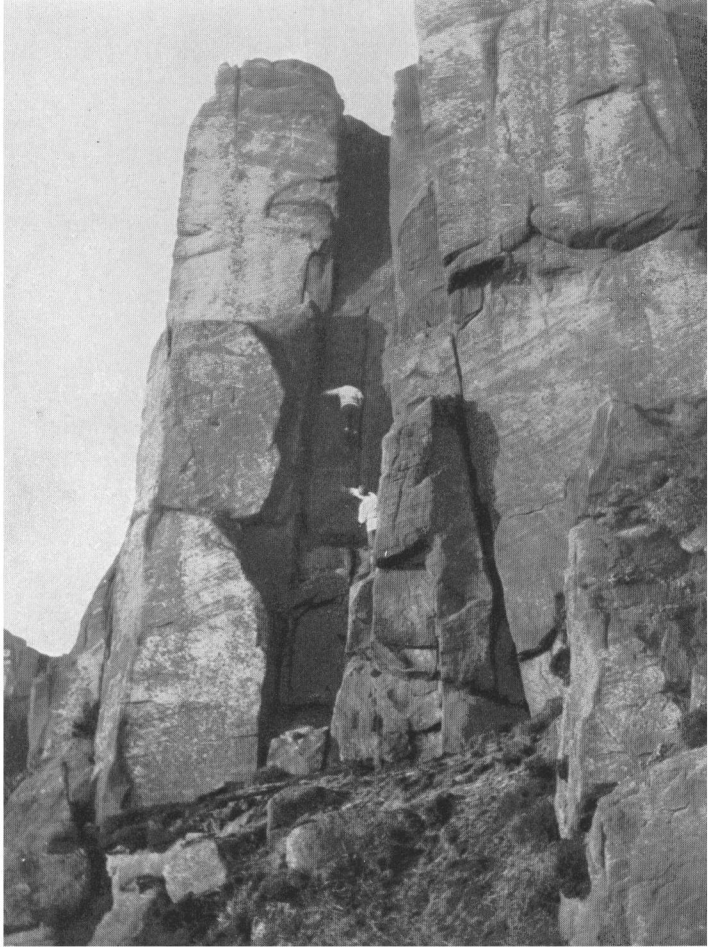


*Photo by J. Laycock*

FIRST PITCH OF CENTRAL CLIMB,  
HEN CLOUD.







*Photo by J. Laycock*

GREAT CHIMNEY, HEN CLOUD.



THE CENTRAL is not less than 130 feet from start to finish. As will be seen from the photo, the first pitch consists of a vertical crack, which is undercut at its base, and will tax the ability of an expert leader. Having overcome this severe section and being joined by his second, the leader then tackles the awkward start of the second pitch, and using jamb holds in a groove for the left hand arrives on a good heather platform, which is furnished with a first-class belay. The third pitch is easy, and brings you to the foot of the final difficulty. Working upwards in a crack for a few feet a traverse is made to the right, using a loose-looking flake of rock for the right foot and very unsatisfactory holds for the hands, a shallow chimney is so reached and followed to the summit.

THE ARÊTE, which forms the left wall of the wide Easy Gully, gives a good climb. After the rather holdless slabs have been negotiated a good platform is reached with standing room for the second, but no belay. About ten feet up from this platform, and on the extreme left of the buttress, a knob of rock gives satisfactory handhold, and the armpull up on to this is a sensational affair, after which moderate climbing finishes the climb, which joins the top of the Easy Gully.

THE EASY GULLY faces south and looks fine, but offers climbing of a tame order and a through route finish. EASY GULLY BUTTRESS forms the right-hand wall, and if the cracks starting in the gully are chosen as a means to the ascent, the climb jumps from a position in the "moderates" to the "difficults." We now come to a face of rock at a slightly higher level than those previously described. RIB CHIMNEY cuts this face from base to skyline, the overcoming of which provides a climb of a very high standard. The first pitch consists of chockstones surmounted by a large boulder, behind which is sufficient standing room for a party of four. The next ten feet are severe. A rib of rock divides the chimney, and to get a lodgement in the right-hand chimney calls for some careful balancing, after which the back and knee method of progress is used practically to the finish.

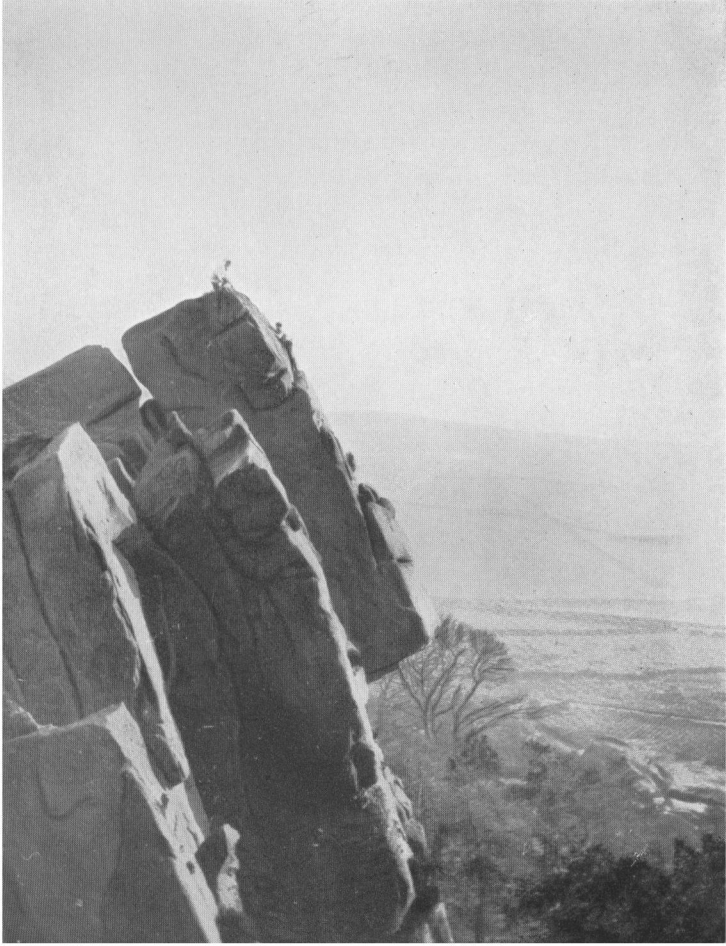
Quite close to, but facing south, we have the GREAT CHIMNEY, a climb of exceptional severity. The first slab is only slightly out of the vertical, and the crack between the slab and left wall offers the best handholds. A good stance is reached on the left wall and

from this place the second can then belay the leader, while he traverses across and slightly down the slab on just sufficient footholds to the shallow groove, where the slab joins the right wall. The ascent from this point must then be tackled straight away, keeping a knee and the right forearm in the groove. Fortunately the slab at this point leans back at an angle that just makes the finish of the climb justifiable.

From the wall near the start of the Central a footpath runs round the base of the crags, and several climbs start from this level. After leaving the Great Chimney, the first of these is FOOTPATH CHIMNEY, a good twenty-five foot climb. Further along to the right we have several short chimneys that need not be detailed. The footpath passes under THOMSON'S BUTTRESS, a moderate climb for fifteen feet, with landing on a large heather platform. The continuation of the climb is directly up the face and is severe. This section knows not Thomson. On the right hand side of the buttress is TREE CHIMNEY a well-defined climb, with a small tree taking up most of the first pitch.

Passing another chimney, climbed but yet unnamed, we come to a detached outcrop of rock known as the INACCESSIBLE PINNACLE, and as far as I have been able to ascertain it beats its namesake at Robin Hood's Stride, for it still remains unclimbed. On its east face is PINNACLE CRACK, an exceedingly stiff twenty footer, that brings you close to the summit of the pinnacle, but it is a case of so near and yet so far. An old wall runs up the hillside to the foot of the crack and is useful for identification purposes, for except from the east side, or well below the rocks, the Pinnacle does not seem to deserve its name. A few yards to the East we have the HALL CRACKS "A" AND "B." They overlook the wood just above the detached house, and are extremely stiff twenty-five-foot problems. "A" faces south and "B" east.

There are many more short climbs on detached outcrops of rocks, just above the Hall and in the wood itself. Crossing over the saddle between Hen Cloud and the Roches, a few minutes walk brings you to Rock Hall, the gamekeeper's house situated at the very foot of the rocks. The exploration of these fine crags is now in progress, and full details will have to be deferred to a later date. Just to the left of Rock Hall is RAVEN ROCK GULLY, which is the

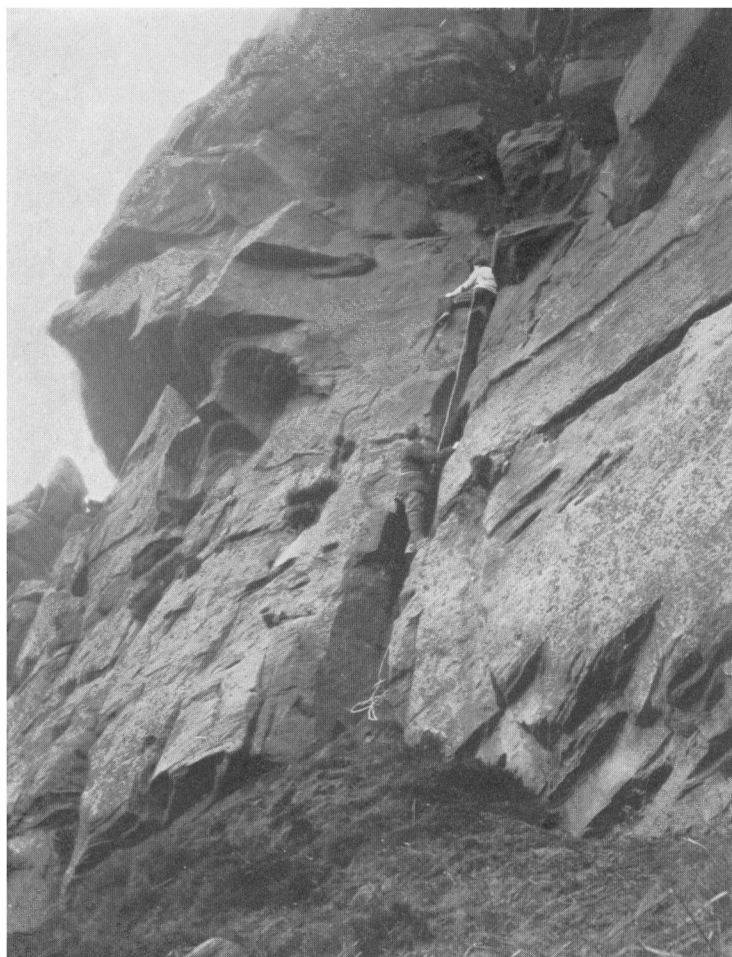


*Photo by J. Laycock*

ARÊTE FINISH TO RAVEN ROCK GULLY CLIMB,  
THE ROCHES.







*Photo by J. Laycock*

CLIMB ON THE ROCHES.

nearest resemblance to a Welsh or Lakeland climb than any other gritstone climb I know of. The gully has magnificent rock walls, crowned with huge chockstones, and is far more impressive than the Owl Gully at Cratcliff Tor. The gully is divided into two by a buttress. The first pitch is of the chockstone variety, and is soon overcome. Then the right wall is climbed and an enclosed chimney entered, whose dark recesses are left by the SKYLIGHT, a small opening that will attempt to retard even the thinnest of the club's members. Crossing over the chockstones, a sensational traverse is made out on the right wall of the undercut Raven Rock itself, the footholds just being sufficient, but the handholds are of an inferior order, and the pull round the corner on to the face is delectable, and so by a series of ledges the Raven Rock is overcome. The photo of this portion will give some idea of the exhilarating nature of the climb. Near to some steps leading to the top of the crags, by the ordinary route, a very much scratched crack will be found. Close to the flag-staff are some ticklish boulder problems, and on the impressive upper tier of rocks are many fine climbs, of which more anon.

S. F. JEFFCOAT.

---

## COL DU MEITEN, AIGUILLES ROUGES, LÖTSCHENTAL.

---

This is a little record of a part of the modest doings of three Rucksackers, which may interest their fellow-members. Various misadventures in and about Orsières on Sunday, July 21st, landed us at last with sighs of relief inside the diligence to Bourg St. Pierre, where we arrived about nine p.m. and put up at the old Hotel du Déjeuner de Napoleon ; clean, solidly built—surely little changed since the great man had his lunch and left his name behind more than a hundred years ago. Just above the hotel on the left-hand side of the road stands the Alpine garden maintained by the University of Geneva. It is a complete gazeteer of the mountain ranges of the world and treasury of heather and mosses, grasses, ferns and flowers that grow near the snow line. I thought of friend Pearson and his potterings in Borrowdale and Cwm Idwal : planted in that paradise, the rest of our doings would interest him no more.

The Valsorey Cabane is some five hours easy walking away, so the guide-books say. We started in decent time and took nine hours, but then the sun shone most of this day, we were there to enjoy ourselves and the Vélán disclosed new splendours each moment. The way is marked red on all the prominent stones, as usual just when you can't lose the way. To reach the path take the steep lane at the upper end of the hotel and bear right until you arrive at the torrent coming down the valley. At half-way, just before the Chalets d'Amont and the great bend to the right, the Col des Maisons Blanches is seen straight in front. Quite a little easy glacier lies below it. Over the Col is the shortest and simplest way to the Panossière Hut. We lunched in the sunshine beyond the Chalets, passed up a little staircase dignified as "la cheminée," to find the mists gathering, followed by rain, and finally as we toiled up the Six du Meiten to the hut it snowed—bad weather, and a dropping barometer gave little promise of better things to-morrow. Of the



famous view of the Combin, Vélán and Mont Blanc we could see nothing. Snow lay around the hut, and the Meiten glacier lies close at hand. A Frenchman arrived with two guides and a porter, a wife and three children. He was to climb the Combin in the morning, and his family had come to give him a good send-off. I hope he arrived filled up with sleep, for certainly neither he nor anybody else had any before his departure at 2-30 a.m. They must be forgiven; this was their first hut and their highest climb as yet.

The lamp was lit and supper was busy, when a guide entered exclaiming, "Venez, tout de suite, Mont Blanc est magnifique!" A sea of clouds, dense white, filled the valleys to within a couple of hundred feet of our level. To our front was a chiselled ridge, the Aiguilles of Mont Blanc. His own mighty mass of snow filled the background; the setting sun painted the sky blood red. Even the French girls were dumb with amazement. A puff and all again was grey. The memory abides: almost a full recompense for the bad weather that followed to spoil many cherished plans, but not on the morrow. At break of day we followed in the steps of the Combin party, though not far. We could see their steps over the broad couloir and up steep snow slopes to a spur above our Col du Meiten. We put on the rope and zig-zagged slowly from rock to rock, a little troubled with the new snow, now and then cutting a few steps, but with no real difficulty; and after many stops for breakfast and scenery and breath, arrived at the foot of the Valsorey arête in the little depression of the Col du Meiten. The Aiguilles of the Maisons Blanches lay to our left, the shapely Monk close at hand and the Col beneath him. The great basin of the Corbassière glacier backed by the little Combin filled the picture to the north. We examined the Valsorey ridge from the bottom with interest. So far as we could see it presents no great difficulties. Our minds turned to 1908, when the icy conditions of the rocks at the top of the ridge drove us to face the corridor on the other side of the Grand Combin for the second time on a grilling afternoon.

The descent to the glacier was to be made directly north following the line of ascent, but the sudden steepening of the slope and a huge schrund gave us pause. Then shouts were heard to our left and we espied four Swiss, whom we had previously seen at Sembrancher, cutting diagonally towards the highest point of the Meiten.

We wore round and foregathered at the summit, 11,892 feet.

They had come up using crampons; we could descend without. Ice called for care for the first 100 feet, then deep steps in the softening snow led us to the level glacier. The sky was now overcast, there were no distant views and the glacier was like an oven. This year there was far more snow than on my previous visit, and the steep junction of the Corbassière and Panossière glaciers that needed circumspection on bare ice was now easy. On the other hand the former pleasant stroll across to the hut was now a toilsome plug in knee deep snow. The Panossière Cabane, now twice as large as formerly, is just as comfortable.

"Echo des Alpes" and "Alpina" both announced the Chanrion hut was closed, but from many quarters we learned that was not so. Twenty-five other men had learnt this also, but it seemed as if the order of the Geneva Committee had simply been set on one side. Building materials, workmen, wood, climbers, rucksacks, were certainly under cover, and that was all. But we could'n't grumble and the Chanrion once again gave us shelter on the way to Arolla. There was a talk of the enlarged Cabane being run as a climbers' hotel after the fashion of the Eastern Alps. A week's grand climbing of great variety could then be done in comfort.

On previous visits to Arolla various reasons had been advanced for not visiting the Aiguille Rouges, the distance and the difficulty being the chief, but as I had done most of the other usual climbs it was agreed that on the first presentable day at any rate, we would go and look at the famous Cock's Comb ridge, if possible do a bit of it, but on no account spend a night on the rocks in the manner said to be the avowed habit of one of us.

