

THE CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

Edited by E. RAYMOND TURNER.

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THE CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

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ENGLISH CLIMBING.

CONSIDERED MAINLY FROM AN ALPINE STANDPOINT.

By OWEN GLYNNE JONES.

A GOOD series of Cumberland climbing photographs were lately at the Schwarzsee, and under the shadow of the noble old Matterhorn, a party of German cragsmen were ridiculing the idea that anything good in their line of sport could be found in England. Whereupon a patriot rose and brought them the photographs. "Ach Gott! these men are terrible, they attempt the impossible!" and they, with strenuous verbal effort, decided that Englishmen at home must be madder than when abroad. Nevertheless, the method of our madness interested them not a little, and they were at any rate convinced that we were not without our training-ground for heavier work in the Alps—our *polytechnik*—where correct principles could be learnt and inwardly digested by the aid of suitable practice.

We cannot ignore the fact that our polytechnic is small and incomplete. Ten years ago, our athletes were few, and the Cumberland fells were large enough for all. But with this terribly rapid growth of the "tooth-and-nail" industry, there has arisen the corresponding demand for technical training in that special subject, and we find that additional space is required for the use of fresh students of mountaineering, and new work of an advanced character for those who have graduated in the ordinary courses. So far as the English school is concerned, we must be prepared to admit without much qualification that there is no more room, and that there are not many problems remaining unsolved.

When these zealous students gather together on high days and holidays, the hotels are crowded and the outhouses filled to overflowing. The popular gullies are thronged with visitors. It becomes almost necessary to issue numbered tickets to the waiting throng at

the foot of the Gable Needle. Orders for the ascent of Kern Knotts may be received two days in advance; this is a fact in my own experience. In ascending Deep Ghyll, parties are expected to adhere strictly to the rule of the road for the convenience of the general public. An unexpected jamming in a tight chimney stops the traffic several yards away; and, as in our London streets when a similar suspension of traffic occurs, there is a general discharge of expletives along the impatient line, and a hoarse cry of "igher up, there!"

But spite of all this, the work goes on merrily enough, and I daresay it loses little in efficiency. Apart from the orthodox holiday seasons—such as Easter and Whitsuntide—there are times when single parties can have the fells to themselves. They are available practically the whole year round; they are rarely barred for long by adverse conditions of ice, snow, or general bad weather; and for tyro or expert alike they supply all that is needful for a thorough relaxation of his work-a-day strain, and a complete recuperation of his physical strength.

It would be beside the mark to dwell on the possibilities of the future in the direction of the removal of those disadvantages under which climbers in England may now be said to labour. No doubt accelerated train services to the north may be expected before long to take us in a reasonable time to the unexplored mountain recesses of bonnie Scotland, which, if we accept the utterances of our northern neighbours, offers plenty of magnificent exploratory work for generations to come; though for the present, we in the south feel that the expense of time and money had better be incurred in carrying us to Switzerland instead. Leaving that question altogether, it may be reasonably contended that we have quite as much as is good for us in our own country. Those who can fairly claim to have exhausted English climbing—if there are any such—are not in the least likely to be contented with a whole England full of dolomitic or granite crags, and are bound to take opportunity to try conclusions with the hardest problems abroad. These men are beyond the schools; they have taken their education into their own hands, and we can only look on and admire—or deplore. He who must ever be bent on achieving something new is not to be envied. Mummery used to hold that that which gave the acutest pleasure in a climb was the element of uncertainty; and writing without reference to the particular passage in his noble book, I believe he claims that it was only in fresh exploration that he could get a thoroughly satisfying amount of this uncertainty. This, with all deference, is a little too much. It may for a first-class mountaineer detract something from his pleasure to feel that he is certain to get up because someone else has already managed the ascent before him; but

for most of us there are glorious uncertainties in plenty on routes not altogether new, and even when convinced of our ultimate success, we can get our fill of pleasure from other elements in the day's sport, the variety of which Mummery himself was most emphatic in describing.

It was as good as a day's scrambling to meet our president recently at Chamonix, on his arrival one afternoon from Courmayeur by way of Mont Blanc. He had been up goodness knows how many times—I am ashamed for not knowing the exact number—and his enjoyment was as great as ever. He was none the less a true mountaineer for revelling in the expedition, or for neglecting to think of the hundreds who had been up there before him, and of the grand uncertainties of the game. He obtained his day's exhilarating exercise, his fresh views of familiar old peaks, his recollections of former climbs and probably his anticipations of future ones. Then in the evening he entertained us with talk of past days at Penygwryd, where year after year the same party used to assemble at Christmastide and have a rare good time. They did the same climbs again and again—they and the weather supplied the variety—and for over twenty years the place was big enough for their pleasure. Let us therefore make up our minds that England will do for ours.

The note of warning is even now sounded for us. Since penning the last sentence news comes from the Tyrol of the death of Mr. L. Norman-Neruda, one of the most skilful and daring of the modern school of rock climbers. His was the first ascent of the Fünffingerspitze by the north side, a climb that he characterized as the hardest he had ever attempted. Since that time he has explored that particular peak as no other amateur has done, and many of us may recall with interest his well-written and well-illustrated article that appeared three years ago in the *Zeitschrift*, on the Fünffingerspitze *als Typus eines Modeberges*—as the type of a fashionable rock climb—fashionable because of its extreme difficulty. With a daring that few would care to emulate he climbed his favourite peak entirely alone, by all its routes in the same day. Familiarity did not breed contempt perhaps, but neither did it ensure a certainty of success, for it was on the south route up this same Fünffingerspitze that the accident happened which caused his death. With all our fondness for familiar climbs, let us therefore relax in no wise that caution which their difficulties demand of us. It is by no means paradoxical to assert that the more seriously we take to our work, the more we shall be able to rejoice in it.

On the threshold of a new departure, we first members of the English Climbers' Club have good reason to pause and contemplate our responsibilities. The formation of a club, if it does not mean a

pledge to justify our pursuit to the outer world, at any rate implies a conviction in us that adverse critics could be silenced with fuller knowledge of what we risk and what we gain. The outer world have every right to enquire into the cause of misadventure that happens to us, every right to blame severely those whose folly or negligence has taken bad luck by the hand and courted disaster. We may be too proud or too indifferent to answer their adverse judgments, but it is well-nigh impossible for even an inveterate climber to remain entirely unaffected by the opinions of his friends and relatives. The experience of the Alpine Club is at our disposal; its champions in dialectic are fortunately ours of necessity, and it remains to act up to our convictions and theirs. Accidents to novices will always set the world barking at our heels; accidents to our tried mountaineers, rare though they must assuredly be, turn our best arguments against us.

All this moralising is very well, but it is not exactly what the editor required of me. He has let me take the lead in a new climb, and under the pretence of prospecting, I have run out on an unconscionable length of rope before beginning the actual business of the day. And yet here again is a sign of the times; our climbing literature as well as our districts are becoming exhausted. The usual narration of a modern mountaineering achievement suggests an aimless circling round and round in aerial flight, with an apparent forgetfulness of time and object, and then a sudden pounce on the unfortunate little, half-hidden *motif*. It is kept out of sight in the preliminary pages, and then bolted in a paragraph. The veterans with axe and pen are a little hard on all this. They actually expect us to please them, as much as they please us! They have used up all the little climbing jokes; they bar our reference to the pleasures and penalties of nights out, to damp or otherwise unrestful beds, to the matchless excellences of our leaders, to the glories of Alpine sunrises and sunsets, to every type of incident that used to supply them with so much copy. They were frequently inaccurate in matters of climbing detail, probably deeming accuracy incompatible with artistic treatment of their subject. Yet they laugh at our "times," and profess to despise the details that are now-a-days so fully and generously offered them. No wonder the sensitive scribe is tempted to compact his matter into the smallest possible space, and write on other subjects for the rest of his article. We may well envy the pioneers their opportunities, but at the same time we may console ourselves with the reflection that they did much for us. It would be unbecoming to appear thankless. Any more information on English climbing they perhaps think it is impossible to supply, now that nearly every gully and ridge and pinnacle has been written up *in extenso*. It was a fine sarcasm in a recent paper before

the Alpine Club that permeated the allusion to our luckless literary efforts. The author could not, or would not, remember the details of his own climbing expedition, and amusingly contrasted it with the accounts of ascents in England or Wales, or the Coolins of Skye, where it was deemed necessary to know, on starting out from the hotel, which foot to put foremost, and where detail was so elaborate that a stonefall in a gully might call for a new edition. But this same author, in the rôle of scientific exponent of the principles of mountaineering, also studies the subject with microscopic minuteness. His directions to the would-be climber are innumerable. There may be thirty-seven things for an oarsman to think about in each stroke, but a cragsman has a thousand and one. Nor are these directions supplied with examples. We read in his instructive pages of the various aids to stability: how to place our hands, our feet, and the other portions of our anatomy that can be temporarily used as limbs; but we do not know where we are. We have to imagine the situations, or draw on our past experiences. Only those with a past can appreciate the ingenious analysis; those without must wait.

To write realistically about rock climbing is one of the hardest things in the world; and to understand what the writer is striving to explain, when he is narrating the overcoming or circumvention of difficulties, is often almost impossible even with the work of the most gifted authors. Perhaps one of the most explicit, and at the same time, most enjoyable narratives of the kind ever written, is Mummery's chapter on the Grépon, but until the reader has traversed this peak, he will never realize the description sufficiently well to understand the nature of its general design, and of its chief difficulties. This journal must be persuaded to tolerate it, but incomprehensible to all but Cumberland climbers will be the following account of a famous foreign rock climb, illustrated by references to similar passages in our own district.

It was my great pleasure to be taken across the Dent du Requin last August. Its preliminaries were of the ordinary character—easy glacier for two hours, intermittent steep moraine and ice for an hour, much-crevassed glacier for an hour. Then the rock-work began with an hour of the easy parts of the Ennerdale face of Great Gable, minus all vestiges of grass or other vegetation. All members of the party could move together, even when the scrambling was varied by the passage of the Slab-and-Notch Route. This brought us to a shoulder on the main east ridge of the mountain, and in a situation such as the top of the first part of the West Climb on the Pillar Rock, we sat and lunched, and examined the remaining work before us. The highest point was about a hundred and fifty feet above our heads, separated off by a wide

and very Savage Gully that descended steeply 1,500 feet to the glacier below. The ridge on which we were seated curved up on our left, like the upper portion of the Needle Ridge, and fifty feet above us it wound across directly towards the final tower, like the horizontal ridge finish of the Shamrock Chimney.

