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Central ↓ Climb.



Upper Chasm →

Lower Chasm →

CYRN LÁS. Great Buttress.

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**FIRST ASCENTS OF THE BUTTRESSES
OF CYRN LÂS,
And Climbs on Clogwyn Garnedd.**

By J. M. ARCHER THOMSON, A.C.

THE first mention of a mountain in climbing literature is usually accompanied by a description of its position. It will suffice to say that Cynr Lâs, the Grey Horn, forms part of the Snowdon *massif*, and pens in Cwm Glas on the west side. A long shoulder falls from it into the Llanberis Pass, and affords a fine approach to Y Wyddfa, second only to the popular ridges of the Horseshoe. It is, however, seldom traversed.

The upper section of the face that fronts the valley is of no great interest to climbers, but the lower portion drops into the Cwm in two striking buttresses, separated by the bed of an intermittent stream. These cliffs are so obtrusively conspicuous that it is hard to account for their having remained so long unexplored.

On September 13th of last year, I had the good fortune to fall in with a party of friends, who were meditating an ascent of Crib Goch. The appetite for novelty is easily whetted, and fair promises were scarcely needed to induce them to change

their plan in favour of an expedition to the Eastern, or Great Buttress, of Cynr Lás.

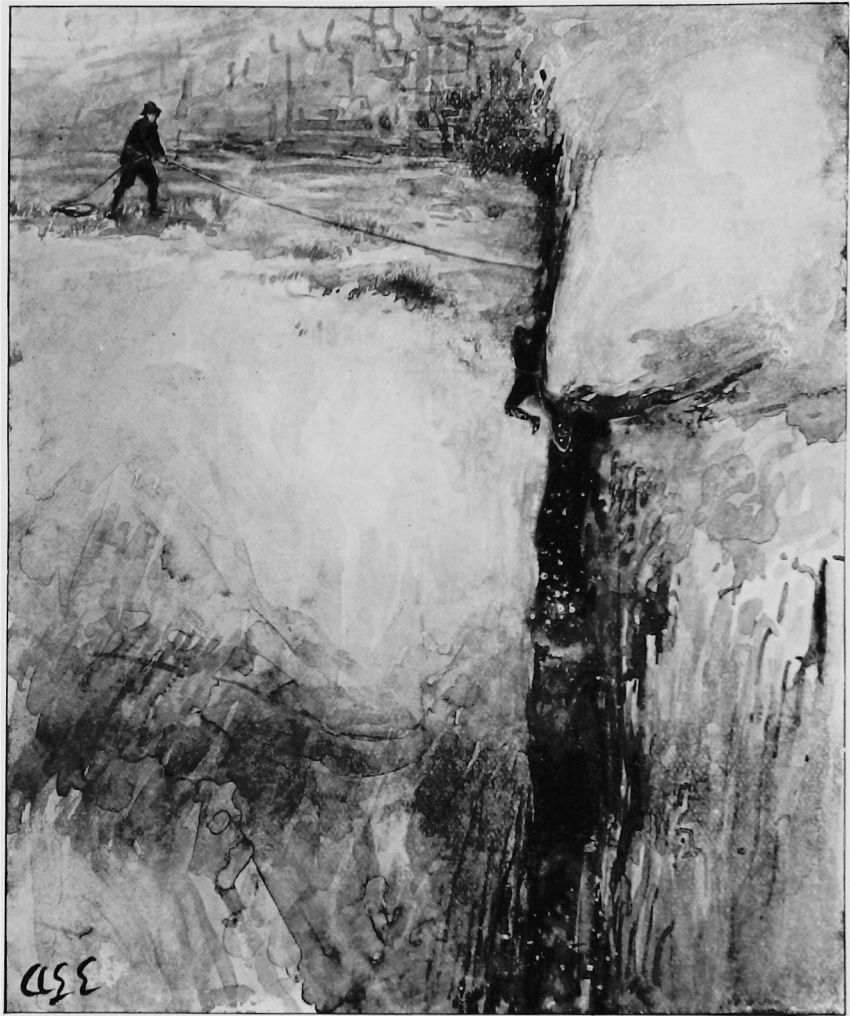
From the scree, beside the permanent stream, we ascended the glacis to a broad terrace, and after lunching divided our forces. Backwell, **Great Buttress—** Tetley and Turner agreed to execute a turning movement near the east corner of the face, while the brothers Williams and I delivered a frontal attack. It was not, however, to swift and certain victory that we set forth.

Central Route. A gully suggested a line of advance, but a precipitous slope of heather had to be carefully reckoned with, before we reached its channel. It was found abnormally steep in this its lower section, and so wet and slippery that I required the full run out of a seventy rope before gaining good anchorage on a grassy ledge. Here we were confronted by a black and nearly vertical wall, some fifteen feet in height. Above this the gradient appeared at first to moderate, but the view was shown to be deceptive by the set of the rocks on our left. In fact, the pitch continued for about sixty feet, where a second grass ledge enabled us to re-assemble.

Another steep stretch of rock brought us to a projecting corner, and from here it was necessary to reconnoitre before attempting to advance. A rib on the right, reached by swinging on the arms off a ledge, proved impossible, while the mauvais pas, taken in the reverse direction, is obviously referred to by the poet, who, "stooping into the vast unexplored abyss" to reach the finger hold, was able a few moments later to boast to his comrades :—

"I know the right place by foot's feel,
I took it and tread firm there."

As this traverse led to nothing, it is perhaps needless to add that it has serious defects. However, the divergence led to the discovery that the true route lay up a slab, possibly twenty feet in height, and certainly unpromising in appearance. Below it was a serviceable knob for hitching the rope, and the removal of earth with a penknife disclosed a succession of



CYRN LÂS. Lower Chasm.

excellent niches ; with the aid of these the ascent was accomplished with unexpected ease. We had now a choice of route ; by traversing into the bed of the gully, which bends away to the west and divides, we knew we should have a final pitch as compensation for ascending a long slope of grass ; the alternative was to continue directly up the face in our own line. The latter course was considered the more satisfactory, and a chimney pitch gave an interesting and definite finish to the climb. The Central Route up the Great Buttress of the Grey Horn must be classed among the distinctly difficult climbs of Snowdonia.

Strange sounds caught at intervals, and previously accredited to sheep, were now recognised as human voices. Our flanking column under Backwell's guidance had reached their goal, and were raising the pæan.

Their climb, which was likewise a new one, falls to be considered under the three headings of the steps,
The Chasms. the chimney and the upper chasm.

These pitches, naturally independent of each other, were linked by art into a continuous climb. The first is approached from the east end of the terrace upon the main face. Last Easter it was rightly judged unfit for attack owing to threatening artillery ; however, Backwell, M. K. Smith and I managed to dislodge the mountain battery—an operation of some delicacy, for it was necessary for the operator to stand well in the line of fire, and submit at the critical moment to be jerked from his stance into cover by his vigilant comrades. This task was performed not only with praiseworthy precision, but with a merciless vigour that could only be prompted, I grieve to say, by a wholly unchristian craving for revenge.

The connecting chimney is of convenient width for backing up, and leads to the terrace in front of the upper chasm. The exit is seen at a glance to be guarded by a cracked and rocky sentinel. The pass-word is caution. From an erect position on the top of the obstacle, excellent holds are reached for effecting the escape, after which a simple scramble brings us to the summit.

It will have been noticed that the summer storms in this locality are often confined within a strictly limited area. On August 15th, our co-mates at Pen-y-Pass enjoyed sunny weather in Nant Gwynant, while A. E. Elias and I were crouching for shelter under a boulder in Cwm Glas, watching for hours the rolling cloudland. A lucid interval was utilised for the exploration of the lower chasm, whose position entitles it to be regarded as a component part of the climb described. The whole height is ninety feet, but little difficulty is experienced in reaching the cave that forms the upper section. Finding no room for pacific penetration through the skylight, we were forced to attack the left wall and to struggle out with what grace we might on to a narrow ledge on the face. We were here upon the upper side of an overhang, with impending rocks above us. After a very careful inspection of the wet slabs on our left, we traversed horizontally across them, finding small but sound nicks well spaced over the whole fifty feet. This passage is impressive, and is similar in character to that by which a well-known gendarme on the Charmoz arête is circumvented on the Nantillon side; in both cases the surroundings are of a nature that make it superfluous for first explorers to counsel meticulous footing.

We came off at a well-marked corner, and thence, by perfectly easy rocks, gained the foot of the intermediate chimney.

The cold and dreary weather experienced last Easter did not deter the enthusiasts assembled at the Gorphwysfa from diligently seeking the surrounding summits. M. K. Smith, Backwell and I were less aspiring, and devoted April 3rd to further explorations in Cwm Glas.

The West Buttress consists mainly of a vertical wall, from which an outer covering has to a large extent sloughed off, leaving the smooth surface of the living rock exposed to view, but part of the outer layer yet remains, and running obliquely up the face forms along its top a species of steep corridor, which thus occupies a position, in regard to the wall,

**Little or West
Buttress of Cyn
Lâs.**



The Entrance of Swildon's Hole.

