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THE  
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E. RAYMOND TURNER

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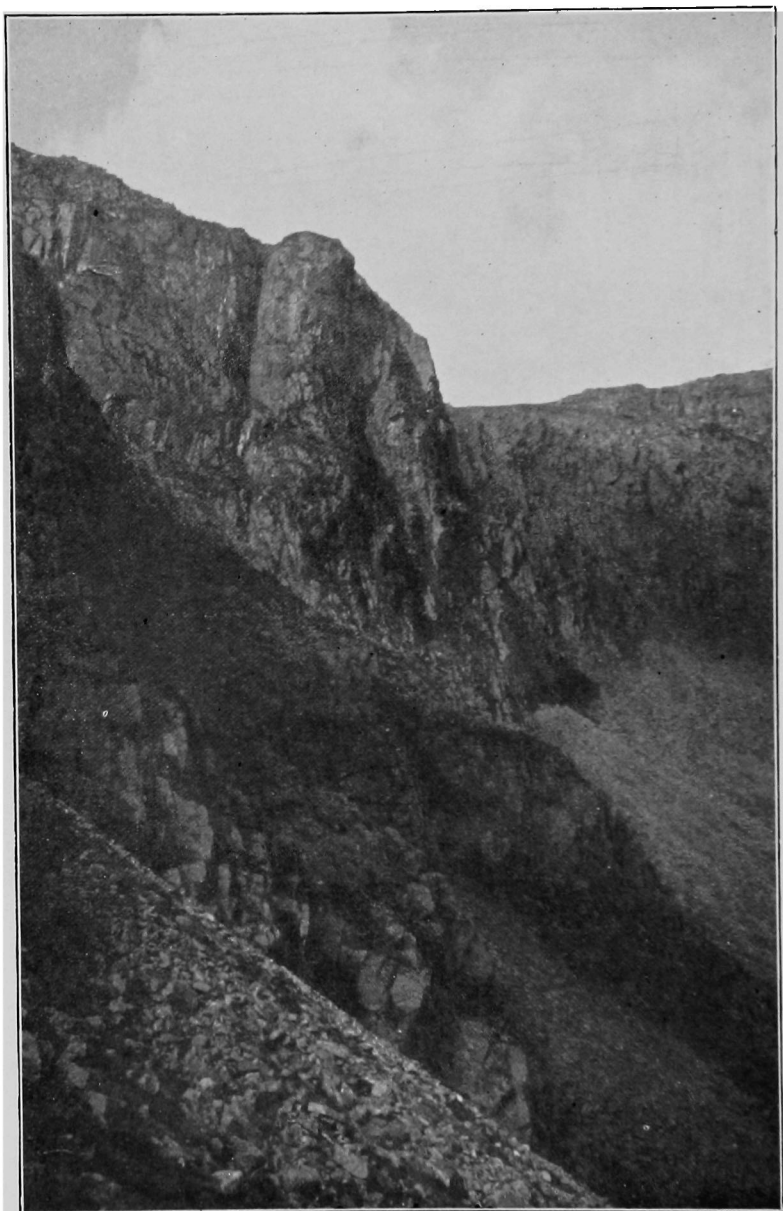
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BIRKNESS CRAG CHIMNEY.

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## BIRKNESS CRAG CHIMNEY AND GULLY.

By LEHMANN J. OPPENHEIMER.

CLIMBERS on their way from Buttermere to the Pillar or Gable must often have looked up admiringly at the rocks which crest the hollows on either side of High Stile ; but with the exception of two gullies in Bleaberry Combe (the one nearest Red Pike) which were climbed many years ago, they have received little attention. Those, who have enjoyed the delightful walk along the ridge of this group of hills, will probably have divined one of the reasons for this neglect, and may have had any previous eagerness to climb these cliffs dissipated, for the rottenness of the rock in many places where the ridge approaches the cliff edge is very apparent. Projections, looking like good holds, can be pulled right away, and large blocks, in plenty, are severed without having fallen. The man who enjoys hurling rocks down steep places might indeed often be provoked at their immovability, but still the climber dare not place confidence in them, and though the rash might find an added zest of risk, for others there is not much satisfaction in such sport.

The first suggestion I had of more trustworthy climbing ground hereabouts was given by a threatening cloud, which a party of us returning from the Pillar watched droop over the

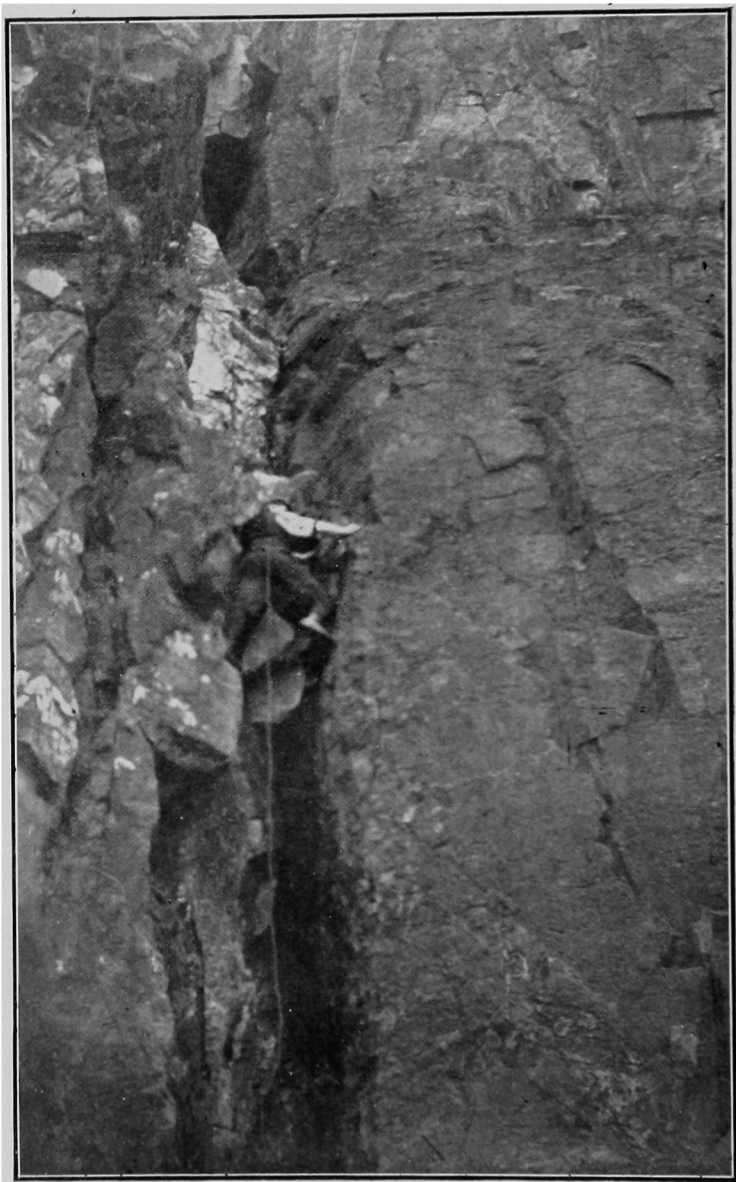
ridge between High Stile and High Crag, and pour down a scree gully, in doing which it revealed a commanding rock-face, not unlike the Church Door Buttress in Glencoe. At Gatesgarth we were told it was known as Eagle Crag, a name of good omen to the climber, and it was set down forthwith for exploration on some future occasion.

The opportunity came this summer. Several family picnics up in Birkness Combe, under its shadow, in addition to a somewhat novel fox-hunt round it, made us familiar with the look of the Crag. It has a short side towards High Stile rising from screes which extend to the top, and a longer one facing Gatesgarth cut off from a comparatively poor continuation of the same range of rocks by a gully with a fine overhanging final pitch. My boy had been taken up two of the Pillar climbs a few days before, and was very anxious to try his powers of chimneying for the first time in this gully: it was evidently in places more than twice as wide as his height so I discouraged him, but I wanted to try it as much as he did. We marked out four good climbs: one up the angle of the Crag, a very steep face climb of 300 feet or more; a long central chimney a little to the left of it, imposing in its almost vertical straightness, but needing to be cleared of a great quantity of grass to make it enjoyable or safe as a climb; another chimney (not quite so steep but with more interesting looking rock-problems) branching off the gully aforementioned; and lastly the gully itself.

The branch chimney seemed to offer most sport and I decided to explore it first. It was rather disappointing at the outset, to find that the first three pitches could be avoided by scrambling up the Crag alternately to right and left of the chimney. There is always something unsatisfactory about a climb of this kind: even Moss Ghyll (in many ways an ideal climb) would be improved if there were no chance of evading the lowest and uppermost pitches. However, it was inspiring to see that the upper two-thirds of this chimney must perforce be climbed direct; also that the rock was sound and the pitches following close on one another.







BIRKNESS CRAG CHIMNEY : 4th Pitch.