The first party to reach the summit of the Requin descended 400 feet of the Savage Gully, and, bearing across to more broken ground on the other side of the peak, they forced a route up the north face. Our own party adopted a course that involved no long descent. Looking across at the final tower, we could see that it was seamed by a vertical chimney starting from the level of the Shamrock ridge on our left, and extending upwards for 100 feet to an elevated notch on the left side of the tower, close to the highest point. This chimney, an erected "Oblique" Chimney, was divided into two equal portions, of which perhaps only the upper half could be climbed without a fixed rope. At any rate, the lower part had been occasionally attempted, but never achieved. Our route followed the ridge up to the great tower, and skirted the foot of the Oblique Chimney by an easy hand traverse. It then descended the Savage Gully by a crack thirty feet long, to a small resting-place for three, such as that below the pinnacle on the Keswick Brothers' Climb. Thence a Pendlebury Traverse led across nearly to the other side of the Savage Gully, and a steep but easy first pitch of the *A Pike's Crag* Gully brought us to a secondary buttress that marked the limit of our traversing. Then a succession of chimneys and ledges gradually turning the tower, brought us to the elevated notch at the head of the Oblique Chimney. It must suffice to say that the series started with the outside route up the Needle, a rather wide Doctor's Chimney, and the direct finish of the great Ennerdale Gully on Gable Crag. Nothing harder was encountered. From the notch there remained a few feet of easy cleft, and a finish up the Y-boulder of Mosedale. The ascent from our breakfasting-place, and the return by means of a doubled rope twice used in the Oblique Chimney, occupied only two hours exclusive of halts—quite a Cumberland time. We had left the hotel at 2 a.m. (unusual for Wastdale!) and were back again at 3.30 p.m. Another party on the mountain, unaccustomed to these importations of English ascents into French territory, decided somewhat early in the day to give up the Requin, and left it to us.

Though the few guides who have climbed the Requin are asking for it a tariff of 300 francs, it does not demand greater skill or strength in its individual pitches, separately considered, than are needed in the English climbs enumerated in the above description. Some may ask why was it that the first party, all men of the highest attainments in mountaineering, took 20 hours from bivouac to summit and back?

The answer is simple: they were tired after the long journey out from England, they had to design a route up, and they had the experiences of but a few previous explorers on the mountain. Their second ascent would have been accomplished in half the time; its narration would not have been half so thrilling. Dr. Clinton Dent, in reviewing Mummery's book for the *Alpine Journal*, remarked that such climbs as the Dent du Requin and the "crack" on the Grépon are impossible for men who have not been schooled in the ways of guides of the stamp of Alexander Burgener. We can sympathise with his strong partisanship for the guide that led him ultimately to victory in that long-protracted struggle with the almost unconquerable Grand Dru, but we do not altogether agree with his remark. He should be persuaded to join our club, and take part in some of our guideless meets; for the particular *tours de force* that he quotes, he might learn that a training-school nearer home can be found where no Burgeners are wanted.

While thus running counter to the well-known opinion of an expert, let me venture even a step further. Everybody knows of the Aiguille du Géant, and of the fixed ropes all the way up the interesting finish. Also most climbers will remember that Mr. Leslie Stephen, examining it from Mont Mallet in 1871, remarked that nobody would ever climb it by fair means. So far, indeed, he is right, in that various engineering methods were employed by the first party to mount it, and all succeeding visitors have benefited by the ropes and stanchions they left behind. Yet I am convinced that a party of two men could climb the Aiguille without these aids. The lower crack on the Burgener platten, usually reckoned the stiffest piece on the rock, is less difficult than the direct ascent to the Slingsby Chimney on Scawfell Pinnacle, from the first pitch in Deep Ghyll. The slightly overhanging chimney on the main ridge above the platten, taken by two men, is equalled in severity by many a short English pitch. The higher pinnacle of Robin Hood's Stride in Derbyshire is a match for it.

We must bear in mind in making these comparisons that a climber can reach the hard cragwork of our country in a brief time from his starting-point, and without initial fatigue he can start on the severest work of the day; whereas abroad, it is the usual thing to spend a restless night and several hours of tiring, monotonous grind before the real troubles begin. Such a handicap as this would, with the average man, put many English climbs out of the question. The accident to Mr. Alfred Evans on Snowdon, ten years ago, is generally attributed to the fatigue consequent on his climbing for a few hours before starting the ascent of Lliwedd, on which the slip occurred. A weak or untrained individual in Switzerland cannot even reach the crux of a

long expedition. Everything is magnified out there; preliminaries may last half a day or more, and the *mauvais quart d'heure* in which the climber's technical skill is taxed to the utmost may last two or three hours! Hence it is that endurance is frequently of more importance than skill, and the foolishness of comparing the Gable Needle with the Aguille du Géant as a climb is manifest. . . . So we must tolerate the scornful contempt of the first-rate guides for the difficult problems on the Shoehorn boulder at Zermatt—which, maybe, they cannot solve for themselves—in humble consideration of what they can do in the way of practical gymnastics after twelve hours of the severe trials of leadership. Of a truth many of our most prized little climbs in Cumberland are but slightly better than boulder problems. Taken singly, they cannot be reckoned for much Alpine practice, nor can our ability to surmount them justify us in assuming airs of superiority over men of general elementary experience abroad.

Always recognising these limitations, it is precisely because the English work is shorter, but at the same time, pitch for pitch, equally difficult, that we should value our home mountaineering. The grouping of the crags is so excellent that our much-enduring wanderers can always put in more exercise, if a single gully or ridge is found to have absorbed too little of their available energy. It generally suffices for them. The Cambrian or Cumbrian air is magnificent, but there is some further fine quality in the atmosphere of the great Alps, which makes a Swiss climbing day of fourteen hours about as easy to undertake as an eight-hours' day on the fells. The labour involved in a walk down Wastdale, an ascent of one of the Screes gullies, and a return along the ridge and home by Burnmoor, is as much as we are usually willing to incur in a day. The responsibilities of leadership for a man accustomed to professional guidance add a few hours to the effective length of his course, and no amount of experience as leader should diminish the extra effort that his position demands.

Sometimes a series of "events" are run through with great rapidity. One fine afternoon in April, a party of three men, all well acquainted with the rocks, and in perfect form, rattled up the Eagle's Nest Ridge by the ordinary route, down the Arrowhead, up the Needle Ridge, and down the Needle Gully; the whole set taking but an hour and three-quarters. This is very fast going, and more careful parties would prefer to take twice as long. Yet it shows how the crags shrink under practised and daring hands. The same thing, of course, occurs abroad, and induces us occasionally to believe that the great Swiss climbs are a bagatelle. The irreducible minimum of time for the Grépon was almost touched lately by a party threatened with a lightning storm all the while they were on the rocks. They were only 10½

hours out from the Montanvert, and less than half of this time was spent in crag climbing! It is no unusual thing for ten hours to be so spent. To judge the work on the Grépon by the minimum would be to estimate it as a moderately severe Cumberland day; whereas the effort involved in the traverse is quite as much as that in the ascent twice over of all the Napes ridges. Further comparisons, rough though they may be, will perhaps prove interesting. We will take the longer English climbs and the shorter Swiss ones, estimating their relation chiefly by the times taken by the same individual. The Pillar Rock by the North Climb gives about as much rock work as the Portengrat traverse, the Zinal ridge of the Rothhorn, or the Wandfluh ridge of the Dent Blanche. The passage from the Dom to the Täschhorn in the most perfect state of the ridge, when the time spent in step-cutting and in careful negotiation of cornices is almost negligible, is as a descent of Gable by way of the Westmorland Crags and the Needle Ridge, and a subsequent ascent of the Ennerdale face by the traverse and the Bottle-shaped Pinnacle ridge. Some of the Chamoniix aiguilles offer little but snow and ice. The Aiguille du Plan gives no more rock on the ordinary route than we find on the Penrith climb of Scawfell, and the Aiguille du Midi rocks are matched in time and quality by those from the Low Man to the summit of the Pillar. The Blaitière, if free from ice, is equal to the West Pillar route, up to the snow *col*; and its last part has an approximate equivalent in the ascent of the Scawfell Pisgah from the Rake's Progress by the new climb from the Tennis Court. The Little Dru—ah, well, it is the finest climb out there; splendid quality of work, and plenty of it. I think rather too well of the rocks of the Little Dru to build it up of bits of England, but half a dozen of our best and longest courses on end would scarcely match it. Many readers with experience of the Alpine peaks will be inclined to take exception to these comparisons. But it must be remembered that no attempt is here made to describe the greater climbs by home analogies; we are only discussing the relative amounts and quality of rock exercise involved in the parallel cases. It is an infliction to be possessed of an acute recollection of their details when making these analogies, for the variety is infinite, and no two pitches are alike in the wide world. Those who have not climbed in the Alps will more readily pardon deficiencies. The comparisons are certainly made chiefly for their interest. They read of great doings abroad, and are at a loss to connect up with their own experiences at home.

The opportunities of fresh exploration in England are nearly exhausted; that fact we were sadly compelled to admit at the outset. But new work of considerable interest is continually being done, and will go on for a few years to come. Routes unexceptionable in both

quality and safety are found for us in the most unexpected quarters. Who would have thought, at the time of the first ascent of Moss Ghyll, that the great cliff between that magnificent gully and the Mickledore, could have offered two such splendid climbs as those named after Dr. Collier and the Keswick brothers? It is true that the former route was tabooed by the careful for some years after the first ascent, as being both difficult and dangerous. But it has lately been shown that its initial thirty feet—the only doubtful portion—can be safely negotiated with a looped rope, or still more safely turned on the right. Nobody can take exception to the second of the above pair, which, with care and moderate skill, is as reliable a route as any to be found on Scawfell. Then again the gully in Borrowdale that yielded to the attack of Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby's party last year, was a surprise to nearly everybody, even to those whose wandering gaze had occasionally rested on the dark vertical line that divides Blea Crag so suggestively. We have in the Alps the Adlerjoch, named in remembrance of the eagle's wing picked up there by the first party; the Col de l'Abeille, from the "vagrant bee perplexed" that tried to cross the pass, and, halting on the snow, became a victim to frost-bite, and all but succumbed to the intense cold; the Col des Hirondelles, from the poor dead swallows that Leslie Stephen came too late to save. But here in Borrowdale Mr. Slingsby strikes a new departure. He has aptly christened his climb "Mouse Ghyll," for he passed a veritable *ridiculus mus* clearing the great pitch at a single leap. Apparently it suffered no harm, but it must have ached next day, and one hopes that it will live long enough to learn of the honour bestowed upon it for making the first recorded descent of the Blea Crag gully. From all accounts the Ghyll must have points of decided merit. Its position is very convenient for sojourners at Rosthwaite or Seatoller, and there is a most attractive outlook from its crest. Moreover, a variation at the finish offers a "crack" climb comparable with those on Kern Knotts. Less interesting as a whole, but well worth a visit from Keswick or Grasmere, is the Black Crag that yielded to the assault of Messrs. Abraham's party. The route is up a steep and forbidding-looking chimney, out of sight from the main road from Keswick to Wythburn. There is some trouble with bad rock, but the great pitch is sufficiently difficult to tempt the most experienced and enterprising.

