

THE
CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL

EDITED BY
A. W. ANDREWS

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CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

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Edited by ARTHUR WESTLAKE ANDREWS.

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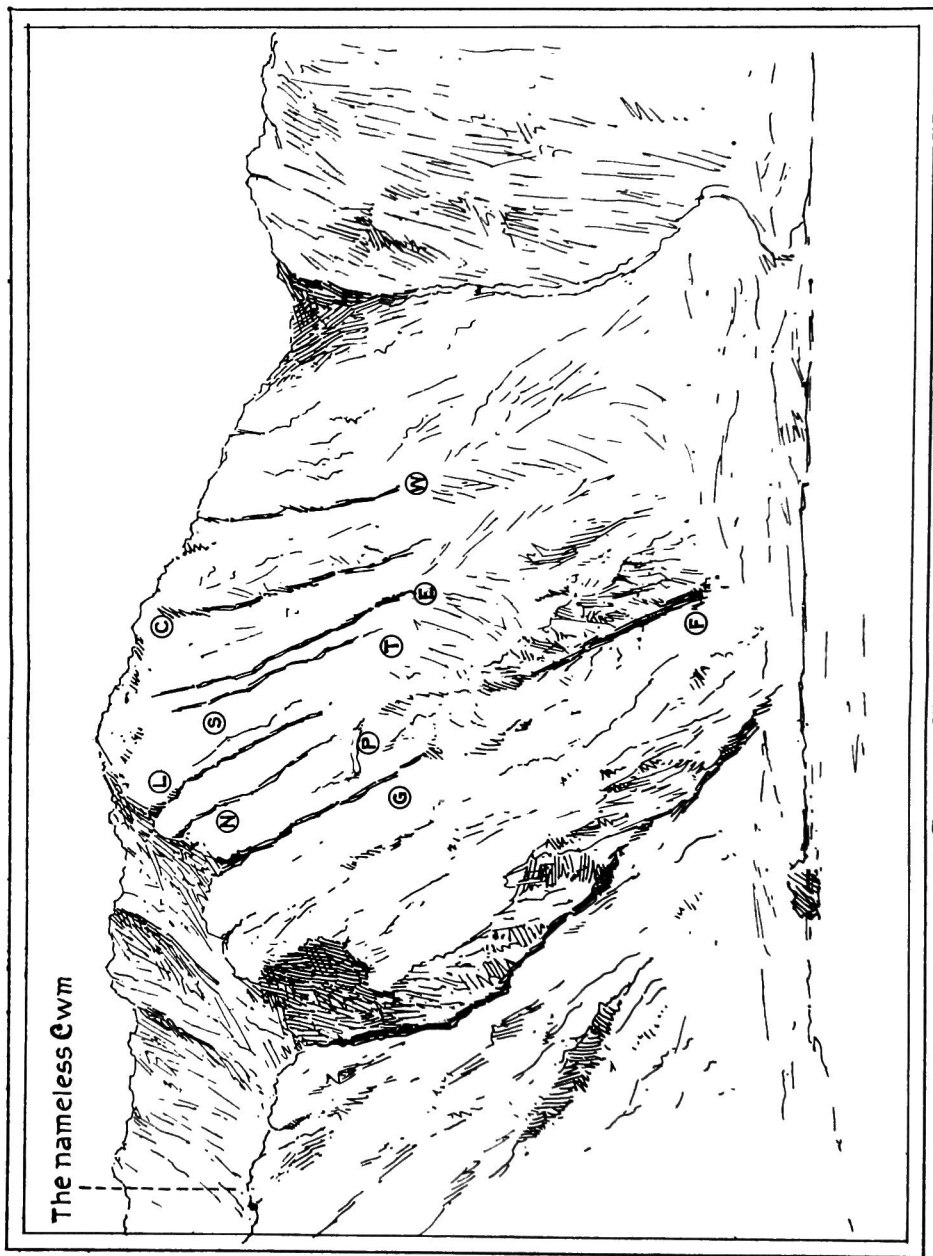
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GLYDR FAWR, NORTH FACE.

G. Green Gully. N. Narrow Gully. T. Twisting Gully. E. East Gully. C. Central Gully
W. West Gully. P. Quartz Patch F. Cleft L. The Groove. S. The Cave

THE

CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

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[No. 28.

REMINISCENCES OF FIRST ASCENTS ON THE GLYDR FAWR.

By J. M. ARCHER THOMSON.

CLIMBING in the British Isles has developed so widely of late years that we are apt at times to regard it as an old established sport, and to forget the recentness of its growth. It is not, for instance, quite easy to realise that, ten years ago, there was but one known climb—in the appropriated sense of the word—on the whole massif of Carnedd Llewelyn, two only on Lliwedd, one on the Glydr Fach, and none at all on the Glydr Fawr, and this though its great North Face is seen to advantage from the frequented shores of Llyn Idwal. Indeed when the idea of ascending it was once suggested to men of experience, the notion was scouted as a patent absurdity.

The severity with which the face had been left alone, and
The its undeniably forbidding aspect of the cliff, as
Central Gully. viewed from the valley, led us to consider the chances strongly in favour of the mountain when we set out with hearts of controversy to deliver a first assault. On November 25th, 1894, bright sunshine succeeded a three weeks' spell of incessant rain, but we hoped that the gullies of the Glydr, which were seen to descend in

a practically continuous pitch, and to have no widening at the top, would be free from falling water, and after the tedious ascent of the long scree, were glad to find our anticipations correct. We chose the Central or Blocked Gully, being deluded, as others have been since, by its relatively easy appearance. We began upon the (orographical) left wall, and have found since this route to be decidedly preferable to the actual bed, where a fine vegetation of lush grass has contrived to establish itself. Traversing back into the waterway, we soon reached a cave formed by a colossal block, spanning the entire width of the gully, to which it presents a smooth and vertical side. There being no exit from the interior, we were minded to have recourse to tactics hallowed by antiquity, and to form a testudo. Edwards and I leisurely discussed this plan and a precious flask of ginger ale, while Hughes, indifferent alike to malt and chaff, was absorbed in an endeavour, as it seemed to me, to pass a camel through a needle's eye, for he was trying to thrust a pliant rope up a long winding crevice discovered in the roof of the cave, however, half an hour later its appearance outside the chock-stone suggested an alternative solution to the problem. I am not concerned to discuss the propriety of this proceeding, for we were blissfully ignorant of the ethics of mountaineering, and it must have been due to an instinctive sense of morality that I protested while fastening myself to the rope-end with particular care and attention. I may add that on subsequent ascents respect for tradition has compelled me to adopt precisely the same contrivance. A free use was made of the rope up to the point of issue, which proved to be well below the top of the difficulty. There it was virtuously abandoned in favour of a good rock hold, much needed for the final struggle. The second man followed, while the third, to save delay, was brought over by an effective, but unceremonious, method, which happily left him too breathless to give vent to his feelings in words.

Not far above this cave we were confronted by a difficulty of a different character, the bed of the gully steepened into a wall coated with a layer of turf and matted grass, and this so

It would be impossible to allow the "Journal" to appear without calling attention to the death of Mr. C. E. Mathews, whose loss will be deeply felt by all members, to many of whom he was not only a fellow member, to whom the Club owed a deep debt, but a close, personal friend.

loosened by the recent rains as to afford none but the most precarious foothold. We had begun to doubt the wisdom of proceeding further when the discovery of crack underlying the soil near the right wall rekindled our smouldering hopes. Here it was necessary at each step to do pioneer's work with one hand while holding fast with the other, a process that would have become irksome, had not the leader been cheered by the thought that his companions were making light of greater discomforts, for, there being little freedom of movement, they were following, festooned with the dripping strips of vegetation which fell about their necks and shoulders. The clearance thus begun was completed by the great frost of the following winter. Near the top of this stretch an upright baluster, which might now be passed unnoticed, afforded us a welcome anchorage. Thence we proceeded easily to the final pitch, and, climbing over its capstone, found ourselves upon a slope of broken rocks, which soon brought us up to the summit. At the Cairn we took a long rest, watching the outlines fade, and then, wishing to avoid a long circuit, scrambled hurriedly down into the Nameless Cwm. Here night crept over us, but so stealthily that we only recognised the fact when holds had become scarce, and an abyss opened before us, filled with visible darkness, while the splashing of a torrent far below showed that we had strayed on to the precipitous rocks of the great water slide. Then we lighted a lantern, and made Cwm Idwal.

It has become customary to pass in silence over any misadventure, but the truth shall be told how the mountain took its revenge, for there is humour as well as humiliation in getting into difficulties at the last. The heavy rains had deepened and widened the marshes of the Cwm far beyond their normal limits, and we were doomed to spend more than one *mauvais quart d'heure* in these unspeakable bogs. It was useless to look for a track that was not distinguishable from any other stream of water, and there were no guiding lights on the hill-sides. The uncertain glimmer of a crazy lantern served rather to conjure up unreal obstacles than to discover existing

pitfalls ; indeed we were scarcely worse off when its bearer, plunging into a water hole, put it permanently out of action. As we staggered forward, first one and then another sank, till we were no doubt equally wet, while at times, gathered on a trembling tuft, we all quaked together, waiting to see who would be swallowed up first. At length the roar of the Bochlwyd stream, then in full flood, came within hearing, and gave us guidance, and when the road was reached we were all three there.

Ogwen Cottage was closed, but with kindly forethought our hostess had devised a simple plan. Three raps on the church door round the corner and she would come forth to minister to our needs. What a refreshment to the senses was the sight of a blazing fire ; how melodious the jangle of crocks and pans ! Mirth, too, grew fast at a meal discreetly taken after the fashion of the Jews at a Passover. The recollection of trivial incidents helped to beguile the tedium of the ten mile walk to Bangor, which we reached at midnight, well satisfied with the day's expedition.

