



THE  
CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL

EDITED BY  
E. RAYMOND TURNER

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T H E

# CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

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THE DENT BLANCHE.

T H E

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## THE PETITE DENT DE VEISIVI.

OF all the climbs round about Arolla, the Petite Dent de Veisivi is the one that probably will most forcibly appeal to those whose climbing education was commenced at Wasdale or Pen-y-Gwryd.

Early on the morning of June 26th, last year, my cousin, G. C. Thompson and myself, were led by Joseph Georges, of Evolena, down the valley from Arolla to make the traverse of this peak. Walking in the strengthening twilight, beneath stars fading in a deep violet-blue sky, the cool air stirring just sufficiently to make a rustle among the pine trees, we crossed the river just above the Mauvais Pass, and halted a moment on the bridge to watch the many changes of colour as the dawn tinted the upper snow of the Pigne. Then we turned and began a diagonal ascent through more woods towards the Veisivi. By 5.15 a.m. we had reached the Alp de Zarmine, where a few minutes were spent in taking a photo of the Pigne, now in full sunshine, with the shadow of our yesterday's little peak (the Loite Condoi) thrown darkly across the ice-fall which it commands. Above us the Petite Dent stood out in bold silhouette against a brilliant sky.

Another hour brought us to the rocks, where we had a first breakfast. There we were overtaken by a Swiss and two guides, nephews of Joseph, in whose steps we followed across a long snow slope, which kindly covered the usual scree and

shale beneath the face of our mountain. This party turned off to the left before reaching the col, and attacked the rocks at once. We, however, stuck to the snow until the Col de la Zarmine was reached. As we topped the incline we were greeted by a glorious view of the Dent Blanche across the Ferpécle valley, with a foreground of great gullies of hard ice fringed with black rocks sweeping down from the Grande Dent upon our immediate right.

After half-an-hour's halt we roped, and started to walk along a gentle arête leading to the first gendarme. At this gendarme we began to move singly, though the climbing was not difficult. Then followed an hour's walk along the arête, passing many small gendarmes, and keeping generally rather on the Ferpécle side and slightly below the actual edge of the arête. The whole thing was of continuous interest, though the greatest difficulty was caused by the new snow and ice, conditions which made going slower.

We quickly caught up the other party, for the Swiss amateur's method of climbing did not lend itself to speed. At every steep place he would go boldly for a few feet, then slip off, and be hauled up by the leading guide, amid general rejoicing.

To reach the foot of the Great Tower, seen so well from Arolla, we had to cross the head of a nasty gully, filled with snow in rotten condition, where the greatest care was necessary. Then followed a chimney, bridge, rock and set of slabs very similar, but on a larger scale to the Kern Knotts chimney on the Gable. There we first met with glazed rock, and more excitement, not entirely pleasant perhaps.

Somewhere I've read that a bootlace makes an effective substitute for an axe sling. "Effective" it undoubtedly might prove to be, but in a most undesirable way. Just beyond the Great Tower we nearly lost an ice-axe, owing to the breaking of a lace used in this way. Being last on the rope, I was standing upon a narrow ledge waiting, when, with a clatter, down came an axe, spike first, and, striking the ledge a few inches from me, was rebounding into space, when I was lucky



enough to catch it. Had it passed me it would probably have ended its days of usefulness somewhere on the glacier, three thousand odd feet below. From this point to the first summit the scrambling was good, then came a long easy descent on an arête, some two feet wide, with a tremendous smooth wall of red rock on the left and a sweep of broken ground stretching apparently right down to the glacier on our right—an easier arête than Crib Coch, but the view is naturally on a far grander scale.

The final summit was reached at 11.15 a.m., just three and a half hours, including many halts, from the Col de la Zarmine. A splendid summit! The two sides facing Arolla and Evolena very steep, and the two others—that along which we had come and that down which we descended—hardly less so. We stopped on the top for about an hour for lunch and photography, plainly visible, so we afterwards heard from Arolla, where a telescope had been levelled on us. Far away, peak after peak in the Bernese Oberland, towered up out of cloud. Nearer, the bold array of Zermatt giants, below us the Arolla and Evolena valleys, full of sunshine and tinkling bells. Nearer still, black rocks picked out with snow.

On our descent the snow gave us some anxiety, but after twenty minutes or half an hour, moving very cautiously, we got to the rocks. Here we were confronted by large slabby rocks, followed later by a series of long V shaped chimneys at no great angle. Though at first on the arête, we gradually traversed more and more to our left on to the Arolla face, until at 2 p.m. we picked up our rucksac, and finished the last of our provisions under the rock where we had breakfasted eight hours before.

The descent to Satarma was somewhat toilsome, with the hot sun blazing down through the clear air. The woods when we reached them were full of a beautiful resinous scent, and the meadows of the valley ablaze with globe-flowers, sulphur anemonies, and forget-me-nots in reckless profusion. We left them however with our expectations centered upon Arolla and Madame Anzevuis, "the complet."

P. S. THOMPSON.

## AN EARLY WORK OF REFERENCE FOR MOUNTAINEERS.

By W. R. RICKMERS.

"DIE Curieuse Orographia oder accurate Beschreibung derer berühmtesten Bergen,"\* von Johann Gottfried Gregorii alias Melissantes has not to my knowledge been mentioned by any of our Alpine bibliographers. It is a most fascinating forerunner of Studer, Schwarz, Coolidge and Gribble, and shows that already, two centuries ago, the geographical genus, "mons," was deemed worthy of a monograph. The book is valuable as a résumé of seventeenth century information on the subject, by a writer of the times, and it forms a useful introduction or guide to the study of orographical history and etymology. The references to and quotations from ancient and mediæval sources are very complete, thus offering a pleasing survey of scattered knowledge. Moreover, the author's rhetorical efforts and his quaint old German style, interspersed with Latin phrases, afford much amusement to the reader.

First comes a high-flown dedication to his "well-born" Excellency, T. G. Zangen, *Turis Consulto* and chancellor to some princelet. The author therein points out the relations existing between his patron and the subject of the book, for, says he: "Your High Excellency has, in 1683, watched from the heights of the Kahlenberg, near Vienna, the defeat of the accursed Turk; you have also several times during your travels passed over high mountains, and as a learned *mathematicus*, you know full-well that the mountains offer the best

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\* A copy is at the Alpine Club.

*Observatoria* and *Locos opticos* in geometry and astronomy, and how in the summer, *Sciaterica* are best practised there. But you know all this better than myself, and I beg you to pardon my audacity. Do not deign to glance over these leaves, but at times when, having passed over the high summits of important *Negotiationes*, you settle down with a *mine joyeuse* in the pleasure-valley of your *Bibliotheca*.

The preface that follows is not one of your modern "one-sided" things, but a solid exposition, on thirty-two pages, of the *raisons d'être* of the work and its arrangement.

Businesslike, he begins with the Bible, and demonstrates from Psalm lxv. how David put the mountains almost at the head of all creation. Mountains play a prominent rôle in the venerable book (Ararat, Sinai, Nebo, Tabor, Golgotha, Zion, &c.), for, "*Deum ibidem esse peculiari modo, ibidem habere domiciliun et ibidem dare benedictionem suam.*" Great is Gregori's ire against and contempt for those who say that the mountains have originated after the deluge, some scoffers even calling them *excrementa terrae*. These irreverent views are refuted at length and crushed with the weight of documentary evidence.

An enumeration of various natural phenomena shows the characteristic qualities for which certain mountains are famous. There are fire-mountains like Aetna, Vesuvius and Hecla; some mountains are almost impossible to traverse, such as the Alps and those in Hircania, Albania, Tyrol, wherefore they are called Iron Gates. Pico, Athos, Olympus and Atlas are renowned for their exceeding height. Some have remarkable passages, like St. Adriani in Spain and the Luybelberg in Hungary. Others are noted for pilgrimages, and among them are Montserrat, Sang-Wonbab and Pico d'Adam. Certain mountains in Chili have such a penetrating air that travellers fall down stiff and dead as if turned into stone. Some mountains disappear and leave behind them stinking lakes, as has happened in the cases of Mt. Plegio in the Moorish Country, of part of the Andes Range, anno 1646, and of a mountain in Tzina, anno 1556. Some have broken down in our times, and have

buried towns and villages. Anno 1618, 25 Augusti, a part of the Conto in Graubündten fell down and covered the town of Plurs. In Burgundy, 1230, a great and high mountain was moved to another place by the hand of God. A valley, with many thousands of inhabitants, was thus filled up ; but after having rested itself for some time it moved again, whereby again eight thousand people perished. At last it laid itself alongside some other mountains and kept quiet. There also were earthquakes in Hereford in 1571, and also in Dorsetshire, as some English writers testify.

Some pages are devoted to fossils, and theories of their natural state and origin.

Etymology is not neglected, for we hear that many towns, like Heydelberg, Bamberg, Stollberg, &c., &c., derive their name from a mountain. The Romans built their forts on high places, and the Teutons imitated them.

Many are the utilities of mountains. In low countries they are the high watch towers to guard against the ravages of war and water. If Beveland and similar places that were destroyed by the sea had possessed mountains, the inhabitants might have been saved. The mountains are the weather-cocks of the people living near them. Great princes have their game-preserves and pleasure-houses on them. They are the crowns and boundaries of countries, and their protecting wall against enemies. They are the pipe-lines and water-works to quench the thirst of man and beast, and to drive corn-mills, oil-presses, smelting-works and ore-stamps. Clear, good, fresh water is the best malmsey wine for our workmen in the woods and fields. They are the food-boxes of tame and wild cattle. Our kings possess in them their best iron-stores and treasures of gold, silver and precious stones. Likewise, they are public apothecaries for man and beast ; the dancing and pleasure grounds of our children ; the mirror of wrath of the Deluge, and the infallible monuments of our Creator. They afford great diversion to the foreigner, who surveys the country from their tops, and they may be called the breasts of the earth, the veins and bones of the great world-edifice.

To describe a mountain accurately, there are necessary four heads, firstly, *Nominis consideratio*, how the mountain is called in the country and by other nations. II. *Situs indicatio*. III. *Qualitatis denominatio*. IV. *Accidentium demonstratio*. The word *mons* is generally derived from μένω, *manendo*, therefore μόνος, *solus*, because a mountain naturally does not move, but remains in its place ordained by God, unless transported by a fearful earthquake. Some want to derive it from *monendo*, to warn, but Becmannus has answered them: *Quid enim moneat mons? Sed a manendo, μένω, μένω, μέμονα, unde μόνος, solus, quia solus semper est, mansit neque abiit. Et montes soli sunt, nec inhabitantur.* The learned Bartolus tries to derive it *per notationem a contrariis u movendo*, because it never moves. The German word Berg means "raised," "heaped up," from πνεύω, *turris instar erigo*.

Whereas the mountains, owing to their great height, are the first objects to greet the eye of the traveller from afar, and as no book on them as yet exists, I have at last been persuaded to describe three hundred of the most noteworthy mountains in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, and to collect them under the title of a "Curious Orography." To show that not much of this kind has been written before, I shall now mention those illustrious authors who have done so. 12 pages follow with authors' names and titles of their works. Such are Ctesias, Plutarchus, Diceæarchus, Boccacio, Ortelius, Bruchius, Ritterus, Raius, Seckendorff, Ittigius (on inflammations of mountains), Praetorius, Kirchrus, &c., &c., &c.

Though it seems that this book is of little use considering that most men pay but superficial attention to mountains, I think that my well-wishing readers must own that in spite of the apparent insignificance, there is honest labour in my little book. I have chosen the alphabetical order as most befitting such a collection of *Curiosa*.

Finally, I give warning that nobody must expect to find in this *Orographia* every single mountain in the world, but only the most famous, for scholars know well enough that many a mountain like Athos, Picos, Atlas, &c., have eight or

ten mountains around them, whereof the highest only is the most celebrated.