Passing over to Coniston, we may truly endorse Mr. Haskett Smith's opinion of Doe Crag—that the climbing here is second to none in the district. Not only are there five splendid gullies, all of which have now been proved surmountable, but it is almost a certainty that each of the separating ridges will offer a route to the crest of the great precipice. In a previous article on Doe Crag, I have referred to

five gullies. These, viewed from Goatswater, and taken left to right, were named: The Easy Gully, Great Gully, Central Chimney, Intermediate Gully, and the North Gully. Since writing the article, a visit to the spot has shown the existence of a magnificent cleft between the Intermediate and the North Gullies. As the two ascents already made of this cleft were accomplished on Easter Day (1895 and 1898), we may christen it the Easter Gully. There are thus six gullies in all, but the first is devoid of interest after the others. It was probably the North Gully that Messrs. Robinson and Haskett Smith visited in 1886. The Great Gully was climbed in 1888 by Messrs. Hastings, Haskett Smith, and E. Hopkinson. On Easter Day, 1895, the Intermediate Gully was successfully tackled by Messrs. Campbell, Edward, Albert, and J. H. Hopkinson; the "Easter" Gully by Messrs. Otto Koecher and Charles Hopkinson; a third party took the North Gully again, and above the chief difficulty, they managed to traverse into the upper portion of the Easter Gully. Two years later, in April 1897, Mr. Godfrey Ellis and I made the first ascent of the Central Chimney, under the impression that it was one of the 1895 climbs. Finally, at Easter 1898, Mr. W. J. Williams and I, still puzzled with cases of mistaken identity, resolved to take the whole set, and make notes of their many details. Our plan was fairly well worked out, but in the Easter Gully, we made a new route up the great pitch, instead of taking it in a straightforward manner. This move was forced upon us by reason of the heavy rain.

The Intermediate and the North Gullies went fairly well, though we thought both were severe. I was certainly wrong in calling the latter easy in my published account, and Mr. Robinson lost no time in rising to uphold the honour of his 1886 climb. The former is far more troublesome. It may conceivably be taken direct over every pitch; but it is safer, drier, and more expeditious to turn the two worst constrictions of the long cleft by traversing out to the right, as the first party did. The extreme slenderness of the whole gully for three hundred feet, and its uniform steepness, are sufficient to sustain the interest until the upper screes are reached. Even then the scrambling is not finished, but it becomes possible for the members of the party to advance simultaneously to the highest point of Doe Crag.

The Easter Gully was quite out of the question so far as the direct route was concerned, for water was streaming down the vertical chimney in great quantity. The holds are too small to be safely employed when wet. Messrs. Brett and Garrett made a determined attempt on this chimney a year before, but they were not quite sure whether it was the place to which I had directed their attention, and conditions were unfavourable. We were quite willing at the first

glance to take it for granted that the chimney would go, without risking our limbs to prove the point. But a secondary chimney on the left of the other, reached after the great boulder near the bottom had been passed, was quite dry and feasible. It certainly took us in the wrong direction, but we ventured to start in it on the chance of finding some means of rejoining the main route higher up. Where our cleft became dangerous by reason of the great spikes of rock that formed a *chevaux de frise* to block our passage, we deflected off to the right, and with infinite trouble succeeded in clambering up the wall to a grass platform that dominated the first 80 feet of the direct chimney. Even then we could not manage the remaining 15 feet of waterfall on the main route, but were compelled to stride across to a minute ledge on the other side, traverse a few yards outwards in a horribly exposed situation, and then, by following the ridge, raise ourselves to the level of the top of the chimney. The difficulties of this passage impressed us deeply; though for this, the cold and wet rocks, the intermittent rain, and the swirling mist around us, were largely responsible. Above the chimney the gully divided, each branch giving excellent work till the short scree near the summit-ridge was attained. A cairn now marks the head of the Easter Gully.

The descent of the Great Gully makes a convenient finish of a moderately easy kind, after the severe labour of an ascent by the Central Chimney, the Intermediate, or the Easter Gully. But the loose stones are rather unpleasant, and the route is becoming hackneyed. It is much more interesting to descend by the North Gully. There is a considerable amount of scree at the commencement of the downward course—perhaps 150 feet—and then a ledge or two is passed before we arrive at the level of the highest of the three great stones that together make the chief pitch. Working steadily downwards to the right, there follows some amusing crawling round a corner into a low-roofed cavern, where a suitable spike may be found for a doubled rope to steady the last man down the next twenty feet of wall-climbing. Below this the gully is steep but easy, resembling the lower part of the Pavey Ark Great Gully.

It is to be hoped that before long good account can be rendered of the Doe Crag ridges. For the present let us turn to that favoured spot, the Scawfell face. Some eighteen months ago Messrs. George and Ashley Abraham suggested to me that the ridge between Moss Ghyll and Steep Ghyll should be made to supply a route to Pisgah from the Tennis Court Ledge. We were able during the fine weather of last April to try conclusions with the ridge. Examination of the great buttress in question, from the north side of the Pinnacle, showed a well-broken portion at the level of the head of the Slingsby



DOW CRAGS.

*From a photo. by G. P. ABRAHAM,
KESWICK.*

Chimney, up to which we were fairly confident of forcing a way from Moss Ghyll. But from that point the ridge was uncompromisingly vertical, and for forty feet the route was questionable. Operations began on the Tennis Court, with an awkward crack at its furthest corner, which called for combined operations on the part of all three. Twelve feet higher a second ledge was reached, scarcely big enough for a Fives' Court. Then a steep chimney led in thirty feet directly to the ridge. Just before reaching it, a tempting byeway to the left drew the leader away from the true course, but the fearful quivering of a huge block that barred his way drove him back. This was exceedingly fortunate, for the chimney ascent with which he would have presently been involved, was of a dangerous character. When the three of us were well placed on the sharp edge of the buttress, a council of war was held. A movement to the right would have exposed us to the critical suggestions of another party on the Low Man, and would have been very hard. The rocks in front were vertical and unreliable. Those on the left were not altogether firm, but were no worse than those we had already encountered. Taking to these, the leader worked cautiously round, and before the others moved onwards, he reached a spot on the ridge where all real difficulty terminated. All arrived there, we unroped, and taking the remaining rocks in a go-as-you-please style, we hurried off in search of our respective cameras, which had been left below by reason of their supposed inexperience.

On the same day another suggestion was carried out that had been made to me long before by Dr. Collier. This was to climb Scawfell Pinnacle from the foot of Professor's Chimney. The first part overhung considerably, and the footholds—such as they were—sloped the wrong way. But the rocks were dry and warm, in the best possible condition, and finger tips could find an abundance of encouraging little roughnesses on the slabs. Scarcely two minutes of uncertainty, and the route was assured. An upward traverse to the left, away from the forbidding buttress that figures so prominently in the best views of the pinnacle, led to a slight chimney that conducted me easily to the Low Man ridge in ten minutes from Deep Ghyll. An equal interval sufficed to allow a traverse of the pinnacle, and a descent by the Professor's Chimney to the starting-point.

Finally, let me mention that apart from the Deep Ghyll routes up Scawfell Pinnacle, there is now a soul-satisfying climb on to the Low Man, from the Lord's Rake, that does not touch Steep Ghyll. It was climbed one evening in May, 1898, by Mr. G. T. Walker and myself. The problem before us was not new—that of reaching Slingsby's Chimney from below by the Deep Ghyll ridge. We struck this at its base by the Deep Ghyll first pitch, and followed it till it began to

overhang. This took us up about 100 feet. Then we bore up to the left, by a movement wonderfully similar to that described in the preceding paragraph. Twice the leader ran out fifty feet before the second could follow in safety. At last, after a good deal of open traverse over steeply-sloping rocks, we reached a flat-floored recess that I recognised. It was roofed by the great block fifty feet high, from the top of which starts the awkward step up to the foot of Slingsby's Chimney. Our cave might possibly be reached from below by a long gully in the face, instead of our ridge and traverse. The latter was certainly difficult. We used stockinged feet as an improvised substitute for *kletterschuhe*, and found the roughness of the outward-sloping slabs charmingly adapted to our needs. From the cave we had to twist ourselves out at the right-hand top corner, and manœuvre on to a narrow ledge. This was just good enough for the toes, and had to be traversed to the right without handhold of any sort. In ten feet we reached the Low Man wall, and entered the cleft that separates off the great block. A few yards of chimney climbing, with our precious boots tied round our necks, and the ordinary "outside" route up the pinnacle was joined. There ended our little exploration, and we were glad to hurry home.

Messrs. Reade and McCulloch have lately climbed the West Jordan gully on the Pillar, and Mr. John Robinson writes to say that there is another fine route now open on Scawfell! In former times, one new, good climb per annum, was all they expected; now we claim much more. This almost monthly record of new expeditions is surely a sign of anything but exhaustion, and we live in hope that it will last.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED IN CLIMBING ACCIDENTS.

By E. C. DANIEL.

INJURIES in climbing accidents are caused in two ways—

1. By falls.
2. By falling bodies.

The nature of the injuries received differs in no way from injuries received in the ordinary walks of life.

We will deal with injuries in the following order, beginning with the least serious:—

1. Contusions and cuts.
2. Sprains and fractures, and dislocations.
3. Internal injuries.

And at the end of the article will be found a few words on the subject of frost-bite.

It is, I am afraid, impossible to give illustrations, which would materially assist in making clear some of the methods of applying splints and bandages, so I have to rely on description. For those of my readers who wish for a clearer insight and knowledge of the subject, I should recommend the reading of a small book published by the St. John Ambulance Association, entitled "First Aid to the Injured,"* which is well and clearly illustrated.

CONTUSIONS OR BRUISES,

as a rule, require no treatment: if at all severe, hot fomentations will relieve pain; should the pain be intense and throbbing, the injured part should be raised and kept at rest—*e.g.*, the arm carried in a sling, or the leg kept at rest on a couch or chair, while hot applications are persevered with.

The after effects—stiffness—may be relieved by rubbing with one of the numerous forms of embrocation.

* To be obtained at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell¹¹, London, E.C. Price 1s.

CUTS.