depth. Projecting fossils at once tear our clothes, and give us necessary finger holds, and, descending, we enter a chamber worn between the planes of stratification. At its lower end the stream emerges from a small side passage, and, flowing downwards, indicates our way. It remains with us throughout all our subsequent wanderings. At one moment we are standing erect, and striding across the deeper pools of the floor, and the next we are perforce compelled to incline our bodies at a steep angle, as the waterway heels over, and traverses the bedding plane to the next vertical joint. Here and there, interbedded with the limestone, are seen deposits of black oxide of manganese, which has entirely coated every bone which we find in the cave. There are evidences that the whole channel has been choked at some epoch of its history with a deposit of stalactite, marking a time when the stream was for a long period diverted to some other channel. We arrive now at a point where the stream plunges into a hole in the floor, and, many feet below, we can see that it falls into a pothole of considerable size. We search for another way down, and, coming back to the outflow of the hole, we find it to be a perfectly symmetrical excavation, 20 feet in depth, eight feet in diameter, and with sides sloping inwards to the small hole in the stream-bed above. Many thousands of pebbles in the bottom are kept constantly in motion. Immediately beyond this, roof and water almost meet, with only an inch or so clear. Mr. Harold Hiley, one of my greatest helpers in the work, pluckily went through, and, removing a choke of gravel and stones, drained the pool away, so that now it is easy to pass with nothing more than wet clothes. We now find ourselves at the first of a series of four fine potholes in the bed of the stream, and one left high on the side, still full of water and pebbles, but quite beyond the reach of the stream. Now the channel becomes less restricted, we pass between huge banks of mud, and enter a chamber of considerable size, with a fine display of stalactites on the roof. On our right comes down the only tributary stream which is seen in this cave, and, entering its

channel, we soon realise that a most lovely stalactite chamber lies before us. Coral-like splash formations cover the boulders at the approach, snow-white pencils, a yard or more in length, glittering sheets, 15 and 20 feet long, hang down the walls, a fine white bridge of stalagmite spans the way, so that we may go over or under; thousands of pendant stalactites are on the roof, a glistening terrace, with pools on every ledge, clear as crystal, and encrusted, as with ice, with a fine deposit of crystalline carbonate of lime. All these, I say, unite to transform the place into a fairy palace, and form an enchanting scene. But we long to follow down the waterway in search of the hoped for river below, so we return to the junction of the ways. Here the united streams flow into a large fissure a yard or so across, and of considerable height. The walls rise sheer from deep water, approaching each other above, and the barest suspicion of a ledge on one side is our only hope for passing. We rise on each other's shoulders, and wedge ourselves in the fissure. After passing along this for 20 feet, we find that stalactites from roof and sides meet in the middle of the fissure, and that they penetrate even to the water below. A careful search reveals, hidden beneath a fold of stalactite, a tiny passage left clear, about a foot in width. It is a difficult take-off from our little ledge, yet, wedged in the pipe-like aperture, we force our way on, first upwards, then turning and downwards, till we emerge from our "pipe" head first, and downwards, over the continuation of the water, at a place where there is not a fingerhold anywhere. A stump of stalagmite beneath your chest as you emerge from the hole is the solution of the difficulty, and, swinging from it, a foothold is found, and we are safe by the side of the stream, now flowing gently along over a pebble bed. The stream shortly passes through a further hole in a stalactite choke, turns abruptly to the east, and plunges 40 feet into what appears to be a great pothole in a considerable chamber below. This is the furthest point which has yet been reached, for, on approaching the landowner in reference to the introduction of tackle for the descent, he declined to allow the exploration to



The Entrance to the Great Eastwater Cavern.

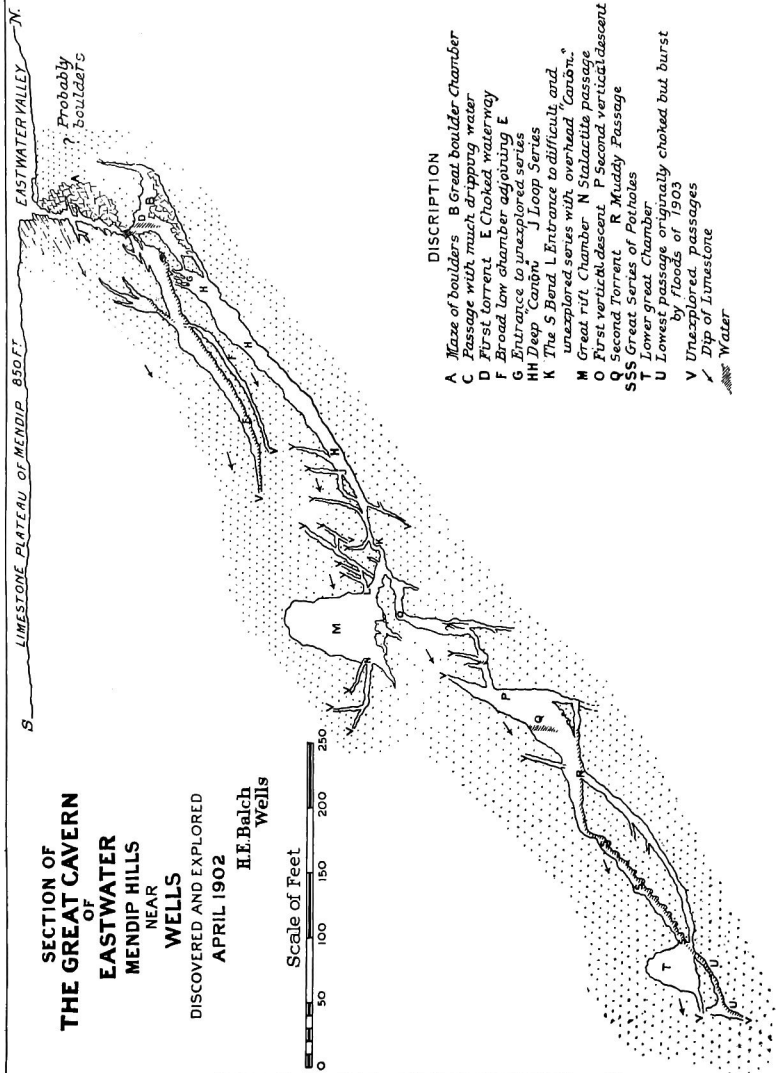
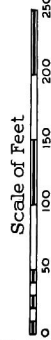
proceed, and has indefinitely put us off. We patiently await his permission to proceed. We have not surveyed the place with any approach to accuracy, but from observation I believe the general trend to be south, with bearings to east, and the vertical depth approximately 300 feet. Its lateral extent is probably 600 feet, possibly 700, to the point where we suspended operations. Indirectly the compulsory cessation of our work at Swildon's Hole has been the best thing which could have happened. Disappointed there, I determined to attempt the opening of another important swallet, that of Eastwater, not far away, and so to try, if possible, to reach the same series by a different route. The result has been that I have opened up a vast series of underground ways, which even now have not been half explored, and with great possibilities for the future. It has given us the deepest natural cavern in Britain, full of most instructive object lessons for the student of geology. It affords the best illustrations possible as to the importance of chokes in determining the lines of subterranean drainage, whilst at the same time it provides for the man who climbs for the sake of climbing a good day's sport, under conditions which try his mettle, and he would be fortunate indeed who climbs to the bottom and back without his share of cuts, contusions, and bruises.

Gaining an entrance, a vertical shaft of 20 feet in depth, among boulders inclined at all angles, and carefully underpinned to prevent closing in, leads to a small chamber parallel with the face of the cliff above. At the far end, where originally a great slab blocked the way, a small hole gives access to the upper portion of a vast boulder pile, through which it becomes necessary to find a way. Jagged points of rock project in all directions, fossils stand boldly out on every side, and a maze of possible ways bewilder us. Downward we go, until, at 100 feet from the surface, we arrive at the termination of the boulder pile, and the path crosses a tottering ledge beneath an incessant drip, which, except in the driest weather, ensures wet clothes for the remainder of the

day. This ledge overlooks a drop of 20 feet into a water-worn tunnel, carved in the solid rock. All around evidences of ages of torrent action abound. Steeply we descend, passing a tributary way which comes down on our right, and at 380 feet from the entrance, and nearly 200 feet from the surface, we find that our progress is stopped by a choke of boulders and sand holding back a small bay of water. We try a more promising opening, which we had passed, but though Mr. Baker pushes on downwards to a considerable depth, he has at last to give it up and return. A rush of air passes through this place, and makes it certain that open spaces lie beyond. We retrace our steps to the termination of the boulder pile, to where, on the occasion of the first exploration, we laboriously broke away a spur of rock which barred a promising opening. Here, all the while beneath the incessant drip, we descend a vertical hole, which gives us access to a pebble-covered ledge, overhanging an almost vertical descent into a big boulder-littered chamber below. From the apex of the roof pours in a torrent, the whole volume of the swallet stream which disappears on the surface above. All around, shattered and tottering rocks, piles of gravel and clay, and broken up stalagmite give proof of ages of intermittent torrent action. Here we sit for our mid-day meal, catching water from the downpour in our rubber cups. The head of this chamber is a vertical chimney, reached by a scramble up a steep slope of boulders. Downwards we go, only to find, at the bottom of the chamber, that the main way is choked, and that our course will lie through a small upper tunnel. Passing through this for 15 feet, we emerge at the upper end of the great cañon, which from this point descends abruptly, with almost vertical walls, deep into the heart of Mendip. All around, unexplored, or imperfectly explored, galleries lead off into unknown intricacies. Here ropes and ladders, pulley and food bags become a burden, and we form a chain, and pass them from hand to hand in stages, and so make our way into the depths below. Now the cañon heels over, and forms a chamber between the planes of stratification, with an inclination so high

SECTION OF THE GREAT CAVERN OF EASTWATER NEAR MENDIP HILLS

DISCOVERED AND EXPLORED
APRIL 1902
H.E. Balch
Wells



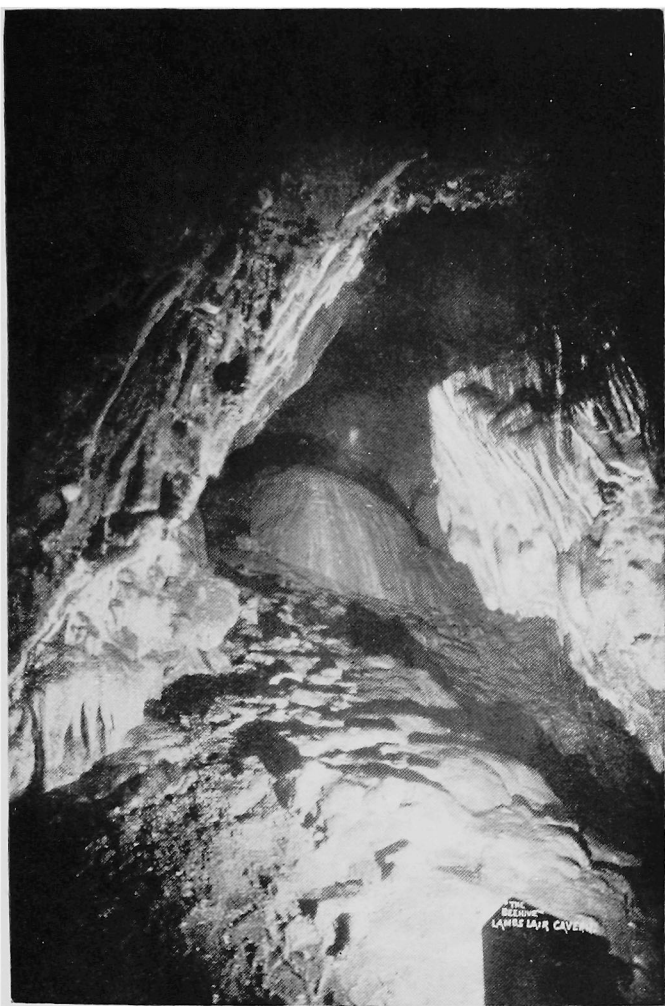
DESCRIPTION

- A Maze of boulders B Great boulder Chamber
- C Passage with much dripping water
- D First torrent E Choked waterway
- F Broad low chamber adjoining E
- G Entrance to pre-glacial series
- HH Deep Cavern J Loop Series
- K The S Bend L Entrance to difficult and unexplored series with overhead "cavern"
- M Great rift Chamber N Stalactite passage
- O First vertical descent P Second vertical ascent
- Q Second torrent R Muddy Passage
- SS Great Series of Potholes
- ST Lone great chamber
- U Lowest passage originally choked but burst by floods of 1903
- V Unexplored passages
- ✓ Dip of Limestone
- Water