Gregorii's alphabetical encyclopædia covers 727 octavo pages, and gives about three hundred names, beginning with Aba and ending with the Zoten-Berg. According to importance or information obtainable, a mountain receives many pages or only a few lines. I shall now give a few interesting or entertaining selections.

*Adula* (3 pp.)—Long ago a tract of mountains was designated by this name, as may be gathered from Schopperi, who says: "Adula, the Gotthard, not far from the source of the Rhine. Birkheimer calls Adula the Churer-Gebürge. Dasipodius, a celebrated *Professor Matheseos* at Strassburg calls it Adylam, in German, den Ursler oder Vogel. These three opinions may well be reconciled, for the *Scribentes* testify that the Rhine comes from the Adula. . . . The Black Forest begins at this mountain, and Strabo calls it Adullam. It extends throughout Switzerland up to Costnitz, and is the root of the range, as Celtes maintains. Berosus writes that Istr's son lived on it. But it received its name from the Adula, the 17 companions of Tuisco. On the frontiers of France it sends out the forest of the Ardenna." Presently, however, this name is only given to the part in the county of Cleve, from the valley of Brenna to the town of Chiavenna or Cleve. In Uri it is called Gotthard, in the Ober-Bund the Crispalten-Berg, afterwards the S. Barnabae or Lukmanier Berg; in French, *Montagne de l'oyseau*; Latin, S. Bernardini. Other names given to it are—Candalein, Furcula bey S. Marien, Frodda, Splugen. It once overwhelmed the town of Chiavenna.

*Aetna* (42 pp.)—Its height seems incredible to those who want to demonstrate *geometricè* that no mountain can be *perpendiculariter* higher than one German mile. Maurolycus, Clavius, Kircherus and Francisci, besides many others, estimate this mountain to be over 33,000 geometrical paces, and its circumference over 60,000. Thus those must not be ridiculed who call the mountain *Actnam, montium Europ. Gigantem*.



*Alpes* (8 pp.)—The inhabitants of Asia may have their mountains of Muses, Olympum, Pindum, Parnassum and the high Taurum, the Caucasum, Imaum and the far-famed Pico d' Adam ; the Africans their mountains of Good Hope, Atlantem and Montes Lunæ ; the Americans their high and long Andes ; they may praise these as much as they like, but though the Alps of Europe may not be worth more, they at least deserve the same amount of praise. For the Alps are just as long, high, wide, useful as, and in part, more fertile than all of them, and therefore *remarquable*. Strabo speaks of them as Albia and Alpionia. Stephano calls them "Ἀλπθα and "Ἀλπθοι, Phavorino Ὀ"λπια and Lycophrone Σάλπιοι. Their true name they have, according to Festi and Jasonii, information of the snow that always covers the highest summits. The Sabines pronounced the Greek word ἄλφον (from the Hebrew) not otherwise than Alpum, and the Romans made Altum of it, &c., &c., &c. More likely it is, however, that the word Alps is an ancient German word by which the old Celts meant pasture-mountains or *montes pascui*, because they served as pasture for the cattle. . . . The Alpes Iuliae or Pannonicae begin at the rivers Laybach and Wipach, the former called Nauportus by the ancients, the latter Frigidus. Long ago there stood on the top of these Alps a very high and stately pear-tree, wherefore old travellers call it *ad pirum*, and it may be that, therefore, these mountains may be called the Birnbäumer-Weg. If some Scribentes may be believed, the Alps are higher than any mountain in Greece, for they estimate their height at 16,000 geometrical paces. It is a mistake, however, to think that they are higher than the Andes.

*Andes* (7 pp.)—The air of this region (viz., the high elevations) is thus disposed for *inflammationes* and heat that the travellers seem to breathe out flames of fire, and it appears as if they were burning all over, for the tremendous sweating makes them fearfully hot. It is a gruesome *Spectaculum* for those not accustomed to it.

*Ararat* (12 pp.)—Most of the authors who have written

about the biblical mountain are quoted (with the exception of Mandeville). There is a very full account of J. J. Strauss, who visited the neighbourhood in 1670. This traveller climbed the mountain (?) to visit the hermit, Domingo Alexander. He cured the holy man from a rupture, and in grateful acknowledgment of the services rendered, received a piece of the ark and a written testimonial. He gives a graphic description of the ascent, which occupied several days, and during which he passed through three kinds of clouds. The first were thick and dark, the next cold and snowy, and the third were extremely cold.

*Brocken* (42 pp.)—This mountain is, above all, an excuse for many highly edifying witch stories. But many ascents are also mentioned, among others that of D. G. H. Behrens, who spent the night on the top, and derived much pleasure from the use of his *Tubus Opticus*, for the sky was clear.

*Figenoyamma*.—In Japonia lies the high mountain Figenoyamma, which the inhabitants say is the highest in the world. It spits fire like Aetna, and in the flames devils may be seen disporting themselves.

*Pilatus* (15 pp.)—Copious extracts from well-known sources are given. The name is said to come from *pileatus*, viz., covered with a *pileo* or hat, capped, on account of the clouds resting on the summit.

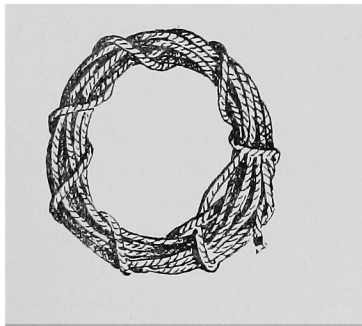
*Pico de Canaria*.—This is the highest in the world. On the top is a round hole called Kaldera, and similar to that on Vesuvius.

*Scala*, or Mountain of Steps.—The Emperor Maximilianus has climbed this mountain in June, 1499, and he almost perished there; for when he arrived with his followers, the snow had just begun to melt, and it almost swallowed them. They were all of them much fatigued by the slipperiness of the path. At midnight on the 18th of June, when they arrived on the summit, they found nothing but a poor peasant's hut, into which they crept to escape the cold and the snow. Not having anything to eat, their souls almost departed from them. Soon they began the descent, and

arrived in Bormio very hungry. The mountain is situated between Sargans and Werdenberg, and reaches to the Rhine. On it there are many steps hewn into the rock. The road over this mountain was constructed, anno 1503.

These few extracts taken at random will show the style of the book, and the profitable reading that may be found on its pages. I may just mention a few others of the more important headings: Alatof, Calvaria, Canto, Carmel, Caspian Mts., Cenis, Cordillera, Gemmi, Glarnisch, Glätscher (glacier), Imaus (Himalaya), Lotschen Bg., Matten Berg, Mt. Signe, Montserrat, Peru, Potosi, Vesuvius, &c., &c.

Gregorii or Melissantes was the author of several geographical books, but I have not yet found a biographical note of him.



## THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO MR. GOODALL.

Deep Ghyll, Scawfell, 26th December, 1903.

THE accident of Boxing Day, 1903, has deprived the Climbers' Club, not only of a promising recruit, but of a man of rare character. Alexander Goodall was one of those who insensibly and unobtrusively win the esteem and affection of all who have the privilege of associating with them. Young as he was, he had already left his impress on the community in which he lived, and the spontaneous tributes of regret and respect which came from the pulpits of St. John's and Crosthwaite churches may be taken as the expression of the feelings of Keswick.

On the 26th December last Mr. Goodall made the ascent of Scawfell Pinnacle, by the Slingsby Chimney, in company with Mr. F. Botterill, of Leeds. It may be remembered that at Whitsuntide, 1903, Mr. Botterill did two pioneer climbs, one of first class severity, on Scawfell, besides leading up Savage Gully.

Having completed the climb, the two walked to the Scawfell Cairn to watch the sunset, and then returned, intending to descend by the easy Deep Ghyll.

Deep Ghyll is a vast chasm which cuts deeply into the Scawfell Crags on the west side of the Pinnacle. It is broken by two well defined, imposing pitches, and at the top it bifurcates. The bed of the western branch is somewhat concave in shape. The east branch was full of snow lying at a steep angle. Some distance down there was a patch of bare scree.

Mr. Goodall, who was evidently unused to snow and ice work, took the ice-axe and attempted to glissade down the steep snow-slope at the head of the gully. He appears to have lost his footing and come to a momentary halt in a sitting

posture at the patch of scree. Here he lost his grasp of the axe, and, being unable to regain his footing, slid downwards and fell over the rocks into Lord's Rake, being killed instantly in his fall.

Mr. Botterill was now in a terrible position. He had no axe, darkness was coming on apace, and his nerves must have been terribly shaken. He first endeavoured to find the exit of Lord's Rake, but, failing to do this, he returned to Deep Ghyll. He then kicked steps down to the scree patch, where he was fortunate enough to find the ice-axe which Mr. Goodall had driven deeply in. Then, with great caution, he succeeded in cutting his way down to Lord's Rake. The total descent occupied three hours. It was a fine feat of skill and coolness under trying circumstances.

The folly of glissading in such places as Deep Ghyll, where a slip must involve the risk of disastrous consequences, cannot be too strongly condemned. To quote from a well-known authority on snowcraft\* :—'The delights of a glissade must not be indulged in without careful reference to two things—first, the condition of the slope; and next, the state of the ground below it. It is never safe to glissade down any slope where the progress cannot be very quickly arrested. Where cracks are seen on the surface, or where rocks jut up through the snow, a glissade is not safe, and on an icy slope is mere foolhardiness; for here the traveller can neither control his pace nor arrest his descent, . . . Glissading down a gully, however good the condition of the snow, is seldom prudent.'

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\*Mr. Dent in the *Badminton Mountaineering*.

## A STORY OF A SLATE.

AN extremely interesting relic has just turned up in the shape of a slate, which for many years resided on the top of the Pillar in Ennerdale. The excellent photographs of it which we are able to give, we owe to Mr. Grave, of Manchester, the owner of the slate, and to our member, Mr. F. W. Jackson, who gives me the following information :—Matthew Barnes kept notes of his doings in a book, which his widow preserved. From this book the date of his ascent can be fixed at the 2nd August, 1870. He and Anthony Barnes were engaged in quarrying, and, from time to time, acted as guides. Alderman Grave of Manchester was much at Portinscale about that time, and his son, then a very young man and very athletic, was constantly there. He had heard of the Pillar Stone, but neither he nor the Barnes knew exactly where it was or how to reach it. However, they prepared this slate and started off one morning to find a fitting resting place for it. They began at Catbells and followed the ridge all the way, crossing the gap at Honister and sweeping round the head of Ennerdale by Brandreth, the two Gables, Black Sail Pass, and the top of Pillar Fell. Then they descended to the Rock and looked about among the crags to the west of it. At last they found the Slab on the east side, crawled across it on their stomachs, and, for the moment, saw no way of getting any further. However, the leader noticed some scratches, followed them, and before long they found themselves at the top. They found half an alpenstock built into a cairn, and attached to the stick what looked like a portion of a petticoat. There was also a bottle containing four names (of which one was a lady's), and this they carried away. It was now seven o'clock in the evening and they had come by a very long and fatiguing route, but,



tired as they all were, they had still a long way to go. They seem to have gone down Great Doupe into Ennerdale and on over the hill to Buttermere. Here they were almost too late to get anything to eat, but were able to fortify themselves for the long trudge through Newlands, and got back to Portinscale dead beat, between 1 and 2 a.m.

The slate remained on the rock for nearly a decade, till at last Mr. Hermann Woolley, finding it filled with names, brought it away and handed it to Mr. Grave. For a similar period the latter kept it, then handed it to Mr. Jackson, and soon forgot what had become of it. Only a few weeks ago Mr. Jackson reminded him of its existence and whereabouts, to his great delight, and it seemed to them both a fitting course to have this interesting record photographed.

Many of the names are very lightly and vaguely scratched, and in some cases the difficulty of deciphering them has been artificially increased. There is a certain class of intellect which derives huge entertainment from artfully changing "Wait till the train stops" into "Wait till the rain stops," and would never willingly pass by the familiar notice "Stick no Bills," till it has been gleefully converted into "Sick no Pills."