The morning of Saturday, July 27th, brought a fine assortment of rain, wind, sleet, snow, and nobody ventured out of doors until the afternoon, when the weather cleared and we saw the sickly sun. Bennison and I went out to find Praz Gras Chalets, from which the way to the Aiguilles was unmistakable, for "you only have to walk on the edge of a water-course." The Chalets, so says Lardner, lie at the foot of the ridge of La Rousette. This we found to be quite true, for at long length after scrambling in tricky places we found the Chalets by climbing down the finish of the ridge and dropping on them. Praz Gras we are told is a dialect form of Prés gras, wet

meadows. They deserve the name; even in dry seasons they never lack water. Two trenches give a bountiful supply to the series of irrigation channels. Probably in 1912 the system was never used. The grass was knee deep and Alpine flowers in profusion. Even your prosaic rucksackers were impelled to gather huge bouquets for the hotel tables. Next morning Sunday, we marched by lantern light for the first half-hour, carefully following our path of the day before. It is curious how even the best-written guides omit with one accord the most important part of their duty, that of telling you the way out of the village. To remedy this omission be it said:—for Praz Gras, take the Pas de Chèvres road above the post-office until you arrive at the main entrance to the grounds of the Kurhaus, then follow the narrow well-marked path which turns sharp to the right. This climbs gradually to the Praz Gras pastures with lovely views of the Za and the Dents de Vesivi on the opposite side of the valley. The lower of the two watercourses leads to the snout of the glacier des Ignes, in places giving opportunities to test your nerve by looking deep down into the gorge of the torrent discharging the glacier.

The well-known view of the bristly ridge of the Aiguilles with the highest point to the north burst upon us. The traverse from south to north was evidently beyond us if we meant to sleep in our beds that night. The climb to the Col south of the highest point was said to be very involved, and “had led to many sleepless nights on the rocks,” so we resolved to content ourselves with an attempt on the highest Aiguille by the usual route from the north. We found a kind of climbers’ track leading to the upper part of the Aiguille Rouge glacier. Here, doubts about the usual route were settled by the remains of old steps across the snow. We put on the rope for sentiment and safety, for the glacier was easy with few crevasses and followed the tracks to the bergschrund at the foot of the rocks.

A shallow couloir leads from the North Col to the glacier. The schrund gave us a little difficulty and we finally got on the rocks some fifty yards away from our predecessors. The ascent to the Col is on good rocks over a series of plates just too steep for continuous walking. Perhaps we took too much trouble, as is the case usually with English climbers on easy rocks. In descending

we kept to the north side of the couloir and thought the rocks a little more straightforward than the opposite side used in the ascent. From the Col to the summit is about 400 feet of really enjoyable climbing on good firm rock, always something to do and no great difficulty save in perhaps two places, where we waited for each other and used good belays. No hesitation as to the route, for the heavy boots of previous parties have left myriads of scratches. Just below the top cairn is a delightful traverse, a nice ten-inch ledge with an airy fall below. Holds are good and plentiful, but it was rather disconcerting when half-a-dozen jackdaws or choughs swooped across our faces and down the abyss we were doing our best to avoid. Choughs there were in scores, and a few brilliantly-marked wall creepers near the summit rocks. A little covey of ptarmigan too we saw on the Gietroz glacier a few days earlier, but speaking generally bird life with the exception of choughs is scarce or seems so to me. For twenty long years I have been looking out for the King of the Alps, the Eagle, but the only one I ever saw—if it was one—was in a penny show once in Zurich. Distant views from the summit there were none. We descended almost as far as the South Col without difficulty and retraced our steps, arriving back at the hotel after a leisurely day of fifteen hours. Another time the whole ridge must be attempted; we could now find our way home by lantern light.

We found the usual road to Zermatt by way of the Col d'Herens and the little detour to the Tête Blanche. The Matterhorn was climbed by two parties on August 1st, the only time I believe in three weeks. That day was decent in the valley, and we determined to make our attempt on the morrow with my usual luck—I warned Bennison—but go we must. We arrived at the Schwarzee in a snow storm with the wind rising. The guide agreed with us that things did not look promising. We would stop at the hotel and consider matters at one a.m. The only Matterhorn we saw for two days was a charming model in ice which decorated a cake on the dinner table. As the real thing was out of our reach we had to content ourselves with carving ice cream from the illuminated sides of his very little brother. The national fête was celebrated in the usual way. By nine o'clock half a gale was blowing. Tiny glimpses of the bonfires at the Riffel hotels were

occasionally seen, and the rockets from Zermatt at intervals burst through the clouds which enveloped the valley, a curious effect—you lowered your chin to see the rockets. At one o'clock a terrific gale with sleet and hail was blowing. It needed no word from the guide to tell us the expedition was impossible.

A week remained to us, and after a little deliberation we decided to spend it in Lötschental instead of in the Tessiner Alps, as at first intended. We knew something of the valley and there were at least possibilities of the Bietschhorn. Even yet Lötschental is not as well known as many other far less attractive valleys. The Lötschberg railway through Kandersteg crosses the valley at Goppenstein on its way to Brieg. But as the car road only runs up the valley as far as Kippel it must be a few years before the expected stream of tourists spoils its rustic charm. We spent a long easy day and walked from Gampel the whole length of the valley to the edge of the glacier above Gletschenalp. At Gampel there are now huge electrical and carbide works. Bennison was much interested in the many lines of waterpipes to left and right bringing power to the turbines at the bottom of the gorge. The Italians who had built the railway line seen here and there far above us on our right, had left behind them their unsightly and now deserted dwellings. Only a few men were left completing the railway bridge at Goppenstein, and soon, we were told, the whole of the unsightly habitations of some 3,000 men were to be taken away. At present the route up the gorge of the Lonza is anything but pretty. From here upwards the views on every hand are delightful, the old world villages of Kippel, Wiler, Ried, Blatten, in decreasing size but increasing attractions, present the unspoiled charm of the primitive Valais hamlets. At Kippel a new hotel speaks of the expected tourists by the new railway. Further along we began to notice floral arches, with verses singing of a happy time and a new priest. The little mystery was solved at Blatten, for there we discovered a big new house, far bigger than any other, close by the church, and an inscription telling of the labours of three neighbouring villages to build this manse. The morrow was Sunday, and the new priest was to celebrate his first mass. From the doors of the little hotel on the Fafler Alp, we counted that night no fewer than six bonfires all to welcome the event. In

our absence next day athletic sports and dancing presumably after the mass, to the strains of the most horrible brass band I ever heard—it played in front of our hotel late in the evening—filled up the afternoon at Blatten. In the meantime, as the sky looked unwontedly clear and we ourselves were refreshed and vigorous from a plunge in the Lough, we determined to make an assault on the Lauterbrunnen Breithorn, which looks so inviting from the Fafler Alp.

A good footpath on the right-hand of the stream leads all the way up the Inner Fafler Alp Valley. This starts from the middle of the meadow below the hotel, and only reaches the bank of the bach some 300 yards on. This we discovered late on Sunday afternoon. It was'nt so obvious at four in the morning by lantern light. The bach splits into three at the foot of a superb cirque backed by the Tschingelhorn and the Breithorn. The shortest way to our ridge, starting at the Wetterlucke, was evidently by the right of the cirque under the rocks of the south ridge.

This way the landlord of the inn thought had been done, but there seemed danger of falling stones and there might be plaguy ice work in places, so we determined on the longer round to the left. Many observations on the shorter route during the day lead us to think better of it for another visit. We saw no stones fall. The point to join the glacier on our route is close to the Faflerhorn, a well-marked pinnacle, 2,594 meters on the map, and easily seen as you come down from the Peters grat. From the bottom of the valley a shallow gully up yellow rocks, quite easy, leads to a cairn, evidently placed to mark the top. No path is now to be seen, but keeping on the top of the moraines you pass two other well-made cairns and arrive at the pinnacle and the snow. This way is followed quite easily from the glacier once the Faflerhorn is reached, and I give these precise details in case any other men coming from the Mutthorn choose this route instead of the more usual one by the Telli Alp to Reid. Of the two I prefer the Inner Fafler Alp way; it is easier and perhaps prettier. Both give glorious views of the Bietschorn.

We put on the rope and ambled along, aiming for the middle of the Tschingelhorn. Huge parties were descending the couloir from that peak; we counted twenty persons. Evidently the Mutthorn

Hut had not wanted occupants during the night. We came across the steps of these men just before we descended to the Wetterlucke, and then at intervals to the middle of our ridge, but no further. Tschingelhorn was popular; we had our mountain to ourselves. I consider the Breithorn one of the finest peaks I have ever done in the Alps for pure unalloyed pleasure, and quite a moderate day if taken from the Mutthorn Hut. The ridge gives varied climbing on good rocks with a little difficulty on the last bit leading to the snowy crown on the summit. We had rather more snow than usual and the traverses on the rocks of the south face were sometimes a little troublesome, but we were never far from the ridge; in parts for twenty or thirty steps on the sharp snowy edge; the work always changing, always interesting, and climbing easily within our powers we thoroughly enjoyed every inch up and down. But first of all it is as a point of most peculiarly superb views that I wish to induce our members to visit the Breithorn. I could give lists as long as my arm, but refrain, only mentioning the imposing drop down to Lauterbrunnen Valley, the riven ridges of the Gspaltenhorn, the wild Rotthal with the rocks of the Jungfrau, and to the south that shapeliest of cones, the Bietschorn, all close at hand. I give no times, for everybody could beat them. In all we were out sixteen hours, the finest day of the holiday.

The weather again broke down, and we reluctantly gave up the Bietschorn. With half a gale blowing, mists driving and snow at intervals we made the Mutthorn Hut. If we only remember our stormy Xmas weather at home and our happy times guided only by the compass, many days are possible to us Englishmen on easy expeditions that most foreigners declare impossible. Next day we groped our way across the Kanderfirn in weather that worsened all the way. We had a little anxiety before we persuaded ourselves to follow the moraine low enough to reach the path on the Alpetli pastures. Twice we turned back fearing we were on the ice fall, but at the third attempt, though by now the mist and the snow rendered everything invisible ten yards away, cheered by bottles and cans we struck the path perhaps fifty yards from the usual spot. The snow turned to heavy rain, and four hours later we arrived in Kandersteg drenched to the skin, but happy and hungry.

B. B. R.

## THE RUCKSACK CLUB HUT.

---

DIDSBURY,

*January, 1913.*

TO THE EDITOR OF

*The Rucksack Club Journal.*

DEAR SIR,

I am struggling to get the article on our Club Hut off my hands, and finding myself without a becoming sense of proportion in literary matters, it seems necessary to consult you as to what sort of material to include in an account for the *Journal*. It really is a puzzle. They are so many trifling but significant incidents connected therewith; they won't arrange themselves comfortably in my mind, but will remain a jumbled-up mass of incoherency, steadily resisting any kind of sorting process.

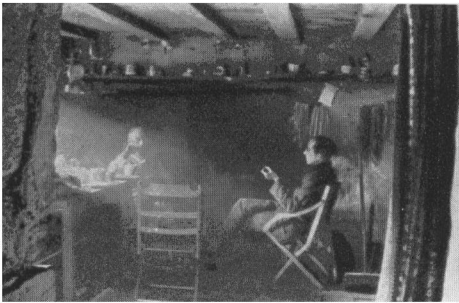
Where to begin is the first difficulty. Should I tell how, after the informing discussions as to the costs of roofing materials, the virtues of slate as against those of corrugated iron and felt, Thomson flashed down to Cwm Eigiau with Jeffcoat and Porter to inspect, and did discover the lonely cottage, how they interviewed the landlord through a chink of the closed door, wandered over the great wastes in search of food and found the kindly Harrisons? Or should it begin with an account of the Club Committee meeting when the proposals were made? tell how readily the idea was taken up; how Jeff had prepared a most convincing map to show position, a scale drawing of plan and section with photos to make it real; how Minor looked almost pleased to part with ready cash to pay initial expenses and the elders beamed blessings on the scheme; how, afterwards, lists of necessaries were made and got themselves lost; how some of the purchases were made with special attention to economy by visiting the sixpenny and penny bazaars and a crockery shop where the man dived down a cellar and searched in







*Photo by G. A. Lister*  
THE CLUB HUT—EXTERIOR.



*Photo by A. E. Watson*  
THE CLUB HUT—INTERIOR.

dark places to find odd basins, jugs, cups and plates that wouldn't mind being broken; how I was despatched one day to Taly-y-Cafn with personal luggage consisting of doors, blankets, jam, butter, roof tiles, rucksacks, beef, cement, various baulks of timber and beds? I can see that guard now! Jeff hustled round and busied himself with getting in my "luggage" so successfully that the guard thought there were at least six of us travelling. At the Junction I watched it being put out on the platform from a convenient distance. The stationmaster at Tal-y-Cafn was genial and housed the lot for me until next day, when Jeff arrived and a cart came to carry our goods to Cwm Eigiau.

The horse and driver were fine fellows. We loaded up and the horse staggered along the road as far as Talybont and then demanded food and sleep, after which he refused to proceed without a mate.

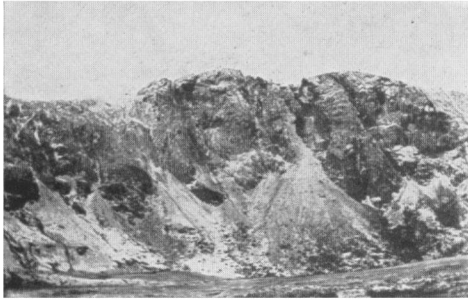
It will always remain a wonder to me that they ever reached the top of that hill to Rowlyn Isa. Jeff whispered sweet things to the mare, and looked charmed at the least progress. Time and energy brought the top and then began the long rocky plug to Llyn Eigiau and up to the cottage in the Cwm. A dusky and curious inhabitant followed us and asked if we intended to sleep there. He wouldn't for fifty pounds! we didn't offer more, being glad to be left alone with our amazing heap of variety outside the cottage, though we were sorry for the horse and driver having to drag all the way back to Talybont after nine p.m. The night was fine, no need to hurry everything inside. Fire, food and sleep followed. But not much sleep: the sun was up very early and bored holes of light through our closed eyelids; we got up, cleared everything out into the sun, and then began a strange experience. It seemed necessary to scrape the walls and ceiling, or rather the rafters, which had been white-washed. The dust of generations had gathered on many layers of whitewash. The rafters under the slate roof gave alarming quantities of cobwebs and dust. I interviewed that, while Jeff scraped and scraped at the rafters below with a trowel. I joined in at scraping after decking myself in his manner. He looked like one of those Druid Priests one has seen in framed certificates of the order, a piece of canvas with a hole in it for the head draped his shoulders, and over his nose and mouth a cloth was tied so that it hung down like a beard. What his sister would have said if she could have seen,

I can sympathise with. It was effective anyway; next to scraping came the attempt to persuade an evil-smelling liquid compound of carbolic and size to leave the bucket and extend itself on the ceiling and walls. (Try it, dear sir.)

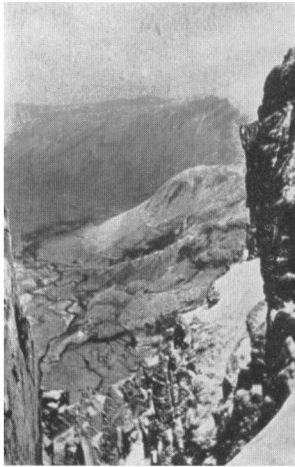
The whole Cwm reeked with carbolic and looked blurred. Soon the walls dried and became ready for a film of a dainty-coloured distemper, a lovely light green, so pretty in the powder form. But three coats were necessary before a sign of colour appeared on the walls! what about the floor? It was a good stone floor in the morning, by evening it might be mistaken for a many-coloured bog. It had to be washed and again washed, so that when the sun was going and Jack Uttley and Johnson came they could march about on it with muddy boots. To my dismay we got busier than ever. With candles, saws, hammers and other tools, with a deal of tongue, a cupboard was begun and nearly finished that night. We tried to sleep. Oh, what snores! what carbolic! The whole world of sleep was made up of carbolic and strange sounds, mixed with ideas of what should be done next. Before breakfast Jeff and Jack went to bathe at the point where the bridge crosses the stream. There is a deep pool there which invites diving. Unfortunately the water was so cold that Jack without knowing it used his great toe as a push-off on a boulder below water and damaged it. I shall not easily forget the vision I have of Uttley during those days at the Hut. He worked constantly, very much bent to miss the low rafters with a slipper on one foot and a climbing boot on the other, and limping. I got so used to having his face on a level with my own that I quite resented the later realisation of my own short stature. His skill with silly, awkward-looking bits of wood surprised me. They became shelves and doors all neat and well-behaved, just as his fancy dictated and we desired.

The walls had begun to dry and looked quite nice when some fiend (I think Jeff), decided they must have another coat. The brush had grown old, with whiskers thin and scarce. But it had to be done. Meanwhile Johnson was down at the river bed finding sand for mixing with cement; his process demanded all the buckets and similar articles. The price of buckets rose fearfully, for you can't very well mix distemper in quantity on a plate. He brought up a heap of gravel and proved a most enterprising "Bricky." By using

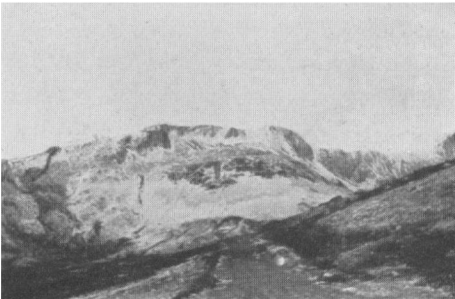




CRAIG-YR-YSFA.



EXIT FROM AMPHITHEATRE, CRAIG-YR-YSFA.



PEN HELIG AT MIDNIGHT.

*Photos by A. E. Watson*

sponge cloths as sieves he managed to obtain a nice store of small gravel near enough to sand.

