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A. W. ANDREWS

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CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

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Edited by ARTHUR WESTLAKE ANDREWS.

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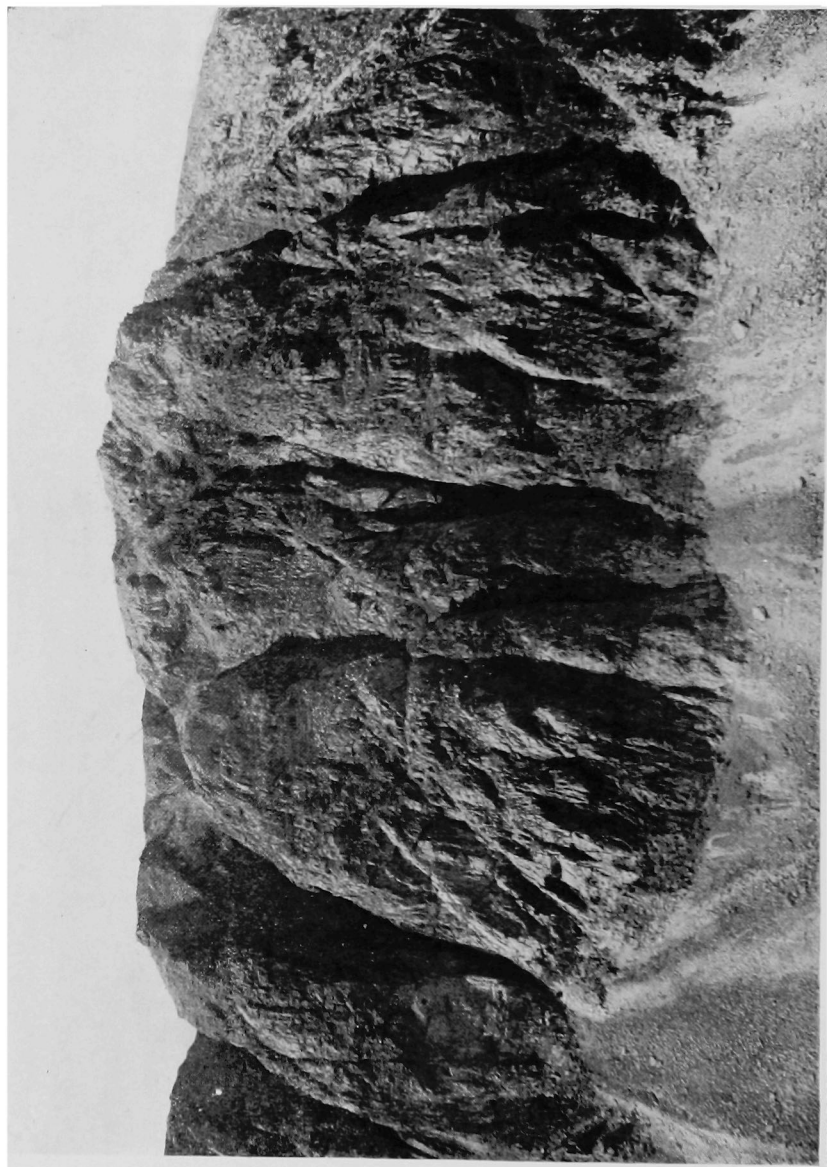
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DOW CRAGS.

Photo. by G. HASTINGS.

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[No. 29.

DOW CRAGS, CONISTON.

By G. F. WOODHOUSE, M.A.

A GOOD deal of confusion, I believe, still exists regarding these crags, and I have been asked to attempt to clear up these difficulties, and to give some account of the climbing there, more especially of the buttresses. My brother and I were staying at Torver in August, 1904, and made many visits to these crags. I have also received much valuable information from many members of the Club, especially from Dr. E. Hopkinson for historical matters, to whom my best thanks are due.

To properly understand the topography, reference should be made to the *C. C. J.* of December, 1901, where an excellent photograph of the crags will be found. I have prepared an outline diagram from this, exactly twice the size, on which I have marked out the buttress routes. It will be seen that there are six well defined gullies, which are lettered from A to F. I propose to call the buttresses to the right, *i.e.*, north of each gully, by the same letter as the gully, and have so labelled them in the diagram.

The first gully, A, is an easy scree gully, with only one pitch worthy of the name. It contains, however, a rather rotten but fine looking pinnacle, that was first climbed by Mr. Slingsby in 1887. We climbed it from the west

side, where it starts with a long smooth slab, and the rest is simple. We descended down the east side, where the rock was better. The top of it is split up into large blocks, and it looks as though it would soon fall in pieces. We then scrambled up the crags to the south, making for a thin black chimney of some 40 feet, which is easily seen from Goat's Water.

Higher up an arena is entered, from which scree leads out on the right to the skyline, but straight ahead an overhanging pitch of excellent rock lands one into sunshine on the top of the ridge.

The next gully, B, is generally called the Great Gully, and is seen from a great distance as a black vertical chasm. It was first climbed by Messrs. Hastings, Haskett-Smith, E. Hopkinson, W. C. Slingsby, J. & A. Mason, on July 14th, 1888. A good account of it will be found in Mr. Jones' book. I might add that on one occasion, when we made a visit to it for photographic purposes, we effected the direct route over the first pitch by threading the rope and climbing up it, a method first shown to be feasible by the brothers Hopkinson on April 19th, 1889; but as it is very severe work rounding the chockstone, it cannot be recommended, and the alternative route by the scoop on the left is preferable.

C gully is the central chimney, first climbed by Messrs. Jones and Ellis in 1897, and is fully described in "Rock Climbing in the Lake District." It is easily recognised, as it starts with a long thin crack, which slopes slightly to the right. It ends on a horizontal grass terrace at the point C in the photo and diagram. This terrace, by the way, extends horizontally for some distance, and can easily be followed from close to the foot of B gully up a nondescript grass-grown groove. Further north it passes the head of the severe portion of the Intermediate Gully, and gives out at the top of what I have called the South Chimney of the Easter Gully. It gives an easy method of descent from the top of the crags, by descending the upper part of the Intermediate Gully, down two tolerably easy pitches, and joining the terrace at point C.



The Great Gully. The high step.

Photo. by G. HASTINGS.

This, and perhaps Slingsby's pinnacle, form the only climbs on Doe Crag which are at all suitable for novices. I once took my sister up this route.

D gully is called the Intermediate Gully. It looks like a long narrow chimney, which rapidly steepens till it appears to overhang. It was first climbed by Messrs. E., A., J. H. Hopkinson and Campbell on April 14th, 1895, who made two slight detours on to the right face in the lower part. Mr Jones also describes it in his 2nd edition, and also made the two detours. The foot of it is a good place for lunch, as a small stream flows out of it. Perhaps a short account of it will be interesting to those who have not climbed it.

After a little scrambling it starts with a narrow curved chimney, which is climbed chiefly by friction. This and the next short pitch, which is easily backed up, can be avoided by a slight detour. We then arrive at a vertical chimney some 15 feet high. Good holds present themselves till a straight haul can be effected over the chockstone. The next pitch is short, and crowned by a flat stone, which serves as a good take off for the following pitch. Here again it is possible to traverse out, returning above the pitch.

At this point, a branch chimney goes up on the buttress on the left, but I believe it has not yet been climbed.

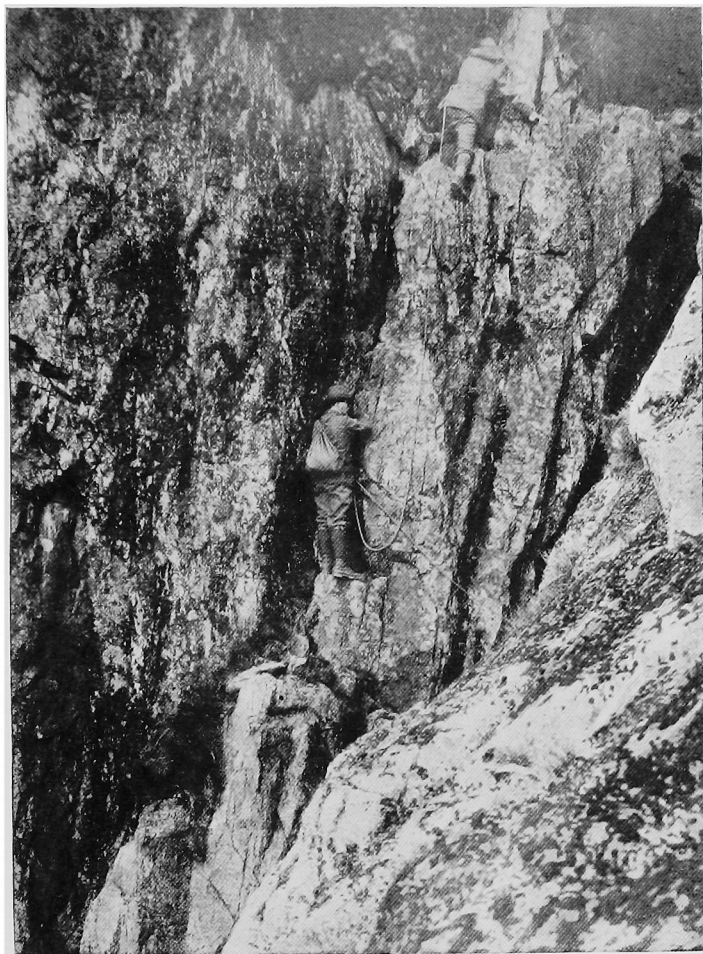
The gully at this flat stone has now shrunk to a very thin vertical chimney, which is very difficult to enter; about half way up is a fine hold on the right wall, of which much use can be made. Higher up, sundry small jammed stones offer help, but the pitch is difficult.