A person with this delightfully subtle sense of humour has been exercising his admirable art upon our document, turning Robinson into Robanson, carefully obliterating portions of some names, and making deceptive additions to others, so that in the result some of our readings of the record are, to say the least, open to question.

There can be no kind of doubt about the three names which we know to have been first inscribed, "M. & A.BARNES, PORTINSCALE. W. GRAVE." It is curious that on the back of the slate, in a part where no names occur, we find the date Aug. 7, 1870, neatly cut. If someone else ascended so soon after, would he have put the date without putting his name? Is it not possible, therefore, that this may be the true date of the deposit of the slate, and that the date in the diary may have been misread? "E. HILL, 1876. EDW. MAITLAND, 1876. --- RTHA NUGENT, 1876." These three were

BARNES PORTINSCALL

TETLOOM HILL

W. GRAVE

W. GRAVE

evidently all of one party, the names being all in one handwriting. The last is apparently read by Mr. Jackson as "F. HARRODEN." "E. HILL, London," appears again at the opposite end. This Mr. Maitland was, I believe, son to Mr. John, whose name is honoured among the early explorers of the Wastdale crags. The next date is appended to a famous name, "C. PILKINGTON, June, 1877." This climber, who was probably the first that conceived the idea of attacking the Rock on its northern side, about 20 years later became President of the Alpine Club. The next date is 1879, clearly cut and preceded by what might be "A. WILSON," or, indeed, anything else, for the name is obscured by later letters ("WN?") written over it. Possibly the same date, of which only the last figure is legible, follows "A. W. WARD." Just after the name Barnes are the initials "M.W.G. Lee," though the last word looks like a separate inscription and more recent.

A well-known mountaineer has placed his name just under that of his friend Mr. Grave, "H. WOOLLEY," and, by itself, at the end of the slate, is what Mr. Jackson reads as "G. SCOOEARD," but the final letter hardly looks original, and the "E" seems to have been produced by the humourist before-mentioned. The name is perhaps "G. SCUDDAR" ("SOUTTAR" or "SCOULAR"), "Falkirk." On the very edge, above the name of Barnes, is one which looks as if the first part had been written upside down. Perhaps it began life as "ALKEN."

Turning now to the other side we find all the centre occupied by "H. ROTHERY, Cleator Moor." In the absence of evidence, we should certainly have assumed him to be the next comer after the depositors. Finding one side pretty well occupied by their stately inscription, he would naturally turn over the page and write his own name in a corresponding position at the back, but there happens to be evidence that his ascent was in fact made 4 July, 1875, in company with "I. W. ROBINSON, Harris Moor." The explanation seems to be that this side of the slate must have been left unused so

long as any space remained on the other side, which was smoother and easier to write upon. At opposite ends, but in style very similar are the names " G. BIRKETT " and "JOS. BIRKETT" and, in very faint letters, " G. HILL, CHAS HILL, J.A.E., " and the word " Aigburth, " with perhaps a "C" before it. There is also something resembling "KNIGHT," and a name which the funny man has reduced to " 27 UBB " and the rest are mere shadows.

A letter, dated 12<sup>th</sup> Sept, 1874, says of the Pillar top :---  
 " The following names we found W. M. Pendlebury and R. Pendlebury, Ch. Pendlebury (perhaps a mistake for Ch. Pilkington) and Fred. Gardiner, Liverpool ; H. B. Priest of Birkenhead, C. Comyns Tucker, Melville Beachcroft, E. J. Nanson, Trinity College ; F. S. Kennedy, of Leeds ; J. A. Garth Marshall, Coniston, of whose death in a *crevasse* on Mont Blanc we have so lately read with sorrow. " This was the accident on the Brouillard Glacier, 1 Sept., 1874. This party does not seem to have noticed the slate, but in a letter written towards the end of the same month mention is made of the names found on the Rock, " inscribed on a piece of slate ' G. SCOULAR, of Falkirk, M. and A. BARNES of Portinscale; W. Grave, H. Wooley, R. Whitwell, W. G. Holland,'" and the following additional names are given ---  
 " Hen. Lancaster, of Lamplugh ; T. N., and Pollie Westmorland ; Will. Gilbanks of Borrowdale ; J. G. Whitehead and H. R. Wyndham, of Cockermouth." This last group of names was of course not on the slate, but it is curious that the names of Whitwell and Holland should have so completely disappeared. There is a chance for someone with a powerful magnifying-glass and a little imagination to make them out.

One point will be particularly noticed by old *habitués* of Wastdale. It was always the tradition that Mat. Barnes discovered the " Old Wall Route " on the occasion of the deposit of the slate. He may have found it on a later visit, but Mr. Grave made it clear that their way was by the Slab which the former route does not touch.

[illegible]

## CLIMBS ON THE HIGH TOR AT MATLOCK.

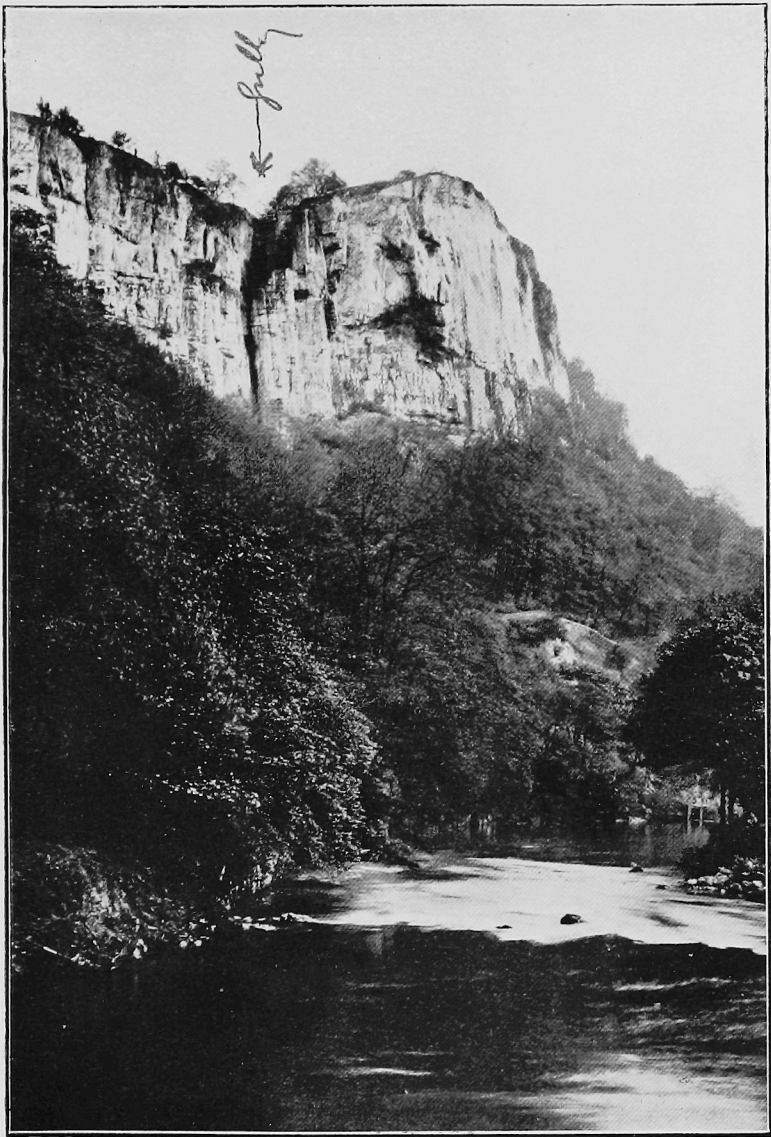
By W. SMITHARD.

THE High Tor summit is 420 feet above the river, but at least one half of this distance is occupied by a timber-clad slope of screes, above which the great white crag rises sheer, or even overhanging in parts. The highest portion juts out westward, bulging in semi-circular form beyond the rest of the hill, and it is where the northern arc joins the straight cliff that occurs the gully, which shows as a black vertical recess in the popular pictures of the High Tor.

The fissure is four or five feet wide at the bottom, but about twenty feet up the walls meet, and afterwards widen out gradually to a distance of fifty feet or more. One can easily see some difference in the surface of the rocks on either side of the gully, the eastern wall being smooth and solid, while the western wall is inclined to be broken and jagged.

There is no very obvious way of getting a start, but we found the eastern wall slopes inward a little, and about seven or eight feet up are some tiny projections ; these we used as footholds to enable us to reach a small "bridge" of rock which is wedged in the gully about fifteen feet up. The ledges are very scanty ; some delicate balancing is needed to traverse them, and there is an awkward stride to make in getting from the last of them on to the "bridge." The first man up was that safe and skilful cragsman, J. W. Puttrell, and shortly afterwards I joined him on the "bridge," but we found the accommodation there rather cramped for two, and were somewhat doubtful at first as to whether it would withstand our weight. However, it bore the strain without flinching. From the "bridge" one looks down on either side to a great depth of fissure below, the floor of which dips down





The High Tor, Matlock, showing gully first climbed Dec. 12, 1903.

*Photo by MIDLAND RAILWAY CO.*



sharply inwards from the point whence we had started. Above the "bridge" the walls of the gully meet and form a natural ceiling, which also serves as an upper floor for the higher portion of the fissure. This ceiling projects like a rough cornice, and to get over that was our problem. There was not room to stand upright between the "bridge" and the ceiling, and, while we were resting, we could see nothing of the opportunities, or lack of them, for upward progress. To survey the prospect, therefore, we had to grip the cornice, and hang away somewhat from it, while looking and feeling for further holds. There was a fairly good one for the left hand, but practically nothing for the right. How could we clamber on to the cornice with merely one handhold and no tangible foothold? This pitch, which looks quite easy from down below, proved to be excessively difficult. A certain amount of back pressure can be obtained at first from the eastern wall, and, with the feet placed on little notches above the "bridge," some progress can be made. Then the wall recedes, the footholds vanish, and the climber has to change his tactics. Maintaining his balance almost in defiance of natural laws, he describes an arc with his arm, seizes a distant knob of rock with his right fingers, and hoists himself on to a little shelf, where he can kneel for a momentary rest. The worst is then over; but the climber has still some distance—perhaps 20 feet—to go ere he can find safe anchorage. Puttrell tried to do what I have just described, and I tried, and then Puttrell tried with again with characteristic determination. Having assured the leader that I was fully prepared to hold him if he found it necessary to slip, I sat down on the "bridge," and wedged myself as tightly as possible between the walls of the fissure. Then I coiled the rope round each hand, belayed it over my right knee, passed it over my shoulder, turned my back to the light, and sat grimly paying out the rope by minute instalments, as the leader proceeded cautiously upward. Forcing himself along by pressing his knuckles into smooth hollows which the fingers could not grip, and, treading on ledges that the eye could hardly discern, he slowly

disappeared from my view, and presently came the glad news that he was really above the cornice, but his position was still insecure, and he had to go some distance further up before he could conscientiously invite me to move. When at length Puttrell announced that he was comfortable, I swung on to the cornice, and clambered up I hardly know how, though I recollect well that the rope served occasionally to make up for the deplorable deficiency of natural holds. Never before had I regarded the rope as so useful to the body and so comforting to the mind. However, I suppose we may count it a virtue in a cragsman to have faith in the rope and the man who is holding it. I found the pitch above the cornice had a coating of slippery mud which was not thick enough to kick holes in, and to get up it I had to spread out my body and limbs so as to cover the greatest possible amount of surface, and make the most friction. When at last I had established myself, the camera and tripod were sent up, and I took charge of these while the leader lowered the rope, to which the last man, Arnold M. Bennett, attached himself, and then climbed on to the "bridge," and over the cornice to where we were waiting at the Half-Way House.

