

THE
CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

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Edited by ARTHUR WESTLAKE ANDREWS.

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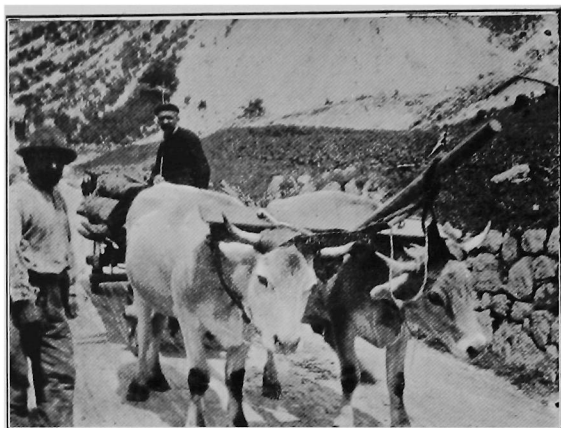
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Ox Transport at Molveno.



Chapel at Pinzolo.



House at Pinzolo.

THE

CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

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[No. 37.

WANDERINGS IN THE TRENTINO ALPS.

By HENRY CANDLER, A.C.

WE left the ancient city of Trient on a hot morning at the beginning of last July, and, crossing the Adige, whose broad current sweeps smoothly down the level valley, we struck up the dusty hillside westwards. Our destination was Molveno, and in crossing the intervening ridge of Monte Gazza we hoped to get a good view of the Brenta Dolomites. The road presently wound through a deep rocky defile, emerging by the gates of a fortress to a pleasant open country of vines and maize. Leaving the road we turned down a rough lane to the lake of Terlago, and skirted its northern shore to the village, where we laid in provision of bread, cheese and wine. Then followed a toilsome ascent of nearly 4000 feet up the bare, stony slope of Mte. Gazza. From thickets at its base rose the song of many nightingales. The sun beat fiercely on our backs, our rucksacks were heavy and our muscles slack, and it was late in the afternoon when we at length flung ourselves limply on the level, flowery pasture of the summit ridge (5,700 ft.). Meanwhile heavy thunder-clouds were gathering westward about the Brenta peaks, and we caught but fleeting glimpses of their strange forms. Far below lay the turquoise

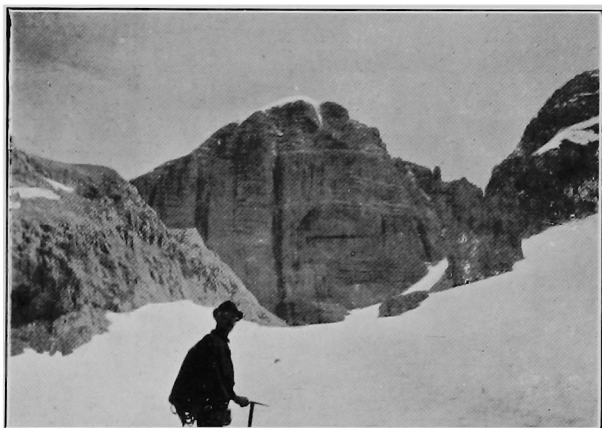
waters of Lago Molveno, framed in dark forest green. We scrambled down to the lake through beech scrub and spruce woods, losing the track and following a dry torrent bed. The ancient, massive dwellings of Molveno are clustered thickly on a knoll at the north end of the lake, and the Albergo Cima Tosa here offered us a rough but homely welcome. Let any who follow us across Monte Gazza start very early, and remember that no water is to be found *en route*.

Bad weather and other ills detained us at Molveno two days. The rain at times fell in cataracts, but a crowd of swallows nesting about the hotel poured out a ceaseless flow of melody, which cheered us in our enforced inaction. Lago Molveno is full of fish, which offer a livelihood to one Molveno family who nets them. We found the Alpine char (*salmarino*) a great delicacy, and the pike very good. In a wooded glen above the village I watched a party of Alpine Swifts hawking silently around. On the third day, as clouds still hung over the Brenta peaks, we turned southward to the Giudicaria. The fishermen rowed us down the three miles of lake, and we descended through a wilderness of boulders to the hamlet of Ai Molini, whence we contoured the hills for three hours through a lovely country, by narrow cobbled paths winding through vines and maize under shady groves of chestnut and walnut, the valley below bathed in the warm blues and purples of Italian summer. We struck the post road at the Baths of Comano, in time for lunch and the 3 o'clock diligence to Tione. The road thither passes through a wonderful gorge, twice crossing the Sarca torrent and passing *under* a waterfall and through a tunnel. We drove up the populous Val Rendena in the cool of the evening to Pinzolo.

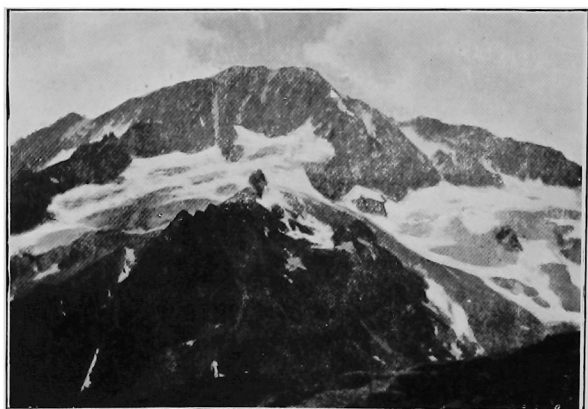
Sultry, showery weather again prevented climbing for some days. Pinzolo is a charming place, but it lies too low (2,525 ft.) to be bracing in summer. The botanist and archaeologist will find plenty to occupy them in the neighbourhood. The frescoes of the Ballo di Morte at San Vigilio and San Stefano (early sixteenth century) are fascinating studies. Groves of ancient chestnuts above the village offer cool retreat, spreading



The Albergo Cima Tosa at Molveno.



Cima Tosa, from the West.



The Busazza, from Val Presena.

their shade over mossy boulders and tinkling rills, where the wild cyclamen flowers and warblers sing all day.*

On July 9th, a morning of doubtful promise, we set out with a serious determination to come to closer quarters with the mountains. Our objective was the *Carè Alto*, the great southern buttress of the Adamello ice field. The path thither lies for some two hours along the bed of the Val di Genova, at the mouth of which, perched on a solitary crag, the ancient chapel of San Stefano stands sentinel. The Val di Genova is a profound gorge winding for many miles into the heart of the mountains, dividing the ranges of the Presanella and Adamello. The track passes close beneath the Cascata Nardis, a singularly beautiful waterfall, where twin streams launch themselves bodily over the sky-line, and, uniting, are flung in a broad veil over the face of the cliff. An easy stroll through the forest brings one to the Fontana Buona, a snug cabin kept by a genial couple from Trient, where milk and wine, good food and beds are to be had. Beyond this point one crosses the river and strikes up the steep southern slope of the valley by a path which is not easy to find (it is marked in red paint). A steep climb, always in shade and on the right bank of the lovely Cascata di Lares, brought us to a grassy alp on the rim of a wide upland basin, at the far end of which we found shelter for the night in the Rifugio di Lares (6920 ft.). The situation of this hut is charming. Huge boulders of white, black-flecked Adamello granite, nestling in beds of crimson rhododendron under venerable larches, flank the hillside, over the shoulder of which peers the Lares ice-fall.