The next pitch is more of a square corner than anything else; good holds abound on the left wall. Then follows a struggle with a triangular jammed stone in a short vertical chimney; the chief difficulty being to wedge the shoulders above it. Perhaps the best way is to get the left arm well over it and use the right knee as a lever on a sloping ledge. This causes one to appear to the rest of the party as attempting to stand on one's head, but, nevertheless, I certainly find this the easiest method.

Above this is a cave, which is the last difficulty of the severe portion. It is best climbed on the left, as the landing on the right is very bad. The gully now opens out into a scree-bedded ravine, leaving for negotiation two easy pitches, which I have already mentioned. The climb is severe, and a gymnastic education helpful, but it is one of the finest climbs in the district.

E gully. The Easter Gully. The climbing here is of the first order, but climbers have found it difficult to locate the various climbs. It is easily recognised by a cave pitch near the foot, formed by an enormous boulder; above this a huge recess can be seen with a long thin crack up the corner. It was first explored by Messrs. Haskett-Smith and J. W. Robinson in 1886. They climbed up to the boulder, and then worked up the buttress on the right, leaving the boulder on their left. Higher up they traversed into the gully above the second pitch. The usual route over the boulder is up the left wall, working outwards, till a traverse can be made to the top of the pitch. I also climbed the crack between the boulder and right wall, and found it more severe. Having surmounted this, we arrive on a slightly sloping square floor of screes, on three sides of which—south, west and north—the walls rise vertically, forming two right-angled corners. Up each corner runs a thin crack. That to the right was first climbed on April 14th, 1895, by Messrs. C. Hopkinson and O. Koecher. It is perhaps 120 feet long, practically vertical, and is extremely difficult. For this climb we were joined by Mr. A. H. Binns, who led throughout. The first 40 feet can be worked up with back and knee. The next part up to a jammed stone is very difficult.

One party informs me that they avoided this pitch by climbing the wall on the left. Then follows an easier bit, where there are two good belaying pins. The last 40 feet need extreme care in climbing, as the holds are very small. A party of three should have at least 120 feet of rope, so that the second man may stay at the upper belaying pin while the leader finishes. I think that there is no doubt that



The Great Gully. The high step completed.

Photo. by G. HASTINGS.

this is also the gully of "terrific aspect" down which Mr. Haskett-Smith was lowered after climbing the Great Gully in 1888. It has been thought that it was down the North Gully, but the lowering party have no doubt but that it was this place.

Above this the gully opens out, and divides into two. The right branch contains a fine cave pitch, and the left two pitches. Scrambling then leads to the top of the crags, where many short problems offer good sport. I might mention an overhanging chimney, bounded on the right by a slab, which is very difficult to enter.

To return, however, to the second pitch. The left hand corner crack was first climbed by the Messrs. Broadrick and Edwardes in September, 1902, and Mr. H. C. Broadrick tells me that it is more severe than the right hand crack.

Mr. Jones' route started in the left hand crack, which he followed for about 40 feet. He then ascended vertically for about 15 feet, and effected a stomach traverse to the right for a few feet, and then straight up, joining the right hand crack above the jammed stone. He crossed the crack and worked up on the buttress. In addition to these two cracks in the corners are two chimneys, one in the south and the other in the north wall. That in the south wall consists of two pitches, and is not difficult. It was first climbed by Mr. H. C. Broadrick in 1899. It is well worth ascending, for, by traversing a few yards outwards from the top, a fine view of the awe-inspiring second pitch is obtained, and the various routes can easily be made out. It joins the easy terrace.

The chimney in the north wall looks ferocious, and is very deeply cut. About two-thirds of the way up a jammed stone overhangs the base of the chimney, and there is another chockstone some 15 feet above it. It is not as difficult as it looks, for the ledges on the right wall are good, and it is a simple matter to back upwards and outwards to the jammed stone. Both pitches can be made safe by threading the rope above the chockstones. Considerable care is, however, necessary, owing to the abundance of loose stones. The

buttress can then be followed till an easy traverse can be made into the gully, above the right hand crack.

This latter forms a good route for a party who wish to explore the Easter Gully, and who do not want severe climbing.

It would be a good thing to give the cracks and chimneys definite names. I would suggest—naming from left to right—the South Chimney, Broadrick's Crack, C. Hopkinson's Crack and the Black Chimney. This latter name would be better, I think, than North Chimney, and would avoid all chance of confusion with the North Gully.

Between the Easter Gully and F, the North Gully, several slightly marked gullies start, but lack definition higher up. One or two parties have been up some of them under the impression that they were tackling the North Gully, and report that they encountered no difficulty, a most misleading and dangerous statement.

The North Gully is well marked in the photograph referred to, and has a wide opening. I much regret that my photograph of it is not presentable owing to bad plates.

I think that the reason why people fail to find it (though surely it is big enough!) is that on reaching Goat's Water they turn to the left and make straight for the crags. Now, the north retaining buttress of the gully is set back considerably, and so is not seen till the great buttress that I have called E is rounded. They know that the North Gully comes next to the Easter Gully, which is easily identified by its cave pitch, and so take the first opening that presents itself.

I should recommend parties going to the Crags for the first time to walk along the east side of the tarn and make out the climbs from a distance first. Or suppose they climb the Great Gully, to descend *via* Goat's Hause, and note each gully as they pass its foot.

Let us imagine then that careful searching has at last found this elusive gully. After scrambling over scree for a short distance, the gully closes in, and some steep and easy rock brings one to a very fine pitch, formed by three large

boulders. The direct route is very difficult, and is effected by delicate balancing along a narrow sloping ledge in the left wall, which finishes just as a good hold for the left hand can be reached. This is the key of the pitch, which, without it, would be unclimbable. It was first climbed by the Messrs. Barton in August, 1901, and again by the Messrs. Abraham in February, 1903, and is perhaps as difficult a problem as any on Doe Crag. The Messrs. Broadrick turned it by climbing an open corner to its left, up steep grass ledges till on a level with the lower edge of the overhung cave. Then a difficult traverse to the right took them to sound rock, but Mr. Broadrick by no means recommends this route.

I started this route, but after some 40 feet of nearly vertical climbing, seeing no hope of a resting place for some distance, abandoned it. We then traversed further to the left, on to the buttress, where we found a very fine pitch, and returned to the gully down a crack that led to the top of the pitch. The rest of the gully being scree, we resumed operations on the buttress, and had some very enjoyable scrambling.

THE BUTTRESSES.

These are very steep for the first 200 feet or so, and offer very pleasant climbing, though they are not as difficult as the gullies.

Buttress A lies between A and B gullies. It was first ascended by the Messrs. Abraham and Philipson in March, 1903. Our route was practically the same as theirs. At the base is a large slab, bounded on the top by a narrow grass ledge that slopes upwards to the left at about 15 degrees. A cairn will be found at its north end, some 20 feet above the screes. This ledge ends in a pitch of eight feet or so, that looks worse than it is. By climbing straight up for about 30 feet from this point, utilizing a thin crack, a large grass and heather ledge is reached. After a short corner, a traverse leads to a fine cave pitch, which is climbed by its right wall.

This pitch is part of a steep and shallow gully, that branches from A gully, and could, I think, be reached by climbing the gully directly, but would not be easy.*

After mounting the rocks on the right of the gully we soon reached a long horizontal grass ledge, which we followed to the right till we entered a deeply cut chimney, prominent from below. The rest of the buttress is very easy, and a fine view downwards into the Great Gully is obtained.

B buttress. This buttress is much larger, and rises to the right of the Great Gully. It is divided diagonally into two parts by the terrace previously referred to. The portion between the Great Gully and terrace was climbed by the brothers Broadrick, who did not find it particularly difficult, though very steep and exposed. They kept close to the Great Gully throughout.

The lower part, below and to the right of the terrace, is very steep, and gives good climbing. The first point of attack is some distance from the Great Gully, and is a funnel-shaped pitch. I do not think that it has been climbed, but it might go. Further on, and at about the lowest part of the buttress, a thin crack starts up to the right, and leads in about 30 feet to a grass recess. This is the route taken by the Messrs. Abraham and Philipson in March, 1903, who first climbed this portion of B buttress. They then climbed an awkward scoop, till stopped by overhanging rocks. Traversing slightly to the left, then straight up and along another traverse, they arrived in a dark hollow, which can be seen from below. Here they built a cairn. A fine face climb from this point landed them beyond all difficulty. I have marked this route XX in the diagram. A very few yards further north, a vertical climb up good rock brings one to a fine corner, from which I think a sensational traverse could be made to the left to join the above route.†

Our route, which I have marked WW, was quite different.

* This was climbed by G. F. W. and H. C. W., September 1st, 1905, and was fairly easy.

† Climbed by G. F. W. and A. J. W., August 17, 1905.