The same evening Dr. Sheldon arrived for a last week of Lakeland climbing with me, before leaving England for some years, and we set out for Eagle Crag the next morning. We found the chimney to be one of continuously increasing difficulty and interest up to the sixth pitch. The first was quite simple—merely a steep grassy angle—then came a 20 feet wet rock chimney, followed by another rather wetter one of 30 feet. There was no avoiding the water here, for the lower part had to be backed up against a streaming wall, and in the upper part we had to apply ourselves to, and pull over, an equally streaming slab, while a shower bath was bestowed by the chimney's left wall which bent round, overshadowing us. From this we emerged dripping on to a grassy terrace and found a wall of rock facing us with a 25 feet chimney on its left. Sheldon chose the latter; I preferred the wall, which, though vertical, has capital little pockets for foot and hand holds. (Having tried both routes, more than once, both up and down, we can recommend the wall in ascending and the chimney for coming down). Above this there was just standing room for the two of us and the fifth pitch followed immediately. This is a crack only a dozen feet high but rather stiff. We found it best to thrust a hand in the crack and then clench it to prevent slipping out.

Luckily the bed of the gully just above this was not quite so steep or we would have had little chance of success, for the sixth pitch is the great difficulty of the climb, and it was necessary for me to be well placed, close to the leader, in case of a slip. The chimney ran up for about 20 feet into a cave formed by a large overhanging mass of rock which projected from the left wall and made progression on that side impossible. High above our heads on the right side it left an almost vertical shallow groove, to enter which was the problem before us. Some time was taken in making up our minds about the best way to attack the difficulty and in hunting for anchorage, water from the walls and roof finding its way all over us meanwhile. No belay was to be found, so I jammed myself as tightly as possible at the top of the cave, while Sheldon worked

outwards to clear the overhanging rocks. He used both sides of the chimney as far as he could ; then the walls separated and the only thing to be done was to push off from the left wall and make a spring for what seemed a handhold on the right. Was it a handhold however? That was an important point, for the foothold on the right wall was only good enough to trust to for a second while making the spring, and if it turned out to be a sloping ledge up above Sheldon would be likely to descend in an undesirable way. We decided that it was too risky to attempt without first seeing it from above, and we descended to our rucksacks by the stream at the base of the Crag.

Surely one of the chief charms of Lakeland is the ever-plentiful water on the hillsides. Up above, while it was trickling down our necks and bubbling out of the tops of our boots, we weren't perhaps very enthusiastic about it, but on a warm sunny day (even though you are soaked through) it is a delicious luxury to be able to fill the cup between the courses from a mountain stream, or to plunge the face down amongst the freshening foam of a little fall. The summer was the wettest on record, so perhaps water has left more vivid images than usual on the memory, for the pictures which have come up most frequently of late before my mind's eye have been of brimming pools and mountain-sides laced with silver torrents. Of course there is none of the rich gold and amber which are the glory of Highland rivers, coming down from the peat, but just as lovely in a different way is the succession, in Lakeland, of fall after fall (luckily without name or fame), plunging amongst grey rocks into blue-grey pools, to rise from the shatter and conflict in the most delicious of turquoise and emerald foam. Where we sat the water came gurgling down out of sight beneath the stones and welled out of a mossy hole beside us ; lower down bits of tossing spray shewed where the falls were, which we had enjoyed and lingered beside on our way up. I say "we," but I'm afraid Sheldon doesn't understand the enjoyment of rest mingled with toil. He is one of those energetic spirits who are never happy unless they are

conquering something. I believe he would like to eliminate the milder delights of reaching the climb—the walk through the woods, the tramp up the hillside, with all their attendant visions and incidents—he would have a long day's rock-climb starting straight from the hotel if he had his way, I fancy. I don't think he even enjoys rock-climbing as he ought unless he is leading up something difficult, and then I know of no one who enjoys it more. While I lay in the sun he brought out a revolver from his rucksack and improved the time by preparing for tiger shooting at close quarters, but he was impatient for the chimney again, and as soon as he had used up all his cartridges I had to shake off my laziness and make for the top of the Crag.

We soon found our chimney's exit and went down far enough to see that the handhold we were doubtful about was just good enough. On the other hand we found that the groove we had been trying to enter was also difficult enough to make us question whether or not the climb was justifiable without a good belay.

What factors determine the unjustifiableness of a climb? It is a question that many must have asked themselves. Not difficulty, considered apart from other circumstances. One of the most difficult problems I have seen is the top pitch of Walker's Gully, but though the climb is on an overhanging wall with a tremendous drop below it, if the rope is threaded as it should be there is nothing to fear. Neither, in my opinion, does danger by itself, make a climb unwarrantable. The ordinary way up the Central Gully on Lliwedd passes over many dangerous places, where, if the leader fell, the second man would have very little chance of saving him, owing to the scarcity of belays; but no one with a little experience in climbing would be any more likely to fall in these places than the average man would from say the path on the top. But as soon as the leader feels that the climb is taxing his powers, in a place devoid of anchorage, to go on is to allow discretion to give way to daring. It is a matter of capability; a climb may be safe for one party and almost suicidal for another.

The result of our deliberation was that no more was done in the chimney that day, beyond climbing back to the top, but we returned two days later with an ice-axe which we hoped to arrange as a belay. We reached the cave much more quickly this time. Our ice-axe had been the occasion of some chaffing down below ; it was a nuisance on the way up ; and now we had got it up we couldn't fix it firmly. However, I used the pick to root out all the moss and loose stuff from a small crack at the back of the cave and at length found a stone, not more than an inch in diameter, jammed fast high up in it. Behind this, after a number of fruitless attempts, we succeeded in threading the rope, after which I could hold it from Sheldon's level, lower down, and give him some assistance until he got his upper half into the groove. It was comical to watch his feet dangling below the overhanging block, making an occasional futile effort to scrape up on the wall and very slowly disappearing. After some minutes he reached a place of safety and hauled up the ice-axe and our coats, weighty with water again, for the chimney was if anything wetter than when we first tried it, and we had been nearly an hour in the cave finding anchorage. I followed with great difficulty, especially after getting my shoulders into the groove, which was covered with green slime and had to be ascended by a most uncomfortable kind of chimneying—elbow and hand. When once the foot was high enough for edge nails to grip in the groove it was simpler, and a good pull over a chockstone at the top completed the sixth pitch. The seventh was another of 20 feet up a broken vertical wall at the back of the chimney, with occasional use of the sides, the eighth and last was quite simple. The aneroid gave the total height of the chimney as 240 feet, which agrees fairly well with our estimate of the separate pitches.

While we were up at the Crag top it seemed worth while preparing the way for an attempt on the gully out of which our chimney branched. From below this had very much the aspect of Walker's Gully on a small scale, and was similarly surmounted by a funnel-shaped scree-shoot, which poured its



superfluous contents over the topmost boulder. We sent down some hundredweights of loose stones which were perilously near to going without our aid, and then returned lazily to enjoy the comforts of the valley.

There were several climbs which Sheldon wished to try during the week—he vowed that some of them would be nightmares to him in India if they were left unconquered—and in consequence it was our last day when we returned to attack the gully.

We found it merely a walk up for some distance beyond where the chimney branched from it ; but the upper boulders began to look threateningly thrust forward as we approached them, and, happening to glance up while roping, we noticed that the top, 150 feet above, was overhanging us, a thing I don't remember to have seen in any other Lakeland climb.

We started chimneying inwards with back and knee and soon reached a mossy cave. From here we worked straight up for some distance, partly back and foot, partly on the right wall, passing at the back of some tempting stones, which were rather doubtfully jammed, and which we refrained from using. Until getting near the top the pitches were very indefinite : in one place we were spreadeagled on the bed of the gully, here covered with a thick coating of almost dry moss. At another place, where the holds were scanty, we threaded the rope. After a while we found ourselves in a cave within 12 or 15 feet from the under side of the crowning boulder, and on a level with another huge one which bridges across the gully some distance out. The best method of procedure here is for the leader to stay in the cave while the second man traverses out on to the bridge, from which he can climb up into a higher cave, immediately under the top boulder. This latter has imprisoned several large blocks beneath it, and behind one of these the second man should thread the rope, for the top pitch has very poor holds, and, though not excessively severe, it would be extremely dangerous without this safeguard. The leader can then go out on to the bridge and from there finish the climb by small ledges on the vertical right wall—chiefly a test of balance.

It is a gully to be recommended for a wet day: while we were in it a storm came on which blotted out first Grasmoor in the distance, then High Stile close at hand, streaking the Combe with sheets of rain, but until we came to the final piece we were quite dry and sheltered.

The difficulty is not much greater than that of the "Oblique" or "Doctor's" on the Gable. The chimney branching from it is much stiffer: Sheldon thought it equal to the Doe Crag Central Chimney, but without the risk of the latter. With dry rocks it should prove simpler.