Starting at 4 a.m. next day, an hour and a half up the steep grass slopes and bare ribs of granite between the two ice-falls brought us to the level snowfield of the Lares glacier. The day broke cloudy and threatening, but as my guide Caola and I tramped up the gently rising nevé the sky gradually cleared, and a fine landscape was revealed. From

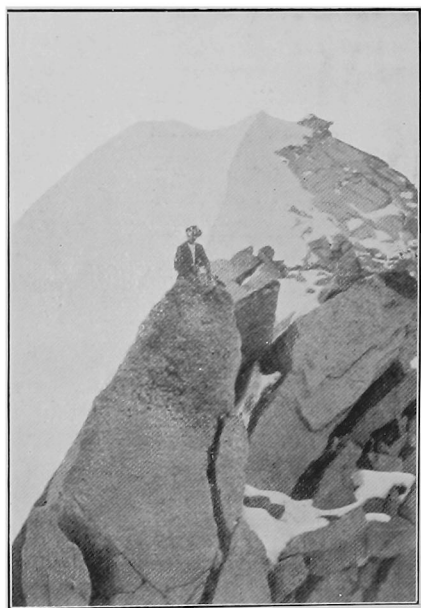
* Mr. Freshfield has eloquently depicted the charms of this romantic corner of Tyrol in his *Italian Alps*.

the point we had attained, near the base of the steep final pyramid of the Carè Alto, the peak of the Adamello appeared as an insignificant snowy hump on the vast expanse of *nevé*. Across the Val di Genova rose the Presanella, a shapely cupola of snow flanked by huge bastions of cliff. A delightful scramble along a slabby granite ridge, with a very sheer drop on the west side over the Val di Fumo, leads to the foot of the final steep but short snow *arête*. This *arête* usually involves much step cutting, but to-day the snow was soft and gave no trouble. Unluckily a thick cold mist enveloped the first summit when we arrived, and we did not cross the gap to the south and slightly higher peak beyond. The ascent occupied about six hours, and we got back to the hut in three more. The snow was very soft, and to avoid the last stretch of it we took to the right bank of the right-hand branch of the ice-fall. As this involved a rough scramble over loose stones, the fording of many torrents, and finally a climb *up* to the hut, we gained nothing by the variation. The fresh air and solitude wooed us into lingering another night at the Rifugio. We spent a lazy evening watching the lovely opalescent sunset tints on cloud ribbons drawn across the great rock walls of the Presanella, whilst the Alpine pipits flitted overhead with lively trills, and the clear, sweet song of an unseen Alpine accentor rose from the darkening hillside below. Hunger drove us early next morning from our shelter to the Malga di Lares, where we were hospitably regaled with polenta, cheese and new milk. Seventy beautiful little Jersey cows were being milked in a long stone hut. For a churn the herdsman used a deep wooden pail, with a wooden platter mounted on a pole to work the cream. We loitered down in sultry weather, through forest carpeted with rhododendrons in full flower, to the Fontana Buona, where we lunched on an excellent ragoût of wild rabbit. Heavy rain overtook us on the way back to Pinzolo, and next day prevented a start for the Nardis hut and Presanella.

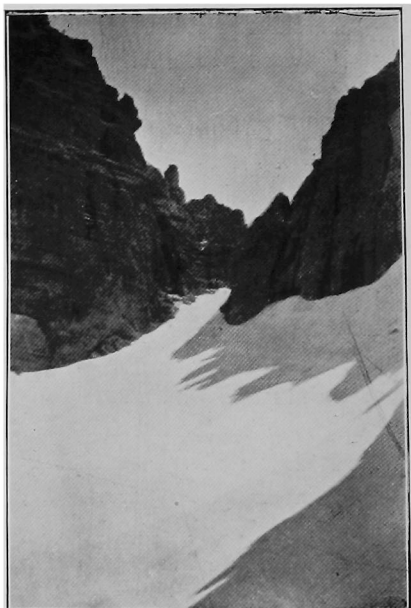
Four days later, the weather having become more settled I left the Hotel Pinzolo with Ludovico Caola at 2.45 a.m.,



San Stefano, Val di Genova.



On the Arête of the Carè Alto.



The Bocca d' Ambies.

with the intention of making a direct assault on the *Cima Tosa* from the west, and descending by the ordinary route to the Rifugio Tosa. We followed the highroad down the valley to the village of Giustino, whence a good military mule path leads up the hill through woods and along a narrow valley to the grassy ridge south of the Dos di Sabione, which forms the watershed between the Vall' Agola and the Val Dalgone. As we neared this ridge the Læres snowfields flushed rosily across the dark gulf of Val Rendena, and the day dawned cloudlessly. The precipices of the Carè Alto as seen from this point are very grand. Descending slightly from the ridge we entered a winding lateral glen, carpeted with *Rhododendron hirsutum* in full flower, and walled in by cliffs of red and grey dolomite. Here at 545 we halted for breakfast, in company with a party of choughs. A steep pull up from the head of the glen and we came to another ridge overlooking the down-like summit of the Sabione and distant Campiglio. A painful traverse to the right over scree, which slid from under one in masses at every step, brought us at length to the foot of a little glacier, and up banks of hard snow to a low gap in the ridge, which bounded it on the east. The Cima Tosa now rose before us: a sheer wall of rock capped with snow and looking hopelessly impregnable. Crossing a broad, level stretch of nevè we soon reached the *Bocca dei Camosci*, a herd of a dozen chamois preceding us, and found ourselves in the shadow of the great western cliffs of the Tosa. Only the steep and narrow *Vedretta d' Ambies* now separated us from the cliffs. This glacier is little more than a broad couloir; on the left it plunges suddenly out of sight towards the Val di Brenta, and on the right rises steeply to the *Bocca d' Ambies*, a fine gateway between the cliffs of the Tosa and the *Cima d' Ambies*. A few minutes step kicking up a steep and frozen snowslope and we took to the rocks, a welcome relief after a tramp of nearly eight hours. After a preliminary struggle up a wet and icy crack the rocks proved unexpectedly easy, and we soon gained an angle of the cliff above the *Bocca d' Ambies* overlooking the glacier on the other side, where we again saw