The danger of a cut lies in the possibility of a poison getting into the wound and causing blood poisoning, or of some blood vessel being injured and causing serious hæmorrhage or bleeding.

To prevent the wound being poisoned, it should be thoroughly cleansed with pure water (water such as is found in mountain streams is sufficiently pure for this purpose, but if the accident has happened in the neighbourhood of human habitations, where the water may be contaminated from a variety of causes, the water should be boiled before being applied to an open wound). The wound, having been cleaned, should be covered with a piece of clean dry linen or other dressing to exclude dirt and micro-organisms, which are the cause of blood poisoning.

The essentials are to clean and keep clean.

HÆMORRHAGE OR BLEEDING

is described as arterial, venous, or capillary—

Arterial, from an artery or vessel which is carrying blood from the heart to all parts of the body.

Venous, from a vein or vessel which is carrying blood from all parts of the body to the heart.

Capillary, from the small vessels which form the communication between the arteries and the veins.

Capillary bleeding is the least serious; it is such as is caused by a scratch or graze, and may be stopped by bathing in cold water or by bandaging on a pad of lint or linen.

Venous bleeding is more serious. The blood is a dark red colour, and keeps welling up from the wound. A pad of lint or linen dipped in cold water should be applied to the wound, and tied on by a bandage or handkerchief. If the bleeding still continues, the limb should be bandaged on the side of the wound *away* from the heart. The limb must be raised, and not allowed to hang down.

Arterial bleeding is the most serious, as unless it is stopped the patient will rapidly bleed to death.

The blood is bright red, and spurts from the wound in a jerky jet, being driven forcibly with each pulsation of the heart.

To stop it the following methods must be employed:—

Apply firm pressure to the wound, by thumb or fingers, or by tying a pad tightly over the wound; if this fails, pressure must be applied to the bleeding artery *between* the wound and the heart, at a

point where the vessel passes over a bone: this may be done effectually by—

1. Pressure with the fingers.
2. A pad and bandage.
3. Some form of tourniquet.

Methods 1 and 2 require special knowledge of the position and course of the arteries, which it would take too long to describe in this article; there are, however, two useful ways of improvising a tourniquet, means for doing which are nearly always at hand.

(1) A handkerchief, neck-cloth, or piece of rope. One or other of these may be used in the following way:—Tie loosely round the wounded limb at some point between the wound and the heart, pass a stick through the loop and twist it up until the pressure is just sufficient to arrest the bleeding; then with another handkerchief tie the stick to the limb to prevent its becoming untwisted.

(2) An elastic belt, or elastic braces, which should be applied as follows between the bleeding point and the heart:—Put the elastic on the stretch, and then bandage tightly round the limb, taking care that one turn lies exactly over another, drawing each tight until the bleeding ceases; fix the bandage by tying a piece of string or a handkerchief tightly over it.

SPRAINS AND FRACTURES.

These injuries are caused by either direct or indirect violence: *e.g.*, a bone may be broken by a rock falling on it and breaking it at the point struck—direct violence; or it may be broken by a fall, the bone snapping at its weakest point by reason of the strain, of the weight of the body, suddenly brought upon it—indirect violence.

A joint may be sprained by a force insufficient to break a bone, but sufficient to stretch and tear the ligaments which bind together the bones forming the joint. It is a matter of the utmost importance to keep a sprained joint at rest; if at all severe, splints should be applied, to ensure that absolute rest which is necessary for the repair of the ruptured ligaments, and for recovery with a strong joint.

The pain of a sprain, which is often great, may be relieved by bathing the part in hot water, or by fomentations: if hot water cannot be obtained, the *continuous* application of cold may afford relief. The sufferer must not, however, be constantly changing from hot applications to cold, and in either case the application must be continuous.

When the acute symptoms—pain, swelling, and tenderness—have disappeared, rubbing with a stimulating liniment, such as hartshorn and oil, will assist in strengthening the joint.

The limb must be kept elevated, on chair or sofa.

FRACTURES.

The following classification is usually adopted to indicate the nature and severity of the injury:—

1. Simple: in which the bone only is broken, and there is no injury to other parts.
2. Compound: in which, beside the broken bone, there is a wound in the skin which communicates with the ends of the broken bone.
3. Comminuted: in which the bone is broken into several pieces.
4. Complicated: in which, in addition to the injury to the bone, there is more or less serious injury to neighbouring structures, such as blood vessels, nerves, muscles, &c.

I here give in a tabular form the signs of fracture, and in a parallel column the signs of dislocation of a joint, as it is important to distinguish one from the other, as, of course, the treatment will depend upon the nature of the injury.

SIGNS OF

FRACTURE.	DISLOCATION.
1. Loss of power in the injured limb.	1. Loss of power; the injured joint is fixed instead of movable.
2. Pain and swelling at seat of fracture.	2. Pain and swelling at joint.
3. Deformity in length of the limb.	3. Deformity at the joint.
4. Gentle pulling restores limb to natural shape; but distortion reappears when traction ceases.	4. Gentle pulling does not restore limb to natural shape.
5. When gently handled there is found to be movement in the shaft of the bone, where it ought to be rigid; and at the same time a grating sensation (crepitus) may be felt as the broken ends of the bone rub against one another.	5. No crepitus; limb is rigid.
6. If the bone is near the surface, irregularity may be felt.	

In examining the injured part very great care must be exercised, or a simple fracture may be converted into a compound one by the sharp ends of the broken bone penetrating the skin; or the injury may be complicated by damage to blood vessels or nerves from the same cause. If there is any doubt in a case, do not maul the unfortunate sufferer about in the endeavour to get "crepitus," but treat at once as a fracture: you are then on the safe side, and your patient is protected from further injury.

In case of dislocation, do not attempt to reduce it: this requires special knowledge and considerable practice and skill. You should merely put the limb in the most comfortable position, and take the case to a doctor: the arm should be placed in a sling; the leg should be fixed by bandages or straps, in such a position that the patient may, if possible, be free from pain.

SPECIAL FRACTURES.

Fracture of the Skull.—Patient is probably unconscious, and there may be bleeding from the ears, nose, or mouth.

Keep patient perfectly quiet, in recumbent position.

Fracture of the Collar-Bone, or Clavicle.—There are the usual signs of fracture, and in addition we may notice that the patient has his head bent over to the injured side, and he is supporting the elbow of the injured limb with the other hand.

Put the arm in a sling, and bind so as to fix the elbow to the side of the body.

Fracture of Humerus, or Arm-Bone, gives rise to the usual signs of fracture. The arm should be fixed with splints applied on the inner and outer side of the arm so as to prevent the broken fragments from moving; the splints must be secured by handkerchiefs or bandages tied firmly round the limb on either side of the seat of fracture. Having secured the splints, put the arm in a sling.

Fracture of the Forearm.—Presents the usual signs of fracture if both bones are broken; if only one bone is broken, the sound bone acts as a splint and keeps the fragments in place, so there is no marked deformity, and the other signs of fracture are less obvious. Splints should be applied in this way:—First flex forearm to right angle on the arm, keeping the thumb uppermost; place one splint on inside and one on outer side of forearm, and tie securely in their place; put the arm in a sling.

Fracture of Ribs.—There is great pain on breathing, the sufferer taking short, jerky breaths. A broad bandage should be applied tightly round the chest; or the coat may be drawn tight round the chest and fixed with pins.

Fracture of Thigh-Bone.—Typical signs of fracture. A long splint, extending from the armpit to ankle, on the outer side of the limb (for this purpose an ice axe would do admirably); it must be fixed by bandages or ropes tied firmly round the chest, the hip-bone (not the stomach), and round the legs (above and below the fracture); and, lastly, tie the legs together.

Fracture of Legs.—Apply a splint on the inside and outside of

leg, fix with bandages on either side of the fracture, and tie the legs together.

As mentioned above, an ice axe will form a useful splint; besides which, sticks may be used; the legs of a camera tripod; a stocking stuffed with earth and tied at the top and above the ankle, or the stocking may be filled with moss, grass, hay, or straw; pieces of wood; a knapsack wound round the limb, especially if a cane back.

If a hard substance be used for a splint, care must be taken to pad it with some soft material: the clothes may be used for this; a coat or an empty ruck sac may be wrapped round the limb.

Whatever splints are used, they must be firmly fixed to the limb by means of bandages applied round an uninjured part: when bandages are unobtainable, the splints may be secured by handkerchiefs, neckties, bootlaces, string, strips of cloth, straps, &c.

N.B.—Put limb in as natural position as possible before fixing the splints.

Never attempt to move the patient until the fractured limb has been fixed in splints, or in some other way so as to prevent the broken bone from moving.

If there is arterial or venous hæmorrhage the bleeding must first be stopped, the wound dressed, and the fracture then attended to.

INTERNAL INJURIES.

Generally indicated by pain and collapse, or shock.

Patient complains of pain in the injured part, becomes pale, pulseless, with cold extremities, and may be only half-conscious.

He must be kept perfectly quiet, and should not be moved, if it can be avoided, until medical assistance has been obtained.

In this article one can do no more than give a vague idea of what should be attempted in case of certain injuries. To obtain a really useful knowledge of what should be done to render efficient first aid to the injured, I should recommend those who have the opportunity to attend one of the ambulance classes held in most parts of the country under the auspices of the St. John Ambulance Association.

FROST-BITE.

General effects of cold: Body temperature is lowered; person exposed becomes stiff, pale, sleepy, and very cold. The extremities—the fingers, toes, nose, and ears—become numbed, shrunk, and a pale bluish colour. If no help is given, insensibility and death follow. A

person in this condition must on no account be taken near a fire, nor into a warm room.

He should be taken into a cold room, and rubbed well with snow, or washed with cold water, or even placed in a cold bath, and then by slow degrees brought into a warmer atmosphere, rubbed with dry warm flannels, and, lastly, may have a little weak *cold* stimulant.

Generally in this country it is only the local effects of cold we have to deal with. Fingers, toes, ears, or nose become stiff, cold, and numb, and blue looking. Try to restore the circulation gradually by rubbing with snow or bathing in cold water, as above; if warmth or heat be applied, the reaction is so violent that the circulation is arrested and gangrene results. When the circulation is partly restored by above means, wrap the part in flannel.

It was suggested that I should add a section on transport—carrying patients and improvising stretchers. Time and space will not allow of this, and, moreover, the subject requires both woodcuts and practical illustration to make it clear.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE OF MAN ON THE HIGH ALPS: Studies made on Monte Rosa.—By ANGELO MOSO. Translated from the Second Edition of the Italian by E. LOUGH KIESOW, in collaboration with F. KIESOW. With numerous illustrations and diagrams. Royal 8vo, cloth, 21s. T. Fisher Unwin.

