

THE  
CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

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Edited by ARTHUR WESTLAKE ANDREWS.

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pot of Courmayer honey, a violent snowstorm having compelled us to consume the rest of our provisions while imprisoned in the Dome Hut. Our third man, L., has done some mountaineering in Switzerland, but has not had much experience on rocks. His over-modest estimate of his own abilities is an admirable check on the over-ambitious designs of his companions. Nevertheless he is one of those who always keep cool, and, when a difficulty does occur, invariably climb ever so much better than they have led you to expect.

The weather during our stay at Fort William was exceptional for the time of year (April 3-13). But the winter snowfall had been very heavy, and in spite of many days of glorious hot weather, it was only at the end of our visit that any signs of buildings began to appear under the snowfield on the summit of Ben Nevis. One of the most remarkable effects of the previous hard weather was the coating of ice on the almost vertical rocks that fringe the top of the great North face. It must have been some feet in thickness and produced the effect of a great line of menacing séracs.

Messrs. Abraham supplied me with one or two excellent photographs of the face, and very kindly told me, in answer to my inquiries, that as far as they knew the Tower ridge and the N.E. ridge were recognized climbs of no great difficulty. Bearing this in mind, on Wednesday, the 4th, the day after our arrival, we decided to go and "have a look" at the Tower ridge. We found the two hours' walk from Fort William to the foot of the north face very hot, notwithstanding the fact that the hoar frost still glistened in the heather where the sun had not yet reached it.

The aspect of the ridge from a climbing point of view was certainly "un peu rebarbatif." Not a vestige of rock was to be seen on the upper part, and the Tower itself looked like a huge giant standing up with a shining white sheet thrown over him.

Of course we were baffled in our attempt to ascend it, but we had a thoroughly good day all the same.



N.E. and Tower Ridges of Ben Nevis, from the N.W.

April, 1906.

X shows where rucksack was found.





A prominent gap near the end of the ridge was gained by cutting steps up a steep couloir on the west, 200 feet or more in height, filled with magnificent hard snow. From this point we climbed over a succession of little rock faces and snow arêtes till we reached a steep bit just below the final Tower. The holds hereabouts began to disappear under a thick coat of ice, and any further attempt to follow the ridge would have been quite futile. By retracing our steps for some distance we were able to cut down a little couloir on the west side and start traversing diagonally up the west face, towards a subsidiary ridge, by which we hoped to gain access to the Tower itself. After two hours' work in really steep hard "névé," we reached a small col on the right of the Tower, only to find further progress barred by walls of green ice, which covered every vestige of rock.

The return down the steep staircase needed considerable care, and the rope amply justified its use. It was after 5 o'clock when we turned back, and 7 before we left the ridge by a short couloir on the East side, just opposite the one by which we had ascended. Darkness overtook us as we reached the bottom of the valley, and it was 10:30 when we entered our quarters in Fort William. We were all much impressed with the scale of the North face, and the ice and snow upon it. Clearly the Tower ridge, and, still more so, the N.E. ridge, would be in no condition for climbing till the sun had got to work on them with more effect.

Thursday was devoted to an exploration of Loch Eil in a boat; and the traverse of Loch Linnhe, which was rather rough, provided quite sufficient excitement to mere fresh-water oarsmen.

Having as yet failed to reach the highest land in Britain, we decided to make an effort on Friday to get up anywhere we could between the N.E. and Tower ridges. Traversing easy slopes round the end of the latter, we got on to a fine snowfield, the angle of which gradually steepened, till, 500 or 600 feet below the top, kicked steps became inadequate. Just about this time we saw two figures wending their way up

the glen far below us. They seemed very anxious to know our intentions, but the distance was so great and our intentions so uncertain that we can't have enlightened them much. This was the only day we saw anyone else on the mountain.

The only two gaps which appeared feasible in the icy wall above us were led up to by steep couloirs. We chose the one near the top of the Tower ridge, and to reach it we had to cut steps westwards along a very steep slope above a "hot plate" in the snowfield. The fine weather had melted the snow down into uncommonly hard stuff, on which the broad end of the axe often made little impression. The place reminded me rather of the steep ice-slope above the Corridor on the Combin. The couloir itself was steep but the steps were much easier to cut, and we made steady progress till just under a fine cornice that hung from the summit ridge. The snow was as good as it could be, otherwise the last 20 feet would have been impossible, for the angle must have been over 70°, and the steps had to be 3 or 4 feet high to allow one to stand upright in them. Underneath the cornice (which looked pretty solid), at the top of the snowwall, ran a nice ledge where one could creep along to the point where the overhang was least. Unfortunately this was immediately above the second man, but he bore up cheerfully while the necessary destruction was in progress. Once this was accomplished it was easy to raise oneself on to the lovely flat snowfield above. The only object that stood out above its wavy surface was a sort of huge snow-man, about 12 feet high and 8 feet broad. We never discovered what this was, but surmised it must have been a little turret projecting above the Observatory roof.

In coming down, the descent to the ordinary tourist's path, just below Loch Meall an t'-Shuidhe, was made by a series of splendid glissades for nearly 2000 feet.

Ben Nevis was given a rest next day, but we had a fine walk up Glen Nevis, finishing with an ascent of Stob Ban, on which climbing and glissading are to be found without much seeking.

Apart from other reasons, the fear of shocking our kind landlady's feelings would have forced us to a strict observance of the Sabbath. Even so, we found plenty of work for the muscles of the arm in hauling a boat from the shores of Loch Linnhe on to the Caledonian Canal. Our opinion was that this exercise was unsuitable for a hot Sunday afternoon. After a "Day of Rest" we actually got off by 8:30 on Monday. To save time we drove down the road for nearly three miles, and then struck across the moor towards Carn Mor Dearg, which lies north of Ben Nevis and parallel to its north face. On this occasion we carried a half plate camera. The day was a perfect one, and want of skill in the operator is the only excuse for the imperfections of the photos, which illustrate this article.

Passing over the three summits of Dearg, after sundry halts for photographic purposes, we reached the glen near the foot of the N.E. ridge by a standing glissade of fully 700 feet.

During lunch the N.E. and Tower ridges were much studied, but the sun seemed to have had little effect on them, for not a black spot was yet visible on the Tower, and the upper part of the N.E. ridge looked as repellant as ever.

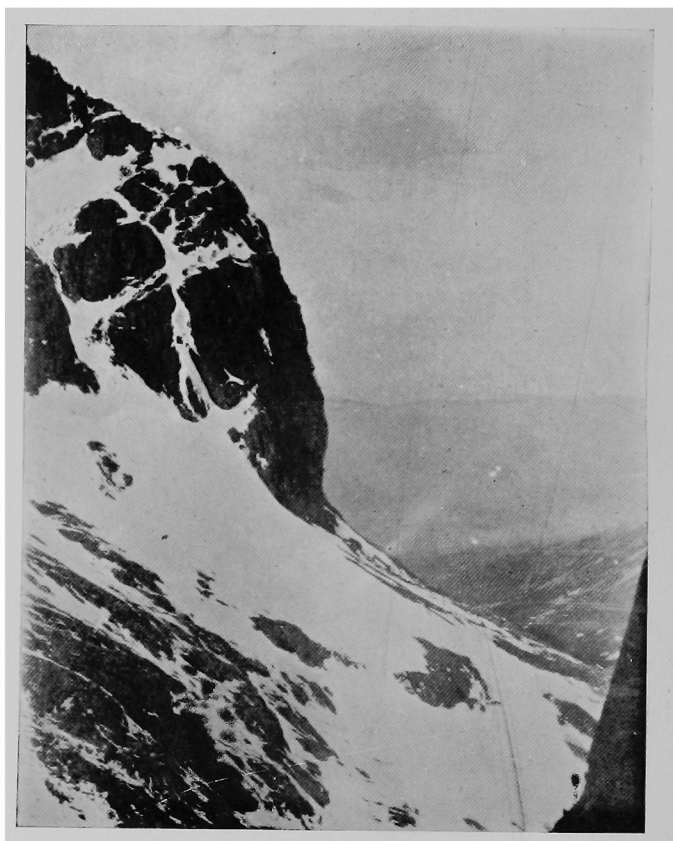
We decided to try the attractive looking ridge next to the Tower ridge on the West, and separated from it by a wide snowfield. It provided an excellent climb. (A. in the illustration marks the beginning of it.)

