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CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL

EDITED BY
E. RAYMOND TURNER

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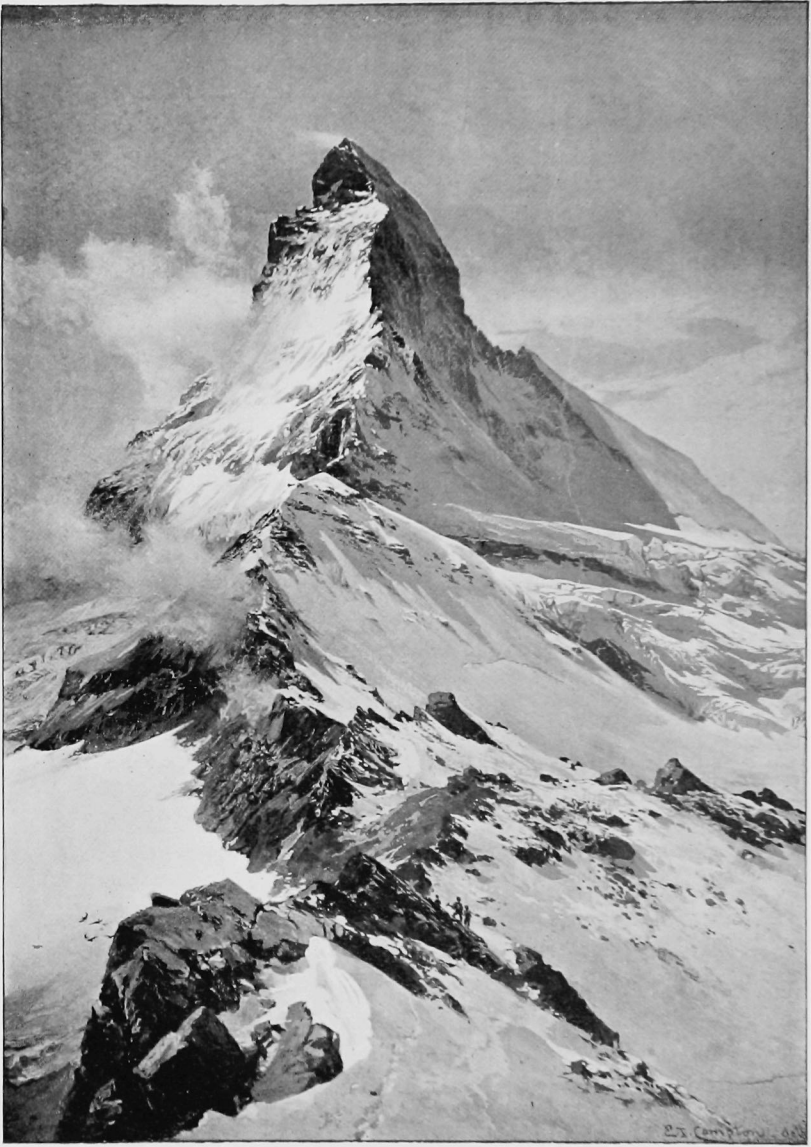
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THE MATTERHORN. From the Hörnli.

From a drawing by E. T. COMPTON.

THE

CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

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[No. 22.

A NIGHT ON SCAWFELL.

By the late CHARLES PACKE, A.C.

NOTE by the President :

The following paper, though not finished, has a double interest for us owing to its subject and its author. Deliberate sleeping out on mountain tops is a form of enjoyment which many regard as an invention or a mania of the last few years ; but the late Mr. Packe indulged in it zealously for nearly half-a-century. He was one of the earliest members of the Alpine Club, and in those days comfortable inns had not pushed their way far up the slopes of all the Swiss mountains, so that sleeping out was then indispensable for many an expedition, which is now regarded as an affair of half a day. Accordingly, sleeping bags attracted much attention in mountaineering circles, and among the very earliest forms to be invented were those devised by Mr. Packe and Mr. Tuckett. When I first made the acquaintance of this celebrated bag, it had been in existence and use more than twenty years, and had lost a good deal of its warmth and its weatherproof qualities. It had also shrunk and stiffened with age, till at last the inventor became quite unable to get inside it without assistance of the most vigorous kind.

Many and many a time did he and I bivouac together among the mountains and forests of France and Spain, and the process of preparing him for his slumbers was comical in the extreme. He would sit on the ground while we—a guide, a porter or two, and myself—formed a circle round him. His feet were then cautiously insinuated into the bag—it was like putting a pair of spectacles into their case—we then raised him to a vertical position, and seizing the top edges of the bag, jumped him up and down until his weight gradually forced him down inside. We then lowered him gently to a recumbent altitude, where he remained like a mummy till we shook him out again in the morning. In those days (more than twenty years ago), the wilds of Spain were not thought very safe, and we heard a good deal about the brigands who were supposed to infest them. We might console ourselves with the reflection that no one, however evil disposed, was at all likely to look for us with success in the dead of night, and in such inaccessible places as we generally chose for our sleeping quarters, but if anyone had come, Mr. Packe was perfectly helpless. He could not very well say to the marauder, "I'll knock you down, if only you will help me to get out of this bag." So when we had chosen our positions for the night, this sort of conversation used to ensue.

"Have you got your rifle handy?"

"Yes. Sleeping on it."

"Got a cartridge ready?"

"Yes. Two."

"If you hear anyone coming fire at once. Goodnight."

"All right! Goodnight."

But the expected seldom happens. Queer animals came to visit us now and again, but never a brigand. For his night on Scawfell he had, of course, no sleeping bag, and very few creature comforts of any kind. He was a delicate-looking man, but wonderfully hardy. Sleeping out in high and wild places was quite a hobby of his, and he had done it on Snowdon, Helvellyn, and I think he mentioned several other prominent British peaks. Every expedition was marked

throughout by the same painstaking scientific spirit, which is shewn in this paper. As a mountain botanist he enjoyed, of course, a European reputation, and science of every kind interested him hugely. He had a perfect passion for determining altitude above sea level, by means of the boiling-point thermometer, an apparatus, the handling of which, at his instigation, upon cold mountain tops, has cost me many a miserable half-hour. His attachment to our English mountains lasted all his life. To take Scawfell Pikes alone—he had already ascended them in 1850 and 1852, and after this he went up in 1863, 1871, 1884, 1886, 1888, and 1889. On this last occasion he walked all the way from Low Wood, on Windermere, and over the Pikes by Piers Gill to Wastdale Head, which, for a man of 63, was not a bad day's work. When he died, some seven years ago, we lost a mountaineer of the best and truest type.

Monday, July, 1859. Left Low Wood at 10'30 a.m., carrying with me a plaid-cloak in addition to a light tweed wrapper, reached Ambleside at 11, and thence, passing by Rydal and Grasmere Lakes over Fox Howe, reached Thompson's farmhouse, at Mill Beck, at 1'10. The day was excessively hot, the thermometer 72 degrees in the shade. At Thompson's I indulged in a good meal of ham and eggs, milk, and bread and butter, thinking it prudent to reserve the small stock of bread and meat I had taken with me. Left Mill Beck at 2'15, and by 4 had reached the top of Rossit Gill, the very steep gully which seams the mountain side on the left hand extremity of the valley. This ascent is very steep, much more so than the Stake Pass which is carried up another gully on the right hand corner of the valley, leading into Borradaile. The Stake Pass is practicable for ponies, but Rossit Gill is only to be scaled on foot. The ascent of this occupies 50 minutes—keep the gill on the right hand till near the top and then cross over to the other side. On the summit you emerge on a grassy *col*, from which 10 minutes easy descent in a N.W. direction brings you down to Angle Tarn. After passing this

on the left, and bearing W.N.W. under the crags of Bowfell, the summit of another green *col* is reached, Esk Hause, from which on the right you look down to Borradale, and on the left you look over the savage valley of Eskdale towards Hardknot; continuing along this ridge some 10 minutes, a very plentiful spring of most excellent water is reached, gushing out from the rocks of Great End. This spring is the principal source of the river Esk.