SUPPOSED PLANE OF SATURATION

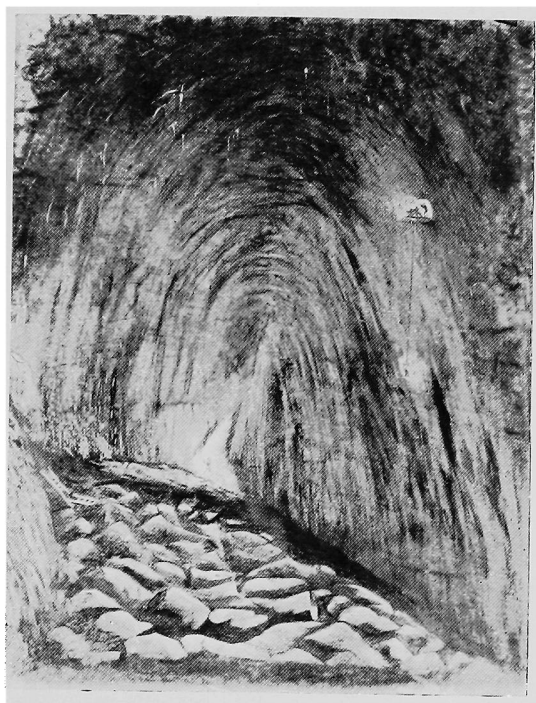
that we with difficulty keep ourselves from sliding bodily downwards. Chamber and cañon part company, only to rejoin below, at a point where many tributary ways lead off to the east, and where one lower channel drains the cañon of part of its water. This lower channel is small, and is unexplored. A much restricted way compels us to discard every ounce of baggage, which we drag along laboriously behind us, for here passing from hand to hand is almost impossible. We reach an S-shaped twist, with a pool of water in each bend, wriggling through which we find ourselves free once more, and entering a great rift chamber of unknown height. By a sloping ledge, or up a half-choked well, we climb into this chamber, and discover that it forms the connecting point for numerous tributary swallets, whilst from a hole high up in the side a perfect maze of higher channels can be entered. These, too, are unexplored, but I have been far enough to enter a sort of upper cañon traversing the rocks above the principal cañon, from which it is separated by probably some 40 feet of rock. It is certain that whilst we may traverse the lower channel practically dryshod, a torrent may at times be passing downwards over our heads. We return to the "S" bend, near which a small rift marks the open way to the greater depths. Penetrating this, we find ourselves in a tiny stalactite chamber ending abruptly in a vertical shaft of considerable depth. The position is such that no tackle can be rigged. We make fast a good rope to a boulder, and attach a life-line to each man as he descends. Fifty feet below, and overhanging a pit which yawns beneath, a landing is effected. This pit is choked at 60 feet lower down, but it remains a constant menace to the climbers, and a source of anxiety to those who are responsible for the safe return of inexperienced men. It is no uncommon thing to find that men who have done everything else in the cave without any trouble to us, become, on reaching these vertical ascents, simply powerless to help themselves, involving generally a vast amount of hard work for us and a lot of damage to the ropes. From the landing below a long, low, and narrow rift, with a vertical descent of

some 20 feet in its course, brings us to the summit of the second great descent, which, whilst somewhat similar to the first, in that it has a gaping pit at the bottom, with a ledge overhanging which we have to traverse, is yet far more difficult. To arrive at the edge of this chasm, after hours of steep descents into the heart of the hill, is most impressive. We emerge from the little rift on to a rock slope, with an angle of 75 degrees, and with a wedged boulder forming a tiny niche, in which two men can with difficulty pack themselves to control the life-line. The roar of falling water rises from below, and evidently proceeds from a great depth. Here, too, it is impossible to rig any tackle. One solitary boulder before-mentioned, enables us to fix the main rope, a stout manilla, with plenty of grip, then, with an Alpine Club rope round the waist, we lower ourselves over the boulder, and drop rapidly for some 50 feet on to a narrow ledge, overhanging a funnel-shaped pit below. This has been robbed of half its interest by our proving it to be only about 40 feet deep, and to be accessible through a tiny rift below. It is in fact a sort of glorified pot-hole, now usually dry. We traverse the ledge, still on the rope, a very steep descent follows, and we reach the side of the torrent, which here, as in the boulder chamber before-mentioned, pours from the apex of the roof. High on our right, near the torrent, a passage leads off upwards, whilst an imposing tunnel descends on our left, which leads by a muddy passage, in places almost vertical, to the lowest chamber of all. We follow the course of the stream which we have now reached, and, suspending ourselves between the walls above it, shortly arrive at the top of the finest series of pot-holes that I know. Now, with a sheer and smooth rock surface, with a drop of six, eight, ten, or twelve feet, the stream leaps from one pot-hole into another, agitating the circular stones, which are doing this great work of excavation. At times of flood this must be a magnificent sight, and one which I would give much to see. No living thing could, however, exist there, for there is no possibility of passing but through the water itself, and even now we must mount upon



"The Beehive." Lamb's Lair Cavern.

Photo. by BAMFORTH, Holmfirth.



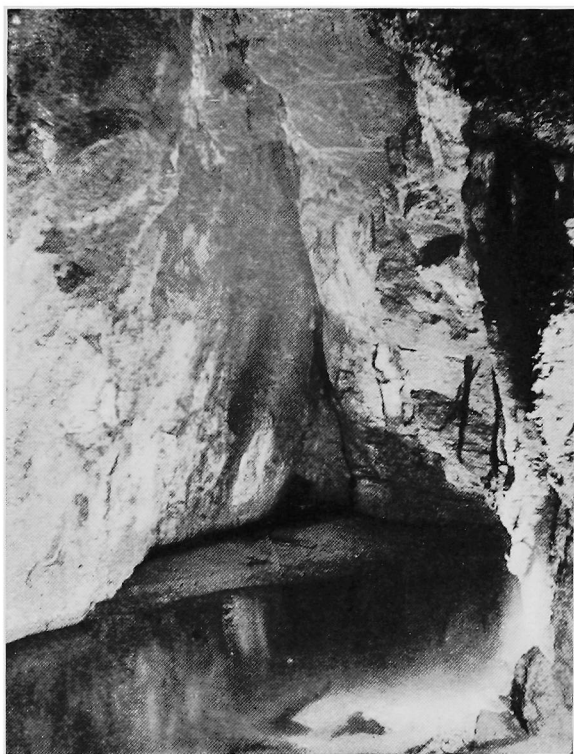
The Great Chamber, Lamb's Lair.

(Rope Descent.)

each other's shoulders, or climb from one to the next by a short rope. Passing eleven of these pot-holes, the stream turns abruptly to our right, at a point where a larger chamber opens up, with an unexplored passage leading from it. Here, previously to this year, was the termination of possible exploration, for, 20 feet below, the stream entered a choke which entirely closed the way. The wet season of 1903, however, burst this choke, and allowed of access to even a greater depth below. All around, however, the remains of the choke, boulders and gravel are poised in a dangerous condition. We penetrated for about 50 feet to a point where once more a sheer descent is reached, and then we returned. We are here 500 feet in vertical depth below the plateau above, and there is no doubt that, when the stream has completed its work of clearing, we ought to be able to penetrate the remaining 100 feet which intervenes between this point and the plane of saturation represented by the level of the Axe. The climb out, coming at the end of a hard day, is very fatiguing, and necessarily slow, as we gather up an ever-increasing load. Ten hours is about the usual time for the descent and return, and this leaves no time for actual exploration work at the bottom.

I have dealt at length with these two caverns, as they represent the actual work now in progress in Somerset, but I must, as far as possible, do justice to the others. Cheddar, Lamb Lair, Wookey Hole, Goatchurch and Banwell caves, all these and the numerous others are deserving of full notice. Lamb Lair, situated between Wells and Harptree, on the Bristol road, was known at an early date, but lost for 100 years. A vertical descent of 60 feet down rickety ladders gives access to a fine tunnel, descending abruptly. All around is a magnificent display of stalactites, in every shade of colour, from the black of manganese, through brown and red and yellow, to snow white. Half-way down it is the Beehive Chamber, on the floor of which is the finest boss of stalagmite that I know. A huge mound, 12 feet in height, streaked with white and yellow alternately, and with water

constantly pouring on it from the roof, occupies the whole of the floor. A gallery, low and muddy, leads off from one side. Descending by way of a cutting made through a floor of magnificent white arragonite, we emerge in a fine decorated tunnel, which ends abruptly in darkness. We have emerged high up in the side, in fact 30 feet from the centre of the vault of, an enormous chamber. An old and tottering windlass is now only a block to the explorer, and should be removed. It is built on poles thrust out from the passage, and with tremendous strain upon the bearing points. Here, if we are lowered, we swing off into space, and, spinning, swinging and passing at each swing through the water which pours from above, we pass down by the face of a receding cliff, of which every point and crevice is decorated with a wealth of stalactite. We swing into contact with the great boulder bank below, and off again into space, and at last come to rest at the bottom of the most magnificent and impressive chamber which it is possible to imagine. It towers up, 110 feet in vertical height, and as much across each way. The great cliff rises, clothed with all the beauties of its stalactite covering, to the little platform high overhead. The upper portion of the great boulder pile is a mass of snow-white stalagmite, supporting crystal pools. A passage leading off in one corner ends in clear water. A pit in the floor shows the boulder pile to be over 60 feet in depth, making the original height of this vast chamber over 170 feet. From the summit of the boulder pile a ladder gives access to a gallery, which terminates in a further chamber of considerable size. Here water is pouring from the roof everywhere, and one side is composed of a great bank of glittering white stalagmite 60 feet in height. The descent into it is not vertical, but requires a rope. At the bottom every stone and boulder is covered with a thick coating of the white stalagmite, over which the water, rushing down the great bank on one side, splashes incessantly. That there is a further way beyond is quite evident, but every chance of exploring it is destroyed by the cementing together of the loose material, which must have filled the passage almost to the top. The



Subterranean River at Wookey Hole in first Great Chamber.