A good deal of step-cutting was necessary before we reached the ridge itself, but then we had some excellent scrambling up good rocks till we came to a steep pitch. The direct route overhung slightly, but a rather awkward traverse to our left led us into a small snow-gully ending in a chimney closed by a chock-stone. The walls of the chimney were three or four feet apart at the bottom, and narrowed to about one foot just at the chock-stone. I was simple-minded enough to attempt the ascent with my rucksack on. Having reached "the narrows" without much difficulty, further advance was effectually prevented by the impediments on my back. The situation was unpleasant, because, owing to the fact that the

walls of the chimney widened out below me, the force of gravity had to be counteracted mainly by pressure of the arms and shoulders on the rough rock. To surmount the chock-stone it was necessary to turn round, and my rucksack, and if possible my coat also, had to be got rid of before this could be done. After some desperate wriggles I got free of both at once, and asked the watchers below to arrest the things when they fell. Want of breath had made me a trifle inarticulate, and so far from attempting to stop my missiles, they took admirable cover from what they understood was to be a large loose rock. The rucksack was dropped first. It hit a patch of ice in the gully about 20 feet below me, then took three or four joyous leaps and finally glissaded out of sight. After apologizing most politely for failing to understand me, my friends trapped the coat with great skill, and then waited other five minutes while I surmounted the stone and scrambled up about 10 feet of steep rock to excellent anchorage. As my upper clothing now consisted solely of a wet snow-bag, which had once been a flannel shirt, I made a piteous and successful appeal to have my coat sent up first. Above this the route lay over short snow arêtes, and steep little pitches of good rock, till a slope of steep snow landed us on the summit ridge at 6.30. After a short halt, we made our way slowly towards the top to watch the sunset, the splendour of which I have never seen surpassed, even in the Alps. The sky behind the summit to the eastward was a delicate pale blue, which merged gradually into all sorts of wonderful green tints, till it became orange in the west near the sun. One portion of the snowfield which formed our foreground was composed of small hummocks, two or three feet high; all these glowed on the western side with the richest golden light, and the ground round them was the colour of amethyst, while as we passed each hummock we saw the shadows of its eastern side were bright blue. It would be impossible to imagine a more beautiful combination of three colours of such perfect purity and delicacy.

We reached the highest point five minutes before the sun





West "Zmutt" Ridge, Ben Nevis.

April, 1906.

disappeared behind the hills in the west. It had already begun to freeze hard, but it did not seem unpleasantly cold owing to the stillness of the air. We stayed a few minutes longer, watching the night with its crimson fringe creeping over the sky, and then hurried over the gently sloping snow, and down our long glissade to the path, reaching Fort William at 9'15.

Tuesday was spent in walking up to Loch Meall an t'-Shindhe, bathing and lunching there, and afterwards recovering the rucksack. Considering the nature of its fall, the smallness of the damage was extraordinary. The solid brass mount of the lens had been cut like a piece of cake where a sharp rock had met it, and the camera bellows had sundry holes made in it, but the ground glass screen at the back had actually escaped uncracked. Fortunately the dark slides and plates had been carried in another rucksack. We finished the afternoon with the ascent of the most westerly but one of the ridges of the north face. These two end ridges we christened the W. and E. "Zmutt" ridges, owing to the wonderful resemblance in their lower portions to the Zmutt ridge of the Matterhorn. We joined our ridge above all serious difficulties, but had an hour's pleasant scrambling over rock and snow, and once more ended up with delightful glissades to the Fort William path.

Wednesday was spent in a long boat excursion to the mouth of Loch Linnhe. The tides can be made to do a lot of the work if judiciously used.

Thursday was the day fixed for a serious attempt on the N.E. ridge. The foot was reached at 11 o'clock, and we halted there nearly an hour for lunch (O. in the illustration). In the light of subsequent events we will seem rather optimistic to have left most of our remaining provisions and our boiling apparatus, so that we might have a nice supper in the evening after descending by the Tower ridge.

Even the recent strong sunshine had not thawed the ice. Some big patches of black had begun to show on the Tower, but the upper rocks near the N.E. ridge still looked as like

séracs as ever. We had a long spare rope with us, but a descent of the Tower ridge would almost certainly have been impracticable as it was then.

We roped up at 12 o'clock and skirted some steepish snow slopes under the N.W. face of the great buttress (fully 500 feet in height), which forms the lower end of the N.E. ridge. Climbing became quite serious directly we took to the rocks, which consisted of fine clean slabs of the Lliwedd kind. As we evidently had a long climb before us, we made as much use as possible of the snow, where steps were easily cut. We had to leave this for good very soon, however, and struck nearly straight up the rocks on the right (looking up) of a broad nasty-looking couloir, descending from the first prominent notch beyond the big buttress mentioned above. A rather awkward cleft was surmounted, followed by a traverse to the left where we had a view down into the couloir. After climbing a steep corner, progress became more rapid for a while, till some steps in the ice led to another steeper pitch, which ended in a nasty sloping slab with not much else but friction hold. From this point onwards the climbing was not easy till the main N.E. arête was gained at 3.30, and a little to the right of the head of the aforesaid couloir. Once on the arête, matters improved considerably, and the next 150 feet were quickly accomplished. Then, traversing to the left—to the S.E. side of the ridge—across a snowy ledge below the huge cliff, which almost overhangs at this point, we arrived at the foot of a long steep slope largely composed of ice. This can be best described by stages. The first stage culminated in a very steep place where some rocks penetrated to the surface of the ice (5 o'clock); the second was very similar, and ended in a rather serious difficulty. A steep projecting rock had to be cleared of its massive ice-covering, and a large piece, weighing perhaps a hundredweight, came off so quickly that I was unable to get the axe away in time, and it was wrenched out of my hand and carried down out of sight at once. Furnished with another axe the clearance was soon completed, and the obstacle passed. Beyond this the way lay



over snow, up which we cut our way quickly till the next difficulty was reached—vertical rocks and ice. An attempted passage to the right was abandoned in favour of a snow ledge to the left, which ran along under overhanging rocks, and led up to a perpendicular rock-wall 8 feet in height, which caused some delay owing to the fact that the take-off for it was steep ice. So much step-cutting had naturally taken a long time, but we hoped the end was not far distant. A traverse to the right over comparatively easy snow led to another short rock-wall with a coating of ice above it. As the summit grew nearer the ice on the rocks became much thicker, and what seemed an impossible wall loomed in front and threatened to bar our progress completely. A couloir was discovered leading diagonally up on the left. It was steep and led up to a still steeper broad chimney, which became quite vertical at the top, being formed of two perpendicular faces of rock, covered with more than a foot of ice, and placed at an obtuse angle. In the angle itself the ice had accumulated through constant drippings, and formed a horrid looking smooth bulgy mass, which overhung at a point 9 or 10 feet below the top.