I reached this spring on Esk Hause at 5; from this point to the summit of the Pikes takes about 45 minutes in a W.S.W. direction, the track, which passes over large rugged stones, being more or less marked.

From Styhead horses may be taken as far as this point, where they must be turned out to graze (there is no danger of their straying), till the party return from the summit.

I reached the summit of Scawfell Pike at 5.50, and tried hard to induce the two or three people whom I found there to remain on the top and bivouac with me for the night, but all of them descended at 6.30, and I was left to contemplate the sunset alone. The state of the atmosphere was pretty favourable for the view, but I think the forms of the mountains are more picturesque as seen from Helvellyn. There was a strong wind from the S.E., and it was scarcely possible to stand except under the shelter of the "man." The bearing of the principal points was as follows:—

Due N., Great Gable.

Then came the Scotch coast looking over the Solway, 30 degrees W. of N.

Then the Pillar, W. of N.W.

and beyond this to the left appeared Barrow Head and the Mull of Galloway, with their promontories projected into the sea like two islands.

Floutern Tarn, W.N.W.*

* There must be some error here. The tarn lies in a hole right under Herdus, which would completely hide it even if the mass of Pillar Fell had not already done so. Probably Mr. Packe misapplied the name to some other tarn, possibly Low Tarn, just on the far side of Vewbarrow.

Isle of Man, 10 degrees S. of W.

A bit of Wastwater, 10 degrees N. of W.S.W.

Scawfell on the other side of the chasm of Mickledore, 15 degrees S. of W.S.W.

Black Combe, S.S.W. (10 degrees S. of) and beyond, the Duddon Sands due S.

Hard Knot, 10 degrees E. of South.

Cockley Beck, a little white house in Eskdale S.S.E.—Coniston Man beyond.

Then come Crinkle Crag, a continuation of Bowfell, E.S.E.

Bowfell due E. and a glimpse of Windermere over the ridge between them.

Harrison Pike, E.N.E. (10 degrees S. of), Hill Bell over it.

Saddleback, E.N.E. (10 degrees E. of).

Skiddaw, N. (10 degrees E. of).

I purposely confine myself to specifying the bearing of the principal peaks, and attempt no description of the extended panorama, for to do so would be only to weary the reader by vague description and monotonous expressions of admiration; the more strongly the beauty of picturesque scenery is felt, the more difficult does it become to convey the various emotions which crowd upon the mind.

Those who have no experience of mountain climbing are unable to appreciate the exquisite pleasure, after toiling up the rocks for several hours, of arriving at the summit, and the agreeable sensation of *seeing all around you*. There is doubtless something solemn and imposing in the aspect of a boundless horizon, whether viewed from the summits of the highest Alps, or the humbler eminences of two or three thousand feet. Infinity of space, as poets in every language say, is reflected within ourselves; it is associated with ideas of a superior order; it elevates the mind which delights in the calm of solitary meditation.

It is fine

To stand upon some lofty mountain top

And feel the spirit stretch into the view. *Bailey's Festus.*

It is true also that every view of unbounded space bears a peculiar character. The prospect surveyed from a solitary peak varies, according as the clouds reposing on the plains extend in layers, are conglomerated in groups, or present to the astonished eye, through broad openings, the habitations of man, the labour of agriculture, or the verdant tints of the tortuous vallies that wind amid the savage crags. It is a mistake to suppose that the highest and most arduous ascents are attended with the greatest amount of pleasure. "Travellers," says Humboldt ("Personal Narrative," I., 80), "have learned by experience that the views from very lofty mountains are neither so beautiful, picturesque, nor so varied as those from heights which do not exceed that of the Rigi (the Puy de Sancy, Scawfell Pikes, and Helvellyn). Colossal mountains, such as Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, compose so large a mass that the plains covered with vegetation are seen only in the immensity of distance, and a blue and vapoury tint is uniformly spread over the landscape."

There is no vegetation on the top of Scawfell Pikes, neither is there any water, that nearest to the summit is to be found in a spring about 80 yards below the last *col*, on the west side, descending towards Styhead.* Hither I descended to make my frugal meal at 7.30, and then again repaired to the summit to watch the setting sun.

The longitude of Scawfell Pikes is 54°30' N.—the latitude, 3°20' W. On the 11th of July the sun sets at Greenwich (latitude 51°30'), at 8 hrs. 12 min., and rises at 3.57. Now we must allow 4 minutes for each degree of longitude, which will give 13 min. 20 secs. later to rise and set at Scawfell than at Greenwich.

We must also allow 17 minutes earlier to rise, and later to set, for the 3 degrees of North latitude over Greenwich.

This will give 8 hrs. 12 min. + 13 min. 20 secs. + 17 min. = 8 hrs. 42 min. 20 secs., Greenwich time, as the hour of the sun setting on the sea level at Scawfell Pikes.

* There is generally good water near Mickledoor on the Eskdale side, and an excellent spring under Pikes Crag. Either of these would be much nearer than that by Great End.

And it will give 3 hrs. 57 min. + 13 min. 20 secs. - 17 min. = 3 hrs. 53 min. 20 secs., Greenwich time, as the hour of the sun rising over the sea level of Scawfell Pikes on July 11th.

At 8:45 the sun set, a blood-red orb, but no illumination of the sky succeeded. Small, but compact little black clouds, drifting up from the sea, came scudding past me with astonishing rapidity, and there was every sign of the wind, already strong, increasing in violence. On the summit some of the larger stones have been built up so as to form very rude *cabanes*. These were made by the Ordnance Engineers, who were here for some weeks surveying about two years back; but the roof is now gone, and they afford scarcely any protection against the weather. I took up my position for the night bivouac about fifty yards from the top, on the North side, on a spot where a little patch of moss afforded some substitute for a bed, for the rocks all round were so hard and rugged, that to lie down on them was actually painful. Having built a low wall of stones along the East side, to protect myself from the wind, which blew very strongly from the S.E., at 10:30 I stretched myself along it, and prepared for sleep. The moon which had risen very misty, soon disappeared; and the North was the only quarter of the heavens in which a few stars remained visible. I was astonished to see how long this part of the sky preserved its blue tint. Up to 1 a.m., long after the light had faded, in this quarter I could still admire a patch of pale azure sky distinguishable from the dark profound. At this hour, however, the last cheering speck was overspread by fast gathering clouds, and every now and then one came a little lower, bedewing me with vapour.

I once thought of endeavouring to make my way down before it got worse, but two steps convinced me of the impracticability of scrambling over the stones in the dark, even if I could be certain of the direction. It was not cold, and whenever I felt myself a little numb, I got up and exercised myself in reconstructing and improving my wall, which very soon restored the circulation. I found it, however, impossible to sleep, and I lay patiently expecting daybreak. Sometimes

the wind would lull for a minute or two, and then every thing was perfectly still, there was no sound either of the hum of insects or of falling water, and I could not help thinking how astonished I should be, if any man or animal at that time had presented itself before me. Though no believer in ghosts, I should have been at a loss whether or not to take it for a visitant from another world. The only living things near me were, I believe, some long-legged spiders, of which in the morning I found some dozen curled up in a paper of sandwiches, that I had taken out of my pocket and placed on a rock. Gradually the hours wore on, and at 3 there was sufficient light to enable me to read the thermometer, which marked no lower than 58 degrees. At 3·25 the thermometer had gone down to 52 degrees, and this was the coldest period of the night. At 3·53 the sun ought to have risen in that latitude and longitude ; but at 4 a.m., though it was now light, it was impossible to say in which quarter the sun had risen, as far as any aspect of the sky was concerned. All was equally wrapped in grey mist, which allowed me to see the ground from 10 to 20 yards but no farther. It was impossible to say how long this might remain, and as I had not the slightest intention of spending a second night on the top of Scawfell, I thought it best to try how I could get along, so at 4·15 a.m. started. From Scawfell Pikes to Esk Hause there are two distinct masses of rock to be traversed, the Pikes being the third of the series, the track over these is partly marked, but, in a mist like this, it is not easy to keep it, and, fortunately, in ascending I had taken the bearings by compass of all the prominent points, which are as follows :—

To return from Scawfell Pikes to Angle Tarn :—

E.N.E. is the general direction—Great End bears due N.E.