"The Witch of Wookey."

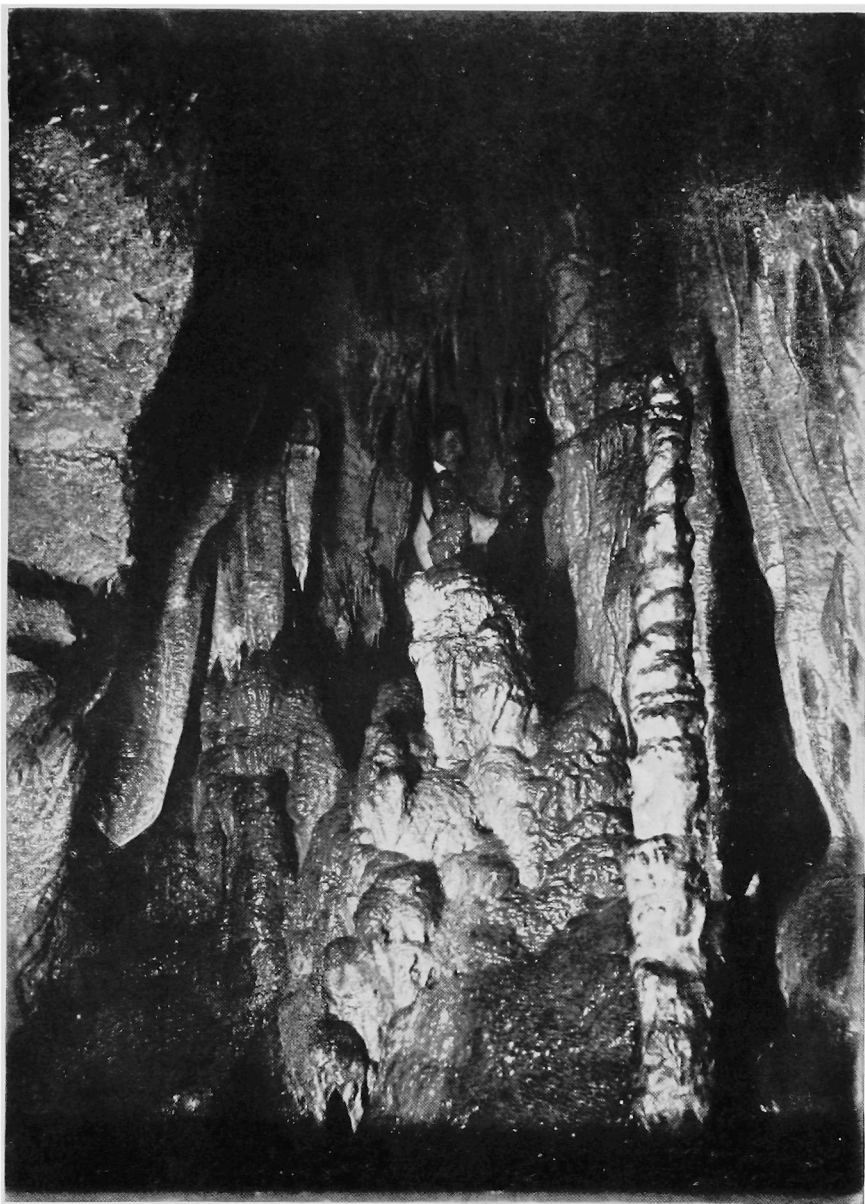
return journey, with the vertical ascent, where we swing into contact with the projecting ledge beneath the windlass, occupies some time, and we are not sorry when the last man has safely reached the surface. The great chamber of Lamb's Lair is second only in size to that of Gaping Ghyll, but differs from it in the wealth of stalactite, which would appear to be absent from this great Yorkshire cavern.

Wookey Hole, two miles from Wells, one of the most important of English caves, is the source of the Axe. It is hollowed in the Dolomitic conglomerate, which has been built up from the denuded fragments of the old Mendip ridge. It is composed of four great river chambers, separated by siphons, or, more properly, traps (submerged rifts or passages). Its entrance, high up on the side of the picturesque ravine of Wookey Hole, is by way of an old river level which is traversed as far as the first great chamber. Here a terrace slopes downwards in stages to the river, running dark and deep down the great hall towards the exit. At its head, and looking for ever down over the stream, is the far-famed stalagmite, the Witch of Wookey, of which legend and stories are told, recounting the turning into stone of a wicked witch, who had her abode in the cave. Beautiful stalagmite pools abound here, and between them we pass into the second chamber, a noble hall, 75 feet in height, and with the remains of fine incrustations on roof and sides. Here, again, the river flows under dark arches on the eastern side, and by a frequently flooded waterway we gain access from it into the third and widest chamber of all. Here the river occupies half the floor, flowing in from a siphon which is sometimes open at its northern end. Under this I have passed by raft into two more chambers, one small, the other of great proportions, its floor entirely covered by deep water. What lies beyond, what vast chambers we shall find when we can enter the great mass of limestone beyond, is but a dream. We are working patiently on, in the hope of finding upper ways by which we shall pass the submerged tunnels. In the course of our work, last year, we alighted upon a series of grottos which, for

wealth of beautiful stalactite, compares with anything in Somerset. Slender and tall, and perfectly white, the pillars of the floor are exquisite. The roof is packed as thickly as it can hang with countless stalactites, and in one part a row of 300 stalactites forms "The Grille," a difficult passage through which has given us access into a large chamber beyond. I must shortly dismiss these, and the intricate ways above the first great chamber. To describe them in detail would take too long. Human remains, and Roman and pre-Roman pottery, remains of the extinct mammalia and of primitive man, the old Hyæna Den and Badger Hole, and countless other things fill the whole place with an abiding interest, but space will not admit of dwelling upon them.

The grand caves of Cheddar are too well known to need description from me. Gough has a grand series of upper ways which he never shows to the public, but of surpassing interest to the student of geology, and of great possibilities. There are the caves of Burrington and Banwell, which I must not attempt to describe here, but I may say that Somerset abounds with work waiting to be done, and labourers are few. Yet we hope that persistent efforts will lead us far towards unravelling the mysteries of these underground ways, and the opening up of unknown caverns with which it is quite certain Mendip must abound.





NEW GROTTTO OF WOOKEY HOLE.

THE GRAND PARADIS ACCIDENT.

MESSRS. W. G. Clay, L. K. Meryon, T. Lindsay Winterbotham, and the Revd. R. D. Wright, who had been climbing in the Graians for over a fortnight, left the Victor Emmanuel Hut above Pont in the Valsavaranche without guides on Tuesday, the 30th August last, intending to ascend the Grand Paradis, and thence (passing along the range, which runs roughly north and south,) traverse the summits of the Petit Paradis, the Becca di Montadeyné, and the Punta Budden, and descend to Cogne in the Valnontey.

After they had reached the top of the Grand Paradis, they descended the northern arête towards the Col du Petit Paradis, cutting steps all the way, first on the east face, then on the west, and then on the east again, but keeping generally near the ridge. They were seen at intervals by other parties, and were watched through a glass from the neighbourhood of Cogne.

After reaching the Col du Petit Paradis, they went on some way by the arête towards the summit of that mountain. The weather was threatening, and no doubt on that account they turned back. A watch belonging to one of them, which was afterwards picked up, was found to have stopped at 11 o'clock.

They appear to have begun to reascend from the Col du Petit Paradis to the Grand Paradis, and passed on to the western side of the ridge, using their old tracks. They were then in ice steps, and all were wearing crampons. Beneath them a sheer ice wall (given in Bobba and Vaccarone's Guide as 600 metres in height) stretched down to the Lavaciù glacier below. Under these circumstances a slip must have occurred.

They were found lying fairly close together on the Lavaciù glacier, the rope intact. Three were very near each other, and the fourth (Meryon) was a little distance away. After striking the glacier they seem, from the condition of the snow when they were found, to have slipped very little. They were little disfigured, and death was no doubt instantaneous.

The party were not expected at *Cogne* until very late, as they had stated that their intended expedition would be a long one, and that they possibly might not return that night.

No news of them having arrived by the following evening, search parties were organised from *Cogne*, which started at 2 a.m. on Thursday. These returned unsuccessful from a search of the eastern or *Cogne* side of the range.

On Friday other parties searched the western side, and towards evening the bodies were found.

Professor J. B. Farmer, who was climbing on the *Grand Paradis*, and was one of the last to see them alive, writes :— We saw the four trying to get down the rocks to the north of the *Grand Paradis*, just above where we were breakfasting between 7.10 and 7.40 a.m. As far as we could make out they went north, after taking again to the ridge. The rocks were snow covered and glazed (as we found at the corresponding level E of the great ice-slope). We did not see them again. The weather was close and warm, but no mist or rain came down till evening, though there was shifting mist and cloud about 10 a.m. and afterwards.





By kind permission of THO. FALL, 9 Baker Street, W.

WALTER GORST CLAY.

WALTER GORST CLAY.

CLAY was born in 1866.

In 1878 he won a Classical Entrance Scholarship at Cheltenham College, thus beginning a wonderfully successful career under Dr. Kynaston. He obtained another Classical Scholarship in 1880, and a Mathematical one in 1881. In 1883 he won the Old Cheltonian Prize of £9 for the best English Essay on the Classical side, and obtained the silver medal given by the College Council to the best mathematician on that side. For three years in succession he was Greek Testament Prizeman. In 1884 he was Silver Medallist for classical knowledge.