Why the names which head this paper, it may be asked? Well, of course, "Eagle Crag Gully and Chimney" would have been more to our minds, but then there are so many Eagle Craggs in Lakeland (the one at the entrance to Greenup naturally comes first to mind) and there was already a gully of the name on Glaramara; so we pressed into service the name of the Combe of which this Crag is the finest feature. The 6 inch Ordnance map has it "Burtness Combe," but a better authority on this point, Mr. Nelson of Gatesgarth, assured me that the proper name was "Birkness," and gave me some interesting information about it. The birches which occasioned the name have almost disappeared like the hazels from Hasness on the opposite side of the Lake, but in both places, at times, when the upper soil has been removed by a water burst on the hillside, he has found traces of great numbers. Many of the names in this valley have lost their significance: bleaberries and ling are both now more abundant in Birkness Combe than in the two neighbouring hollows named after them, and, of course, eagles have long since disappeared from Eagle Crag. There are some compensations: magnificent Scotch firs and larches have taken the place of the birches and hazels, but climbers on the Crag can hardly be called good substitutes for the eagles.

## SHAKESPEARE AS A MOUNTAINEER.

By the PRESIDENT.

SINCE at the last annual dinner I raised the question of Shakespeare's familiarity with Wales in general, and Pen-y-gwryd in particular, one of our contributors has proved in a highly ingenious dramatic *cento* that a typical climb in that vicinity may be completely described in the very words of the immortal bard. But the object of the remarks which are subjoined is somewhat different, being, in fact, to cast a sidelight upon the life and character of Shakespeare himself.

The modern science of inferential biography is based upon the sufficiently obvious fact that all art is necessarily a reflection of the experience of the artist. His imagination may add embroidery to it, his learning, and occasionally his ignorance may modify it, the fire of his genius may transmute it, but his own personal experience is the only solid basis upon which any artist can erect a permanent monument of his art.

It follows, therefore, that when a painter gives us a horse, or a sailing-craft painted in such a manner as to satisfy all riders or all sailors, we decide, without a moment's hesitation, that he must himself have been in the one case, something of a horseman, and in the other, something of a sailor.

On the other hand, we occasionally see paintings of mountain scenery, which make it certain that the artist has at sometime or other seen a row of sugar cones in a grocer's shop, or representations of animals which prove conclusively that the designer's early years were enlivened by a Noah's Ark made in Germany.

And what is true of the painter is true also of the poet, and especially of the dramatic poet. A phrase, or in some

cases even a single word, may embalm some long forgotten experience of the writer's early years, and may yield under patient analysis valuable material to the biographer.

To one aspect of Shakespeare's own case, even before the dawn of the higher criticism, these principles were half consciously applied. No reader could fail to be struck by the frequent resort in his work to legal phrases, and his unfailing accuracy in their employment has convinced every lawyer that the writer of the plays had enjoyed the benefit of a legal education. In these days when so many lawyers are mountaineers, it will be of no small interest to discover, so far as we can, the extent to which these pursuits were combined by a great writer more than three hundred years ago.

It is not surprising that a native of the flat midland counties was at first little interested in hills, and even looked upon them with a certain dread, as being more dangerous than his native plains—

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,  
Than where castles mounted stand. (*Hen. VI., Pt. II.*)

But the boy who was afterwards to poach the Charlecote deer was not without the spirit of adventure, and in the light of his later escapades we can easily guess how his earliest practice in climbing was obtained—

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb. (*Rom. and J.*).  
and the following lines seem to shew us the youthful depredator in headlong retreat before the farmer and his bulldog—

The wall is high and yet I will leap down,  
Good ground be pitiful and hurt me not. (*King John.*)

Whether the ground was not pitiful, or the bulldog knew of a short way round, we know not, but in after years we find this rueful recollection of the incident—

G.— Would'st climb?  
*Mr. S.*—But that in all my life when I was young.  
*Mrs. S.*—Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.  
(*Hen. VI., Pt. II.*)

This was his first introduction to climbing, and perhaps also to the law. Some years later he must have come under the influence of a hill-loving friend, who made the usual pretence of mere walks, which delighted the beginner—

Lord, who would live turmoiled in a court,

And may enjoy such quiet walks as these. (*Hen. VI., Pt. II.*)

We do not know whether it was in the capacity of a poacher or in that of a lawyer's clerk that the poet endured this experience, but only those who have been "turmoiled in a court" can appreciate an escape to walks more rural than that of the King's Bench. The friend seems to have led him somewhat abruptly from his "quiet walks"—

Unto a ragged fearful hanging rock. (*T. G. of V.*)

and before the future poet could protest sent him at it; as he says—

And made me climb with danger of my life. (*Hen. VI., Pt. II.*)

The gymnastic devices of his friend were at first a puzzle to him; on seeing him prepare to back up a chimney, the novice could not understand a creature—

That by a pace goes backward in a purpose

It hath to climb. (*Troilus and Cr.*)

But he soon catches the idea, and exclaims—

I'll creep up into the chimney! (*M. Wives.*)

It is dirty work, but he sticks to it manfully, and soon we hear him say—

I am toiling in a pitch, pitch that defiles. (*Love's Lab. Lost.*)

Like all beginners he found the descent more trying than the ascent, and was astonished at the ease with which his more experienced companion negotiated the drops—

No drop, but as a coach doth carry thee. (*Love's Lab. Lost.*)

But, encouraged by a little moral assistance—

He holds you well. (*Much Ado.*)

our poet reaches the bottom ejaculating—

O, the charity of a penny cord! (*Cymbeline.*)

a remark which makes us sigh for the days when the price of hemp stood at so reasonable a figure. Many of us have learned, as he then did, how hard it is in descending—

To turn our stern upon a dreadful rock. (*Hen. VI., Pt. II.*)

and the effect upon his garments was very marked, necessitating repairs, which must have been something like those done on a celebrated occasion for Tom Hughes, by Mrs. Owen, for he utters the somewhat naive reflection—

Patches set upon a little breach,  
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,  
Than did the fault before it was so patched. (*King John.*)

Thenceforward, so strenuously did he climb that no patching could keep pace with the wear and tear, and when the expedition ended, and the party returned

Bootless home and weather-beaten back. (*Hen. IV., Pt. I.*)  
he used only a pardonable exaggeration in saying :

No eye hath seen such scarecrows ; there's  
But a shirt and a half in all my company.—(*Hen. IV., Pt. I.*)

To a man who has fairly caught the climber's fever, cobblers' bills and tailors' bills matter little, and there can be no doubt that our young poet had now taken it in an aggravated form. Climbing filled his every thought. He saw everything from a climber's point of view. It has been finely said that the mountains are Nature's cathedrals. At that period of his life he reversed the proposition, and regarded the church spire solely as a substitute for Nature's pinnacles.

Should I go to church,  
And see the holy edifice of stone,  
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks ?  
(*Merch. of Venice.*)

It was perhaps the scarcity of such spirelike pinnacles in England that made our enthusiast begin to cast his eyes elsewhere, with what result we hope to shew in our next number.

(*To be continued.*)



## MOUNTAINEERING IN MEXICO.

By OSCAR ECKENSTEIN.

THE higher Mexican mountains have, from the mountaineering point of view, one charm which nearly all other mountains lack; and if that charm could only be extended to other mountainous districts, the lot of the mountaineer would indeed be a happy one. I refer to the practical certainty of the weather. There is a dry season, and there is a wet season. During the dry season there may be one, or even two bad days, but that only in exceptional years. During the wet season (our summer and early autumn) on the other hand, the weather is always more or less unsettled, and storms are frequent. During all our climbing in Mexico (December, 1900, to May, 1901,) we were not once troubled by bad weather. Indeed, on our Volcan de Colima excursion, wet weather would have been an advantage.

Not much information is to be found in English or foreign mountaineering literature on the subject of Mexico. There is an account of the second ascent of Iztaccihuatl by Mr. I. R. Whitehouse, in the *Alpine Journal*, Vol. XV., pages 268-272, and there is an account of some different ascents by Mr. A. R. Hamilton, in the same publication, Vol. XVIII., pages 456-461. A few notes in foreign publications are practically only repetitions of some of the same information. So that when my friend Mr. E. A. Crowley, who happened at the time to be in Mexico, invited me to join him in some mountaineering there, I had only very vague ideas as to the possibilities of the country in that respect. When I arrived (December, 1900), I found that he hardly possessed any more information than

I did ; the inhabitants generally seemed to take no interest in the higher mountains, and knew little or nothing about them. The only exception to this rule that we came across was Señor Ezequiel Ordoñez, of the State Geological Survey, who not only took a keen interest in the mountains of his country, and had ascended a number of them (including Iztaccihuatl), but who very kindly assisted us in every way, and did much to make our way smooth for us.

The chief mountains of Mexico are :—

	HEIGHT.	
	Metres.	Feet.
Citlaltepēt ( = " star mountain, " )	5550	18,209 <sup>1</sup>
Popocatepetl	5452	17,889 <sup>2</sup>
Iztaccihuatl ( = " white lady, " ) with three summits :—		
Panza ( = " belly, " )	5286	17,343 <sup>2</sup>
Cabeza ( = " head, " )	5146	16,882 <sup>2</sup>
Pies ( = " feet, " ) -	4740	15,531 <sup>3</sup>
Xinanticatl ( = " naked man, " ) with two summits :—		
El Espinazo ( = " the spine, " )	4578	15,020 <sup>4</sup>
El Fraile ( = " the monk, " )	4540	14,895 <sup>5</sup>
Nevado de Colima with two summits :—		
S.W. summit	4315	14,156 <sup>6</sup>
N.E. summit	4279	14,039 <sup>7</sup>
Volcan de Colima	3960	12,992 <sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Old survey. The mountain is frequently misnamed Orizaba, which is the name of a province and its chief town. Citlaltepēt is not in the province, but is conspicuously visible from the town.