Jeff had mounted the roof and kept demanding tiles and more and more hods of mortar, until one began to wonder whether he was purposely dropping it through the roof. He kept very stern and never came down till the new row of ridge-tiles looked tight and trim from end to end. Then Johnson got a bit of his own way and pointed up the wall at the chimney end. Smoke came through all over it instead of going up the chimney.

Many pages might be filled with an account of the doings of those few days. Monday morning came too quickly, saying "go back to your desks and duties, samples and prices, specifications and dulness." So at 3-30 a.m. we were up and about, seeing to breakfast and tidying up in general. At five a.m. we departed, leaving *Reality*, to take on the disguise commonly called civilisation. Anyhow, the Hut was now habitable, dry and comfortable in addition. Its thick walls will resist the weather for some generations more, and its situation will attract the lover of the vast and solitary places for all time. It is peculiarly well placed from our point of view. How tame it would have been if it were near the usual way of the tourist and casual, where one might go almost next door for any commodity. Instead, we have this home high up in the big spaces where no one goes unless he love such a place.

It is about eight miles from Tal-y-Cafn Station; the first three are through pretty country; wood, field and stream; after that, wild mountain track. The track leads up to and beyond the Hut to some old slate quarries not now worked. After passing Rowllyn Isa, above Tal-y-bont, no height is made until the further end of Llyn Eigiau is reached, where a bridge is crossed and a gentle slope leads to the Hut in three or four minutes from the bridge.

Afon Eigiau drains the magnificent Cwm Eigiau, one of the finest in Wales. On the south side Moel Elio, Pen Llithrig, Pen Helig show their steepest and finest slopes. Pen Helig in particular takes a beautiful shape on this side. Craig-yr-ysfa frowns at you from the high end, whilst the north side is held by the smiling slopes of Gledr Ffordd.

The beauty of the Cwm is untellable; spring, summer, autumn, winter, each paint it with different hues, and it responds to each in

its own perfect way. In storm, sun, snow or rain it is divinely beautiful. One day it tells of stress and energy, another of quiet and ease, but whether threatening or smiling it is on such a magnificent scale that strength comes to you anyway.

Those who wander will find the Hut a good starting or calling place; the Carnedds and their neighbours are all round. The climber has one of the finest British crags within fifteen to twenty minutes from his door, besides the almost unexplored Crags of Lly Dullyn and Mellyn in half-an-hour. Then there are some shorter but stiff problems just above the Hut on Craig Eigiau. Either Tryfaen, the Glyders or the Black Ladders may be reached within two hours.

Here are a few photos. taken by Mr. E. A. Watson, which shew the character of the country round Cwm Eigiau. They were taken during the snowy time we had January 26th, 1913. The other two charming pictures by the same gentleman shew the interior and exterior of the Hut.

There seems little more to add. This letter has grown so long that I think you might prefer to take it instead of a more formal article. I would like before closing to record my keen sense of gratitude to the Club for so quickly and ably taking up the scheme. The visits to Cwm Eigiau since the opening of the Hut have given more than was hoped for in the way of freedom and happiness. Do you know those lines of R. L. Stevenson's? They go some way towards a perfect expression of what Cwm Eigiau makes one feel :

O to dream, O to wake and wander  
 There, and with delight to take and render,  
 Through the trance of silence, quiet breath !  
 Lo ! for there, among the flow'rs and grasses,  
 Only the mightier movement sounds and passes—  
 Only winds and rivers, life and death.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Sincerely yours,

T. WYLDBORE.





PEN-Y-WEN WEN, FROM BWLCH-Y-MARCHOG.



NORTH CRAG, CRAIG-YR-YSFA.



NEAR THE HUT.

*Photos by A. E. Watson*



## AN UNOFFICIAL NIGHT WALK.

---

During the last few years I have heard various accounts—some very glowing, others more soberly veracious—of night walks over the Carneddau and other places, made by members of the Club. I have never been so fortunate as to have an opportunity of taking part in these nocturnal prowlings, and consequently, when my friend B. proposed that we should spend a night in North Wales, I fell in with the suggestion at once. We waited for a night when the moon would be full, and such was our unbounded optimism that B. included in his outfit some autochrome plates, which he proposed to let off at the sunrise, and we also carried a rope for use on ante-breakfast climbs. True, a twinge of rheumatism in one knee, which I use as a barometer, was a little disturbing, but B. pointed out a confident forecast given by a London daily paper which has never been known to fail, so in due time we reached Llanfairfechan, where we spent a couple of hours listening to the howl of the rising wind, watching the scudding clouds, and generally preparing for the worst.

At ten o'clock we left the village, where a Michaelmas fair spread its attractions before us in vain. For half-an-hour or so the moon shone fitfully through the gathering clouds, and we ambled along cheerfully enough, but as we crossed the golf links and rounded the shoulder of Carreg Fawr we met the full force of a head-wind, and made repeated dashes for shelter to the lee side of a boundary wall. We followed a track of sorts which leads to the Bwlch-y-Ddeufaen, and, my knowledge of the Roman road being limited, I decided that when we reached it we would pick out the most comfortable of the numerous rough shelters and get a little sleep.

Eventually the moon—our full moon—was extinguished, and we saw it no more that night. The outlines of the hills became faint and mysterious. A ghostly object below us on the right may have been

a barn. A diminutive gorse-bush, which deliberately moved off the path at our hob-nailed approach, proved on closer inspection to be a hedgehog. We struggled across the moor to the Roman road, and found a sign-post, a most inadequate shelter, but the only one on the Bwlch. We were not tempted to linger, and made a bee-line for Drum. Presently we came to a fairly large stone. We sat down on its least exposed side and ate our supper, clothed in voluminous *wettermäntel*. Then we rested, and I smoked, until a cold mist swept across, when we packed up the sacks and marched forward. A few minutes later I felt an unmistakable spot of rain on my nose. On looking up I received another in the eye. Without more ado we re-opened the sacks and put on the waterproofs, in preparation for a Homeric struggle. In a thick mist of rain we blundered on, to the top of Drum. A few yards beyond the cairn there is a small outcrop of rock, where we sheltered and dozed. From this point we followed the wire fence which runs across the dip towards Foel Fras, near the summit of which it becomes a wall. The mist was now so thick that the fence was invisible a few feet away, but constant trippings over loose strands of wire satisfied us that we were going in the right direction. Presently a slightly different shade of black was observed in the immediate foreground, and at the next step we trod upon something which was not there, and dived away head-first in opposite directions. It was merely a grough, and for the next half-hour or so we were kept fully occupied in dodging similar pitfalls and the numerous water-holes which were sprinkled around in profusion. We tried a lantern, but soon tired of the task of continually re-lighting it. An electric torch was more useful, but was used sparingly, as we wished to preserve it for emergencies.

At the top of Foel Fras we rested behind the stone wall. A short distance beyond the summit the wall terminates, and steering operations commenced. A map, compass, aneroid and the flashlight were all brought into play, but the most satisfactory plan was to modify the time-honoured custom and to keep the wind in our left eyes. The indefinite ridge leading to Foel Gräch was again full of holes and, of course, I stepped into one, landing on one knee—the rheumatic knee—on a wet cushion of moss. I explained the situation in an outburst of volcanic eloquence which caused B.

to jigger with delight. After a while we found ourselves definitely ascending something, and came to some stooks of rock, which suggested another rest. We sat down on our sacks and disappeared beneath the waterproof capes. Shortly afterwards it became apparent to me that the ground fell away rapidly in front, and as W. and I groped our way down the Italian side of the pass, lights began to appear in the valley far beneath. Black night was upon us, and with the aid of a lantern we succeeded in missing the path, which was ill-defined. I thereupon fell into a gorse-bush, extinguishing the lantern. In endeavouring to rise I became more involved. Painfully extracting myself, I acquainted W. with the details of the occurrence in good set terms. We then sheltered under some overhanging rocks and relit the candle. Rain commenced to fall, which seemed odd, as the stars were shining overhead. We moved away from the small waterfall under which we were standing, and almost immediately recovered the path. Down we raced, through a little pine wood, and away to the right down a rocky staircase, below which we were suddenly confronted with a gibbet. I held the lantern aloft and saw that the arm of the gibbet bore a legend referring to the pass. We had arrived. At the same moment I received a prod in the back from the butt-end of a *doganiere's* carbine, with a demand for contraband. But no! It was only B. suggesting that we had better move on, and we were still on Foel Grâch. I detached the small of my back from a protruding spike of rock, and we moved on.

The hour of sunrise was now at hand. Away in the east the rosy fingers of dawn stretched upwards across the heavens, putting out, one by one, the lamps of night. This, of course, in the language of a certain Cumberland guide-book when describing the view from a famous vantage-point, was "not actually seen from this point, but only mentioned as being in the environs." What we really saw was a circular patch of stony hillside a few yards in diameter immediately beneath our feet, which continually changed in detail as we fought our way, against the wind and rain, towards the summit of Carnedd Llewelyn. It was probably more by good luck than by accurate steering that we found the cairn. Certain it is that while descending the other side we were driven to the conclusion that either the map was incorrect or the mountain had turned slightly on its axis, for we

traversed interminable slopes of loose rock and slippery grass, but the Saddle obstinately refused to appear. Eventually we decided to leave Carnedd Dafydd in the "environs," and striking straight down were soon occupied in threading the intricacies of Craig Llugwy. On emerging from the mist, we saw below us a white ribbon of road running along the floor of a valley which bore so little resemblance to that of the Llugwy, with no Glyders, no Tryfan, and no Gallt-y-Gogo, that for a moment we were quite startled, but were reassured on recognising a slab of rock which appeared below the mist, and which was evidently the end of what is known as "Little Tryfan."

When breakfast-time arrived at the Cottage the festive board was graced by the presence of two pathetic figures clad in voluminous folds of beautiful brown tweed, borrowed for the occasion. After breakfast we stagnated. Climbing was voted a bore; we had had enough strenuous exercise for one day. Walking along a turnpike road was considered too much of an anticlimax, so we had ourselves conveyed to Bangor Station, with all the paraphernalia of rope, camera and what-not, in an unexpected blaze of noontide glory. "Just the thing for autochromes," said B., but inexorable fate hurried us into a stuffy train, where we did our best to show our indifference to fate and the eccentricity of the weather by going to sleep.

E. W. STEEPLE.

---





*Photo by C. H. Ashley*

**GLENGARRIFF BAY.**



## GLENGARRIFF.

---

Many years ago I rested for a day in Glengarriff to allow a blistered great toe to recover before resuming the tramp. Despite the rain, I observed that the spot was exceptionally beautiful, and I told the good lady of the cottage that some day I would come and spend a whole summer holiday there. In June, 1912, I fulfilled that promise. Glengarriff is a place of which we have all heard, but so few of the mountaineering fraternity have made a sojourn there, that I am persuaded that these notes will be useful.

I have been on or among all the principal mountains of Ireland. I do not know how many hundred of miles I have tramped among the best scenery of Scotland, Wales and the English Lake District; and now I venture to make a comparison (though comparisons are odious!) and to say that nowhere have I seen such a glorious combination of mountain, wood and sea, as exists at Glengarriff.

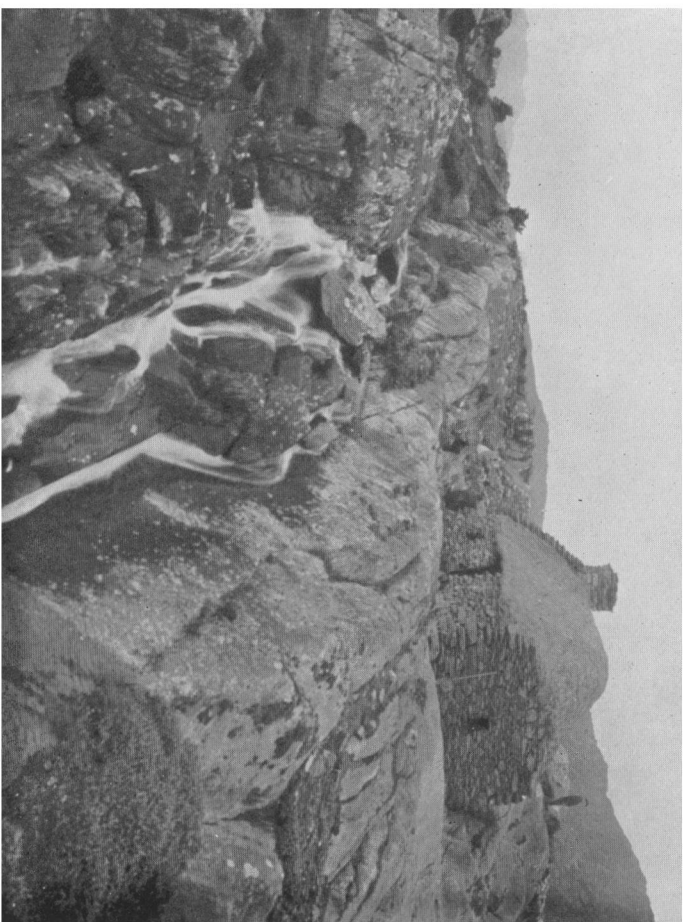
The mountains are no great height, mostly under 2,000 feet, but they sweep directly down to the sea-board. The woods extend for miles round the bay and up the rugged glen. The trees are mostly a variety of holly, though silver birch is abundant higher up the slopes, and pine is conspicuous on the headlands and islets round the bay. These holly trees grow trunks several feet in circumference, and branches of a single season's growth make fine walking sticks. The ferns and mosses and saxifrages charm even the man who has not a scrap of botanical lore. Much of the undergrowth in the woods is rhododendron, and fuschia hedges delimit the roads from the little front gardens wherein myrtles and oleanders grow the whole year through. The little bay is an enchanting puzzle of headlands and islets—a honeymoon couple staying at our place had not, after a whole week, solved how to walk round it. At the bottom of Casey's garden the swift-flowing Glengarriff river pours

its ceaseless flood of waters into the sea at a creek called Poul-na-gourm (bluepool). The picturesque ruin of an old packhorse bridge stands in the river a little above the spot where at low tide there is a not inconsiderable waterfall.

Poul-na-gourm is the positive of a dream; the heron haunts its deep blue waters all day long, now perched on a convenient diving stone silently watching his opportunity against the finny denizens disporting themselves in the clear depths beneath him, now sweeping with his beautiful outstretched wings across the surface of the water, rounding the corners and soaring up to his own particular place in the heronry among the tall trees which crown the bluff at the extremity of the creek. Here the rocks are hung with heather right down to where the seaweed begins; no waves break over here, though the rise and fall of the tide is considerable and indeed quite changes the appearance of the place. Yet outside, in Bantry Bay, Dreadnought battleships cruise within a couple of hundred yards from the shore, and the Atlantic ocean faces.

“What though the wild waves vainly breaking  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, throughout creek and inlet making  
Comes, silent flooding in, the main.”

There are a couple of big hotels at Glengarriff, one of them “swagger” and the other “sporting,” the charges at both of which were the subject of much adverse comment in the *Manchester City News* some years ago. The proprietors have reduced their demands since, but Rucksackers will find Mrs. Casey’s in the village good, very inexpensive and nearer to the mountains. The village is quite the proverbial Irish pattern. Just a few rough-looking shops, all of which bear the surname O’Sullivan. The butcher comes twice a week from Bantry (eleven miles), at which town is also the nearest barber. I met a fellow who could not shave himself, and he was referred to the village cobbler as a possible help out of his difficulty. He accordingly approached the cobbler, who sympathetically gave him to understand that he would not like to undertake the operation of shaving, but would not mind cutting his hair; there was no helping it, my acquaintance had to hire a car and go to Bantry—an expensive shave, taking up the best part of a day. Just one more note about the village. Instead of sparrows scavenging the



*Photo by C. H. Ashley*  
A TYPICAL CABIN ON THE COAST ROAD.



road you find finches; sparrows are comparatively rare. And a word about refreshment. The local drink is porter and whiskey, taken alternately; the former to make you, or rather *them*, feel full and the latter to make them drunk.

It is not worth travelling to Glengarriff for rock-climbing. It is essentially a place for lonely rambles over the mountains and through the valleys. The best month for good weather is March, for from May to October it rains steadily, making the air close and humid. It is not a bit of use reckoning on rainless weather in the south-west of Ireland; if the Rambler wants to keep dry he must go to County Clare, where it will take him all his time preserving his balance against the wind. During our fortnight in Glengarriff it rained part of every day and the whole of many days and nights, consequently we did not do one half of what we had anticipated. However, there are three particularly pleasant rambles which I can recommend.

BARLEY LAKE.—Leave the village by the Kenmare Coach road, and after rather less than a mile a pretty lodge will be observed on the left. This is one of the entrances to the deer park. Pass through the lodge gate, and after a few yards along the carriage drive turn off over a very old footbridge spanning the Glengarriff river (some people call it the Proudley river). From here the next stage is to strike the Coomarkane river at a ford situate about two miles westward. There is a cart track all the way, but the wood is so dense, the contours so delightfully variable and the bifurcations and crosstracks so numerous that it becomes mostly a matter of luck whether a stranger reaches the ford after walking two miles or four miles. Note how the trees are draped with lichens and ferns sprouting out of the forks. From the ford go upstream as far as a shallow expansion of the river, then cut up the mountain side to the highest land on the western margin of Barley Lake. The lake does not come into view until the last minute as it were, and the view around is very extensive; dozens of lakes can be seen south-west. The lake itself is 779 feet above sea level, and on the north side is Crossterry mountain (1,130 feet), the summit of which is the next place to make for. From it we have a view of the Caha range of mountains across a great valley. A descent should now be made down the north side over boggy land, picking

up the Glengarriff river at a group of cabins called Rougham. From here there is an improving road following the direction of the river, and after a few miles, during which the whole length of the deer park is traversed, Glengarriff village is reached again.

