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EDITED BY
A. W. ANDREWS

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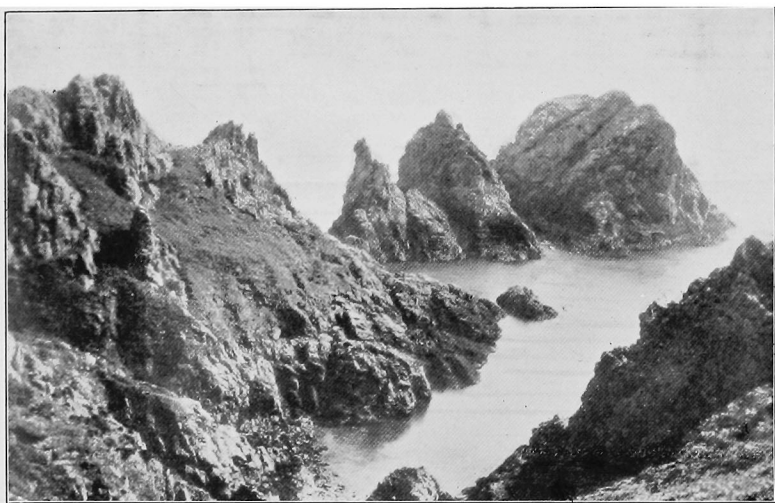
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Jerbourg Point.

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T H E

CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

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[No. 41.

CLIMBING IN GUERNSEY.

By F. H. GRENFELL.

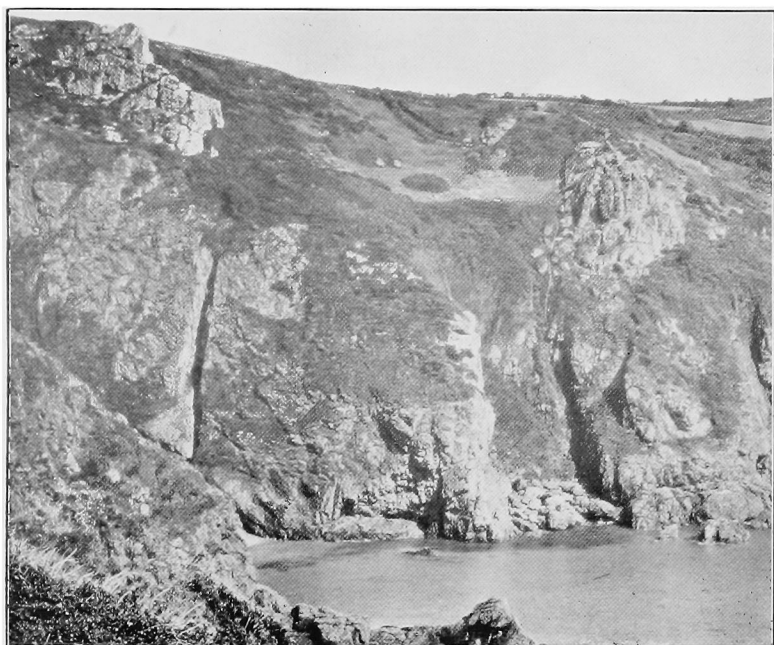
I HAVE been spending a few days holiday in Guernsey with my brother, scrambling about the cliffs round Moulin Huet Bay on the South Coast, and in the event of any climbers visiting the island, I thought that perhaps an account of what we found might not be without interest. Any part of the bay can be reached by cycle from St. Peter's Port in twenty minutes.

Moulin Huet Bay is a deep indentation of the coast bounded on the east by Jerbourg Point, the south-east point of the island, and on the west by Icart Point. Its coast line is broken up by a number of smaller rocky bays or cores, with long stretches of sand at low water, from which excellent bathing can be had.

Jerbourg Point: Take the path which branches off to the right from the main road immediately under the Doyle Column, and follow it down to the end of the point. Close off Jerbourg Point are three small rocky islets, their steep sides rising to fairly sharp points. These seem to offer plenty of problems, but unfortunately a boat is required to reach them, as the few yards of water which separates them from the point does not dry at low water.

About half way between Jerbourg Point and Petit Port a large tower of rock rises from the sea. It presents a striking appearance from Petit Port, but is invisible from Jerbourg. From the land side the climb up to the top is scarcely more than a walk, but the south corner of the tower from the rocks of the beach to the top is a fairly stiff climb, especially on the lower part which is water-worn. This tower can be reached from the path leading down to Jerbourg Point, but those who do not care for bramble-thorns will approach it from Petit Port at low tide.