In 1882 he won a mathematical exhibition at King's College, Cambridge. He gave it up, and the following year won a Mathematical Scholarship at Trinity College. In 1885, he obtained the Bell University Scholarship and a Major Scholarship of his own College, and in the Tripos List of 1889, he was 9th Wrangler.

He was called to the Bar by the Benchers of the Inner Temple in the year 1902, and went the North Eastern Circuit.

He took a great interest in politics, both National and Municipal. He was one of the two Progressive Candidates for the London County Council at West Marylebone in the election of 1901, when he was defeated by about 200 votes. He was also a Candidate for the Marylebone Borough Council on two occasions. He was a prominent member of the Executive Committee of the London Reform Union, and the Chairman of its Finance and Organizing Committee.

He was also an active member of the Eighty Club, and it is probable that he would have been a Parliamentary Candidate at the next General Election.

Clay's Alpine experience began in 1897. In that year he climbed the Cimoni della Pala and the Cima di Rosetta. In 1898 the writer met him for the first time at Arolla. He was not then climbing, although he had previously ascended the Rothhorn from Zinal. Next year he climbed the Wetterhorn, Mönch, and Schreckhorn. In the year 1900, he was again at Arolla. This time he was climbing steadily, making ascents of well-known peaks, such as the Aiguilles Rouges, Dent Perroc, Petite Dent de Veisivi, and Mont Blanc de Seilon. He finally ascended the Dent Blanche from the Bertol Hut, going down to Zermatt, whence he climbed the Weisshorn, and traversed the Matterhorn to Breuil.

In 1901 he began guideless climbing in the Pennine Alps (making among other ascents that of the Dent du Midi, the Combin de Corbassiere and the traverse of the Grand Combin), afterwards going to the Graians, where he did a number of climbs, including the Grand Paradis, the Grivola, and the Herbetet.

The following season, as one of a guideless party, he traversed the Rosa Blanche, and the Tournelon Blanc, and made a traverse of the Western Oberland from Bex over the Diablerets and Wildhorn, and so eastwards, finishing with the Füsshörner, and down to Bel Alp. Next year he climbed again without guides in the Tarentaise, and afterwards, his party having left, ascended the Charmoz with a guide. His scheme, as he often said, was from year to year to extend his knowledge of the Alps, rather than climb from well-known centres.

Clay had meanwhile done an immense number of climbs in the Lake District, including those from Rosthwaite, Buttermere, and especially from Wastdale Head. He also knew Dow Crag, Coniston, and some scrambles near Keswick.

In North Wales he had done a great number of mountain walks, also climbs, such as Craig-yr-ysfa on the northern slope of Carnedd Llewelyn, and the Tryfaen gullies and buttresses. As a frequent visitor to Pen-y-Gwryd he naturally knew the climbs on the Glyders and the Snowdon horseshoe well.

He had also visited Cader, but the writer has no particulars of any climbs.

In Scotland he had made many Easter expeditions, particularly in Glencoe, while on Ben Nevis he had climbed the Tower Ridge, ascending the lower tower by a special route.

Some years back, he paid a short visit to Skye.

He became a member of the Climbers' Club in the year 1899, and was elected to the Alpine Club in 1902. He was also a member of the Swiss Alpine Club.

As a companion, Clay was a great acquisition to any expedition. He was cheerful, and ready to take his full share, or more than his share, of the work in hand. When there was step-cutting to be done, he was always willing to do it. He liked to take charge of the expedition of which he was a member, and when he had once formed an opinion, he regarded a question as settled. Of placid temper, he never appeared to suffer from the irritability of fatigue. Even the loss of his boot heel during the traverse of the Aiguilles Rouges did not perturb him. Although keen on reducing the weight to be carried to a minimum, he was willing for the sake of saving time on a long expedition to burden himself with crampons.

He was over six feet in height, and a figure impossible to mistake. One likes to picture him as he walked over easy ground holding his axe behind his back in one hand, and grasping his wrist with the other.

The writer well remembers being benighted with Clay on the rocks beneath the Füsshörner. It was worth spending a night out to hear him recite, one might almost say intone, lines from Homer or a favourite passage from Dante, such as the Last Voyage of Ulysses :—

Noi ci allegrammo, e tosto tornò in pianto ;
Che dalla unova terra un turbo nacque,
E percosse del legno il primo canto.
Tre volte il fe' girar con tutte l'acque
Alla quarta levar la poppa in suso
E la prora ire in giù com 'altrui piacque,
Infin che il mar fu sopra noi richiuso

Averse as he was from anything like display of feeling, his kindly and sympathetic disposition was recognised by all his friends, one of whom has a lively recollection of the care Clay took of him while laid up after an operation. Although out of his direct way from his flat to his chambers, in the Temple, for over a month Clay never failed to pay at least one daily visit to the Nursing Home, often spending a whole evening there.

Clay was a keen yachtsman, and part owner of a yacht in which he spent days together, cruising off the South Coast.



ON SCAWFELL PIKE IN JULY.

(A Companion Poem to "On Scawfell Pike in January" and
"On Scawfell Pike in April.")

OBSCURER, heavier seemed to grow the heat,
 Denser the haze ; behind the thickening veil
 A velvet-black array of serpent clouds
 Crept slowly, piling, wreathing into coils
 For sinister, brief seconds lighted up
 By distant fangs of fire. The Hollow reached,
 I paused, and wondered whether to return ;
 Too late, for while I hesitating stood
 A sudden thunderclap called loud in menace,
 And echoed through the tiers of sombre gloom ;
 Some heavy raindrops warned of drenching fall,
 And drove me to a refuge in the rocks
 For partial shelter. Then the tempest burst ;
 Peal after peal of thunder rang in wrath,
 Each flung from cloud to cliff, from cliff to cloud,
 Reverberating in successive shocks,
 A leaping cataract, then slowly rumbling
 In fainter, fainter tones till some new crash,
 Crack, clang or rattle gained the mastery ;
 The lightning blazed like demons' bayonets,
 Each incandescent shaft a messenger
 Of rage and hate ; and soon a torrent-rain
 In steady downpour drowned the thirsty earth.

At length the furious roar of artillery
Abated, each percussion waned in force ;
The fitful, boding flashes flickered out ;
The rain, that lingered after in its grief,
Then dried its tears, and fled the smiling sun ;
The summer dust was laid, once more the air
Was sweet and fresh. I hastened on my way,
Although I knew it scarce could be of use,
And found the precipice one reek of wet ;
The gaunt, bare slabs were streaming, from each boss
Gave forth a drop-drop-drop of brilliant beads ;
Each sodden patch of mould oozed liquid slime ;
The runlets gurgled in each dripping gully,
Splashing from every sprinkled ledge in spray ;
And every tuft and bunch of grass and heather
Was spangled with translucent, trembling pearls
Of perfect purity. A few short moments
I stayed ; then with reluctance I gave up
The meditated climb, retraced my steps—
But only to return some other day
And do what I perforce had left undone.

RUDOLF CYRIAX.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Editor will be very glad to hear from members who have done climbs in the summer, either in the British Isles or abroad, of which they would be willing to contribute an account to the *Journal*. It is not necessary that the climbs should be new, if the subject is one likely to prove of interest to members of the Club.

* * * *

ON September 11th a new route up the East Buttress of Lliwedd, near the Central Gully, was made by Messrs. J. M. A. Thomson and O. Eckenstein. It is hoped that Mr. J. M. A. Thomson will give an account of the climbs of Lliwedd in a later number.

* * * *

TO SKI-RUNNERS.—Mr. W. R. Rickmers will be in Adelsboden from January 1st to February 1st, 1905, and hopes that many members or their friends (also ladies) will take advantage of his offer to teach them ski-ing. Terms, none ; conditions, enthusiasm and discipline.

From February 10th to 29th W. R. R. will be found at Igls, above Innsbruck, and during the latter part of April, on the Feldberg, Black Forest.

Please address : W. R. Rickmers, Radolfzell, Baden, Germany.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

THE following new members have been elected :—

Frederick Gurney Salter, 40 Ladbroke Road, London, W.
Seymour T. Gubb, Ardwyn, Hill Lane, Southampton.

Bertram T. Collingwood, M.B., B.C., the Chestnuts, Guild-
ford.

E. F. Coddington, St. Frideswide, Southbourne Road,
Bournemouth.

Harold Edgar Young, Blundell Sands, near Liverpool.

On the other hand, the Club have to regret the loss of two old members, Mr. T. S. Halliday and Mr. G. S. Chaplin, who have recently died, and of two others, Mr. Bernard S. Wood and Mr. W. G. Clay, whose lives were lost by accident, the former on the "Haystacks" in July last, and the latter, more recently, on the "Grand Paradis."

* * * *

THE Committee are taking steps to arrange a meeting about the middle of November, at the Inns of Court Hotel, similar in character to that of June 3rd last. Members will receive exact information as soon as details have been settled.

* * * *

THE name of Mr. W. T. Pickstone has been removed from the list of members, under Rule 14.

EVENING MEETING OF THE CLUB.

AN evening meeting of the Club was held at the Inns of Court Hotel, June 3rd, 1904, at 8.30 p.m.

About 50 members were present, including the President, W. P. Haskett-Smith, Professor J. A. Ewing, F.R.S., etc. The President introduced the lecturer, Professor J. Norman Collie, Ph.D., F.R.S., who showed a number of lantern slides of his photographs of the Lofoten Islands, and, after a short interval, a series of views of the Selkirks.

Professor Ewing proposed a vote of thanks to Dr. Collie, which was most cordially endorsed by the meeting.

The first of these evenings was an unqualified success, and there is every hope it may become a regular feature of the Climbers' Club.

THE CLUB LIBRARY.

THE following books have been kindly presented by members since the publication of the last list. May we again remind members who happen to have spare copies of any Alpine, or other books pertaining to our pastime, that the Club will be very glad to have them if presented. We are still waiting for presentation autographed copies of works of mountaineering interest that have been published by many of our members during the last few years.