It had taken an hour and a quarter for the three of us to get thus far, and we now considered the climb practically completed, but we had hardly done congratulating ourselves when we came on some altogether unexpected difficulties. The slope we were on extended upwards for thirty or forty feet, and, when seen from the foot of the gully, it looked as though it could be walked up with ease. However, we found its continuity broken by several pitches, and when we came to ascend it, the task was anything but easy. The screes and boulders comprising it were in unstable equilibrium, and some of them were dislodged, despite the delicate tread of the leader.

The walls of the gully ceased to help us, for they got further and further apart, so that we could not stretch from one to the other; in addition, they were so steep and smooth that we could not climb up them continuously. The second man can escape falling stones by striding across the gully, but the third man cannot.



**Above the Halfway House, High Tor Gully.**

*Photo by W. SMITHARD.*



Like the east buttress of Lliwedd, described by Mr. J. M. Archer Thomson in Journal No. 21, this is a climb for two men. A third merely increases the danger and reduces the efficiency of the party.

When we had mounted beyond the scree slopes, some fairly level ground supervened, and we had splendid views of the sheer upper eastern walls of the gully, which in places were white and smooth, but elsewhere clad with ivy. The western wall is much broken and shattered into bridges, buttresses, and pinnacles, which looked magnificent on the sky-line; indeed this is one of the grandest bits of limestone scenery in Derbyshire. We had still some stiff vertical climbing to do to get out of the chasm, but it was straightforward work, with plenty of holds available.

It was an exhilarating moment on that misty day of December, 1903, when we emerged on the grassy plateau at the top, to be unexpectedly welcomed by the manager of the High Tor pleasure grounds, who had been watching our efforts from various points for two hours, quite unknown to us. He congratulated us on being undoubtedly the first to climb the High Tor Gully, but said that one person had been before us on the slope above the Half-way House. That was a tourist who inadvertantly fell into the chasm some years ago, and had to be extricated by a rescue party with long ropes. The man was considerably injured, and three or four hours were occupied in getting him out.

When the gully was first ascended we noticed two other promising fissures in the adjacent cliffs of the High Tor; there was not time to attack them then, but I have since tried them, along with A. E. Barker, of Wellingborough Grammar School, who has also done an alternative ascent to the "bridge" in the gully.

The more important of the two is the Slanting Chimney, which is some 120 feet high, and nowhere much wider than twelve inches. It consists of four distinct stages. At the bottom the fissure goes back into the rock for ten feet, and the climber has to enter it sideways. Climbing tactics have to

be resorted to at once, as there is not much hold on the smooth sides. Back and knee work is necessary, particularly in the upper part of the first pitch. The forearms and elbows are also useful hereabout to sustain the climber on bosses of rock that the hands cannot grip. The leader reaches a low horizontal recess in which he can belay himself while the second man comes up, and then the latter takes this place, while the leader mounts to the shelving roof of the recess, which projects over the lower pitch.

The roof slopes downward, and there is nothing to pull oneself up by. When leading up I was nonplussed for a time ; eventually, however, I found a crack in which I could insert the left hand, but it had to be kept there by clenching the fist. With this to pull against I managed to retain a footing on the edge of the chimney, and work myself up gradually till I could place my knees on the slab. The rocks met with in this manœuvre are jagged, and the climber must expect to lose some skin in doing it. While he is thus on thorns, as it were, the man holding the rope in the recess will probably be urging him forward, and lamenting that water is dripping down his own neck. Having accomplished this, the leader finds himself sandwiched between inleaning walls, on a gently sloping floor, where there is just room to squat down and enjoy the fine view of Matlock Dale and Masson, while holding the rope to safeguard the second man.

A further climb of 20 feet up the chimney brings the leader on to the cliff face, for by that time the fissure has tapered away to nothing. On the right hand is a rounded mass of grass-capped rock, which has no ledges or hollows, but one can rest a knee on it while stretching hands across to the broken rock face on the left. Like its neighbour, the big gully further north, the chimney was a mineral vein, and at this point the work of the lead miners remains.

The debris hereabout was made into a solid floor, fronted and held up by a well-built stone wall, which still looks very firm and sound. It seemed to afford an easy way up, but having a horror of anything artificial when climbing, I care-



fully refrained from touching the wall, though I was a long time in finding an alternative. At length I managed to clear the growing grass off some of the rock ledges, and thus found sufficient hold to enable me to climb up the miners' terrace. My companion found this a teasing bit, and before he came up he was very solicitous to know whether I was well anchored with the rope. From the back of the terrace we again entered the chimney, which there slopes a little more, and also assumes a narrowness that at times is painful. After ascending 20 feet inside we were again forced out of the chimney, in a situation very similar to that below the terrace, but somewhat easier, and a short scramble up the crags brought us to the summit, the climb having taken us an hour.

The steepness of the chimney may best be realised by the fact that from each of the three upper stages the portion below is quite out of sight. This was the first acquaintance of my companion with Derbyshire limestone scrambling, and he was more than delighted with the experience.

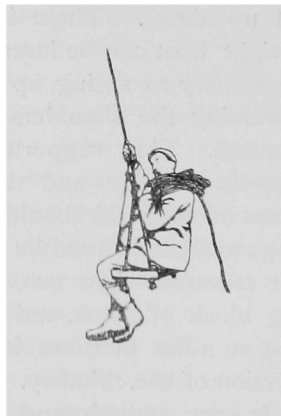
A few yards further south is the most realistic of all Derbyshire rock chimneys, for it is totally enclosed for one half the way up, though unlike the slanting one, it suffers from excessive wideness in parts. To enter it we have to plunge into a dark cavernous recess for six or seven yards, and then we can spy daylight up above. There is a small cleft in which the tip of the right boot can be inserted, but handhold is scarce, and it is necessary to spring up sharply, and then hold oneself up by pressing the shoulders against the other wall, which is very smooth. Thus supported, it is possible to draw the left foot up to a ledge, and then stand upright thereon. A little recess on the right should next be made for, and from these some good footholds can be obtained by means of which the climber traverses right across the wide part of the chimney to a big block of stone, and having clambered over that he can rest on a flat platform before tackling the second or exposed portion of the chimney.

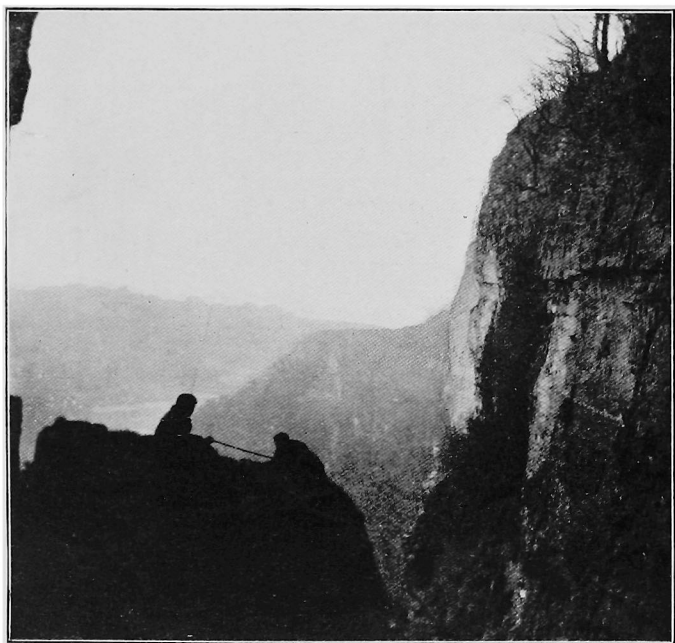
This upper part is very smooth and narrow, and after struggling up it for about 20 feet, the climber arrives at a

little eyrie, which marks the closing of the fissure, and he then has to step on to the nearly vertical cliff face to the right, either to do a traverse, or to clamber hand over hand up the overhanging crags above the eyrie. This is the worst part of the climb. A pleasant alternative to the chimney proper is to climb on the face outside the fissure all the way up, and there is also a very easy route close by up a sort of winding rock staircase to the top of the cliff.

It will be seen there is excellent sport for the climber in these three High Tor fissures. Certainly, no other chimneys or gullies yet climbed in Derbyshire can equal them for extent, variety, or severity. Moreover, they are all within a few minutes' walk of Matlock Bath Station—a convenience which should be valued by such climbers as are economical with time, or who do not care always of necessity to have a long walk as a preliminary to crag work. Of course, everyone knows that Matlock is much resorted to by trippers, and in July, August and September a climber on the High Tor might find himself amusing some harmless onlookers, but during the other nine months of the year he is not likely to be troubled with spectators.

W. SMITHARD.





Climbing out of the High Tor Gully.

*Photo by W. SMITHARD.*



## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.

THE Seventh Annual General Meeting was held on Saturday, 27th February, 1904, at the Hotel Cecil, London. About 45 members were present.

The business of the meeting commenced with the election of officers for the ensuing year. The chair was taken by the President. The term of office of Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith having expired, Mr. William Cecil Slingsby was elected as President, and, upon the retirement of Mr. George H. Morse, Professor James A. Ewing, F.R.S., was elected a Vice-President, Mr. Hugo Young, K.C., being re-elected as his colleague. The retiring members of the Committee were Messrs. A. O. Prickard, M. K. Smith and H. R. Boyce, whilst Professor Ewing's acceptance of the Vice-Presidentship created a fourth vacancy. The members of the Committee re-elected were Dr. T. K. Rose, Professors J. B. Farmer and L. R. Wilberforce, Messrs. J. M. A. Thomson and E. A. Baker, and the following new members were elected: Messrs. Christopher Cookson, Charles W. Nettleton, E. Raymond Turner, Arthur W. Andrews, Mr. C. C. B. Moss as Honorary Treasurer, and Mr. George B. Bryant as Honorary Secretary, were re-elected.

Upon the motion of Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith, the accounts for the year 1903, as audited, were passed by the meeting.

The motion brought forward by Mr. Claude E. Benson, that any member desiring to address any communication to the public press, directly or indirectly affecting the interests of the Club, should first submit such communication to the President or to a member of Committee, was, after some discussion, withdrawn by consent.

The impending retirement of Mr. E. Raymond Turner from the Editorship of the *Journal* was referred to. A cordial

vote of thanks to Mr. Turner for his services rendered to the Club, in connection with the production of the *Journal* since its commencement, was proposed by Mr. C. B. Wheeler, and unanimously endorsed by the meeting.

At the Dinner which immediately followed, the chair was taken, according to custom, by the newly-elected President, Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby.

In proposing the health of the King, the President remarked that the King was a thorough British sportsman—(hear, hear)—and, although he had not himself experienced the joys of Mountaineering, on one occasion his appreciation of the sport had led him to attend a meeting presided over by their friend, Mr. C. E. Mathews, when Mr. Whymper was welcomed back from the Andes by the Alpine Club. (Cheers). He then proceeded to introduce the principal toast in the following words :—

Gentlemen,—This is my privilege, and I am proud of this privilege to give you the toast of the evening, “The Climbers’ Club.” Elected only a few minutes ago, I hardly know—and opinions seem to differ—whether I am a full-blown President or only an embryo. (Cries of “Full blown.”) That is the position I mean to take up.