To first col bear 5 degrees E. of N.E.

From this col bear 10 degrees E. of E.N.E., passing over some large stones, descending on a second col, and then mounting up to a mossy plateau. Traversing this mossy plateau E.N.E., you come to rugged stones, and descend by those to the spring on Esk Hause, rising under Great End.

From the spring on Esk Hause, Harrison Pike bears E.S.E., and this is the direction to take to arrive at Angle Tarn, keeping close under the rocks of Bowfell on your right.

From the North corner of Angle Tarn ascend the grassy col S.E., which brings you to the top of Rossit Gill.

Compass in hand, I got on pretty well, the main difficulty I had being in striking the stream on Esk Hause from the last rocks. It was impossible to see Great End, Bowfell, or any other land-mark, even when close upon them, and twice I found myself descending into Eskdale, by not keeping up enough to the N. Owing to this I was a good two hours in reaching the spring, instead of 50 minutes, and in crossing Esk Hause I had again some little difficulty, but at 6.50 found myself safely down at Angle Tarn.

The mist here began to clear, all the difficulty was over, and the wind got round to the North.

I reached Mill Beck, including a siesta on the road, at 9.15, and, having there had breakfast with a very good cup of tea, started again at 10.50. The day was so fine that I was tempted to prolong my ramble over the mountains, and make for Grassmere over the col of Silver Howe. It is a very pleasing diversion from the dirty road, and the following is the route:—

At 11 a.m., 19 minutes after leaving Mill Beck (Thompson's), struck off to the left and made up the hill due E., along some cut fern. On reaching the col (Silver Howe), bend to N.E. Helm Crag is N.N.E. of you as you descend, and a little to the left* of Helm Crag is seen Grisedale.

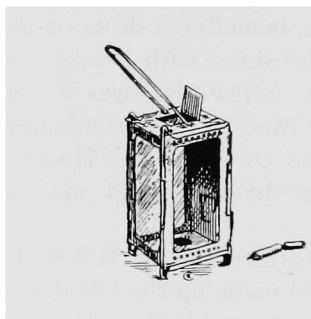
Top of col at 11.45.

Descend best on right bank of stream, striking into foot-path, and continuing down to upper extremity of Grassmere village. You may keep the crest of the hill, keeping close under the rocks of Red Bank, but it is a slippery and somewhat difficult path, not fit for ladies.

It turned out a beautiful day, which if I could have foreseen, I should have remained three hours longer on the top of

* Right.

Scawfell, but of this I could not be certain, and, to say the truth, I was somewhat sick of my solitary bivouac ; not that I at all regret it, and, under more favourable circumstances, I have no doubt the view would well repay for the inconvenience ; and a party of two or three would not find it at all dull.



CONCERNING GRITSTONE.

By a "GRITSTONE" NOVICE.

BUXTON is a capital place for those who like it. Also it possesses two railway stations which enable one to get away.

Fate landed me at Buxton in the August of the year of grace, 1903, but a dozen fates would not keep me there, day in and day out. You see, there is not much to be done at Buxton, except listen to the band or play extravagant golf under restrictions, of both of which there cometh satiety. There is a river at the bottom of the hill, alleged to contain trout and grayling, with a sewage farm emptying into it to improve their flavour. And there is climbing—of sorts.

That is to say, there is a recess off the main gardens which is called a Rockery, containing various problems. I spoiled the best by accidently pulling off the top of an *arête*, which fell on the path fully ten feet below and broke in three pieces. I don't know what kind of rock the Rockery is composed of, but it is not good stuff to climb on.

Limestone cliffs abound, and look very attractive, but are wholly objectionable. Neglecting my Haskett-Smith, I tackled a really nice looking gully on the roadside which I had for some days determined to try, if I could avoid publicity. Everybody lunches at the same time at Buxton, so lunch-time found me on a deserted road. The gully was rotten to start with, and got worse, but it was wretchedly easy. Just as I was getting out, I dislodged a bit of cliff and very nearly killed a wheelbarrow, which was walking past with a man after it. Limestone is indeed "dangerously rotten."

I have only tried limestone once since, and that was because I heard a man had climbed an inaccessible rock, and

left a penny on the top for anyone to get who could. I found out, too late, that he had first thrown a stone over the top; to the stone was attached a string; to the string a rope; to the rope—well, Noah made a successful first ascent of Ararat with the aid of a deluge and an ark. I had a shot at climbing the place, but when I had got a short way up, the whole of the rotten stuff gave way, and I don't want a barometer now. My right arm gives me all the information I need about changes of weather. No more limestone for me.

But gritstone is all right; that is to say, "it is all right when you know it, but you've got to know it first." I was introduced to it by the talented and courteous President of the Kyndwr Club, to whom, with characteristic cheek, I had written, and who, with characteristic good nature, took the first opportunity of accepting my kind invitation to come and show me something about Derbyshire climbs.*

He first took me to the Black Rocks at Cromford,† and sent me up the Pine Tree Gully, which is sacred to the memory of a pine that is not there. The first pitch was a heap of barbed wire, which completely filled the bottom of the gully, a nice cheerful start. When that had been negotiated very gingerly, I tried the first natural pitch with the comforting thought that, if I did come off, there was the barbed wire waiting for me. There is a chockstone with a way up behind. This appeared to me to be the correct route, but Baker called out to me that it was much more sporting to go outside. I was having all the sport I wanted as it was. I had been accustomed to the Borrowdale series, where you have at least a hold, if it is only a finger hold. But there are no holds on gritstone, only rounded edges and cups, and a horrid rasp-like surface that catches hold of your clothes and pulls you back. However, I did at last succeed in reaching up over the chockstone, and got a real good satisfying hold, the broken end of a glass bottle. Then I came down.

* There is a very nice club at Buxton, but, after all, one does not go away into the country to find a good club.

†See Vol. I., *C. C. J.*, pp. 55 *et seq.* and 67.

Baker then went up the outside route. It is a chimney, and you back up. Now backing up on rock is one thing, backing up on gritstone is quite another. On rock you use your back and hands and feet and knees. On gritstone you merely plaster yourself against the grit, leaning your back, or the seat of your breeches, or your cap against the other side of the chimney. Then you detach yourself, hanging on meanwhile by your back, cap, or knickerbockers, and wriggle up; and so on to the top. The hands, feet, and knees are merely more or less useful accessories. Sometimes the process is reversed, and you hang on forward, and wriggle up aft.

Now a process like that requires some learning; it was my first day out, and I was out of condition; and in that Pine Tree Gully I managed to put in enough exertion to take me up ten times the height of rock. Consequently, I was rather done when I got to the top, and was very glad when Bond turned up, so that Baker had some one else to practice on. With supreme content I watched them struggling with an impossible crack, which Baker managed and Bond didn't, whilst I smoked and rested. There is a lot of good climbing on Cromford:—Sand Gully, and never was a place better named, the style of place your stockings carry mementoes of, even after they have been through the wash; the fattest of Fat Men's Gullies, where even I stuck, and I am as thin as they make them; a very interesting climb, first done, I believe, by Mr. Haskett-Smith, in one part of which you have to spreadeagle yourself out, and climb with your toes against either side, whilst you resist gravity by a tiny finger hold, and—a gritstone hold. But the pick of the basket is the Stonnis Crack.* Baker went up like a lamplighter, but it was too much for us. There is no hold anywhere, and the work gets harder and harder all the way up. As a matter of fact, one wastes a lot of valuable time and energy in seeking about for non-existent holds. The key is to get through with it as fast as ever you can. At least so Baker explained, which accounts for his lamplighter-like ascent.

I had hard luck in the matter of health when I was out in

* See Vol. II., p. 179, and Vol. V., p. 136.