SUGARLOAF (1,887 feet).—Everyone who has travelled from Bantry to Glengarriff, whether by steamer or motor, will remember this shapely peak. Its proximity to Barley Lake has nothing to do with the production of barley sugar. Some vulgar grocer dubbed it Sugarloaf because of its appearance when viewed from between south and north-east. Its original Irish name was Witches' Hill, or rather Gaelic words to that effect. Nowadays the traveller from Glengarriff to Castletown Bearhaven has the advantage of a first-class coast road, but in olden times the post route was a shorter one further inland, cutting through the foothills and fording the streams where they were smaller. Those of us who have experienced the pleasure of tracing disused Roman roads in England and Wales will, apart from the scenery, be interested in picking out this old Irish road as the outward route to the Sugarloaf. It is easier to make it out at a distance than when close at hand. You start from the "very old footbridge" referred to in the last ramble, and walk due south-west, passing Shrone Hill on the left, then another and higher elevation on the right. The land is boggy, uncultivated and uninhabited, and the Sugarloaf can be seen in front nearly all the way. Instead of continuing the track to the prominent ridge between Sugarloaf and Cowlbeg, make a bee-line straight up the steep grassy side of Sugarloaf, resting about three-quarter way up in the conspicuous big cave, formerly the home of the witches. Baddeley gives one the impression that this side of the mountain is almost impossibly steep, but I may mention that my companion on this occasion was a young man who had never been up a mountain before, and though we certainly had to pull ourselves up by gripping the rank grass and heather *all* the time, I do not consider it dangerous in the least. Moreover, there are no depressions and "false summits" going this way, whereas if Baddeley's advice is followed and the summit attempted from the south-west, the landslips and the chaotic nature of the ground might give endless trouble. There is a magnificent view from the summit, though we only had about three minute-peeps through breaks in the clouds. Bog violets and sun-



POL-NA-GOURN.

*Photo by C. H. Ashley*





dews are particularly abundant on this mountain. Descending due south, a rough road is reached near a few cabins called Kealagowlane. This road is followed to its junction at Dereenacarrin with the coast road, whence the tramp back to Glengarriff is both comfortable and interesting. The round is about twelve English miles.

CAHA RIDGE, CLOONEE LOUGHS, DERREEN AND HUNGRY HILL.—This is much the finest expedition, but it requires two days, the night being spent at Derreen, where there is a little public-house quite good enough for a night. From Glengarriff the route is along the Kenmare road, which climbs gradually up for miles, affording magnificent views, until it cuts through the crest of the Caha range by a succession of tunnels. At the first tunnel, the altitude of the road is 1,019 feet, and the woman who keeps the refreshment house there tells me that during the winter she often cannot see the other side of the road for weeks in succession, so much cloud gathers in this corner. Judging from my experience on this alleged summer day, I quite believe it. From here, the idea is to scramble up to the top of the ridge and stroll along the boundary line, with Kerry on the right hand and Cork on the left. As you tick-off the miles you feel, or see (according as the weather is misty or clear) yourself mounting higher until, without much effort, the summit of Caha (2,003 feet) is attained. The natives call this mountain Eagles' Nest; they do not seem to attach the name Caha to anything more specific than the whole range. From Caha it is best to make for a slightly higher peak about a mile north-west, and then gradually descend towards the big lough called Inchiquin. The southern side is densely and beautifully wooded, but it is better to follow the northern shore, where there is a rough track. Keep to this track, skirting more big lakes belonging to this chain, viz.: Cloonee Upper, Cloonee Middle, Cloonee Lower; thence a somewhat tedious trudge along the shorter of the two roads to Derreen will finish the day. If time permitted, it would be very pleasant to spend a day at Derreen; the woods along the shore are charming. To continue the expedition, make for Glanmore lake, and through the woods up the valley of the Glanmore river, into the wildest of scenery, until a favourable contour is observed leading southward to the summit of Hungry Hill (2,251 feet). This last step involves a fair element of luck, owing to the difficulty of distinguishing

which is the summit of Hungry from this side of the mountain. Clear weather would be welcome. The descent is made to Adrigole harbour, a much easier stage as the proximity of the sea coast makes it so simple to find one's bearings. From Adrigole I recommend the coast road as a fine eleven-mile walk back into Glengarriff.

CHAS. H. ASHLEY.

## SOME ALPINE WANDERINGS IN 1912.

---

Let me confess at the outset that the only excuse to be offered for the present contribution is the unusual dearth of Alpine "copy" at the disposal of the Editor, dealing with the season of 1912. This dearth, I suppose, is largely accounted for by the disastrous weather served up during the alleged summer of last year, probably the worst experienced in the Alps within living memory, but as this must be a painful subject to many readers I will let it pass. If, in the course of the following article, the subject should recur from time to time, I must crave indulgence on the ground that such a dominating factor cannot very well be left out of the picture. Suffice it therefore for the present to say that Cookson and I went out to Switzerland with an unduly optimistic programme, which met the same untimely fate as the aspirations of other victims who were unfortunate enough to visit the Alps any time after the end of July.

It is a good thing to have an ambitious programme. Its preparation affords one a great deal of anticipatory pleasure, and however much it may be dished by adverse circumstances, the subsequent perusal of your intended itinerary has the consolatory effect of justifying you in your own mind, and giving you to feel what really great things you might do if only the fates were kind. But my business here is to give an account of our actual tour, and not to speak of the things we intended to do.

As we had but fifteen days at our disposal in the mountains, we soon realized that it was quite out of the question to pin our hopes to any particular peaks, and that we must be content to pick up any Alpine crumbs that might fall within our reach. On one point we were in complete agreement, namely, a fixed aversion to idling about any climbing-centre in bad weather.

We started from Brigue one Sunday morning late in July, and by way of a preliminary training walk crossed the Simplon Pass to Gondo. On the pass fresh snow lay as low as 6,000 feet, evidence of the storm which had raged during the previous night. Avoiding the road we followed the rough path up the deep ravine of the Saltine, a secluded Alpine glen which leads direct to the summit of the pass. This route, besides saving much distance, adds greatly to the interest of the walk.

From Gondo, our way lay up the Zwischbergenthal and over the glacier pass to Saas. As this would entail a rather big day at the outset of a tour, I suggested in good faith to my companion that it would be a judicious thing to break the distance by sleeping at one of the chalets in the upper part of the valley. But at the mention of the word "chalets," Cookson's face visibly hardened, and I noticed a hostile gleam in his eye. I accordingly resorted to gentle persuasion, hinting that between Gondo and Saas Fee there was an actual ascent of something over 8,000 feet, and the way was long; that to sleep in a chalet would be to follow in the honoured footsteps of the old Alpine guard of pioneers who habitually slept in chalets, and what sufficed for them ought surely to be good enough for us. I finally argued that as neither of us had ever had the pleasure of sleeping in a Swiss chalet, we could at least preserve an open mind on the subject, and at the worst it would be an experience to store up for future reminiscence. But Cookson was adamant, declaring that he did not possess an open mind on *that* subject, and as for the romance and experience of the thing, well, he would gladly make me a present at once of *his* share and interest in the venture. Such, alas! is the result of being nurtured in modern Alpine luxury. Gone are the brave old days of bivouacs and "roughing it" in chalets. So it was agreed to make an early start from Gondo on the morrow.

We got away at 2-40 and by lantern-light wound our way up the steep ascent leading into the Zwischbergen glen. It seems to be customary to look upon early starts as a necessary evil, and I suppose most climbers display the least amenable side of their disposition (to put it gracefully) during the early hours. For my own part, I must confess to a predilection for the early start, even when not absolutely necessary. According to the theory I hold, it

effects a distinct economy in energy apart altogether from any advantage derived from the cooler atmosphere and sometimes easier going. Provided the route is straightforward, and there is no actual climbing to be done or crevasses to be avoided during the period of darkness, the exercise is purely automatic, and the mind being practically asleep is unconscious of any expenditure of energy. The result is that after three or four hours' going (generally the least interesting part), when daylight awakens the mental faculties and the party have attained a considerable elevation, one is really as fresh as if just turning out.

The eastern side of the Weissmies range is *terra incognita* to most climbers, and in consequence it retains one charm at least which is no longer possessed by the overrun portions of the Alps. A lonely and wildly beautiful Alpine glen, the Zwischbergenthal, is much more remote from the world than its geographical position would signify. The rough track runs up the glen on the true left bank of the torrent throughout, though at one point we found a new path in course of construction which crossed the stream and continued along the other bank for some distance. In the half-light of the early dawn we wandered on to this path, and when it suddenly came to an end tried to find a fording place across the narrow gorge. This promised to be a risky venture, and we were fortunate eventually to hit upon an avalanche bridge of snow by which we regained the other side. When we reached the upper chalets they proved to be mere huts, rather more squalid and dirty than usual, a circumstance which seemed to afford great satisfaction to the recalcitrant one. Beyond the huts the path came to an end, and we took up the centre of the steep moraine, which offered the best route. We halted for a meal before roping-up on the glacier, and now had time to admire the grand view down the valley and of the Italian peaks stretching away to the east. Our route from this point was not quite clear, as the actual col is not discernible from below and the few details in "Ball" describing the pass taken in the reverse direction did not help us. We therefore resolved to make our own route and struck straight up the snow-covered glacier. The direct way, as we could see later, is to keep to the right up the glacier and then take to the rocks on that side. We were a long time on the ice and reached the summit of the pass after nine hours of steady going from Gondo.

When we emerged on the col the majestic range of the Saasgrat burst into view, a moving army of clouds alternately veiling and disclosing the great peaks. We were in no hurry to move and spent a long time on the col feeding and smoking, before leisurely making our way down to Almagell, and thence through the woods to Saas Fee.

After an easy day, which was spent in walking up to the Plattje for the purpose of gaining a topographical insight into things, we planned the traverse of the Mittaghorn and Egginer for the following day. Our first disappointment came when we were wakened at three a.m. to find that the storm which had threatened on the previous evening had arrived, and thunder and lightning were much in evidence. The day was hopeless we were told, and we had merely been called in compliance with instructions. We returned to bed, but the thought of an idle day at Saas was disturbing, and eventually we got up and decided to go and do something. By 6-30 we were off with the intention of having "a look" at our peaks. Instead of following the usual direct route to the Mittaghorn, we took the path to the Plattje, and continued along the eastern base of the peak until we reached the south-east ridge. From this point the Egginergrat showed black and jagged through the clouds. We scrambled up the ridge commencing with a buttress, and reached the summit of the Mittaghorn four-and-a-half hours after leaving Saas. Our route, though offering better scrambling than the ordinary way, had been rather circuitous, which accounts for the longer time taken than usual. In reality we had gone very fast. The conditions by this time seemed to be improving, and we resolved on the three-and-a-half hours traverse of the arête to the Egginer, taking careful note of the one or two places where a direct descent could be made in case of emergency. The traverse of the ridge gave us some delightful scrambling, our enjoyment being enhanced by the clouds eddying about us. But it soon began to snow again, the air darkened, and as we traversed the Almagell face to the foot of the final chimney, an ominous peal of thunder quickened our progress. When we reached the summit of our second peak it was snowing heavily. Our only concern now was as to the proper way off the peak, and we took careful compass readings before deciding on the route down. A few old snow tracks at the foot of a gully



*Photo by Hermann Woolley*  
THE SAASGRAT, FROM THE PLATJE.





soon confirmed us, and then we rattled down at a good pace. We reached Saas in comfortable time for dinner, well pleased with ourselves for having snatched a good day's climbing in adverse weather.

On the following morning we learned that a party of officials of the S.A.C. were going up to the new Britannia Hut on the Hinter Allalin to make an inspection of the place prior to its formal opening, and that we could probably get in for the night. This was just the opportunity we desired, as it was proposed for our next expedition to traverse the Rimpfischhorn to Zermatt. Accordingly at six in the evening we were duly installed at the hut. We had with us a young Saas guide, Cyril Supersaxo (euphonious name!) and had come up via the Fee Glacier and the Kessenjoch. The hut was receiving its finishing touches at the hands of the workmen. It is a commodious place in a grand situation, and is a credit to the British section of the S.A.C., who presented it.

We were off at 3-30 the next morning, and were soon threading our way among the crevasses on the Allalin glacier. The weather was extremely doubtful, and when we got in full view of our peak we could see by the powdered snow continuously streaming off its north ridge that a strong wind was blowing up aloft. Our original intention had been to make the ascent by this ridge, but we had been warned off on account of its bad condition. We reached the top of the Adler pass (12,461 feet) in a little under three hours from the hut, and cowered down for second breakfast in a snowy recess on the col. The wind was whirling the snow about us, and it was bitterly cold, so that we were glad to move on again after a very short halt. From the col to the summit of the Rimpfischhorn occupied three-and-a-half hours of steady climbing up the steep rock face. The rocks became iced in places as we got higher, which made our progress slow. There was no pausing, however, as stones began to fall and Cyril was clearly anxious to get off the exposed face. It was his first ascent of the peak. Fortunately we were protected from the wind until we gained the north ridge near the top. The view of the Zermatt peaks immediately attracted our attention, their snowy appearance presenting a marked contrast to their condition during the previous dry summer. It was too cold to loiter on the summit, so we hurried down to the shelter of the rocks below. We now had time to enjoy a meal at leisure. It was here we dis-

covered that our aluminium pot containing Cookson's speciality in jam was hopelessly sealed. Cyril had been entrusted with this precious charge, and had taken precautions against complications in his rucksack by giving the screwed lid a strong extra turn, with the result mentioned. But we had an adventure with this pot a few days later, of which more anon. We rattled down the long ridge of the Rimpfischwange to the Fluh Alp and reached Zermatt in the late afternoon.

The following day was Sunday, and as Cookson had slightly wrenched his knee and thought a rest would put it right, we decided to take a day off. We retained Cyril, and arranged to go up to the Festi hut above Randa on the Monday. But we were presumptuously reckoning without the fates. On Sunday night the weather, after keeping us on tenterhooks for a week, smashed up in earnest, and with it collapsed our further plans.

Zermatt in bad weather and in the height of the season was no place for us. A number of parties, tempted by the enticing prospect held out on the Sunday, had gone up to various starting-points for climbs above Zermatt, and when they hurried down again the next morning after a night of fearful storm we felt it was time to quit. So, having reluctantly parted with Supersaxo, and with no definite idea in our minds except to escape into the freer air, we made our way leisurely up to the Gandegg hut. It was still snowing steadily, but here at any rate we were more in our element, and passed a pleasant evening in company with a party of Germans.

During the early hours of the following morning occurred one of those sudden and transient spells of fine weather, alluring and exasperating to the mountaineer, which were especially characteristic of last summer. When we looked out about 7-30 expecting to see snow still falling, the scene was dazzling in the extreme. Below us, rolling masses of white fleecy cloud shut in the Zermatt valley, whilst above and around the whole of the giant peaks stood out with startling clearness. Close at hand the Matterhorn was a magnificent object, plastered with ice and new snow from base to summit. What fools we had been not to waken early "on spec" and prospect the weather. There would have been time to have ascended the Breithorn on our way to Breuil, and even the Breithorn was worth annexing guideless under such conditions. No matter,

we would at any rate take the Klein Matterhorn in crossing the pass. But alas for even such humble hopes; before we had walked half-way up the Theodule glacier heavy clouds were pouring over from the Italian side, we were quickly enveloped in a dense mist, and by the time we reached the col our little peak was not for us.

An incident occurred during the descent on the Italian side of the pass which we are still at a loss to account for. As a variation of the usual route down to Breuil, we decided to make a more direct line by going straight down the glacier and descending the small tributary gorge of the Marmore. We had cleared the glacier, and having unroped, were on the run down the snow, when a shout from behind arrested our progress. A couple of Italian frontier guards appeared on the high ground above us, so we awaited their approach merely to answer, as we thought, the usual formal enquiry, and to pass them good-day. But to our surprise they eyed us suspiciously, and demanded our papers and also an inspection of the rucksacks. The latter request we considered in the light of an indignity, but as they spoke only Italian, which was beyond both of us, we were rather at a loss to express ourselves. So with a flourish and an air of finality I produced an old passport which I happened to have with me (it was not applicable to Italy but that was a mere detail, *they* couldn't read it). They seemed little impressed with the passport, however, and insisted on examining the contents of the rucksacks. Meanwhile the younger soldier had surreptitiously taken possession of our iceaxes, which we had planted in the ground, and removed them to a discreet distance. They then examined the whole of the contents of the two sacks, and set aside all the comestibles, together with the small quantity of tobacco and cigars, paying particular attention to the latter. Whenever they seemed in any doubt as to the exact nature of an article, the younger marauder assiduously pursued investigation by the free use of his senses of taste and smell. Even Cookson's pet combination penknife of Swiss make was pounced upon, and claimed, along with the other articles, as spoil. The most interesting capture was the still unopened aluminium pot of jam. This clearly contained some deep mystery which must be investigated. Our assurance as to its contents evidently being considered unsatisfactory, they made a most valiant effort to unscrew the lid. We took a peculiar

interest in this proceeding, being ourselves most anxious to see the inside of that pot, and we had hopes that they might succeed where we had failed. But all their efforts proved unavailing, and in the end they had reluctantly to give up the struggle, and placed the capture along with the other interdicted articles. They particularly wished to know after this if we carried firearms, and supplemented the enquiry by patting the side pockets of our coats. The senior officer then entered into a long harangue in which the word "contravvenzione" occurred with distressing frequency. As we (or rather I, for Cookson took things with unusual calmness) warmly repudiated their right to any of our possessions, or indeed to interfere with us in any way, he demanded, by means of gesticulations and sometimes words which we understood, information as to our identity, the places from which we had come and to which we were bound, the names of our parents and other general matters of an equally irrelevant character. Now it is admittedly inconvenient for the purposes of conversation when neither party understands the language of the other, but it is even less soothing to one's feelings to realize that your richest flow of expressive utterance is merely lost on the other fellow, who is only able to suspect the general trend of your remarks from your facial contortions. Cookson had evidently appreciated this disadvantage from the first, hence his forced stoicism; otherwise, I fear my best wordy efforts must have seemed puny and colourless beside his.