We scrambled up to the start of the Central Chimney crack. On the left is a large detached tower of rock. Passing behind this, we entered a fine vertical chimney, which is very prominent from the scree at the foot of C. The ledges on the left wall were fairly good, but the climbing is somewhat sensational. It gave out on a horizontal grass ledge about one foot wide, which is very exposed. Traversing southwards along this we soon arrived at the hollow and cairn. This ledge and hollow can be seen in the photograph of the crags referred to, $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch from the base of the crags. Two chimneys spring from this hollow, to the left of the face climbed by the previous party. We chose the left hand one, and then worked upwards, bearing to the right till we reached the terrace. It is a fine climb, more difficult than A buttress, and the first 150 feet are very steep.

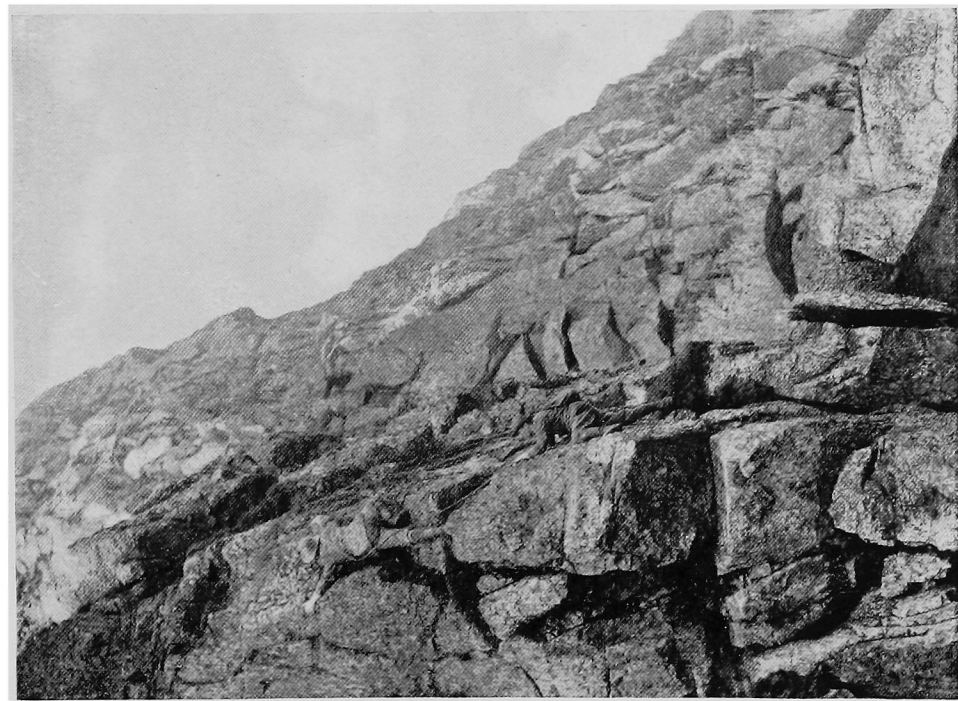
C buttress lies between the Central Chimney and the Intermediate Gully. It is steep and slabby, and ours seems to have been the first ascent, though the upper part is frequently taken as a finish to the Central Chimney. We started at the lowest point, where we built a microscopic cairn, and climbed straight up. Holds were excellent and abundant, and we reached a grass terrace, rather a poor imitation of the one on B buttress, in about 100 feet. It can also easily be reached from the foot of the Intermediate Gully.* 20 feet of easy rock gave access to a cave formed by overhanging rocks, which we quitted by the right, and went straight up steep slabs till a belaying pin was reached. Direct progress did not seem advisable, so a slight descent was made and round a corner to the left and up to a grass ledge. From this point a very fine view into the Central Chimney is obtained, and its chief points of difficulty can be made out. Here I received a shoulder and worked up steep slabs, the last few feet requiring friction methods. This slab terminates in a large sloping tract of long grass. A slightly upward traverse to the right gave us a peep down the branch chimney

* This is climbed by G. F. W. and A. J. W., August 17, 1905, and was difficult.

of the Intermediate Gully and its feasibility was discussed. It would probably go, but would, I think, be no easy matter. A move was then made to the left over broken rocks, and again straight up, utilizing a crack and working over grass ledges to a corner formed by a large flake of rock jammed vertically in a crack. Climbing over this on to a detached slab, and up a few feet we arrived below the final pitch of the Central Chimney. The rest was plain sailing. It is a very interesting and steep climb, not particularly difficult, but requiring care. The rock is sound and good. The length of the climb will be perhaps 250 to 300 feet.

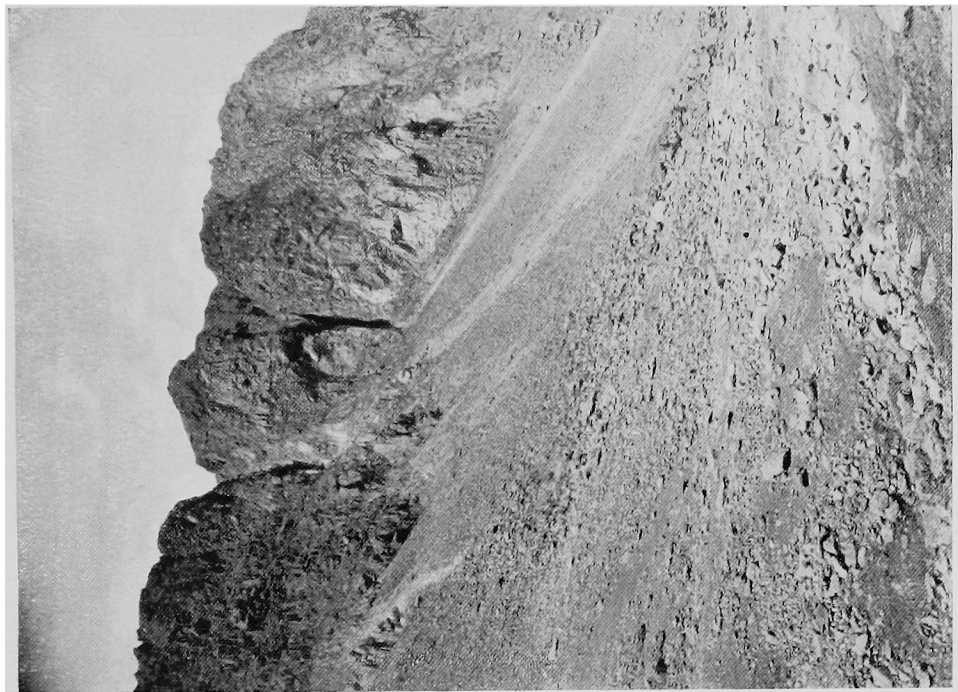
D buttress. This is the next one to the north, and lies between the Easter and Intermediate gullies. The first part is easy, the most noticeable features being first a crack and further on a scoop. Then the cliff rises vertically for over 100 feet. I traversed some way to the left along a very narrow ledge, round a corner and up to a sort of pinnacle. My brother came straight up the slabs and joined me. We were now at the level of the flat stone in the Intermediate Gully, and could make out Mr. Jones' traverse out and back along a "narrow ledge tilted upwards at 30° ." There was a sense of coming peril in the next move. Looking upwards, the cliff appeared as a smooth vertical arête, ending in a pinnacle, but the face on the right, close to the arête, was supplied with good sound footholds of excellent rock, which gave a very exposed and vertical stretch of climbing, but, after some 20 or 30 feet, a comforting and excellent belaying pin was reached. From this point the route was straight up for perhaps 10 feet, which were quite difficult; then to the right to another belay, from whence 40 feet of very steep rock led to a large grass platform beyond all difficulties. It is perhaps more difficult than C, and the face is very fine and exposed. It has been ascended before, for it was scratched all the way up, but I have not been able to ascertain by whom.

E buttress. Many easy routes can be found up this huge buttress, which is between the Easter and North Gullies. We



On D Buttress.

Photo. by G. HASTINGS.



Easy Gully and Great Gully.

Photo. by G. HASTINGS.

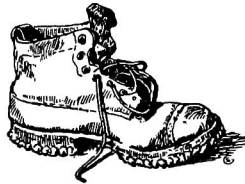
kept close to the Easter Gully all the way, starting near a vertical crack which looks severe, but we kept to the right, and encountered no difficulty. Another route, keeping close to the North Gully, offers, in my opinion, better climbing.

Last Easter (1905), with Mr. R. A. Milligan, I climbed a small gully a few yards to the left of the North Gully, which rather reminded us of the South-East Gully of Great End. It presents no difficulties, and soon loses itself in the face.

At Whitsuntide, Mr. Haskett-Smith and I made an attempt to identify the gully down which he was lowered in 1888, but a few days later, he tells me, with the help of Mr. Hastings, he decided that it was the Easter Gully, between the Hopkinson and Broadrick cracks.

I hope these remarks will clear up the topography, and also the historical difficulties, the solution of which has entailed a great deal of correspondence, and that the accounts of the buttress climbs will stir up interest in these fine crags, which offer such splendid climbing.

Most of the gullies are of exceptional severity. The buttresses, though very steep, are easier, but are very enjoyable. Dow Crag, however, is no place for novices.