<sup>2</sup> New survey. Determinations I made were in very close agreement.

<sup>3</sup> This name is used rather indiscriminately. On the new map it is applied to the point 4740 (the group of towers which I ascended, January 22nd, 1901), but it is popularly applied to the south end of the snow ridge, which can hardly be considered a summit. Certainly the "Feet" of the "White Lady," as seen from Mexico City, would appear to be formed by the end of the snow ridge.

<sup>4</sup> Old survey.

<sup>5</sup> Estimate. Approximate.

<sup>6</sup> Boiling point determination. Old survey, 4330 metres.

<sup>7</sup> Boiling point determination.

<sup>8</sup> Height determined by the old survey. When we saw the mountain it must have been about 100 metres lower. It varies a good deal.

Our first expedition was to Iztaccihuatl, a noble mass, visible from Mexico City, and the only one in the country with well-developed glaciers on it. An additional inducement to visit it was the statement of Mr. Whitehouse, that "The arête we climbed would appear to be the only practicable route to the summit. . . . I doubt if it would be possible to reach the summit or summits by any other route than the one we took, as on all sides, as far as I could discover, there were sheer ice walls and precipices."\* As far as we could ascertain the main summit had only been ascended four times, each time by the route taken on the first ascent, and the other summits had not been ascended. Particulars of the new expeditions we made have already been published in the *Climbers' Club Journal*, Vol. III., pages 199 and 200). One interesting point was our speed in ascending, which was a good deal greater than any hitherto recorded at similar heights.† Thus in our expedition of January 28th, our rate of ascent (heights between 13,717 and 17,343 feet), stops excluded, was 907 feet per hour, and stops included, 691 feet per hour; and this included some difficult and laborious ice work. The easier part, that from our camp to the col, which involved long traversing and the ascent of a small icefall, took just 2 hours; the difference of level being 2687 feet. Another point of interest was, that in my expedition of January 22nd, I came across a cavern, from 80 to 100 feet high, in a rock face under a glacier, which was filled with vast icicles, both of the stalagmitic and of the stalactitic class; many of them extended from roof to floor. In our expedition of January 24th, we found some of the worst walking we had ever encountered. It was a nearly level snowfield, with a smooth, unbroken surface. When we ascended it in the early morning the walking was excellent. But on our way back, when the surface had become softened, it revealed its most objectionable character. It had been formed out of ice avalanche debris,

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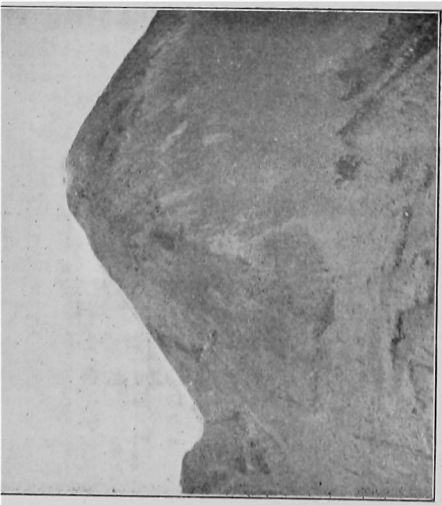
\* The easiest way is undoubtedly the one we took in descending on January 19th, and January 28th.

† See Badminton, *Mountaineering*, 3rd Edition, pages 100-103.

covered by a thin layer of snow which filled up the interstices. And walking over, or I may almost say through, it was a most joint-wrenching business.

Our next trip was to the Colima district. Nineteen hours by rail from Mexico City took us to Guadalajara, and then we had two days by diligence to Zapotlan, the town nearest the mountains. At Zapotlan there is a meteorological observatory, where records of the eruptions of the volcano are also kept. This volcano, the Volcan de Colima, is said to be the most active one on the Continent, a reputation which I am not prepared to dispute. The neighbouring mountain mass, the Nevado de Colima, has two summits situated approximately N.E. and S.W. of each other; we did not know whether either had been ascended, or which was the higher. Three days of rather rough travelling from Zapotlan took us to a hollow, about 12,400 feet high, and open to the north, enclosed by a sort of horseshoe formed by the Nevado ridges, and here we camped for a few days. On March 3rd we scrambled up the very broken up gully (chiefly rough scree and snow, also a little rock) coming down from the pass between the two summits. It took us 2 h. 5 m. to reach the pass (4,204 metres = 13,793 feet). From here a very jagged rock ridge, with numerous towers, leads up to the N.E. summit. The climbing was quite easy. From the pass to the top took 55 minutes; but then we climbed all the towers on the way. We found, much to our satisfaction, that our summit was a virgin one; but that satisfaction was somewhat tempered by the fact that the S.W. summit was undoubtedly higher. Later on we ascended the S.W. summit, it was merely a scramble, and it had evidently been ascended before. We next determined to go on to the volcano, and ascend it if possible; it is some distance south of the Nevado. The approach to it was attended with much difficulty; water was exceedingly scarce, and we had to cut our way through chaparral. In two days we reached the crest of the ridge immediately to the north of, and facing, the volcano, and here we stopped for some 24 hours (height about 11,600 feet).

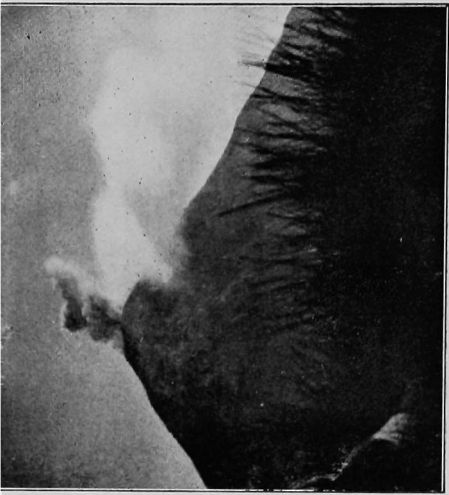




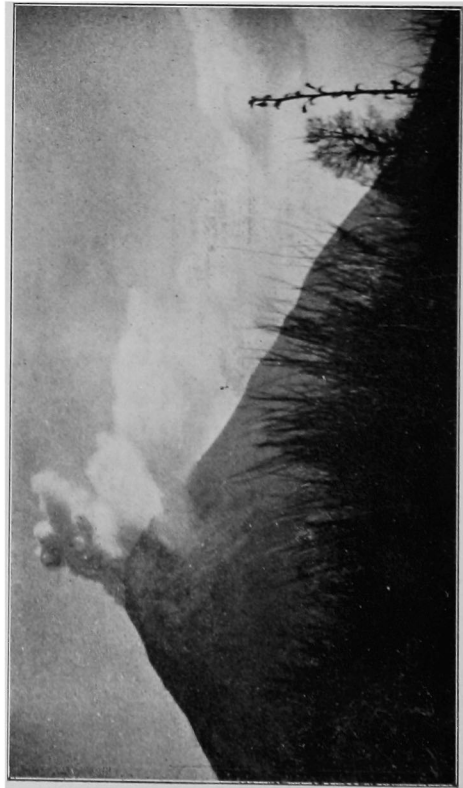
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During this time there were over a dozen eruptions, and the earlier part of one of them I photographed (4 p.m., March 7th, 1901); these photographs are reproduced here. Figure 1 is the volcano in its quiescent state; figure 2 was taken 3 seconds after the eruption began; figures 3 to 7, at intervals of 3 seconds subsequently; and figure 8, 10 seconds after figure 7. Since the period of our visit, the volcano has been very active on several occasions, and its shape has undergone very remarkable changes. The appearance of the upper part of the mountain is well shown in figures 9, 10, and 11, which are reproductions of views taken, and very kindly sent to me by Señor Presbitero Severo Diaz, the Director of the Zapotlan Observatory, who has published an account of the recent eruptions.\* Figure 9 shows the appearance of the cone in December, 1902; figure 10 was taken after the eruption of March 2nd, 1903, and figure 11 after that of March 10th, 1903.

The ascent of the volcano was clearly out of the question; it presented the cheerful alternatives of death by bombardment or by cremation.