our herd of chamois. Thence we climbed straight up steep and shelving rocks without any difficulties, though parched by a burning heat, to the final snow cap and along the ridge to the highest point, which we reached at 1:30 p.m. Two hours suffice for the ascent of the final peak from the base of the rocks. The distance from Pinzolo is considerable, but as we loitered a good deal on the way our time of $10\frac{1}{2}$ hours must not be taken as a fair average. We spent an hour on the summit, but clouds were gathering and the view limited. The steep buttress of the Crozzon rose invitingly at our feet, but the crags were plastered with snow and our limbs were too stiff to attempt the traverse. A rapid descent over soft snow and shelving rocks on the east side led to the brink of a *cirque* of cliffs, in the middle of which a chimney of about sixty feet gives access to the lower snow-field. This chimney is the solitary *mauvais pas* on the ordinary route, and it must be confessed a very modest one, though dripping wet. Plunging down soft snow to the foot of the glacier, we rounded the base of the Brenta Bassa, and emerged on a curious plateau of absolutely bare, grey limestone rocks, beyond which is the Rifugio Tosa. This is a substantial, two-storied stone house, kept by a family from Molveno. Nothing could exceed the bare rigour of its situation, surrounded by fantastic peaks with a foreground destitute of any sign of vegetation. The ungraceful mass of the Cima del Daino blocks out the view of the Lago Molveno. The Bocca di Brenta, a narrow gap between two great towers of rock, lies a short distance west of the house. Here I spent a chilly and comfortless evening, vainly trying to keep warm. A young German climber was my sole companion. Starting early next day I returned to Pinzolo through the Val di Brenta; a magnificent walk. The *Bocca* is gained in a few minutes from the Rifugio by a ledge of rock and a broad snow-couloir. The rock scenery on the west side is amazingly fine and weird. A long steep couloir of winter snow, followed by a chaos of boulders, leads down to the Malga di Brenta Alta. Here we got a draught of new milk and a wonderful view of the

towering Crozzon di Brenta, whose ruddy cliffs stood out in bold relief against the snow capped Tosa. A great barrier of cliffs separates the upper and lower alps. On the descent we passed a busy colony of house-martins, whose nests were plastered under rugged eaves of limestone.* Beyond the lower alp the path enters a forest of fir and beech, which fills the valley for some distance, and emerges by a saw mill, whence a lane leads up to the highroad from Campiglio to Pinzolo.

On the following day we drove up to Campiglio, a steady ascent of three hours, and strolled up Monte Spinale (6900 ft.). This is a delightful ramble for an off-day. The path mounts in easy gradients through a grand forest of spruce, and then over rich, flowery pastures to the long summit ridge. At the *Hofer* hut we lingered an hour in the vain hope that a tantalizing cloud-cap would be lifted from the peaks of the Brenta group. On a flat meadow beneath us a large herd of little brown cows were collected, and a boy brought us up a draught of fresh milk. The Spinale should be a paradise to the botanist. In an hour's walk up from Campiglio we counted over sixty species of plants, ranging from the familiar blue speedwell of our English lanes to gentians and edelweiss. The lovely Alpine Clematis (*Atragene Alpina*) is plentiful. Driving down to Pinzolo I saw the snowy pyramid of the Carè Alto irradiated by the setting sun, whilst through the cloud rifts the red cliffs of the Brenta and Tosa were lit with a magic glow.

It was with reluctance that I bade goodbye to my kind hosts and luxurious quarters at the Hotel Pinzolo, and once more set my face to the mountains. This time my goal was the *Busazza*, a fine rock peak lying to the west of the Presanella. Starting at 6 a.m. I had a pleasant stroll of five hours up the Val di Genova to the Bedole Alp, halting for a chat with Silvio Pali, the host of the Fontana Buona. The

* It is noteworthy that in alpine regions the house-martin often nests on remote cliffs, whilst swallows monopolise the village nesting sites.

Casa Bolognini, where I spent the night, is a picturesque chalet on a knoll at the end of an open grassy flat. Ancient forest rises steeply behind. Strolling up the path one comes suddenly upon a wonderful vision of the great ice-falls of the Lobbia and Mandron glaciers vignettèd in a frame of larch and spruce. A torrent here thundered down the steep hillside, and the grassy slope above the forest was a veritable garden. The Martagon and Paradise lilies grew in profusion, the handsome orange-flowered ragwort (*Senecio abrotanifolius*), and many other showy flowers. The Casa Bolognini is the property of the Società degli Alpinisti Tridentini, an admirable society, whose headquarters are at Trient. This club has several well appointed huts in the Brenta and Adamello groups; it has organised a reliable corps of licensed guides,* and has not overdone the *wegmarkirung* or disfigured the peaks of the district with ropes and stanchions. The swampy meadow below the Casa breeds swarms of mosquitos, and I was grievously bitten before turning in to rest.

* The following extracts from the English version of the regulations printed in the Society's *Führer-buch* are worth quoting :

"6. Meanwhilst the mountain guide can except of long circuit where he serves as guide persons too young or of evidently weak constitution. In case of necessity he can refuse his concurrence."

"7. . . . In case of refusal (*i.e.*, to take two guides) the guide can decline to take part in the circuit. Notwithstanding he shall ask the concurrence of a relative number of guides, in case that the danger of the circuit be extraordinarily increased by special circumstances as thus the bad weather, unfavourable snow, an unusual season, insufficient dress, imperfect cleverness of the tourist."

"8. The guide is bound to behave in a polite and kind manner."

"9. As soon as a guide chances to be informed of the disappearance of a guide or of a traveller, or that he should conceive a suspicion founded on the disaster of one of the tourists, he shall give notice," etc., etc.

"10. It is strictly interdicted to the guides to conduct travellers into sites and inns which are not indicated by them."

It should be noted that the guides of this district (with one or two exceptions) cannot speak German. Italian is the language of the country, and the men of Val di Rendena, though a much travelled race, speak little else. My guide, Caola, who had spent two or three years in Boston in pursuit of his calling as a knife and scissor grinder, knew scarcely a word of English.

Starting at 2:15 next morning, we squelched across the meadow by lantern light in pitch darkness, and toiled up the steep hillside to the Cercen Alp, whence another stiff pull brought us at dawn to the Baito Cercen, a stone hut on a meagre, stony, sheep pasture, whose slopes were purpled with clusters of *Primula glutinosa*. High above us on the right lay the Passo di Cercen, giving access to the head of the Presanella glacier. Bearing to the N.W. we entered a long, snow-filled ravine, the Canale di Busazza, which lies between lofty cliffs and leads up steeply to the small glacier crowning the eastern and secondary peak of the Busazza: the higher peak (10,920 ft.) does not become visible until this point is gained. Three chamois stood on a ridge of the glacier and watched our progress up the Canale for some time. A long, jagged and very narrow arête connects the eastern peak with the summit, and the traverse gave us an hour's most exhilarating scramble. The cliffs have a sheer drop on either hand, and one has to keep close to the crest, over and around granite slabs for the most part firm enough. At one rather awkward traverse Caola's pickel fell with a clatter down the rocks, but luckily stuck in a crack not far below, and was recovered without much difficulty. The ascent from the Bedole Alp, which involves a rise of 6000 ft., occupied about nine hours, including halts. We basked for an hour on the summit, enjoying a magnificent view over the wide snow-fields of the Mandron, Lobbia and Lares glaciers. The shapely peak of the Presanella rose hard by to the east, and far below to the north lay the broad sunlit Val di Non and the Tonale coach road. The glacier ranunculus and purple saxifrage were flowering in crevices on the south face of the summit ridge. We had planned a direct descent to the Val Presena, but there was so much fresh snow on the rocks of the north face that we judged it prudent to forego the attempt. We therefore scrambled back along the arête to the lower peak, and thence plunged and glissaded swiftly down the now soft snow-slopes of the Canale to the Baito Cercen. Thence a good track leads easily in three hours to the *Mandron* or *Leipziger-*