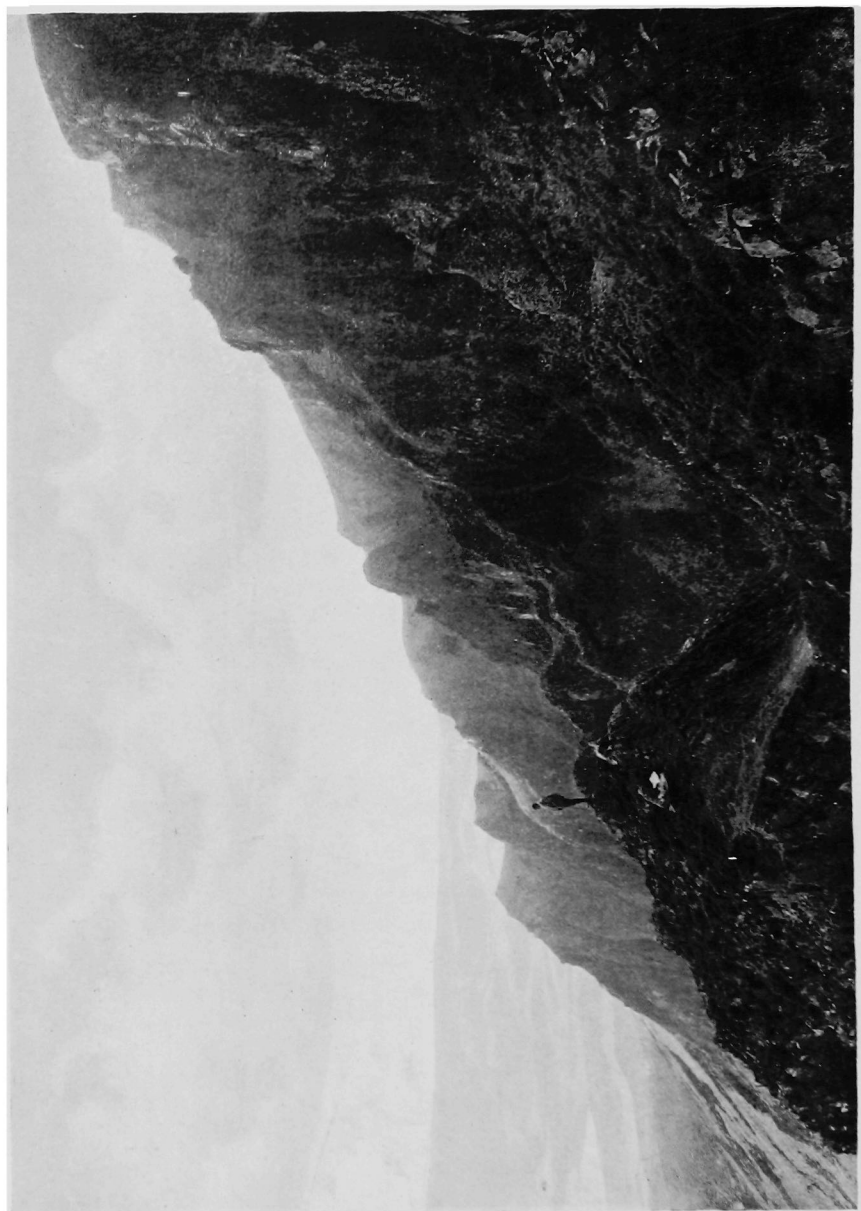
'TWIXT SNOWDON AND THE SEA.

THE North and East sides of Snowdon are visited by probably a hundred climbers for every one who approaches it from the West. Those who form the one per cent. are, of course, farther from the fashionable climbs, and have to put up with less luxurious accommodation, but they get something in exchange to make up for these privations. The climbs, if smaller, are less crowded, and the inns or lodgings can be reached with much less trouble than any climbing-place except Llanberis.

The route is simple. You continue on the London and North-Western Railway through Carnarvon to Dinas Junction, where there is a change in more than one sense. You alight, and, in so doing, possibly notice a string of medieval trucks, which seem to have been left in a siding many years ago and allowed to drop to pieces. It has a very thriftless appearance. Surely, you reflect, these might have been disposed of to the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, but now, of course, it would be quite impossible to move them.

However, you are altogether wrong. They can be moved, and, if they drop to pieces on the way, you will yourself suffer for their weakness, for what you see before you is no other than the regular train of the North Wales Narrow Gauge Railway.

Some of the windows are broken, and some artfully mended with bits of rough board, but the views of the beautiful scenery are not thereby greatly obstructed, as there are usually to be found convenient chinks through which the adventurous traveller may peep, not only at the country



CRAIG Y BERA (looking Westward).

Photo. by G. HASTINGS.

around him but also at the more or less permanent way under his feet. It is rumoured that this wonderful line will be electrified before long, and, if so, it is to be feared that new rolling-stock may be brought in, and another link with the Middle Ages rudely snapt. Our readers should therefore hurry to Dinas Junction with all speed.

When a good-sized lake appears to the right, the traveller must decide whether he will alight at Quellyn Lake Station, with a view to staying at the Snowdon Ranger Inn, or go on to the terminus, where board and lodging are simpler, but the position higher and rather more central. Whichever course he chooses, let him study as he passes the foot of the lake the wonderful little rock-buttress, called

CASTELL CIDWM.

It is short but very steep, formed of excellent rock, and, being cut off from the main mass of Mynydd Mawr by curiously vertical gaps, it is nearly always an extremely dry and pleasant climb. The stream that issues from the lake should be crossed by an old mill several hundred yards lower down. At the foot of our crag are the remains of an aqueduct, which once served a large deserted mine just on the edge of the lake. Before we reach the aqueduct a large easy gully comes down the crag, and one of the pleasantest climbs here is to make up the North bank of this gully, working away to the right hand until a narrower and much steeper gully is joined. Here there are two capital bits, the first a long steep and open piece which makes one wish to have either four hands or four feet, as most of the excellent handholds are towards the same side of the gully, and most of the equally fine footholds are just out of reach on the opposite side. At the top of this pitch the gully narrows, and soon forms the steep cleft which is conspicuous from across the lake.

The same mountain has fine rocks on its South side over-looking the vale of Nantlle. The road from Carnarvon

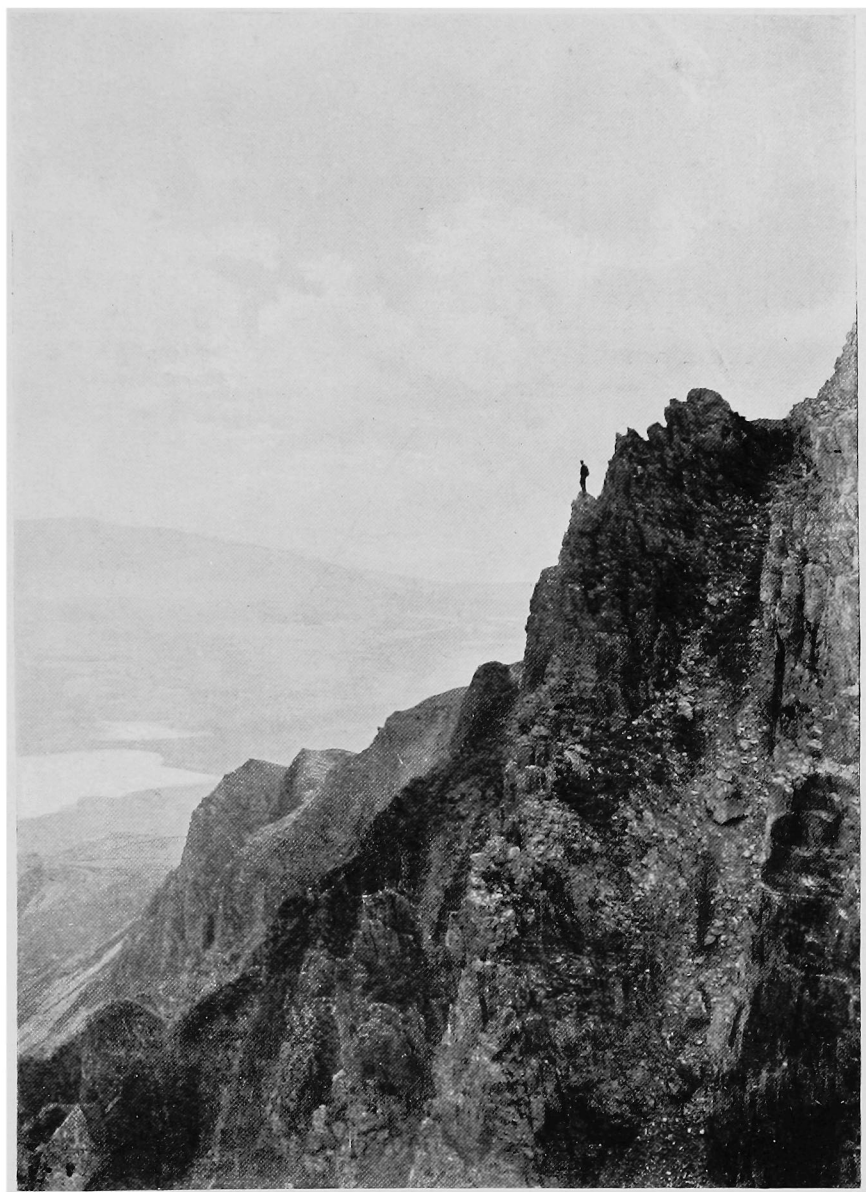
after passing the head of the lake and reaching the village of Pontrhyd-ddu branches to the right, and makes up to the low pass of Drws-y-nant, where you look right down the vale of Nantlle, with the rocks, in question, away to your right, and those of Y Garn high up on your left.