This final vertical bit was only between 15 and 20 feet in height, but its ascent occupied an hour and a quarter. Those who have cut up really vertical ice will sympathise with me, and perhaps not consider this time exceptionally long. When a good step has been carved out of the wall, it is, in my opinion, a very nasty feeling to realise that it wants a really good deep handhold to merely hold you in, let alone make any progress. Handholds in ice wear smooth very quickly, and I think one must be more than human to enjoy that horrid moment when one has to raise oneself above a real bulgy bit, with a drop of about 1,200 feet below. Luckily it was possible to use both walls, but the angle was very obtuse, and the amount which had to be hacked away with short arm and wrist strokes seemed enormous. I think I had to come down twice to get a breather in some rather less critical position. I can still vividly remember the cold contact of the ice on my left hand, as I stopped working for a moment to

cast an anxious, almost appealing glance at the setting sun behind. With another hour's daylight I should certainly have turned back, but as it was after 7 o'clock, the long descent with its many awkward pitches could not have been accomplished in the dark, even with the spare rope, and the danger of passing a night on the ridge without adequate provisions or clothes seemed to me greater than that of going on.

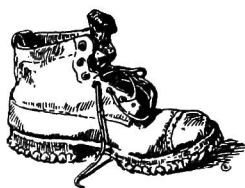
I should be curious to know the experience of others, but I certainly found that the handholds in the ice could not be grasped sufficiently firmly with gloves on. This was a pity, for as the holds had to be made as few inches as possible from one's chest and face, with the hands sometimes on the actual head of the axe, my fingers were a sorry sight at the finish. The amount of red paint in the tracks would have satisfied the most exacting member of the D. O. A. V.

Eventually, I managed to mount high enough to get my hand over the top, where the ice joined the snow and formed a handhold just like the top of a great slab. I never gave a more grateful shout of relief than when I managed to struggle up to the snow, and security, and I am pretty sure the patient martyrs below heartily echoed it. They joined me without loss of time, and then steps were cut in feverish haste up a ridge of firm snow, which came as a delightful change after our recent trials. For a moment our hearts sank, as we saw another icy wall ahead. However, we knew it had got to be climbed somehow, and it was obviously much shorter than the last. Traversing a few feet along a little shelf of "névé," I found a chimney festooned with ice, but obviously climbable. Having scooped out a comfortable platform on the top of the snow ridge, where the others could sit and hold me in perfect security, I advanced to the attack with such optimism as to fancy the ascent could be made without any help from the axe. I accordingly proved (1) that the friction of ice-walls is insufficient to support one's weight, (2) that I could be held as easily and safely as I had hoped. A little preparation made the ascent of the chimney much easier, and in ten minutes we were all congratulating each other on the summit ridge, close to the actual summit, which we reached at 8:25.

We had had no halt of sufficient length to allow of a meal, so we proceeded at once to consume the piece of cake and sandwich we had each brought up with us. Needless to say the rucksacks were left where they were till the next day. The big glissade had to be rather cautiously dealt with in the dark, especially as the snow was disappearing in its lower reaches. But we felt quite impervious to small annoyances, and reached Fort William about 11 o'clock in an exalted, if somewhat dreamy state of mind.

Next day the local doctor muffled up my hands till the flesh should come upon them again, while M. made an express journey for the rucksacks. Unfortunately the weather had broken, and the fall of fresh snow rendered his search for the lost ice-axe unavailing. In the afternoon we all left for England.

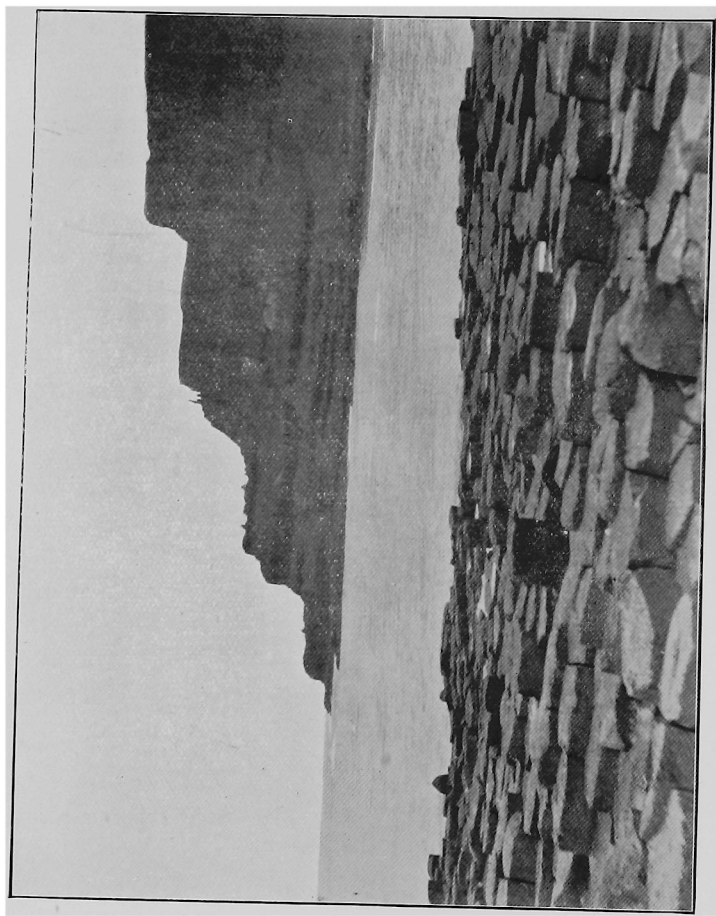
Of course I shall not be impertinent enough to try and give advice to experts, but I would warn climbers of moderate ability that when the rocks are heavily glazed, the N.E. ridge has some very nasty bits on it. For those who thirst for new and difficult rock climbs, Easter will generally be too early for Ben Nevis, but to me the wonderful snow and ice, such as can be found nowhere else in Britain, and the long safe glissades, which would be exceptional even in Switzerland, are advantages which no other consideration can outweigh.



## ALONG THE CLIFFS OF ANTRIM AND DONEGAL.

By ERNEST A. BAKER.

ON my way to join a party of cave-explorers at Enniskillen, where some of the most formidable pot-holes and most impressive caverns in the British Isles occur, and in no small numbers, I enjoyed a solitary but very delightful ramble round by the Giant's Causeway and Slieve League; and, though being alone I got no scrambling worthy of mention, the experience may be of interest to hill walkers, especially as it was spring, and few people seem to be aware of the incomparable charms of spring in Ireland. Now that the Midland either owns or manages practically the whole of the northern railway system of Ireland, the highlands of Antrim and Donegal are brought within easy reach. By crossing in the turbiners from Heysham to Belfast, which give you the luxury of a cabin all to yourself, one can leave London at 6 p.m., sleep and breakfast on board, and get out at Portrush at 9 a.m., in a condition fit for tramping or rock-climbing along the superb sea-cliffs beyond the Causeway. These cliffs, although their basaltic formation allows comparatively little opportunity to scramblers, are of much greater interest to lovers of rock scenery than the famous Causeway. In May they look their best, for not only is that a halcyon month for weather, but it is the primrose month, and the primroses of Antrim are something worth crossing the Irish Sea for. In England they grow in wood and copse and by the hedgerow; here they cover the fields, and even the sand-dunes, wandering down nearly to tide-level, and hanging down the great cliffs beyond the Causeway apparently in sheets.