On our other expeditions in the country we never had any difficulty in obtaining excellent men and good transport; but on this occasion we had had to put up with inferior donkeys, and even more inferior men. As it was impossible to get them to go any further, we decided to send them back to Zapotlan, while we (*i.e.*, Crowley and myself) went round the volcano, and made our way down to the south to the Mazanillo road. So we sent them off, and then started by ourselves. From our camp we should have descended at once straight down to the valley between us and the volcano (the slope was quite feasible immediately below us), but we made the mistake of traversing along the slope in an easterly direction to save height. As a result we became cut off by cliffs, and had to re-ascend and go a long way round till we could reach the edge of the lava field at the foot of the volcano. We then

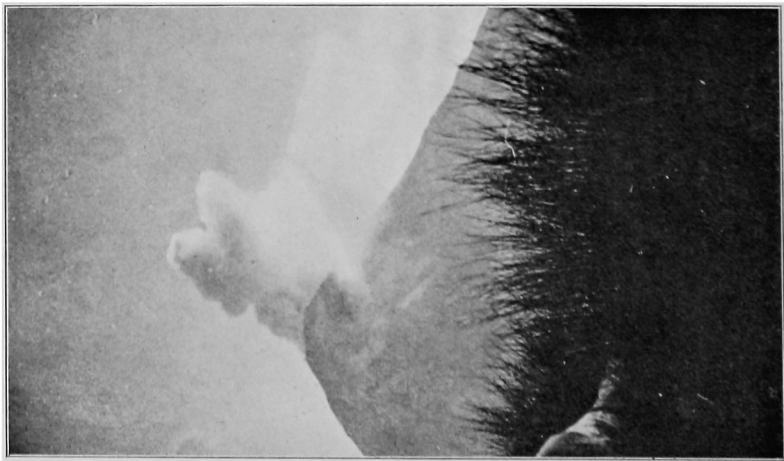
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\* "Las Ultimas Erupciones del Volcan Colima," Mexico, 1903. The views are taken from a greater distance than those taken by me. Mine were taken from a point due N. of the volcano, those of Señor Diaz from a point a little E. of N.

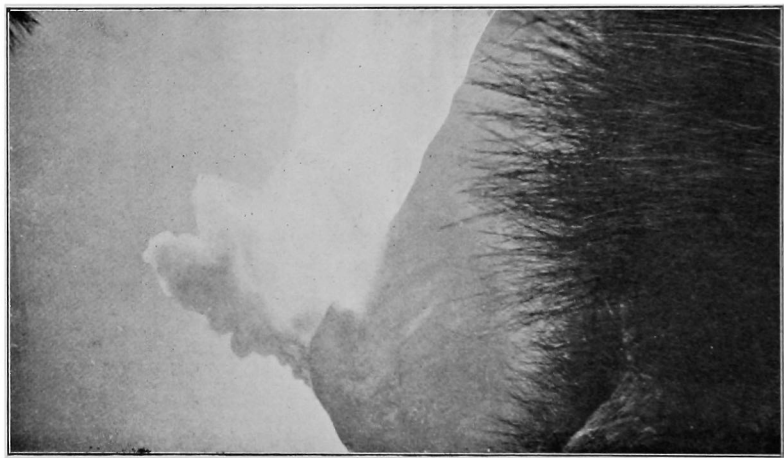
crossed the lava in a south-easterly direction ; it was bad ground to go over, and the best description I can give of it is that it was like an icefall constructed out of volcanic debris. Fortunately we did not have much of it, and we soon reached the head of a valley, which appeared to run more or less in the desired direction. So we started down it. At first some chaparral gave us some trouble for a short distance, and then to our joy we struck a rudimentary but distinct track leading down the valley. But before long the track petered out, and so did the valley as a distinct valley, and our real troubles commenced. The ground consisted of a number of very narrow but deep ravines, filled with chaparral, and overgrown with big trees, and plenty of the latter had fallen down and were in every state of decay. In addition everything was covered with fine volcanic dust, and one's progress was attended with the formation of a thick and very irritating dust cloud. It was only with difficulty, and very slowly, that any progress at all could be made. At length, about 4 p.m., we struck a good path, which led down along the edge of a ridge, nearly in a straight direction. Down this we went for 65 minutes at a very great pace (rate of descent varying between 50 and 100 feet per minute). The path then turned sharply to the south-west and traversed along at a gentle falling gradient. We went on as long as the daylight lasted, and just as it was becoming too dark for satisfactory progress we found an open space, where we could stop and light a fire without danger of setting the whole hillside ablaze. So we lit a fire, partly for warmth and partly to keep wild animals off, till the moon rose some two hours later, and gave us sufficient light to go on by. Then we started again, and at length, at 11 p.m., we reached water (there had been none the whole day), and we drank, and we drank, and we drank. Here we camped for the rest of the night. Subsequently we discovered that this spot is inhabited part of the year, and is known as the Durasno Ranch. The next morning two hours' easy walk on a good path took us to the San Marcos Hacienda, on the main road between Zapotlan and Mazanillo.







6



7



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On April 3rd. we once more left Mexico City, and went by rail and tramway to Chalchicomula, the town nearest Citlaltepētēl, and W.S.W. of it. We found, however, that the next five days being local and other saints' days, no transport could be obtained. Citlaltepētēl is a mere scramble, and presents no special interest ; its ascent is regularly made for sulphur collecting purposes. We therefore decided not to wait, and returned to Mexico City.

Our next expedition was to Toluca. The railway from Mexico City to Toluca City (73 kilometres) is a remarkable piece of engineering. Mr. Hamilton's statement, that it runs through "some of the finest scenery in the world" (*Alpine Journal*, Vol. XVIII., page 458), I am quite prepared to endorse. I do not know any railway which offers a finer display of scenery. From Toluca a light railway runs to Calimaya (17·7 kilometres), the village nearest the mountains. The whole mountain mass is known as the Nevado de Toluca ; it consists principally of a large extinct volcano, called Xinantēcatl, and there are a number of smaller hills around it. The crater of the volcano is of oval shape ; there is a great gap in its eastern wall and there are two lakes in the floor of the crater. From Calimaya there is a good path to these lakes ; it is about 5½ hours' easy walk up to them. At these lakes we camped (height about 13,500 feet).

There are two summits on the ridge or edge of the crater, which are considerably higher than the rest, and it was rather difficult to see from our camp which was the higher of the two. The one on the north side is called El Fraile, and the one on the south side El Espinazo. On April 10th, Crowley and I determined to try El Fraile, which, however, turned out to be the lower by about 120 feet.

Starting from our camp, we worked our way up north on to the edge of the crater ; the wall up which we went consisted of scree in very bad condition. We then walked along the top of the ridge over several intervening humps till we reached the foot of the rock ridge proper. This is the east ridge of El Fraile ; it is broken up into a series of towers and pinnacles,

up and over which we went to the summit. The ridge was very jagged, and all was climbing; but no extraordinary difficulties were met with. If desired, the difficulties can be altogether avoided, and the summit attained by leaving the ridge and traversing out on to the north face, which is mainly a scree slope. We descended by the west ridge (which gave us some easy rocks, and an interesting chimney which overhung at its lower end) till we reached the lowest point or col, and then went straight down the slopes (mainly scree) to the lakes. *Times*—camp to beginning of rock ridge, 1 h. 30 m.; then to summit, 2 h. 30 m.; then to col, 25 m.; then to shore of lake, 30 m.; then to camp, 50 m.

The next day, April 11th, I was rather upset in my inner works,\* so Crowley went off by himself to El Espinazo, while I watched him through my glasses. From our camp he went in a S.E. direction up easy grass and scree slopes, till he reached the ridge which forms the edge of the crater, and then followed this ridge, which is easy walking till the first tower is reached. From this spot onward the ridge is very broken, with many towers and needles on it, and the rock-climbing was of an advanced character. I found it very interesting to watch him as he slowly worked his way to the summit. From the summit he went down in a N.E. direction to the top of a couloir filled with snow, which reached down to the floor of the crater. He glissaded down this, and then cantered across to our camp (I had sent a horse to meet him at the lower end of the couloir). *Times*—camp to foot of first tower, 1 h. 10 m.; then to summit, 2 h. 45 m.; then to camp, 1 h.

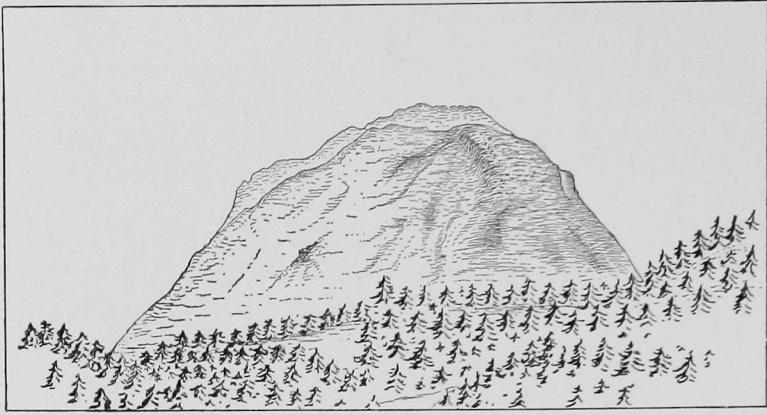
All these Xinanticatl ridges had evidently and clearly not been climbed before; but both summits had been ascended previously.