In May of the following spring, W. P. Elias, H. Hughes

The and I set out from Ogwen to attempt an East Gully. ascent of the face by a new route, the gully near and parallel to the Central. Having previously seen its entrance, we had no difficulty in identifying it, in spite of a thick mist, but it may be of service to new-comers to say that it may be distinguished by its greater width and by an indefinite continuation for a little distance down the scree. We had scarcely roped and begun when advance was checked by a smooth wall ; from a little notch below an overhang on our right, a peg of rock was reached at full stretch, and the work was then mainly done by the arms. Our way was now open to a jammed block, which proved unexpectedly easy, and afforded sport only to my companions, who mercilessly recalled my reference to it as the crux of the climb. Some distance above, we chose the weathered slabs of the left wall, which form a kind of staircase, offering no difficulty other than that of selecting sound holds. I

may add. that subsequent ascents and descents of this gully have modified my first impression of its merits ; there are other climbs on the face of greater interest and difficulty.

Among the latter may be classed the West Gully, a short but very steep climb, discovered by H. Hughes and myself, two months later. It might almost be termed a face climb, for the channel is shallow and does not quite reach the scree, moreover parts of it are too smooth to be climbed at all, yet the overhanging wall on one side and the great slabs on the other confine the climber to a very direct line. The first definite pitch at the top of a somewhat grassy incline proved a short ladder of wedged stones, and the second, which then came in sight, appeared an impassable barrier, for the right wall arches over and meets the precipitous slabs on the left. This face abounds in surprises for the explorer, and here, at a critical point in a breezy situation, I experienced the luxury of feeling given by the discovery of invisible holds where most required and least expected. The pitch proved surprisingly easy of ascent, but, there being no definite landing place above, the leader had to proceed some 40 feet up an extremely steep wall before effecting a lodgment on a little green patch. From here a few minutes walk brought us to the top of the cliff.

Of the remaining climbs the most attractive is the Twisting Gully, first ascended by Hughes, Edwards and J. R. Smith. It is remarkable for the quality of its holds, and additional interest has been given to it by the discovery of an extraordinary cave to the left of its exit. Though some 90 feet long, it is so well screened from view that it escaped notice on the first two ascents, but at Easter, 1900, Collins, W. J. Williams and I found much amusement in exploring its recesses and emerging from a skylight near the top.

It should be noted that the channel of the Twisting Gully does not penetrate to the scree, otherwise the Narrow Gully. climb is likely to be missed. This indeed was

my own experience when I set out in quest of it. Feeling averse from ascending the long scree without company, I had found a convenient alternative in a conspicuous black cleft, at the foot of the north-east ridge, and afterwards traversed round to the East Gully without discovering the climb. However, a narrow gully beginning close to the large quartz patch was taken instead. It contains three interesting chimneys, and the exit is marked by two fingers of rock, which project horizontally from the skyline. At some distance to the north-east of this climb, a green gully offers an easy route for descent, and little more can be said of a rectangular groove that begins at a slightly higher level on the south-west side, though a scramble up the slabs on the right of this has the only defect of being too short.

The north-east shoulder of the Glydr, sometimes called **The Seniors' Ridge**, falls steeply to the shores of the lake. Its crest can be reached conveniently by beginning in the water channel on its east side, but we are indebted to Rose and Moss for showing that it can be climbed from the very foot. With the Cribin it pens in the Nameless Cwm.

From this deep hollow the best climb is up a cleanly cut cleft in the East Buttress of the Glydr. **The Cleft.** The bed rises steeply till a small flat ledge is reached at the foot of a formidable pitch. Here so powerful a jet of water greeted Hughes and myself when making the first ascent in October, 1895, that we did not stop to look for a direct route; neither, so far as my information goes, has any yet been found feasible. We circumvented the obstacle by an upward traverse to the right, descending afterwards on to the upper side of the chockstone. Beyond this a tributary strikes in on the left, and leads to a curious detached slab, well worth a visit. A final pitch, decorated with a drapery of loose rocks, lies at the top of the main gully, and brings the climb to a singularly abrupt termination.

The fine walks to the summit of the Glydrs by way of Bochllywd and by way of Twll Du may both be varied by a

short climb *en route*. The Y-shaped cleft on the south side of the Kitchen pleasantly abbreviates the stony track and leads into a trough parallel to that which holds the stream from Llyn y Cwn. At the beginning of the other route the base buttress of the Cribin can be climbed up a shallow crack ; its finish entails a long draw up to a shelf of rock, from which we reach easily the grassy hummocks that extend to the lake.

On the whole, the climbs of the Glydr Fawr are severer than those of the sister peak or of Tryfan, for the places where precautions can be safely relaxed are of less frequent occurrence. The Central and West Gullies, the Seniors' Ridge and the Cribin crack may be classed as "difficult," and the term "moderate" would sufficiently indicate the character of the other ascents described.

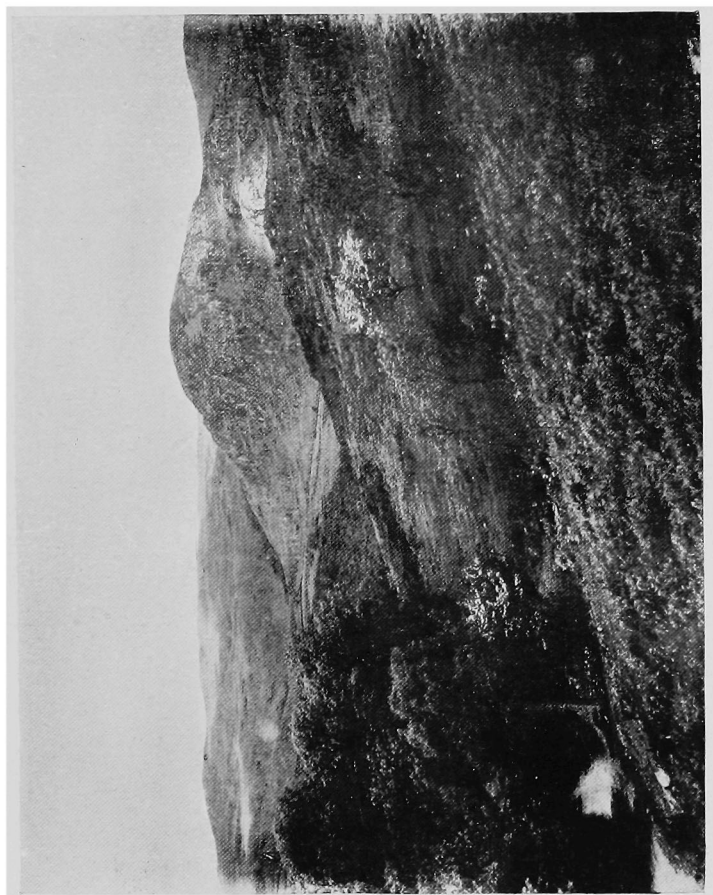


SCOUTS AND OUTPOSTS.

A LITTLE while ago, Mr. F. E. Ross suggested a scheme for a new mountaineering game (see *C. C. J.*, vol. VII., p. 95), which has since been put to the trial in two runs in the Lake District. These notes are a summary of the opinions as to these experimental runs and future developments of the game, sent me by the following gentlemen; Mr. Ross, Dr. C. A. Hill and Mr. C. E. Benson, who were engaged in the first run, and Messrs. Spencer, Fox and Botterill, Dr. J. H. Taylor and others, who took part in the second. I have not attempted to reconcile their views when they diverge, as I think the various opinions are a striking proof of the extraordinary possibilities of the game, which is suitable for all kinds of country, courses of almost any length and breadth, and for parties of any number. It will be evident, too, that rules and conditions may be varied to almost any extent, and there is unlimited scope for different tactics. With the exception of the conditions relating to capture and similar points, it is not proposed that the following should be strictly adopted as rules; they are put forward as good working ideas for the players on either side, who will in each case determine what rules shall be accepted beforehand for any run.

The players to be divided into two bodies, to be called respectively SCOUTS and OUTPOSTS, the outposts to outnumber the scouts in the proportion of five to one. Messrs. Fox and Spencer, however, would not have any fixed proportion. Mr. Botterill suggests four to one; while Dr. Taylor thinks "five outposts to one scout best, as practically one scout equals two outposts in capturing power."

The object of the scouts will be to reach a certain distant point without being intercepted by the outposts. The time



The First Course. Looking from Eskdale up to Irton Fells across Niterdale.

Photo. by J. H. TAYLOR.

of starting and of concluding the game to be fixed for each side by preliminary agreement, according to the nature and extent of the ground, the idea being that the outposts shall have time to get into position before the scouts reach the zone of operations, so as to obviate anything of the nature of a race for the heights. As a rule, the outposts should not be allowed to retire to the inside of a radius of half-a-mile round the goal until the last half-hour of the game, except in pursuit of a scout who has actually been seen. Plenty of time ought to be allowed for the sport, to enable the scouts to take cover frequently.

The best course, in my opinion, would be a high and broken plateau, or broad tract of elevated ground, where the scouts and outposts would have a good chance of reaching opposite edges or hill-crests about the same moment. In this case the fighting zone would be a parallelogram rather than a line, as in the case of a ridge. The outposts would then probably have sentries stationed in advance, and also men in the rear to cut off scouts who have got through the main line. Bounds to right and to left to be fixed by agreement. Mr. Spencer says, however, with regard to this point and that of the numerical proportion between the two sides, "This proportion might be left for discussion in each case; *e.g.*, if the zone of operations is a broken ridge, more outposts would be necessary than if it were a broken plateau, and to my mind a ridge would always promise better sport. Also the placing of the outposts and patrols should be left entirely to the discretion of the captain, who would be presumed to know the lie of the country."