hütte, winding up and down round the southern spurs of the Busazza and Cima Presena. This is a delightful walk. The flora of these southern slopes is luxuriant. Edelweiss was abundant, and the dark purple Vanilla orchis scented the air. Amongst the plants in flower were *Gentiana lutea*, *punctata* and *acaulis*, *Veratrum album*, *Paradisea liliastrum*, *Lilium Martagon*, *Senecio abrotanifolius*, *Geum montanum*, *Anemone sulfurea* (*A. alpina* was over), and a host of others. The Leipziger hut stands at an elevation of 8000 feet, facing the splendid twin ice-falls of the Lobbia and Mandron glaciers. It is built of white granite, and is one of the most comfortable and well-managed houses of that enterprising society—the German and Austrian Alpine Club. There is grass in the vicinity, and the caretaker keeps cows and provides fresh milk; he even imports fresh meat from Pinzolo, a seven hours' mule journey. The bedrooms would do credit to any Alpine hotel.

Leaving the hut at 6.30 next morning and striking northward over stony slopes, past the frozen Lago Scuro, I reached the Passo di Presena by a steep little couloir of winter snow at eight o'clock. On the north side lay an extensive field of unbroken névé, from the eastern edge of which the peak of the Busazza, here seen end on, soared aloft with surprising sharpness. Descending the glacier and skirting a frozen lake, I had some trouble in hitting off the right track, which is very vaguely marked. After passing the Baito Monticello, it is necessary to keep high up on the left slope of the Val Presena until the Tonale road comes in view. At the Osteria Locatori, near the summit of the Tonale, I caught a ram-shackle diligence down to Fucine and Malè, where I spent the night. Thence I made my way leisurely *via* Rabbi-bad and the Ultenthal to Meran.

WARN GHYLL, BUTTERMERE.

By L. J. O.

FIVE or six years ago, in describing some attempts to ascend Stack Ghyll, I mentioned two other fine gullies to the left of it. The Y shaped one—nearest to Green Crag—was tried a year or two after Stack Ghyll succumbed, but the rock is so rotten that, after climbing up for 150 feet, we were glad enough to get safely down again. In the central gully the rock for the most part is sound, and the middle pitches look formidable, yet, as far as I know, there had been only two attacks on it (neither of them very determined ones) before May 24th, 1907, when the first ascent was made by Messrs. Fred. Botterill, Adam Fox, J. R. Scott, T. Shaw and myself.

The start is not at all imposing. It is a narrow vertical chimney, 25 to 30 feet high, very innocent looking, and thrust out so that it allows of only a glimpse of the deep gully behind higher up. At the top of this chimney—level with a broad platform—is a chockstone over which poured a small stream of water, not very conspicuous, but we noticed that Botterill in leading up kept as far out of the chimney as he could to avoid it, and did not pause long at the chockstone, which, through being smooth and waterworn, is a little awkward to get over. Above the sloping platform comes an easy 10 feet pitch, and then the gully begins to lead deeply into the cliff. The third pitch is about 25 feet, and can be climbed without much difficulty on the right wall. At the top a whiff from the remains of a dead sheep, which must have fallen from the summit of the cliff, made us hurry on to the foot of the most imposing pitch in the gully—a black cleft 70 or 80 feet high, down which water falls plentifully,

and, touching here and there, is sprayed over the walls. The first 40 feet can be chimneyed, passing through the waterfall. Then the right wall opens out, and it becomes necessary to climb up to a sloping ledge on it. Botterill was perched on this for a long time considering what ought to be the next move. He found a lizard running about over the vertical rocks, and would have been glad if he could have climbed the next fifteen feet in a similar manner. Looked at from below, a good row of holds a little above him seemed to form a hand-traverse leading back to the top chockstone, but from where he was he could see that they were on big blocks resting very insecurely on a ledge, and ready to come down at a pull and sweep us all out of the gully. He came to the conclusion that he would need a shoulder, and, descending to us for a rest, asked me to go up and see what I thought of it. I found that everything looked much worse than from below, and was soon convinced that Shaw would be able to give him much more assistance than I should, so I came down again, fairly drenched. Shaw, having got on to the sloping ledge, thought he could manage. Botterill then followed him and climbed on to his shoulders, whence by a very difficult upward traverse to the left he avoided the row of almost overhanging loose blocks, and got above the chockstone. He was still not in a good place for belaying, and went 80 feet higher, up mossy rocks which were steep but not difficult, to reach a good belay. Shaw then followed, and stayed at the top of the chockstone to direct and assist the rest of us. I came next and found the piece above the ledge very trying even with a good deal of help from the rope. The loose blocks were just where I wanted to go, but they had to be carefully avoided. Having got up I passed Shaw and relieved Botterill at the belay, while he took stock of what was to follow. The next man happened to touch one of the blocks and over it went, crashing down the gully. Luckily Scott was in a sheltered corner. Being the last he had the enjoyment of hurling down the remaining dangers to future parties, and discovered in their place a few useful holds.

We were now 250 feet up, and able to see the finish 150 feet or more above us. The greater part of it went well enough. Two or three chimneys in quick succession led to the final pitch in the left hand corner of the gully. From lower down it had by no means an unyielding look, but the higher we got the steeper it seemed, and now we were up to it we found something like the corner of a room—a very rottenly built corner too—30 or 40 feet high, and overhanging at the top. No one suggested trying it. Botterill traversed 20 feet to the right, and attempted to get up the rock wall there. This also failed. Shaw and Scott were on another rope 50 feet below us, and Botterill asked them to make for the foot of a grassy chimney, which led out at the right-hand corner of the gully. They reported that it might possibly go, and he descended to join them. He then climbed half-way up the grassy chimney, and, if fine weather had continued, might have succeeded; but a thunderstorm suddenly burst over us, and though we had been quite sufficiently soaked, in the difficult pitch below, to be careless of the rain, the torrents which came down made the chimney unsafe. Botterill asked Shaw and Scott to go down again and try still farther to the right, and we followed them up a very steep rib of rock and heather, ending at the cliff-top in a small chimney, which should be pleasant enough in normal weather, but which was just then like a funnel down which a waterspout was being poured, and through this we had to pass to reach the summit.