Thanks to the courtesy of our Hon. Sec., Mr. G. B. Bryant, we still have the use of a room at 2 King William Street, E.C., as our Library, where the books may be consulted by members during the usual city business hours.

Presented by Mr. OSCAR ECKENSTEIN.

Blodig, Dr. Karl. Zur Erinnerung an Walther Flender. A few copies issued for private circulation only. Portrait, and many beautiful illustrations. 1902.

Presented by Mr. RUDOLF CYRIAX.

Costello, Louisa S. The Falls, Lakes and Mountains of North Wales. Illustrated. London, 1845.

Presented by Mr. C. W. NETTLETON.

Cheever, Dr. G. B. Wanderings of a pilgrim in the shadow of Mont Blanc. London, 1845.

— and Headley, J. T. Travels among Alpine Scenery. London, 1855.

The Club Library

- Gilly, Rev. W. S. Waldensian researches during a second visit to the Vaudois of Piemont. London, 1831.
- Martin, Alexandre. La Suisse pittoresque et ses Environs. Illustrated, quarto. Paris, 1835.
- Murray, John. A glance at some of the beauties and sublimities of Switzerland. London, 1829.
- Paris, T. Clifton. Letters from the Pyrenees, during three months' pedestrian wanderings. Illustrated. London, 1843.
- Pilkington, Charles. Mountaineering without Guides. The conclusion of a lecture to the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club. 3 pages. Leeds, 1897.



REVIEWS.

ALPINE JOURNAL. August, 1904.

EDGAR FOA deals with the Silvretta group, J. W. Wyatt with rock climbs at Arolla, J. H. Wigner with Suanetia, and S. C. Thompson with the first ascent of Mount Fay, while G. Broke and A. Cust discuss questions of somewhat minute topography near Binn, and the Otemma Glacier respectively. There is also an account of the annual exhibition of photographs, held at the Club Rooms, a list of additions to the fine library of the Club, and the usual notes of Alpine news. It is an interesting number, and to the interest of it our own members, among them Andrews, Foa, Steele, Wyatt and Wigner, contribute a noticeably large share. *Post hoc*, and, partly perhaps, *propter hoc*, we find a large space given to climbs either undertaken without guides, or in districts much affected by guideless climbers. In the Caucasus four of our men (Longstaff, Rolleston, Rickmers and Wigner) not all in one party, worked most successfully without guides, while Wyatt and Andrews at Arolla, and Foa in the Silvretta group, were studying districts specially dear to the unguided. It is pleasing to observe that even in the lordly Caucasus, Wigner maintained the *prestige* of our little home-climbs by telling his friends, at the foot of a certain wet and difficult chimney, "we should think nothing of such a trifle in the Lake District."

Mr. Broke's title, "Two Unimportant but Perplexing Passes," raises in the mind a question which is also "unimportant but perplexing." Does it not imply either that an important pass is usually perplexing, or that a perplexing pass is usually important? and should we not rather expect the exact opposite, and that the simpler the pass the more

important it would be, seeing that as soon as a pass perplexes to more than a very moderate extent, it becomes not merely unimportant, but absolutely useless? In this paper, however, the reference is perhaps not so much to the ordinary traveller as to the laborious and conscientious topographer. It leaves on the mind of a stranger to the Binnenthal a general impression that if you go exactly right, it can only be by a fluke, and that if you go absolutely wrong, it really doesn't matter a bit.

Among the exhibitors of photographs many of our men are highly praised. Wyatt, Steele, Andrews, Longstaff, O. K. Williamson, Nettleton and W. J. Williams all appeared to advantage. The printing of this *Journal* is as usual carefully done, and errors are wonderfully rare, considering the large number of proper names involved, but Steele is unfortunate in having two in his short note of an interesting mule journey along the Pyrenean chain. Marcadan should be Marcadaou, and Boncharo disguises the well-known Boucharo.

SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL. No. 42,
September, 1903.

THIS is an excellent number of over 70 pages. It contains a capital article on the Central Cairngorms (Ben Muich Dhui, Cairngorm, etc.) by Mr. W. Garden of Aberdeen; completing another group in the S. M. C. Guide Book. A chatty article on "The Motor in Mountaineering," by Dr. Inglis Clark, and interesting notes on the Club's visit to Skye in the snow of Easter, 1903, together with some very effective photographic illustrations of the Coolins and Buchaille Etive, make up a very good number.

SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL. No. 43,
January, 1904.

SURELY a record for a mountaineering Club Journal published at a shilling, containing as it does over 90 pages of letterpress, five good photographic illustrations, a map of Arran, and a sketch of the routes up Lochnagar! The leading article is an

encyclopædic one on Arran, by Mr. F. S. Goggs, and if any of our members should be visiting that delightful island, they could not do better than to put this number in their pocket. A new climb on "The Cliffs of Corrie Arder" is described by Mr. H. Raeburn, and the S. M. C. Guide Book is advanced a stage by an exhaustive section on Lochnagar.

CAIRNGORM CLUB JOURNAL. No. 22, January, 1904.

THE first article in this number is by our member, Mr. Ernest A. Baker, on "Two Excursions in Wester Ross," and describes a series of fights against the elements in that far corner of Scotland. The remaining seven articles are of rather more local interest, and do not call for especial notice here.



KYNDWR CLUB NOTES.

THREE of our members, to wit, Puttrell, Pearson and myself, along with Holt—a detached comrade—celebrated August Bank Holiday by sleeping on Kinder Scout, the highest and wildest ground in Derbyshire.

We reached the top of the pass about 9 o'clock in the evening, when there was just daylight enough to make out the roads marked on the six-inch map, but not sufficient to read the names by. However, we had no difficulty in rounding Kinder Low end by following the footpath through thick beds of dewy bracken to the big stone barn which is used as a stable for ponies in the shooting season. The place was open, so we took possession of it, threw down our heavy rucksacks, lighted some candles, and at once proceeded with supper. It was soon apparent that we were equipped as though for a siege; some of the party produced loaves of bread, cooked meats, butter and marmalade, while others started a spirit lamp and prepared the tea. There was no hurry, for we had to await the rising of the moon; but all of us were quiet and on the alert, in case the keepers should be prowling about and detect our unwonted bivouac.

At eleven o'clock the moon appeared over Kinder Low, so we shouldered our baggage and started up the steep and rocky slopes. It was a severe tug ere we stopped to breathe on the ridge, and to see the lights of isolated dwellings in the valleys that now came into view. Then for a time we strolled about this lofty promenade, thickly carpeted with dense bilberry bushes, drinking in the sweet night air under the wide canopy of stars, and watching the vague outlines of the adjacent hills. As the startled grouse flew noisily away before our footsteps, we felt almost like poachers. The moon must have made our silhouettes plainly visible from afar, and we often fancied that distant lights were moving quickly towards us; but no intruder came to disturb our plans.

Owing to the very heavy dew on the vegetation, we abandoned the idea of sleeping quite on the open moor, but found some dry sandy places, sheltered on one side by a weathered group of gritstone rocks.

Each of us had a woollen rug, which we wrapped round ourselves as we lay down at midnight, with rucksacks for pillows. After watching the Great Bear for a time, I fell sound asleep, but wakened up at one o'clock feeling rather uncomfortable on my hard bed. The others were uncertain as to whether they had slept, but one man was sure he was violently hungry; however, his proposal to prepare a meal met with no response, and we all lay down again. I tried a second posture, and slept well for another hour, *i.e.* till two o'clock, when my bones called out for relief, and I felt rather cold. The hungry man was now abusive as well as vehement, but he could not persuade any of us to go with him down the hill for water. I put on a "sweater," and was soon slumbering again in yet a third posture, which answered admirably for another hour, and might have done for longer, but the hungry one was now desperate, and he roused us all effectually by continued buffeting and shouting.

The moon was still high in the heavens, but the eastern sky was showing over a wide expanse the clear light of day-break. While the more ravenous of the party prepared breakfast, the others walked along the ridge westward. The peculiar light made a wide stretch of fine landscape doubly beautiful. The bulky masses of Kinder Scout shut out all view eastward, but in other directions many hills and valleys could be seen, all etherealised by a thin pearly luminous haze. The most prominent near feature was the peak of Mount Famine, but equally plain were the more distant Eccles Pike, Chinley Churn, Combs Moss, and Axe Edge. The four or five cloughs which spread fan-like from Hayfield were seen to perfection, the edges of the fan being dark woods or moorlands, and the interior gently rolling pasture lands of various green tints.

Breakfast was by no means a perfunctory meal, but the cooking apparatus must have got a little mixed during the night, for the cocoa was strongly flavoured with methyated spirit. Meanwhile the stars disappeared, and the eastern sky

gave lovely indications of our progress towards the sun. A heavy bank of dark cloud became a mass of purple, streaked with crimson, and the rim of the orb emerged above the hill, and shot yellow rays horizontally over the moor towards us. There was a freshness, a purity, and a vividness about everything that defies description.

In due course we packed up our belongings and strode leisurely across the plateau, which seemed to be clad entirely with the bright new green foliage of the bilberry bushes. We reached the Downfall about 7 o'clock, kindled a fire of wood, and had a second breakfast, the cocoa being perfection this time. Five hours were spent in exploring minutely the crags and cliffs of the wonderful ravine, which, though often visited before, had never been seen under pleasanter conditions. The early morning light showed up in striking relief the chaos of huge fallen slabs poised at all angles in the upper bed of the stream, also the sheer and lofty precipices of gritstone below, and the grotesquely weathered cliffs of softer sandstone. There was no stream at all, but in the cave was a crystal pool of pure water, maintained by a number of tiny rills that percolate through the rocks; and the Mermaid's Pool was also full. The effects of last winter's wear and tear are sufficiently obvious, and some big blocks of stone quite recently have been riven off the front of the Downfall, thus hastening on the time when the clough shall be carried back into the heart of the plateau, there to meet other cloughs, which, together, will make long valleys, and transform the league-stretched moors of Kinder into a number of small ridges and hills.

In the afternoon we made our way back to Edale by easy stages, and arrived at Grindsbrook after being nearly twenty-four hours in the open air. The experiment had been a complete success; the chief drawback was the weight of the food and rug we each had to carry up and down, but that was amply compensated by the novel and delightful vistas obtained during the hours of twilight and dawn in a lofty and commanding position. Of course the weather is the most important factor in such an enterprise, but one always has to take the risk of that in open air projects; we were lucky. W. SMITHARD.