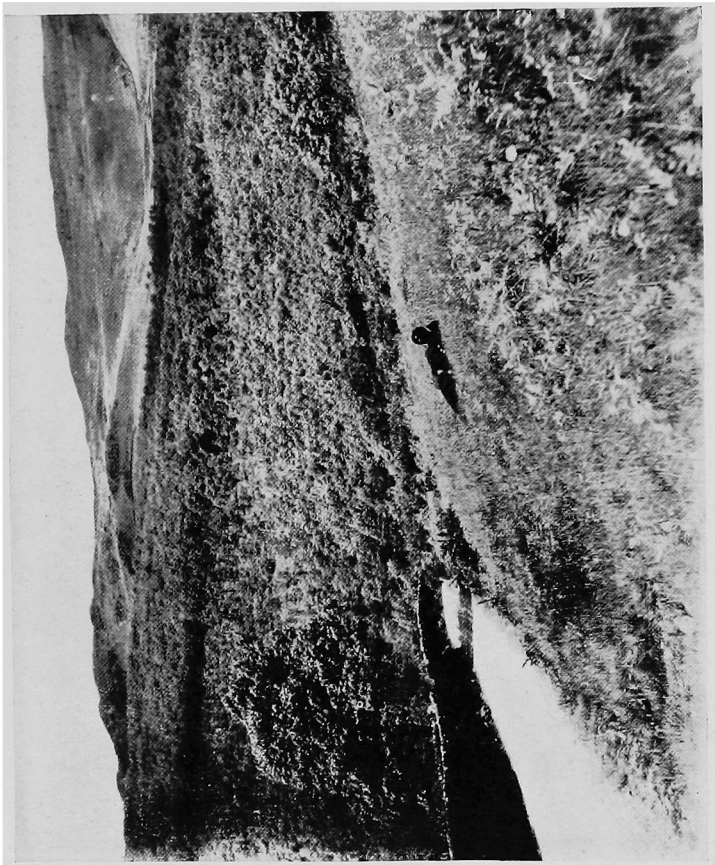
In most cases a point should be fixed, at a certain distance from the goal, to which the outposts must advance before they would be authorised to challenge a scout; the object of this regulation being to prevent the outposts taking it easy and forming a cordon near their base, and so limiting the field of operations, much to the detriment of the game. Since they could not retire too near their base until the last stage of the game, this would ensure depth as well as breadth to the

fighting zone. Or it might be better to adopt Dr. Taylor's suggestion that the scouts alone should start at a fixed hour, outposts being allowed to start as early as they choose, so as to get into position properly before the scouts arrive on the scene. At any rate, the object should be to prevent the game from becoming a mere race, instead of a game of skill in scouting. It will, of course, be difficult to estimate distances in the heat of the game. Definite landmarks should, accordingly, be settled upon beforehand, to distinguish the bounds to right and left, and the half-mile (or other) radius round the goal.

A scout to be adjudged captured if summoned "surrender," within easy hail, by two or more outposts in concert. Easy hail to mean a distance of about a hundred yards, that is the distance at which it is possible to hear, and understand, a shout distinctly. The scout should, in honour, signal his acknowledgment that he has heard the summons, to each of the outposts who have captured him. The distance corresponding to easy hail was first of all fixed at two hundred yards; but Mr. Benson pointed out that this was too far, since two outposts standing within forty yards of a quarter of a mile apart, could overlook a tract of ground 400 yards wide, and if the scout passes down the exact centre he is bound to be caught by a yell. A hundred yards would be fairer to the scout, and give the outposts a little more to do.

A scout shall be held to have captured an outpost if he touch him, out of easy hail of any other outpost. Any person captured shall be prohibited from giving information or other assistance to his comrades. Both outposts and scouts to wear distinguishing badges, to enable them to recognise each other, and also to distinguish them from non-players. In the case of surrender, badges to be given up. If two outposts meet two scouts together, they may capture one scout at once, and may signal to other outposts to follow up the other scout; they shall not have the right to capture more than one at that time.

A captain of the outposts, whose power shall be absolute,



The First Course. Irton Fells across Niterdale.

Photo. by J. H. TAYLOR.

shall be elected at any time before the commencement of the game. Any means of communication, except the employment of someone not taking part in the sport, shall be admissible between the members of either side. It would be well, of course, for the outposts to have a regular system of *soundless* signalling; but that is a matter for the captain.

The score to be reckoned at three points to each scout that gets through in time, and three to the outposts for each scout captured, or for each scout who fails to get through in time; also one point to a scout for each outpost he captures—to be counted to his side, whether such scout gets captured himself or not. Another suggestion is that the scouts should win the game if only one of their number gets through; or it might be better to let the first scout through count double points for his side. All these matters should be definitely arranged beforehand, care being taken to avoid the possibility of a draw.

Dr. Taylor adds, "I imagine it will generally be more convenient for both scouts and outposts to start from the same base, and end where they start; *e.g.*, scouts to start from Wastdale Head and go up Over Beck, while outposts start from Wastdale and go up Mosedale, the boundaries being Dorehead and Black Sail, and Wastwater Hotel the goal."

SUGGESTED COURSES.

Dungeon Ghyll to Wastdale Head, over Esk Hause; the outposts to advance to Allen Craggs before operating, and not to retire below the level of Styel Head until an hour before the end of game. Time for scouts $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours; summits of fells to right and left to form the lateral boundaries.

Seathwaite, or Ulpha, to Boot, over Harter Fell or Ulpha Fells.

Ogwen Cottage to Gorphwysfa, over the Glyders.

Hayfield to Edale or to the Snake, across Kinder Scout.

Clapham to Ingleton, Hill Inn, or Ribbleshead, across Ingleborough.

Wastdale Head to Wastdale Head, by way of Mosedale, Steeple or Red Pike, and Nether Beck or Over Beck, a circular course.

Gradbach (between Buxton and Macclesfield) to Upper Hulme, over the Roaches.

Coniston to Coniston ; scouts to go up past Goat's Water, and approach the sky-line of Old Man from behind ; outposts to start half-an-hour later, and climb the mountain by the ordinary route, so that the operations would take place chiefly on the Coniston side of the Old Man.

From Greenfield to Crowden, over Featherbed Moss.

Over Moel Fammau, near Mold and Ruthin.

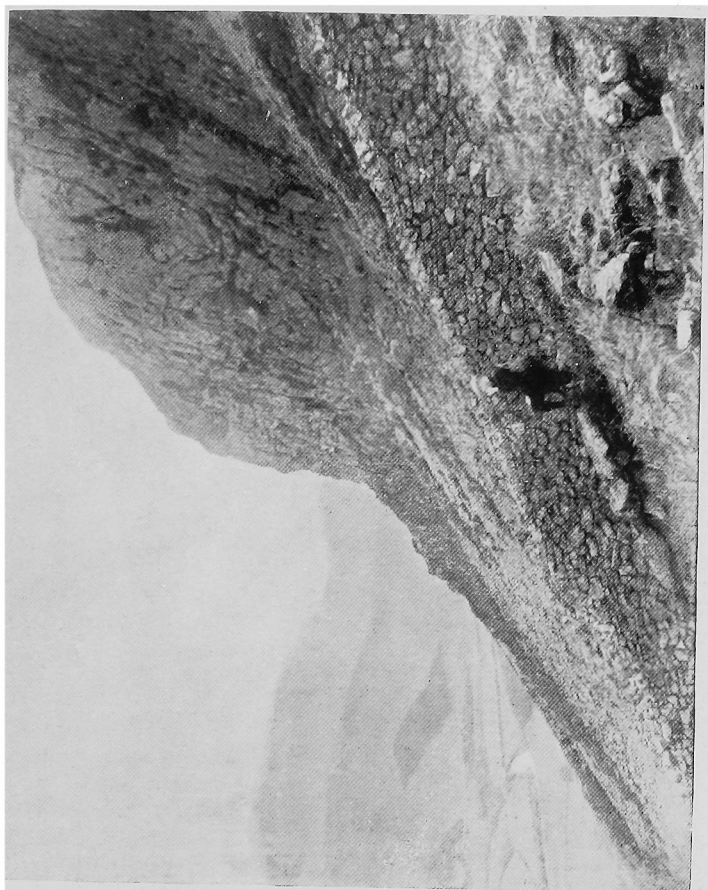
Summit of Scawfell as goal ; scouts to leave Wastdale Head at a fixed time ; outposts to start as much earlier as they choose, but to be out of sight of hotel before the scouts start, and not to approach summit nearer than one mile before time limit. Allow scouts four or five hours. Similarly, Snowdon summit as goal.

Eskdale to Wastdale Head over the Pikes (Mickledore and Sty Head as bounds), outposts to advance first to the cairn.

Most of these courses can be taken in the opposite direction.