THROUGH THE HIGH PYRENEES.—By HAROLD SPENDER. With illustrations and supplementary sections by H. LLEWELLYN SMITH. A. D. Innes & Co., Limited.

THROUGH ASIA.—By SVEN HEDIN. Two vols. London: Methuen & Co. 36s. net.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

THE MEETS AT WASTDALE AND PEN-Y-GWRYD.

THE glorious summer of 1898 has passed away, and the first meets of the Climbers' Club are now but pleasant memories to those who gathered together at the well-known centres of Wastdale and Pen-y-Gwryd. From either place come reports of new ascents, but the old climbs still retain their popularity, and the majority of climbers appear to prefer trying some well-known gully or face to striking out new routes for themselves.

That this should be the case among the Cumbrian hills is scarcely surprising; indeed, there, where every chasm has received a name, and every needle and pillar is, figuratively speaking, dotted with routes, it is difficult for anyone who is not an expert to make a first ascent. Many of our finest rock-climbers have devoted themselves to the district for years, and anything that has successfully resisted their constant attention may be reckoned extremely severe. But it is not so in Wales. The Cambrian hills have not undergone the systematic examination that has been accorded to their English rivals, and even on Snowdon itself there are numerous gullies about which little or nothing is known. A striking instance of this is Clogwyn dur Arddhu, the magnificent precipice along the top of which the pony track from the Snowdon Ranger Railway Station zig-zags up towards Y-Wyddfa. If this precipice were situated within easy walking distance of Wastdale Head, it would probably have a literature of its own; even the chimneys that lead from the upper part of the Eastern Gully to the summit of the great central buttress would have been numbered or named; but as it is, it suffers from an ill-deserved neglect, and is comparatively unknown. In Mr. Haskett Smith's excellent little volume on "Climbing in Wales," Clogwyn dur Arddhu is mentioned only as the scene of an accident that there befell an unlucky tourist who had mistaken his way, and slipped and was killed while attempting to scale in the dark crags that require the greatest care even in daylight. And as it is with Clogwyn dur Arddhu, so it is also on many other Welsh precipices. Not that it by any means follows that the absence of a written description implies an unattempted climb. The frequenters of Pen-y-Gwryd have a strange aversion to putting their experiences into writing. Many of them resolutely decline to make even the shortest

entry in the special book provided at the inn for the purpose; and although persistent inquiries will sometimes result in a verbal description being given, all efforts to obtain a detailed account are usually futile.

The gathering at Wastdale Head, although fairly good, was not quite so large a one as had been expected. Among those present were: Messrs. T. Brushfield, G. D. Barton, C. W. Barton, H. W. Blunt, A. W. Davey, J. H. Davey, A. W. Lambert, J. W. Robinson, and C. H. Thompson. The weather was favourable for climbing, and a lot of good work was done.

On September 10th, Messrs. H. W. Blunt, J. H. Doncaster, and J. W. Robinson made an ascent of the west wall of Deep Ghyll to the north of the Great (Blake's) Chimney. This is a new ascent. The start was made from the Deep Ghyll traverse at a point some 20 yards beyond the top of the right-hand escape from the top pitch in Deep Ghyll. A deeply recessed vertical chimney of about 40 feet is followed by a couple of rock steps (some 15 feet) to a ledge. Some ten yards along this an apparently easy traverse was neglected in favour of a slightly overhanging corner. On surmounting and rounding this the climb continued to the left up rock shelves, and still left past a detached slab (which from Deep Ghyll seems to be a rock post) to the foot of a rather undercut inclined pinnacle. When the top of this was reached, a rock shelf led to a small recess, from which the climb could be finished direct up the *arête*, or by a traverse to the left to and along the edge of Blake's Chimney. Both finishes were taken. The west wall had hitherto been climbed only by the Great Chimney, and by an open route rather nearer the head of Deep Ghyll.

Another good climb was that of Greta Ghyll, by Mr. C. H. Thompson with Messrs. W. H. Fowler and J. Grahame, on September 23rd, after a short spell of wet weather. The lower falls were all easily passed on the right. The real difficulties began near the head of the ghyll, at a cave pitch which was rendered unpleasant by the stream flowing over it, and still more so by a shower bath from a height of some hundred feet on the right-hand wall. This pitch was climbed by working out on the left from the cave. A few yards further led to a couple of pitches which were the feature of the climb. The first of these, some 15 feet high, led to an inclined shelf which affords a resting-place for three or four people, but no shelter from falling stones. It was gained by the cleft on the right. From this cleft the shelf soon became a vertical chimney, and ended in a small cave some 65 feet above, egress from which was obtained on the right-hand wall. The 70 feet from the shelf to the finish had to be climbed throughout by the leader unassisted. The difficulty of these

pitches was much increased by the flow of water, occasional looseness of holds, and also by loose stones of considerable size on the top of the cave. As a piece of rock scenery this ghyll is magnificent, quite of the same type as that of Piers Ghyll, but under the conditions found by this party it scarcely sounds an attractive climb.

Of course, there were many other climbs, but they do not appear to require any special comment. Deep Ghyll, Moss Ghyll, The Pike's Crag Gullies, and Kern Knotts Chimney, all received a full share of attention.

It was Pen-y-Gwryd that the greater number of our members chose for their rendezvous. In the early days of August they began to gather, and for many weeks reinforcements were constantly arriving. Indeed, it was not until September was just drawing to a close that the numbers began to diminish. Those who were present included Messrs. C. A. O. Baumgartner, G. B. Bryant, J. N. Burrows, W. E. Corlett, J. R. Dakyns, E. C. Daniel, J. B. Farmer, T. S. Halliday, F. Marples, C. M. Mathews, J. Moore, J. Morland, W. Piffe-Brown, W. H. Price, C. Sayle, F. C. Squance, M. K. Smith, J. M. A. Thomson, R. Williams, and T. Williams.

Merely to state that the weather was good would give an inadequate impression of the way the first meet of the club was favoured by the elements, those pitiless enemies that usually contest with the climber each inch of the Welsh mountains. Some were there who have spent a long series of summers at the foot of Snowdon; one, indeed, who can even reckon back to those far-off days when the inn lacked the historic interest that now forms one of the bonds of union between those who frequent it; but not one could unhesitatingly make a comparison unfavourable to 1898, as, except for two short spells of heavy rain, the whole period of the meet was an unbroken succession of sunny days.

With such weather it followed that there was a considerable amount of work done. The Tryfan gullies afforded some interesting days' climbing, as they could at last be done "clean" in another sense than the one usually applied to the word by those who ascend them, while Clogwyn-y-Person, the gullies up Esgairfelen, and the north faces of Lliwedd and of Crib Goch—climbs that very few years ago were rarely attempted, but that now have become almost hackneyed—each attracted several parties.

The gullies that run from the summit ridge of Snowdon into Pant-y-Llwchfa were carefully and thoroughly explored by Messrs. M. K. Smith, J. M. A. Thomson, R. Williams, and T. Williams. Seven in all were climbed, and it seems extremely probable that at least two of these had never before been ascended. As each contains

several pitches (some very severe), space will not permit of their being detailed now, but the whole seven may very likely be made the subject of a separate article in a later number.

On September 28th a party of two examined the gullies at the extreme base of the northern *arête* of Crib-Goch. A few hundred feet above Pont-y-Cromlech, almost immediately opposite the Tower on the side of Glyder Fawr, this *arête* ends in a nose that in general appearance is not unlike the base of Clogwyn-y-Person, although upon close acquaintance the rock proves to be of a very different character. The resemblance is further increased by there being on each side of the nose a well-marked gully, and by these gullies uniting at the top. From the loose rocks and *débris*, and from the entire absence of nail marks even at the lower pitches, it was inferred that neither of these gullies had been climbed. The conditions under which they were examined were decidedly unfavourable, one of the few wet days of the season having been chosen for the purpose, and consequently neither was ascended. They become somewhat steep towards the top, but on a fine day would probably offer good climbing without being extremely difficult.

COMMITTEE NOTICES.

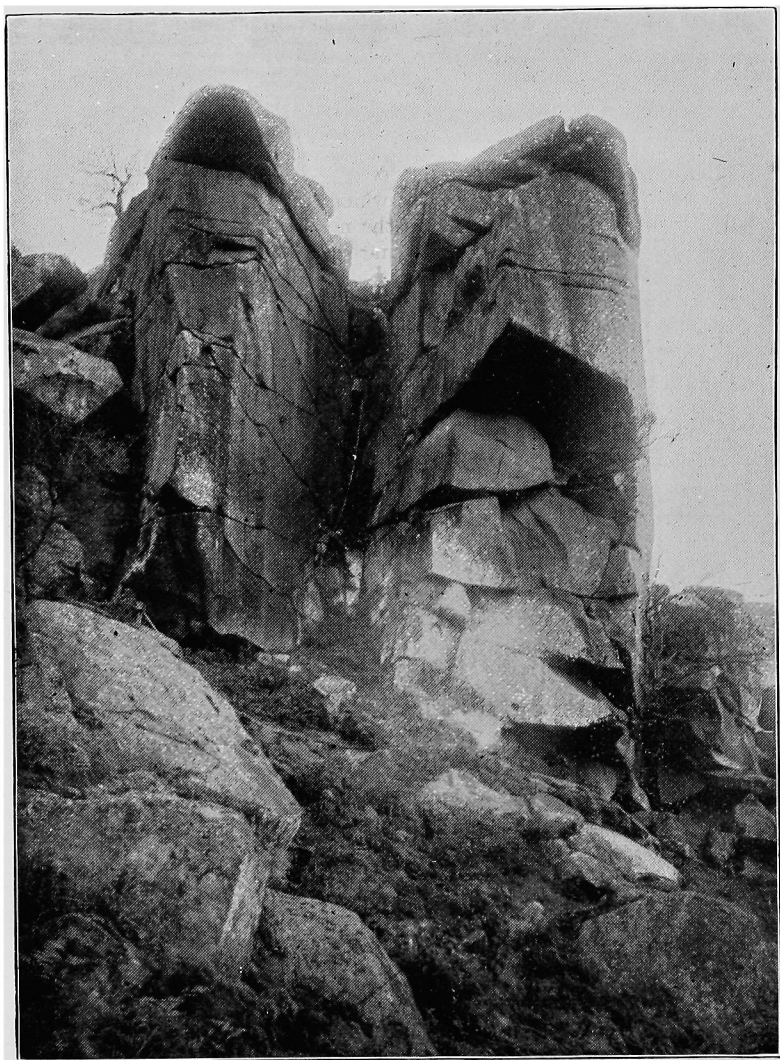
At a Committee meeting held on the 14th October, it was decided that the Club should subscribe the sum of two guineas to the fund now being raised on behalf of the family of the guide Xaver Imseng.