This last hundred feet cannot be considered a very satisfactory finish to the climb, but all the rest—particularly the Lizard chimney—is very fine. It is undoubtedly more difficult than its neighbour, Stack Ghyll, though the direct ascent of the first pitch of the latter, without using an ice axe or looped rope, would I think quite equalise them.

“Warnscale Ghyll” was suggested for the gully’s name, but was cut down by the majority to “Warn Ghyll.”

Three days before this ascent some of us tried another new climb in the same district, but were not so successful. In No. 20 of the *Climbers’ Club Journal* I described an

interesting little gully and a difficult chimney in Birkness Combe, between High Crag and High Stile, and mentioned another very steep and straight Central Chimney on the same rock. Dr. Taylor, Messrs. F. Botterill, G. R. West and I attempted it (Botterill leading) on May 21st—a most unseasonable day, the tops being as white as in early winter. It took us five hours to get up the first 200 feet, which consisted of vertical chimneys separated by stretches of very steep and treacherous grass, on which lay snow that always numbed our fingers for the following pitch. Then we were turned back by a 30 feet cleft, with smooth walls and overhanging back. Botterill thought it might be circumvented on the left in better weather, but he tried in vain up the cold wet rocks, while snow, hail and rain beat down on us in turns. Above the cleft, which stopped us, there appeared to be another twice or three times the height, and as unpromising in character. It was not at all easy to retrace our steps, and altogether we were seven hours in the chimney.

... I should like to take this chance to hint that Buttermere does not get from most climbers the attention it deserves. Of course, it cannot compare with Wastdale Head as a centre, but, setting Wastdale aside, it is second to no place in Lakeland. It has as great a variety of climbs within easy reach as the head of Borrowdale, and far greater than Langdale or Conistone, the one of which, though delightful for ascents of moderate difficulty, has little that can be spoken of in superlatives, while the other has next to nothing else. From Buttermere, the Shamrock and the climbs on the north and west sides of Pillar are as easily and quickly reached as from Wastdale, and, though rather long, there is no better way to the Ennerdale cliffs on Gable than by the Warnscale track and Brandreth. For beauty of wood and water and bare hill-side the valley is hard to beat, and the same may be said of the unpretentious comfort of its inns and farms. Our party there at Whitweek included eight members of this Club, three lady climbers and a couple of novices, besides several who preferred hill-rambling and boating, and all found enough

to do there to make them wish the holiday many times as long.

For the beginner there are a number of easy chimneys near the Scarth Gap end of the Haystacks, and there is a delightful rake running up the cliff from near the foot of the big stack to the top of Stack Ghyll. On Grassmoor, facing Scale Hill, there are two easy gullies, seven or eight hundred feet high, with plenty of interesting little pitches, and up the best of these (the one nearest to Buttermere) we took the novices and two of the ladies for their first day. Another day we took them in three parties up the North Climb on the Pillar, and in spite of a late start and an enormous amount of waiting for one another, through having so many on the climb, we managed to get back and finish dinner before midnight, which parties at Wastdale have not always succeeded in doing. The Central Chimney and Doctor's Chimney on Gable made a much shorter day. But there is no need to go out of the valley itself to find good things. There are the two gullies in Bleaberry Combe, first climbed by Messrs. O. G. Jones and J. W. Robinson; Birkness Crag Chimney and Gully, between High Stile and High Crag; Stack Ghyll and Warn Ghyll on the Haystacks; Mr. Robinson's fine gully on Green Crag; another with two very stiff pitches on Fleetwith facing Warnscale, and many a climb still waiting to be attacked.

DERBYSHIRE PENNINE CLUB NOTES.

MAY 18-21. — The Whitsun meet was at Curzon Lodge Farm, Brassington, near Matlock. A water-swallow in the neighbourhood was explored, and members also climbed on the Brassington and Harborough dolomites, and visited Dovedale.

On June 8th a visit was paid to Stanage Edge, above Hathersage, where there is some fine gritstone climbing. All went well until the advent of the Cerberus of these parts, who, with much politeness, invited the Club to "move on." Just at the moment two members were struggling with a very difficult crack, and, being at a lower level than Cerberus, were unseen of him. With commendable prudence, they lay low for a period, until, movements above leading them to conclude that the guardian was resuming his perambulations, our two guileful ones were able to issue forth and join their comrades at Bamford and tea.

The fixture for June 22-23 was a night walk from Penistone to Bamford :—

It was only a stern sense of duty that impelled us to turn up at Sheffield Station, in pouring rain, an hour before midnight. This year has been remarkable for its weather, and the night in question was one of the worst ; so, when we requested to be supplied with Penistone-Bamford walking tickets, there certainly seemed some ground for the astonished booking-clerk's assertion that we should all be drowned.

The occasion was a moorland walk from Penistone to Bamford *viâ* Cutgate and Slippery Stones, organised by the Derbyshire Pennine Club. This walk is, of course, nothing new ; the novelty was to consist in doing it at a

time when all good people were in bed. Acting on advices from Old Moore, the Club Committee had wisely arranged for the moon to shine for an hour or so ; but our faith in the Almanack was considerably shaken when the Queen of Night failed to put in an appearance during the earlier part of the railway journey. The Committee's arrangements were vindicated, however, when, about a mile before Penistone was reached, the thick storm-clouds parted, the rain ceased, and every tree and hedge showed out distinctly in the moonlight. Two Manchester members awaited us at Penistone, and we set off in high feather at about a quarter to twelve. During the first half-hour the weather was on its best behaviour, a piercing wind being accounted as nothing. Then up rolled ominous clouds, and we were treated to some stinging rain, which continued, with a slight interval, until the new reservoir was reached, and the farm of North America hove in sight. About this time faint streaks of dawn were visible on the horizon at our rear.

Near the farm the way turns off at right angles ; and, having succeeded in waking no dogs, we forsook cart track for moorland path, and comparative quiet for rainstorm and howling wind, which were to continue for some hours. The path was not always plain in the half light, and now and again we progressed more by faith than by understanding.

Rising gradually, the path attains a height of about 1300 feet, and then turns somewhat to the left as a slight descent is reached. The full force of the gale was now apparent, sometimes hurling us from the narrow track and almost flooring us, the driving rain meanwhile searching our garments. It was pleasant to encounter, in about an hour, a little wooden hut by the side of the path. If only they have left open the door ! They had ; and, in almost less time than it takes to tell, we were inside, unpacking our lunch. One man went outside to look for water, but the pouring rain had rendered all the streams unfit for

drinking. So recourse was had to ginger wine, and, in some cases, to a wee flask of something stronger. The light was very uncertain, and the rain worse than ever when we shortly afterwards forsook our hut.

The highest point of the Cutgate was attained after about a mile of walking, or, rather wading, along the sunk track, and at about 1650 feet above sea level we began to look out for sunrise. But sunrise this morning was a ghastly failure; nothing else could be expected considering the sloppy sky. The only redeeming feature was a fine streak of steely dawn-blue away to the left, over Margery Nield. All the front distance was blotted out by fog. We could, however, see the valley through which we were to pass to reach Slippery Stones. The descent is in places rapid, and the deluge had converted every streamlet into a respectable brook, whose contents found a facile passage through puttees and into boots.