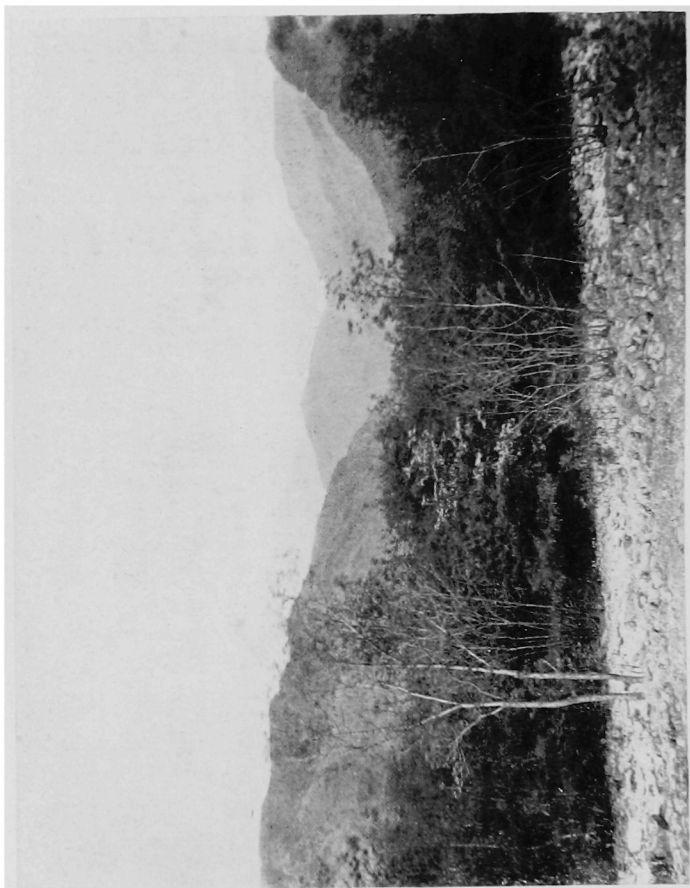
The extent of a course should depend upon the numbers engaged. For instance, there should usually be five outposts for each half-mile of front, or at least for every thousand yards. It is not, however, always conducive to success for the outposts to remain in fixed places along the line of front. They would enjoy better sport by keeping often on the move, and guarding the country both in front and in rear.

The results of the two actual runs have been practically identical, one scout in each case getting through, and the other being delayed by the presence of the defending party right in front, until it was too late to reach the goal in time. The first run was from Eskdale into Wastdale, across Irton Fells, and though it gave some brisk excitement on the hill crest, it was not altogether a success so far as the ground was concerned. There were not enough players, either, to give



Gate Crag and Eskdale.

Photo. by J. H. TAYLOR.



Upper Eskdale and Bowfell.

Photo. by J. H. TAYLOR.

satisfactory data as to the sporting capabilities of the game. The next run was over a far better course, from Boot to Angle Tarn, over Bowfell and the two adjoining fells, Esk Pike, the 2903 point, not named on the ordnance map, and Shelter Crag. About twenty outposts started from Wastdale Head at 10.30 a.m. on Whit Monday, to line the crest of these fells, two scouts, Mr. Fred. Botterill and the writer, leaving Boot fifteen minutes later. Mr. Botterill's account is as follows:—

“Baker and I made our way up Eskdale at a good pace, and in an hour had arrived at the Pack-horse Bridge below Throstle Garth. A little further on we separated, and I made my way up the face of Shelter Crag. From these crags I plainly saw at intervals figures appearing on the sky-line of Bowfell, and feared that I might be discovered through powerful glasses. On the crags I got into difficulties, which cost me half-an-hour, but on arriving at the summit, carefully avoiding the sky-line, I saw two outposts near a cairn at the three tarns, and was compelled to make a circuitous route below the summits to avoid being seen. This traversing was very fatiguing and took more time than I could safely afford.

“I passed on and came to a very open part, without cover, situated on the east face of Bowfell. Here I spied an outpost whom I recognised by his walk as my brother (G. Botterill). He was scanning the whole of the field, and I was delayed some 25 minutes until he had disappeared behind a tall buttress, when I could advance without being seen. On reaching the spot where I had first observed the outpost I saw several others on Bowfell, and my only course to avoid them was to keep on the slopes of Bowfell, and gain the top of Rossett Ghyll. Had I gone over the top of Bowfell I should have been captured; my route, however, proved to be longer than I anticipated, and I had only half accomplished it when I found the time was up. Finding a stream, I had something to eat, and then walked leisurely towards Angle Tarn, the rendezvous.”

Mr. Baker's account is as follows:—

“I lost sight of Botterill a few minutes after we parted, his

brown clothes proving indistinguishable among the crags. My plan was to cut across the north ridge of Bowfell through a notch that was plainly visible in the crest, and to descend to Angle Tarn by one of the gullies in the face. But as I crossed the open ground under the mountain, I saw two patrols walk up the ridge and occupy this very notch, and I had to change my plans forthwith. Making a false start for Ewer Gap, for I felt sure I was being watched, I struck off in the opposite direction, as soon as I gained the shelter of the rocks, making by cautious zigzags for the top of Yeastyrigg Crag, the rocky spur of Esk Pike projecting toward Eskdale. Once on the top of this, I made my way from one pile of rocks to the next, carefully noticing the behaviour of the sheep and other indications of the near presence of outposts. At one point I heard voices quite close at hand, and lay low for a while. As a matter of fact, this summit was occupied by eight outposts, and I must have passed very close indeed to some of them, without being seen, however, except by the distant patrols on Bowfell, who did not give the alarm as they thought I was simply walking into the arms of their comrades. This, too, was my expectation, and I had throughout very little trust in my chances of getting through, but relied on Botterill to turn their left wing, whilst I gave them a little diversion.

“By good luck, I found myself at length approaching the summit rocks of Esk Pike, but there was a broad tract of level and open ground to cross. Here my capture seemed inevitable, but I proceeded quietly, keeping an eye on every way of escape in case a challenge should come from either hand. To my great astonishment, I found myself at last among the crags that look down on Angle Tarn. Here I rested to consider my position, and decide on the safest way down. But shouts from Ewer Gap, a few furlongs away to my right, told me that I had been seen, and without more dallying I slipped into the gully hard by and began to descend. At first I took care to make as little noise as possible; but the shouting continued; it was evident I was discovered and in danger of



Second Course. View up Eskdale to Bowfell.

Photo. by J. H. TAYLOR.

being cut off by the men from Ewer Gap, so I now took to my heels, and a few minutes before two reached the shores of Angle Tarn.

"Botterill could hardly be expected so soon, but as half-past two, the time limit, approached, I began to look for him anxiously. The outposts now came down from the heights and formed a close cordon round the goal. Still, there was a chance that my comrade might have got across early, and made a detour to avoid the patrols. I expected any moment to see him come from the rear, from the head of Langstrath. When three struck, I saw that he was too late, and that the result of the game was a draw."

Although the larger part of the outposts had not caught a glimpse of either of the scouts, and those who had been in closest contact with one of them had not seen anybody, all seemed to have enjoyed the game, and expressed their hope that another run could be arranged shortly. There would have been some fun for everybody had the scouts numbered four or five, that is, a proportion of one to five outposts. The men posted on Esk Pike complained that there had not been enough of them to watch a line of such great extent. There were in fact twenty-two outposts guarding a front about three thousand yards long. Had that line been shortened to redress the imaginary disproportion, the possibilities of sport would have been much diminished, as attention would have had to be concentrated on two or three definite points, and the delightful uncertainty of the game destroyed. With more scouts, on the other hand, there might perhaps have been another man through, but the defending party would have got more entertainment, and their interest would have been kept so much more alive and keen that they might have captured most of the enemy. With only two scouts attacking, the temptation was to take things easily, and because you did not see a man anywhere near your station, to fancy that both must have gone for quite another part of the line. The Battle of Angle Tarn is well worth fighting over again.

AN ASCENT OF MOUNT IDA.

WE had been travelling for some weeks among the Aegean islands and on the east coast of Asia Minor, and had enjoyed almost every variety of incident and travelling interest; a stormy night journey in a small fishing boat to Patmos in time for the gorgeous Easter ceremonies, an almost forcible escape from an evil Turkish hostelry in Mylassa, surrounded by flaring torches and pock-marked, Mongol faces, with roses behind their ears, a ride through the salt marches from Miletus, with water up to the horses' girths, and the great marble amphitheatre behind rising like an island from the waste of waters, a long, rough day's ride across the rocky, wooded spurs of Mount Latmos, whose black, serrated ridges fully justified—from a mountaineering point of view—Endymion's preference, these are but a few of the more vivid impressions still left on the memory. But of climbing time had permitted no taste, and as duty compelled the return of the leader, linguist and "light" of the party to Constantinople, the thought of a few days' ride in the Troad, with an ascent of Ida, proved too tempting for the "mere luggage" to resist. Securing a Greek-speaking Turk and horses by the help of the friendly Consul at the Dardanelles, I set out in the early morning, accompanied by the inevitable "Zabtieh"—in this case a friendly old Albanian—across the familiar ridges to Troy, and, pressing ahead, managed to get a few hours alone in those most impressive of all ruins before his slower arrival suppressed the unpleasant attentions of some wandering "Yaruks." After a night spent at Thymbria, the beautiful farm of Mr. Calvert, at some hours' distance, we followed the

wonderful gorge of the Scamander, past the citadel of Gorgis, and through stony valleys, which tempted every hour with the glimpses of unexplored remains, to Ina, a little Turkish village clinging to a sloping rock. Here the picturesque occasion of a five days' Mahomedan wedding, with all the gorgeous accompaniments of barbaric music, dancing, mad horse races, firing and symbolical ceremonies, induced me to stop the night, and not to press on south to Aiverjck and Assos, at the south-west end of the Ida range. The next day we turned east, a park-like ride through pine woods and pink *Vallosia* scrub along the north face of Mount Ida. Kaz-Dagh, as it is now called, may not afford much climbing, but either from the south, where it rises a great purple wall from the Adramytic bay, or from the north, where it forms a culminating line of snow-crowned summits to the confused ridges that descend from it to the vivid green of the Trojan plain, it is an impressive mass to look at. Taking the mid-day coffee and "yaout" (curdled milk) at Beirassitch, we made rapid progress, going nearer and nearer to the great blue wall of the final chain, up valleys once wooded, but now bare and treeless, till, in the late afternoon, at the last mud settlement of Evjiter, we found ourselves already high up among the impressive and impending shoulders of the peak itself.