This South side of Mynydd Mawr, which is called

CRAIG Y BERA,

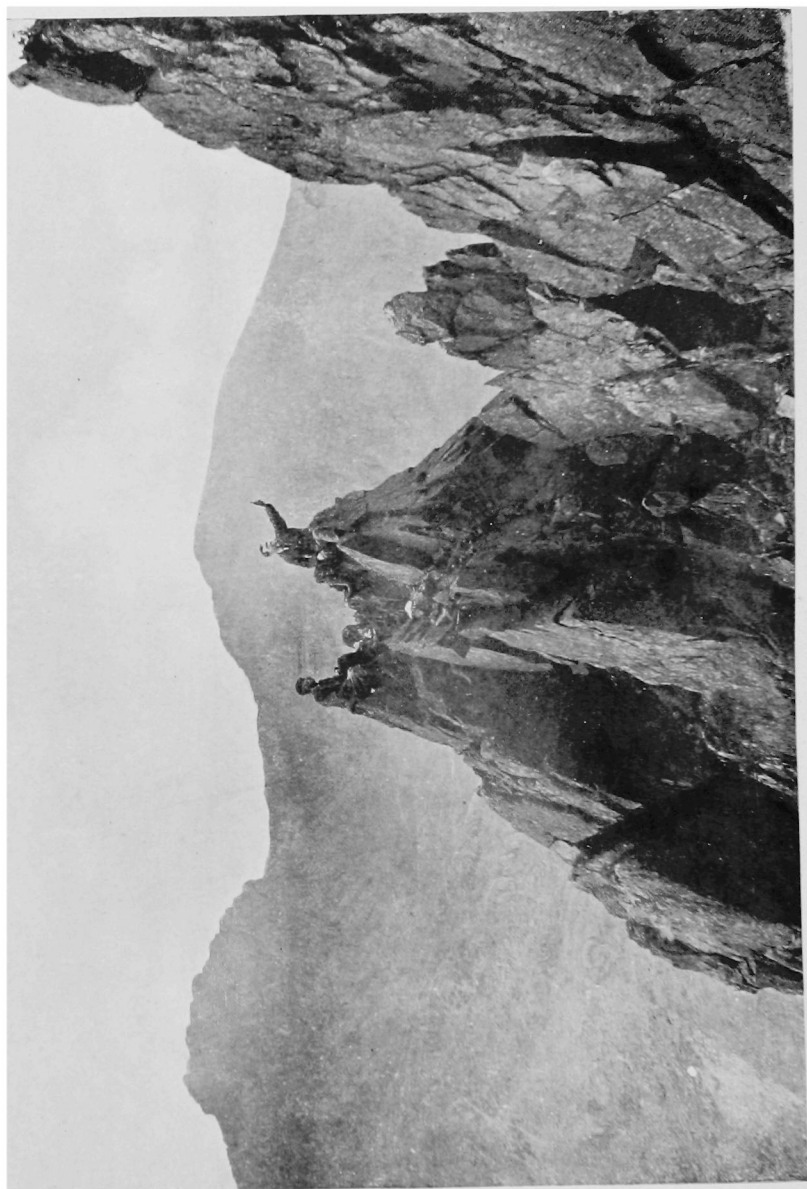
somewhat recalls that of Great Gable or that of Blencathara, for it is just a vast slope of scree divided vertically by narrow ridges. The first-named Cumberland hill has better rock, and the second has more massive ridges, but the Welsh hill furnishes many scenes which, if less imposing, are perhaps more romantic than either of the other two. The rock here varies greatly and suddenly in hardness and soundness, becoming on the whole, perhaps, more rotten as it gets Westward, and for this reason runs to very sharp pinnacly developments, which give fine sport. There is climbing of some sort to be found on nearly every ridge, but perhaps the most amusing is among the first you come to. It is easily found, being marked by a stone wall which runs up the scree to the foot of it. You mount the ridge, keeping to the right of it when necessary, and before long reach a very pretty point, where a short crack to the left leads upwards and outwards on to the sky-line. Here in a fine open situation the climber reaches a ledge on which lies a square loose block.

Standing tip-toe on this block he can just reach a good solid ledge, which makes an easy solution of what looks at first an awkward problem. This short scramble leads to the top of a pinnacle, beyond which a deep cut is reached, of which the far side is very difficult. This done, or circumvented on the right, the ridge soon ends for practical purposes, as a huge mass of rock forming the brow of the mountain closes the heads of several of the combes, and absorbs the ridges. That, up which we have just come, may also be taken on the principle of starting more to the left, and keeping to the left when in difficulties, but the route described above is neater.



CRAIG Y BERA.

Photo. by G. HASTINGS.



A RIDGE OF CRAIG Y BERA.

Photo. by G. HASTINGS.

There is pleasant climbing on the next ridge to the West (left hand), but it is rather heathery in parts; a sheep-track passes round the head of the ravine between the two, and a fine chimney starting from this track slopes up from left to right.

Y GARN.

This is reached by slanting up the grass and scree on the side of the pass opposite to Craig y Bera. The best rocks, however, do not face it, but look slightly seaward down the valley. When the crag comes into full view, it is seen to consist of a huge buttress divided on each side, from other rocks, by a deep and steep ravine. These ravines, however, are not of great interest to the climber, but the left hand wall of the left hand gully, forms a long ridge of splendid rock which ought to be better known. Passing through some fallen blocks at the very foot you are forced to the left, and find a square angle, and mounting on a sort of wardrobe on the right you work up in the angle. Personally, I found it a place where, when the second man joined me on the top of the wardrobe, my peace of mind was substantially increased.

Keeping to the ridge for a while, you reach a point where a wall of rock stretches off to the left. This may be taken in several ways, a vertical crack only slightly to the left is not at all easy, and still further left a similar crack fitted with *chevaux de frise* has not, I think, been done. Well away to the left, a long steep smooth slab, which, when we used it, was greasy with rain, is probably easy when dry. Above this point the rocks tend to become smaller, but those who keep throughout as near as may be to the edge of the gully on the right hand, will find a climb of considerable length and variety of interest. Considerations of space prevent me from giving more than one typical scramble on each hill, so I must pass on to Snowdon and

CWM CLOGWYN.

For this, Snowdon Ranger has some advantage over Rhydddu, the route being quite as easy and usually drier.

In fact, from Rhydddu, time would probably be saved by going straight along the Snowdon path till the top of the climb on Llechog is seen on the left hand. These are very grand rocks, but they suffer from a want of proper gullies and ridges, being really only a series of huge slabs with ribs and grooves here and there. This makes the description of a climb very difficult, but there is a full day's work there, and the whole hillside as far along as Llyn Nadroedd contains many good problems in rock work.

W. P. H. S.





THE NORTH FACE OF Y GARN.

Photo. by G. HASTINGS.

HIAWATHA'S CLIMBING.

Up the Lake that runs through Wastdale
 In his light canoe of Birch Bark
 To the Kingdom of the Cragmen
 Came the valiant Hiawatha,
 Full of beans, and full of bunkum.
 On the table of the wigwam,
 The historic House of Ritson,
 Was the breakfast of the Climbers,
 Ham and eggs, and eggs and bacon,
 Flanked by mighty piles of liver,
 And enormous plates of porridge
 Meant to fill the chinks and crannies,
 Crannies left in the interior,
 The interior, Little Mary,
 'Twixt the liver and the bacon.
 To the Climbers at their breakfast
 Spake the valiant Hiawatha :—
 “ May I climb with you, my brothers ? ”
 And the Climbers answered, smiling,
 “ Certainly you may, old fellow.”
 On the hills stood Hiawatha ;
 Gone his mocassins enchanted ;
 On his feet were boots of leather,
 Shod with steel and edged with clinkers :
 Gone his mittens, Minjekahwun,
 For to grind the rocks to powder
 Is no earthly use to climbers.
 Left behind the mighty war club,
 As an ice-axe is more useful.

Round his legs were bands of wampum,
Mountain wampum, Khakiputtee.

At the bottom of a gully
Stood a party of the Cragmen,
Stood a gathering of the Climbers,
Round their waists a rope was fastened,
And, with care and circumspection
Looking at the mighty chockstone,
Stood the leader of the party.
Loud and long laughed Hiawatha :—
“ Who are these that climb like children ?
Why this rope about your middles,
This unnecessary caution ?
I will teach you how to scramble.”
Up the rocks went Hiawatha
Till the holds grew few and fewer,
And the handholds less and lesser,
And the footholds non-existent.
On the scree inside the gully
Came the trembling Hiawatha,
On that portion of his body
Where the leggings join the tunic.
Very wrath was Hiawatha
At the chuckling of the Climbers,
At the laughter of the Cragmen :
Angrily he turned upon them,
Turned and called them Bloomin' ijuts,
(An expression of contumely
In the tongue of the Ojibways),
Used a word that ends with ‘ nation,’
Talked about their future prospects
In the Kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the hereafter.
But the climbers answered smiling :—
“ Go and teach your parent's parent,
Teach your grandmother, Nokomis.”