Our next expedition was to Popocatepetl, which we ascended on April 17th, taking with us an American friend who was formerly on the staff of a Chicago paper. A humorous account of the expedition, written by him, has already been

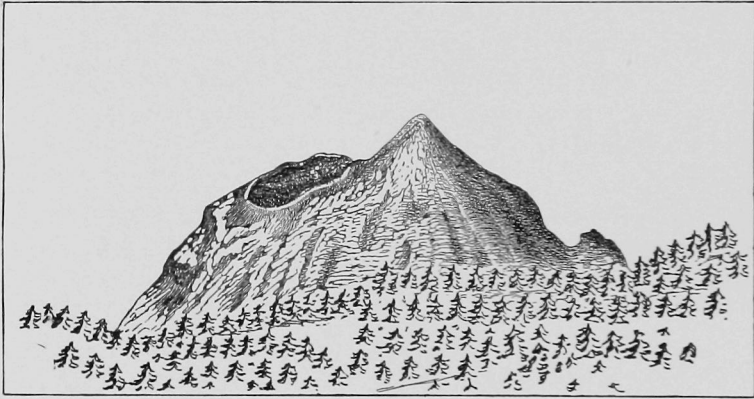
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\* We both had a good deal of trouble from our canned provisions on several occasions, and we gained some valuable experience on the subject.

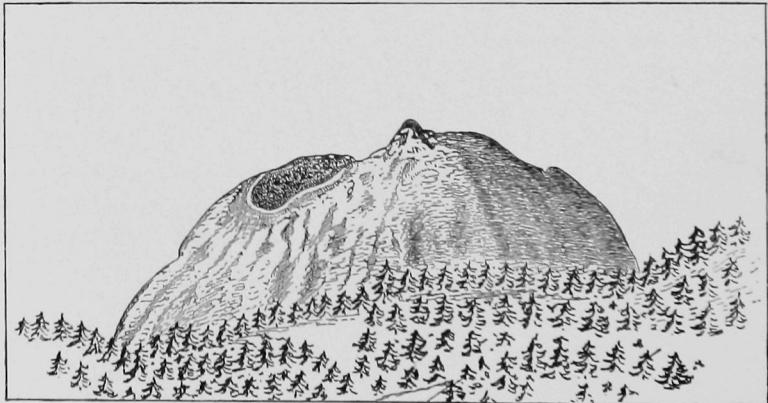




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reproduced in the *Climbers' Club Journal* (Vol. III., pages 176 to 178). There is no climbing proper on this ascent, but only walking up very objectionable scree, or rather volcanic debris, lying at practically the critical angle. But coming down it is joy.

What was to me a matter of great interest on this ascent, was the fine display of *nieves penitentes*. This is the Spanish name—there is no English equivalent—for a very curious formation of snow and ice, but chiefly (on this occasion at least) of the latter. It consisted of flakes 2 to 4 feet high, and up to 18 inches thick and 3 feet wide at their base; these flakes were arranged in parallel rows bearing diagonally up the mountain, *i.e.*, the rows ran up from N.E. to S.W., and the major axes of the horizontal sections of the flakes were in the same direction. The individual flakes were at an angle of about 20° to the vertical, and were leaning over to the S.W. They were not formed out of avalanche debris, but out of the snow which had fallen, *in situ*, and they covered a good many acres.

Most of the flakes were of pure ice, others were part ice and part snow, but none consisted of snow only. The way in which they are formed is as yet unknown. Sir W. M. Conway's theories on the subject (see Aconcagua and Tierra del Fuego, pages 65 to 70) are evidently quite wrong. I cannot help thinking that the action of the wind has something to do with their formation, but I am unable to formulate a satisfactory theory. We could see that on Citlaltepētēl there were also *nieves penitentes*, but there were none on any of the other mountains we visited.

This ended our expeditions in Mexico. I may perhaps add that on all our actual climbs Crowley and I led alternately.

## ON SCAWFELL PIKE IN APRIL.

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A Companion Poem to "On Scawfell Pike in January."

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The final slope  
 Had long been breasted, the summit long been quitted,  
 The homeward journey more than half accomplished,  
 When, tempted by the fairness of the eve,  
 I laid me down upon the mountain-side  
 In tranquil happiness, to contemplate  
 The growing pomp and brilliance of the sunset  
 That fired the west. Each moment more intense  
 Became the burnished splendour of the gold ;  
 Each moment glowed with more magnificence  
 The lustre of purple, ruby-red and bronze.  
 Some weltering, fantastic banks of cloud,  
 The harbingers of tempest, drifted athwart  
 The lurid concave, black as cormorants,  
 But ragged-rimmed, reflecting from their rims  
 The sunset conflagration deeper yet ;  
 Meantime the gentle currents of the breeze  
 With the ripples of a wayward-wandering stream  
 Made solemn music. Exulting Nature seemed  
 To speak with organ-voice of Victory,



Of Triumph, symbolized by the proud ensign  
Of ever grander scarlet. To my soul  
She spoke ; and I  
Renewed my vow—each day to bear in mind  
The lesson learnt upon the precipice,  
Upon the steeps of ice and snow, on all  
That tests the manhood of the mountaineer ;  
The lesson of endeavour, fresh attempt  
And ceaseless effort till all obstacle  
Be conquered.—Then, by subtle, slow degrees  
The grandeur faded out, and darkness came  
Upon the face of the world ; but soon the moon  
In stately silence span a magic web  
Of silvery-silken rays from her distaff.  
At length I rose, retook the homeward way,  
And quickly attained my goal ; but not before  
I had repeated in the mystic moonlight  
The vow already doubly vowed, the vow  
That is the beacon of the path of life—  
Yea, that is more than life itself.

RUDOLF CYRIAX.

## A LOST GULLY.

By C. E. BENSON.

LOST or STRAYED on Clogwyn y Garnedd, a gully with "a terrific pitch, consisting of smooth vertical walls on either side, forming nearly a right angle, with splintered rocks abutting at the top."

It was discovered on June 12th, 1902, from "the path just before the miners' cottages are reached from Pen y Gwryd," from which point it is "the only gully visible," by a party of four, who forthwith entered into possession, and found they had got hold of something resembling that hypothetical donkey which was used as a vehicle of moral instruction, of the S.P.C.A. brand, in our nursery days.

It would not go.

Didn't they beat it? O dear no!

It beat them. The Editor, in honourable and honorary zeal for the Climbers' Club, having heard of this gully, took his pen and wrote quickly to all whom it might concern. The result was a file of letters that would do credit to an inter-departmental correspondence. These letters the Editor handed over to me.

Why to me? Because it is surely clear that anyone who knows the Clogwyn, must, however open-minded, approach the subject with a certain amount of prejudice as to the location and nature of the gully. I know that on reading accounts of climbs, I find myself, in my mind, perfectly familiar with places which subsequent exploration proves I have never even dreamt of. I assured the Editor that to me the Clogwyn was merely a name, that I had never been near the

place in my life. I knew, indeed, that Pen-y-gwryd was Welsh for Paradise, but that was all.

Every climbing holiday I vow I will go to Wales, and every holiday finds me in Cumberland. And why should I be ashamed of it? Did not our first President say at one of the dinners?—

On revient toujours

À ses premiers amours.

Of course all this has very little to do with the Missing Gully.

Three months before the date of the unsuccessful attempt, the Editor received a letter from one who was not then, but is now, a Member of the C.C., enclosing a sketch of a climb on Clogwyn y Garnedd which he had done with the Swiss Guide, Ch. Burgener. Another member was forthwith consulted. He knew the climb. He had often looked at it, but had only climbed the top and bottom. B to A, he notes, is very hard. He believed it had been climbed in its entirety by a man named Long.

Then came the report of the attempt of June 12th. The same authority was again consulted. He was of opinion that the gully was identical with that climbed by the man called Long. He thought that there had been a reference to it in a recent number of the *Journal*.

I can now pass an examination easily in the *C.C.J.* There is no reference.

The next step obviously was to find the man called Long. I did not find the man called Long, but "the weather" being "hot and dry," I did find the man called Short.

There was nothing for it but to go ahead at the correspondence. The next letter was no trouble. The writer could give no information whatever. Neither could the next man, but he wanted to know on what face of Clogwyn y Garnedd the gully was.

Now, it occurred to me that if the Missing Gully was "the only gully visible from the path just before the miners' cottages," there could be only one face visible from the same

point. However, I do not know the Clogwyn. Perhaps, I thought, it shows all sorts of unsuspected faces from unlikely points, like the Topsy-Turvy House at the Earl's Court Exhibition.

The next letter cleared up my doubts. Clogwyn y Garnedd does only show one face, the north-east, from that point. Moreover the writer, one of the party of the attempt, helped to locate the Missing Gully. It is rather to the left of the one B. C. A. in the sketch.

This was useful, but unfortunately people have different ideas of what left and right mean. Some mean left and right as you face the object: others "proper left" and "proper right" in the same way as the terms are applied to the bank of a stream. I think the latter method correct, and I was delighted to learn, from another member of the party, that the last correspondent thought so too.

Now I was in sight of the end, I hoped. I had been to the City in broiling heat to find the man called Long. I had been in pouring wet to find the difference between "right" and "left." The first expedition had been unsuccessful, but failure had been partly compensated by the development of a terrific thirst, that greatest boon of the gods to suffering humanity—when the means of quenching it are handy. The second had attained its object, but its joy had been marred by the ruin of a new hat, owing to His Majesty obstructing the traffic opposite the Mansion House, and the impossibility of getting through the crowd with my umbrella up.