Derbyshire. The next meet was at Darley Dale. Darley Dale is remarkable for the beauty of its scenery, the excellence of its Hydro, and the imbecility of its inhabitants. I arrived at night. It was raining of course, and as dark as pitch, otherwise, I should not have been such a fool as to consult local talent (vide *Climbers' Club Journal*, Vol. III., page 64). Anyhow, they sent me furlongs out of my way, to nowhere. At last I landed up at a merry-go-round, where I found more fools, roved around, found some more fools, and at length hit on the Hydro. It is half a mile from the station, on the main road, and there is a board, as big as a billiard table, just outside the station, directing you to it. That I discovered by daylight.

To anyone who wants to do some scrambling in Derbyshire, I can recommend Darley Dale Hydro. It is a very "gentlemanly" house (it is hard to express what I mean, but you don't feel as if you were in a hotel, but in a private house, when you are there), the people are very nice, the terms are very reasonable, and it is a good centre.

I qualified for a resident in Darley Dale by taking a hand at "Bridge" that night. I was wet through, or nearly so; I loathe "Bridge," and I had to climb next day. Consequence: a splitting headache, and breakfast on the short profits and quick returns principle.

I followed Bond, Baker, and a friend through what I believe was lovely scenery, and I judge they had a very good day's sport. As I was quite blind from the pain in my eyes, I may be mistaken. We went to the Andle Stone* (locally, "The Twopenny Loaf"); Row Tor† (where I had some beer and cheese and felt better); Cratcliffe Tor‡ (where I was fool enough to climb the Owl's Gully, and spent the next half-hour praying for a tourniquet to keep my head from splitting); and Robin Hood's Stride.§

*Vol. I., p. 55, *et seq.* Vol. V., p. 136.

†Vol. III., p. 33. Vol. V., p. 136.

‡Vol. I., p. 55, *et seq.* Vol. IV., p. 91.

§Vol. I., p. 55, *et seq.* Vol. V., p. 136 (the upper problem of the two "bouldering" photos is at the Stride).

As soon as I recovered partially from Owl's Gully, I went to look for the party. I found them without much trouble, headed by Baker, with blazing eyes and nose, making for the Stride. It appeared that he had been making use of a nettle as a nosehold. I felt better after hearing that.

On the Stride, Baker did everything that was to be done, and the others did a great deal. I looked on and applauded. Of course, as soon as the day was too far spent for any climbing I got all right.

On the way back Bond and Baker dived into a cave. I hate caves at present. I shall probably be converted before I am much older. Up to date, my cave experience has been limited to the regulation route through the Peak Cavern, made ten times more objectionable by a crowd of Yahoos from Sheffield, or somewhere, each of whom declared with strident noises, purporting to be music, that there was never a daddy like his—and I hope to goodness there will never be such another.

After an interminable time, as it seemed, they reappeared, elate in spirit, with the information that, had I backed them up, they would have reached Hades by that time. If they had only known it, for the last twenty minutes, if thoughts could have helped them on their way thither—well, I was anxious about catching a train.

Visited the Downfall at Kinderscout. No climbing, but a good run from the keepers.

And now, at last, I have something of a free hand. Hitherto I have been trespassing on the work of better men all over the *Journal*, but Laddow Rocks have only received a passing notice on page 30 of Volume V.

The excitement commenced from the start. Just outside Buxton there is a station called Miller's Dale, where the Railway Company throw you out, lose your luggage, and put you in the wrong train. "Mummery used to hold that that which gave the acutest pleasure in a climb was the element of uncertainty." * Pleasure of that kind starts at Miller's Dale,

*Vol. I., p. 30.

right away. Changed at Chinley—train late. Waited for Baker at Sheffield—his train later. Just time to fly across Sheffield in a hansom, and jump into a train to Penistone, without taking tickets. A dirty hole is Penistone, as far as I could judge.

We made for the hotel where we were to meet a Photographic Friend of Baker's. I shall call this gentleman P. F. for short in future. It saves space, and conceals identity. We were curtly informed there was no bed. Baker then enquired whether P. F. had arrived. O, were we friends of P. F.? Of course there was a bed for us; and would we like supper, and what could they do to make us comfortable? This was all very nice, but there was no P. F. It was the same at the railway station. An unimportant person like Mr. Chamberlain might pass unnoticed, but not P. F. I began to feel a curiosity to see this "amazing instance of a popular man." I know him now, about twelve hours' actual acquaintance, and understand. I like, esteem, and respect him, but if he don't break his own, or some one else's neck —. He has no idea of fear or danger. On one occasion he was discovered in a cave, balanced on two flimsy planks which quivered and danced on their insecure holds, manipulating his camera, one of those great three-legged arrangements you have to tie your head up in a cloth to photograph with.

The weather was cold. Baker filled the bath overnight, so as to have the chill off in the morning. I woke up before he did, and was minded to steal a march on him, but chivalry, or fear of assault restrained me. However, there was a leak in the bath, and all the water had run away during the night, so I was not without my reward.

Breakfast was served, through the influence of P. F., willingly, at an unearthly hour, though it was the day of rest—and climbing. My ill-luck pursued me in the matter of health, for I woke with an awful cold. I could neither taste nor smell—and those senses are useful on occasions. Most of us have read of Jerome's pet water-rat, which lost itself in a jar of gooseberry fool, and nobody discovered what had become of it

till the second helping. Well, I never discovered that one of my eggs was bad till the last spoonful. After that we devoted ourselves to ham.

Our station was Crowden. The scenery here is wild and beautiful, and Members of the Climbers' Club will be familiar with it through the medium of Baker's book on walks and climbs, *sub Jove* and *sub terrâ*, in this part of the world, and it would be an impertinence on my part to attempt to describe it, to say nothing of riding for a fall.

P. F. began his attempts on our general safety the moment we left the station. The first adventure shall remain unrecorded. A little further on we came to a romantic dale, at the far end of which we could see Laddow Rocks, beetling fantastically on the sky-line. I was drinking in the fresh morning air, modified by a flavour of bad eggs. Baker was talking geography—he seems to know the district like the palm of his hand—when P. F. made for a signboard, threatening trespassers with all kinds of pains and penalties, and charged valiantly across a rifle range, which, it being Sunday morning, was fortunately deserted. Then came the hardest climb of the day. The Rifle Pitch itself was easy, if damp, but the getting out was extremely difficult. The obstacle consisted of a paling of stout wire uprights, about four feet six high, fastened together in such a way as to afford absolutely no foothold. Moreover, the whole thing shook and quivered at a touch. Baker got over with the aid of P. F. and myself. P. F. climbed up my back and over Baker's head, and I was left on the wrong side of the fence, with the shoulders on the other. I had a try at pulling myself over, using my companions as hand-holds, but it was not good enough, and I gave myself a poke in the ribs, which, if I had slipped more than a few inches, might have had serious consequences. However, a few yards down, the fence turned slightly, and there, as I suspected, the stays that supported it were double. The nut of the screw which joined them gave me a "toe-scrape," which enabled me to land safely with my knees on Baker's shoulders. He says my knees are very sharp.

Rakes Rocks, on the left, looked so good that we promised them a visit on our return, but we kept steadily on, till we came to a very fine beck.* P. F. desired with desire to photograph it, and sent us down to stand by the side, in the spray of cascades, to show off the height of the falls. We obeyed cheerfully. As soon as the sitting was over, we scrambled out of the beck and waited for P. F., and waited, and waited. Then we yelled. No answer. More yells, and the same amount of answer. We began to get alarmed, and searched the beck for the bones of P. F. and camera. Neither forthcoming. We concluded hopefully that he had gone on, and were conversing freely on the subject, when he turned up smiling. We were so pleased to see him safe and sound that we forgot to be angry. It appeared that it occurred to his artistic brain that he might get even a better picture lower down, and I gather that he was right. I did not go to see.

Laddow Rocks are divided into two great stairs, with a belt of broken and very steep ground in between. There may be some good work on the lower crags, but all interest in them vanishes in the face of the manifold attractions of the upper series, which are split up by innumerable rifts, some of them 100 feet in length. There is any amount of room for exploration here, and as the crags are within easy range of Sheffield and Manchester, it is to be hoped that they will be thoroughly exploited and made to reveal their veiled charms.