Letters were read from several members calling the attention of the Committee to the proposed light railway from Portmadoc to Beddgelert. The Committee have ascertained that the proposal has been rejected for the present on account of the opposition of the Croesor Railway Company. This company in 1879 obtained an Act of Parliament that authorised the extension of their line in the direction of Beddgelert, and the scheme for the proposed new railway included the purchase of the Croesor Company's rights; but the Light Railway Commissioners decided that no powers have been submitted to them to authorise the sale and transfer of a railway which has obtained Parliamentary powers under an Act of Parliament, and therefore refused the application. There is, consequently, no immediate likelihood of such a railway being constructed.

The following new members were elected:—

John Morton Clayton, Esq., Whittington Hall, near
Chesterfield;
Dr. Malcolm L. Hepburn, Marine Parade, Lowestoft;
F. Payne, Esq., Woodcote, Epsom;
Thomas Edwin Pumphrey, Esq., Clifton Villas, Sunderland;
W. T. B. Wood, Esq., British Museum, London.

The Committee think that the attention of members intending to propose candidates for election should be drawn to Rule 12, under which names of candidates, together with names of proposer and seconder, *and qualifications*, must be in the hands of the Hon. Secretary not less than 14 days before the day of election. The next Committee meeting will take place early in December. The required proposal forms can be obtained from the Honorary Secretary.



THE OWL'S GULLY.

*From a photo. by BIRD & Co.,
STAMFORD.*

PRACTICE SCRAMBLES IN DERBYSHIRE.

By ERNEST A. BAKER, M.A., Lond.

SOME apology would be needed for a paper on climbing that dealt with a series of scrambles, few of which exceed a hundred feet in height, were it not that they are in the neighbourhood of some of the most attractive scenery in England, and right at the gates of several of our biggest towns. For most of us it is still a day's march to the foot of the crags of Cambria and of Cumbria—long may it remain so—and many a scrambler would doubtless be glad to hear of a playground where the casual holiday could be passed in the enjoyment of his favourite sport. Not long ago a handful of climbers woke up to the fact that Northern Derbyshire possesses a miniature mountain-system, amid which many capital little scrambles are to be found, all within reach of even a half-day's excursion from Manchester, Sheffield, Derby, and Nottingham. There are, it is true, no laurels to be won among the "edges" and monoliths of Peakland, and there is no scope for sensational exploits or hairbreadth escapes; the man who happens to tumble off a big boulder may hurt himself, but he will not have the luxury of falling through a thousand feet or so of magnificent scenery. But for such climbers as can appreciate Mr. Jones's advice about five-foot mantel-pieces, whose highest ambition is to graduate on some fancy climb in Snowdonia or the Lake mountains, these lowland heights afford various interesting and instructive lessons. We have read that the valiant Tartarin was wont to prepare for great deeds on Mont Blanc by balancing along the rim of his garden aquarium; and a worthy friend of mine keeps his muscular mechanism in order by ascending the outside of an iron staircase on his fingers and, after a short stomach-traverse, crossing in a sitting posture the tie-bars of the lofty roof beneath which he is doomed to spend the intervals between his holidays. But after all there is nothing like rock; and a few odd crags within handy distance of a town are worth all the banister-traverses, cast-iron *arêtes*, and difficult chimney-pieces in the shire.

Most of the rock exposed in Derbyshire is either millstone-grit or limestone, and the merits of gritstone are equally well known to millers and to climbers. It is solid and firm as granite, and inferior only to gabbro as an instrument of torture if you happen to get your hand between the rope and the rock. The characteristic feature of

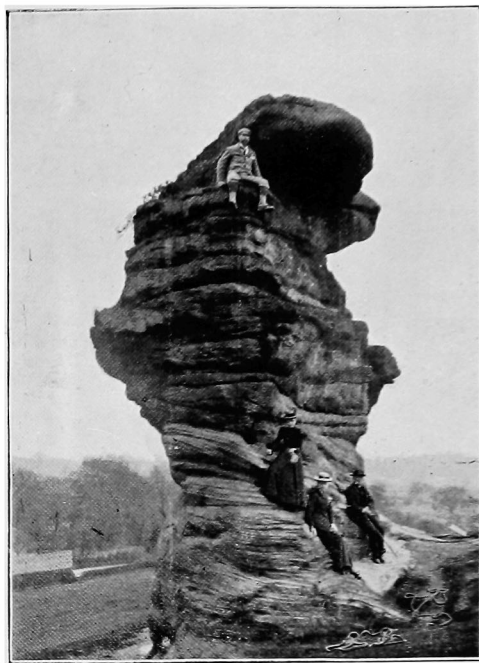
the grit is the escarpment called the "Edge," which fortifies many of the hill-tops. These edges abound in scrambles of varying lengths; but not less useful are the isolated boulders which lie about the moors, like the Eagle Stone on Baslow Edge, or the Cork and Andle Stones on Stanton Moor.

As a good example of the sort of climbing these afford, take the Alport Stone, which stands out a solitary column on the brow of a hill overlooking Wirksworth, a township not unknown to admirers of George Eliot. This obelisk appears to have got its present shape partly by artificial means; yet it looks extremely life-like, and geologists will find a good sample of false bedding at the base of it. I had heard a most harrowing account of the sensational capabilities of the Alport Stone, before making its acquaintance; and the contemptuous regard with which it receives persons who come without an introduction has been known to scare away even an experienced member of the Alpine Club. But this reserve vanishes as soon as you know the proper way to approach the stony old patriarch. On one side a sloping ledge leads to a perpendicular corner in which a series of notches have been weathered, forming an easy ladder up to a deep cleft which goes right through the stone. This cleft affords handhold, as the knees rest on a slender ledge, until one hand can be reached up to an indentation on the top; and in a minute or two the only difficult step is passed, and the climb finished. This is the easy ascent, or "Turnpike;" but the holds are so hard to find with the feet, and it is such a ticklish manoeuvre getting round the corner on to the bottom ledge, that it is wise to put the rope on for the descent. It is, however, usually better to fix the rope round a corner at the top, and come down the other side, holding it in one hand. If a gale is blowing, it is next to impossible to humour the rope over the exposed angle, and the last man often finds himself in an awkward position. Since the climb up the "Boss" and shoulder at the angle farthest from the Turnpike, was found practicable, the old *arête* climb has gone out of vogue, except as a way for invalids and ladies. The new one is decidedly stiff. There is first of all a tussle to get atop of the boss, which is overhanging, and is moreover much too small to accommodate a pair of climbing boots conveniently. From it, or from a half-inch ledge just above, a finger or two can be inserted into a distant fissure on the right, while the left foot goes on a journey of exploration round the corner and finds a shallow depression that helps to steady the body while, by a vigorous effort, a narrow ledge with a bad slope outwards is reached. For a few painful seconds, the whole of one's weight depends on an almost invisible hold for the finger-tips and on friction; then, by an



THE ALPORT STONE.

From a photo. by J. CROFT.



THE HEMLOCK STONE.

From a photo. by J. CROFT.

indescribable evolution, the ledge is surmounted, and the top is within easy reach. After a little exercise of this kind, one is astonished to feel aches in sundry muscles, about whose very existence in the human frame one is usually apt to be sceptical.

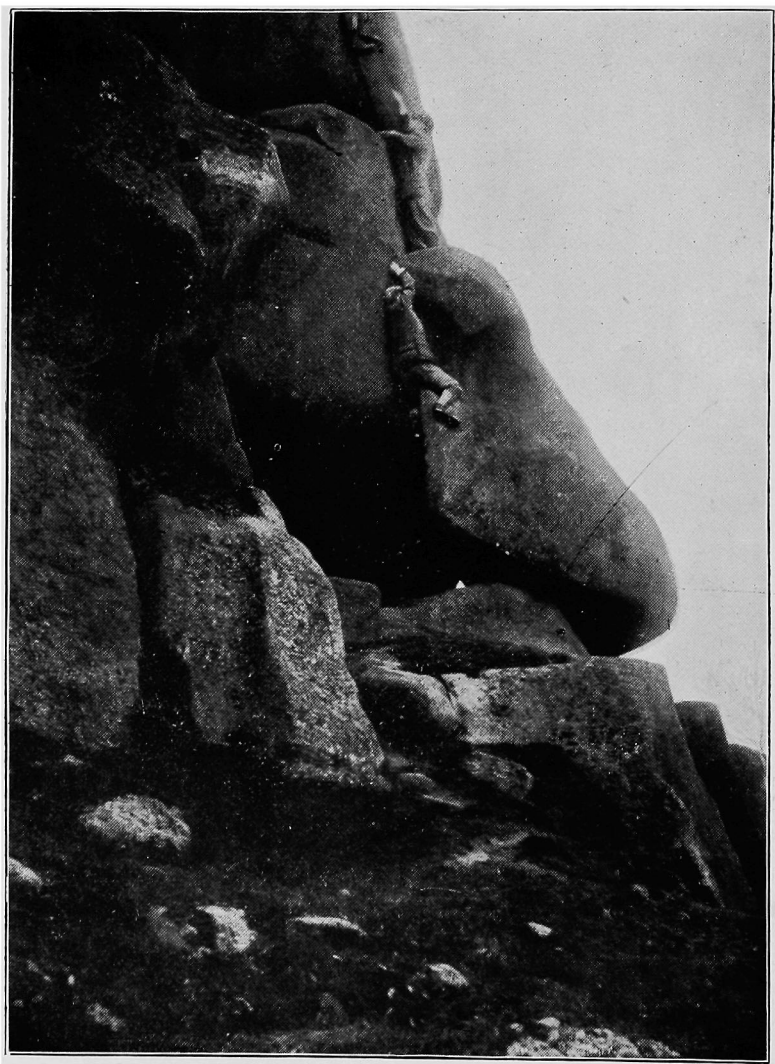
A walk of three or four miles over an upland road, with a prospect all the way across the southernmost downs and moors of the Peak, leads to the Black Rocks overlooking Matlock, which can also be reached in twenty minutes from Cromford Station on the Midland line to Manchester. This picturesque group of broken cliffs and rocky needles epitomizes all the varieties of gritstone climbs in small compass. There is a rectangular cleft, forty feet high and thirty feet deep, which can give some first-rate back-and-knee work; but every climber who is not preternaturally thin is strongly advised to take off his coat, if he ventures further in than the edge of the chimney. A still more extraordinary chimney, at the further end of the cliff, takes the climber on a darksome journey into the entrails of the rock, and he wriggles up into a small cave known as the "Queen's Chamber," out of which he emerges through a window near the top of the crags. But the best scrambling is to be had on the two steepest gullies. One of them, which contains three pitches and is very steep indeed, bears the name of the Sand Gully. The first man who climbed it thought he had performed a philanthropic work by sweeping down many hundredweights of coarse sand, and nearly blinding his companion; but Nature's resources are inexhaustible, and every winter she refills the crevices and handholds, and smothers the first party who come up. Of the three pitches, the middle one is of first-class severity. A vertical wall, ten feet high, fills the gully just here, quite smooth, save for one slight depression hardly worth calling a ledge, which forms a resting place for a knee half-way up. Last time I was there, W. S., who is six feet high, and consequently has a better reach than average mankind, was able to get athwart the gully with one foot on the left wall and his hands stretched up to a crevice near the top of the pitch, and so got over it; but with a short reach the difficulties of the pitch are almost too severe for a leader unroped. Above it the gully is straitened by the intrusion of a vertical block, and the best way to go up the passage to the right, is to place one's back to this block and walk up the wall opposite. Coming down, W. S. fell in getting over the grand pitch; but I had him secured by a turn round a projecting splinter, and he was pulled up after a drop of a foot or two, spinning round gracefully against the wall through a twist in the rope. In following him, I only had the benefit of a questionable hold several feet below me,