Thus the boastful Hiawatha
Called the tune and paid the piper.
To the Wigwam back he wandered,
Most disconsolately wandered ;
All that afternoon and evening
Were the bruises on his body
Rubbed with Elliman and massaged.
Very wise rose Hiawatha,
A much sorer man and wiser,
All his bumptiousness gone from him,
And a reverence for the mountains
Planted in his breast for ever.
Would you know where Hiawatha
Journeys at the present moment ?
He is striding ever southward,
To the Kingdom of Bethesda,
To the land of Pen-y-gwryd,
Looking for the Secretary
With a view to his election.

CLAUDE E. BENSON.



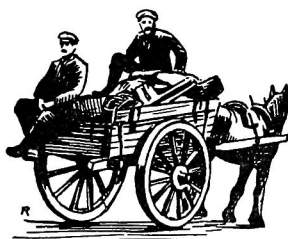
CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY CLIMBER.

(With apologies to W. W.)

Who is the happy climber? Who is he
 That every mountaineer should wish to be?
 —It is the mountain lover, who is caught
 By joys of conquest, in whom hills have wrought
 Longing to overcome, until desire
 To reach untrodden summits is as fire
 Within, which urges on, nor love lets tire :
 To whom the struggle is its own reward,
 Greatest of joys the mountains can afford,
 Yet who can prize attainment, and the dower
 Of unsought pleasures in that hard-won hour—
 Visions of vastness, mystery and power :
 Who, though most joyful on a first ascent
 Of some great snow-wreathed mountain, wildly rent,
 With well-known English hills can be content :
 Who, doomed to climb in company with rain,
 Mist, frost or storm, unenviable train !
 Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;
 By weather which might force his soul to abate
 Its ardour, rendered even more elate
 Battling with obstacles which test his skill
 In conquest—triumphing by thought and will :
 Has courage to retreat if e'er arise
 Occasions which demand such sacrifice ;

And through the heat of impulse keeps the law
In calmness made—whom panic cannot awe,
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor rashness tempt from wisdom's path to stray ;
With opportunity at his command
To strive with ridge and peak in many a land ;
Strength for the task, and beyond all beside—
Chief happiness—companions true and tried ;
This is the happy climber ; this is he
That every mountaineer should wish to be.

LEHMANN J. OPPENHEIMER.



CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,

THE HIGH TOR GULLY.

Understanding that the correspondence begun by Mr. Smithard two years ago was closed by your judicial summing up, I had no wish to add anything to the one letter I contributed to the discussion, the seriousness of which does not seem to have struck Mr. Smithard. But since this gentleman has re-opened the question, I must ask, as a matter of justice, to be allowed to contradict certain complete mis-statements which he makes in the pages of the *Journal*, although it must be admitted they are of no interest to the Club, and have no bearing on the points at issue, but are supposed to explain my labyrinthine motives for stating a simple fact.

1st. Mr. Smithard declares that I have written three separate accounts of the High Tor Gully, without mentioning the "abominations." *I have never written a separate account of the High Tor Gully.* I have merely referred to it casually, once in the *Journal* (vol. i, p. 62), and once in a brief paragraph (reprinted from a daily paper) in "Moors, Craggs and Caves of the High Peak," where it is mentioned among other possible climbs on mountain limestone, which, speaking generally, I condemn. The accounts of the climb alluded to by Mr. Smithard are certainly not by me.

2nd. He reproaches me with recommending dangerous climbs, a thing I always deprecate. I have often called attention to difficult problems, but Mr. Smithard overlooks the vast difference there is between a 20 feet boulder and a fissure, hundreds of feet deep, in disintegrating limestone.

3rd. As to my repeated failures to do the climb, alleged by Mr. Smithard, here his imagination is at work. As mentioned in my

letter (*C.C.J.*, vol. vii., p. 49), I have visited the gully twice, once to inspect the base and once the upper portion. One of these visits was with a party of non-climbers. Mr. Smithard is well aware of these facts.

I may add that the publications containing Mr. Smithard's self-contradictory statements respecting the merits of limestone both appeared at the same date, 1903.

As to the "abominations," a heavy printer's bill might have been saved by the simple expedient of sending a sanitary inspector:

I am,

Yours faithfully,

ERNEST A. BAKER.

Edale, Liscard, Cheshire.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,

Members of the Climbers' Club, resident temporarily or permanently in the large towns of South Wales and the West, may be interested to know of an adjacent ground which, from a hasty and distant observation, seems worthy of their inspection.

This is on Dinas, a fir-clad and shapely hill with a rocky summit, rising out of the Upper Towy Valley, near Capel Ystrad-ffin.

On the side which forms one wall of the deeply cut river gorge is a fine precipice of large slabby rock facing N., and with an altitude of 200-300 feet.

There are also smaller areas of denudation, and numerous outcrops in the vicinity.

Prospective visitors could drive from Llandovery, through beautiful scenery, to Rhandir Mwyn, where excellent accommodation can be had at Nant-y-Mwyn House, about 3 miles S. of Dinas.

Possibly the farmer at Ystrad-ffin would let rooms, but of this I have no knowledge.

Yours sincerely,

J. P. ENTWISLE.

To the Editor of the CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

SIR,

In common doubtless with the other members of the Club, I do my best, when opportunity offers, to add to our numbers. I point out what the Club has done to benefit climbers at large, and the special advantages which it confers upon its members; but I am sorry to say that when I am pressed to particularize on these points, my answers have not always been regarded as satisfactory. I have one friend whom I am particularly anxious to convert, and accordingly I have resolved to apply, through your agency, to any members, official or private, whose knowledge of facts or dialectical skill may be greater than my own, in the hope that they may be able to furnish me with such arguments as may overcome the obstinacy—for I can apply no milder term—of my friend.

That you may understand, and I trust sympathize with, my feelings, I will tell you how he has summed up the matter to me:—

"It appears to me," he said, "that the only benefit to be derived from joining your Club, apart from the *Journal*, which I buy already, is the privilege of attending the Annual Dinner, and certain lantern lectures, interspersed with comic recitations. To say nothing of the fact that I can attend all these as your guest, I cannot see how in themselves they constitute a *raison d'être* for a Climbers' Club. No doubt to people who enjoy listening to after-dinner oratory, or care for lectures, the Club is a *sine qua non*, but I confess that neither of these amusements appeals to me.

"I have had many pleasant climbs with men who were members of your Club, and with others who were not; but I cannot say I have found any difference between them which would lead me to suppose I should enjoy my climbing more were I to become a member.

"It is not even as if it were a privilege to belong to it. No one can put the letters 'A. C.' after his name without certain qualifications, both athletic and social, but has anyone ever been black-balled by your Committee? May not the most decrepit outsider who ever went up Snowdon by train feel secure of election if he can only get some one to propose him?

"Your Club neither organises nor instructs, neither builds huts nor makes paths. You say it has put a bridge over the Cwm Dyli stream. By all means let it have the credit of that solitary plank,

but if that is all it has to show for its eight years of existence, I do not think climbing would suffer as a sport if the Club were wound up to-morrow?"

But, sir, I have no doubt you, like myself, have had quite enough of this language. I should not have given myself the pain of repeating it had it not been that I cherish the hope that some one will be able to provide me with arguments to repudiate the scandalous insinuations of my friend.

Need I say that I should deeply regret it were this letter to be taken as casting any reflection on our Committee? Are they not all, all honourable men? Those whom I know personally I have found delightful, but I should consider myself even more than their debtor than I am at present if—as knowing more about the Club than a private member like myself—they could provide me with a few facts which would prove to my argumentative friend that the Climbers' Club was fully justifying its existence.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES BICKERSTETH WHEELER.

[If most of us were required to justify our existence, we might have some difficulty. Surely our correspondent has forgotten one of the first principles of English law, the possession of which gives us such a delightful feeling of superiority over our neighbours, that the burden of the proof of guilt lies with the accuser, whilst the accused is held to be innocent till evidence to the contrary is forthcoming.

Why should our Club meet with less just treatment than a private individual, and not continue to exist until condemned and sentenced?

As to the "*raison d'être*" of the Climbers' Club, questioned by our correspondent's friend, he seems to be fettered by a purely materialistic standard represented by 2s. 6d., the difference between four numbers of the *Journal* at 2s. and the subscription at 10s. 6d.

We have no quarrel whatever with this attitude; in fact, we should like to see the *Journal* sold on every railway bookstall in the British Isles; but we cannot help feeling that there does exist, especially among Alpine climbers, a certain spirit of indifference to

the higher development of English climbing ; for why else do so many stand aloof from responsibility ?

Any climber who cares for this development, and is qualified for the Club, for it is quite a mistake to suppose that the climbing qualification is a farce, should come forward to help, and give his personal service to promote that ideal.

Though our correspondent has in courtesy hidden his feelings behind the mask of a captious friend, we feel that he is in reality a little hurt by the shortcomings of the Club in "organisation and instruction." There we agree with him ; it is most desirable that we should give practical assistance to young climbers interested in rock-climbing, with which branch our English mountaineers have naturally most to do, especially in the absence of text-books on the subject, for no one would contend that the Badminton Library is an adequate guide to modern rock-climbing. It is, however, a very difficult thing to do. We inspired a friend, a capable rock-climber, to take a novice with him in Wales, and to observe and photograph him on a graduated series of climbs, with a view of tabulating the difficulties of climbers, and obtaining a series of unstudied object lessons. Unfortunately the "novice" climbed like a cat, and never stuck in any chimney, or encountered, apparently, any difficulty at all !