*Photo.]*

**Chimney Head from Giant's Causeway.**

[E. A. BAKER.



One first realises the grandeur of this coast after passing the headland at the end of the bay of which the Causeway forms one horn. Here we enter the Amphitheatre, a deep recess immured by gloomy columnar cliffs, relieved at this season by the hosts of primroses that wander from ledge to ledge, if the scanty slopes, where a few grains of earth have clung, can be called ledges. Four hundred feet below the cliff top the sea foams in a rocky cove, studded with fantastic crags that offer all sorts of *hors d'œuvre* to the climber. The man interested in rock-climbing curios will find specimens of extraordinary interest and variety all along this coast. Rounding the next point, we look down on a wider recess, with Benanouran Head rising magnificently beyond, its indented crest resembling a range of peaks towering one behind another, although the cliff top is really flat. Onwards leads a narrow path, where a friend of mine once came to the rescue of a tourist prostrate with giddiness; and eventually the path becomes an intermittent track, and then dies out in what seems at a distance the absolutely ledgeless walls of Pleaskin and Benbane. Before reaching this spot, you may enjoy a sensational scramble along the Horseback on to the precipitous islet perforated by the "Giant's Eyeglass."

Burdened with a camera, I had been exercising my mind with the problem whether I could scramble up Benbane Head, and so make the return journey along the edge of the cliffs; otherwise there was no alternative but to retrace one's steps all the way. Scanty terraces lead in zigzag fashion to a point where one looks almost perpendicularly into the sea, 350 feet below. Here an exposed climb went straight up the uppermost wall, but it looked risky, with a camera to carry. To the left, however, a deep chimney began not many feet above my head, and once inside this I found the scramble safe and easy, and emerged close to the finest view-point on the whole range of cliffs, a spot called Hamilton's Seat, in memory of a divine of that name who had the good taste to make it his favourite haunt. It was so clear that I felt almost incredulous when I saw Goatfell and Ailsa Crag, and other familiar shapes, staring

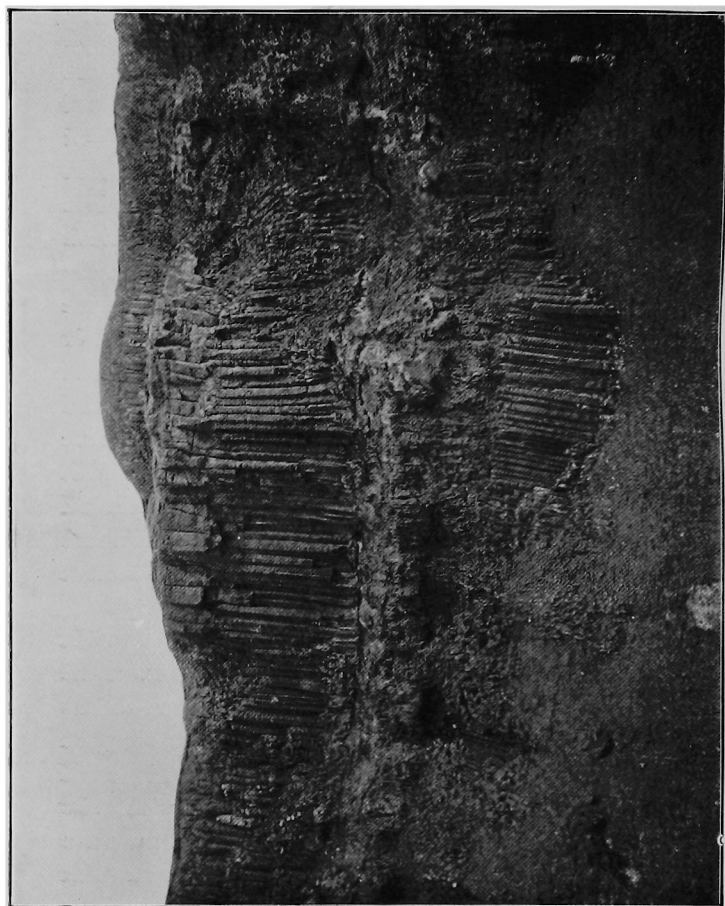
me in the face from no further off, seemingly, than Irish Rathlin. Islay and Cantyre, the Ayrshire coast and the Paps of Jura seemed no distance away. The boatman who took me into the caves later on told me that it was years since the regular tourist season had been blessed with such a day; and the moral was obvious, come over in May.

My next climb was a humiliating failure. Above the Causeway a shepherd's track strikes down through a cliff-rimmed bay, a short cut back. The Company have stuck an iron wicket here, which, as the season had not begun, was padlocked. There were several sporting scrambles round this obstruction, but several extra pitches had been artificially introduced by means of large quantities of barbed wire. In trying to outflank these obstacles, I got down a good way, but found that if I persisted it would be necessary to sacrifice either myself or the camera, and decided at last to return and take the long way down. Though the sea was so quiet a hundred yards out, one got tossed about enough among the breakers off Portcoon in rowing round to the cave of that name; and my boatman would not venture far in. I had to take a flying leap on to a rock left bare every few instants by the waves; and he at once sheered off out of harm's way, while I set the camera up on a ledge, where the water lashed in among the legs in a very threatening manner. The photograph secured, the boat came back again within jumping distance, and took me round to Runkerry Cave, which runs some 600 feet into the basalt, and offers not a foothold for landing purposes. It would have been easy to catch the evening train on to Belfast the same day, and start first thing in the morning for Donegal, but I preferred to spend the time here and at Portrush, and catch the train that had brought me; which means that one could have got to the furthest end of Donegal, taking the whole journey at once, and got a walk or scramble in within the twenty-four hours from London.

There is not a dull bit of scenery all the way; and after Strabane, except that the mountains are not so high, the Donegal line gives you as exhilarating a ride as the Highland







*Photo.*

**Basaltic Cliffs above the Amphitheatre.**

[E. A. BAKER.]

Railway itself. At Barnesmoor Gap the train plunges through the hills, and far down the pass flings us a blue glimpse of Donegal Bay, with the weird limestone shapes of the Connaught Mountains nodding over its southern shore. Beautiful Lough Esk is passed, cradled amidst the desolation of the Blue Stack Mountains ; and then we amble leisurely on past Donegal, eponymous town of the county, and round the heads of rocky bay and wooded inlet, down whose blue reaches we see the bluer waters of their parent inlet, Donegal Bay.