By sunset we were already far up a high valley in the north-western flank of the mountain, with the Scamander roaring past below, and a surrounding of thick woods and green slopes, that made one listen for—and often hear—the sound of the shepherd's pipe, though, when seen, the local Paris usually spoilt the effect by wearing a fez. We dismounted on a small plateau of mud hovels, inhabited by woodcutters, who turned out to be a company of Turkish soldiers, with an officer—small, brown, wiry men, indescribably ragged, who lived upon cigarettes, water, and hard black bread. Half savage, they were yet as dignified and hospitable as every Turk by nature is, and having fixed the hammock to trees through holes in the mud wall, and dined off my staple food of marmalade and brown bread, I went to

sleep to a chorus of snores from the floor below, confident in having nothing worth stealing to destroy our pleasant relations.

I managed to get started about 5 a.m., accompanied by the Graeco-Turk and two small brown soldiers, whose looks promised pace. My intention to visit the summit had produced merely polite smiles; but my steady refusal to go round to the sources of the Scamander, the usual pilgrimage, had, I thought, ensured a fairly straight start. But with an Oriental there is no safety. The first fast hour led up a beautiful valley, overhung with a tropical growth of chestnut, plane, oak and pine, and filled with morning mist. Scrambling, then, up a steep wooded shoulder, covered with mossy rocks and thick with trees, what was my indignation to come suddenly on the famous sources of Scamander, where clear welling streams leap in the shadow out of sylvan grottos, the largest bursting in a full cascade, from a mossy cavern fully a hundred feet deep. But I was there for the mountain, and, after a careful outburst of indignation, took over the lead, and struck straight up in the direction that I knew the main mass must lie. The climbing was extremely laborious, largely using trunks and creepers as handhold, but indignation, and the knowledge that the fierce sun would soon be over the range, lent wings to one's toes. The Turks soon dropped behind, but, trusting to a general sense, and using every patch of trees, and, when they ceased, every curve in the face as shade, the first or northern summit was reached about 8, the higher carpets of flowers gradually merging in shale and hard snow.

The northern view hence is magnificent, but the real summit lies a long way back to the south-west, and as I was conscious that the Turks, when they came up, would make difficulties, I pressed on, along the broken, stone-strewn plateau that forms the summit of the ridge; first ascending to the second summit, crowned by a rock castle, Hera's Seat, and thence over ice and hard snow to the real top, at about 8.45 (seven hours is usually allowed by the ordinary track). Here, fitted into Zeus' somewhat angular throne, I had time, when

marmalade and bread had given place to a pipe, to admire the marvellous panorama. To the north, the rugged ridges over which we had travelled the previous days, breaking down to the green plains of Troy, and beyond, the line of lavender hills that marked the line of the Dardanelles and Hellespont. To the west the blue Aegean, laughing in the sunlight, covered with innumerable green and olive islands, of curious, map-like shapes, fringed with white surf. To the south the dull pink haze over the dry and barren uplands of Asia Minor. There was not so much doing on the plains of Troy as gratified Zeus' remarkable eyesight, but it needed little imagination—or tobacco smoke—to fancy Hera drifting once again from the near eastern summit in her purple cloud.

The "guides" had collected, suppressed and subdued, on the first summit by the time I returned. "Kaz-Dagh" may not be inhabited by such classic spirits as Ida used to be, but it is still a devil-haunted region. My immunity was attributed to the wearing of a green sweater and an amateur green turban, which may have suggested to the spirits a prophetic descent. Their ignorance of the mountain being manifest, I rejected the suggested detour round the western end of the chain, and made straight down the northern face in a westerly direction. First across steep snow, which the majority clung over on all fours, and then down to the hot valleys, by leg-breaking boulders and precipitous tree-chutes. These latter the Turks took to amazingly, and, having learnt the trick of breaking with a pine-bough, rattled down at a great pace, and with growing hilarity as the distance from humanity decreased. We came down on to the roof of a sawmill, with proper precautions against the customary savage dogs, and then toiled across several precipitous spurs, in blazing heat and thorn scrub, back to the settlement, at about 12. Bright coloured figures gathered themselves disjointedly from sleep under the plane trees, loudly incredulous as to the summit having been reached, until the discovery, by one of the "guides," of my "scaif" soles with their rubber buttons having been made public, the mystery was explained, practical

illustrations of their squirrel-like powers being given by the whole company in line round the plateau to convince me as to where the credit lay.

The "climb" proper was now over, but the subsequent incidents may be amusing, as illustrative of this type of express Asiatic travelling. A delicious bathe in an oak-shaded pool of the Scamander filled in the time while the horses were being prepared and the autocratic old Albanian awakened. Pressing the pace, we wound round the valley and out of the pine woods, and, making a circuit to visit the ruins of the old city of Scepsis, balanced on a lofty summit overhanging the river, with a beautiful view back over the mass of Ida, we recrossed the Scamander by an exciting ford that necessitated some swimming, and reached Beirassitch before dark. The horses and escort being tired out, I commandeered a "talerkah," or flat-covered country cart, to save time by a night journey. This was orientally agreed to, but 'ailed orientally to appear, a red herring, in the form of a contraband Greek metope being trailed across the path, with all the attendant and transparent mysteries that accompany such transactions, in order to save the face of the venal Turkish officials. It required another calculated outburst of temper to get started with a villainous Syrian driver at 10 p.m. The continuous going of the previous two days, with only a few hours' sleep, made even the springless cart productive of slumber, and I was only awakened, about midnight as it turned out, by cessation of movement. In eastern travelling it is an all too common experience to go to sleep on a fair course, and awake to find one's boat anchored under the lee of an island and the crew asleep, or one's cart left horseless and driverless under a wayside rock. This time the circumstances were accentuated, a violent thunderstorm was raging, the darkness was too dense to see one's hand, and I could hear the horses munching at the wrong end of the tilt. The Syrian presently crawled in, and assured me that he had lost his way; but as I had no knowledge as to how far he might be in communication with the unattractive yaruk bands, I

mistrusted him, and, arranging a long knife up my sleeve, and fixing him at the outer end of the cart with my feet, prepared to smoke out the night. I had not finished the seventh cigarette when I heard the jingle of a bit between the thunder. The circumstances could hardly be worse, so I called out, and a burst of Turkish oaths let me know that it was my Albanian and Turk with the horses, following me for some unexplained reason, perhaps mistrust of the Syrian—and equally lost! As the Syrian seemed unwilling, I kicked him out at the front of the cart, and felt my way on to the back of my horse, putting on all available wraps, and leaving the cart and Syrian to the charge of the Turk. It was impossible to see the Albanian, but his muttered curses when his horse fell guided me, and for a night that seemed a week in length we circled about the hills, stumbling over rocks and into gullies, and through thickets with philosophic drowsiness. One hut we ran into unexpectedly, and knocked at it to get shelter, but its only reply was two gun shots fired safely into the darkness. At last dawn broke, and we found ourselves near a village, where we got coffee, fed the horses, collected the Turk, recriminated with the Syrian, and then plodded away over the ranges for some seven hours to Mr. Calvert's hospitable welcome at Thymbria. Rested by a few hours' sleep, and abandoning the Albanian, who refused to awake, we started again about five in the afternoon, with the least tired of the horses, for the Dardanelles. On reaching the hard road at Erenkeni, the horses cheered up, and as it was necessary to catch the Russian boat at the port in the early hours of the morning, we raced, for the second time in three years, at a hard gallop in the dark along that excellent exception to Turkish roads. The Turk fell out by the way, but, reaching the Dardanelles late at night, the helpful Consul got me off in the very early hours in time to catch the ship and get back to Constantinople by the same night. The whole in perfect weather, and in the setting of the wonderful colours of an Eastern spring.

NOTE ON THE AIGUILLE DE GRÉPON.

By O. K. WILLIAMSON.

THE accompanying photograph shews the Aiguille de Grépon as seen from the Aiguille des Charmoz.

The north-west face of the mountain (in the right-hand as seen in the photograph) is the exceedingly steep flank which falls away to the Glacier des Nantillons. What appears to be the highest point is in reality the lower or northern summit. The curious perforation in the ridge (called by Mr. Mummery's guides the "Kanones Loch") lies on the route by which the ascent is usually made. The first ascent of the peak was effected by the north arête in August, 1881, by Mr. A. F. Mummery with Alexander Burgener and B. Venetz. Having climbed the couloir separating the Charmoz from the Grépon on the Nantillons side, the party took a very difficult chimney, leading up on the actual face of the peak itself from a point slightly below the col* between it and the Charmoz. From the top of this chimney (now well known as Mummery's crack), after climbing a steep gully, they reached the "Kanones Loch," and having climbed in the opposite or Trélaporte face of the mountain, again emerged on the Nantillons aspect. More difficult work now led them to the lower or Northern summit. A few days later the same mountaineers succeeded in climbing the higher or Southern peak from the same direction. Between the two summits lies a deep gap, which could only be reached by means of a fixed rope. The final ascent was one of considerable difficulty, but since the first expedition another

* This col is below the level of the photograph.



THE GRÉPON.

Photo. by C. W. NETTLETON.

and somewhat less difficult route up the highest point has been discovered. No other way up the peak was found until, in 1885, M. H. Dunod with three guides succeeded in forcing a way up the south-west arête. It is now customary to ascend by the north arête, and descend by the south-west ridge, thus traversing the mountain. This rock climb is usually considered to be one of the most difficult in the Alps, the work being, throughout, of high class; certainly few expeditions will be found to yield greater enjoyment, or grander scenery.*

* For a detailed description of the climbing on the Grépon the reader is referred to Mr. Mummery's delightful book, "My climbs in the Alps and Caucasus."



FELIX MARTIN LEVI.