The next letter filled me with the pleasures of hope. It was from the correspondent who had climbed with Burgener. I give it nearly *in extenso*.

"I think the gully must be the same, as the description of the top pitch tallies very closely with what I remember of the climb. The top bit was very bad indeed. We were three. The leader (Burgener) was pushed up to the farthest possible by an ice-axe by the second man, and then somehow 'swam' upwards till he got hold of something more or less solid at the top. The second man was maintained in a rather precarious

position with the assistance of the third, who had just standing room on an extra large sod. The second man had to be lugged up, and the third swung right out on the face as with the ice-axes he could not enter the chimney at all. The chimney was an open right angle formed by an almost vertical smooth wet wall at the back and a similar one on the left, and leads on to quite different sort of rock, quite broken up, and the difficulties are all over at the top as one can simply go straight to the summit. It must be the place where I remember having read in some account of an accident, the slope suddenly changes from  $43^{\circ}$  to  $70^{\circ}$  or  $80^{\circ}$ . We were nearly done for by the giving way of an enormous sod a little below the last pitch, but just got off it in time. To get up at all I believe one has to trust to the turf more or less. I have never been on a place where the whole party was so absolutely insecure for so long."

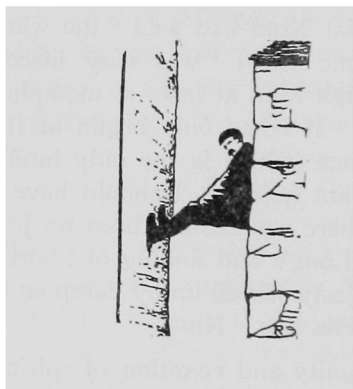
And the Editorial Note had said "the whole party" (of the Attempt of June 12th) "was very insecure." I was evidently on the High Man at last. I metaphorically wiped my streaming brow. If I had only begun at the wrong end of the correspondence (which is the only intelligent way of finding what you want quickly), I should have come to this letter second, and there would have been no journeys to the City, no seeking of Long's and finding of Short's, no disloyal thoughts of His Majesty stirred up by damp and the points of other peoples' umbrella ribs. No—

Alas! all was vanity and vexation of spirit. I was only on Pisgah after all. The last letter was my Jordan Gap. "His," it said ruthlessly, "is not identical with our gully. There is too much turf and 'garden stuff.'" I went to the City—for the last time, I hope, and consulted one who "had been there": his opinion corroborated that of the last writer. The gully was still lost.

I was not beaten even then. I knew a Yorkshire Rambler, who had done mighty feats at Wastdale at Whitsun, was going to Pen y Gwryd. I wrote to him, describing the gully,

and recommending him to try it—and *I have not heard a word from him since.*

On one thing I am determined. As soon as I have leisure and lucre enough to take another holiday, I will go and seek for this mysterious gully myself—somewhere on Scawfell.



## DAME TYSON.

THE present generation of climbers can scarcely remember a time when the real centre of climbing in Wastdale was anywhere but at the Inn. Yet, in the same way that the strong personality of Will. Ritson had made the fortune of his hostelry, that of "Dame" (Mrs. Thomas) Tyson, when his star began to wane, drew the regular *habitués* to Rowhead Farm, which thereafter, for many years, continued to be the main resort of Wastdale mountaineers. The subjoined lines, as recording some of her more salient characteristics, are worthy of preservation. They appear to have been put together by joint contribution from different members of a party staying there nearly thirty years ago. They seem to have remained unpublished, and, though most frequenters of the fells have heard one or two stanzas, few know the whole, and perhaps even the version here given is not quite complete. The last line is the gem.

(*Her Pride of Ancestry.*)

Who boasts her long descended blood  
From those old chaps before the Flood,  
To which all other is but mud?

Dame Tyson.

(*Her Household Treasures.*)

Who owns the oaken keeper rough,  
The Saxon chairs so hard and tough  
That just to see them is enough?

Dame Tyson.

*(Her Personal Dignity.)*

Wha gaes about wi' twa black een,  
 And hauds a proodfu' nose atween,  
 As hee and mighty as a queen?

Dame Tyson.

*(Her Romantic Youth.)*

Who tenderly addressed a curl  
 Of him, who chose her as a girl  
 But now has passed beyond this whirl?

Dame Tyson.

*(Her Magnificent Maturity.)*

Who rules the plentiful estate  
 Brought by her happy second mate,  
 And always makes you "shet thet gëate"?

Dame Tyson.

*(Her Skill at Games.)*

Who plays at whist with stately grace  
 And, putting on a knowing face,  
 Proceeds to trump her partner's ace?

Dame Tyson.

*(Her Playfulness.)*

That ancient immemorial joke  
 "No pudding" who doth weekly poke,  
 Then bring it in with fragrant smoke?

Dame Tyson.

*(Her Respect for Learning.)*

Who loves the "Universal boys,"  
 And, though they make a dreadful noise,  
 The horsewhip but in threat employs?

Dame Tyson.

*(Her Housewifely Energy.)*

Who makes grand pies of mountain sheep?  
 Whose tones a good high treble keep?  
 Who makes the loitering housemaid leap?

Dame Tyson.



## KYNDWR CLUB NOTES.

DURING the past twelve months or so, the Kyndwr Club and the Rucksack Club have, independently of each other, discovered a series of good climbs just north of Crowden, on the Great Central Railway, between Penistone and Manchester. They are situated on Laddow Rocks and Rakes Rocks, two edges of the wild moors that lie on the borderland of Derbyshire, Cheshire, Yorkshire and Lancashire (see page 30 of the present vol.), which rocks are composed of that highly satisfactory material, the fourth, or Kinderscout grit. Both edges are greatly disintegrated, and unpleasantly encumbered at present with loose flakes and sand, the superabundance of felspar in the gritstone accounting for this defect, which will, however, be redressed somewhat by the cleansing action of frequent scrambling. It will be convenient in enumerating the climbs now recognised to begin at the top of the map and work downwards.

At the north end of Laddow Rocks, the Rucksack men found an excellent chimney, about fourteen feet from the natural gîte. It is divided into two parts by a number of jammed stones, an easy scramble leading up to the lower portion; whilst the rest is severe work, at all events during the present cycle of heavy rains and greasy rocks. An account by Mr. G. T. Ewen says:—"It is narrow, and the holds all slope the wrong way. The leader climbed it with his left leg in the crack, whilst the second on the rope came up in exactly the opposite way, and took considerably longer to ascend the twenty-five feet. The whole length of the climb is about 120 ft., and the rock is good and firm throughout."

A few yards away are the Twin Chimneys, first climbed by Messrs. Baker and Benson. Two fissures separate at the top of a moderate scramble, both offering a difficult climb for some thirty feet vertical. The right is usually taken. It leads over a cluster of jammed plates, with almost complete absence of holds, to a good-sized ledge, where direct progress ends. A shuffling traverse on one-inch ledges takes one into the other chimney, which leads by a strait and difficult way to an exposed cleft at the top of the face. South of this are several fissures running from top to bottom of the cliff, which may attract those climbers who like a maximum of difficulty with a minimum of safety.

Then comes a very tolerable gully with a bottom pitch that has now been put into good repair, and two branches at the top consisting of an open and a closed chimney, the latter an excellent place for "jamming up." The total length is about 60 feet, and the Rucksack men christened it the "Green Gully." The latter had a very easy climb on the left side of the largest gully, down which a good deal of water was coming. This appears to be the one, near the middle of the crags, that was descended by the Kyndwr men, who complained violently of its tumble-down condition. "The obstacles are three in number," says Mr. Ewen, "the first being a neat little pitch formed by a large slab, the second a jumble of fair sized stones, and the third a short chimney, which offers no particular difficulty." On another occasion, his party tried "the chimney, which almost divides the second buttress in two"; but after climbing 40 feet, they were compelled to give up, the difficulty being to turn some slightly overhanging rocks, which choked the chimney, without any hold for the hands. A very tall man might be able to overcome it, but it would be a nasty pull up to a treacherous grass slope above. It was climbed, for the first time, early in November, by another party from the Rucksack Club, and christened the "Long Chimney." All loose earth and other debris was first cleared away, but even then it was found to be difficult.

Nearer the south end of Laddow Rocks is the Pinnacle.