but I was careful to avoid testing it too rigorously. Pine-tree Gully is not quite so good; but after the jammed stone is passed, which can be done by either the outside or the inside, and after passing the huge pine-root itself,* the upper section of the gully is a fine place for backing up with the feet pushing against either wall. There are one or two unsafe climbs besides which have been done without the rope, but are only justifiable with it.

From the Black Rocks, a romantic walk by way of the Via Gellia and Winster can be taken to Robin Hood's Stride. This would mean six or seven miles; but the Stride can be reached by a pretty ramble, four miles long, from Darley Dale Station over Stanton Edge, which commands the valleys of the Derwent and Wye, and a glimpse of the wooded brink of Lathkill Dale. Haddon Hall, seen from the Andle Stone, has the air of a baronial mansion still in its prime, and transports the spectator back at once to the days when it held sway over the broad tracts of hill and vale outstretched around. The Andle Stone has been desecrated with iron rods for ascending it, but there is a tough climb up the right side. At Birchover the Stride comes into view with striking effect, high on the crest of a hill. The rocky knoll forming the summit of the hill is shaped like a high-pitched roof, with the two rocky towers, called the Stride, perched on its gable-ends. Between us and this quaint pile, a little to the right, the fantastic escarpment of Cratcliff Tor rises out of a thick wood. It was on a day in October that our party found a couple of new climbs here; and none of us will forget the exquisite bit of natural composition made by the two grey tors and the russet foliage of the beeches mingled with the russet of the bracken, which found a vivid contrast in the fresh green of several Spanish chestnuts that have attained a splendid growth at the base of the cliffs.

A broad gap sunders the two main cliffs of Cratcliff Tor. It is filled with a chaotic jumble of fallen blocks that look as if the hill had been shaken by earthquake; and in and out among these masses of gritstone a labyrinth of chimneys and gullies winds about, including one, at least, which is a good place for back-and-knee work. To the right of the central gap there is a vertical gash in the rocky face resembling, so clean and seamless are the sides of it, the place where a cheese has been cut; it is about 80 feet high, and probably the finest scramble hereabouts. A twelve-foot wall barricades the entrance to the gully; and when this has been climbed by means of a little shelf half-way up, a nasty plot of loose soil, held together with

* The pine-root has lately been dislodged.



THE BOULDER, ROBIN HOOD'S STRIDE.

*From a photo. by BIRD & Co.,
STAMFORD.*

blackberry brambles, has to be crossed, requiring great care. You then enter the extreme angle of the cleft, and the rest of the ascent is straightforward chimney-work, with no holds beyond slight depressions that can be utilised by lateral pressure, till the jammed block is reached. On making my first ascent, I had wriggled up the vertical section till I found myself under this block, which completely cut off the view of the next few steps. The higher part of the gully overhangs four or five feet; and what with the apprehension of difficulties hid by the stone, and a keen sense that a return would be worse than the ascent had been, I began to repent not having made a previous survey on the rope. Nobody was to be seen or heard, the rest of the party being busy in the central gully; but after I had hung in an awkward position for some time, succour came, and the rope was dropped from the head of the gully. It was well that the friendly hemp was available, for just as my head came over the jammed block, there was a fierce flapping of wings, and out rushed a large owl into my face, nearly startling me off my perch with his sudden fluttering. To get up the gully it was necessary to go right through the nest, for the cavernous hole formed by the jammed stone had clearly been his residence from of old, and was a silent witness that the gully had not been invaded for the last few years at least. The last part of the gully turned out to be easy, although delightfully sensational. A number of good climbs are to be found all round this fine crag, some of which have doubtless not been pegged out yet. On the Stride, which is only a stone's throw away, there are also a lot of nondescript scrambles; but the interest centres on the two rock-turrets. Of these the eastern, or Weasel Pinnacle, is much the easier. The upper face is deeply grooved with flutings like a Doric column, and the way to ascend it is to push the arms into these grooves and wriggle up by main force. There is not enough of it to make the struggle interesting; but the capture of the other turret is a different affair altogether. It has three faces of considerable height; but on the fourth, the boulders that top the roof-shaped knoll are only ten feet below the summit of the pinnacle; yet the upper edge overhangs so much, and there is such a drop on each side, that it was long called the "Inaccessible," and certainly it would be hard to find a climb at once so short and so severe. The first step is to get a knee on a sloping buttress on the left side, the second to wedge the fingers into a vertical crack, and so lever oneself to a posture nearly erect underneath the overhanging part. Then a questionable grip is felt for over the edge, while the left boot gets a nail-hold on a tiny notch; and now you heave yourself slowly and painfully over the top edge. Whether this feat is performed with facility and grace, depends

a great deal on whether you are on good terms with the inner man. If the climber be puffed and flabby, the tussle will needs be prolonged and unseemly before he is safely over the parapet. Some "Alpinistes" who have opened a record office at the summit in the shape of a tin box for cards, appear to have contented themselves with the Pisgah climb just described; but the longer one up the cliff which confronts the dale, is both more showy and more interesting. We will call it the Ennerdale face, just to make its position clear; and, curiously enough, between the two points there exists a "Chimney," with a "Pendlebury Traverse," an "Arête," and a "Notch Climb," above it. Please do not smile because the whole crag would make only a modest church steeple; you will find that the same scale applies to the ledges and the finger-holds, which is an important compensation. Clambering over the big boulders at the foot, you arrive at the entrance of a small cave, roofed by a large boulder that leans against the cliff. So utterly impossible does the boulder look that neither we nor anybody else seem to have thought of attempting an ascent just here, until we were nettled by the chaff of a critic who had always met our reports of new climbs with the retort, "Oh, but you haven't done the 'Inaccessible' yet right from the bottom!" and so we determined to make a resolute attempt, and after one or two tries I found myself, much to my surprise, on top of the obstacle. One corner of the boulder is much attenuated, and it is just possible to get on this by a kind of leap and grip it between the knees, thrusting the left arm simultaneously into the crevice between cliff and boulder. By slow degrees progress is made with a mysterious wriggle, until, just as one's wind is exhausted, a hand can be got over into a saucer on the top, and the principal defence is stormed. After the rope has been tied on, a smooth wall is escaladed, and we find ourselves on a 12-inch ledge that speedily dwindles to a mere crack—this is the Traverse. It can be avoided by climbing straight up or taking a slanting direction; but most fun is had by following the traverse, which is mainly an affair of nice balance, for only the toes can be inserted into the horizontal fissure, and there are no holds worth the name on the face until a slanting crevice at the far corner is arrived at. Once get a leg into that, and a little more muscular energy takes you to the top. The upper part of the turret is sculptured by storm and frost into all fantastic shapes; but the filigree work on the cornice should not be trusted too freely for holds: a projection that looked quite solid has before now come off in my hand like a piece of cake. There is a handsome belaying-pin amongst the other natural furniture on the top, and much confidence can be instilled into a nervous person coming up by pretending to give the rope a twist round it.

Mr. Haskett Smith remarks, with reference to the average character of Derbyshire rock, "When it does offer a climb, it ends it off abruptly, just as we think the enjoyment is about to begin." This criticism lies against the half-dozen scrambles that can be found by anyone who takes that exceedingly fine walk along the edges from Higgar Tor to Baslow. They are too insignificant to be more than an addition to the pleasures of this delightful ramble, which combines the richest scenery of pastoral Derbyshire with stirring views of crag and wilderness. A fellow-scrambler went with me in February to see if any chimneys wanted sweeping in this neighbourhood, and we took the rope in case of emergency. There is a disused quarry on the edge immediately above Grindleford, where we found a gritstone pinnacle, about 40 feet high, which had been left by the quarrymen. It had smooth vertical sides and a crown of shattered blocks that actually overhung; but finding one angle thin enough to be gripped by arms and legs, we resolved to try this, although the rib of rock on which our weight would depend was separated from the parent stone by fissures that went clean through. Before trusting it, however, we tested its stability as well as we could, and also got the rope round a loose flake weighing several hundredweight and jerked it off so as to clear a way to the rib. But a judgment fell on us for this barefaced attempt to alter the geography of the county; for in falling the huge fragment caught the rope and completely severed it. Luckily the rope was not required to get up or down the crazy pinnacle; the doubtful rib held, we swarmed up and over it, with much trepidation, and were on the top in three minutes. On Froggatt Edge, just above the "Chequers" Inn, there is a remarkably good crack, only giving a climb of 40 or 50 feet though, and half a mile further south a fair chimney exists, the entrance to which is very hard to reach from the ground. In a recess further on, a vertical crack is just on the margin between mere difficulty and impossibility; and the Eagle Stone is worth climbing for the sake of one difficult step, although when that is done the whole thing is done.