The veil is the most objectionable part of the business. It consists of coarse sand, or, rather fine granulated gritstone, a kind of grit scree, which gets into every part of your clothing, and declines to get out. This only entails discomfort. The danger is, that the beastly stuff lies so thickly in the cracks and gullies, that you never can tell whether a projecting hold is part of the live rock, or is merely embedded in the treacherous soil. In manipulating a rope from above, this danger has to be very carefully watched, as will presently appear.

We went first to the top of the crags and inspected a curious Pinnacle—of which more anon—P. F. having meanwhile

* Oaken Clough.

got to the bottom, no doubt by some descent exceptionally perilous. We then climbed down a gully a little to the left. There was a great deal of loose stuff about, and the objections of grit scree were very much in evidence. You would kick and push at a projecting bit of rock, come to the conclusion it was part of the parent cliff, and then, when it had lured you on to trusting it, there would be a shower of grit scree, and the thing would stand revealed as a fraudulent detached boulder. The gully terminates very steeply at the bottom, but if you observe the rule of the road and go to the left, "if you go to the right, you go wrong," you, in descending, will not go wrong.

There is an easy gully on the right (Steep Ghyll), and another on the left (Deep Ghyll), both of which meet at a narrow neck behind the Pinnacle. In fact, the whole arrangement is a kind of Scawfell Pillar in miniature, the Pinnacle itself somewhat resembling its big relation, and leaning over towards the main cliff something in the same way.

What we wanted to do was to climb the face of the Pinnacle direct. The first bit would not go, so I took the lead up the gully, and, on the first possible occasion, traversed out on my right. The traverse was easy, and the handholds from below looked promising, but they would not perform. Baker had a try, with equal success. This was repeated several times on the way up, but it always ended in failure, though on one occasion we did get a few inches up a crack. Arrived at the neck, Baker traversed round to the outside of the base of the Pinnacle and discovered the reason. Viewed from above, those apparently promising holds were minute water-polished rounded edges.

P. F. nearly made the greatest discovery of all. Suddenly Baker, who was moving with the utmost caution, grumbling the while at the disintegrated state of the rock, gave a sharp exclamation of alarm. I held on to the rope like grim death, expecting a game of pull devil, pull Baker (as he said to me on another occasion, when he was leading and I was in difficulties). But he was in no danger, though P. F. was. There he was, right at the foot of the Pinnacle, camera in

hand, quite heedless of the avalanche of loose stones and boulders that might at any moment descend on his head. In response to Baker's warning yells, he moved leisurely out of the way, and coolly attempted the ascent of Steep Ghyll, camera in one hand, and bag in the other. That was a bit too much though, and I had to go down with the rope to help him. We must put P. F. into some climbing club to teach him respect for rocks.

The Pinnacle is climbed by taking a long stride from the parent cliff, and playing at catch-as-catch-can. When you have got your grip, an undercut handhold is utilised and you are up—but not down. The last man has a poor time. He has to jump, as the rock overhangs so much it is impossible to climb down, and there is no belay. The distance is not great, but you have to land on a small ledge. If you overjump, you will come bash against the cliff; if you jump short, you will probably break your shins against the edge of the ledge. This time I stood on the main cliff and had him firmly on the rope, so that he could only have been injured; but the first time Baker ascended the Pinnacle, he was alone, and had to take the jump in a hurricane. Had he not landed exactly, he would have rolled down either Steep or Deep Ghyll, and probably over the broken ground, and the second tier of Laddow Crag besides, in all between two and three hundred feet; or perhaps only some eighty feet to the bottom of the Pinnacle.

The finest climb we had that day was the Twin Chimneys, near the far end of the crags, as you approach from Crowden. It is not far beyond a very curious overhanging chamber of rock, which projects from the top of the Rocks. It is like, to use an Irishman's description, a cave sticking out from a cliff.

A few feet up the chimney there is a projection of rock which seems unstable, but I pushed and pulled at it with hands, feet, and eventually rope, but could not move it more than it did on first being handled, so that, at present at least, it is quite safe. From that point the work is never for a moment easy, and generally difficult. We tried the right (proper left) branch

first. Some way up a leaf of rock projects in the middle of the Chimney. It is quite holdless, as is the rock on either side. The only plan is to embrace it, getting on as much arm, leg, and waistcoat as possible, and friction up. It is short, but when you are up, I am confident that you will not wish, as O. G. Jones did of Scawfell Pinnacle *arête*, that it were much longer.

Just above this, a heap of that detestable grit scree concealed a treacherous slab, on which Baker was about to stand to make room for me. From below it did not look safe, and, with a little trouble, I wrenched it out and threw it at P. F., just to keep up his spirits. "What's enough for one is enough for two," does not apply to footholds, so I had to stick where I was. It now became clear that the left branch of the Chimney was unassailable, so Baker attempted to traverse out to his left, but it was no go. Accordingly, I descended to below the leaf of rock, and Baker came down to the top of it. This is the true point from which the proper right branch should be attacked. The climbing at once becomes very difficult, and it was deemed safest to send P. F. round to the top with a rope. He most obligingly complied with our shouted request, and soon afterwards Baker commenced the final ascent. He went up absolutely with only the moral support of the rope, but it is a climb which ought not be attempted without a rope from above, after the leaf of rock is passed.

After this, occurred a most vexatious delay. Some distance to the right of the Twin Chimneys, we noted another fine-looking fissure. Baker had mounted to the top of a large block, covered with musty vegetation, and I was about to follow, when I noticed the block oscillate. I spoke to him as quietly as I could, and with equal quietness he moved to a place of safety. What was to be done now? I could not get up to him, and he could not advance without me. I suggested that he should climb down on my head, but he declined with thanks. He was anxious to complete the climb, and then, if it would go, we might be able to deal with the ricketty block. With touching obedience I toddled off once more to the top of the Craggs, bearing with me Baker's rope and my own.

When I got to the top of the Chimney, I very nearly said something. That execrable, and execrated grit scree sloped steeply down to the edge of the rocks, and from that edge projected large black boulders, which might, or might not be firm. To me they appeared eminently unsatisfactory.

Clearly this was not a "one man job." If I sat delicately on the edge, so as to keep the rope clear of those perilous blocks, any sudden strain might very easily drag me through my precarious seat-hold, and land me and a boulder or two and an avalanche of scree on Baker, 60 or 70 feet below. If I walked back to where the slope eased off, and the ling afforded anchorage of sorts, it was almost certain that the friction of the rope along that uncertain edging would dislodge something. So I yelled for P. F.

P. F. made no reply, so, after shouting myself hoarse, I descended in great wrath to find the explanation. It had commenced raining, and P. F., rightly judging that a camera is more delicate than a climber, was packing his away. Whilst he was thus occupied, I represented to Baker the frightfully insecure condition of the edge above, and again offered my head and shoulders, but he would not.

On the way up I explained the situation to P. F., and it was agreed that, as he was the stronger man, he should sit carefully at the edge and work the rope clear of the doubtful blocks, whilst I held him firmly with the rope, so that there should be no possibility of his slipping. He took up his position, and I was moving back, when I was startled by a shout of alarm from below. P. F. had taken matters into his own hands, and had heaved down a coil of rope, to be followed instantaneously, almost as a matter of course, by a boulder.

My interior seemed to turn to water. An incredible number of thoughts, including one of justifiable homicide as I contemplated P. F.'s broad innocent back stooping over the edge, flashed through my mind, when Baker's voice, very full of vigorous life, reassured me.

Then we settled ourselves to business. The slack was taken steadily in for a time. Then came a pause; then a

sudden strain. It would not go, and once out of the crack, there was no getting back to it, so Baker had to be lowered down some 30 or 40 feet.

Whilst we were waiting for him, I conversed about the weather and the scenery—strictly. At length his face appeared at an unexpected point, a face of reproach. He had climbed a new and really interesting chimney by himself, which doubtless mollified him. I metaphorically fell on my knees, and, with true unselfishness, pleaded my innocence. His countenance cleared at once. It appeared that P. F. had tramped over so much moor, wriggled through so much cave, expended so much time and money, merely to oblige Baker, that the heaving of an occasional boulder was quite part of the game. I did not understand—then.