As we are all aware, the practice of mountain climbing can hardly be termed new. The ascent of Mount Ararat by our common ancestor, Noah, and his mixed *troupe*, shows this, though truth compels me to note the fact that this remarkable ascent was made by water, but the recognition of mountaineering as a great sport is of comparatively recent growth. The Alpine Club, founded by good men and true, one of whom, our friend Mr. C. E. Mathews, I am happy to see before me at this moment—(cheers)—is barely half a century old, and yet, so far as we know, it was the first Club to come into existence, which had for its object the encouragement of the finest sport in the world, and the strengthening of the bonds of friendship formed amidst the solemn solitudes of the great mountains. In passing, I wish to call your attention, gentlemen, to the remarkable fact, which cannot be disputed, that in all countries in this planet where grand mountains have been ascended, the pioneers have been Britons (of course I include Irishmen in this term) or colonists of British blood. For the present we will leave the mountains of the planet Mars alone. (Hear, hear.) The Alpine Club has a numerous offspring in all quarters of the globe where there are high mountains and mountain-lovers to climb them,

and between each and every one of these Clubs there exist, as there ought to do, strong ties of friendship and of mutual appreciation. All of these Clubs are doing good work, and none more so than the "Climbers' Club," and I say without hesitation that if our Club has caused even one solitary individual to go and worship amongst the great mountains who would otherwise have become a loafer on a sea-side promenade, or an onlooker at the football fields, it has justified its existence. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Bryant tells me that the Club numbers about 260 members, and that "we have about 275 in the bank available for future developments." Gentlemen, we look for great things in the future from these 275 imprisoned members. The growth and success of the Climbers' Club have been phenomenal. How could it have been otherwise? Was it not in its tender years nourished by the stimulating eloquence and the evergreen enthusiasm of Mr. Mathews—(hear, hear)—and when it was well on its feet, but not a moment before this, gentlemen, was it not schooled by the exhilarating wit and example of Mr. Haskett-Smith? (Hear, hear.) Have not the zeal and tact of Mr. Bryant (it would be invidious of me to name more), and the excellent work done by members on the mountains, brought the Club to a hardy manhood, which has a great future before it? Yes! but, lest I should encourage you to become unwittingly a "mutual admiration society," let us turn once more to the mountains, where, at any rate, we get a sense of proportion. The rock-climbing potentialities afforded to us by the mountains of Great Britain are now fully recognised. It is natural for many reasons that we should gravitate towards the culminating points of these Islands, not the least important reason being the fact that on or near Ben Nevis, Snowdon, and Scaw Fell Pike such magnificent rock climbing is to be had in summer, and such grand snow and ice work may be met with in winter and spring. Yes, Fort-William, Pen-y-Gwryd, and Wasdale Head are deservedly great magnets, but I cannot help feeling that there is a tendency to centralise too much at these places and to neglect others. To name but one, why do so few men visit Carrantouhill and the Hag's Glen? Surely Ireland may claim yet another grievance for the neglect of this, and many another wild region? The Isle of Man invites us too, so do—Ah, well!

As your President, I cannot let this opportunity pass without sounding a note of warning in a manner in which I have often addressed my friends of the "Yorkshire Ramblers' Club." All who are worthy of being termed mountaineers, in contradistinction to mere rock-climbing acrobats, find that year by year their love of mountains increases, and so, too, in like manner, does their respect and veneration. They feel more and more, as they gain experience, that the sport of mountaineering is to be treated seriously, and that no trifling must be indulged in. They will not deny the fact that, with this sport, as well as with all other noble sports, there is a certain little element of danger, but at the same time, they do assert with equal

truth that, with forethought, prudence, and by putting into practice certain well-established maxims, these risks may be reduced to a minimum. On the other hand, the neglect of these precautions has often led to disaster. A common neglect—I speak seriously—is that of having boots in which are rounded instead of angular nails. This may lead to accidents on either rock or snow, and it is a neglect which never ought to occur. I will name no more. This, however, I do assert most solemnly, that some climbs are made regarding which prudence should dictate the omission of any detailed description in print; also I say that the man who wilfully under-rates the difficulty, and perhaps the danger, of any particular climb, commits a much greater fault than he who exaggerates them. That great hero of the mountains, Sir Leslie Stephen, who was only this week called away to his long rest, speaking of Alpine dangers, says—"My general moral is this, that a man should qualify himself, both in activity and what I may call mountain craft, before he undertakes any difficult expeditions. With men, so qualified, I believe that the danger may be generally reduced to a trifle, especially if the command of the party is entrusted to one of its most experienced and judicious members." (Hear, hear.)

Gentlemen, though I urge prudence, I do not wish to counsel inaction; I merely beg you to woo the mountains, as they deserve to be wooed, with an intense love and a wholesome respect. Remember, when you are on the mountains, the friends at home. Be bold, but take no unwarrantable risks. Forget not the truth of the maxim, "Discretion is the better part of valour." Be boldest of all in your determination to turn back when, from your experience, you feel quite sure that to advance would be to court danger. (Hear, hear.)

The high mountains are the natural playground of those who are endowed with health and strength. They are the resting places for the weary. Then away to the mountains! away! away! and glean more health and strength of mind and body, to enable you to combat the difficulties of life, and lay up a store of happy memories, from which you can always draw, yet can never exhaust.

Gentlemen, I give you the toast of "The Climbers' Club," and will ask our late President, Mr. Haskett-Smith, to respond. (Applause.)

The toast having been enthusiastically received, Mr. W. P. HASKETT-SMITH, said, in reply :—

It is evident that our new President need have no misgiving about his *status*; there is nothing embryonic about him. If he is an infant, he is a very well-developed and vigorous one, and we are told that it is an excellent sign when an infant takes an early opportunity of proving the power of his lungs. (Laughter.) I have to thank you, first of all, for your enthusiasm on behalf of the Club, and secondly for your kind reception of me.



To take the public duty first, it consists, in effect, in rendering to you an account of a stewardship of three years. For by far the greater part of the time we were in the proverbially happy position of having no history, but two terrible events in the last few months have cast over us a gloom which will not readily disperse. It will not be necessary to speak to you at any length on this point, because, fortunately, Mr. Mathews will relieve me of this duty, and his words will carry a weight to which mine could lay no claim. I will merely say that though personally I knew only Mr. Broadrick, I had long followed with interest the career of the party which he joined that day, and regarded them as belonging to our best type, shewing earnestness and efficiency, without a trace of folly or ostentation. You may have noticed that though the two accidents by which we have suffered were as unlike as possible, yet they had one feature in common, namely that there was a comparative stranger present in each party, a circumstance which must always double the need for watchfulness and caution. By all means widen your experience of other climbers, only with a scratch pack don't hunt dangerous game. There is no greater safeguard than when a party forms a practised team, each member of which knows exactly the good and bad points of every other member. (Hear, hear.) There is another thing which, though it may have had no share in either of the late accidents, deserves some mention, because it seems to be a growing practice, and should be discouraged. It is the use (especially by the leader) of inordinate lengths of rope. (Hear, hear.) Do climbers realise how very few feet of clear fall give a man a momentum which is almost impossible to stop? And when that happens, we know only too well what are the rewards of misplaced courage and over-taxed skill.

“ Prizes of accident as oft as merit ;  
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,  
The love that leaned on them as slippery too,  
Do one pluck down another, and together  
Die in the fall.”

There are, however, brighter aspects of our history, and to them let us now pass on. We are steadily advancing in numbers and dignity. Rickmers in one party, Longstaff and Rolleston in another, were brilliantly successful in the Caucasus. The other day, when a new member of Parliament was wanted, it was to our body that St. Albans looked. Some months ago we saw our name, or part of it, on every hoarding. Why? Because someone wanted to write a play about fashionable life, and could think of no more fashionable name than “The Climbers,” and recently our fame reached the *ville lumiere*, where a more ambiguous compliment was paid to us. For a society is said to have been formed in Paris called the “Jolly Climbers.” The nature of their climbing qualification is not stated : but, as their chief business seems to be robbery and murder, it is so far

orthodox that (in this country at least) the use of the rope would not be neglected, and would in fact play a very important part. (Loud laughter.) And now for my personal part of the matter. Mr. Slingsby has said some very kind things, and you have shewn cordial appreciation of the little I have been able to do for you during my term of office. Far be it from me to say a single word that might lower my successor's standard of duty, but let me tell you, in the strict confidence of a stage "aside," that a President is by no means so important an official as many people think. Even in a Government Department we sometimes find that the titled figure-head would be very helpless without the subordinates who form the propelling machinery. If you really want to appreciate the relative importance of your officials, turn to the map of Dorsetshire. There you will find a group of villages, the names of which hit off the situation with so much aptness and precision that those of you who do not know the county might accuse me of inventing the places. They are as follows. First and foremost,

BRYANT'S PUDDLE; you will readily guess that to be a very ship-shape, practical, and go-ahead place. Then comes

TOLL PUDDLE; where, as the local proverb runs, only a very rolling stone escapes being gathered by Moss.

TURNER'S PUDDLE, a rural Arcadia, steeped in contemplative calm, far from the mad rush of modern life; and, last and least,

AFF PUDDLE, which is confessedly only half as important as any one of the other three.

In fact a President is like an oilcan—or a doctor—not much good except to keep in working order those who really do the work. Do not, however, imagine that his is an idle life, for neither oilcan nor pill is always permanent in its effects. You may remember Edmund Burke's classical story of the Irish Peer. He had, you know, an ardent love and a slight knowledge of the art of medicine, and freely prescribed for his tenants and retainers and others who were not in a position to refuse his treatment. One day he was talking to one of these when a funeral passed. "Whose is that? Did I know him?" "Oh! Yes, my Lord, that's Terence O'Brien. Your Lordship will not be forgetting him. He's the man your Lordship *cured* three days ago." (Much laughter.)

However, though we may have had our little troubles, there is no legacy of woe for my successor, and the horizon seems absolutely clear, with every prospect of fair weather. You remember how, about three years ago, when the illness of the King had plunged the whole country in gloom, our anxiety was relieved almost as suddenly as it had come. It is said that in one Church the Vicar announced that the much dreaded operation had been completely successful, and that the patient was practically out of danger. He then went on to say, "Let us now all join in

singing Hymn No. 537—in the Appendix—‘Peace, Perfect Peace.’” Happy the man of whose presidency it can be said that it secured perfect peace in the appendix! (Laughter and prolonged applause.)

The next toast was proposed by Mr. FRASER CAMPBELL, who said :—

Mr. Slingsby and gentlemen,—The toast which I have the pleasure to propose is that of “Kindred Societies,” but I trust you will permit me to preface my more relevant remarks by narrating a little piece of domestic history. I may say that I have been away from home for the past week or so, and when I received, in Manchester, a peremptory telegram from my friend Mr. Moss, instructing me that I was to propose this important toast, I found myself without much time for preparation. I wrote to my wife that I had arranged to attend the dinner, but that I was afraid my enjoyment of the evening would be marred by the fact of my having to make a speech. I have her reply this morning, “Do not let the thought of your speech spoil your dinner, rather have a good dinner and let it spoil your speech”; an admirable illustration of moral support. Some years ago I was asked to undertake, at a dinner in Glasgow, the toast of “The Imperial Forces.” It was during the war, when the time-worn sentiment—admirable alike for its brevity as for its truth—that the Sailors and Soldiers of the Queen had always done their duty, and would always do it again, required some amplification. As a matter of fact, I could not attend the dinner, but, meeting the Secretary a few days afterwards, I thanked him for the honour done me in making me responsible for a toast which was—at the time—of so much interest, but his reply somewhat chilled my feeling of self-complacency. He said he did not know much about the honour, but that I was about the only man he could ask, as everyone else in the room would probably be either a Soldier, or at least a Volunteer—in fact I was about the only man who was not, in some way or another, serving his country. (Laughter.) Well, to-night my position is much the same, and I feel that I must have been selected to undertake the toast for a similar reason. I regret to say that I have never seen the Alps, and I have never climbed a hill in England—and I am ashamed to say that it is eight years since I have climbed at all—but this is a state of matters which a regular attendance at such cheery functions as this may do something to remedy. (Hear, hear.)

It has frequently been remarked that nothing can be accomplished in this country without a dinner. Say a man proposes to form a League. Well, he gives a dinner, to which he invites various prominent people, of widely divergent opinions, but with whose less obtrusive eccentricities he is himself supposed to be in sympathy; after dinner they form the League, and perhaps erect a “tabernacle” with a little “lonely furrow”—(laughter)

—running down one side of the garden, and a nice “fence” behind the house to sit upon—and there you are. (Laughter.)