I say the Pinnacle, for if this proper adjunct to any well-equipped set of scrambles were not provided by nature, it would, of course, have been necessary to make one. Laddow Pinnacle has a pronounced physiognomy of its own, but is not essentially different from many another rock-tower or pinnacle, rising near the cliff top, from which it is severed by a narrow gap. Its chief singularity is that its outside climb will not go, or, at all events, will go only in sections, forcing the would-be climber into one or other of the adjoining gullies. The short ascent also has its peculiarities, for at present no one has succeeded in climbing down. Let not this alarm any humane member of the Climbers' Club; all the aspiring cragsmen who have succeeded in sitting on the top are, fortunately, quite safe at present. But the man who scaled it originally, found himself reduced to the alternative of jumping the gap, or residing at the top of the Pinnacle for an indefinite period. The jump is rather a thrilling one if taken without the precautionary rope. Both the Pinnacle gullies afford climbs of moderate difficulty, but, like many others here, would be far more pleasant in winter, if the stones and grit were sealed up by frost. South of the Pinnacle there is a capital climb, the commencement of which is awkward, for the edge of a huge leaf of rock on the right affords the only hold for the first ten feet. The next pitch is a 20 foot chimney, which affords endless possibilities in the art of wriggling, and leads on to a broad ledge from which rough scrambling over treacherous grass-covered rocks leads to the top. It was first noticed by Messrs. Entwistle and Ewen, whose early attempts proved futile, but it was eventually overcome by the latter under more favourable conditions. A most interesting crack climb has been discovered on a detached buttress of rock to the north of the main cliff, called the "Pulpit," which, although only about 40 feet, is practically all one pitch, and severe throughout. Several other good scrambles have been found, but not properly explored as yet.

The Rakes Rocks, close by, have also received attention from the Rucksack Club. They consist of two distinct edges

of rock set at a very steep angle, and varying from 30 to 60 feet in height. The most prominent feature of the lower edge is a deep cleft called the "Black Chimney." The floor slopes upwards, and converges at the far end, from whence one or two ledges on the right wall run towards the entrance. "Backing up" for some 25 feet, a small platform is reached, an easy traverse, and one small pitch giving access to the top. It is possible, though very difficult, to continue in the chimney past the platform for another 20 feet, a pull up over a large chockstone finishing the climb. To the left of this chimney is a cracklet, some 40 feet long and about four inches wide, containing several small jammed stones. The lower leaf of rock is smooth and rounded, and defied all attempts to get beyond the first 20 feet. Several very easy climbs may be had on the upper edge, but the appalling quantity of loose rock renders them far from enjoyable.



## COMMITTEE NOTES.

THE following gentlemen have been elected members of the Climbers' Club :—

Joseph Wontner Brown, 30 Birchington Road, Crouch End, N.

Albert Ernest Bellars, The Market Place, Wisbech, Cambridge.

G. C. Thomson, Park Road, Penarth.

T. C. Ormiston Chant, 49 Gower Street, W.C.

Stanley Ridsdale, Hatherley House, Kew Gardens.

John Sandison, 8 Mount Pleasant, Kendal.

Geo. T. Ewen, "Linwood," Wilton Road, Chorlton cum Hardy, Manchester.

Bernard S. Wood, Laureston, Cheadle, Cheshire.

Norman S. Wood, Laureston, Cheadle, Cheshire.

Gerald A. West, Redcliffe, Braintree, Essex.

Arthur W. Wakefield, B.A., Birklands, Kendal.

Harold S. Thompson, 59 Holgate Road, York.

Rev. Arthur H. Fish, B.A., B.S.C. (London), Arnold House, Chester.

Edward V. Slater, Eton College, Berkshire.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE BRANDELHOW ESTATE.—With the report for the year 1902-03 of the National Trust for Places for Historic Interest or National Beauty, has been circulated a reprint from the *Keswick Guardian* of October 18th, 1902, describing the opening of the Brandelhow Estate as a National pleasure ground. This Estate, an area of 108 acres of woodland and pasture, situate on the south-western shore of Lake Derwentwater, has been purchased by the National Trust at a cost of £6,500.

\* \* \* \*

SNOWDON.—In the autumn of last year a large portion of Snowdon came into the market, and the National Trust was publicly urged to take action to secure it as a National possession. The Council did not see its way to carry out such a scheme, but when the property, which formerly belonged to the late Sir Edward Watkin, Bart., failed to find a purchaser in the auction market, the owner's representatives were approached with a view to the transfer of the summit of the mountain to the National Trust. The owner, however, was unwilling to negotiate on that basis.

\* \* \* \*

THE receipts of the National Trust, during the year ending 30th April, 1903, amounted to £1438 8s. 1d. The Hon. Secretary, the Rev. Canon Rawnsley, Crossthwaite Vicarage, Keswick, would be glad to communicate with any member of the Club desirous of becoming a subscriber.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE SLIGACHAN CLIMBERS' BOOK.

*To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.*

SIR,

In company with a climbing friend, "R. B." of Sunderland, I have just returned from a first visit to Sligachan and the immortal Coolins.

Understanding that we should find there a climbers' book containing Records which would enable us not merely to locate the different climbs, but to understand their relative difficulty, we went wholly uninformed save for a Pilkington's Map. This, coupled with a rucksack, a compass, an 80 feet length of rope, and a few notes that "R. B." had the good fortune to receive from Mr. G. A. Abraham on the fourth day, constituted our sole equipment to combat the Coolins and typical Skye weather. We supposed "typical Skye weather" is a local euphemism for blank blank weather. We recollected that 3000 years ago Solomon wrote that one of the "four things which say not it is enough" is "the earth that is not filled with water." We wondered whether Solomon had spent "a summer in Skye."

To our astonishment and disgust we learned on enquiring the first evening for the celebrated "Climbers' Book" that "the Sharps claimed it and had taken it with them when they left."

This meant that save for the map (which proved invaluable) we were practically in the position of pioneers, and in the course of eight full days lost much valuable time, and expended a quantity of misdirected energy in locating the climbs and negotiating the cloud-capped peaks and ridges of these grand and remarkable mountains.

No doubt we might have taken John McKenzie with us, but neither of us seemed anxious to suggest this solution of the difficulty.

My object in addressing you is two-fold. First, to let others, who like ourselves may be relying on the vanished climbing book, know the truth, and prepare themselves accordingly.

Secondly, we were interested in speculating to whom the book in question really belongs.

At present, I suppose, the Sharps have a nine-tenths better hold than anyone else—the tenacious hold which possession gives.

But surely the Scottish Mountaineering Club, are not going to rest contented with this piece of downright sacrilege—from a climber's standpoint—the asportation of the Sacred Book.

If I understand the law, it is impossible that the Sharps can make any use of the book, if indeed their title to "sit on it" cannot be displaced. From enquiries made we understand that the Sharps bought the empty book, and accordingly claimed the full one as their property.

But the copyright in the various manuscript notes, like the copyright in private letters, must surely remain in the several writers, who would be entitled to restrain publication. If this be so, the possession of the book must be a barren possession, and I imagine there should not be much difficulty in retrieving it, even if the Sharps would not voluntarily relinquish it on being tactfully approached.

Anyway, something ought to be done, and quickly. The practical view of the position would seem to be that the book should be held by the licensee for the time being of the house upon trust for the use *ad infinitum* of climbers resorting there.

Yours, &c.,

CH. H. PICKSTONE.

BURY, LANC.

[The Secretary of the Climbers' Club informs me that he has communicated with the Secretary of the Scottish Mountaineering Club on the subject, and has ascertained that the book in question was sent by Mrs. Sharp to the latter Club, the committee of which will decide whether the book shall remain in the Library of the S. M. C. or be returned to Sligachan.]—ED.



## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MOUNTAIN CLUB ANNUAL. Edited by G. F. TRAVERS JACKSON.  
Containing :—

- Hints on Mountain Photography. By Dr. R. Marloth.
- Milner Peak : First Ascent from Hex River side. By G. F. Travers Jackson.
- A Thwarted Attempt on Milner Peak.
- A Night on the Mountains. By Dr. F. C. Kolbe.
- First Ascent of French Hoek Peak. By G.
- French Hoek Peak : Second Ascent. By G. F. Travers Jackson.
- The Note Book in Mountaineering. By J. M.
- A "Trek" to Tulbagh Waterfall. By Sidney Yorke Ford.
- Matroosberg, 1902. By S. Y. F.
- Matroosberg, Roode Berg and Groot-Hoek. By E. H. Cooke.
- Plan of Table Mountain. &c., &c.

(Cape Town : The Mountain Club, 1902. 6d.)

THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL. Edited by WILLIAM DOUGLAS. Vol. VII., No. 41. May, 1903. Containing :—

- Group of Creag Meaghaidh. By C. B. P.
- The Monadhliath. By L. Hinxman.
- The Cairngorm Mountains. By L. W. Hinxman.
- The Western Cairngorms. By W. A. S.
- Sgoran Dubh Climbs. By H. R.
- Proceedings of the Club.
- Library Notes. &c., &c.

(Edinburgh : The Scottish Mountaineering Club. 1/-.)

THOROUGH GUIDES. SCOTLAND. Part I. By M. J. B. BADDELEY, B.A.

Including :—Edinburgh, Glasgow and the Highlands, as far North as Aberdeen, Inverness, Gairloch and Stornoway, with a description of the various approaches by Land and Sea from the South. Fifty Maps and Plans by Bartholomew. Tenth Edition, thoroughly revised. (London : Dulau & Co., 1903. 6/6 net.)

THOROUGH GUIDES. SCOTLAND. Part III. By M. J. B. BADDELEY, B.A.

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