The weather had now broken, so we set our faces stationwards. The walk passed pleasantly, so pleasantly that before we had gone far, I found myself unthinking all the hard thoughts I had thunk, and, by the time we reached the farmhouse, I was tempted to ask P. F. to throw a few bricks at my head by way of compensation. But, with great fortitude, I resisted the temptation.

At the farm (or is it an inn?) they allowed us to cleanse ourselves in the kitchen, which we did, amidst avalanches of grit scree. Then we had an excellent tea (fresh eggs this time), so excellent that we had to run for the train, which was late—of course.

A few stations down, P. F. left us to tramp over miles of desolate waste to his home on another line, encumbered by his heavy camera bag. Then I understood.

There is only one regret connected with my visit to Derbyshire, and that is the suspicion, amounting to a cer-r-tainty, that I shall be led to attempt the *descensus Avernī* (? *facilis*), before my appointed time. Well! So be it! I am generally in a hole, normally stony, and parlously near being broke, so that, at least, I am partially qualified to become a speleologist.

Which is a good long word to end up with.

THE SNOWSTORM.

I.

OVER hill and vale a frigid trail
 I lay in boisterous haste,
 Till my wrath I wreak on the loftiest peak
 That surmounts the wintry waste ;
 In riotous gusts, with savage thrusts
 The desolate ridge I smite ;
 Its cairn lone and proud I swiftly shroud
 And screen from inquisitive sight ;
 Over the lakes I whirl my flakes,
 A drove of dwarf hippogriffs,
 Into every cleft the frosts have left
 In the face of the frowning cliffs.

II.

As I speed along I sing a song
 Of wild and wanton glee ;
 Yet stifled half in a smothered laugh
 Ere I let the tones ring free ;
 Anon I roar, as aloft I soar,
 And chase the clouds around
 The precipice brink, but soon let sink
 My voice to a moan profound ;
 I fiercely call in the heart of a squall
 And frantically wail,
 But again suppress the shrill excess
 Till weird whispers prevail.

III.

When at length is spent my truculent
And contumelious rage,
With friendliness and gentleness
I depart the vicinage ;
To the mantle bright and dazzling white
I add a final gloss,
Then melt into air and sunshine fair
And vanish the heavens across ;
And the disarray of stainless spray,
Yielding to the beams
Of the sun's joyous light, is frozen at night
Into crystals of myriad gleams.

IV.

Ere my sails are unfurled I find the world
An expanse of dull grey and brown ;
Like a fairy-queen I transform the scene,
And grace it with beauty's crown ;
And rapidly though may fade the glow,
Yet from afar alway
To the crags forlore I shall wander once more
And awhile resume my sway.

RUDOLF CYRIAX.

A NOTE ON THE SLANTING GULLY OF LLIWEDD.

By RUDOLF CYRIAX.

IT may be of interest to record that early this year (1903) there occurred, in the Slanting Gully of Lliwedd, a fall of rocks which has materially changed the character of the climbing in the lower part of the pitch just above the well-known "cave."

I will first describe the spot referred to as it appeared in 1895, no change of any importance having taken place (as far as I can ascertain) until the event already mentioned. On April 14th, 1895, I climbed with Mr. O. Eckenstein up to the cave, there being nobody else with us. Mr. Eckenstein led; and as my first experience of boulder and rock-climbing dated from exactly three weeks previous, my part was that of the careful novice, and I remained stationary whenever my leader was actually climbing.

The cave, which was wet and dirty, bent somewhat round to the east, the rock immediately above it being jagged and overhanging. From the top of the cave a small firm ledge of quartz ran nearly horizontally to the east, forming an excellent standing-place from which to examine the next part of the ascent. This consisted of a steep, smooth slab, with no satisfactory hand or foot-hold; it continued beyond the ledge to the east, and was terminated at the west by a crack or chimney, which ended at the east side of the roof of the cave. Some fifteen feet up this crack was a jammed stone, up to which my companion climbed.

After a careful inspection it was decided to beat a retreat. The pitch which turned us back was essentially one to be

attacked by two practised climbers, and my powers were insufficient to afford the leader the requisite assistance. A single climber could scarcely have made the attempt without overstepping the limits of prudence, even with the gully in its very driest condition, which it was not on this occasion. The pull-up over the steepest part of the slab would have necessitated a considerable effort, and there would have been no chance of a proper rest before tackling the further and obviously severe difficulties beyond. The scratches made by Mr. Mitchell's bootnails a few months earlier were plainly visible, indicating where he fell ; they were a little way above the jammed stone and to the east of it.

As far as we had climbed, the gully-rock was hard and firm, entirely free from loose stones, and practically free from vegetation ; it was far superior to that of either the lower or upper parts of the central gully, and to that of the western buttress. A little water trickled down it here and there from patches of melting snow.

Now for the sequel. On May 5th, 1903, Messrs. Tobler, Meryon and Eckenstein made what I believe was the fourth ascent of the Slanting Gully. Mr. Eckenstein, on his return, informed me that a piece of the cave roof had broken away, littering the clean hard rocks in the gully below with *debris* ; the ascending party had to clear away a good deal of loose stuff. The exit from the cave was easy, and no longer involved a crawl ; the next fifteen feet or so of climbing were up the slab and not up the crack ; and the jammed stone had disappeared. The quartz ledge that ran out from the top of the cave to the east was partly destroyed. Mr. Tobler, who led, required no assistance, and the start up the slab did not seem to give him much difficulty.

The wholly unweathered fractures and the scratches on the walls of the gully further down showed that the fall had taken place within a very few days.

SHAKESPEARE AS A MOUNTAINEER.

By the PRESIDENT.

III.

A LEARNED gentleman has been writing to the newspapers lately to announce his discovery that Shakespeare made puns, and that no less than thirty-nine of these can be counted in his works. He would have been nearer the mark had he said thirty-nine in every play, for the plays simply swarm with puns, and not only with puns upon words, but also with what may be termed puns of a higher power, for puns upon sentences are freely scattered through his works. No other writer has, to such an extent, delighted to embalm, as it were, in the pellucid amber of his sentences, foreign matters entirely unconnected with the apparent subject in hand. This is the true cryptogram which runs through all his plays. Much of it, no doubt, was due to a deliberate playfulness, more of it was casually and almost unconsciously inserted. Some of the biographical matter which we are able to glean, would, if carelessly perused as it stands in its context, appear to an uncritical eye at first sight to refer to some entirely different subject. This is the writer's art. A person without experience of shot silks would not believe that a material, which, from his point of view, is indisputably brown, can possibly appear green to another person. In the same way, while the exoteric sense is to the uninitiated satisfying and beautiful, the esoteric lies concealed in it all the while, and when found, proves to be of priceless value.

Let us resume now our search for traces of our poet's Alpine experiences since we left him half-way up his great climb among the Chamouni *aiguilles*, in the neighbourhood of

the *Mer de Glace*, that

Sea,

Whose icy current and compulsive course

Ne'er keeps retiring ebb, but keeps due on. (*Othello*.)

Seated astride of the *arête* as he looked along it and beheld it decked with

Stately and air-braving towers (*Hen. VI., Pt. I.*)

he began to wonder how any further advance could possibly be made. Evidently this part of the climb made a deep impression on his mind, as again and again he mentions—

Steeple and moss-grown towers. (*Hen. IV., Pt. I.*)

Towers whose wanton tops do buss the clouds. (*Tro. & Cr.*)

It is of course difficult to identify the climb with absolute certainty, but perhaps the *traverse* of the Charmoz ridge comes as near as anything to the description, especially as the Bard seems to have been rendered somewhat nervous by a sense of nearness to a precipice similar to that which drops from that ridge on the side of the *Mer de Glace*. A man so placed he says—

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,

Ready with every nod to tumble down

Into the fatal bowels of the deep. (*Rich. III.*)

His dislike of the precipice on his left hand was intensified a little later when a formidable *gendarme* came into view, and we have the poet's naive admission—

I do not like the tower of any place. (*Rich. III.*)

For a time they seem to have been nonplussed. In the end an expedient was suggested, which can hardly fail to lower the poet in our esteem—

Aloft far from the ground,

And built so shelving that one cannot climb it

Without apparent danger of his life.