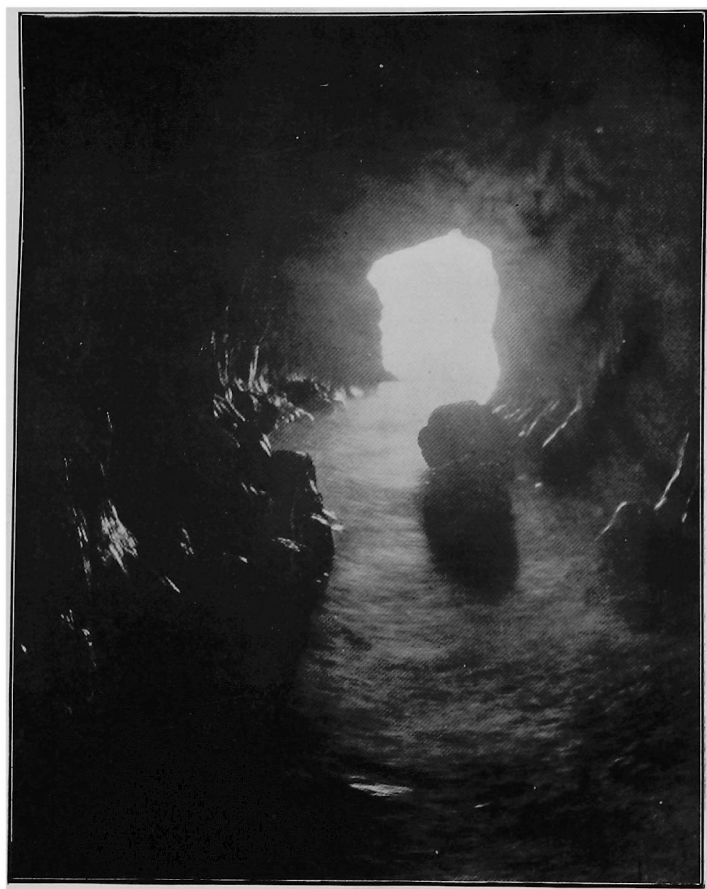
Some day, perhaps, now that our enterprising Midland is at the helm, the Donegal line will run on to Carrick, the last outpost of civilization, nestling under the gloomy slopes of Slieve League. At present it is a long car ride over rough roads, where the slowness of the pace is, however, more than made up for by the splendour of the views. Across the water the Sligo mountains, with their top-heavy limestone crags, can be studied at full length ; and the further Mayo peaks, blue, translucent shapes, rise above the sea line like a fleet of lofty ships standing across the bay. According to the driver, who was as communicative and as inaccurate as most of his tribe, they were the mountains of Galway ; but one would need the vision of a Celtic seer to make out Galway from Donegal. He gave me all sorts of information about Slieve League, the sacred mountain of this region, and of the marvels on its summit, but admitted that he had never been up it. Carrick was reached in ample time for five o'clock tea, and as the evening was too fine to be wasted I started without delay on the track of the Glencolumkille pilgrims for the famed seacliff of Glen Head.

Many a shoeless pilgrim from St. Columba's days to this has toiled up the long road from Carrick in the shadow of Slieve League, on his way to the church and cross, the holy bed and the holy well, in the saint's valley over the hill. It is a sombre road, for the sun sets early behind the mountain, which on its landward side is a mountain of peat and heather, unresponsive to the sunlight at the best of times, a vast

profundity of shade, dark as the womb of a forest. After the long trudge and divers perilous short cuts across the bogs on the watershed, marked by the foot of many a pilgrim, the view that suddenly breaks on one's weariness across Glencolumkille to the high scarp of Glen Head, brooding over the Atlantic, and down the hallowed vale to the sandy bay at its foot, is refreshment indeed. Eight hundred feet above the sea washing its base, stands this great headland, with sides little short of vertical, and a pigmy martello tower poised on its bare summit, making the eye realize its hugeness all the more: it is one of the three or four biggest seacliffs in Ireland, and so of the British Isles. The unbroken line of the wine-dark sea, unflecked with foam save where the surges whiten eternally along the reefs that fringe the cliffs and bay; the solemn half-light that made the heathery fells like darkness visible, falling from a black cloud-belt where the sun was meditating his final plunge; and the subdued, all-pervading boom of the surf—sights and sounds were all attuned to one sombre key, a diapason of gloom and majesty. The sun shines cheerfully sometimes, perhaps, on this last ledge of Britain, and on the ocean that beats unceasingly against its foot; it was utterly beyond one's powers of fancy to picture such a transformation—one felt it must always be sunset here.

I plodded round to Malin More, and was reascending the sides of dark Mulyoo when the sun came out from the cloud bank, and sank into the sea in a chariot of flaming cirrus, which continued to smoulder along the horizon, shooting up tongues of fire and sending a faint afterglow far across the hills. It was quite dark when I reached lonely Lough Auva, where the descent begins again to Carrick; and a foolish short cut took me floundering into bogs ere I got back to the hotel at ten, after a fourteen-mile tramp.

Rain was threatening and the wind rough when next morning I struck up among the sheep and cattle tracks that wander over the lower slopes of Slieve League. Torrents of storm-drift were pouring over the peaks of the great sea wall, and began to burst in rain as I approached Bunglass, above



*Photo.*]

**Portcoon Cave.**

[E. A. BAKER.



which the finest route up the mountain definitely begins. A peat-smoked, weather-beaten old shepherd, who looked as if he had just emerged from the bogs that matched his complexion, was extremely anxious to know what country I came from, and what dark fate drove me to climb Sliabh Liag this bitter cold day. I was beyond a doubt the earliest tourist of the year, and he had never known anyone select a stormy day for the undertaking. I left him in a lull of the storm, and in a few minutes came out above Bunglass. The mountain, which has been a turfy slope so far, is here shorn away beneath one's feet. Instead of the whistle of the wind through the heather-stems a muffled hum comes up from below ; and there, a thousand feet beneath, is the sea crashing against the cliffs of the mountain, which fall without an inch of ledge or the slightest scree slope straight into the brine.

A little to the right is the Eagle's Nest, a perpendicular cliff tapering into a sharp pinnacle. But for the most part the great precipice of Slieve League is not vertical, but a chaos of broken cliffs and screes rolling down to the more abrupt, clean-cut scarps forming the last barrier against the waves. It is not a precipice, but a system of precipices, and an orderly system, though the first impression is one of glorious disorder and confused riot of colour. From the peaks of the mountain, round which the mists were boiling, run long spurs ending in sea-capes. The shoulders are flanked with long slopes of scree, and terminate in mural cliffs, the rocky strata of which gleam with red and brown and yellow ; for, though it is gloom overhead, the sea itself gives light and splendour to the vivid tints of the rock and the rich motley of its vegetation. The whole of this wonderful face is luminous with colour. In between the steep shoulders and ridges, the mountain carries run down to the ocean and end in blue coves, where, on a strand of sparkling pebbles or shingle, the deep whitens continually.

One Man's Path, the short arête leading up to the first peak, has a fearsome reputation, but is not worse than many a choice morsel of easy scrambling on Snowdon or the Glydys.

At this point I was swallowed by the mist, and it certainly was a strange sensation to look down into nothingness and hear, not the familiar cadence of burn or beck, but the rhythmic tramp of oceanic rollers nearly two thousand feet below. There are more ups and downs on the ridge of Slieve League than one would expect from a distant survey; but in half a mile from the first peak the top broadens out, and the higher summit is less interesting, save for the view, of which the mist deprived me. Many people must have been puzzled by the line of cairns built along the cliff edge. They are not danger posts, but penitential stations, from one to other of which many a devout Catholic has dragged himself barefoot along the stony crest of the mountain. Not far away is a holy well, and the remains of a priest's cell and a church, resorted to by the faithful in the bad old days.

The mists began to clear as I descended. Flying showers, curling mist-wreaths, and struggling bursts of sunlight sent shimmering rays of colour across the great cliff. The Sligo and Mayo peaks came out clear to an eagle's flight of fifty miles across Donegal Bay, and in the other direction I caught a fleeting glimpse of Errigal and Slieve Snacht in North Donegal. Carrick, such a gloomy nook yesterday evening, was gay with sunshine when I came down in the early afternoon. Spring here is late, but it makes up for that when it does come. On the banks of Glen River, among golden-brown clumps of unfurling osmunda, blue-bells, marsh marigold, and the inexhaustible wealth of primroses, with here and there plots of that exquisite and far-sought flower, the buck-bean, made as sweet a paradise as in any spot in northern Ireland. But, behind all, the sombre sides of Slieve League loomed skywards, a changeless symbol of gloom and desolation, and of the ocean mysteries that lay behind its cloud-swept walls.