THE news of the death of Felix Levi in the terrible earthquake at Dharmsala, on the eve of his departure for home, has come to his many friends as the sudden extinction of a light. Few men, coming up to the university comparatively unknown, can leave after three years' such a wide circle of real friends. Of few men at the end of their first years of public work could such heartfelt tributes be written as his loss has drawn from a later circle of friends in the Punjab. A subtlety and experiment of intellect that carried conviction as often by its strange originality as by its genuine power, a liberality of view that respected even the fanatic, and a perpetual sparkle of wit that no fatigue or company could dull, combined to render his a rare and lovable personality. Of his successful life, intellectually and socially, at Cambridge, and of the brilliant work already commenced in India, from which his chiefs and contemporaries alike augured a great career, there is no call to write here. He would perhaps himself but like to be remembered in connection with the mountains he loved. A good athlete, with an oriental appreciation of natural beauty, he only required to be introduced to hill-climbing to become an enthusiast. From the amusing gymnastics on the Trinity College roofs to progressive rock-climbing in North Wales, Cumberland and Skye, from the sunny Alps of Savoy to the greater Swiss peaks, and finally on the Himalaya itself, he enjoyed in a few years almost every variety of climbing experience, and he brought to all the same resourceful pleasure in the strain and physical effort, the same humorous enthusiasm for the splendours of mountain and sky. He may almost be said to have brought companionship in climbing to a fine art.

Many a long and toilsome climb in the mists of the Welsh hills, many a return by starlight over the snow-covered Cumbrian Fells, the inspiring venture of the first real Alpine expeditions in Savoy, where from error and failure we learned for ourselves the beginning of ice and mountain craft, the eventful season in the Pennine range, when time and again we were chased from the stormswept ridges of the Rothhorn and the Matterhorn, each remains a luminous memory in the light of his unwearied hope and delightful humour. With a natural turn for difficult rocks, he was among the first to join the newly constituted Climbers' Club, and when he left for India it was with the resolve to continue his experience in the Himalaya as occasion offered. Of his various short explorations, generally undertaken in the company of natives alone, among the mountains bordering on his different districts no particular record exists, though his occasional letters are full of the amusing incidents and difficulties which attended his expeditions, and his efforts to act as his own leader. Chance and circumstance had prevented his ever learning behind a first class guide, and it was with the intention of remedying this that he had arranged for a tour in the Alps this Summer. His last letters, received after the terrible news had become a certainty, are alive with his pleasure at the prospect, and with the same serious thought veiled in humour that stamped an impression of genius on all he said or wrote. And then in a moment—silence. The great forces of nature, of which he loved to make trial, swept upon him in sleep, and among the hills he was making his own he rests, a memory of a short life used to the utmost for the pleasure and the good of others.

“So let us leave him: for his shroud the snow;
For funeral lamps he hath the planets seven;
For a great sign the icy stair shall go
Between the heights to heaven.”

G. D. Y.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE EASTERN BUTTRESS OF LLIWEDD.—Another new ascent, near to the Eastern Gully, was made by J. M. A. Thomson and O. Eckenstein on September 23rd. The combination proved as usual irresistible, where other parties had failed.

* * * *

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. Douglas Southgate, who was killed by a fall in the Devil's Kitchen on July 17th. It cannot be definitely ascertained whether he fell through a slip, or in consequence of something giving way, but it should be most clearly and emphatically pointed out that much of the rock consists of lava only loosely attached to the more solid wall, and consequently climbers may run risks in attempting this ascent, against which no ordinary safeguards can prevail.

* * * *

LITTLE EAST BUTTRESS OF LLIWEDD.—The first ascent of the Little East Buttress of Lliwedd was made on April 21st. The party, A. Elias and J. M. A. Thomson, climbed the lower part by way of a long chimney, and the upper by the central rocks of the face.

* * * *

WE are very much indebted to Mr. E. A. Baker, who has recently presented a copy of his latest book, "Moors, Crags and Caves of the High Peak and Neighbourhood," to the Club Library. We hope his example will be followed by other members who have, in recent years, published many interesting works of a climbing nature.

THE Honorary Secretary will be glad if members will keep him informed of their change of address.

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THE Editor will be glad to receive articles, etc., from members.

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A CONSIDERABLE number of articles, letters, etc., are held over for want of space.



EASTER, 1905, AT WASTDALE.

CLIMBERS went to Wastdale this Easter with high hopes. At Xmas time they had studied the new edition of the almanac, and discovered that Easter was far on into April. From this fact they had argued learnedly that there would be more chance of decent weather than in those years when the moon and the church decree that Easter shall fall early.

Their hopes were justified. The weather was so fine that some men were heard to complain that they had not had the joy of being wet through. The more experienced climbers, however, made allowances, knowing that one cannot get everything crowded into a few days at Easter.

It is with some diffidence that the writer submits this article to the Editor for insertion in the *Journal*, as it was his first Easter at Wastdale Head. But perhaps, on that account, his young enthusiasm will make up somewhat for his lack of knowledge of former Easters there.

Arriving on Thursday night, or rather Friday morning, at 1.30 a.m., he was rejoiced to find a fire in the kitchen, and to learn that it was really no trouble at all to get ready a couple of eggs and some hot cocoa. There was less trouble in despatching them.

On Friday morning a thin wind blew outside, and Scawfell looked as though it had a good deal of snow on it. There were not many in the hotel yet. One table was sufficient to accommodate us at breakfast, and the writer began to wonder where the Easter crowds were that he had heard so much about. He found out on his return that day to dinner, for the dining-room was almost full.

A hurried and furtive survey of the men at breakfast disturbed another fond illusion. They all looked rather respectable; they needed maturing, a beard does not grow in 24 hours. As they arose from the breakfast table their nether garments became visible, and gave signs of use and age that the owners' newly washed faces had hardly given promise of. The writer's friends arrived from Seascale just after this, and the keen morning air had made their appetites somewhat aggressive. They marched as one man straight into the dining-room, and clamoured to be fed. That done, they promptly changed into mountaineer's garb, and we were off by 11 a.m. for Scawfell. The man most fashionable in town had a Harris tweed of venerable age and cut. The knees and seat were almost wanting, and one felt at last that this was Wastdale and this was Easter.

"The air bites shrewdly . . . I'll go fetch an axe," seemed to be the opinion of most that morning, and indeed they proved very necessary on Scawfell and Great End. Deep Ghyll seemed very popular; 23 men were counted at one time within 50 yards of the first pitch. The snow was soft in places, but generally was firm enough to offer good sport. In the Professor's Chimney there was a good deal of soft snow that proved rather troublesome. Descending from the Pinnacle however, Slingsby's Chimney was found to be quite clear and dry, but from the foot of the chimney, and down Steep Ghyll, the snow was plentiful and made the going slow.

The Pillar Rock that day was monopolised by 28 or 29 men of the Rucksack Club, who had descended on Buttermere as the locusts did aforetime on the land of Egypt.

On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday the wind was cold, and there were several sharp snow showers, but the rocks generally were dry and in good condition, and climbing was possible every day. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday the Napes and the Pillar were in excellent condition, and the weather could hardly have been better.

The Napes Ridges and Needle proved to be very popular, and it is almost a question for future Easters whether a turn-

stile should not be placed at the start of each. The crack on the Needle, which has demanded a toll even from the expert, the late Mr. Owen Glynne Jones, tried this time to keep a boot. The owner of the boot, however, resolutely stuck to it, and some friends with an ice-axe from below managed after a struggle to make the crack disgorge. It is considered that the crack was demanding a little too much when it wanted a whole boot with a foot inside.

The North Climb and the New West were the most popular climbs on the Pillar.

Owing to the fine weather, the billiard-room was but little patronised. After climbing all day the majority made for the little smoke-room, and the man who curtailed his dinner and got a seat there considered his abstinence rewarded. Anyone who found space on the wall to lean against thought himself not unlucky.

The billiard-room sports were indulged in by a few of the more energetic spirits, and the writer being new to them, had of course to participate to complete his education as far as possible. He learnt that the game of threes is played by two men, the game of fives by four men. In fives you use mostly one hand, the right hand, and mostly one joint, the joint of the little finger. That joint reminds you of the game for a week afterwards. The billiard leg traverse was done by some, and the floor round the leg was swept by others not so proficient in its accomplishment.

The traverse round the wall, with the hands on the billiard table, was attempted, but all failed to negotiate the far corner—shoes were taken off for this difficult bit, but with no success. The only damage recorded is a broken flower pot and a sore toe. This traverse has been cleared of pictures and other loose material.

Altogether the writer enjoyed himself hugely during this first experience of Wastdale at Easter, and hopes to have the pleasure of spending many there in the future. In conclusion, it is thought that a vote of thanks is due to the clerk of the weather for the very decent way in which he managed for us

—he turned off the east winds at the right time, and refrained from turning on the rains till the Wednesday evening, after which he kept them on for a week, and has generally done his best to clear away the snow and render the rocks clean. The writer has much pleasure in proposing this vote of thanks, and feels sure that many will second him.

Amongst other members of the Club who Eastered at Wastdale, are Messrs. Doncaster, Gare, Heath, Ransome, Davey, Southgate, Lowen, Zimmerman.

J. S.



NORTHERN DINNER.

IN the month of March last the Committee received a memorial, signed by between twenty and thirty members of the Club who reside in the North of England, asking for permission to hold a Dinner of the Club in one of the Northern towns, and also suggesting the advantages which might accrue to the Club if opportunities were given to the Northern members to arrange indoor or outdoor "meets" with the approval of the Committee. The memorial pointed out the limited privileges enjoyed by members in the North, many of whom found it impossible to attend the Annual Dinner, and this lack of occasion for social intercourse did not conduce to cohesion or strength in the Club membership.