May I tell you a Scotch story? (Hear, hear.) In the grey of an early morning a milkman, going his rounds, found an old man of his acquaintance sitting by the roadside, dressed in his best clothes, but otherwise in a somewhat misty condition. He greeted him with, “Hey, Donald, whaur hae ye been?” to which Donald replied, “Weel, lad, I canna richtly mind whether it was a bridal or a burying—but it was a maist capital affair.” (Laughter.) Now this dinner is in itself “a maist capital affair,” and the institution of such meetings is most desirable, as affording to the widely scattered members of the Club an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with one another, and of extending to members of “Kindred Societies” the right hand of fellowship. I had intended to make allusion to the early connection with the art of climbing of old Father Noah, but in this, as you know, I have been forestalled by our President.

It is not my intention to enter at length into the history of the various clubs with which this toast is associated, and, dwelling as I do in the wilds of Caledonia, I have only to-day become acquainted with the names of some of them, which I know, however, are doing good work. But I believe that a member of any of these clubs, whether it be the “Alpine,” or the “Scottish Mountaineering,” the “Climbers,” the “Rucksack,” or the “Yorkshire Ramblers,” we are all imbued with the same spirit, without which none of us can be true mountaineers, a spirit of profound reverence and love for the majesty and the mystery of the hills. (Cheers.) Of course pride of place in such a toast must be given to the Alpine Club the mother of all such clubs, and one the history and traditions of which must ever be held in esteem by devotees of our noble and ennobling sport. In this connection I may be permitted, I trust, to refer to the great loss which has fallen on the club in the death of Sir Leslie Stephen. (Hear, hear.) Himself a keen and notable climber, he lent to the literature of mountaineering much of that grace and charm which have given him so high a place in the world of letters, and he may be cited as one of the most eminent instances, among many, of men of the highest intellectual culture, who have found their chief recreation in the sport of climbing. (Hear, hear.)

Gentlemen, I will not detain you longer. With this toast I wish to couple the name of one who is well known to you all—Mr. Charles Mathews, one of the founders of the Alpine Club. He has also been its President, and he is equally distinguished as a climber and as an orator. I give you, gentlemen, the toast of “Kindred Societies,” coupled with the name of Mr. Charles Mathews and of Mr. Moore, of the “Yorkshire Ramblers.” (Applause.)

Mr. C. E. MATHEWS, who responded for the Alpine Club, was received with loud cheers. He said :—

It is a rare pleasure to me to be once more face to face with my friends and colleagues of the Climbers' Club, to find myself in the company of comrades, who have always treated their first President with such infinite goodwill—who have always insisted on attributing to him all sorts of good qualities which never had any real existence—("No! no!")—and who have welcomed him to-night, as on all other occasions, with so kindly and generous an appreciation. (Cheers.)

I respond, of course, for the parent society—the Alpine Club. Possibly I have some right to represent that well-known and prosperous institution. (Cheers.) I have now been a practical mountaineer for 48 years. I am one of the only four survivors of the founders of that Club; our names are marked with a star in the annual Alpine Chronicle. Stars, as you are aware, have different illuminating power; but it would not be profitable to enquire by how much "one star exceedeth another star in glory." (Laughter and cheers.) Anyhow, I am the only one of the founders who has kept in harness to the present time—(cheers)—and although I have just reached that period of life which the Psalmist described as "the allotted span," I am just about to make a pilgrimage to Greece, to see for myself how Taygetus and Parnassus, and Cyllene and the other hills of Hellas compare with my old friends of Central Europe. (Cheers.) As for you, it is only right that you should respect the old guard, and that you should lift up your prayer for the remnant that is left. (Hear, hear.) In honouring us you are only keeping the commandment which bids you "Honour thy father and thy mother," which, I may add, was the only commandment with a promise. (Cheers.)

Who first discovered the fascination of climbing steep hills will, I suppose, never be known; the worship of elevated nature is not common to us all. You may remember the Lincolnshire farmer in "Alton Locke," who said, "None of these 'ere darned ups and downs o' hills, to shake a body's victuals out of his innards. (Laughter.) All as vlat as a barn vloor for 40 mile on end; that's the country to live in." (Much laughter.) Well, we don't share his views.

Sixty years ago the mountain tops were left in the undisturbed possession of the gods. Then we created a new sport for Englishmen, and not for Englishmen only, but for adventurous spirits all over the globe. In about a quarter of a century the Alps were practically exhausted—exhausted, did I say? Not so! The tracks of summer are obliterated by the snows of winter, and each new man, each new generation of men, will find in them, as we have found, the same interest and the same charm. (Cheers.) Of course the charm of mere rivalry is gone, but nothing has

been more remarkable than the rapid extension of mountaineering in the last quarter of the last century. (Cheers.)

“ Yet all experience is an arch, wherethrough  
 Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades  
 For ever and for ever when we move.”

Mont Blanc was no longer high enough to gratify a rising ambition, so off man started to the Caucasus ; Kasbek and Elbruz fell victims, Dych Tau and Ushba have followed suit, and now Suanetia is becoming almost as familiar a playground as the Alps. (Cheers.)

But the Caucasian peaks were only some 2000 feet higher than Mont Blanc, so away goes Mr. Whymper to the Andes of Ecuador, and Chimborazo and his brethren were laid by the heels. Then Sir Martin Conway starts for the Himalaya, and Pioneer Peak, 23,000 feet above sea-level, is added to the list of English conquests. (Cheers.)

Then Mr. FitzGerald's well organised\* party sets out for the highest Andes of all, and Mr. Stuart Vines and the guide Zurbriggen climb Aconcagua, about the same height as Pioneer Peak, and perhaps the highest point of the earth's surface that has yet been attained. (Cheers.) Banff, in the Canadian Rockies, is becoming a climbing centre, like Zermatt. Only the other day Mr. Freshfield returned from his tour round Kanchinjunga, which is certain to be climbed, and, whatever the result of our mission to Thibet, let us trust that Englishmen may at least get free access to Sikhim, and be able to explore the mighty Gaurisankar, the “ Ultima Thule ” of Alpine exploration. (Cheers.)

Well that is a noble record. Some of us are now extinct, or at least slumbering, volcanoes ; but we were the Pioneers—(cheers)—though we had but little idea to what our pioneering would lead. We sowed the seed, and you younger men will reap the harvest. For you is the undiscovered country. May you also have your share in it, and come back again with joy, bringing your sheaves with you. (Cheers.)

In addition to foreign triumphs, we have made explorations in the British Isles of which our fathers never dreamed. In the old days we climbed Snowdon and Scawfell by the easiest routes. Now a new cult has arisen, and the worship of the couloir and the gully forms a new departure in British mountaineering. One of the results has been that home climbing has had its sombre as well as its bright side. I have read with considerable interest the recent correspondence in a leading journal between Mr. Spender and Mr. Haskett-Smith. The former gentleman seeks to hold this club responsible for the excesses of the new school. Let us never draw hasty conclusions from insufficient premises. (Cheers.) There is a story told of the great Daniel O'Connell, who once made a speech in Birmingham on the usual subject of the wrongs of Ireland. “ I assure you upon my honour,” he is reported to have said, “ that in my

unhappy and distressful country there were 30,000 fewer children born last year than in the year preceding. I solemnly charge the British Government with the wilful murder of those 30,000 innocent and unborn children.” (Loud laughter.) That was a hasty conclusion from insufficient premises. (Cheers.) No, our Club is not responsible. (Cheers.) On the other hand it is a fact that six men have been lost during the past few months. Allen was killed on Squerr-na-Gillian, Goodall in Deep Ghyll, and this Club will need no reminder of the tragedy on Scawfell, through which four of the best known of our members are unable any longer to answer their names, when the muster roll is called. Allen’s death was the result of the baneful practice of climbing alone ; Goodall’s, as far as I can understand, from the incredible rashness of endeavouring to glissade down hard snow. And the others? Well, the verdict of the Coroner’s Jury was “accidental death,” so I will express no adverse opinion.

In all mountaineering some risks must be run. The wise man knows what risks to face and what to avoid. I don’t see the evidence I should like to see of a wise judgment in this regard, and so many expeditions which should have been replete with sunny and happy memories, bear a sombre sound for evermore, “like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.” (Cheers.) I see everywhere courage and daring ; I do not see as often as I could wish the better qualities of prudence and discretion. Remember that a man’s life is not his own. It belongs to a mother, perhaps, or a sister, to a wife or a child, and no man can rashly hazard it without striking a cruel blow at some tender and loving hearts, which have deserved better at his hands. (Loud cheers.) My colleagues of the Alpine Club and of this Club will do me the justice to say that I have preached in season, and out of season, on the necessity of adopting these measures of prudence and precaution, without which our craft, with its endless possibilities for good, must be discredited in all impartial eyes. I repeat, with all the energy of which I am capable, those pathetic words which I have so often used—

“ Oh ! the little more, and how much it is,  
And the little less, and what worlds away ! ”

(Cheers.) The future of mountaineering rests with the British Amateur. Let it be yours, by precept no less than by example, to be faithful to the best traditions of which you are the inheritors, and to bring neither dishonour nor discredit upon the noble craft to which it is both your privilege and your happiness to belong. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. LEWIS MOORE, Secretary of the Yorkshire Ramblers’ Club, followed on the same side. Unhappily, owing to a breakdown of the reporting arrangements, we are able to give

no more than a very brief and imperfect summary of his fluent and entertaining speech :—

He begun by picturing the dismay not untinged with resentment felt by his club on learning that Mr. Slingsby, who had been their President for the brief period of ten years, had taken office in another club ; how, on calmer reflection, they had seen matters in a different light, and recognised the mission of Yorkshire to improve the outer world and bring it nearer to her own standard of perfection. They had therefore parted with Mr. Slingsby almost cheerfully. The speaker went on to indicate certain directions in which Yorkshire influence might be expected to make itself felt, and to explain why the “Yorkshire Ramblers’ Journal” was better, more punctual, and, above all, cheaper, than some other journals, observing that Yorkshiremen like and insist upon getting “a good bob’s worth.” True to this admirable tendency, he went on to propose an exchange of publications between the two societies. (Laughter.)

Mr. H. W. BLUNT, in proposing “The Visitors,” said :—

When our secretary chastened the joy with which I had looked forward to this dinner by charging me with the proposal of a toast, I accepted the responsibility as a compliment to that group of Wastdale Head climbers of ten to fifteen years back, for whom I have a right to speak. A good deal of my climbing owes its greatest debt to John Robinson. I sat down, as in duty bound, to compose some impromptus. None came, or I should be coruscating now. Instead, there rang in my head the time-honoured contrast of climber and visitor, of two books, one filled with verse, as weak in its scansion as the climbing of its writers was rudimentary, chiefly about our ex-president. The visitor suggested to me the type of person who opens the smoke-room door in the small hours, when the mysteries of our craft are in full swing, with “Have you climbed them all ?” When, however, I looked round on our guests to-night, and marked their benign looks, I saw at once that they had no cloven hoofs, that, if anything was bursting from their boots, it was clinkers. I found that our guests, who honour our lenten fare this evening, were chiefly from the very aristocracy of our sport, comrades of the axe and rope, from what is called, in Parliamentary language, another place. (Laughter.) Leisure, means, and ability have made them the supreme exponents of our craft, or, as the poet puts it—

“Gods upon the hills together, careless of mankind,”

but it is one craft, with a single lodge, roofed by Heaven’s azure. It is these “visitors” for whom, and for himself, Dr. Norman Collie, who appears to-night under the disguise of F.R.S., obviously a lower degree than A. C., is to speak. His name speaks for itself. Supporting him I see many members of the Olympus of climbing. I may say I am proud



of escaping from the metaphor which describes us as a nursery, surely of obstreperous infants—members who to-night are to remain silent. To these I wish “to every man a Jungfrau or two, to Dr. Collie a whole range, Himalayas for choice.” To our other guests I would say, “Join our Club,” if the phrase were not ear-marked to the club matrimonial. We don’t want them married until they have climbed a few climbs, and learned the use of the rope. And the qualifications we insist on are small. Look at me, a climber in a past which never was present. Having greeted all classes of visitors, or, as I prefer to say, guests, and having, to my surprise and delight, got Dr. Collie’s name into the bill, I ought, I suppose, in common decency, to stop. But there is an art in stopping. A friend of mine who goes to *at homes*, which I do not, assures me that it is a mark of social aplomb to drop a saucer or something, and stamp upon it, and then to remark to one’s hostess that one has put his foot into it, and had better bolt. (Laughter.) Having put my foot into it, I will simply propose the toast of our guests, coupled with the name of Professor Norman Collie, and subside. (Applause.)