Lunching at Carrick, and again at Killybegs (one can manage any number of lunches in Donegal, at least in May), I arrived in the early evening at the picturesque, ramshackle town of Ballyshannon, whence there was no getting away that



night, so that it was the following day before I reached the rendezvous with the Yorkshire Ramblers for our campaign underground.

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## IN MEMORIAM: J. W. ROBINSON.

By W. P. HASKETT-SMITH.

IT is difficult—because it seems almost unnecessary—to write about John Robinson. Every climber knew him, every climber delighted in his company, and there was something so genuine and transparent about his frank and unaffected nature that even a few hours in his company produced an impression of long familiarity. Still, even those who knew him best will like to read a few words about him.

The facts of his life have already been given in the very competent and sympathetic articles which have appeared in the *Friends' Quarterly Examiner* and in the *Fell and Rock Climbing Club Journal*. Suffice it to say that he came of a good Cumberland stock, owners of land for many generations at Lorton. His father was a man of attainments far beyond what could have been expected from the limited opportunities of a farmer's life, or from his slow speech and air of simplicity. He was interested and well posted in botany, meteorology and history, and had a well-chosen library, which was not kept merely for ornament. My first visit to Whinfell Hall made me open my eyes. During a long railway journey that day I had read in the *Times* a letter containing a very apposite quotation from Carlyle. On my referring to this the old man looked at me with a grave deference, which made me wonder whether he had ever heard the name of Carlyle before, and then gently quoted another passage which, he said, came a little later in the same chapter of the "French Revolution." In fact the father was a more scholarly man than his son, who, however, made good use of his opportunities at Ackworth School, but early settled down to the practical work of managing the paternal acres.

In 1883 he happily married Janet, daughter of Dr. Willis of Bradford, and, running quite contrary to the ordinary course of things, that event, instead of marking the close, really formed for him the starting-point of serious climbing. Up to that time he was a magnificent hill walker, he had occasionally done a bit of rock-climbing to reach a crag-fast sheep or the nest of a rare bird, and, more from curiosity than any other motive, he had been up the Pillar Rock, but it was not till after his marriage that climbing began to be the great pastime of his life.

My first meeting with him was in 1884, on the occasion of Petty's frightful fall on Mickledoor. Robinson helped to carry him down; indeed, without Robinson's strength and skill it may be doubted whether the poor fellow's life would have been saved. When Petty was sufficiently strong to be moved about a fortnight later, Robinson came over again, and he and I carried the invalid on a rough stretcher from Burnthwaite down the rough cobbled road to the Inn, where a carriage was waiting for him. The same day, if memory serves me well, we had our first climb together, making a most enjoyable westward traverse across the face of Great Napes. He climbed with great strength, agility and judgment; but, curiously enough, chimney work was obviously quite a new idea to him, and like O. G. Jones when he first came to the Lakes, he had no idea that the side walls of a chimney could be made useful to a climber. Later, of course, each of them in turn became extremely proficient in the use of this particular trick. That climb was the first of many. John would leave Lorton at daybreak, walk up past Crummock Water and Buttermere, over Scarf Gap, across Ennerdale, over Black Sail, and down to Wastdale Head, while most of us were still thinking about getting out of bed. He would then climb with us all day, and not unfrequently finish by walking home again to Lorton the same evening. Perhaps one great element in the pleasure of climbing with him was the sight of the huge delight which he himself obviously took in it. From the moment when at the door of the house he gave that

characteristic wriggle of the shoulders to settle the sack on his back to that when, after the toils of the day were concluded and the hearty evening meal consumed, he drew up his chair to the fire, his face beaming with anticipation of a delicious chat, no one could doubt that he enjoyed every minute of the day.

His memory was something wonderful. Not only could he bear in mind the details of climbs which he had perhaps seen but once, and that a dozen years before, but he could recall long conversations with all surrounding circumstances. Where an ordinary man would say, "Was it you who once told me a story about a hat in Sty Head Tarn," John would begin, "You remember that time in August, 1892, when you and I had been climbing with A. and B. on the screes, and as we came back it hailed a little, and A. saw something floating in Burnmoor Tarn, and B. maintained it was a hat, and then you told us about the man whose hat blew into Sty Head Tarn," etc., etc. Then would follow the ancient yarn long ere that forgotten by its original narrator. His retentive memory could even add something to your pleasure in climbs in which he himself took no part. There was first the pleasure of telling him all about it, and then that of getting it back again from him years afterwards, when your own recollections had almost faded away. Even if a story told somewhat against himself he enjoyed it no whit the less. He and I were once caught on Lingmell in a terrific thunderstorm. We raced down to the beck, meeting a cascade of rain which not merely wetted us through and filled our boots but ran freely down our bodies between our clothes and our skins. He had the start and reached the beck a minute before me, but the water was knee deep, and he went up and down the bank looking for the tree trunk which acted as a bridge. The bushes concealed it, and it cost him upwards of a quarter of an hour to find it, by which time he was very cold. It then occurred to him that wading could not possibly make him ~~war~~ <sup>warmer</sup>, until he reached the inn and found that his companion had by so doing gained sufficient time to wash and put on dry clothes.

He used to tell that story with a pensive air, as if still in doubt what he would do in similar circumstances. There was no sort or condition of men that ever failed to receive respect and kindness from Robinson, or could refuse to yield them in return. To a man so modest, so truthful, so sweet-natured, it was simply impossible to be overbearing or boastful or ill-tempered.

I have seen in his company many men who by no means undervalued their own rank, wealth or intellect, but never one who supposed that any one of these things made him too good for Robinson's company.

Among ladies he was enormously popular. His manner was a blend of an almost chivalrous respect with a brotherly familiarity, and his watchfulness for chances of doing little acts of kindness and consideration was unfailing. But of his position among climbers what are we to say? We all know what warmth of feeling may exist between a mountaineer and his paid guide, though the latter may be only a rough, uneducated peasant. Robinson had all the qualities of a really great guide, and he exercised them not for gain but for friendship and love of sport. In the early days of mountaineering, explorers were sometimes so fortunate as to find in some lonely village at the head of a valley a *curé*, who knew the mountains and loved to lead a stranger into their recesses. It may be easily imagined with what pleasure such assistance was welcomed and a companion secured, who, while thoroughly at home with the local folk in their language and ways of thought, was himself of superior intelligence and education. What Imseng or Eller or Father Placidus was in his own district, all that and more was John Robinson among the Western Fells of Cumberland. Those of us whose friendship with him extended over many years know that we have happy memories of him, which we shall only lose with life itself, and feel that we are not only happier but better men for having known him.