The passport in the end nearly proved to be our undoing. In a weak moment, to avoid unnecessary complications, we had fraudulently implied that the three other names mentioned in it included that of my companion. When, therefore, we were summarily called upon to write our names in the senior's notebook, he meanwhile holding the passport for purposes of comparison, the plot seemed to be thickening. But Cookson rose to the occasion and nonchalantly chose the sporting way out of the dilemma. Eventually, after nearly half-an-hour's stoppage, we recovered our possessions—but not our tempers—intact, and made our escape to Breuil.

As stated before, we are utterly at a loss to offer any satisfactory explanation for this unusual contretemps, which I have in no wise exaggerated. Whether our appearance was against us, and the line of our route excited suspicions at first that we were smugglers or

other "wanted" individuals; or whether (as seems likely) the enemy were merely out for a little diversion, and we looked like a couple of innocents who might be judiciously scared and then comfortably plundered, I leave it to others to judge. However, as we had parted on militant terms, and as Cookson was under a cloud so to speak, he thought it prudent to preserve his adopted *alias* until we were well out of the Val Tournanche.

The conditions in the Zermatt district being now apparently hopeless for our purpose, we decided to walk down the valley to Châtillon and go forward the next day to Courmayeur. On our way up the Val d'Aosta the following morning the weather was surprisingly fine. We were once again hopeful, and talked of making the traverse of Mont Blanc by the Dôme route to Chamonix. True, in walking up from Pré St. Didier our chances did not appear very rosy, for the white monarch was "smoking his pipe" in rather ominous fashion, but on our arrival at Courmayeur we lost no time in engaging a guide and porter, and arranged to start the next morning for the Dôme Hut.

It was raining again when we left Courmayeur, and our expedition seemed a forlorn hope. We had come to the conclusion, however, that this was about the only kind of hope which was ever likely to materialize in such quick-change weather. In any event we had assured ourselves that it would be possible to cross the Col de Miage to Chamonix if the traverse of Mont Blanc should not be feasible, and had made arrangements with the guide accordingly. When we reached the Lac de Combal our porter collected a small quantity of wood, hopelessly inadequate for our stay at the hut. This circumstance aroused certain unworthy suspicions in our minds, but they were allayed when, after leaving the Miage Glacier and commencing the ascent of the rocks at the foot of the Aiguilles Grises, he began to hunt about in concealed nooks and crannies and eventually unearthed quite a goodly quantity of timber. Whether these were his own supplies or the treasured store of some other porter we did not trouble to enquire. On our arrival at the hut we found an Italian party of three with two guides in possession. They had come up the previous day, and related how they had started for Mont Blanc that morning, but had been beaten back by the storm when on the Bionnassay arête. They were determined

to make another attempt if possible or, in the alternative, to cross to Chamonix by the Col de Miage. The situation of this hut is an exceedingly fine one. Perched high up on a small clearing of rock amid a noble amphitheatre of ice and towering aiguilles, the prospect is all that the heart of an Alpine lover can desire. Whatever the conditions on the morrow we were well content with our day's objective.

Snow was falling when we took a final survey before retiring for the night, and later we could hear the wind playing havoc in the upper regions. When we should have started at 2-30 the weather was quite hopeless. We turned out as soon as it was daylight and found that a great quantity of snow had fallen during the night, and indeed it seemed to have set in for days. We were loth to abandon our idea of the passage of the Col de Miage, and argued the subject with our guide when preparations were being made for going down. He was very decided on the point, however, and his case was strengthened by the fact that the Italian party, who were anxious to get over to Chamonix, had already started with the intention of going round by the lower passes. We were afterwards convinced that the guides were right.

We found the descent to the Miage glacier over the fresh snow demanded all our attention, and after discharging our guide and porter at the Lac de Combal, we set off in drenching rain for the long walk over to Les Contamines. We passed the Italian party on the Col de la Seigne, and stopped for lunch at the inn at Les Mottets, after which we made a line for the Col des Fours. The most direct route to Contamines is over the somewhat higher Col du Mont Tondu, but as we had no map of the district, not having intended to come so far to the west, and the clouds being now very low, we expected that we should have enough on hand to find our way over the lower col. Indeed we found the passage of the latter quite sufficiently sporting. The path, none too well marked, as we got higher became quite obliterated by the snow; we were now well in the clouds, and moreover had but a rough topographical idea of the locality. Trusting to luck and the compass we at last hit the col. A fierce storm of hail and snow met us and we were glad to escape for a few minutes into the rough shelter. Things were rapidly getting worse and we could now see but a dozen yards



*Photo by L. J. Oppenheimer*

ROCHER DE MONT BLANC, FROM THE DÔME HUT.





ahead. Buffeted and half blinded we finally reached our third col, the lower Bonhomme, and our way was thence straightforward though long. The weather on this day turned out to be the worst during the whole holiday, and yet the day stands out in the minds of both of us as by no means the least enjoyable of the tour. Perhaps our inn at Les Contamines had something to do with this impression, for we found it a delightful hostelry, the type of homely old-fashioned French inn which is only to be met with outside popular centres. Altogether our visit to the Montjoie Valley leaves very pleasant recollections.

Our time was now running out and on the following day we crossed to the Chamonix Valley by the ridge above the Col de Voza, and pushed on in the evening to the inn on the Col de Balme. When we left the latter on the morning of our last day the weather was once again fine, and the whole of the Mont Blanc range clear. Before we reached Martigny, however, the usual change was impending, and it seemed a fitting climax to the holiday when, later in the day, we witnessed a gorgeous thunderstorm on Lake Geneva.

JOHN WILDING.

---

## TWO EARLY CLIMBS OF SCAPELL PINNACLE BY THE LATE J. W. ROBINSON.

---

In a back number of the Club *Journal*, soon after the climbing fraternity lost, in the person of John Wilson Robinson, one of its best-known representatives, it was my privilege to write of him as an intimate friend of very long standing. I had occasion to quote from some of his letters, and I now propose to do so again. I do not suppose that anyone will accuse me of breach of confidence, especially when I say that I had his permission to make use of material that he had gathered together. Beside being a great correspondent, Robinson kept notes of his climbs, marvellous for their close observation. These he once lent to me, and I thought them so good that I told him they deserved to be published. His answer was, "I am no hand at writing, or would publish as you suggest. If you like to adopt them in substance and send them to one of your local papers, after having completely overhauled them, do so, but you would have to eliminate the personal references." Robinson was nothing if not modest: he really had an excellent style in writing but, being such a hard-working man, he could not stop to put on the finishing touches. As he once wrote to me, "When writing to you I just scribble off anything that comes into my head. I have not time to look this letter over. I hardly ever do, in fact never to a 'cove' like you." Herein lies the charm of his correspondence: reading the letters is like listening to his conversation. How delightful that was, how breezy and humorous, there are many who can testify.

In the little account I wrote for the 1908 *Journal*, referring to the letters I said they described "many a first ascent, many an adventure, many a laughable incident and contained many a delightful

narrative." Our Editor thinks that quarrying may yield something that will be of general interest, and I agree with him; I can only hope we shall not unearth mere fossils. In the little work on "Climbing in the British Isles," by Mr. Haskett-Smith, he records briefly that the first ascent of the Scafell Pinnacle by a route starting near the foot of Steep Ghyll was made in July, 1888, by Messrs. Slingsby, Hastings, E. Hopkinson and W. P. Haskett-Smith, and that the first lady to make the same ascent was Miss Watson, escorted by Robinson. This was in June, 1890. I think Robinson would not now raise any objection to the mention of names, seeing that they have already been put into the record of print by others.

Whether in the interval between July, 1888, and Easter, 1889, any other ascent by the new route was made is more than I can say, but at the latter date a party attacked the Pinnacle in bad weather and had a severe struggle to accomplish their object. In fact only two of the six who started got through. Robinson sent me letters fully describing all that happened. He says there was heavy rain until nine o'clock, and it was about 10-30 when they set out for Scafell, the party consisting of Gilson, Procter, Gibbs, two Brunskill and Robinson. He writes: "I led them into the foot of Steep Ghyll" (this was the point where Mr. E. L. W. Haskett-Smith and I parted with Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith and Robinson when they first climbed Steep Ghyll, in 1884). "Procter and the younger Brunskill crossed into Deep Ghyll, and there was enough snow for Procter to give Brunskill a shoulder over the main difficulty. As they had no rope Procter had to climb the boss of rock at the side, which he did with considerable effort." Robinson continues, "We made for Slingsby & Co.'s climb up the face of Deep Ghyll Pillar. You go up Steep Ghyll to the point where we left you, then to the right by my route in 1884, but instead of going up into the corner where I had such a struggle, you go round more to the right on a ledge, and this ledge ends abruptly in the very front of the crag. We had only sixty feet of rope, and it proved too short for us all. It gives you a curious sensation to stand on the little pinnacle on the face and look sheer down into Lord's Rake, 350 feet below. As Haskett-Smith said, if you drop out of the narrow crack which runs up the cliff above you nothing in the world could stop you going to the bottom. The rocks were horribly wet, the water streamed down

my arms and before the climb was finished I was wet through. From the little pinnacle, you have to climb over a sloping slab of rock with hardly any hold on it. To get even to this slab you require a man's shoulder, and I used Gilson's. The slab crossed you stand in a little sloping grass corner with a narrow vertical chimney of thirty feet above you; beyond that you see nothing. To enter this chimney is rather bad, as it throws you out and you appear to overhang the fearful drop below. I was in fine form and went at it. The left hand side has no hold whatever, being perfectly smooth. The only way is to climb face out, back against the smooth wall and feet on the little holds on the other side, which fortunately slope in the right direction. After getting up thirty feet I began to chuckle and shout, but soon cried out 'I'm not out of the wood yet; here's a beastly piece.' The next few moments were taken up with serious efforts at self-preservation. While you are in the top of the little chimney you are tightly wedged and feel safe, but I was now to enter boldly on the face of the cliff, so called out to Gilson, 'Let out plenty of rope, I'm going to climb fast.' I was longing for the safety of the promised land above. All at once Gilson sung out, 'The sixty feet is out, I cannot allow an inch more or it will be beyond my reach.' I was full thirty feet from safety so loosed off the rope and slipped it under a slab in a crack, and held on to the end while Gilson came up; from the stretching strands I knew his weight was upon it. He candidly said he would not have come up without it. As he could not pass me, Gibbs and Brunskill went back at my request. They could not come up off the pinnacle without the rope, and we were quite out of their reach. I did not care for the responsibility without enough rope. When Haskett-Smith, Slingsby, Hopkinson and Hastings did the climb they had two lengths of rope. Moreover, my hands were getting terribly cramped with the cold by hanging on to the wet rocks. However, I climbed Deep Ghyll Pillar by the ordinary way half-an-hour later with Brunskill and Gibbs, to make up to them a little for their disappointment. Gilson held on while I went on to safe ground above. We came out at my cairn on the Low Man, built the day you were with us in 1884. We then went up the narrow ridge to the top of the Pillar." The party rejoined and later "four of us came down North Climb. It was very wet and Gilson stuck on the last step.

He wanted to jump but I would not let him; he might easily have gone head foremost on to Mickledore scree forty feet below." In a subsequent letter Robinson made sketches and enclosed photographs. The route was not then the highway it has since become. One or two sentences are worth transcribing. "If you look at the photo you will see the little pinnacle. It was on this rock that I got on Gilson's shoulder. It is not a point, but a sharp edge, being really a slab rent from the main rock. Gilson fixed his legs into the crack as anchorage. The tug of war was felt for a few moments on the slippery slab after I had drawn myself up. No looking back, I can tell you. I think it was well it was thick mist but nevertheless we were fully alive to the drop below us as the mist swirled past."

The first ascent of the Deep Ghyll or Scafell Pinnacle by a lady, after what has been said of the sensational nature of the climb, must be of more than passing interest. Robinson wrote immediately after the event, in his unaffected, picturesque manner, "Next day we went to Scafell, taking two ropes, as I intended to do the front of Deep Ghyll Pillar if Miss Watson was fit." Along with them were Messrs. Corder and Rawlings. "I carefully calculated the distances and roped up the 120 feet as follows:—J.W.R., sixty feet Miss Watson, thirty-five feet Corder, twenty-five feet Rawlings. I went first. The rocks were horribly wet, there were gusts of wind and damp rolling mist, very weird altogether. It was harder than Pillar Rock going up into Steep Ghyll to the point where you left us in 1884. Next we skirted round on to the slab rock overlooking Lord's Rake. 'Now,' I said to Corder, 'if we once pass this place there must be no stopping, thinking we cannot get on; there can be no return.' I confess I felt anxious for a minute as I balanced myself on the knife edge of the slab rock and prepared to get over the rock above, the most ghastly thing of the kind I know. It is a sloping rock with only one hold in it and about twelve feet of it. There is a grass ledge near the top that you can get your hand behind. I fairly dragged Miss Watson over this rock, and then Corder came. Rawlings had to remain on the rock below, as the narrow ledge would not hold more without hampering our movements. Now for the narrow chimney!" Then follows a detailed description of this, but enough has already been said as to its conformation. "This chimney is about fifteen inches wide at the

outside and about eighteen inches deep, tapering inwards. If you don't keep out you get jammed. I had considerable difficulty in turning my foot round, so you may be sure it is not very wide. On getting out of the vertical part it is still awfully steep, and there is no anchorage for fully twenty feet more. Here, fifty feet from the grass ledge at the foot of the chimney, is a stone wedged between two upright slabs. I anchored by fastening myself to the stone. There was not an inch of rope to spare; allowing for the rope taken up in fastening round two of us, I must have stood full fifty feet up. My feet were on a narrow ledge of fifteen inches, and so steep was it below that I could look into the chimney and see the flutter of Miss Watson's dress as she came up. After getting her up to a little ledge just below me I dare not slacken my hold upon her to enable me to climb to the next anchorage, twenty feet higher up, because if by any chance the rope got a pull from below we might both go to the bottom. Therefore, I called to Corder to come on, and drew in his rope as he came. Then he passed us both, for I was standing rather out of the line of ascent. As he got up a foot or two above me he slipped eighteen inches and, as he had no hold for his hands, he gave me a fright. I grabbed his jacket and might have held him, but fortunately he got his toes into some rotten grass. Miss Watson and I clung like limpets while Corder drew in the rope for Rawlings, who had been got to the top of the vertical chimney before this passing began. Rawlings went out first and we finished the climb in reverse order. Then, after a rest, came the final ascent of the 'high man,' and very weird it looked in the mist."

Some years afterwards a man, who is now a member of the Alpine Club, attempted the same climb along with Robinson, but his heart failed him at the chimney. This is how Robinson relates the incident. "I told him at dinner that evening that when Miss Watson arrived at the place where he turned back and she looked up at that vertical chimney in the wind and driving mist, I said, 'Would you like to go back?' She replied, 'Shall we have to return the way we have come?' 'Yes.' 'Then I will go on.' 'Ah!' said my friend, 'I have been thinking of her all morning.'"

FRED. W. JACKSON.

## UNDER CANVAS ON THE FELLS.

---

### FIRST PART.

One thing was certain—we were a couple of very uncommon mortals. There might have been some doubt as to the exact category of the unusual to which we belonged. For our own part we were quite satisfied that we ought to figure among the Stanleys and Nansens of the age. Some of our friends made no secret of their belief that we should be numbered amongst the uncommon lunatics of the period. We ought to have been seven—a debatable quantity, as lovers of Wordsworth will remember; but as the time drew near, and the Utopian fancy of a midsummer day's dream began to take practical form, most of them retired behind excuses. One felt troubled about the weather prognostications; another thought the culinary arrangements would not be quite up to the mark of a decent hotel; one thought that the tent would be too draughty; yet another that it would be too stuffy.

I ought to have explained that we had projected a ten days holiday under canvas amongst the Cumberland Fells. I mention that detail now, lest any misunderstanding should arise as to what I am talking about.

It could not reasonably be pretended that there would be anything unique in spending a holiday under canvas; Salisbury Plain and certain seaside resorts have made "camping-out" a common-place enough matter; but that notwithstanding our project had an element of novelty about it. The seaside, where, when off duty, we might like knights of old, win the hearts of ladies fair—and otherwise—held no alluring charm for us. Our idea was to become, for a spell,

gipsies of the most informal type: to roam about the wild fells; to trudge, mindless of time and unbound by any specific object, over the broad and breezy uplands—to get as far out of touch with civilizing influences as one may within the limited confines of this realm—to feel subjected to no other discipline than the whim or fancy of the moment.

If we pictured to ourselves sunny skies and grateful breezes, we did so only because, if we might choose, we would give preference to such. But in any case we were determined to make the best of such varieties of weather as the capricious climate of Cumberland and Westmoreland is capable of providing.