A wee rabbit which we encountered shortly afterwards (it was wet to the skin, says our humorist) seemed in no hurry to depart, but rather appeared to court our companionship. It was almost the only living thing we had seen on our walk.

Arrived at the ford, Slippery Stones were not to be seen for the rush of water along the infant Derwent's course. So, reflecting that, had we attempted to cross, the booking-clerk's prophecy of death by drowning would probably have been realised, we kept to our side of the river, along the path leading to Howden House. The weather conditions had slightly improved by the time this was reached, and the view began to open so that we were shortly enabled to make out some of the curious rock formations on Derwent edge.

The Birchinlee reservoirs, yet in the making, loomed large and ghostly as we passed above them shortly afterwards. The party became divided, one contingent crossing to the right to inspect the navvies' village, whilst the other kept straight on towards Derwent Hall, halting

on the way under a convenient wall, where water was poured from boots in the intervals of a second lunch.

Gleams of sunshine enlivened the journey to Bamford, alternating, however, with showers—hints of what *might* happen to us should we become too jubilant. The people at the inn near the station, where we called for breakfast at about 8.15, were obviously in doubt as to our character—were we tramps or madmen? The state of our garments certainly favoured the former hypothesis. So they kept us in the bar until breakfast was ready!

Messrs. Bishop, Freeman, Pearson and Puttrell, with Mr. J. L. Hambly (Southport), non-member, spent several days in July at Gorphwysfa. Climbs were done on Dinas Môt, Cynr Lâs and Lliwedd.

A walk from Chinley to Edale, *viâ* South Head, arranged for July 20th, was postponed to March 21st next year.

Prospective arrangements include visits to Elden Hole, Wharncliffe Crags, and Speedwell Cavern.

On September 21st a most interesting meet took place at Elden Hole, near Peak Forest. Fourteen or fifteen men were lowered down the shaft, which is almost 200 feet in depth. Descending the steep scree slope at its foot, and passing underneath a low part of the roof, operations were commenced at one corner of the large chamber, where the presence of a swallet was suspected. It was not possible to make much progress here, so another spot somewhat higher up the scree was tried. The removal of a few large stones disclosed a downward slope; and continued removal work allowed of a depth of 70 feet being attained. There are still possibilities here.

Wharncliffe Crags furnished, as usual, ample food for thought when the Club paid them a visit on October 11th. There are six or seven places within reasonable distance of Sheffield, where the scrambler, be he novice or expert, can find sport; but Wharncliffe has still, perhaps, the pick of the climbs. (It is always a pleasure to Sheffield scramblers to

have visitors from other clubs, and arrangements can generally be made to show them the climbs.)

The Annual General Meeting and dinner took place at the Marquis of Granby Hotel, Bamford, Derbyshire, on November 2nd. The Club's guests at dinner were—Mr. E. M. Wrench, M.V.O., F.R.G.S., of Baslow; Mr. J. Rooke Corbett, M.A., Manchester, representing the Rucksack Club; Mr. John Royse, of Castleton. A most pleasant evening was spent, music being contributed by Mr. Henry Bishop, A.L.C.M., Mr. W. Amies and Mr. W. Smithard. On the following day some members walked from Bamford to Melandra Castle, Glossop, *viâ* the Roman road known as Doctor's Gate, whilst another section made an excursion to Alport Castles and Bleaklow.



THE ALPINE JOURNAL.

No. 171. FEBRUARY, 1906.

THE frontispiece of this number of the *Alpine Journal* is a photograph of our first president.

The first article is a delightful account of climbing in the Southern Alps of Japan, by the Rev. Walter Weston. In Japan the climber, sated with abundance of crowded huts, impatient of the plainness made of rough places, by the tread of countless predecessors on the better-known peaks, disdaining the route so scratch-worn by "boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down again" that to stray from the scarred and graven way argues a subtlety of imagination given only to the chosen few, can go back to the state of things existing at the time when *Peaks, Passes and Glaciers* was first published ; and that in these days—when the queue system has to be adopted by an impatient public, waiting at the foot of the more popular climbs, when the mountain railway carries you to the bottom of your chimney, and awaits your breathless arrival at the top, is by no means the least important reason for fostering our alliance with that Eastern Power. When you want to climb your mountain, there you do not go into the market place to charter the services of the next guide who happens to be upon the roll, and who may or may not be worthy of his hire, you do as did your fathers that were before you. You seek out the most cunning hunter at the mountain's foot. Your difficulties indeed begin before this. You have first to get to your mountain, and to get there as best you may, even though this entail riding in a *basha*—a cross, as Mr. Weston explains, between a hearse and an ambulance.

"Its astonishing and alarming gyrations constantly promise the prospect of its use in the capacity of one or other of those undesirable, though necessary, conveyances. . . Its speed averages, under favourable conditions, $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles an hour, and a day out in it affords one of the most violent forms of exercise in which an active man of robust health and nerve is justified, if unmarried, in indulging in."

Ultimately, if fortunate, you reach the upper chalets.

"These chalets are highly picturesque, at a suitable distance, though neither of their most striking features can be either properly photographed or adequately described—their filth and their odours. One soon ceases here to wonder at anything one sees, and still less at anything one may smell."

If this caravansari does not appeal to you, you can bivouac higher up in a ruined woodcutter's shelter, and sling your hammock from a convenient beam. Your hunters will lie on the floor, and should you, in your excited dreams of to-morrow's peak, chance to roll out, and alight heavily on the slumbering face of one of them below, he wakes but to murmur a sleepy apology, "I am so sorry to have been in your honourable way."

Mr. Weston describes his climbs on Kaigane and Hō-ō-zan. This latter peak he trod for the first time, and trod alone. Two of his companions deserted him on the way, the sudden appearance of a particularly fine chamois stirring too wildly their hunter's blood. A ledge about 150 feet from the top was the limit of the third, who flatly refused to go a step further. A refusal perhaps not unconnected with the fact that Mr. Weston himself only reached the summit by tying a stone to the end of 100 feet of rope, and lodging it—after many attempts, in which it showed an obstinate pertinacity in descending upon the head of the thrower—in a notch. With this help, the climb was finished. On the way down the truants rejoined him with the carcase of the chamois, and a pressing invitation augustly to condescend to partake of its honourable inside.

The Japanese peaks, as indeed the student of Pococke and Wyndham would expect, are the homes of mighty and even vengeful spirits. On one of them, the leading hunter, stepped incautiously upon a wasp's nest, to the no small discomfiture of the whole party, who were wasp-stung most unmercifully. At least this was Mr. Weston's hasty impression. True, he did not stop long, or examine the matter with any particular nicety. He removed himself from the ill-omened spot with all convenient speed. So that his impression may have been mistaken, and after all the hunter may have been right—he was native there, and may be presumed to have known. At all events, that night the hunter turned towards the ghostly moonlit form of the mountain, and bowed his head in silent prayer. Wasps, Mr. Weston had said in his haste, really, as he afterwards learned from the hunter, they were “the embodied spirits of vengeance sent forth by the mountain god to wreak retribution on the first foreigner to defile his sacred precincts with an alien hoof.”