## RUCKSACK CLUB DINNER.

A VERY pleasant function was the annual dinner of the Rucksack Club, held at the Albion Hotel, Manchester, on 7th December. Mr. Charles Pilkington, the President of the Club, was in the chair, and there was a large attendance of members and guests. The toast of "Ourselves" was given by the President, who congratulated the members upon their achievements during the past year, and made special mention of guideless traverses of the Schreckhorn and Finsteraarhorn. Mr. A. R. Horsfield responded, and pointed out that in addition to their doings as climbers some of the members had brought great credit to the topographical section of the Club. The "Alpine Club" was proposed by Mr. Hermann Woolley, President Elect of that Club, and an old member of the Rucksack Club, and Mr. Joseland responded. Mr. George T. Ewan proposed the toast of the Kindred Clubs under the inclusive title of "Others," and good humouredly suggested that a little more energy might be infused into the doings of the Climbers' Club, for whom Mr. Roderick Williams responded. Mr. Ewan also referred to the useful work of the German and Austrian Alpine Club, for whom Mr. Herbert J. Mothersill responded in a very bright and amusing speech. The "President" was proposed by Mr. C. H. Pickstone, who in fitting terms spoke of Mr. Pilkington's valuable services to the Club. During the evening several excellent songs and recitations were given.

## REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE COMPLETE MOUNTAINEER. (By Mr. G. D. Abraham, with 75 illustrations. London: Methuen & Co. 1907. 493 pp., 15s. net.)

A BOOK which deals with mountaineering, past and present, practical and theoretical, from "Lochaber to Cathay," must somewhat resemble an Encyclopædia. The author has, however, lightened the conscientious reader's task by a number of excellent illustrations. From the mountaineering standpoint the most important part of the book is comprised in pp. 46 to 125, which deal with the Art of Rock Climbing, Snow Craft, Climbing with and without Guides, and the Dangers of Mountaineering.

The Art of Rock Climbing (p. 47), "except in very exceptional cases, I do not think that the study of geology is of much practical service!" "The only rock formations that seriously interest the climber in a practical way are certain limestone deposits, more especially the Dolomites, the granitic formation, as, for instance, in some of the British mountains, and the various other series of volcanic rocks."

This represents very well the popular view of rocks, "Dolomites and the rest." It is as little likely to be accepted by those who study the science of mountaineering as the theories of early navigators are to be put into practice by modern sailors. What would be thought of a captain who ignored all Admiralty Charts and sailing directions and was content to discover the dangers of the rocks by actually touching them?

And yet, without some knowledge of what I may call "climbing geology," the experimental or "feeling method" is

the only course open to a climber. The majority of rock accidents would probably never have occurred if some member of the party had possessed an elementary knowledge of rock structure. For instance, Twll Du consists of a dyke or crack into which volcanic rock has been injected. The remains of this rock are loosely plastered against the wall of the chasm and are liable to break off when touched. We do not wish to do the author an injustice, but he implies that granite is a form of volcanic rock. This vagueness might well lead the novice to treat Mr. Abraham's warning on page 212 against climbing the Twll Du as lightly as the cyclist does the boards marked danger on a hill. General terms of warning will never keep climbers away from dangerous places. The reasons of the particular danger must be stated.

That the author does not clearly distinguish between difficult and dangerous routes is clear from what he says on page 68. "Many years practice in an inferior (*i.e.*, behind on the rope) position is certainly advisable before attempting to lead up difficult and dangerous routes." The implication is, that a climber should look forward to the days when he will be able to lead up "dangerous" rocks with only perhaps a small amount of risk.

If the author had treated the art of route finding in his book he would have appreciated the advantages of a knowledge of rock structure.

It is obviously impossible for all climbers to be geologists, but a power of intelligent anticipation of the places in which cracks, hand and footholds, etc., will be found on an unknown rock face, and where it will be safe to trust them, is already possessed by all good rock climbers. They may only have a general notion of the scientific nomenclature or of the mode of origin of the rocks, but they have acquired something which is more useful for climbing, namely, an experience of different forms of rock.

On page 51, the author describes the "continuous movement" of the expert. We are reminded of the well-known guide in Badminton, who progressed with the regularity of a



bucket descending into a well, only in the reverse direction. The principle is correct, but, like "Ouida's" heroes, these prodigies are not often met with in real life (*i.e.*, climbing).

In fact, we should rather distrust any one who went up rocks like a lizard. Of course this advice is obviously not intended to apply to any new or difficult climb, but the expression might lead a climber to get over an awkward place too quickly, with disastrous results.

The writer has more than once seen a first-rate climber dislodge dangerous masses of stone which he would have entirely avoided with a little more deliberation.

On page 51, the author says "the hand-holds should as a rule be only used as anchors, and the upward progress made by simply stepping upward on available ledges." More might be said here on the character of hand-holds. Many climbers grasp a rock like a door handle, and are surprised when it comes out. The less obvious holds are often the best, especially on a slab where the ends of the fingers can be bent inward till they almost touch the hand, and great security obtained with only small holds. The climber should pay great attention to finger-holds, as in that way he will learn to choose reliable holds rather than those that are easily grasped.

On page 52, we find "most beginners, especially those with a gymnastic training, quickly learn how to use the hand-holds properly." We should say that a gymnastic training is likely to lead a climber entirely astray in the matter of hand-holds, and that the sooner he forgets his old methods the better. We have repeatedly noticed in climbing with active beginners who have done work in a gymnasium that they get up anything which has fairly large hand-holds easily, but they are quite at sea on a place with small holds, and are obviously dangerous if the large holds are loose.

We are pleased to note, on page 57, that the importance of belaying the leader on a new and difficult climb is fully emphasized.

In the first ascent of the cave pitch on the Slanting Gully of Lliwedd, by Messrs. G. D. and A. Abraham, they tell us

that the leader was secured by the rope—an honest admission, to be commended to all makers of first ascents who find it desirable, in the interests of safety, to get the utmost possible security from the rope.

#### SNOW CRAFT.

The chapter on "Snow Craft" is clearly intended for a non-mountaineering public, and the hints given would be of very little service to a party who wished to commence climbing without guides.

On page 74, we find "unless the glacier is of a comparatively straight and level nature, crevasses will soon be visible." No exception can be taken to this statement, but it must be pointed out that level snow fields, where the crevasses are usually hidden are often far more dangerous than ice falls. We are bound to mention this because considerable space is given to methods of getting a companion out of a crevasse, and very few directions are given as to the avoidance of these chasms. We cannot resist the impression that snow and ice are treated too much from the rock climber's standpoint, and that what corresponds in snow craft to "climbing geology" is scantily dealt with.

What is said about guides in the chapter on climbing without guides rather points to this conclusion. To take an instance. A good rock-climbing party of two who had had little experience of snow and ice, would probably find the upper part of the Dent Blanche easy and safe, while they might well have run considerable risk in approaching the mountain from the Berthol Hut over the easy snow field. Up to the base of the peak, the average guide would certainly be safer than most amateurs.

We emphasize this, because it is essential to point out to those who propose to climb without guides that snow craft requires as much experience of the forms of glaciers as rock-climbing does of the structure of rocks. It may be argued that the average guide has not got that knowledge. Granted, but *he* takes the risk, as, if the rope is used properly, the

others, or his single companion, are fairly safe. The amateur, if he leads on snow, ought not to have to take those risks, and the more he knows about glaciers and snow in a scientific way the less he will have to undergo.

On page 91 is a picture of glissading. The axe is held in an insecure manner, as it ought to be placed well under the armpit, instead of being held outside. The axe has much greater holding power in this position, and is far less likely to be forced out of the hand if the glissader touched an underlying rock or reached a piece of ice.

We note that in the chapter on "Equipment" (page 40), crampons are dealt with somewhat summarily. The use of properly made crampons lessens the risk of ice work, and immeasurably increases its enjoyment. The prejudice against them is probably due to the use of the unsafe and unreliable crampons made abroad.