Prof. J. NORMAN COLLIE, F.R.S., in reply, said :—

He doubted not that all his fellow guests had enjoyed the evening immensely, and shared his own gratitude towards Mr. Blunt for introducing them in so amusing a manner. But he himself felt a particular pride in coming there in a sort of official capacity and under the wing of his old friend and comrade Mr. Slingsby, who was now being elevated to such a prominent position. Possibly some of them did not know as much about his host as he (the speaker) did, and he might do worse than say a few words about him. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Slingsby constantly reminded him of a thing which they were doubtless all sick of hearing talked about. The newspapers had just discovered it, though it had long been familiar to men of science, and were making a ridiculous mystery and fuss about “common, ordinary radium.” Mr. Slingsby, like radium, gave small outward promise of his powers, and not only contained an enormous amount of stored-up energy, but also possessed the gift of exciting similar energy in other bodies. Only last summer he had been climbing in the Lofoten Islands with Mr. Slingsby and his son, and found that Slingsby junior bade fair to become as phenomenally radio-active as his father, and there was now every prospect of this Club finding its energies vastly increased by the same influence. He hoped that this would prove to be the case, and thanked the Club for an entertainment which seemed to him “a maist capital affair.” (Applause.)

In proposing the health of the New President, Mr. W. P. HASKETT-SMITH said :—

You will think it grossly unfair to have to listen to a second

speech from me, and indeed, had the task been laid upon me as a duty, I should have resented it myself, but, as a matter of fact, I claimed this toast as my right, the privilege of the old President to usher in the new. But before saying anything of my successor, my first care must be to reassure the representative of the club from which we have borrowed him. No one here denies the greatness of Yorkshire. It is the home of many of our members. No one here is surprised at the excellence of the "Yorkshire Ramblers' Journal." It is edited by one of ourselves. (Laughter.) But then Mr. Moore complains that Mr. Slingsby has been President of the Yorkshire Ramblers for only ten years, and that just as they are beginning to get used to him, we take him away. Well, of course, we took him, but not from them. On this occasion at least Mr. Slingsby was off with the old love before he was on with the new. We found him out of work, and offered him a job, and probably we shall be ready to let him go back to his old situation, after a similar period of ten years. Only let Yorkshire remember that even then she has still to reckon with those gods of whom Mr Blunt, no doubt employing a theatrical metaphor, told us. Mr. Slingsby began life in Yorkshire, and, taking into consideration what we have heard of his underground pursuits, in what we may call the Pit, the pitboy, with a spirit which proves him entirely worthy of this club, has now climbed, as it appears, to the Dress Circle; but we shall not be surprised if, before ten years are out, he is wanted to continue his upward movement, and preside over these same gods who sit on the Alpine heights of the Gallery. As to the claim of an old Premier to toast his successor, there is clear and ample precedent. In the ancient guilds of the City of London a time-honoured custom obtains whereby each retiring official drinks publicly and solemnly to the next occupant of his post, "wishing him health and strength to continue his office." Many a long tramp in Mr. Slingsby's company has taught me that in his case these wishes are quite superfluous, for health and strength are abundantly, nay exuberantly, his. It is all very fine for his companion to be a younger man; but that fact brings, instead of comfort, only an added humiliation; for our third President and our first are precisely of that type which the Australian poet describes so well—

"Older, but men to whom, in the pride of their manhood strong,

The hardest work is never too hard, or the longest day too long."

Strangers are filled with amazement at this peculiarity of his. Some years ago, when we were climbing together in Lapland, we went up a new and lofty peak by means of a fine rocky *arete*. At one point we were forced to climb down off the ridge. On the return journey, as we neared this point, Slingsby, who led us both up and down, marched gravely to the foot of an appalling series of "boiler-plate" slabs, and, on our asking what he was going to do, amazed us by the reply that we had come down at that precise

point in the morning, and had to go up there now. We expressed doubt, mingled with alarm. He replied that he recognised every hold. We retorted that he might do that without recognising many. Finally he yielded; we descended a few hundred yards further, there picked up a compass, which we had left behind in the morning, got on to the *arete*, and reached our camp in safety. Mr. Slingsby showed his good nature by consenting to come with us, and proved his strength of mind by maintaining firmly, from that day to this, that we and the compass were all astray. The incident is worth recalling, because it drew forth from a charming Norwegian gentleman, who was climbing with us that day for the first time, a delicious comment on our leader which you shall have in his own words. "Oh, Slingsby is very pleasing. Never have I seen a man so aged to go so far. But, when he would climb up at the evening where we *should* have climbed down at the morning, ah! *then* he was not pleasing, ah! (with a violent shudder) no-o-o! he was *not* pleasing." (Much laughter.)

The fact is that no one can hope to gauge Mr. Slingsby properly who does not know him as connected with Norway. If any of you go up that way, don't trouble to learn the language. All you have to do is to murmur, at suitable intervals, the magic name of Slingsby, and you will get everything you want, and probably a good deal besides. Only last summer I was at the head of one of the *ffjords*, where, on entering the Hotel, you are confronted with a huge brass medallion, claiming to represent King Henry IV. of France. You wonder what he is doing there. We do not read in history of that monarch taking his yacht to the *ffjords*, or whale-fishing, or making himself pleasant to the Norsemen. (Laughter.) No, the explanation is quite different. That medallion, like others of which we have heard a good deal lately, is connected with a "hidden treasure," and the treasure lies in an accidental resemblance, not to the Emperor William, but to "President William." (Laughter.) Yes, gentlemen, that remote village in Norway honours Henry IV. because, by a singular coincidence, in the brazen countenance of that rather free-and-easy monarch lurks an astonishing likeness to a gentleman who at this moment occupies the seat of honour in a certain room in a certain London hotel, which will, I am told, for the future be known as the "Hotel William Cecil." (Much laughter.)

It would keep you all night to tell of all Mr. Slingsby's qualifications, so one more shall suffice. You know that there is a Mrs. Slingsby, for Mr. Mathews has sung, and I have inadequately echoed her praises, but when we think of the perils which would have beset a Bachelor President within the next forty-eight hours, that to-morrow we shall be able to say, in or near the words of the late Poet Laureate,

"To-morrow will be the leapiest time of all the glad leap year,"

we must rejoice to be spared the trial of seeing our figure-head hunted

through the land by his countless admirers, and perhaps finding his only safe refuge in a sudden zeal for subterranean exploration. (Much laughter.)

Gentlemen, I give you the toast of "Our New President," and venture to assure him that he may rely on meeting with the same hearty co-operation, the same indulgent kindness, and the same warm friendliness which you have on all occasions extended to me. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

The toast having met with a most hearty reception, Mr. SLINGSBY, in reply, said,—

In his all too flattering speech, my friend Mr. Haskett-Smith has filled my mind with a feeling of uncertainty as to my very existence as a human being, and whether I am an oil-can, or a doctor, or a doctor with an oil-can, I cannot for the life of me say. (Laughter.) Gentlemen, I thank you most warmly for the kind way in which you have received the toast proposed so humourously by my old friend Mr. Haskett-Smith. In accepting the honour which you have been good enough to confer upon me this evening, I should be more than, or perhaps less than, human, if I did not feel extremely proud, but I think you will agree with me when I say that it is a formidable thing for me to step into the shoes of the giants who have preceded me, and had I not for many years been gleaning health, strength, and inspiration from the very hearts of the great mountains, I would not have dared for one moment to occupy so exalted a position as that of President of the Climbers' Club. (Hear, hear.) Whilst I promise to give you the best service which lies in my power, I must crave some indulgence at your hands, as the distance from my home amongst the fells of Craven to London will alone prevent me from attending some meetings at which I should otherwise certainly hope to be present. I take this opportunity of stating that I fully recognise that the post of President of such a sporting club as the Climbers' Club has responsibilities attached to it which are by no means to be ignored. Gentlemen, I accept these responsibilities as readily as I do the honour which you have conferred upon me, and for which I thank you most warmly and sincerely. (Applause.)

### COMMITTEE NOTES.

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

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

Albert Ernest Bellars, Magdalen College, Cambridge.

George Karslake Thompson, Park Road, Penarth.

T. C. Ormiston Chant, 49 Gover Street, London, W.C.

Stanley Ridsdall, Hatherley House, Kew Gardens, Surrey

John Sandison, 8 Mount Pleasant, Kendal.



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

CLIMBERS' BOOK AT SLIGACHAN.—We have been informed by the Honorary Secretary of the S.M.C. that his Club has had a copy of the Climbers' Book at Sligachan typewritten, with copies of the original illustrations, and that this book will be at Sligachan Hotel for the use of climbers, and that it will contain space for additional remarks by them. Arrangements will be made, so that it is not liable to be destroyed by ordinary tourists, but there will be no restriction as to its use by mountaineers.

BOTTERIL'S CLIMB.—Some climbers who made an attempt on "Botteril's Climb," Scawfell, most strongly advise that it be left alone. It is impossible to belay or assist the leader in any way. If, however, anyone wishes to try it with a rope from above (and preferably from below as well to prevent a swing out on the face), this may be done by letting 100 ft. down from a grass platform at the top of the great slab, and a little below the pinnacle on the "Keswick Brothers' Climb."

"N. ARETE OF CYFRWY.—First recorded ascent 9th April, 1903, Ascended from Glidder opposite end of long moraine W. of Llyn y Guder and up rocks to Arête. Found it thin and overhanging the great gully of Cyfrwy; traversed left and upward to a small window above a steep pitch, which gave on to a good grassy ledge by a sheer, slabby trough. The next 70 feet straight upward is nearly sheer, and the hold, though good, is for the most part covered with loose grass and moss, which requires careful handling. Up this to a stirrup with a fine point of rock round which the rope can be fixed by the leader,

follows another 40 feet with better hold to the ridge, which is reached at a third window. So far the climb is difficult ; but the pinnacle (corresponding to the Table Rock on the East Arête) is now comfortably gained by the arête and its western side. The steep pitch above is turned on the W. side, and a pleasant climb without any difficulties follows to the summit (E. C. C. and G. L. C.).

"The great gully on Cyfrwy should not be missed on account of its peerless rock scenery. It lies W. of the N. arête. The ascent is rather wearisome, except in snow time, by reason of the shale with which it is filled, and there is only one small pitch which is easily passed on the right side ; but the grandeur of the rocks repays the tedium of the shale.

[N.B.—This is a very good way up Cader for the ordinary tourist of ordinary activity. It is less arduous than the Foxes Path, and the scenery is incomparably superior. The little pitch near the summit is perfectly simple and without danger.]

"The Twr Du of Llyn y Cau can probably be ascended from the grass above the third pitch of the great gully by bearing to the left up grass and rock, up a steep traverse made dangerous with grass and moss, by a traverse under a low overhanging wall and so along ledges to a little lawn above the steep left hand gully. The next 10 feet could probably be climbed by a slanting crack on the right, whence a steep face climb with rather awkward rocks take to the summit.

"A careful examination of Craig y Cau promised much danger and little glory—for the rocks are very slabby, badly inclined, and rendered perilous by grass and moss. Some of this herbage was found at an angle of 80 degrees, and was terribly slippery.

[N.B.—The rocks on this face all slope outwards and the ledges are covered with grass and moss, the ascent of the pillar would probably be very awkward, not to say dangerous.]

"(Signed) G. L. C. and E. C. C."

"12th April, 1903."

(From the Visitors' Book, "Ship," Dolgelly).