The Committee saw the force of the arguments advanced, and appreciated the objects of the memorialists. They therefore decided that, at any rate, a Northern Dinner might be held, and the Hon. Secretary was asked to confer with a number of the memorialists who were acting as a kind of temporary Committee. As a result of this conference, and further negotiations, a memorandum was submitted to the Committee of the Club for approval, and the following is a copy:—

NORTHERN SUB-COMMITTEE.—Under the provisions of Rule VI. of the Climbers' Club, the Committee will appoint a Northern Sub-Committee. Such Sub-Committee shall consist of seven members of the Club, to be nominated annually by the Members attending a meeting called for the purpose, of which 14 days' notice shall have been given. Three Members to—

form a quorum. The President, Vice-Presidents, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer shall be *ex officio* members of such Sub-Committee. Its functions shall be to arrange for an annual Northern Dinner and such other indoor or outdoor meetings as may be approved of by the Committee of the Club. Its proceedings shall be submitted to the Committee for confirmation, and all notices sent out in respect of the matters to be dealt with by the Sub-Committee shall bear the signature of the Hon. Secretary of the Club.

The Sub-Committee shall have no further or other powers than those above indicated, except with the consent of the Committee. All expenses of proceedings and meetings approved by the Committee may be paid from the Club funds.

The Dinner was held on Saturday, the 6th May, at the Midland Hotel, Manchester. Half-an-hour before the Dinner, a meeting of the members present was held, at which a sub-Committee, consisting of Professor L. R. Wilberforce (Liverpool), Messrs. Roderick Williams, A.C. (Liverpool), E. A. Baker, M.A. (Liverpool), W. E. Corlett (Liverpool), L. J. Oppenheimer (Manchester), P. S. Minor, L.L.B. (Manchester), and J. W. Robson, A.C. (Manchester), was appointed to carry out any future arrangements for Club meets or dinners which might be approved by the Committee.

The President of the Club was present at this meeting, and subsequently received the members and guests attending the Dinner, who numbered exactly 50. Among the guests were the Vice-Chancellor of Manchester University (Principal Hopkinson, A.C.), Messrs. G. A. Solly, A.C., and Joseph Collier, A.C., Hermann Woolley, A.C., Charles Pilkington, A.C., Lawrence Pilkington, A.C., and Charles Hopkinson, A.C. Professor H. B. Dixon, A.C., Rev. D. Macdonald (Kyndwr Club), Mr. Lewis Moore (Yorkshire Ramblers' Club), and Mr. P. S. Minor (Rücksack Club). The officials of the Club present were:—The President, the Hon. Secretary, and Messrs. Baker, Nettleton and Wilberforce, members of Committee.

After the loyal toast had been drunk, the President pro-

posed the toast of "the Climbers' Club." He began by playfully reproaching Mr. Robson, who had charge of the arrangements for the Dinner, with putting him into a "tight place." He had been in many tight places on the mountains, but he would far rather face them all again than voluntarily have undertaken the task of presiding and speaking at the Dinner. He reminded members of the good qualities which mountain climbing brings out, and instanced a number of his own good friends present, whom he might never have had the privilege of knowing but for the pursuit of mountaineering. He spoke enthusiastically in favour of the holding of an Annual Dinner in the North, and expressed the hope that the present one was the first of a long series.

Mr. Minor (Manchester) and T. Fraser S. Campbell (Glasgow) responded. Mr. Minor mentioned two new gullies which had been climbed at Easter, one near the Haystacks, and the other on the south side of Fleetwith. Mr. Campbell confessed to having temporarily deserted the mountains, but said he had recently almost reached the standard height set by the S. M. C. by making the ascent of a mountain 2992 feet high.

The toast of "Kindred Clubs" was proposed by Mr. Roderick Williams. In a charming speech he spoke of the joys and attractions of mountaineering, and of the changes wrought by the seasons on the mountains. It was a glorious experience to be on a ridge when the rocks were warm and dry, and the days calm and still, but it was equally impressive to be on the same ridge in swirling mists and a hurricane of wind, when the rocks were glazed and nature put on her fiercest aspect.

Mr. Hermann Woolley, who replied on behalf of the Alpine Club, spoke of that Club as the mother or grandmother of all climbing Clubs in Britain. When we remembered the work its members had done in the Alps of Europe, and the peaks conquered for the first time by Britons, we had reason to be proud of its record. He was, however, rather pessimistic about the Alps to-day. Remember that there were 63,000

members of the D.O.A.V., and that everything in the Alps had been climbed, *cui bono*? It was not everyone who could go farther afield, but it seemed to him that the Caucasus, the Himalayas, and the Rocky Mountains must now be the fields for new discoveries by Britons.

Mr. Lewis Moore (Yorkshire Ramblers' Club) also replied for "Kindred Clubs." He spoke of the good feeling existing amongst climbing clubs, and said there was room for them all. Each was doing a good work. He expressed the hope that a Northern Dinner might soon be held in Leeds.

The toast of "the Visitors" was proposed by Mr. J. W. Robson, who congratulated the Club on the honour paid it by the presence of so many distinguished Visitors. Arts, Science, Law, Medicine, the Church, were all represented, and they had almost the embodiment of all these in Vice-Chancellor Hopkinson. But all these Visitors were climbers of great reputation, and were all the more welcome on that account.

Vice-Chancellor Hopkinson responded. He confessed to being able still to enjoy the sport of climbing, and spoke of a recent visit to Dow Crag and an ascent of the Central Gully in company with several friends present. At the point where it is necessary to climb feet uppermost, he found the position not so comfortable as he once might have done, but still he could overcome such a difficulty. He went on to describe what to all true climbers must be "the joy of living"; the early morning start for an Alpine climb; the orange tints and rosy blush of the coming dawn, followed by the mid-day glory of the view from the top of a conquered peak. The fast and true friendships formed amongst such experiences were treasures in the memory.

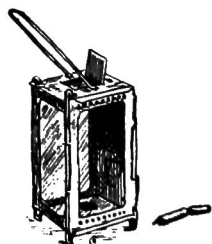
Dr. Collier, who also responded, did not share Mr. Woolley's feeling that the Alps were "played out." He believed there were still plenty of new ways up the old mountains. There was still plenty to do. He spoke of his pleasant climbing experiences in the company of the President, and expressed his pleasure at being present at the Dinner. He hoped it would become an annual institution, and that he might always be invited.

Mr. Charles Pilkington proposed "The Secretary of the Climbers' Club and the Northern Sub-Committee." In the course of his speech he expressed a desire to become a member of the Climbers' Club, an announcement which was received with cheers.

Mr. Bryant, the Hon. Secretary of the Club, and Prof. Wilberforce, responded.

The last toast, that of "the President," was proposed by Mr. G. A. Solly, who spoke under the domination of the clock finger. He was obliged to leave by the 10:40 p.m. train for Liverpool, but managed to express, well within his limit of time, an eloquent commendation of the toast.

The President—cheery, alert, enthusiastic to the last—responded. The burden of his response was a wish that the Dinner might be the first of many similar occasions, on which the members of the Club in the North might meet one another, and he believed that the Club would be much strengthened by these opportunities of exercising what, after all, is a great function of every Club, comradeship amongst members.



COMMITTEE NOTES.

THE following gentlemen have been elected to the Club :—

Douglas Southgate, Esq., Moselkern, 24 Cardigan Road,
Richmond, Surrey.

Arthur E. Elias, Esq., Dean Close School, Cheltenham.

E. L. W. Haskett-Smith, Esq., 34 Russell Road, Holland
Park, W.

Ernest E. Clark, Esq., 7 Hanover Court, Hanover
Square, W.

Charles Pilkington, Esq., The Headlands, Prestwich,
Manchester.

John Russell Scott, Esq., The Firs, Fallowfield, Manchester.

William A. Bradley, Esq., 30 Northampton Road, Welling-
borough, Northants.

James Henry Taylor, Esq., M.A., M.B., Holly House, 299
Eccles New Road, Salford.

John Bolton, Esq., Fair Oak, 21 Clarendon Crescent, Eccles,
Manchester.

A. Gibson Cheney, Esq., 24 Devonshire Terrace, Lancaster
Gate, W.

Martin Gimson, Esq., White House, Clarendon Park,
Leicester.

Arthur Gimson, Esq., White House, Clarendon Park,
Leicester.

EVENING MEETINGS OF THE CLUB.

HITHERTO the "Professors" who have so kindly entertained us at the Evening Meetings have all been in favour of open air treatment. On Friday, April 14th, however, Mr. E. A. Baker conducted the few who were fortunate enough to hear him "through caverns measureless to" most men down to a great many sunless places.

A considerable number of the slides had quite an adventurous time on their own account, and sent one member of the Club cave-exploring in the Twopenny Tube, from the Inns of Court Hotel to Paddington and back, and then to Waterloo and back. As a matter of fact, these slides, which had been kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. Balch, had got into the wrong train and landed out at the wrong station. However, they did eventually come up to time.

It grieves the writer much to say that many of the slides were frauds. To look at them you would think that an English cave was a nice, warm, dry, comfortable place. It is nothing of the sort! It is a beastly, chilly, damp, uncomfortable hole. You go in a presentable man; you emerge, what Mr. Mantalini would term, a demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body.

There is something inherently deceitful about the cave-photograph. A very beautiful picture was thrown on the screen. It was a great hall filled with columns, some apparently massive, some exquisitely delicate. Mr. Baker explained that at this part of the exploration it was necessary to crawl, and that the greatest care had to be taken lest you

should break the columns with your head: But for the crawling, the writer would like to go there, because, hitherto, it has always been his head that has been the sufferer, and he wants to even up things, like the elephant who broke a man's head with a cocoanut in compensation for the man breaking cocoanuts with his head.

The greater part of the lecture was devoted to an instructive account of Mr. Baker's recent explorations in Somerset. The photographs were so attractive, and the lecture so inspiring, that the writer felt, like Agrippa, almost persuaded. There is, moreover, consolation in the thought that such of us as may be led astray by Mr. Baker's eloquence will find, on their prompt return to fresh air and sanity, the Editor's own special Cornish playground not so very much further on.