We were green at the game of camping out. It will easily be understood, therefore, that our preparations exacted a fair tribute of mental energy. We had to provide against the elements, against hunger and cold, against too much warmth even; and it was not remarkable, perhaps, that we should experience some little setbacks in the process of selecting and completing our outfit. With a philosophic submission that even Riccabocca in the stocks might envy, we took all such as ordinances of destiny wisely meant for our good, and took at the same the gentle unction to our several souls that we belonged not to the tender-hearted of our species. If this was but a flattering fiction, it served us in good stead, for the tender-hearted would soon tire of the shelter of a canvas tent pitched under the brow of “the mighty Helvellyn,” or on a spot convenient for

Ranging the heights of Scafell or Black Coombe

at times when the enshrouding mists blot out the mighty fells and send raging torrents plunging down the gullies that intersect their sides.

The acquisition of a tent, of suitable apparel, of provisions, and the arrangements for transport, brought in their train their offerings of trouble, sometimes perplexing, not seldom irritating, but rarely without some humorous phase to redeem them.

\* \* \* \* \*

What the good people of Windermere thought as we drove through that dreamy ultra-respectable town on our way to the great Langdale Valley, two not particularly handsome men, and not



too carefully attired, our pill-box of a wagonette piled up with a medley of baggage, amongst which stood out conspicuously a tin trunk that had been passed out of service for general decrepitude twenty years before, and a coarse canvas sack that to the uninitiated might suggest some gruesome deed, but which held nothing more remarkable than our army bell-tent, we did not venture to guess. Perhaps they took us for travelling showmen, possibly thought us a couple of body-snatchers. But whatever they thought, we were actually at last off towards our base of operations; bowling along the winding roads, at one moment closed in by the fern-clad banks and scented fresh green foliage of pine and ash, the next careering along a low terrace of the hillside, the ample dale opening out before us, and the grand cluster of mountains that close round the bend of the Langdale Valley—The Pikes, Pavey Ark, Bow Fell, Crinklecraggs and a hulking shoulder of Scafell in shadowy outline, becoming bolder and more forbidding as we race along.

Picturesque and changeful as the scene is, the drive might have grown wearisome but for certain uncertainties incident to it on this occasion. Our driver was recovering from the effects of a morning carouse—he had driven a party down to Windermere for an early train, and had a few hours on his hands whilst awaiting our advent—and was moody, jocose and quarrelsome by turns.

The horse suffered from an excess of spirits in another sense.

As a result it was a nice speculative point as to which side we should get pitched from, or whether we might not be hauled before some local Shallow for being accessories before or after the fact—Pickstone will be able to say which—in a case of manslaughter. Under the circumstances the fourteen-mile drive grew ever more interesting. But the tension was exacting, and we were profoundly glad when, after a lurching spin across the meadows—the terminus of the road being reached—we rolled up, all intact, before the homestead of William Martindale, farmer. A squat, unpretentious—this is meant for the homestead, but it would be equally applicable to William—a squat, unpretentious house flanked by out-buildings and enclosed by loosely-built walls of fair height and considerable thickness.

Thus it has stood, weathering storm and flood, heeding not the coming and going of life, for the past three or four centuries; though

since William took to himself a wife it has grown more cheery of aspect, and offers a more genial welcome to those who, in quest of out-of-the-way gullies and new climbs in particular, or the picturesque and recognised paths in general, take advantage of its homely shelter.

A round of hearty greetings, a welcome meal, discussion of certain details and settlement of our plan of operations, a saunter to Grasmere and back by Red Bank; pipes and a chat in the big old kitchen; and so the evening passes.

Our intention had been to get right away and accomplish the drudgery of transporting the commissariat and pitching the tent that evening, but William thought "we'd best bide at t'farm" that night and have the day before us for that momentous operation; besides, Blondin would be fresh. Blondin is the horse.

Morning brought warmer breezes and a clearer sky. After some attempts at photography, we turn in for breakfast, and then turn out our baggage, and inaugurate the next stage by taking a roll-call of the supplies.

Brutus—we flatter him with that cognomen, because, despite many villainous defects, he is—within certain limits—"an honourable man"—Brutus was our companion and comptroller—Brutus said we must make sure that everything was in order before we began the ascent. Brutus further intimated that we had muddled things pretty well our own way so far; and therefore he meant to take control, and see things through all right in the present instance. We assured Brutus that he was both unkind and untruthful. None the less, we were willing he should do a little of the work—it would be a change for him, we informed him. Brutus replied that our irony was weak, but characteristic: and at the same time handed over a portentous list, which he peremptorily commanded us to read out, and tick off, whilst he sought out the articles it enumerated.

"Are you ready?" his brazen voice broke out.

"Quite."

"Right away then"—Brutus lacks refinement of manner.

"One bell tent."

"Present."

"Four blankets."

"What's the game?"—Brutus lapses into slang too readily.

We look across at him reproachfully and inquiringly.

"I asked you to call out the articles on that list."

"Well?"

"Well!!! what about the pole and pegs and mallet?"

"Don't they go with the tent?"

"That's the idea; but in the first place we shall want to know whether they're here or not."

"Then you want every single item on this ridiculous list of yours called out?"

"What do you suppose I made that list out for?"

"Well, hardly to admire. It isn't a thing of beauty, is it?"

"Go on."

"Nor yet to elevate or improve, for even you could scarcely pretend that it's intellectual. Possibly to amuse."

"Finished?"

"Not good at conundrums—give it up."

"Just listen . . . I made that list out so that you'd be saved a little mental worry, and in order that I might avoid the necessity of returning to the farm for something you'd forgotten . . . see?"

We proceeded to expostulate with Brutus. He made an effort to yawn, and with a harassed look said, "Will you read that list?"

"One mallet."

"Right."

"One coil of rope." Brutus nodded.

"Forty-eight pegs."

"Go on."

"What about the pegs?"

"They're all right."

"Counted 'em?" Ominous pause. We take the line of least resistance, and "Go on" threading our way through an array of blankets, rugs, sweaters, mufflers, sacks for bedding, oilsheets, lantern, candles, methylated—and other—spirits, and oddments sufficient to stock a general marine store.

Then comes a list of clothing.

Still more lists—of provisions, loaves and fishes (tinned), butter, cheese, fowl—cooked, armour-clad comestibles of every variety, eggs, jam, honey, mustard, figs, tobacco and a tailing-off of things equally necessary, but not of sufficient importance to lay out here

in all the splendour of detail in which they appeared on that list.

Meantime, the horse had made his appearance, looking docile to a fault, and agreeable enough for anything. The packages were ready, carefully prepared for loading up pack-horse fashion. William decided upon the easiest route to climb the fifteen or sixteen hundred feet of broken ground—very much broken, as those who have traversed Rossett Ghyll will remember—that lay between us and our indefinite goal—somewhere on Esk Hause. We began to breathe freely. All seemed straightforward now. Our spirits grew lighter, and we felt that a really good time was dawning. It wasn't.

Blondin—that's the horse—ordinarily goes about his labours in a dreamy uninterested way, generally looking a little bored, and as though he were for ever trying to repress a yawn. This morning he pricks his ears as he is wheeled about and secured to a staple in the barn wall. He seems conscious that he is about to perform an unusual part. Beyond this he bears himself with becoming indifference, as package after package is secured upon his ample back. There remains only the provision basket, and to rest that upon the skilfully-arranged soft goods is the work of a moment. Blondin looks round as though feeling a sudden interest in the course of events; but beyond that shows little concern until the last strap is tightened and we step to one side to admire our handiwork.

We concluded afterwards that Blondin was not quite so pleased with the load as we ourselves were. But though his conduct surprised us, we admired him for one thing. He made no fuss; simply sat down on his haunches and wriggled a bit until the load hung in ludicrous confusion about him.

We were puzzled. Brutus came to the rescue with a solution. "There's something about it he objects to, that's certain." Brutus gets to the root of anything he undertakes an investigation of right away. Most people who argue on these lines, do.

We loaded him up again, but the result was rather less satisfactory. Blondin had evidently made up his mind that the pack-horse lay was not his metier. Judging by his second performance we should say a circus ring would have been more within his scope. He displayed great versatility, but little respect for our property.

As a contortionist Blondin was a distinct success. But the more

diverting his antics became the less likely did it seem that we should shake out our canvas on Esk Hause that day.

“Ah think mebbe we’d best try him wi’t ‘sled. Th’ road’s ower roogh for him. Mebbe we’d do best yon towards t’Staäke. He’ll ne’er clomb Hell Ghyll, an’ Rossett’s ower bad goin’.”

In a sense we were in Blondin’s hands, and William knew best his little weaknesses. So to the Stake Pass we at once assented. Out came “t’sled,” a stout contrivance of roughly-fashioned timbers designed for the conveyance of bracken from the fells to the farm.

The “sled” deserves a chapter to itself. Some day we hope to do it so much justice. For the present it must suffice to say that the “sled” came to pieces long before we reached the Stake Pass.

We had borne our vicissitudes, so far, with that noble unconcern which is born of bitter experiences and a properly-attuned philosophic temperament; and we meant not to spoil our appetites for the rest of the holiday by weeping over the wreckage of our baggage as it lay scattered about us.

We made up our minds therefore that the spot would suit admirably; and subsequent events endorsed the prudence of that decision. Had we, as was our original intention, reached Esk Hause the tent would have succumbed the first night to the severe gale. Had we reached the Stake Pass floods would have compassed our ruin. But why enlarge upon the gruesome horrors that were not to be. The site of our encampment, which the exigencies of the situation forced upon us, was an admirable one, quite secluded yet affording a superb vantage-point. We were perched upon a shelf of green turf overlooking that fine cul-de-sac of the genuine Fell district known on the map as Mickleden, the twin pikes of Langdale rising sheer on our left. On our right the magnificent north face of Bowfell; behind us the grim-looking Rossett Crags, forming a great hump between the Stake Pass and the head of Rossett Ghyll. The full stretch of the great Langdale Valley before us. Within fifty yards two brawling becks went tumbling down to the stream below, so that both for inward and outward refreshment we were amply provided with one of the requisite elements.

William agreed with us as we sat, under cover of the tent, drinking our chocolate and smoking our pipes, after disposing of the fowl

and one of the loaves, and a few sundries—that the spot was indeed ideal.

“Yes,” said Brutus, “to think that down the valley there people are stewing in hotels and gorging themselves with food, and pretending they’re enjoying the scenery. It’s revolting.”

“Ah,” said William, after a slight pause—even Brutus must have noticed that his reference to gorging was indiscreet—“it’ll mebbe be handier for t’farm than under Bowfl. Mebbe ye’ll not be strook wi’t when t’raen comes on.”

Let us say at once that William proved a false prophet. For though on several occasions “t’raen” made little runnels through our tent and wind put grievous strains upon its seams; though on one occasion a blizzard of snow and sleet raged through the night, we maintained our ground to the end. It was just such incidents as these that gave the real colour of adventure and romance to the holiday.

We leave you for the present at the threshold of our return to nature—for ten days. Some day, when the publishing of books makes some little return to the writer as well as to the publisher of them, we shall publish a book. We shall then take our revenge upon those wavering five, who ought to have paid a share of the expense of that tent equipment, by showing them, in the most violet-hued purple patches we can concoct, all the idyllic joys they missed. The joy of the early morning frisk, in nature’s garb, down to the stream, the while the gentle breezes are lazily stirring into life; the sun just topping the sky-line of the fells; the billowy wreaths of mist slowly vanishing and revealing scree and crag and gorge and beck in all their majestic, if somewhat grim, grandeur to us. The joy of the evening pipe and evening talk, as the shadows lengthen and blur and merge with the bulky forms that give them shape. The joy of the gracious moonlight, when time—for a time—is not, and space sets not its limits upon our being. When on fancy’s wings we steal from our corporeal prisons and gambol with the impalpable hosts that frolic on the mead, and sing merry madrigals to the music of the waterfall.

The more mundane joys of the daily life too must have due recognition. What perfervid vision of the simple life could compare with our practice. The early breakfast—we invariably took two—



RESIGNATION.

*Photo by J. H. Hobbins*





after an air bath and brisk exercise on the turf without the tent, as the saucepan—containing eggs and tea—sang merrily on the stove within. The stove—price ninepence—was not a very robust contrivance, and sometimes the saucepan—of tin—would tilt over—quite playfully of course—and scatter a portion of its contents on the floor. But what of that, there was no complaining woman to visit us with the saucepan's sins; and, as another breakfast would follow later, it would have been ungrateful to think unkindly of our cooking appliances. They had many responsibilities, and altogether they discharged them with satisfaction, if not with economy and dispatch. After the first breakfast would come the clearing-up of the tent, the carving and making-up of lunch to be spread for siesta in some bosky dell or on some weather-beaten crag. Then the second breakfast and departure for known or unknown parts; and after that the joy of the mountain air and a vigorous tramp. The return to camp, tired and hungry, and the lingering over the evening meal.

Here we are just at the threshold of our experiment; just at the point where the genuine delights and vicissitudes begin. Here then, with the true instincts of the literary artist, we leave you with the bland assurance that further disclosures will be continued in our next.

J. H. HOBBS.

---

## A TRAMPER'S EASTER SOLILOQUY.

---

Why should it be? Why should our peaceful and well-earned rest, after a good tramp and scramble among our beloved hills, be transformed into a hideous nightmare? when sleep refuses oblivion, and the long night-watches are spent in a terrified state of semi-torpor, in which one hangs on to a demi-semi-handhole in a crack which isn't there.

One emerges (with luck) from the dining-room, after the first really satisfactory meal of the day, feeling on splendid terms with oneself, and prospects around for a comfortable spot in which to luxuriate, and finds—what? Nothing left except the draughty corners, and the chairs with incomplete anatomies alone unoccupied.

*They* are the reason, the cause of it all—the “Buccaneers,” the “Ultra Cragmen.” There they sit in various conditions of disorder, keeping the warmth of the fire from everybody else. Fresh as paint they are, too, and no wonder. They have not tramped over miles of rough broken land before commencing their climb; not a bit of it. Motors for them, to the foot of the crags, not to mention open carriages. And they are men who ought to know better than to encourage the defilement of the lovely hill country by these beastly “stink-pots.” The man who constructs a funicular railway up Rossett Ghyll, or a bath-chair service up Brown Tongue, will certainly make his fortune, and, moreover, will be received with acclamation into their select inner circle.

At length one selects the position of least discomfort that remains (probably on the floor) and tries, in company with other disconsolates, to work out a program for the morrow. But alas! it is all to no end. The atmosphere vibrates, an Irish parliament or suffragettes' meeting is as nothing to it; everybody talking and nobody listening! At intervals it is possible to hear tales of thrilling experiences on Buttress A.X.P.L.L., of parabolic curves formed in Pink Gully No. 99, or of nights out at home and abroad (Arabian nights usually). But generally the welkin rings with a confused jumble of words (only understood when one understands the cypher and owns a “book of words”) in which cracks back up buttresses,

belays wrap themselves round the rope, and men come off into a bottomless abyss.

The effect of all this upon a perfectly normal brain is absolutely appalling, and at length the poor trampers slink off to bed, to endure untold agonies in the effort to woo that coy mistress, "sleep."

This terrible sect have put many glorious crags to the indignity of being tabled and scheduled in special handbooks, in which handbooks are complete diagrams of the crags, duly scheduled and indexed, shewing the longest, most dangerous and most difficult way up, and the shortest way down to the slumbering chauffeur and the motor car. Their next step will probably mean the marking out of the actual rocks, *in situ*, with white paint, and in the application of an electric alarm to each hand or foothold.

They will probably ultimately instal an official guide in uniform at the foot of the climbs. One encounters numbers of these men or their counterparts in the Alps, generally looking as if they were not really enjoying life at all, and usually having the appearance of travelling knife-grinders.

One hears them talking of nights spent in huts, at goodness knows what altitude, where they invariably feed on nothing at all, why? no one seems to know.

This frugal hut business is really a lot of humbug, as many of the alleged huts are most luxurious places, where one can order anything from a liqueur to a whisky cocktail. We have heard—but never mind—that's another story.

The Buccaneers have a clever and cunning wheeze of coming in late in the evening (generally at the Easter meet) just when everyone is thinking of retiring, and turning the hotel upside down whilst their fellows find them creature comforts, both solid and fluid. This dodge is apparently practised with a view to increasing the unit of fluid refreshment, without incurring the censure of the remainder of their clan. And yet curiously enough they are very decent well-meaning fellows at the bottom.

Let our purely tramping members try the effect of a little moral suasion on this unruly gang, bring them down to a more normal level, and add thereby to our everlasting comfort.

In the true interests of the Club let us all therefore try to be more "Complete Mountaineers."

H. S. PORTER.

# PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

EASTER MEET, 1912.

DOLGELLY.

Owing to the coal strike the numbers at Dolgelly were rather less than is usual at these meets. Some members living at a distance, not without reason, feared to start a journey, the termination of which could be only faintly conjectured, and even Manchester residents considered carefully the difficulties of return.

Various schemes were mooted to overcome these objections, certain hardy spirits being prepared to engage a motor char-a-banc for the journey, a proposal which did not meet with any support from the more neurotic and sybaritic members. In point of fact these dire forebodings were almost without justification, and it is said to be true that as regards time the motor-car party was ignominiously defeated by the train.

In addition to the transport difficulties, a spirit of lethargy seemed to prevail, probably due to the rather enervating weather, so that, although a goodly number turned out of the hotel each morning, the "bag" was not very great. Although the weather was oppressive in the valleys, the wind on the tops was generally terrific and many parties found delight in the rather mouldy comforts of the hut on the summit of Cader, where tea of a pale appearance was dispensed at a moderate charge.