## CORRESPONDENCE.

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

SIR,

### FIRST ASCENT OF THE HIGH TOR GULLY.

In our *Journal*, No. 22, the anonymous writer of Kyndwr Club Notes makes reference to this climb, but, as his information was second-hand, it is not surprising that he has gone astray. His description does not tally at all with our scramble, and we saw none of the abominations with which he is so familiar.

The climb we did is that alluded to in the *Climbers' Club Journal*, Vol. I., page 62, "Practice Scrambles in Derbyshire," by Mr. E. A. Baker, late President of the Kyndwr Club, who wrote thus :—

"There exists a noble gully, which figures in all the pictures  
"of the High Tor, at Matlock, and, viewed at close  
"quarters, seems capable of giving first-class sport; but  
"every attempt to get into it from the bottom has  
"hitherto failed, owing to the smoothness of the rock."

You have kindly accepted a true account of the first ascent, but I shall be glad if you can also find space for this specific disclaimer, in case anyone should have been misled by the grotesquely garbled statement already published.

Very faithfully yours,

WILLIAM SMITHARD,

President of the Kyndwr Club.

DUFFIELD, DERBYSHIRE.

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

DEAR SIR,

SCAFELL ACCIDENT.

The correspondence in the *Leeds Mercury* has just been brought to my notice.

It seems to me that the object of criticism of climbing accidents is to warn others of dangers, and so aid in avoiding them in future. All personal recriminations are not only unsportsmanlike, but also bad form under the circumstances.

Yours truly,

T. PAYNE.

## REVIEWS.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC INSTRUCTOR. By J. I. PIGG, F.R.M.S.,  
F.R.P.S.

DURING the war in South Africa a general noted for his forcefulness of expression came across a well-known correspondent and thus cheerily accosted him: "Well, Ananias, I see you have brought a camera with you to give an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unattractive lie." To which the unabashed correspondent replied: "Yes, general, and had I known that you were coming along I should most certainly have brought a phonograph also."

Now, the climber must often have felt the need of photographic aid, not, we will hope, for *precisely* the reason above-mentioned, but as a help to lift his story out of those realms of unveracity where tales of the dog and the fish reign supreme. But from the purely artistic and topographical standpoint the camera is of incalculable value to the climber. Probably no class of scenery pays the photographer so well for his trouble as the mountains. The breadth of landscape, the ever-varying effects of cloud, light, and shade, and the diversity of form, make continuous demands on his skill, and, above all, the associations connected with every arête, gully or glacier sweeten the tedium of the dark room and keep green throughout all the working months of the year the memories of friends and incident with which every climbing holiday is so abundantly stored.

The novice seeking instruction, or the more proficient in search of new methods, will find the work under discussion admirably adapted to their several necessities. The opening chapter gives a short but interesting historical survey of the discovery and rise of photography which will make entertaining

reading even for those who do not intend to practice the art. In the chapter dealing with apparatus and plates, etc., a useful innovation is made in attempting to give the reader some idea of the cost of outfit. After the first parts of the book dealing with the rudiments as required by the tyro, are chapters giving an extended account of the various developers, followed by articles dealing with enlarging, lantern slides, photo-micrography, stereoscopic photography, process and collotype work, X-ray, colour, and pinhole photography. This latter process has the merit of requiring only cheap apparatus, and, owing to the fact that it renders perspective with great correctness is deserving of greater attention at the hands of mountain photographers. The last chapter is devoted to a more scientific disquisition on the optics of photography, and at the end of the book are tables for the conversion of the English system of weights and measures into a metric system, and *vice versa*. It would be a great improvement in future editions if the formulae were quoted in the two systems side by side. It is now possible to obtain in London weights and measures on the metric system quite cheaply, and in view of the present agitation for the abolishment of our present cumbrous system, it would be of great educational value. All photographers who make up their solutions on the metric system bear testimony to its convenience in manipulation.

The author sometimes lacks "insistence." He should remember, for instance, that the photographic novice (during his novitiate) is subjected to many distractions, and is apt not to realise the vital value of the advice "wash thoroughly." The point should be driven in upon him "ad nauseum," especially when dealing with such somewhat subsidiary processes as intensification. It would be as well also to point out the chemical differences between substances with somewhat similar names, as potassium ferro and ferri cyanide, mercurous and mercuric chloride.

The book has ten full page process blocks, on art paper, from negatives by the author, and the body of the work is well provided with good illustrations of apparatus, but on page 35

there is a weird thing labelled dark room lamp, which is strangely reminiscent of those pigs that, in our childhood days, we used to delight to draw with our eyes shut.

Up-to-date photographers will notice two curious omissions, no mention is made of glass vignetting shades or of pulp slabs for glazing prints.

Considering its two hundred and twenty pages of clearly-printed matter, the book makes a very good shilling's worth.

W. P. M.

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MOORS, CRAGS AND CAVES OF THE HIGH PEAK AND  
NEIGHBOURHOOD. By ERNEST A. BAKER. (John  
Heywood, Manchester.)

PROBABLY there was no part of the country for which a guide was more wanted than for Derbyshire. The deep, narrow valleys and the rather featureless uplands see little of each other, and are almost equally deluding to the stranger. Even those who have acquired a general working acquaintance with the country, are apt to discover, from time to time, strange and unsuspected gaps in their knowledge, as the present reviewer has more than once had reason to know. The good things—and from the climber's point of view there *are* good things in the peak country—have a singular trick of lurking coyly in holes and corners, so that the stalwart and impetuous climber strides swiftly, and perhaps scornfully, past something but a few yards away, which needs only to be seen to be warmly approved. It must be admitted that the climbs are small, and a small climb looks still smaller when the climber has measured many miles in his endeavours to reach it. Indeed, one party of hardened mountaineers, whose sense of proportion had been terribly blunted by expeditions among big ranges, declared that, in Derbyshire, for every twenty feet of climbing they were made to do twenty miles of walking.

This is perhaps an over-statement, but Mr. Baker himself has to admit that his pet climbs "hardly ever exceed a hundred feet in height." Of the material of which the best climbs are composed, he very justly says—"the merits of gritstone are well known equally to millers and to climbers. It is solid and firm as the soundest granite, and inferior only to the gabbro of Skye as an instrument of torture, if you happen to get your hand between the rope and the rock." Once, after a day's climb with Mr. Baker, my hands struck me as looking rather cut about, and I had the curiosity to count up the number of places where blood had been drawn from the backs between knuckles and wrist. One hand showed 96 of such places, and the other 121. It is true that nearly all were pinpricks, so small that only tiny red beads formed on them, but each hand had about half a dozen very respectable gashes as well. This great roughness allows of climbing methods which would be out of the question on almost any other kind of rock. You can take liberties which ordinary rock would resent, and for this reason gritstone is not good practice for a beginner. Just as Mummery claimed for chalk, that its difficulty and treachery were likely to make a careful climber, so we may say of easy rocks like gritstone and dolomite that they tend to make men careless. Cases are not unknown where a climber has got into difficulties, and called his comrades to his assistance, declaring that he is on the point of falling, and can only hold on for a few seconds. They rush to catch him, and, when ready, tell him to let go and drop, and he then discovers that the rock, like the celebrated Tartar, refuses to part company, and simply will not allow him to fall. But what might harm the novice will not corrupt the principles of the seasoned climber, to whom the first taste of gritstone-climbing will bring instruction and much entertainment. For his benefit, Mr. Baker has, with some reluctance, prepared a list of climbs, graduated according to difficulty. We agree with him that these lists are not desirable. They tend to concentrate upon a few climbs, placed toward the end of the list, the attention which ought to be spread over the whole. Such lists encourage "cramming." If no lists were

given, men would do more of the climbs, and so gain a more liberal education. But Mr. Baker, keen climber as he is, has many other sources of enjoyment on the hills, and knows how to let his readers share in them. Take this description of Kinder Scout. "A long dark edge stretches east, crowned at intervals with oddly-shaped stacks and towers of swarthy grit. As I skirted the crags, ness after ness jutted out from the long, mountainous escarpment into the golden haze that shut out the world ; and in the deep bays and coves between late fields of snow gleamed in the shadow and glistened in the sun. The russet hues and ruddy gold of the grass patches covered the fell side with warm colour, and when Nab Brow loomed dimly through the haze, seemed to stain the very air and the sunshine. Never did the Witch's Pool look more visionary—a patch of flashing blue, ethereal as a patch of sky. Then the black gorge of the Downfall opened beneath me, but the fall itself was shrunk to a jet of pellucid water, flinging prismatic tints on the crags that enfold it." Colour is here in almost Turneresque profusion. Stanage Edge is described in a more sober key. "Rifted and shaken by ancient frosts, with mighty blocks flung down the slopes, and mighty scars remaining to shew whence they were torn, this grand old bulwark still rises straight and solid as if it would endure the storms and frosts of untold centuries to come. It is built of the hardest grit that weathers slowly, presenting sharp edges instead of rounded, crumbly bosses ; its huge rectangular masses look a wall built by Titans." In another place an uncommon snow-effect is happily hit off. "Never even in the mountains had we beheld such marvellous effects of snow and sunlight. A casual gust would send up a pillar of eddying white that caught the light splendidly before falling far over the fields. The hills and horizons were marked out in lines of living light, ribbons of light that whirled in perpetual motion, and were really whirling ribbons of snow lifted by the wind, and shot through and through with sunbeams. And then there were places where the sky's intense blue waned into grey and white, and the pure slopes of snow melted away ever so gently into a pure opaline

haze, so that no eye could tell the boundary of earth and heaven. But who shall describe the indescribable? That day was one of the ineffable days of creation, such as we only experience once now and again throughout the years, though its memory will often lure us away to the snowy moorlands on days when sober people are snuggling round the fire." Some of the less poetical passages are enlivened by touches of humour, and we get a charmingly crisp *genre* picture of climbers coming off a wintry moor to an inn where "each was admitted only after the courteous landlord had raked him fore and aft with a brushwood besom, and chopped the icicles off his whiskers with a huge pocket knife."

A good quarter of the book breaks new ground—or rather underground—which is beyond or beneath our ordinary ken. Both the subterranean and the open-air adventures are copiously illustrated, and the book will doubtless interest a very wide circle of readers. We congratulate the author on a very thorough piece of work.

W. P. H. S.





T H E

# CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

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Edited by E. RAYMOND TURNER.

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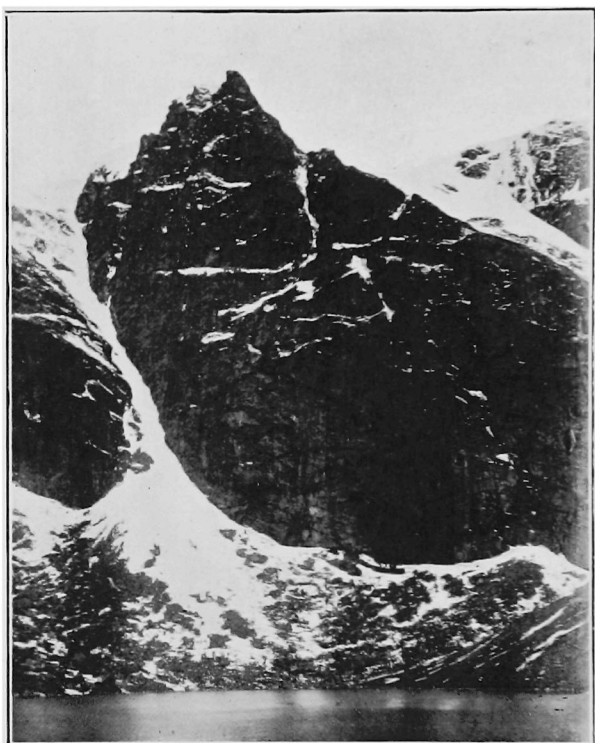
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THE PINNACLE OF CHOIRE ARDHOIRE.

*From a photograph by HAROLD RAEBURN.*