V.—Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords

To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks

Would serve to scale another hero's tower. (*Two Gent.*)

Leaving on one side the question whether it is legitimate to use a rope-ladder at all, we may unhesitatingly condemn the unholy desire to outdo a rival climber by means of such an artificial contrivance. In those "spacious times," virgin summits "were as plenty as blackberries," and no climber had the smallest excuse for encroachment on another's field of work. That he should speak of his own competitor as "another hero," sounds at first like an unconscious betrayal of a ludicrous self-conceit, though it may well be urged, on the other hand, that all great men have had a high, that is to say, a true opinion of their own powers. Some years ago, a brilliant mountaineer, well known to all of us, was invited by his comrades to lead up a very difficult piece of rock. After a preliminary inspection of the place, while the rope was being arranged, he turned round and cried out, "Look here, you fellows, for this I must have another first-rate man next to me." He could not understand why roars of laughter greeted this very reasonable request. In the case, however, of the former of these great men, the phrase will bear a more charitable interpretation. We may imagine that, as they passed one obstacle after another, along this formidable ridge, each may have seemed more difficult than the last. The first may have seemed no stiffer than a "beginner's tower," the second, perhaps, worthy to be called an "expert's tower," and the third nothing short of a "hero's tower." If, then, a fourth of equal difficulty succeeded, it may well have been described as "another hero's tower."

The final pinnacle was of discouraging appearance, and the less ambitious members of the party raised the question whether it was worth while to go further, but the Bard would not hear of turning back. Possibly, he was determined not to give the "other hero" an opening for revenge, and insisted that they should—

Climb the highest promontory top. (*Tit. Andr.*)

It proved less tremendous than they had expected, and, no higher peak appearing beyond, the joyous shout went up—

This is the very top

The height, the crest or crest unto the crest. (*King John.*)

It was now necessary to hurry down with all speed, a movement which to Shakespeare was, as we have seen before, peculiarly embarrassing. Whether, like one of Dickens' characters, he was not accustomed, owing to his figure, to get much view of his own feet, we do not know, but he hated descent. In his own words—

Down ! Thou climbing sorrow. (*Lear.*)

Naturally, therefore, he had to depend a good deal on the rope, and a sidelight is cast upon the portliness of his form by his unconscious ejaculation—

Hold hook and line, say I. (*Hen. IV., Pt. II.*)

To make matters worse, after a considerable descent, they found themselves off the true line, and were compelled to—

Cease, or else climb upward to that they were before.

(*Macbeth.*)

Eventually they got down the snow *couloir*, but saw no way of crossing the *bergschrund* except by the bold expedient of jumping it. The Warwickshire man was horrified, but the other two insisted that it was necessary—

Our fortune lies upon this jump. (*Ant. & Cleop.*)

and within their powers—

Not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire. (*Wint. Tale.*)

By the way, the mention of "the squire" must not be taken as a reference to the time when the actor-manager had made his fortune and become a landed proprietor in his native Stratford. No ! by that time his jumping days were long past. In his Alpine period, if he was a squire at all, he was more likely "a squire of dames." A painstaking German commentator, misled by a modern analogy, maintains that "Squire" or "Sir Squire" is an English nickname for one in the knightly occupation of an actor-manager, but the expression "Sir

Squire Shakespeare" is unknown among Elizabethan writers, and sounds incongruous even to modern ears.

Be this as it may, the party had to do this jump, and they did it without mischance, but the poet as he shot across the yawning abyss, glanced down into its icy depths and exclaimed, half in horror and half in exultation—

We'd jump the life to come. (*Macbeth.*)

The brink of destruction is still commonly expressed by the vulgar as "Kingdom come," and Stevenson has an analogous phrase when he describes a coach driven furiously round a sharp corner on the edge of a precipice as "coasting eternity at every stride."

Though the *bergschrund* was now behind them, the party were not yet out of their troubles, for a wide *crevasse* presented itself, passable only by a very narrow bridge of snow. Shakespeare was told to cross it, and thought it as bad as—

To ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inch bridges. (*Lear.*)

Being further assured of its safety, he tried it, and, of course, tumbled in. Judge of his annoyance when he afterwards overheard his friends say calmly—

You know he walked o'er perils on an edge

More likely to fall in than to get o'er. (*Hen. IV., Pt. II.*)

The worst had happened. Down he went, disappearing from sight of his friends like magic, till suddenly the rope tightened, stopped with a quivering jerk, and a strangled voice floated up from below—

O give me ribs of steel. (*Troilus & Cr.*)

The Editor tells me he can see that getting the man out of that *crevasse* will be a long job, so that he must remain in suspense until our next number.

(*To be continued.*)

KYNDWR CLUB NOTES.

AIDED and abetted by members of the Rucksack Club, several Kyndwr men are exploring the long series of Edges that overlook the river Derwent on the east. Froggatt Edge has never had its due as a scrambling ground ; a recent visit has disclosed a number of good things, and there is plenty left untouched. Here we have several miles of steep and sometimes perpendicular walls, varying from twenty to a hundred feet in height ; smooth in parts for long distances at once, in other parts shattered into gullies and pinnacles. Scrambles, stiff problems, and possible or impossible feats are offered in abundance ; there are so many that a list or guide is neither desired nor practicable. The Chequers Inn, with Froggatt Pinnacle standing out on the edge immediately behind it, makes a good landmark to start from. The Pinnacle has recently been climbed by an ingenious method. On the right wall of the Pinnacle Gully there is a 30 feet scramble ; and some little distance southward, a gully will be noticed cutting deeply into the escarpment ; the chief difficulty in the last is to get into the gully, then the climb is easy. North of the Pinnacle is Chequers Fissure, Chequers Chimney and Chequers Crack, with divers problems in between, all to be found in a furlong or so of cliff. The Fissure is an oddly shaped rift, extending from top to bottom of the cliff, which slopes back at an angle of 60 degrees, and is extremely smooth. One side is 18 inches higher than the other, and a striking feature is the zig-zag half-way up. In default of hand-holds, the climber jams his right arm and leg well in, and squirms up by means of friction against the gritty corner of the cleft. A pile of fallen blocks has almost closed the direct exit. Chequers Chimney is a tapering gully, with an overhanging tongue of rock at the bottom, capped at the height of 15 feet by a

protruding chock-stone. There is not room for honest backing up, and the pitch is consequently very difficult, the chief trouble being to work out and get a grip over the chock-stone. Chequers Crack is a short but interesting scramble a few yards north of this. A number of absorbing problems need not be particularised. One or two neat things are to be found on the giant masses of fallen gritstone that lie under the edge ; there are others on the moor above.

Higgar Tor has an edge that is a smaller edition of Froggatt. Higgar Pinnacle has a scramble, the only difficulty of which is the take-off—a Rucksacker of unusual length being useful to bridge the awkward gap. The way off is by a jump across the head of a gully 40 feet deep. This Pinnacle Gully has two climbs, an inner up the jammed rocks and other things that form its bed, and an outer by way of an enormous chock-stone. One reaches this chock-stone by a stiff bit of backing-up, in the course of which one has to move out horizontally nearly to the mouth of the gully. On the adjoining face, a climb that looked well in theory proved too much for a strong party ; one man got into difficulties, and was pulled up in a damaged condition. South of this point lies a miscellaneous series of chimneys, all of which show good sport. There is a stiff thing or two on the natural rampart of Carl's Wark, a mile away, and more of the same stamp on Millstone Edge, behind which a huge monolith, isolated on the moor, offers one possible route to its top. There are more scrambles as you go north over Stanage Edge and beyond, which may be dealt with later.