The chief climbs were as follows:—

FRIDAY—Cader (a)—Burns, Ewen and Seaton.

(b)—Bennison, Corbett, Hardwick and Minor.

(c)—Brierley, Oliver and Uttley.

Owing to the mist and strong winds nothing more than promiscuous scrambling was possible.

SATURDAY—(a)—New climb on Diphwys, of which an account is given elsewhere—Bennison, Corbett and Minor.

(b)—Scrambling in mist on rocks above Llyn-y-Cader  
—Brierley, Ewen, Oliver and Uttley.

Brierley and Oliver descended the Cyfrwy  
Eastern Arête.

(c)—Northern Arête of Cyfrwy (mistaken in mist for  
Eastern Arête), descent of Fox's path and  
ascent of Eastern Cyfrwy Arête—Burns, Isher-  
wood and Wilding.

SUNDAY—(a)—Great Gully in Craig-y-Cae amidst “running  
waters”—Burns, Steeple and Wilding.

(b)—Search for Great Gully—Bennison, Ewen and Oliver.

Of the walks the most noteworthy was undertaken by Richards,  
who, leaving a party at Diphwys, completed a walk which included  
Diphwys, Llithy, the two Rheinogs and a few other inconsiderable  
humps.

The following members were present: Baxter, Bennison, E. B.  
Berry, Brierley, Broxap, A. E. Burns, Corbett, Drennan, Dust,  
Ewen, Hardwick, Horsfield, Isherwood, Kirk, Milne, Minor, Oliver,  
Pickstone, Richards, Seaton, Scott, Squires, Steeple, Uttley and  
Wilding.

T. W. O.

---

### ANNUAL DINNER, 1912.

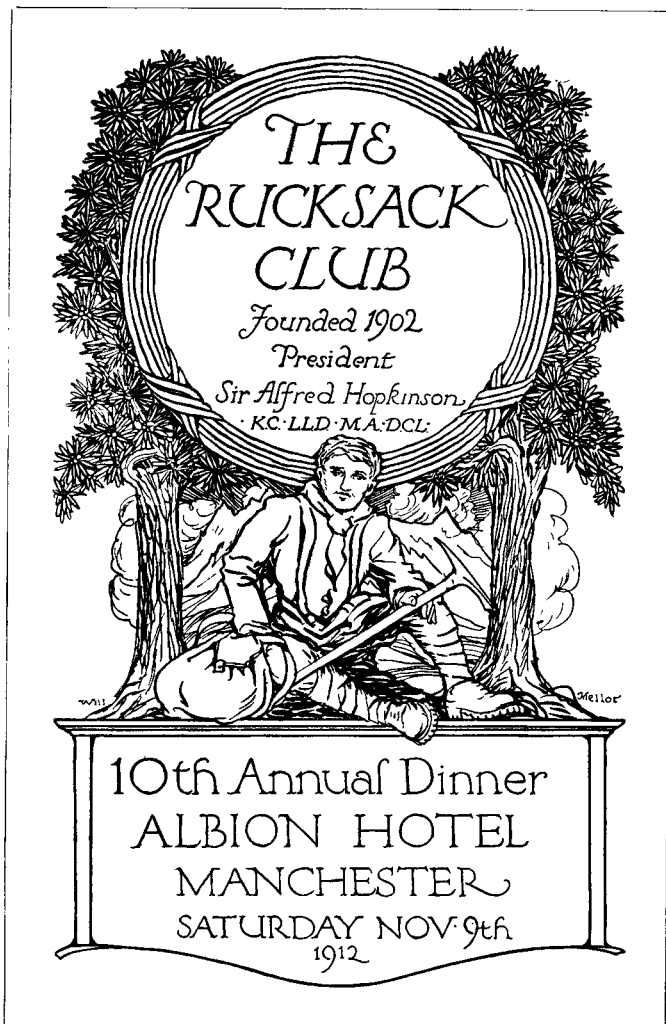
The Tenth Annual Dinner was held at the Albion Hotel, Man-  
chester, on Saturday, November 9th, 1912. In the absence of the  
President (Sir Alfred Hopkinson) owing to domestic bereavement,  
Professor H. B. Dixon presided, and there were sixty members and  
guests present. The latter included representatives of the Alpine,  
Climbers', Scottish Mountaineering, Yorkshire Ramblers' and Fell  
and Rock Climbing Clubs, and Mr. Cuming Walters, Editor of the  
*Manchester City News*.

The following toasts were given:—

“The King”... .. Professor Dixon

“Our Club”... .. Professor Dixon

*Response* ... .. H. E. Scott



FRONTISPIECE OF MENU, ANNUAL DINNER, 1912.

*Drawn by Will Mellor.*

- “Our Guests” ... .. Hermann Woolley  
*Responses* ... .. G. B. Bryant  
 (Climbers’ Club)  
 J. Cuming Walters  
 (*Editor, Manchester City News*)  
 “Our President” ... .. Professor Dixon  
 Mr. Henry Brierley proposed a vote of thanks to Professor Dixon.

---

ANNUAL MEETING, 1912.

The Annual Meeting was held at the Albion Hotel, Manchester, on Friday, January 10th, 1913. The report of the Committee congratulated the members on the position of the Club, the membership showing a slight increase, in spite of the gradual raising of the qualification. A long programme of outdoor meetings had been carried through, most of the walks and climbs having been well attended. The Easter Meet was as successful as usual. Several members were abroad in summer, and did as much climbing as could be expected in so wet a season. There have been no serious accidents to members during the year.

Reference was also made to the principal event of the year, the opening of the new Club Hut.

The Hon. Treasurer’s report showed a balance in hand of £26. 4s., but it was pointed out that there was a small loss on the year’s working.

After prolonged discussion, a motion brought forward by Mr. H. E. Scott, was carried, “That the Annual Subscription be increased to 10s. 6d.” This was to take effect from January 1st, 1914.

During the year the following Lectures were given:—

“From the Grimsel to Lauterbrunnen,” by John Bolton.

“New Climbs in 1911,” by G. Winthrop Young.

“Monte Rosa and Cloudland, Part I.: The Italian Valleys and and round about Zermatt,” by Henry Speyer.

“The Canadian Alpine Club at Home,” by Professor Dixon.

The untimely death of Mr. J. M. Archer Thomson broke his engagement to lecture before the Club in December.

The Hon. Librarian reported that 120 books had been issued to

members, and thirty-nine added to the Library. During the year the balance of the "Stoop Memorial Fund" was handed over to the library for the purchase of a new bookcase.

During the year the Club has been represented at the Annual Dinners of the following Clubs:—

- The Climbers' Club.
- Fell and Rock Climbing Club.
- Yorkshire Ramblers' Club.
- Scottish Mountaineering Club.

---

### APPLICATIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP.

In the election of members the Committee will be guided by the following considerations:—

1. No member may be admitted who is under 21 years of age.
2. A candidate for ordinary active membership must show a sufficient walking or climbing qualification, undertaken in part during the twelve months immediately preceding the application.
3. Every candidate to be vouched for in writing by his proposer as being in other respects a desirable member.
4. The Committee may require an applicant to attend a Club walk or meet, or to undertake an expedition with some member of the Club, before deciding upon his election.
5. Members may be elected at the discretion of the Committee solely on scientific, literary, or other special qualification.

---

### CLUB JOURNAL.

Nos. 1, 2 and 3 *Reports* (1903, 1904 and 1905), which preceded the *Journal*, and Nos. 1 and 2 of the *Journal* are out of print. The Editor, Mr. Ernest Broxap, Riversdale, Blackfield Lane, Kersal, Manchester, has a few copies of Nos. 2 and 3 *Reports* and of Nos. 1 and 2 *Journals* at the following prices:—*Report*, No. 2 (1904), 5s.; *Report*, No. 3 (1905), 5s.; *Journal*, No. 1 (1907), 10s.; *Journal*, No. 2 (1908), 10s., except to members of the Club. Nos. 3 (1909), 4 (1910), 5 (1911), and 6 (1912) of the *Journal* are still in print, and may be obtained from the publisher, or the Editor, at 1s. each.



## EXCURSIONS.

---

THE CAIRNGORMS.—On Wednesday, May 29th, 1912, three members of the Rucksack Club left Manchester by a night train for Blair Athol, arriving there about half-past eleven on Thursday, and walked the same day up Glen Tilt and over the pass to Inverey. Our object was to visit all the summits in the Cairngorm group of mountains which exceeded 4,000 feet in height, and our plan was to take plenty of provisions and plenty of time, and to stay up until our task was completed. We got away from Inverey about ten on Friday morning, strolled up the Larig Glen path by way of Derry Lodge until we passed Devil's Point. There we left the path and lunched by the side of the river. Mists had been hanging about the summits all the morning, and while we were at lunch they settled down and covered everything above 2,500 feet, but not before we had selected a ridge which plainly led straight to the summit of Cairn Toul. When we reached the top we picked out our way by compass over Angel's Peak and round the ridge to Braeriach. The mist was very dense and white, so that on the snow patches it was almost impossible to see where the snow ended and the air began. On Angel's Peak we walked most of the way round a large snow-patch thinking that it was a narrow strip at the top of a cornice, and on Braeriach the converse mistake nearly caused a serious accident. The tops, however, were free of snow, except Braeriach, whose cairn was half buried. If the cairn is at the summit of the mountain the snow must have been very deep, for the highest point on the snowfield was higher than the cairn and some yards further east.

We reached the river Dee again about 2,500 feet above sea level, at a quarter to eight, and here the leader ordered a long halt for refreshments. Starting again shortly after midnight with lanterns lit, the mists being as thick as ever and the night very dark in spite of the moon, we reached the summit of Ben Muich Dhui as the

gradual improvement in the light began to indicate the approach of dawn. The sun was well above the horizon, although still hidden from our sight long before we completed our programme by the ascent of Cairngorm. We came down by way of Glenmore Lodge to the astonishment of a friendly keeper whom we met on the shore of Loch Morlich, and arrived at Aviemore station at eleven a.m.

J. R. C.

---

TRAVERSE OF THE FACE OF GLYDER FAWR.—On the 4th August last, G. Barlow, A. H. Doughty and I made a traverse of the north face of Glyder Fawr, which we found very interesting, without being exceptionally difficult. We first climbed the Idwal Staircase, and continuing upwards by easy rocks on the left, reached a little green col on the north-east ridge, at the head of the shallow scree gully which runs down towards the top of the staircase. (This col is just outside the margin of the photograph in "Climbing in the Ogwen District.") At this point we were overtaken by a thunder-storm, and sheltered for a considerable time in a cave, the roof of which was composed principally of holes, connected by a framework of rock just sufficient to cause most of the raindrops which were intercepted by it to coalesce into definite streams of water. The storm passed over Nant Ffrancon, and endeavoured to make amends by treating us to some very fine cloud effects above Braich Du and Pen-yr-Olen Wen.

We commenced the traverse at the little col (at a height of about 2,000 feet), and crossed a wide expanse of steep slabs to the Grassy Gully. Then the Narrow Gully and Twisting Gully were passed in turn, and rounding a steep rib of rock, the bed of the East Gully was reached. This was left by passing behind an outstanding pinnacle on the right wall (about 2,500 feet). The East Arête and Central Gully were crossed without difficulty, but the east side of the Central Arête provided an interesting pitch. From the cleft behind a partly-detached mass of rock a bridged splinter gave access to a short but steep wall, which proved rather awkward, some energetic gardening being required before the necessary holds were found. The traverse ended at the top of the West Gully.

It will be seen that between the green col and the East Gully we

ascended 500 feet. On several occasions natural obstacles forced us upwards, but an examination of the face will show that this eastern section lies at a lower level than the central part of the cliff. It affords excellent sport, however, and should not be omitted.

E. W. S.

---

WRINKLED SLABS VARIATION.—On the following day the same party, having a few hours to spare before catching a mid-day train, visited the Wrinkled Slabs on the west face of Tryfan. It will be remembered that just below the little heather ledge in the middle of the lower slab the holds are small and awkwardly placed, and for a few minutes the climber has to assume the attitude of a lizard on a wall. As this part was streaming with water, and we were anxious to keep dry, we traversed to the foot of the prominent rib which bounds the slab on the left. The climbing on this rib is most exhilarating. In combines super-excellence of quality with a regrettable limitation in quantity, thus in some respects resembling a liqueur. The name "Wrinkled Rib" has been proposed as most suitable; I would suggest, as an alternative title, the "Crème de Menthe Arête." At the top, a few feet of horizontal scrambling end in a ten-foot drop, a sort of "Central Jordan" in miniature, from which the upper slab is taken in the usual way.

E. W. S.

---

#### NOTES TAKEN FROM CLUB HUT LOG BOOK.

##### CREIGIAU GLEISON (Grey Crag).

From notes taken from the Hut Log Book we see that the crags of Creigiau Gleison which are situated above Llyn Cawlyd, have been explored by Messrs. Jeffcoat and Laycock, but their report is very unfavourable from a rock-climber's point of view, owing to the broken-up and shattered formation of the crags.

##### CRAIG EIGIAU.

The rocks that can be seen, high above, and to the north of the hut, form part of Craig Eigiau, and can be reached in a quarter-of-an-hour by climbing the steep slope behind the hut and bearing slightly to the right. They are good and sound, and will offer

climbing of no mean order. A 100-footer has already been worked out and is cairned, and now known as Route A.

S. F. J.

J. L.

MELYNLLYN and CRAIG-Y-DULYN.

A stiff climb up the steep slope behind the hut brings you to the boggy ground of Gledr Ffordd, and returning in a north-north-westerly direction a walk of about one-and-a-half miles easy going and Melynlyn is reached. Looking across the Llyn, a gully will be noticed about the centre of the crags that have their base in this little lake. We found that this gully made quite an interesting climb, especially if the slab to the right of the true bed of the gully is taken as the first pitch. After prospecting the face from the east side of the Llyn, we crossed over to the crags and had the humorous experience of not being able to find anything resembling a gully, but, like a good many Welsh gullies, it starts in quite a shallow groove, and develops more into the gully or chimney climb higher up. This climb is of only moderate difficulty but quite interesting, and we believe we made the first ascent. A track north of the Llyn brings you to Craig-y-Dulyn. The crags, looking at them from the east side of the Llyn, are exceptionally fine, but on closer acquaintance we found they lay back at a fairly easy angle, and are covered with heather and vegetation. The two gullies and a large face of rock at the north end would offer climbing, we are sure, if the plentiful supply of water could be turned off. An interesting scramble can be made round the crag, just above the water level, but it is doubtful whether the complete traverse could be made, as at the south end the crags enter the lake, with their bases looking a trifle A.P. We left the gullies alone, waterfall climbing not being our aim, and scrambled up a watercourse to the foot of some massive and impressive-looking rocks at the far north end, a little to the left of the easy way up to the summit of the rocks. We climbed a fine slab, but turned back from the next pitch, water once more being too much in evidence. A chimney to left of this slab was tackled, but not completed. On the fell side to the north of the Llyn a small mass of rock will be noticed. The rock is exceptionally fine, and we made a first ascent of a crack known as the DULYN CRACK that would have no need to blush if put up against Kern Knotts

Crack. Just above the dam at the entrance to the Cwm, on the left as the climber looks towards Craig-y-Dulyn; a ridge will be noted. From the foot it looks easy, but on tackling it the climbing is quite good, for holds are small. This being another first ascent, we built large cairns at start and finish, in size much out of proportion to the standard of the climb.

June 22nd and 23rd, 1912.

S. F. J.

J. L.

The pamphlet that was issued in reference to the Club Hut gives the height of the hut above sea level as 1,250 feet, the correct height is 1,360 feet.

S. F. J.

- - - - -

## REVIEWS.

---

THE BUILDING OF THE ALPS, by *T. G. Bonney, Sc.D., LL.D., &c.* London: T. Fisher Unwin. 12/6 net.

Professor Bonney glories in being an old man, and indeed he has a right to do so, for he is one of the grand old men of the mountaineering world. Those who can speak from personal experience of the Alps as they were in 1856 are now a very small band. It needs a man who was already a practised mountaineer when Edward Whymper paid his first visit to the Alps, to write a book such as this, in which discussions on the geological problems of the present day are mingled with reminiscences of the mountains as they were in the days before mountaineering had ceased to be a branch of scientific research and had become a popular pastime.

As one would expect from its title, this book is an account of the geology and physical history of the Alps written rather for the general reader than for the specialist, and avoiding as far as possible the use of technical language. But it is also much more than this, for the author's pre-eminence in this field of learning does not prevent him from taking an interest in other matters which come under his observation, and the chapters on the meteorology, vegetation, and wild animals of the Alps, and on the Alps in relation to man, are as good reading as the more purely geological parts of the book.

"The Building of the Alps" is not intended as a text-book for students. It is the work of a man who has seen for himself and thought for himself and who puts forward his own views on controversial questions all the more strongly when he believes that the weight of contemporary opinion is against him; but whose freshness and openness of mind may be gauged by a footnote in the second chapter, where he mentions an interesting rock-formation which he observed in 1888 (only thirty-two years after he began to study Alpine geology on the spot), and adds that he would like to examine the section again in the light of wider experience.

A parting hint may be given to those readers who find science a bore. Let them read this book as some people read novels, beginning at the last chapter and then turning to the middle, for they will find the first two chapters the least interesting in the book.

J. R. C.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN THE ALPS, BEING A COLLECTION OF ENGLISH PROSE AND POETRY RELATING TO SWITZERLAND. Edited by *Arnold H. M. Lunn.* Oxford: Clarendon Press. 5/- net.