BRAERIACH AND CAIRN TOUL.

By A. L. BAGLEY.

PUNCTUALLY at 7'30 the machine appeared, which was to convey me from the Lynwilg Hotel to Loch Eunach, *en route* for the ascent of Braeriach and Cairn Toul. With a sigh I tore myself away from the well-spread breakfast table, wondering how I manage at home to consume my breakfast in ten minutes, while up here half-an-hour's steady work leaves me with the impression that I am only just beginning, and that a few more oat-cakes and another pot of marmalade would be grateful and comforting, not to say a wise precaution in view of the long day before me, if it were not for that wretchedly punctual machine waiting outside.

It is a delightful drive through Aviemore and Inverdrurie, at the latter place turning off to the right, and then for three or four miles through the cool, deep shades of the great Rothiemurchus Forest ; then gradually ascending Glen Eunach, a wild and beautiful glen lying between the Sgor an Dubh range on the west, and the mighty *massif* of Braeriach and Cairn Toul on the east, with Loch Eunach lying in a deep hollow at the far end of the glen. Still, I was eager to get to business, and was very glad to reach the first bothy near Loch Mhic Ghille-chaoile, which the *Cairngorm Club Journal* informed us some few years ago, signifies the Loch of the Lanky Man's Son ; the unfortunate offspring of the lanky one having come to an untimely end here in one of the numerous little scuffles, which in those days seem to have been the outlets by which the Highlanders let off superfluous steam. It looked peaceful enough now ; and at 9'10 a.m., I left the trap, and struck across the moor to the left, by the

side of the stream, the Allt na Beinne Beag, which rushes down from one of the great corries on the north face of Braeriach. For a few yards there was a fair path, but either I missed it, or it dwindled away into nothingness; at any rate in a few minutes I found myself floundering through a bog, without any sign of a path. I must say that I dislike floundering through bogs, and fond as I am of Scotland and of Scottish mountains, I regard it as a great defect in their arrangements, that in the great majority of cases, a stratum of bog has to be traversed before one attains the higher altitudes. One feels so helpless, poised on a tiny precarious islet of heather with a sea of quaking bog around one; no other islet within reach, or perhaps you spot what you imagine to be a tuft of fairly solid ground, and the instant your hobnailer touches it—but too late to withdraw—you find that appearances are deceptive, and that there is no solidity about it at all. There is a horrible slish-slosh as your boot sinks in, and a still more horrible squelch as you struggle to drag it out again, and at the next solid islet where it is possible to pause for a moment in your wild career, you estimate that there is about a pound or a pint (I really do not know whether solid or liquid measure should be used) of black slush in each boot. No, I do not like bogs; floundering does not commend itself to me as an exercise, and I prefer to feel something solid beneath my feet.

As soon as I had passed the bog stratum, which I was thankful to find did not extend very far, I struck straight up the mountain, which here forms a fairly precipitous wall, and steered for the fine rocks at the back of the Little Loch Coire an Lochan. Farther on I could see a path zig-zagging up the mountain side, but I did not care to go so far out of the direct line, and it was not too steep to go straight up. I reached Loch Coire an Lochan at 10.55, a beautiful little tarn at an altitude of 3250 feet, with magnificent rock-masses overhanging it on the south and east; here I halted for a five minutes rest and a biscuit, then passing to the south of the tarn, I soon found myself on the vast plateau, which stretches in

a magnificent semi-circle of three or four miles in length, and at a altitude of about 4000 feet from Braeriach to Cairn Toul. From here it was an easy walk to the summit of Braeriach, upon which there was a considerable amount of snow, although it was the 25th of June ; the cairn, which I reached at 11.40, was almost smothered, only just the tip projecting. I was surprised to see fresh footmarks in the snow, and scanning the plateau, sweeping round to Cairn Toul, I presently espied "a speck in Nature's plan," an apparent insect, which, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, I concluded to be a man, traversing the plateau near the Wells of Dee. I watched him steadily for a few minutes, and saw that he was apparently, like myself, bound for Cairn Toul, so without wasting any more time in the contemplation of the view, fine though it was, from the snow-capped summit of Braeriach, I set off in pursuit. I am not always eager for the society of my fellow-men, indeed I am rather addicted to solitary tramps, but as we two were most likely the only human beings within a radius of many miles, it seemed natural to take a little more interest in him, than his personality *per se* would probably warrant. Presently, I was astonished to see him marching along the sky-line in a direction due west, and wondered whether he contemplated taking a header into the sapphire waters of Loch Eunach, which lay about 2000 feet below ; my interest in him began to wane, as I was quite decided to make for Cairn Toul, so pushed steadily on past the Wells of Dee and the March Cairn. Now and then I stopped to admire the magnificent Garbhchoire and the huge masses of snow hanging on its precipitous sides, and looking as though a touch or a breath would send them crashing far below, and presently reached the foot of the Angel's Peak. Hitherto the going from the summit of Braeriach had been as easy as walking along a high road, but the Angel's Peak and Cairn Toul are very different, for the upper portions of both are composed of granite rocks, of all sizes, from a pebble to a huge boulder, mostly presenting their sharpest edges to the foot of the profane invader of their solitudes ; as, too, both

peaks are very steep, it is a toilsome climb, and it was 12:55 when I reached the summit of the Angel's Peak. The view is a magnificent one, finer, I think, than from either Braeriach or Cairn Toul, but I did not linger long in its contemplation, partly because I was becoming keenly aware of a sense of vacuity in the inward parts, and knew that I could not hope to strike water on Cairn Toul, and partly because I had again caught sight of the "insect" whom I had watched from Braeriach. Either he had changed his mind as to diving into Loch Eunach, or (which I afterwards found to be the case), his move in that direction had been a mistake, which he soon discovered and rectified. I tried hard to catch him up before he reached the summit of Cairn Toul, but he had too much start of me, and the upper slopes of that mountain, as I have already explained, do not lend themselves to sprinting. I met him, however, a few hundred feet below the summit, very much to his astonishment. He had ascended Braeriach from the Larig, and was intending to descend into Glen Eunach, the same way as myself, so we arranged that I should finish my ascent of Cairn Toul, then rejoin him at March Cairn for lunch, after which we would finish the day together, as far as our paths were one. This casual meeting on the peak of Cairn Toul was the beginning of my friendship with E. A. Baker, a member of our Club; a friendship which has since then stood the test of a considerable amount of climbing together, and which I trust may endure for many years to come.

I reached the summit of Cairn Toul at 1:25, and after a hurried glance at the sea of mountain tops around me, and into the wild depths of Glen Dee, more than 2000 feet below, I turned to make for the rendezvous at March Cairn. It took longer to reach it than I had expected; I thought I need not ascend the Angel's Peak again on the return journey, and from the summit of Cairn Toul it seemed the easiest thing in the world to pass round the flanks, but either the flanks were a great deal bigger than they looked from the neighbouring and higher mountain, or else I went out of my way. At any rate

it was 2:20 when I rejoined my new acquaintance at the March Cairn, by which time I was feeling tired, hungry and dry ; this was perhaps hardly to be wondered at, as I had been climbing or walking since 9 o'clock, with only two or three rests of a few minutes, and had had nothing to eat or drink since breakfast at seven o'clock, except a biscuit and a wee drappie at the Loch Coire an Lochan. It was an ideal day for mountaineering, bright and sunshiny, without being uncomfortably hot, and there was very little wind even at 4000 feet above sea level.

We lingered over our lunch as long as there was anything to linger over, anon we compared notes on matters mountaineering, and roamed over the greater part of the Scottish mainland. I afterwards discovered that my unfortunate companion's provender had been reduced by some mishap to almost *nil*, and that he had little sustenance at this feast beyond the mental pabulum afforded by the commingling of our spirits in intellectual discourse, which I fear was a poor substitute for the bodily nutriment unfortunately necessary to the human frame. I was thankful, however, not to have known this until after I had consumed my own provisions to the last crumb ; common humanity would have impelled me to offer him a sandwich, which I could ill spare, and which I fear he would have accepted.

From the March Cairn we steered due west, and soon reached the edge of Coire Dhondail, of which the precipices looked at first rather forbidding. We soon, however, found a weak spot, and climbed down into the corrie ; before long we struck a good path descending to the bothy at the foot of Loch Eunach, which we reached soon after four o'clock. From here we kept up a good round pace to Coylum Bridge, where my companion was staying for the night, while I had another hour's tramp to Lynwilg, which I reached at 7:30, exactly 12 hours after I had left it in the morning.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,

In a recent number of the *Journal* I drew the attention of members to certain ancient records which threw considerable light on the early nomenclature of the country round about Wastdale Head. Since that time I have come across a document of similar character and still earlier date, going back into the preceding century. Unfortunately, it does not give nearly so many names as the deeds of 1322 and 1338. Once more we are indebted for a valuable record to the great family of Multon of Egremont. Lambert de Multon had a son, Thomas de Multon, who died, leaving a widow, Margaret, and in the *Close Rolls* of the 22nd year of Edward I. (1294) is entered a list of the properties which were assigned to her, in satisfaction of her claim to dower. For convenience sake we may quote from the official translation of the Latin text, adding, as before, a few words of comment. After enumerating many estates, with which, for our present purpose, we have no concern, the list contains this entry :

“All the lake of Bulmer, with the fishery of Esk, at Rauglas.”

Here U is an evident mistake for N, Ranglas and Renglas being common corruptions of Ravenglas.

“Also Eskdale and Meterdale [*i.e.*, Miterdale], . . . who render £9 10s. od. per annum by these bounds. As Hollegill falls into Irt, ascending to Wassewater on that side, to the stream of Lesagh, and, along Lesagh, ascending to Ederlangbeck, and along Ederlangbeck,

ascending to Le Cauce, and thus, by the boundaries of the Abbot of Furneys to the boundaries of John de Hodeleston, and so by the waters of Esk to the boundaries of Mulcastre, and so, transversely, to Hollegilheved, and, along Hollegill, descending into Irt, as before."

For the sake of comparison, a portion of the original Latin is appended :—

"Item de stagnis et piscariis tam infra liberam chaciam quam extra assignatur eidem totum lacus de Bulmer cum tota piscaria aque de Esk apud Ranglas. . . .