Two limestone climbs have recently been done, the High Tor Gully by members of the Club, and Ilam Tor in Dovedale by a Mr. Turner. The former is not a gully proper, but a great rift in the limestone of the sort common in the district. The top of the cleft is a funnel into which rubbish has been shot for a long period. Exploring it from above some years ago, a party of climbers made their way a long distance down, over this refuse and beyond, but the continual clatter of old tins, bottles, pots and pans and other abominations into the pit below

was appalling. They failed to discover a traverse out to the front of the cleft, and disgusted with the filthiness of the climb, never tried again. The successful party found the required traverse, and so accomplished the climb. The other also was a climb on that objectionable rock, mountain limestone. Call it a climb in default of an apter term. The performer, who was watched and applauded by hundreds of spectators, threw a stone over the pinnacle, at the end of a string, and so fixed a rope across the summit, to which he ascended hand-over-hand, like an acrobat, no sound holds existing on the rotten limestone. Unfortunately, he cannot truthfully boast that he was the first to conquer Ilam Tor, even by such tactics as these, for a countryman, forty years ago, climbed the rock by means of spikes driven in as he ascended, a much more sporting method of climbing.



COMMITTEE NOTES.

THE Committee decided that steps should be taken to provide at the climbing centres of Wastdalehead Hotel and Gorphwysfa Hotel (Pass of Llanberis), complete ambulance appliances and instructions for use in case of accidents. The best means of carrying this out without loss of time was left to the consideration of a sub-Committee, consisting of the President, the Honorary Treasurer, and Dr. E. C. Daniel. The sub-Committee decided to send to each of the two places above-mentioned, a "Furley" stretcher with webbing slings and chest strap; a St. John ambulance hamper, containing all necessary articles, with extra splints and bandages, accompanied by a handbook of instructions.

These and a few useful additions were forwarded from London, and have since been acknowledged as received by the proprietors of both hotels on the 24th December, where they will be kept in readiness. Pen y Gwryd Hotel and Ogwen Cottage have also been informed.

The letter of Dr. E. C. Daniel in the last issue of the *Journal* deals with the question of ability to make the best use of these appliances.

* * * *

THE Committee have accepted with thanks the gift of a framed portrait of the late Professor A. Milnes Marshall, from his mother. The portrait has been placed in the Westwater Hotel, and marked as the property of the Club. The portrait will replace one which belonged to Mrs. Tyson, and hangs in the coffee-room, facing the windows which look towards Lingmell.

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

C. D. Robertson, Trinity College, Cambridge.

Gilbert Conrad Longstaff, Clare College, Cambridge.

George Moss Lloyd, Homeland, Queen's Road, Rock Ferry,
Cheshire.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

A SUCCESSFUL little Manchester club, of which more is likely to be heard, has just completed its first year of life, and celebrated the occasion on the 4th of December with a dinner at the Albion Hotel. Manchester is happily placed between the Peak country and the Cumberland Fells, and the Rucksack Club takes advantage of both playgrounds. The dinner was a very festive affair, and a spirit of cordial good fellowship prevailed. The President, Professor Harold B. Dixon, was in great form with short, pithy speeches, and smart impromptu witticisms.

* * * *

OUR own club was in considerable force. One of the first speakers was Mr. E. A. Baker, who, in a polished oration, full of good points, suggested an amalgamation between the Rucksack men and the Kyndwr Club, of which he is President.

* * * *

THE toast of the Climbers' Club was received with great enthusiasm, and, in replying, Mr. Haskett-Smith congratulated his hosts on their vigorous start and rapid growth. It made him want to go one better than Mr. Baker's scheme of annexation, and to let down his own net with a still wider sweep, and scoop both these very successful clubs into the maw of that which he represented. He congratulated them also on their name, which was highly expressive (and, by the way, rucksacks were a most appropriate totem, because of course they had to tote 'em) but he hoped that they did not live up to their name too fiercely.

* * * *

HE had known a poor young man who was puffed up with sinful pride in a rucksack of inordinate size and weight. The

mania grew and grew until hammers, nails, iron boot-lasts, and self-recording barometers, buried amid an elegant and varied wardrobe, and provisions on the true Yorkshire scale, made up what Shakespeare calls "an intolerable deal of sack."

The young fellow seemed almost beyond hope, but, in dealing with an obscure complaint, as Dr. Collier on his right could tell them, diagnosis took precedence of treatment, in other words, the great thing was to find a long enough name for the disease.

* * * *

IT so happened, that the sufferer visited, in the speaker's company, a remarkable mountain in Lapland, bearing the still more remarkable name of Ruksisvaggagaisa. This at once suggested the true diagnosis of the complaint, namely, Rucksack-swaggeritis. At the first sound of that terrible word the microbes saw that the game was up, and knew that if they were discovered they were lost, and the patient was now decidedly convalescent; but they should all be on their guard against a terrible and insidious disease.

* * * *

THE speaker went on to give some reminiscences of Professor Dixon as a footballer and a dancer in his Oxford days, and as a "scientific" mountaineer, giving reasons for crediting him with the discovery of the now famous radium. The speaker had himself been thawed one frosty day on the "Tower Ridge" of Ben Nevis by the Professor, who, fortunately, carried with him on the hills a cunningly compounded liquid of mysterious heat-giving qualities, which, being used only at the most severe pitches, was known as "Dixon's pitch-blend," and they would all have noticed that "pitchblende" was acknowledged to be the source of the radium now so much belauded.

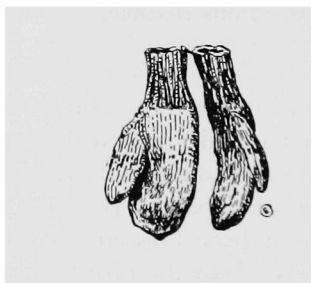
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THE *menu* contained several rare delicacies, such as "turbot and troglodyte sauce," "buttress of beef with Yorkshire Ramblers' pudding," "glacier pudding," and so on, while

some good songs and extremely topical recitations left no room for a dull moment to creep in edgeways. We congratulate our brothers of the Rucksack, and wish them a prosperous future.

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By permission of the owner, Mr. H. Stuart Thompson, we reproduce, as frontispiece to this number, a beautiful black and white drawing of the Matterhorn from the Hörnli (by Mr. Edward T. Compton, the well known painter of Alpine scenery), which was exhibited at the Alpine Club three or four years' ago.



CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DISASTER ON SCAWFELL.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

SIR,

Certain paragraphs and letters which have appeared in the daily press may have caused the erroneous impression that the victims of this lamentable disaster were comparatively inexperienced scramblers endeavouring to emulate the feats of skilful climbers. I see from our list that they were all members of this Club, and I know that at least one of them might justly have considered himself competent to attempt any practicable ascent without more than a very slight element of unavoidable danger which is inseparable from every sport.

We do not yet know the cause of the accident. Indeed, it is scarcely possible that the cause can ever be known. Perhaps it was the momentary neglect of some simple rule that sent the ill-fated climbers to their death, but even if it should some day transpire that by no amount of climbing skill or precaution could the accident have been avoided, we must remember that this is a solitary instance of a disaster occurring on a British mountain to an experienced and properly equipped party. Our hills have claimed many victims, but they have invariably been either single-handed or unroped climbers, or tourists who have fallen over precipices while endeavouring to ascend by those routes which are usually classified as safe and easy.

Even in this Club we are not all rock-gymnasts, and among us many decry the modern tendency towards extreme danger, but surely danger is to a large extent relative. Striding Edge

and the Crib Goch Ridge of Snowdon are regarded with fear and trembling by many who would brave the lesser dangers of the Swirrel Edge with equanimity. It is for each to draw his own danger line, and to keep within it, but if we condemn those whose lines are drawn somewhat higher than ours, we expose ourselves to the criticisms of those whose limitations are lower. Does not this apply to climbing with as much truth as it applies to hunting, to sailing, or, indeed, to any and every other branch of sport? Yet the numerous casualties of the hunting field pass unnoticed, and the occasional overturning of a boat draws no comment, while an accident on the rocks never fails to call forth a torrent of hostile criticism from writers who are often but ill-informed of the facts.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

A MODERATE CLIMBER.