Japan has curious Pilgrim Mountaineering Clubs, the members of which, clad in white, make their way to the top of some peak, and there “bring down the gods.” The medium throws himself into a cataleptic trance, and becomes the mouthpiece of the divinity. Alpenstocks are duly branded with the name of each sacred shrine, as are the white garments of the mountaineers.

The paper is well illustrated. There is a beautiful photograph of Fuji-san from Lake Shōji, and a photograph of a Japanese Alpine valley shows a chalet of a curiously Swiss appearance. There is an appendix of Japanese Alpine plants found by the author.

After Japan, Bolivia; an account of a Journey in the Cordillera de Potosi. The editor writes of the Beichgrat. Dr. Workman has a paper on the Watkin Aneroid, which would have been more valuable had it contained tables showing the results of continuous experiments with the instrument, and had its author been aware of previous work—notably by the late Mr. William Mathews and Mr. Whymp

upon the determination of altitudes. The paper contains an illustration that has no apparent connection with the text.

No. 172. May, 1906.

In this number Mr. Freshfield begins his account of his expedition to Ruwenzori with Mr. Mumm. He had persistent and unremitting bad luck. When it did not rain it poured. He had been advised that November was the best month for the attack. It proved the very worst. Ruwenzori is apparently usually veiled in mist. There appear to be only two fine weather months on the mountain—January and July. Mr. Mumm and Inderbinnen—on what was intended as a preliminary reconnaissance—reached about 14,500 feet in the mist, and this was the only piece of climbing on the mountain the appalling weather allowed. The weather exhausted the explorers' patience before they had exhausted its spite. Fogs, rain and sleet were their portion. The damp affected their muscles and their morals. Inderbinnen grew rheumatic, and they had to retreat.

Dr. O. K. Williamson has a paper on the Breithorn Joch and the Dent Blanche from the west. The new pass seems a thoroughly sporting climb. It took the party 16 hours actual going from the Hotel Ober Steinberg to Ried. The Bergschrund presented considerable difficulty. Above it the slope was almost exactly 65 degrees. The pass is about 11,000 feet, and the climbers thoroughly recommend it. They say, however, that, taken in the reverse direction, the descent might involve extreme difficulty, particularly in dealing with the Schrund.

The Dent Blanche climb they cannot so enthusiastically recommend. It involves a slab climb, on which for several minutes the whole party are on the slope, with no possibility of satisfactory anchorage for the leader. The climb begins at the foot of a gigantic couloir near a horizontal shelf in the mountain wall, which strikes the west arête immediately below

the vertical portion near the junction of the middle and lower thirds of the ridge. The climb took $8\frac{3}{4}$ hours actual going, from sleeping place to the top.

Those who really enjoy a thoroughly long day are recommended to study Mr. E. T. Compton's climb on the Aiguille Blanche de Péteret. It involves at least two nights out on the mountain! not so much owing to the actual length of the climb as owing to the exceedingly short time that the mountain batteries condescend to Cease Fire. The party left Courmayeur at midnight, crossed the Bergschrund about ten, and sat with what patience they might under a rock till 2.40, while the stone volleys raked the mountain side. They slept in Dr. Pfannl's gîte. Next day they leisurely climbed their peak. They had indeed the whole morning before them, as they could not venture to cross the face again until the sun had gone off it. The second night was spent at the foot of the Mont de la Brenva.

Mr. Malcolm Ross describes the first crossing of Mount Cook. The party consisted of Messrs. Fyfe, Graham, Turner and Ross. They started soon after eleven p.m. for the North-Eastern Ridge, and were at the top of their mountain at one o'clock, after nearly fourteen hours' climbing. The descent was by no means plain sailing. The rocks were plastered with ice, and there was a bitter wind. Twice came pitches where there was nothing for it but to lower each man bodily down at the end of the rope. Then came 2000 weary feet of ice couloir, with step-cutting all the way down. They started at seven in the evening, and they got to the bottom at eleven at night, their couloir all the time serving the additional purpose of stone shoot. One of the party was struck on the head by a too curious stone. The whole expedition lasted thirty-six hours, solid going nearly all the time, with none too much food. The paper contains more than one unfortunate and unnecessary reference to the weakness of a member of the party. There is a magnificent photograph of Mount Cook, from a Tarn on the Sealy Range.

No. 173. AUGUST, 1906.

The outstanding paper in this number is Dr. Longstaff's account of Six Months' Wandering in the Himalaya. He attacked three main peaks—Nanda Devi (24,379 feet), Nanda Kot (22,530 feet) and Gurla Mandhata (25,350 feet). He did not get to the top of any, but had some magnificent climbing. On Nanda Devi the party's first bivouac was about 17,400 feet. The cold was intense. The cocoa froze in their flasks, even during the afternoon climb. Next day, with heavy loads and a cold wind whipping the snow up into their faces, they took eight hours to reach the col, some 1700 feet above their bivouac. There they pitched their Whymper tent, and spent a bitter night. Dr. Longstaff's boots froze, although he used them as a pillow. Tea was made somehow next morning, but the slops spilt on the floor of the tent froze almost immediately. They had reached a height of about 19,750 feet, when the utter impossibility of reaching the summit that day was borne in upon them. The men were willing to go on, but agreed that at least one, and probably two nights in the snow would be necessary. Dr. Longstaff, who had come out for pleasure rather than frostbite, decided on an immediate retreat. Next day they started for Nanda Kot. They climbed up the north-east ridge of the peak, which got steeper as the snow got worse. About noon Brocherel, the leading guide, stopped. It was absolutely unsafe to go on. The risk of starting an avalanche was too great to be faced, and they could not get off on to a comparatively easy shelf below them on the S.E., from which the ascent could have been made. They turned back at about 21,000 feet.

On Gurla Mandhata they had no better luck. On their first attempt they got to about 20,000 feet, only to discover that they were not on their real peak at all, but on one of its subsidiary satellites. However, from the ridge of this they were able to prospect their route up the big mountain. They started on July 22nd, and camped that night about 20,000

feet. Next day they struck camp about five in the morning, leaving their tent, sleeping bags and heavy kit behind, and, with two days' food and a few extra clothes, began the attack. About two o'clock they had reached a point some 23,000 feet high. In front a steep descent led to a gap in the ridge, from which rose the final arête leading to the summit. Tactics were discussed. If they went on they would probably have to sleep out on the rocks, at a height of 24,000 feet. They decided to spend the night among some rocks on the snow slopes below them. Down they started, with the usual precautions. Suddenly there was a sharp hissing.