This book is a delightful addition to the climber's library. As indicated in the official description, it consists of a large number of selected passages from various authors—the prose extracts being the more numerous. Mr. Lunn is too independent an editor to make a fetish of his title. His book begins with the adventures of Hannibal and contains an extract from the writings of Hilaire Belloc, and he is too broadminded to be limited to one point of view. Side by

side with the most glowing passages of Edward Whymper and Leslie Stephen we find an article in which the aesthetic defects of the Alps are cited in support of the superior charm of the Eastern counties of England as a touring ground.

The feature of this book which will most strongly appeal to the mountaineering fraternity is the skill with which the editor has chosen his extracts from those works which are already familiar to his readers. To take Charles Donald Robertson's article on "Alpine Humour" from the *Alpine Club Journal*, to cut out the body of the article, and to print only the peroration, is to give them a fresh view of a gem of mountaineering literature which shines with greater brilliance when separated from its original setting.

J. R. C.

JOURNAL OF THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB. Vol. 2,  
No. 6. Edited by *W. T. Palmer*.

Once more we have to thank the Editor of the *Fell and Rock Journal* for a practical example of what a mountaineering journal may be. Whilst not confining itself so strictly to its own territory as the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal* does, it gives sufficient prominence to the Lake District to justify its origin, and, to our thinking, it is an improvement upon the *Alpine Journal* (if we may criticise such an august production) in so far as it sometimes descends—shall we say—to other aspects of the mountains than their inanimate features, and can talk about deerstalking and birdnesting, and can even, for which let us be grateful, encourage humour. From the photograph of Slingsby at the front (which might well be put in one's album) to the Pinnon sunset sketch at the rear, it is full of interest, not only for its diversified reading matter but for its excellent illustrations, and not least for its alluring account of that dinner with the ladies, which the writer has hoped each year to attend, but has always been unlucky enough to miss. However, better luck next time!

Were it not for the article on Scafell Pinnacle one would say the *Journal* is perfect. In our opinion, however, this is a serious blemish. Whilst fully appreciating the fact that the writers of the article are exceptionally competent men, we cannot help feeling that the distinction they make between difficulty and danger, though literally correct, is very finely drawn, and that it is time a serious protest was made against the tendency on the part of many first-class climbers to drift away from true mountaineering and towards mere risky acrobatics. "Best tackled alone . . . 140 feet of rope . . . no good belays (p. 301) . . . extremely risky owing to the unreliable character of the holds . . . large loose blocks which must be used as handholds (p. 300)" . . . On reading such phrases, not in a sensational halfpenny paper, but in the carefully written description of which these phrases form part, one cannot help asking—Is it worth it? is it justifiable? is it fair to the sport of climbing? The best men have fallen, and may fall, and is it not inviting accidents to attempt some of these feats? To put it quite plainly is it not rather foolhardiness than sport? We venture to ask the Editor whether he is right in admitting such an article to the *Journal*, an article which must, however carefully expressed, act as an incitement to less competent men to follow in the author's steps with, sooner or later, deplorable results. Rather would we suggest that his proper course, as a man of broad outlook and a well-known lover of the mountains and all that belongs to them, is to sound a note of discouragement even at the risk of offending here and there.

We are a little curious to know whether in using the two expressions "laal

bit of a rake" and "lile lad" Dr. Mason intends to make a distinction, or is it merely accidental? Does a Cumberland man say "laal" or "lile" indiscriminately, or does he use "laal" in connection with one class of words and "lile" with another, as "le" "la" "las" are used in French? For even a reviewer does not know everything. For instance, in following Lord Salisbury's advice to "study large-scale maps" with a view to localising Jostedalsbrae and Galdhøppingen (!)—see Mr. Gatty's article—the writer began at the top of the Norway map at Lofoten, but discovered them eventually towards the bottom, near Bergen.

Finally perhaps we may be excused for suggesting that a few more verses from Mrs. Ashley Abraham, especially if equal to "A Reverie" of a year or two ago, would be worth trying for.

H. E. S.

### YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS' CLUB JOURNAL. Vol. 3, No. 11.

Edited by *W. Auderton Brigg*.

The Y.R.C. begin this number of their *Journal* as they have done that of other years, by printing a speech delivered at their Annual Dinner. In this case it is by Mr. G. Winthrop Young, who proposed the toast of "The Club." Mr. Young devoted himself to denying the distinction sometimes made between true mountaineers and the "inferior class," "which cares only for the difficulty and danger of climbing;" and this he does with expected skill and some unexpected quotations. The remainder of the *Journal* is largely occupied by articles on cave exploration. There are four, one again on Gaping Ghyll and another on so distant a subject as Tar Cave of the Dragon, Majorca. It would seem that the cave explorers are the most energetic section of the Y.R.C. Of the other four main articles, two were read before the Club as papers, one by the Editor on "Old Tracks," and the other by Major Kitson Clark on "Authorized Guides," Mr. Claude Benson contributes an article on "The Helm Wind," and also a Club song. Local climbing is represented by Mr. W. H. Greenwood's "Climbing at Ilkley," which is illustrated by some useful photographs. The frontispiece is a very fine picture of Gaping Ghyll.

### CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL. New Series. No. 1.

It is late to notice this first number of the re-constituted *Climbers' Club Journal*, but it appeared just too late for our last issue. It is enough to say, however, that it is a large volume, well printed and illustrated, and is in every way a credit to the Editor and to the Club. The range of subjects is extraordinarily varied. Switzerland and Derbyshire, Sicily and North Wales, South Africa and Cumberland, Ireland, Northumberland and the Pyrenees, are all represented. There is an article on "Climbing Sea Cliffs," and one on "An Artist of Mountains, C. J. Holmes." In this case, however, the illustrations do not do justice to Mr. Holmes' work. The article on "The Twin's First Mountain" will be read with great interest by those who remember how "the twins" enlivened Gorphwysfa at Christmas, 1910.

### SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL. Nos. 67 to 69.

Edited by *F. S. Goggs*.

The S.M.C. *Journal* is composed of subjects the names of which no mere Englishman can pronounce, much less discuss. But it is more of a Club



*Journal* than other publications which go by that name. The "Half-Hours in the Club Library" is again a distinctive feature, and it is interesting to read the ideas regarding mountains held in 1796, in comparison with the articles which and follow.

THE ANNUAL OF THE MOUNTAIN CLUB OF SOUTH AFRICA.  
No. 15. 1912.

The *Mountain Club Annual*, which is published by the Capetown section, is again a large and varied number. There are numerous articles on South African climbs, but one so near home as "A Week in Skye," by Mr. G. T. Amphlett, "The Mountain Spirit," "The Wonders of the Mountain," "On Prowling Alone," are other titles, and the Geology and Botany of Table Mountain have an article each.

Throughout the whole the spirit of comradeship which is characteristic of mountain lovers is very evident. The lady members appear to be an energetic section of the Club, and, at least two of the articles in the current number are written by them. But, perhaps the most noticeable feature is the freshness of outlook shown by nearly all the writers. This is still possible in a country where everything is not mapped out and defined, and in which therefore the sport of climbing has not yet lost the romance of adventure. As one writer puts it: "Among the many advantages which the mountaineer enjoys in South Africa, is the fact that the sport is comparatively a new one, and, consequently, that it still retains the flavour of exploration and adventure," and his subsequent statement that there are numerous peaks of the first importance from 10,000 feet to 12,000 feet still unclimbed, awakens the envy of every English climber.

The *Annual* is perhaps somewhat overburdened with rules, reports and accounts, though the objects of the Club as set forth in the constitution are interesting. It would certainly be an improvement to have the Table of Contents more prominent and more legible.

---



# BURBERRY

## WEATHERPROOF CLIMBING KIT.

**BURBERRY OUTRIGS**, designed by experts and made in exclusive fabrics especially woven by Burberrys to withstand arduous wear, insure Mountaineers and Rock Climbers all the freedom, comfort and security essential to the full enjoyment of their pursuits.

**BURBERRY MATERIALS**, densely woven by Burberrys and impenetrable by cold winds, combine airylightness with great durability. Soft and flexible in texture, yet as hardwearing as leather, years of rough usage fail to effect their efficiency.

**PROTECTIVE POWERS** are further promoted by Burberry-proofing, which renders the cloths from core to surface antagonistic to rain, sleet, snow and all forms of damp; yet they ventilate naturally and conform to every hygienic demand.

**BURBERRY MODELS** are workmanlike in every detail. They confer absolute liberty of limb and muscle, and are indispensable to all ambitious to excel in mountain and cliff climbing.



*Illustrated Catalogue, and  
Patterns of Burberry Climbing  
Materials, post free on request.*

# BURBERRYS

## Haymarket, S.W., LONDON;

8 & 10 Boulevard Malesherbes, PARIS; and Provincial Agents.

CHARLES H. BARBER,

NEW & SECOND-HAND BOOKSELLER,

24 St. Ann Street,  
MANCHESTER.

---

*A large selection of Alpine Books*

IN STOCK

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

RARE BOOKS SOUGHT FOR.

---

Back numbers and current issues of the various Climbing Club Journals supplied

BEST PRICE GIVEN FOR ALPINE BOOKS.

CASH ON RECEIPT.

---

---

ARTHUR BEALE

(Late JOHN BUCKINGHAM)

194 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.,

IS THE ONLY MAKER OF THE CELEBRATED

ALPINE CLUB ROPE,

WHICH IS ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY EMPLOYED

By the **Leading Mountaineers** of the time. It is made of the Best Manilla Hemp, and the new Rope now being made, which from tests taken (Admiralty proof) is of a much greater breaking strain than formerly, is marked by 3 red worsted thread, one in the centre of each strand, to distinguish it from others on the market, and not one thread only in the centre of the Rope as heretofore (see the Report of the Special Committee on Ropes, etc., in Vol. I., No. 7, of the **Alpine Journal**). Each length is tied with Red Tape bearing my name.

**Beware of fraudulent imitations.**

*ARTHUR BEALE* (late John Buckingham),

194 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.

ICE AXES by English and Foreign Makers kept in Stock.

Rucksacks, Belts, Slings, &c. Price Lists on applications.

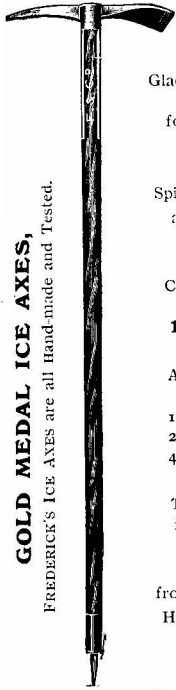
TELEPHONE: 953 Central.

# FREDERICK & Co.,

Complete Mountaineering Outfitters,

# County Arcade, LEEDS.

SHOW ROOM—FIRST FLOOR.



**GOLD MEDAL ICE AXES,**  
 FREDERICK'S ICE AXES are all Hand-made and Tested.

- Glacier Lantern  
folding  
for Pocket,  
**5/6**
- Spiral Puttees,  
all shades.  
**6/-**
- Compasses  
from  
**1/- to 15/-**
- Aluminium  
Cookers
- 1 Pint **12/6**
- 2 " **14/6**
- 4 " **16/6**
- Tobaggans  
from **17/6**

- SKIS  
from **30/-** pair.
- Huitfeldt and  
Elletsen  
Bindings.

- No. 1 Quality, **18/-**
- " 2 " **21/-**
- " 3 " **25/-**
- Cheaper Ice Axes  
at **16/-** and **17/-**
- The Only Perfect  
Climbing Glove,  
**3/9**  
per pair.

- ROPE LADDERS
- Frederick's  
Patent.
- 30ft. **16/-**
- 60ft. **32/-**
- Maximum  
Strength.
- Minimum  
Weight.



**The "BERNESE" - 12s. 6d.**  
 Frederick's Rucksacks are Waterproof and of the most serviceable pattern.

Cheap Rucksacks ..	3/6, 4/6	post, 3d.
Tourist .. .. .	7/6	.. 3d.
Large Tourist .. .. .	10/6	.. 3d.
Bernese .. .. .	12/6	.. 4d.
Guide .. .. .	16/-	.. 4d.

**Frederick's PATENT BOOTS.**



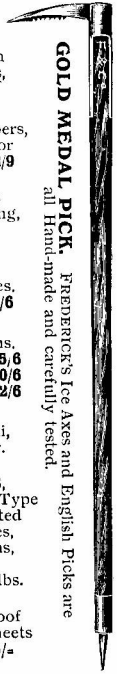
Special Nailing, **30s.** per pair guaranteed.  
 Other Mountaineering Boots from **18s. 6d.**

<b>Frederick's Special Green Strand Alpine Rope</b> .. .. .	60 ft.	80 ft.	100 ft.
	<b>10s. 6d.</b>	<b>13s. 6d.</b>	<b>16s. 6d.</b>
" <b>Red</b> .. .. .	60 ft.	80 ft.	100 ft.
" .. .. .	<b>8s. 9d.</b>	<b>10s. 9d.</b>	<b>12s. 6d.</b>

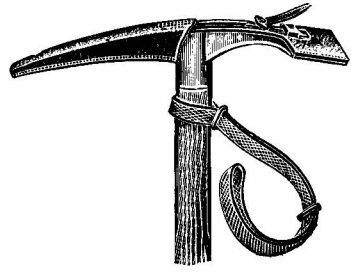
From a recent test, F. & Co.'s Ropes were proved to be the strongest for Climbing purposes.

- Woolen  
Helmets,  
**2/9**
- Light Slippers,  
folding for  
Pocket, **2/9**
- Sandals  
for Wading,  
**3/9**
- Snow  
Spectacles,  
**1/- and 1/6**
- Crampons,  
4 spike **5/6**
- 8 " **10/6**
- 10 " **12/6**
- Scarpetti,  
**6/9** pair.
- TENTS,  
Mummy Type  
with Jointed  
Ash Poles,  
2 Persons,  
**50/-**  
weight 8-lbs.
- Waterproof  
Ground Sheets  
from **15/-**

**GOLD MEDAL PICK.** Frederick's Ice Axes and English Picks are all Hand-made and carefully tested.

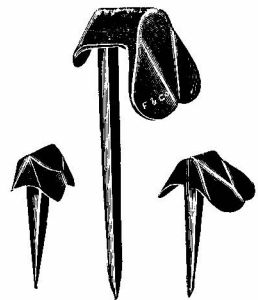


- ENGLISH PICK,  
**15/6**
- ALPENSTOCKS,  
**2/6, 3/6 and 4/6**
- HAND STOCKS  
from  
**2/- to 4/6**
- Oak, Cherry or Hazel



- Hemp Ice Axe Sling, **9d.**
- Ice Axe Cases, Leather, **2/6**
- Combination Knife,  
Tin Opener and Corkscrew, **2/-**

A large Variety Swiss Nails and Studs always in stock.  
 Customers' Own Boots carefully nailed, **5/-** per pair.



Illustrated Catalogue free on application, containing list of everything the Mountaineer, Cave Explorer, or Camper may require

**MOTTO: Only the best is good enough for the Mountaineer.**

---

---

# S. R. YARWOOD

(Successor to the late J. Anton Stoop)

Supplies

## Rucksacks, Ice Axes, Swiss Nails, Skis and all Accessories,

Aluminium Cooking Utensils,

Folding Lanterns, Flasks, Woollen Helmets,

Spiral Puttees, Gloves, Crampons, Climbing Ropes, etc.

---

BEALÉ'S NEW ALPINE CLUB ROPE STOCKED.

---

Lowest prices in England. All goods best material and workmanship.

PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION.

---

---

For all Climbing, Walking, and Ski-ing Requisites, write

S. R. Yarwood, 96 Clarendon Road,  
WHALLEY RANGE, MANCHESTER.

---

---

# J. CREARY,

*HIGH-CLASS BESPOKE BOOTMAKER*

---

Shooting, Fishing, Golf, Riding and Coachmen's  
Boots made to order.

Boots Nailed from **3/6**. Lap-over nails, extra.

Boots Made and Nailed from **28/-**

NOTE.—A special pair of Lasts kept for each customer **without extra charge.**

---

ONLY ADDRESS:—

158 Moss Lane East, Manchester.

---

---

## WASTWATER HOTEL

ALSO

ROWHEAD TEMPERANCE HOTEL,  
WASDALE HEAD, CUMBERLAND.

---

THE above Hotels are charmingly situated at the head of Wastwater Lake, which is the chief centre of Cumberland climbing—the Pillar Rock, Great Gable, Great End, Scawfell, and the Pikes all being within an easy walk.

The arrangements of the Hotels have been made specially to suit the requirements of Climbers and Tourists.

A First-class Dauphiné Guide and Climber has been engaged, who will conduct climbers on the various climbs and traverses in the district at a moderate charge.

### **SMOKE AND BILLIARD ROOMS.**

---

Conveyances can be sent to Seascale Station to meet Visitors if so desired.

---

Terms on  
Application.

J. RITSON WHITING,

Letters via Gosforth,  
Cumberland.

PROPRIETOR.

# JAMES S. CARTER,

The Alpine Bootmaker,

16 SOUTH MOLTON STREET (FIRST FLOOR),  
LONDON, W.

Nailed in this  
Style.



£2 - 7 - 6

Sleeping Tents.  
Sleeping Bags.  
Rucksacks.  
Puttees.



Nailed in this  
Style.



£2 - 2 - 0

Woollen Gloves.  
Woollen Anklets.  
Tinted Spectacles.  
Knives, &c., &c.

J. S. CARTER'S CELEBRATED  
CLIMBING BOOTS.



Tobogganing, Skating, and Norwegian-pattern  
Ski-ing Boots a Specialite.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.