Still there is no doubt that much might be done with more obliging subjects, and at any rate it might be possible to organise combined meets at mountaineering centres, as has been done by the Scottish Mountaineering Club, and thus to enable tyros to learn in company with experienced climbers.

Even in theory we might do much if all who have any knowledge will help. We might, to take a solitary instance, publish practical articles on mountain geology, specially adapted to climbing, which would give instruction on the character of rocks, a subject of which many climbers are entirely ignorant. It would not, perhaps, be unfair to say that, like the sailors of mediæval days, who coasted along the shore, they learn the dangers of the cliffs by touching them.

But the Climbers' Club can hardly pronounce "ex cathedra" on these subjects any more than it can make paths and bridges ; it must content itself with justifying its existence by forming a bond of union between mountaineers who love our British hills, and care for the good name of our sport.—Note by the Editor.]

REVIEWS.

THE MOUNTAIN CLUB ANNUAL. No. 9, 1904-5. Cape Town.

TWO years ago we briefly reviewed No. 7 of this enterprising periodical, and, finding that the fact was mentioned with a certain natural exultation in the Annual Report which followed, we, last year, devoted no less than three pages of our valuable space to an appreciative notice of No. 8. Now No. 9 has reached us, and, to our amazement, we find that the Annual Report for 1904, while mentioning a review of the previous number in the pages of another English periodical, makes no reference to ours. We hope this does not mean that the best literature is losing its hold on the reading and climbing public of Cape Town, and prefer to think that the General Post Office is in fault, and that Mr. Henniker Heaton ought to ask a few questions about it in the House of Commons.

The constitution of the Club puzzled us last year. It has now been amended in certain respects. The Worcester section apparently continues to exist, but in a painfully atrophied condition, being unable to name a single member. There are still "other sections," but we are left in cruel doubt whether our old friend "Stellenbosch" is still in being, for its name is not even mentioned.

For the rest the Club appears to be going on very well. One of its members has had the luck to be knighted, and others to be benighted; it possesses an actual mountain hut; it carries on the search-party business with great spirit; and lastly it has brought up to the round half-hundred the list of

routes up Table Mountain, of which only forty-five were known last year.

Mr. G. Travers-Jackson's catalogue of these routes is the most informing paper in this number, and, if the photograph of "A first Class Route" is not a "fake," some of the climbs are pretty stiff.

Is it simply by chance that Mr. R. Hymer's poem on the sleeping-bag faces a full-page picture shewing a young lady who has foolishly slept out on a hard boulder *without* a sleeping-sack, and holding out hopes that she may be cured of the consequent consumption by "SACCO," probably a form of "open-air treatment?"

May we end with a suggestion to Mr. Ford? Here in the Old Country these explorations would arouse far more interest if it were possible to find out where the places are. Ordinary maps know nothing of them, and a sketch, however rough, of the ranges dealt with, would add immensely to the pleasure and instruction of the reader.

W. P. H.-S.

THE CENTRAL ALPS OF THE DAUPHINY. By W. A. B. COOLIDGE, H. DUHAMEL and E. PERRIN. 2nd edition. London, 1905. Price 7/6 net.

THE appearance of a new Climbers' Guide in which Mr. Coolidge has any share, or a new edition of an old one, is hailed by all mountaineers with rapture. They are certain to find in it not only lucid arrangement and marvellous condensation, but practically an exhaustive index to all that has been written on the subject in each of at least four different languages.

The present work is one of the very best of its class. It has slightly altered the form of the first edition, but retains, we regret to see, a title which appears to us uncouth. "Dauphiny" is English right enough, and "*Le Dauphiné*" is quite free from objection, but "*The Dauphiny*" is neither the

one thing nor the other. In the preface it is explained that "the definite article is prefixed in order to bring home the fact that we deal here only with the best known of the two provinces, formerly ruled by Dauphins." If this argument is valid, let us apply it in another direction. When Switzerland is mentioned, no one thinks about the Saxon Switzerland, no one has any doubt what publishers are meant by "Murray," the name of Mr. Coolidge leaves all Coolidges but one out of sight; therefore, apparently, we ought to speak of "The Guide-book to the Switzerland, by the Mr. Coolidge, published by the Murray!"

However, we cannot linger over the outside of the book when there is such a feast within. The revision has been very thorough, and the book is wonderfully well up-to-date. Indeed, in one case, it would seem to be actually ahead of it in stating that "a small wooden hut has been built on the summit of the Tête de la Maye." A few weeks ago nothing of the kind was visible there.

Probably it is an intelligent anticipation of events similar to that by which the accurate Baedeker has carefully inserted in his map a refuge hut on the Bec de l'homme. The directions given for passing from the Tête de la Maye to the Tête de l'Aure do not agree with Mr. Duhamel's map, according to which, the latter peak is not, as Mr. Coolidge implies, on the main ridge running up to the Tête de Rouget, but on a side ridge branching to the S., and separated from the Maye by a deep ravine. The guides at La Bérarde are in agreement with Mr. Duhamel.

In a book so marvellously condensed it would seem impossible to find a superfluous word, but careful search reveals two. In order to reach the Col du Plaret we are told to take "the La Perra path"; now La Perra is not mentioned elsewhere in the book, and does not figure at all in the accompanying maps, so that the explanation seems to be a case of *ignotum per ignotius*.

In one or two cases the compass bearings given are not very intelligible. To reach the Col de Chéret from the E., we

are told that "the Baverjat glacier is ascended to the N.," but, as a glance at the map shows, the glacier slopes from W. to E., and if you go N. you pass along the foot or side of the glacier on the level.

Again, in ascending the Grand Aiguille *from the N.*, we are directed to bear N. W. to the N. W. *arête*. Should not the former "N. W." be "S. W.?"

After all, perhaps the best test of such a work as this is to turn to the description of the Meije, at once the most difficult mountain, and the most frequent subject of discussion. Here the authors have sifted their materials with wonderful skill. One sentence, however, seems to have gone astray, and presents a notable puzzle to any reader who knows but little of the localities.

After the narration of how the summit is reached by the W. *arête*, it proceeds, "Unless the mountain is in a very bad state, you ought always to be rather to the W. of and quite sheltered from icicles falling from the Glacier Carré." This would naturally be taken to refer either to the last bit of the ascent, or by way of summary to the whole of it, but, in reality, it refers only to a short stretch of the early part of the ascent near Castelnau's Camp, and usually called the "*Grande Muraille*." At the point dealt with where the sentence actually stands, the Glacier Carré is hundreds of feet below, and icicles falling from it need not cause the least concern.

The celebrated Pas du Chat is now usually avoided not by turning it on the Brèche side (W.), but by following a long ledge on the E. side ending in a steep chimney, from the upper part of which an iron peg on the left shows the way up a steep, unpromising slab, by which the *arête* is regained.

Of the Cheval Rouge it is perhaps too strong to say that "on it you must sit astraddle, while the leader is overcoming the Chapeau du Capucin," for beside the little ridge, and parallel to it on the N., is a regular gutter, which provides very steady footing, much more comfortable than a seat on the angular ridge.

The descent from the summit of the Grand Pic on the E.

into the Brèche Zsigmondy, is not given quite as it is now usually done. From the top cairn you make down a steep but easy gully towards the frightful abyss on the S. of the Brèche; before it becomes difficult an exit is seen on a shoulder to the left into the shallow gully where the pegs are fixed. After reaching the Brèche, the exit on the E. side, regarded by many as in itself the most difficult and dangerous bit on the whole expedition, is now facilitated by a stout cable secured to a solid bar at the top of the ridge above.

It would have been well to point out that in continuing the traverse to the E., the snow-slopes on the N. are sometimes quite impracticable, and there is then no alternative to the absolute ridge until the top of the Pic Central has been passed. In the same way "the easy Tabuchet glacier" is sometimes quite impassable. This year, for instance, probably not a single party has dared to descend it. Under these circumstances, the descent is much longer and not easy for a stranger to find. It takes a line E. of the Tabuchet by the edge of the Bec glacier, and so down to Villard d'arène.

In fact, a climber in Dauphiny using this book late in the season, or at a time of scanty snow, would meet with several surprises. This season, for instance, easy ascents such as that of Les Rouies required some hours more than usual; below the Col de Chéret on the W. the snow was practically gone, and only a thin sheet of smooth ice remained, down which stones shot with frightful velocity; to reach the Promontoire Hut a wide *détour* was necessary on the Etancons glacier, and on many mountains acres of sharp stones formed a very painful substitute for the snow-slopes described in the guide-book.

The heights of the mountains and passes are conveniently given both in metres and in feet, but the figures are not in every case trustworthy. For instance, the Col de Navettes is given as 2900 m., or 9215 ft., which seems to involve an error of about 300 ft. in one figure or the other.

The index is carefully made, though the Col de l'Encoula de Petit Pierre is given as "Col de l'Encoula de Pierre Pierre."

We cannot quit the book without calling attention to the

stern impartiality with which Mr. Coolidge sits in judgment on himself. In 1877, when, with the two Almers, he made the first ascent of that grand rock-peak, the southern Aiguille d'Arve, he described the greatest difficulty there as "une petite fente d'où descendait une véritable cascade pétrifiée." The present work says, coldly, of the same place, "In this cleft there are several rocky stalactites, which have been *somewhat fancifully compared to a petrified waterfall.*"

In brief the work is judicial, lucid and concise, worthy in every way of the authors, and if a climber should visit Dauphiny without it, no words could adequately describe his folly.