Sicut Hollegill cadit in Irt ascendendo usque Wassewater ex illa parte usque rivulum de Lesagh et sic Lesagh ascendendo usque Ederlangbeck et sic Ederlangbeck ascendendo usque le Cauce (Caute, Cance, Cante) et sic per divisas Abbatis de Furneys usque divisas Johannis de Hodeleston et sic per aquam de Esk usque divisas de Mulcastre et sic ex transverso usque Hollegilheved et sic Hollegill descendendo in Irt ut primo."

This is how I read the Latin record, after, of course, extending the numerous contractions.

There are several points in this document which want clearing up.

The Lake of Bulmer.—Is this Burnmoor Tarn, which, in 1322, seems to be called Burmeswater? True, it is the only piece of water on this part of the property, and the two names are not very far apart, but possibly we should look for it nearer the mouth of the Esk, where at that date there may have been one or more lagoons, in place of the present estuary.

Hollegill.—From Hawlgill to the foot of Wastwater, the boundary is the same as in 1322, but thenceforward it keeps to the east of the lake, and apparently follows Lingmell Gill up to Sty Head. If so, then Lingmell Gill is, by accident or design, called *Lesagh*. It is, of course, possible that there were

two rivers of the name, one in Wastdale, besides the well-known one in Ennerdale, and it is curious that the deed of 1322, in mentioning the latter, finds it necessary to add the words, "in Eynordale," as if there were another "Lesagh" near enough to cause confusion. On the other hand, if the Ennerdale stream was intended, in the earlier deed, as it undoubtedly was in the second, why is no attempt made to bridge the wide gap between it and the head of Wastwater? Those who argue for Ennerdale would, of course, reply that a line or two must have been omitted from the deed by the copyist, but such omissions, though they sometimes occur, are in fact much rarer in ancient records than one would expect. Whatever stream *Lesagh* may have been, we should have hoped to find the connection with Sty Head clearly traced; but neither that important landmark nor Great Gable is mentioned, and we have nothing to guide us but *Ederlangbeck*, which must be in close relation to "Ederlangtirn," and we have seen reason to believe that that was Sty Head Tarn. At all events the beck in question flows down from *Le Cauce*, which can hardly be anything but Esk Hause, especially since there is really only one stream that can be followed upward from the neighbourhood of Styhead Tarn, and that stream leads towards Esk Hause. The astonishing thing is that, if this identification is right, the pronunciation of the year 1294 was far more modern than that of 1322, when the much purer and more archaic form, "Eskhals," is used. Indeed, *Le Cauce* is curiously near to the form "Ash Course," which, half a century ago, was regularly given in maps and guide books. What are we to say of the document as a whole? The general verdict will probably be that it is vaguely and carelessly drawn, probably by some one who did not know the localities, and had only a very rough and inadequate map to guide him. Incidentally, too, it will be noticed that poor Margaret, unless she fared better in other districts, did not come off with a very fat share. Indeed, one might imagine that she was pegging out her claim, purely from a climbing point of view, for she got Great End, Mickledoor and the

Wastwater Screes, but was chiselled at every corner out of all the productive bits of land.

If some one can now tell us the boundaries of John Huddleston's lands, and those of the Muncaster estate, it will be a great help. The limits of the Abbey lands must be well known, or at least could be easily traced out. It may be here mentioned that as "Delherter-grene" in the deed to 1322 did not quite agree with my original note, I have again consulted the Latin roll, and find no trace of an "er." In this conclusion the official experts concur. The word should therefore stand as "Delhertgrene," or possibly "Delhertgreve," and the earliest name by which Pillar Fell is described is not Harter Green, but Hart Green, or Hartgreve.

May I take this opportunity of saying that in my last letter on this subject in Vol. V., p. 140, Steastonhow was a misprint for Sleastonhow?

W. P. HASKETT-SMITH.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,

THE "ABOMINATIONS" IN THE HIGH TOR GULLY—AND
ELSEWHERE.

Mr. W. Smithard deserves the warm thanks of the members of the Climbers' Club for his letter in the *Journal* (No. 23, p. 151), inasmuch as it gives an opportunity to discuss a matter deeply affecting the Club, and every follower of our sport. Before entering, however, into the more important question that he unintentionally raises, let me deal with the small personal matter with which his letter is immediately concerned.

Although Mr. Smithard affects ignorance of the circumstance, he is quite aware that I am the writer of the "Kyndwr

Club Notes" to which he refers. It almost looks as if he were trying to convict me of contradictory statements; but the apparent inconsistency vanishes when I explain that on our first attempt to get into the gully we were unsuccessful, and failed to come into contact with the abominations that we had experience of more recently, when we entered it from the top. To the best of my belief, Mr. Smithard was with us. On that occasion we had both tangible and olfactory evidence of their existence; and the last time I looked into the funnel of the gully, I saw that it was still being used as a receptacle for refuse from the High Tor refreshment rooms. The point at issue seems to be, then, what constitutes an abomination (I mean, of course, in the eyes of climbers), though this, Sir, appears a somewhat trivial matter with which to trouble you. Well, it is, of course, largely a personal question. Some people regard broken bottles and crockery, the excreta of dustbins, and old meat-tins with portions of the contents still adhering to them in a high state of putrefaction, with feelings of indifference; and no doubt they have a right to their opinions. There are, on the contrary, people who dislike such things, and it was for their benefit that I stated what I considered among the objections to this particular climb.

Since I have never attempted to give an account of the incidents of Mr. Smithard's climb, but merely alluded to it in my "Notes," I fear his application of the phrase "grotesquely garbled" to my description of the place must be due to an imperfect reference to the dictionary. In order to save him trouble, I will give him an illustration of the real meaning of the word "garbling," from his own narrative, and thereby open up a much more important question. In a report of this climb, which Mr. Smithard contributed to a daily paper, he said, "Here were difficulties more treacherous than those already overcome, but to go back was out of the question. The leader proceeded circumspectly, but despite his delicate tread the scree kept rattling down, and imprecations kept volleying up from the two unfortunate men below. Of course they did their utmost to dodge the downfall, but both of them received nasty

knocks—one on the head and the other on the leg. At last the leader got on to a boss of solid rock, where he had splendid anchorage. Barely had he planted himself there when the screes under the last man gave way, and from under him a small avalanche of boulders shot down the slope and over the cornice with great velocity, carrying with them a heavy camera and tripod, which were afterwards found much shattered near the foot of the gully. Fortunately the rope was well hitched to the man himself, and the leader held him quite safely without any difficulty. Nevertheless, it was a startling incident, and they all felt thankful when beyond the scree slopes." Obviously, the writer means to imply that one, if not two, of the party narrowly escaped destruction along with the camera, a fact that I have had confirmed on other authority. Yet Mr. Smithard has left out all mention of this grave incident in what purports to be a full, true and accurate account of this first ascent, written expressly for the *Climbers' Club Journal*. This, it seems to me, is a perfectly satisfactory illustration of what is usually meant by "garbling."

In another article to another daily paper, I read that the cragsmen who decry limestone as a practice ground are all wrong, "probably not having tested the rock for themselves." "This particular dictum," *i.e.*, that limestone is no good to the climber, "could hardly be wider off the mark," so the writer urges, "for, as a matter of fact, some of the very best climbing in Derbyshire is to be had on the three fissures of the High Tor." "What the limestone lacks in quantity it makes up for in quality," and "the disposition of the rock walls at Matlock is admirably suited for the higher grades of the cragsman's art." These hazardous statements as to the suitability of mountain limestone for rock-work, a subject on which every experienced climber has a very definite and immutable opinion, are signed "W. Smithard." I rubbed my eyes on reading them, and turned to another lucubration that had recently appeared in Cox's "Derbyshire," which says distinctly, "*The carboniferous limestone is no good to the cragsman.*" This also was written by W. Smithard.

Now, Sir, this letter has reached a length quite uncalled for by the petty nature of the reference to myself, but I have pursued the subject with an aim that is, I believe, in the best interests of this Club. I am not going to say that the High Tor Gully is not a legitimate climb, although I know it to be an extremely dangerous one, and Mr. Smithard admits that he was assisted by the rope on the more difficult portions. What is illegitimate for me to attempt may be a safe climb for a better man. Nor would I adopt the opinion of certain well qualified persons as to the illegitimacy of the other climbs on the same rock, for I have never found anything there, except the gully, which could seriously be called a climb. But I venture to submit that it is not to the interests of this Club, or of climbing as a sport, that sensational articles should be scattered broadcast among the newspapers of the Midlands, describing climbs on this dangerous rock, and praising them in comparison with the far safer millstone grit, without a word of warning to the public. If novices go to Matlock and get killed, who will be responsible? If anyone describes such climbs for the benefit of the general public, it surely behoves him to write with the utmost care, candour and precaution; yet I have shown that descriptions from the same prolific pen differ in essential details. Such ill-considered articles, unfortunately, are some justification for the severe strictures which one of our members, Mr. Winthrop Young, passed recently on a certain class of modern climber, in the "Independent Review." Mr. Smithard's animadversion has left me no alternative but to refer, very reluctantly, to this broader aspect of the question he has raised.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST A. BAKER.

Liscard, Cheshire.

P.S.—The Hon. Sec. gives me to understand that the Kyndwr Club disclaims any connection with Mr. Smithard's letter, although he signed himself President of the Club.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,

I notice a rope has been fixed at the top of the pitch in Shamrock Gully, and as it occurred to me it *might* possibly have been put there by the Climbers' Club, I did not remove it. However, I afterwards asked at Wastdale Head, and they knew nothing about it. It seems to me to be quite useless, and might be a source of danger. Perhaps you might mention this in your *Journal*, and, if you think it advisable, the next time any of your members are near, it could be removed. Of course it is quite unnecessary, as the pitch can be managed very easily by keeping to the true left, and, starting up the Wall just before the pitch commences, and, passing the traverse on to the boulder, keep right ahead, and drop into the gully again, a few feet over the pitch. I am quite sure climbers know of this route, but if it were mentioned again, it might prevent a good rope being left behind in future.

Yours obediently,

J. R. MEWTON.

22 Fountain Street, Birkenhead.