**BALL'S ALPINE GUIDE—THE CENTRAL ALPS.** Longmans, Green & Co.

WE welcome this long delayed volume. The book is indispensable to all climbers who visit the districts with which it deals. A new feature consists of the admirable coloured maps by Ravenstein, which show the orographical features. It can be recommended even to non-mountaineers as the best guide book to the region.

**THE CLIMBER'S POCKET BOOK.** Lionel F. West. 2/6 net.  
The Scientific Publishing Company, Manchester.

THIS contains an excellent account of first-aid to the injured and the uses of the rope, which should be studied by all climbers. From the guideless climber's point of view the list of requisite articles on a mountain expedition seems a little alarming. These range from lanoline to an aperient. One hardly realizes before reading this book the numbers of

accidents that might happen to a party on a mountain. For instance we are given, on page 51, advice as to the proper treatment of a member of the party who becomes temporarily insane. We are told that it would be dangerous and unjustifiable to hit him on the head, a course of action which would, of course, naturally occur to anyone as the first expedient. The suggested methods of controlling him seem a little complicated, as they involve catching him by the nose, an awkward proceeding in a difficult place. However, there is much excellent practical advice that should be taken to heart by climbers.

CAVE EXPLORERS OF CO. FERMANAGH, 1907. By E. A. Baker and others.

THIS contains an interesting account of cave exploration, which will be appreciated by others beside professional speleologists. Mr. Baker's descriptions of cave scenery are both valuable scientifically and picturesque.

THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL. Vol. IX., Nos. 53, 54.

THE Journal keeps up its high standard in the description of Scottish Mountains and the articles by members on climbs. Most interesting is the monograph on the Cuillins which appears in 54.

THE CAIRNGORM CLUB JOURNAL. Vol. V., No. 29.

THIS contains in addition to other excellent articles an interesting note on the physiology of mountaineering. The writer wisely warns climbers against the use of alcohol.

THE YORKSHIRE RAMBLER'S CLUB JOURNAL. Vol. II., No. 7.

THIS number is, as usual, full of excellent articles, and is well illustrated. Some reminiscences of Skagastolind by Erik

Ullen are an especially valuable contribution to the literature of the Horunger. A good diagram is appended, showing the position of the climbs. The writer of this review was a little amused to discover that a gully by which he ascended the west face of Skagastolstind has been called by his name (Andrews' Gully). It only affords another instance of the courtesy displayed by Norwegians towards foreign climbers.

THE RUCKSACK CLUB JOURNAL. Vol. I. No. 1.

WE welcome the first number of this club journal. Besides various articles on the Alps and the Highlands, there are two interesting accounts of walks among English mountains—"With the Rucksack Men to Beckfoot," and "The Upper Valley of the Wharfe."

THE JOURNAL OF THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB.

WE cannot remember any new journal which has appeared with such excellent articles, and with such a plethora of good illustrations. Especially noticeable are "The Climbs of the English Lake District," by C. N. Williamson, and "Gimmer Crag," by Andrew Thomson. We can only envy the editor of a journal who receives so many illustrations that he can spare a number for separate publication!

THE MOUNTAIN CLUB ANNUAL. Nos. 10, 11. 1906 and 1907.

THESE numbers are of considerable interest to climbers, as they show the variety of climbing to be obtained in South Africa. We note that the routes up Table Mountain are now 58 in number! We believe that Lliwedd has fallen behind in the race, and call J. M. A. Thomson's attention to the fact. We shall yet reach 100 first. In an article on the first complete ascent of Fernwood Gully, it is interesting to notice the use made of a tuft of long grass, to which one of the climbers

fixed a short rope. On another occasion the same climber had to rely on his teeth. Alas! neither our teeth nor our grass are reliable in emergencies in this country.

THE ALPINE JOURNAL. 1907. Nos. 177, 178.

ESPECIALLY interesting are articles by O. K. Williamson and J. H. Clapham on "Dauphinè" in 178, and an article by the Editor on "The Cuillin Hills." In 177 there is a list of Mountaineering Clubs throughout the world. The same number has an article by A. E. Field, "Through the Graians," "The Ice Axe in Trolldheim," by W. C. Slingsby, and "The Central Peak of the Bouquetins," by R. L. Irving.



## COMMITTEE NOTES.

THE following new members have been elected :—

Ernest H. Griffin, B.A., Camberwell House, Peckham Road, London, S.E.

Arthur Elliott Riddett, 6 Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn, London, W.C.

R. M. Peel, 4 Linton Road, Oxford.

Henry Harland, St. Mary's House, Beverly, E. Yorkshire.

Arnold H. M. Lunn, Oldfield House, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

Rev. H. E. Newton, Chiltern View Road, Uxbridge.

F. C. Starkey, 27 St. Nicholas Street, Coventry.

A. R. Thomson, Beech House, Bowden, Cheshire.

T. R. Nelson Younger, 12 Ridgmount Gardens, London, W.C.

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THE eleventh Annual General Meeting of the Club will take place at the Hotel Cecil, London, on Friday, February 14th, 1908, of which notification has been already given to all members by postcard.

The retiring Vice-President is the Rev. J. Nelson Burrows, M.A., and the retiring members of the Committee are :—

Mr. Christopher Cookson, M.A.

Mr. Charles W. Nettleton.

Mr. A. W. Andrews, M.A.

THE following members of the Club have resigned as from the 31st December, 1907 :—

J. W. Wyatt.

Wentworth H. Price.

H. D. Hoffman.

A. E. Elias.

F. G. Salter.

Frederick Morshead.

Darwin Leighton.

Herbert Owen.

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THE Club possesses on the 1st January, 1908, 268 members.





## EDITORIAL NOTES.

A NOTE on Dow Craggs, by E. F. Woodhouse, has been held over to the next number.

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THE Editor regrets that the accounts of the Scottish Mountaineering Club Dinner and the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Dinner have not reached him in time for insertion in the present number.

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THE *Wide World Magazine*, October, 1907, contains an article entitled, "Three Men on Great Gable," by R. E. Arnold, of the English Climbers' Club. There is no such name among the members of the Climbers' Club, but the author, who is a member, has used an assumed name. It is much to be regretted that such sensational articles should be published in the public press, as they bring the good name of mountaineering into disrepute.

The editor of the periodical in which the account appears prefaces it as follows:—"A touch-and-go experience on the Cumberland Fells. Some people have an idea that mountaineering in England is practically devoid of danger, but Mr. Arnold's little story affords striking evidence to the contrary."

We quote a few passages from the article. "It was a fine piece of rock craft, but intensely risky, for had either foot slipped upon the rock face, he would have been instantly killed on the scree below. I handed him the slack, and prepared for the perilous descent."

Apparently the party started in snow for a climb they did not know at about three in the afternoon at Easter. Naturally

they had to come down in the dark! Most of us who had undergone such an experience would have endeavoured to forget it as soon as possible, but the author apparently takes a pride in his discreditable performance.

The matter would not be worth noticing if it were not necessary to emphasise the fact from time to time that such articles are harmful to the club. It is to be hoped that no one, in future, who writes in this way will use the Climbers' Club name, or shelter himself behind an alias.

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THE Editor wishes to remind members that articles for the March number should reach him by the end of February.

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THE Treasurer has received two postal orders, value 10/6 each, with no names attached, but presumably for two members' subscriptions for the current year. One was taken out at Edgbaston on January 9th, and the other at Threadneedle Street, E.C., on January 27th, and is numbered £368445.