W. P. H.-S.

MOUNTAINEERING BALLADS. By A. C. DOWNER (Member of the Alpine Club). London, Charles Murray and Co. 1/- net.

SOMEHOW or other Alpine men seldom blossom out into poetry. Undoubtedly the mountains often touch chords which lurk unsuspected in many an unlikely bosom, but the poetry they find, or inspire, generally remains in a vague, amorphous state, and fails to crystallize out into actual metrical form. We therefore welcome the bard, who has at last arisen, and find some of his lines distinctly happy :—

"O sunlit hours upon the heights,
Where pulse beat firm and eye was clear,
Where sleep came bountiful o' nights,
And all the world was dear!"

This is well ; but some of the most successful efforts are in a more majestic strain of rugged resonance, catching some echoes of the mighty Alps and some of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

"Known of these are the gusts that whistle
Adown the glistening ice-grey steep,

And where the stores of clustered crystal
 In subterranean cracks lie deep,
 And hissing avalanches wrestle
 And slowly roar in their massy sweep."

Sensitive ears may object that of the three words, "whistle-crystal-wrestle," not one is a decent rhyme to either of the other two, and indeed it is clear that triple rhymes put an undue strain on our poet's resources, for elsewhere we find "faces-bases-glazes," "speaking-breaking-taking," "chosen-frozen-blows on," "laden-maiden-stayed in," and, while in one case, the necessity of providing a rhyme for "hearest," forces him to invent a morning period "when dawn is *blearest*," in another, similar metrical difficulties evolve an equally unusual period at nightfall, called the "gloom."

Nevertheless, in spite of these technical blemishes and a dash of bathos here and there, a rare gift of expression is undoubtedly conspicuous among these poems, and lines abound which carry the right music with them.

"Gazing on the mighty picture, as the golden sun is setting,
 Here at last I reach fulfilment, more than all the wont of men,
 Far above the fear and fretting, unforeboding, unforgetting,
 While the radiance floods the pastures, and the shadows fill
 the glen."

Ice and snow appeal to him very strongly ; so strongly, indeed, that he can hardly spare a thought to lower and less dramatic elevations, such as satisfy our insular needs.

It is true that he lets fall a kind word for "the happy cliffs of Dover," but that is wholly on account of tender associations clustering round them. In this poem we find an illustration of the rule that true lyrics are ever apt to sound the personal note ; the lyric poet is self-revealing, and here his candour is amazing :—

"Comes your message, O Beloved, inarticulate but scented
 With the subtle breath of roses, sweet as sea-songs in
 the south,
 When we listen to the Siren making music unrepeated,
 And the lightest lips of fancy rest a moment on my mouth."

Thus he tells the fair sender of an "inarticulate but scented" letter that it pleases him almost as much as listening to a certain Siren by the southern sea while singing songs she ought to be ashamed of (but isn't one bit)—songs for which his passing "fancy" is apparently rewarded by being generously permitted to "rest her lips a moment on his mouth." How this dubious and compromising compliment was received at Dover will, we hope, be recorded in another instalment of equally mellifluous verse. If the poet was prudent, he no doubt effected his return to England *via* Dieppe.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Editor regrets that the illustrations in "Scouts and Outposts," No. 28, were in error attributed to J. H. Taylor, instead of to E. A. Baker.

* * * *

A VERY successful meeting of the Club was held at the Inns of Court Hotel, at which Mr. O. Eckenstein gave a most interesting lecture on his attempt to climb K2, which was frustrated by bad weather. He showed a magnificent series of views of Himalaya peaks and glaciers, and gave a valuable account of the experience of his party at high altitudes. There seems to be little doubt that, but for unprecedented snowstorms, they would have reached the summit of K2, or at least a higher elevation than had been previously attained. A record number of members and visitors were present.

* * * *

WE understand that Rowhead Farm, Wastdale Head, is to be opened next March for the accommodation of visitors—more especially for climbers and fell-walkers. It has been taken by two young Wastdale farmers, named Cowman, who have a knowledge of climbers' requirements and sympathy with their ways, and who intend to make the house such a place of rest and recreation as will commend itself to the brethren of the rope. It is a roomy house, and will be fitted with baths, etc.; nor will facilities be wanting for the pursuit of the famous Wastdale games, which make a wet day almost as pleasant as a fine one.

* * * *

THE Editor will be glad to receive contributions from members for the *Journal*.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

THE following gentleman has been elected a member of the Club :—

Francis John Lewis, Ph.D., The University, Liverpool.

* * * *

AFTER due consideration, the date of February 9th, 1906 (Friday), was fixed for the Ninth Annual General Meeting and Dinner. The Committee are bound by Rule XVI. to hold the meeting as soon as possible after the first week in February, and the convenience of country members is the main point in deciding between Friday and Saturday. The former day has been chosen, because the balance of country opinion seems to be in favour of Friday.

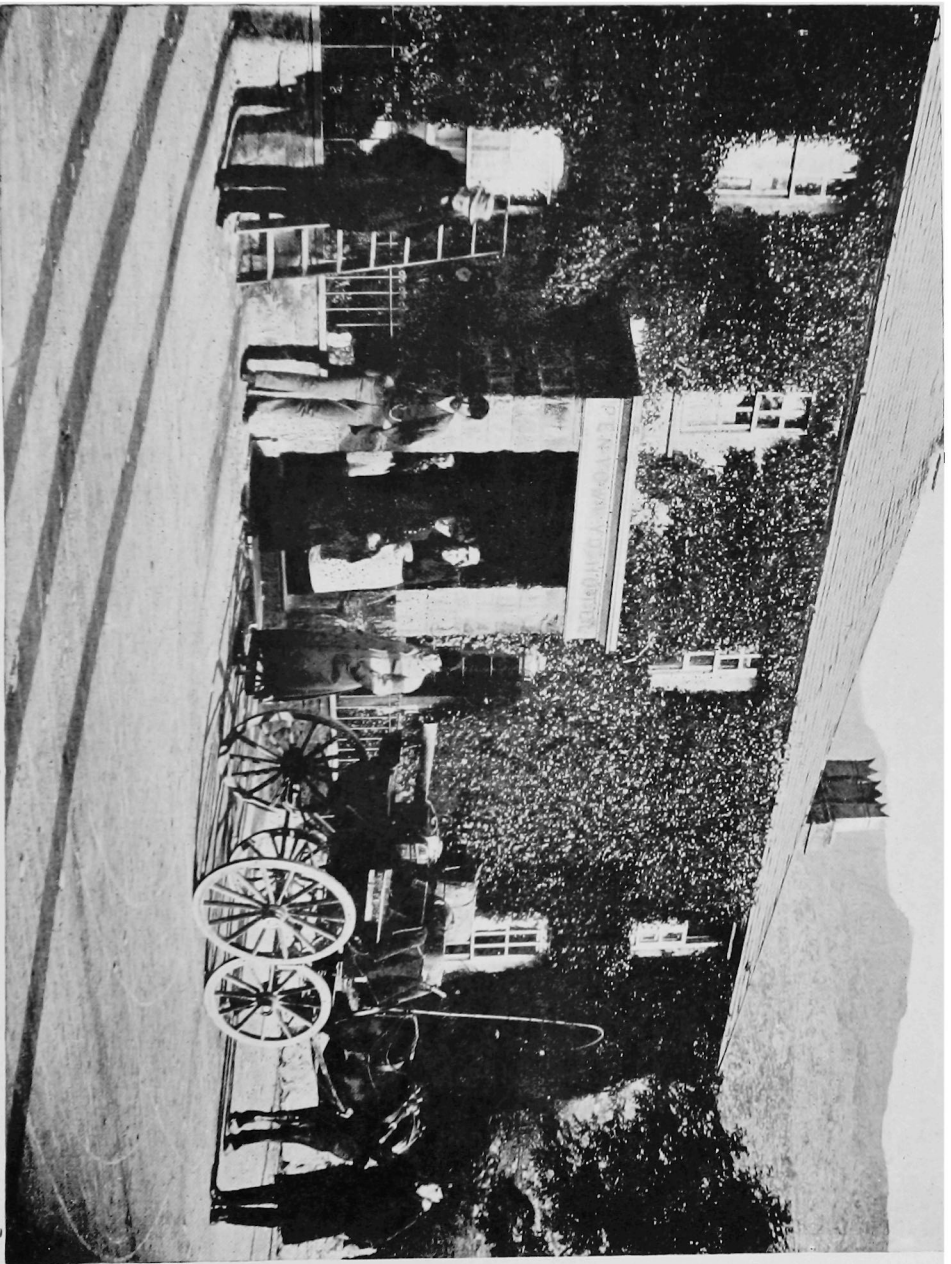
The retiring members of the Committee are Mr. J. M. Archer Thomson and Mr. E. A. Baker.

* * * *

A SUB-COMMITTEE has been appointed to arrange for lectures, at intervals, during the winter. At the first lecture Mr. Eckenstein was invited to give some account of an expedition to the Hindu Kush, illustrated by photographic lantern slides.

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THE Northern Section of the Club has arranged a New Year's meet at Gorphwysfa — Llanberis Pass — from 27th December to January 2nd, details of which have been notified to all members of the Club. Early in 1906 a social meeting will be held in Manchester — and on the 17th of March the Annual Northern Dinner will be held in Liverpool.



PEN Y GWRYD IN 1888.