The Mendips seem to rival, if not surpass, the Pennines in the possibilities they offer to the cave-explorer. Photographs were shown and explained of Lamb Lair, near Harptree, Goatchurch at Burrington, Swildon's Hole (Priddy), Wookey Hole (Wookey, near Wells), the Great Eastwater Cavern (there or thereabouts), and many other caves, as well as of several swallets, and cave defiles in Somerset. It is probable that these names convey no significance of locality to most of us, but a glance at the map will show that they lie within reasonable distance of the line running from Wells, through Cheddar, to Yatton, and anyone who understands Bradshaw, if such a being exist, can find out the times and seasons for getting from one station to another.

Some of the caverns must be magnificent, though, after a little experience of cave-photographs, one awaits the assurance of the expert before accepting the evidence of the camera. One of the chambers in Lamb Lair is 110 feet high, and of quite equal diameter. It is a pity, as an Irishman would say, that this grand cave is not above ground, where we could see it without having to burrow.

From Somerset, Mr. Baker took us north to Yorkshire and Derbyshire. Here we are on more familiar ground. Everybody who goes to Derbyshire is forced by pressure of public

opinion, and the Guide Book, into some cavern, and, as many of us have been at some period of our lives in that neighbourhood, it follows that many of us have suffered. A certain member of the Club, before the days of his Election, was tempted to Stump Cross Caverns, one of those exhibited, near Pately Brigg, and on his return was told that that most interesting (and several other adjectives) series of caves had been discovered by an old shepherd. He spent the rest of his holiday trying to find out that old shepherd's name and address.

All caverns, however, it would seem, are not so "interesting" as experience has proved that detestable hole to be. In some it is possible to proceed in the attitude natural to dignified man, instead of squirming along as if the primæval curse of the serpent had fallen on one. Some of the work done is, however, of rather a desperate nature. It has been written that "the explorer of pot-holes has to face all the perils of severe rock-climbing, and, moreover, to face them for the most part in the dark," with the trifling additional factor that the rock is limestone, which most of us, in spite of the advice of the Badminton, are content to avoid. Also, the explorer has occasionally to be slung down a rope, directly in the line of fire of anything the rope may dislodge, a chunk of that most rotten rock for instance, or some of the pot-holing apparatus.

Not the least interesting features of the lecture were the cave-defiles. It was new to the writer, and probably to many of the audience, that many of the passes we see cutting through the limestone hills, such as the Winnats, near Castleton, were at one time caves, and delighted the hearts of prehistoric spelcologists (it seems our ancestors were all "cave-men.")

A formal vote of thanks, followed by several informal ones, brought a very pleasant evening to a close, and we took our departure to our various homes, entertained and instructed.

C. E. BENSON.

ON May 12th, Mr. C. E. Mathews gave a most interesting lecture on his travels in Greece.

He had devoted himself, on the occasion, to the explanation of ancient ruins, sites, and treasure houses, rather than to mountains, but the audience lost nothing by the exchange owing to the lecturer's eloquence.

Among a number of interesting views shown were the Treasure House of Atreus, Tiryns, Thermopylae, Mantinea, and the Areopagus.

Our ex-President has again added to the debt already owed him by the Club, by contributing so fascinating a lecture for their entertainment.



REVIEW.

THE French Alpine Club has celebrated the thirtieth year of its existence by the production of a new periodical. Simultaneously the *Bulletin* and the *Annuaire* have ceased to exist. The former was fragmentary, and the latter somewhat indigestible, but the new review which replaces both under the title of *La Montagne* merits a cordial welcome from all readers of Alpine literature. The first number, issued in January, refers in its *programme* to the unlimited scope afforded by mountains for recreation and study; they interest alike men of letters, and men of science, students of history, of sociology and of art; upon them pioneers of the new science "*toponomastique*" find their most fertile field, and have already dug up a harvest of roots of extinct languages. The French A. C. has induced the Government to endow a Chair of Patois, surely an encouragement to our Club to use its Parliamentary influence to further a similar object, for much of the mountain nomenclature in Wales remains a mystery to the Welsh philologist.

M. Vallot shows how error arises in reckoning height by falling bodies, and explains a method of calculation that yields more accurate results than the usual formula.

A pretty romance with an Alpine environment is sketched by André Theuriet, with characteristic delicacy of touch, and is embellished by sympathetic descriptions of nature.

Mountaineering, not in this case quite pure or simple, is represented by an account of a climb on the Charmoz. M. Beaujard, after failure on the Trélaporte side, succeeds in reaching a handsome aiguille by traversing the summit of the mountain, but only to find its culminating point unassailable. The cunning Joseph has seen the picture of a helpful implement,

and in due course the party return to the assault armed with a crossbow. The device succeeds, but the peak, seemingly shocked at the treachery, appears to rock to and fro, and its pitching and tossing produce a sensation of sea sickness, overcome only by sheer force of will. Three cannon shots proclaim the victory. Leaving the vanquished Aiguille de la République at 6 p.m., the caravan bivouacs a second night upon the mountain, with provisions consisting of five knubs of sugar, one of which is reserved for the morrow's breakfast.

The descent is begun early and (naturally enough) causes great astonishment to a party bound for the traverse, who perceive figures rising from the rocks around the "Bâton Wicks" at 4 o'clock in the morning. The story is wittily told, and is illustrated by photographs.

We English climbers can scarcely afford to criticise very harshly such harmless amusements, but surely we should agree to regard it as unsportmanlike and immoral not to mention in accounts of first ascents any modification of the simple *straight-forward* method.

Among the items of general information we find notice of a new through service of trains from Paris to Berne, and of the Chamonix-Martigny Railway, the first section of which will be opened to Argentières in 1906.

J. M. A. T.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,

On page 32 in number 13 (Vol. IV.) of the *Climbers' Club Journal*, is given a list of the mountain summits in Wales that exceed 3000 feet. I presume it is intended to be complete ; but as a matter of fact it lacks two—

Elidyr Fawr	-	3029 feet.
Foel Fras	- -	3091 feet.

I should be glad if, for the sake of accuracy and completeness, you could insert a corrective note.

Crib Goch and Crib-y-Ddysgyl do not rank as separate summits (*vide ante*, bottom of p. 30).

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

RUDOLF CYRIAX.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,

THE HIGH TOR GULLY ; AND LIMESTONE SCRAMBLING
IN GENERAL.

When a man writes anonymously, we assume he wishes to remain unknown, and I have always understood it is the correct thing to respect such a wish. That was my only

reason for not revealing the authorship of the Kyndwr Club notes. My disclaimer would have been more effective had I named the writer, but I was anxious not to make it a personal question in any way.

The first ascent of the High Tor Gully was not organised by the Kyndwr Club, and the premature paragraph about it was put in the notes without the knowledge or consent of anyone who did the climb. In pointing out that the suggestion contained in the notes as to "abominations" was quite unfounded, I thought there would be no harm in mentioning casually my status in the Club. Of course in the Kyndwr Club, and I believe in other similar societies, official communications are signed by the secretary, and I confess it did not seem to me necessary to remind anyone of this truism.

At the request of the leader, *i.e.*, Mr. Puttrell, and the third man—Mr. Bennett—I wrote an account of the first ascent. If I had mentioned therein that Mr. Baker had several times tried to climb the Gully and had always failed, such a reference, although perfectly true, would not have been sportsmanlike. On the other hand, would it not have been more chivalrous on Mr. Baker's part, since he had nothing good to say of the climb, to have left us to tell our own tale, instead of attributing to us some disagreeable experiences which he had himself undergone? Was it not somewhat unfortunate, also, that Mr. Baker had made no reference whatever to old tins, bottles, pots, pans, &c., in his three separate printed accounts of the High Tor Gully, and only thought it necessary to mention them as soon as someone else had done the climb? However, as you have dealt editorially with the alleged "abominations," I will not say anything further on that question, but I ought to point out it is quite untrue that I have been with Mr. Baker at the High Tor Gully, and his accusation that I garbled my account is a mere quibble, unworthy of serious notice.

In the interests of the sport of climbing, I crave permission also to make a brief rejoinder to Mr. Baker's indictment of limestone. I would fain confess that I was brought up myself

to believe it very naughty to scramble on the limestone, and probably I expressed myself in print to that effect. I duly performed the gritstone rites. Little by little, however, circumstances made me familiar with the much maligned rock, and lo! it afforded excellent sport. Therefore I broadened my creed until it included both gritstone and limestone—finding, indeed, that safety perhaps lies more in the skill and caution of the climber than in the nature of the rock. You, Sir, in your summary pointed out that Mr. Baker has changed his mind on this question. I have indulged myself likewise, but in an opposite direction. It seems this troubles Mr. Baker, who also finds a grievance in what he terms my “prolific pen.” According to him, if I put in everything when I write, I am “sensational,” but if, on the other hand, I venture to omit something, I am accused of tempting novices to destruction. Or is it the other way about? It is quite true that when writing of limestone scrambling I have not actually warned off other climbers; that would surely have been a proceeding both churlish and presumptuous; but I have always pointed out the dangers fully, and insisted on the necessity for due precautions.

As, however, Mr. Baker has raised the question of possible casualties, it may not be out of place to remind him that more than once in his own “broadcast lucubrations” he has directed the attention of “future scramblers” to difficult climbs which he admits he did not care to tackle himself. If someone is to get killed, as Mr. Baker pathetically suggests, and the members of the Climbers' Club, at his instigation, are to undertake the invidious and delicate task of placing the responsibility beforehand, could they acquit the pioneer who boldly searched out the most difficult problems, and then generously left them, with his blessing, for “future scramblers” to solve at the risk of their lives?

I am, Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

WILLIAM SMITHARD.

DUFFIELD, NEAR DERBY,
April, 1905.

[The Editor regrets that this letter was, through an inadvertence, not published in the last number. In justice to Mr. Smithard, he considers its publication necessary as a reply to Mr. Baker. He does not, however, consider the correspondence of sufficient importance to the Club to publish further letters.]