If any member of the Club had time and opportunity to explore the scarped recesses of Kinderscout, he would be certain to enjoy some wonderfully fine scenery, and would probably discover many scrambles. It is a regular mountain walk to cross Kinder—the Downfall and its surroundings are one of the finest sights in Britain; but the whole of this wild region is private property, and during the greater part of the twelvemonth permission to wander at large is not readily granted. One would find it hard to say when this waterfall and the stony corrie into which it plunges look their best—in bright weather, when the slender stream is lit up with twinkling rainbows; in winter, when it

is a cataract of ice ; or in a gale, when the whole stream is often blown aloft like a column of smoke as it leaps over the exposed brink. Time has always been too short in the few journeys that I have taken through this out-of-the-way place to enjoy more than an easy clamber up the precipice close to the waterfall. The last time I was there such a dense fog hung over the cliffs that no survey of their climbing capabilities could be attempted. Yet the escarpments are far too extensive for there to be any lack of scrambles hereabouts, considering that the rock is gritstone ; and members are strongly advised to pay a winter visit to the spot, when it is easy to get permission, and if snow is about there is sure to be a glissade. During the disastrous frost early in 1894, some of us cut steps up the Grindsbrook Clough in Edale, and enjoyed a sitting glissade of some 800 feet on the slopes of Crowden Clough. There is another wild walk up the Alport Clough and over Bleaklow Head into Yorkshire. This clough is such a deep narrow trench that for some distance the only path is up the rocky bed of the watercourse ; and several waterfalls have to be passed at the risk of a drenching. Do not forget your compass if you are going to cross these pathless moors. Unfortunately, there is no right of way nearer than the well-known track from Derwentdale to Penistone, and permission must be obtained before the rambler can enter this romantic wilderness with impunity.

Often more striking in outline than the gritstone escarpments, the limestone is yet much inferior as a material for the climber. A friend of mine has reported some good scrambles in Dovedale, which is, of course, the most likely place ; and there exists a noble gully, which figures in all the pictures of the High Tor at Matlock, and viewed at close quarters seems capable of giving first-class sport ; but every attempt to get into it from the bottom has hitherto failed owing to the smoothness of the rock.

If the editor will kindly allow space, there are a few climbs outside Derbyshire which are yet so near to the area just dealt with as to be worth describing in a sort of appendix.

A score of miles from the frontiers of Peakland, just on the edge of Leicestershire, the isolated hill of Breedon is a prominent object, capped with its lonely church, the choir of a vanished abbey. The southern front of the hill has fine escarpments of dolomitic limestone, half natural, half the result of quarrying. One deep quarry, a picturesque hollow walled in by cliffs in many places sheer or overhanging, has been left for so many decades to the weather and the kindly influences of vegetation as to deserve its fanciful title of the "Corrie." On one side, a high sharp ridge known as the "Crib" runs out from the hill to an outlying peak which bears the sounding

title of "Sgurr-nan-Breedon." To sit astride the Crib and go from the end right along it and up to the Bulwark atop of the hill, used to be the prettiest scramble here; but, unhappily, a new proprietor has set the quarrymen at work to bring down this unique landmark, and some day the Crib will be burned in the kilns. From the foot of Sgurr-nan-Breedon, by zigzagging up the cliff we reach a sharp *arête*, coming down from the summit and terminating in mid-air, which is called the "Nose." An interesting moment occurs as the climber stands with one foot balancing on a projecting splinter, and sidles round the corner with a long drop beneath. Thence the *arête* can be followed to the top of the Sgurr, now that an unsafe rock has fallen, which formerly made it necessary to traverse on to another dorsal *arête*. This is a climb that is made infinitely harder if done the reverse way. To get round the bad corner at the Nose is a very ticklish operation if you are going feet foremost, owing to the fewness and minuteness of the holds. Just here a friend was nearly carried away by a huge stone which gave way and bounded down the crags. In fact, the looseness of the rock is the worst feature of the Breedon climbs. A little to the right there is a capital little scramble, all too short; and in the Corrie a fine passage up the cliff face, which is here 150 feet high, that is still more interesting in coming down; somebody has called it, half facetiously, the "Descent Perilous." Two good *arête* climbs complete the tale, although the fall of a threatening rock has recently made it feasible to attack another fine cliff over which it used to impend terrifically. Anyone familiar with mountain scenery cannot fail to be charmed with the mimic precipices, peaks, and chasms of Breedon; but the place has a beauty quite its own if seen when the crags are all ablaze with wall-flowers and gorgeous tufts of snapdragon, creamy and purple, and many a flower known only to the botanist, growing where there is no hand to pluck.

The environs of Nottingham seem an unlikely place for climbing, but four miles from the market-place there stands on the side of a hill a singular block of sandstone that affords very good practice. The top of this rock had been saturated with calcareous deposits, and when the surrounding sandstone was denuded away, it was left towering on a pedestal much smaller than the hardened cap. Hence the extravagant shape of the Hemlock Stone, which, it is only too obvious, cannot stand in its present top-heavy condition much longer, but must inevitably go rolling down the hill some frosty morning. As every stage in the ascent is by overhanging ledges, much neat gymnastic work is to be had here. The first move is to reach a horizontal shelf crossing the longest face; but as the rock underneath

it has been weathered away, this looks quite inaccessible. We arrived there one rainy morning, and took shelter under the stone umbrella, while we discussed the problem before us. So greasy and absurdly impossible did the thing look that our courage was as damp as our clothes. Perhaps a lowland aiguille, only 30 feet high, seems hardly worth much fuss; but, after all, the ordinary way up Scawfell Pinnacle is not longer and is incomparably easier. After various assaults, a tiny crevice was descried, which could be reached by an effort and a few fingers thrust in. Next, swinging off clear, one hand was flung up to a knob, and the first man pulled himself on to the shelf. My hand still bears scars that remind me of a friend, weighing 13 or 14 stone, who fell on the rope just here and squeezed my skin against the calcareous rock. The shelf half encircles the stone, broadening out under the still ampler top, so that we are comfortably dry while our friends are downstairs in the rain. But how is that projecting roof overhead to be escaladed? Creeping round till the shelf dwindles to nothing, we observe a gap in the eaves, where the top protends only for a foot or two. One of us cautiously fits the rope over a slight projection, and holds it there for safety, so that in case of a slip the falling man will only swing a dozen feet or so against the uncushioned crag; and now the leader leans outwards and feels for handhold. For a moment his feet continue to graze the rock; but in a second he lays hold higher up, his body swings out, and now he must pull up with might and main over the rugosities of the roof. A starling had its nest in a crevice at the "Notch," as this gap in the defences is called, showing that there is not much traffic this way. One harder way to the top exists, but only one person ever appears to have done it unroped; even with this safeguard, it is an exhausting climb. But an easy finish has been found, whereby the summit can be reached simply by crawling or scrambling along the horizontal shelf aforesaid to the further end of the stone, and thence clambering up the corner. However, the summit is not likely to become a popular resort, although many an urchin has got as high as the broad shelf roofed over by the top, a place large enough for a picnic-party of moderate number; but the last time our party were practising there, a tin box was found, fixed recently in a crack on the summit, which contained the cards of some ambitious scramblers, who were evidently in the belief that they had captured a virgin peak. Whether the tin box enfolds the name of a daring person who reached the top, but was so prostrated by the consciousness of his dizzy altitude that he had to be carried down with ladders and ropes, is another mystery of the Hemlock Stone. A feat of particular daring was performed by

J. C., who climbed right round the stone, a few feet below the summit, unroped too.

Although the Derbyshire scrambles are nothing more than practice scrambles, it is not to be forgotten that, like all other climbs, they are to be found amidst delightful landscapes and at the end of inspiring walks. For their purpose they are of first-class quality, and a man might serve an apprenticeship here in his off-time which would qualify him to undertake some of the best rock-work in the neighbourhood of Sligachan and Wastdale Head.

NOTES.

THE unusually heavy list of fatalities in the Alps during the past summer has saddened the whole climbing world. No season passes without several accidents. Frequently it happens that those who suffer are the inexperienced or the rash. This year, however, among the victims are included some who could rightly be considered masters of the art of mountaineering. Our deepest sympathy is naturally with those upon whom this heavy loss has more specially fallen.

A fund is being raised on behalf of the family of the guide Xaver Imseng, who in September last was killed on the Grand Charmoz with Mr. Aston Binns. Any member wishing to contribute to this fund should send cheque or postal order to H. Stuart King, Esq., 65, Cornhill, E.C. All contributions will be acknowledged in the columns of the *Alpine Journal*.

* * * *

IN our last issue we spoke of Mr. G. D. Abrahams' ascent of the Matterhorn on the 15th July as the first ascent of a first-class peak this season. Several members have written to correct this. Among other peaks, the Schreckhorn, Wetterhorn, Ortler Spitz, and Meije had all been climbed before that date—the Schreckhorn by the difficult route from the Lauteraar Glacier as early as 13th June.

* * * *

THE *Daily Chronicle* has received a cable, dated from La Paz, 20th October, stating that Sir Martin Conway, after making a series of attempts upon Mount Sorata (Illampu), has had to abandon the climb. The party suffered severely from cold, and both guides were frost-bitten. The temperature is given as being as low as 2 degrees Fahrenheit. The highest point reached was well over 23,000 feet, and was probably about 24,000 feet. Illampu is a volcanic peak in the Eastern Cordillera of the Andes of Bolivia. If Sir Martin Conway is correct in his calculations, he has reached a greater altitude than ever previously attained by climbers. The height of Aconcagua, first ascended by Matthias Zurbriggen in January last year, is 23,080 feet.

* * * *

ALL frequenters of the Snowdon district of North Wales will be pleased to hear that the new scheme for running a light railway from Portmadoc to Beddgelert has been successfully resisted, and that for

the present the Pass of Aberglasyn, one of the finest approaches to Snowdonia, is saved from disfigurement at the hands of the contractor. This light railway, had it been constructed, would probably have had the effect of unduly popularising the Beddgelert and Cwm-y-Llan ascents. The steam tramway from Llanberis to the summit of Y-Wyddfa, unsightly though it is, has served one good purpose. It has concentrated the ordinary tourist and excursionist upon the least interesting side, and left the climber in undisturbed possession of the wilder portions of the mountain. Were it not for this fact, the ever-increasing hordes that overrun Snowdon during the summer months would compel the climber to desert it and seek less frequented cliffs. Only those who have attempted the ascent of one of the Clogwyn-y-Garnedd gullies on a fine August or September afternoon can quite appreciate what a source of danger the British tourist is. As Mr. Pilkington says in "Mountaineering" (Badminton series), "No amount of climbing skill or precaution will save you from a well-aimed gingerbeer bottle."

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For the benefit of climbers wishing to try the Peak District "Practice Scrambles," Mr. Baker points out that Matlock is a convenient starting point for the Black Rocks and the Alport Stone, and also for the "Robin Hood Stride" and Cratcliff Tor; but the last two are a little nearer to Rowsley, where there are two hotels. At Edale there is a small but comfortable hotel, and this is a very good place from which to reach Kinderscout. At Christmas time, if the weather be favourable, Mr. Baker will probably be found in the district; and we feel certain that, should any member require further directions, he will be pleased to supply them.

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