" Henri, lying flat, and trying hard to stop himself, came down on the top of me, and swept me from my hold. As I shot down past Alexis, I felt his hand close on the back of my coat, and we went down together. The sensation was a very curious one. The mind seemed quite clear, but curious as to the end, rather than terrified. I found myself taking a dispassionately quiet and detached view of our proceedings. Time seemed annihilated, so slowly did thoughts appear to pass through the mind during the very short time we were falling. The glacier below, with the rocks just above it, seemed to be rushing up towards us at an incredible pace, just as the engine of an oncoming train grows bigger and bigger each instant as it approaches. I distinctly remember throwing off my snow spectacles for fear that I should damage my eyes when we reached the rocks! . . . Then somehow I got turned round, with my head downwards, and saw, a few yards off, a ledge of rocks, with a drop on the far side. I seemed to rise on a wave of snow, and dropped over a low cliff, with Henri mixed up in my part of the rope. . . . Then came a longer drop, which I thought must be the last from my point of view. The next thing I remember was that suddenly, to my intense surprise, the rope tightened round my chest, stopping me with a jerk, which squeezed all the breath out of my body."

They had fallen 1000 feet, and were practically unhurt. They recovered their axes, but only one hat between them. They slept—or rather tried to sleep—on a small rock platform

half overhung by a big boulder. Next day the guides wrapped jerseys and handkerchiefs round their heads for want of hats, and as a result one of them collapsed with sun headache about two o'clock. But for this the peak would probably have been theirs. As it was, they had to sleep at about 23,000 feet in a hole in the snow. They started again at half-past two the next morning, but want of sleep and want of food beat them, and they were forced to turn back about four at a height of something under 24,000 feet. They had spent a week on the mountain !

No. 174. NOVEMBER, 1906.

This is emphatically Mr. Winthrop Young's number. It opens with a fascinating account of two climbs of his on the Weisshorn, and "postcript" on the Furggen Ridge of the Matterhorn; while the accounts of new expeditions in 1906 contain notes of his terrific ascent of the Täschhorn by the south face, and of the Dom by the south face. The former climb took $21\frac{3}{4}$ hours, of which some nine were spent on the last 900 feet !

The Rev. Walter Weston describes an adventure on the Eiger Joch, with such trifles as a raging thunderstorm and a panic-stricken porter thrown in. The Rev. W. C. Compton gives an account of the Finsteraarhorn, by the S.E. arête, as to the final slab of which a very pretty controversy has arisen. Mr. Coolidge has a paper on some early visits to Zermatt and Saas.

Each number of the *Alpine Journal* contains one feature that is conspicuously lacking in our journal, namely a list of new books added to the Library. Do new books ever find their way to our mysterious library in King William Street? Does our library still exist? Few if any members have seen it, and a certain Shipping Company are known to have had a particularly good year! Can it be that their profits are swelled by surreptitious dealing in climbing literature? The

suspicion is dark and hideous. Let the librarian dispel it. Let him publish a catalogue—the club will then at least know something of its hidden resources—and let each journal contain an increasing list of books recently added. For such a cause surely our hon. treasurer could forego something of his accumulated surplus.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE following articles will appear in No. 38 :—

Ten Days at Fort-William. By R. L. G. Irving.
(Illustrated.)

A Note on Dow Craggs. By E. F. Woodhouse.
(Illustrated.)

New Climbs on Lliwedd. By J. M. A. Thomson.

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REVIEWS of the following Mountaineering Journals will appear :—

The Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal. Nos.
53-54.

The Cairngorm Club Journal. No. 29.

The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal. Vol. 2. No. 7.

The Rucksack Club Journal. No. 1.

The Fell and Rock Climbing Club Journal. No. 1.

The Mountain Club Annual. Nos. 10-11.

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REVIEWS of the following books will appear :—

Ball's Alpine Guide—The Central Alps.

The Complete Mountaineer. By G. D. Abraham.

Climbers' Pocket Book. By L. F. West.

Cave Explorers of Co. Fermanagh.

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THE Editor regrets that, owing to an inadvertence for which he is solely responsible, no review appeared in the *Climbers' Club Journal* of "Rock Climbing in North Wales,"

by G. D. and A. Abraham. As he understands that a new edition is in preparation, he will have great pleasure in making amends, so far as he can, for his forgetfulness by reviewing it as soon as it is published.

* * * *

THE Editor has been requested to state that a party of three, led by L. W. Collinson, of Liverpool, ascended Twll Du at Easter, 1907. All accounts of the ascent of climbs of any note are naturally welcome to readers of the *Climbers' Club Journal*, but the most emphatic warnings should be given against the attempt by any party of such dangerous climbs as the one just mentioned. Rotten rock such as this, which consists of volcanic rock loosely plastered against the wall of the Kitchen, may be ascended a dozen times without accident, and during that time it may be safe for a suitable party. But it is impossible to say when some portion of the rock may become loose, and no one is likely to discover its insecurity except by actual experiment. Even if a party were thoroughly certain of the soundness of the rock at the time they proposed their climb, would it be too much to ask them to forego their enjoyment for the sake of the weaker climbers who have not the knowledge to decide whether the rock is in the condition of a death trap or whether it may possibly be climbed without accident.

* * * *

CLIMBING accidents have occurred far too frequently of late on English rocks. If we cannot prevent the fatalities which happen to inexperienced climbers who are trying rocks which are too difficult for them, let us at least be united both in example and precept in warning climbers against climbs in which the looseness of the rock constitutes an almost unavoidable risk. Unfortunately any warning against the dangers of a climb is often considered by the inexperienced as a challenge, but it is impossible not to feel that an authoritative notice put up by the numerous climbing clubs which now

exist in the country, at their respective centres, might save many lives in the future. The reasons for the danger of any particular climb would naturally be given.

* * * *

THE Editor wishes to explain that he has no intention whatever of reflecting on the climbers who made the climb above mentioned, probably in ignorance of the dangerous character of the place. The climb has been made a good many times of late years, but it is to be hoped that it will never be repeated.

* * * *

WE regret to have to record the death during the past year of Mr. Tom Williams, one of the earliest and best known members of the Climbers' Club. Another loss to climbing is that of Mr. J. W. Robinson, whose name must have been familiar to all English climbers. A notice of his life will appear in the next number.

A Committee, under the Presidency of Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith, has invited subscriptions with the object of perpetuating his memory in some suitable way. Contributions, not to exceed 5/-, will be gladly received by Mr. George Seatree, 39 Merton Road, Bootle, Liverpool, the Honorary Treasurer of the fund, or by Mr. Bryant.

* * * *

THE Editor wishes to point out to members that they will materially assist in the punctual appearance of the *Journal* if they will contribute articles or notes for use in its columns. The experiences of members on any climbs which they make both at home and abroad might be much more frequently described. It matters very little whether such climbs are new or old, as some new point of interest is sure to occur. Accounts of the same climb in England by members of different expeditions would probably prove most instructive and valuable, as the difficulties would be considered from fresh points of view.