Petit Port: After passing the three houses on the right of the road just before reaching the Doyle Column, cross the fields on the right of the road, and descend by a steep path at the head of this deep cove. In the centre of the steep smooth cliff which forms the left wall of the cove is a deep fissure cutting the cliff from top to bottom. It is well seen on the left of the accompanying photograph. Unfortunately, at the time we attacked the climb it was nearly high tide and we were unable to reach the foot of the chimney on the beach. We therefore climbed up some steep bracken-covered slabs on the left and worked out to the right till we reached a platform at the top of the first section (estimated at 40 feet). This platform will be seen in the photograph where the chimney seems to widen out somewhat. At this point the fissure runs back 40 or 50 feet into the cliff, and its smooth, unbroken walls rise almost parallel to each other, some 3 feet apart, and inclined towards the right at an angle of about 15 degrees from the vertical. About twenty feet from the outer edge of the chimney are a series of four big boulders wedged in the cleft almost vertically above each other. The climbing is all on the (true) left wall until the copper wedged boulder is reached, 60 feet above the platform. Some convenient hand and foot holds for the first 12 feet, and then back and knee work over another 8 feet take one to the first boulder. Above this, a few feet of back and knee gives access to small but sufficient holds on the left wall, and thence to the back of the second boulder, 20 feet above the first. The same character



Petit Port Bay.

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of climbing takes you, in ten feet, behind the third boulder, which is a little further out than the others, and on to the top of the upper boulder over its outer side. Here the chimney widens out into a sort of funnel, and the next move is on to the edge of the right wall by a little ledge 5 feet above the top wedged boulder. The best way to negotiate this is to plant the right foot firmly against the left wall some 4 feet above the boulder, then drag across on to the ledge, on which the holds are not too plentiful. From here the rocky ridge—rather lichen-covered—is followed for another 15 feet until another small ledge is reached. Here we built a little cairn of stones in which we left a card. Above this is 10 feet of rock-slab rendered rather nasty by vegetation, and at the top of this the climb ends in a steep slope of bracken and bramble through which we sorrowfully broke our way, leaving a path for future climbers, and removing the thorns in our persons. This is a most enjoyable climb, and our only regret was that we could not take the first section from the beach. As it did not appear that the chimney had been climbed before, we took the liberty of christening it the *Petit Port Chimney*. It should be noted that some of the holds in the chimney proper are rather rotten, and require careful testing. It is probably best for the second man to join the leader on the first chockstone, and then for the leader to climb straight up to the upper chockstone, passing behind the third and in front of the upper stone. The second man then comes up to the second stone. There is only room for one man on each of the three upper stones, and there are no belays. The leader can then take the corner and climb up to the second ledge on the right wall (true), and, if he slips, the rope will hold him over either the upper or third chockstone, according to whether he falls into or out of the chimney.

Almost in the centre of *Moulin Huet Bay* a steep rocky point runs out into the sea, at the end of which are two detached pinnacles of rock known as the *Dog and Lion Rocks*. These are separated by water from the main land, except at low tide. The *Dog Rock*, the higher of the two, and the

first one reached from the point, is some 50 feet high at low tide. It is a sharp tooth of rock running up to a point. We climbed it from the big rock abutting against its base on the land side, and climbed up a shallow recess inclined a little to the left for 10 feet. We then crossed a bit of rock on our right into another and rather steeper recess, straight up which we climbed into the gap between the two top blocks. The higher of these is on the right, and is reached by standing on the edge of a sharp splinter of rock. The top of this is about eight feet above the gap, and is just large enough to comfortably stand upright upon. Or so at least thought the leader, while enjoying the light zephyrs that played about his heated brow. The second man was heard to mutter something about a howling gale when it came to his turn, which was inexcusable, seeing that he is a sailor. We paid our footing by leaving on the top a Guernsey penny, with our initials and the date scratched upon it. A most sporting little climb. The smooth, almost vertical face of the Lion, as seen from the Dog, looked most tempting, but alas! time and tide forbade. The rocks on the west side of this point should give some good scrambling.

Icart Point: At the west end of Moulin Huet Bay is a rocky promontory connected to the main land by a narrow and sloping path, three feet wide and twenty yards long, with vertical precipices on either side. The place is known as the Coupé. It may be crossed in different ways—the best is on the feet, but some prefer the attitude of a sitting glissade. After crossing the Coupé keep the central mass of rocks on your right, until you reach the sea, under some little cliffs in which the central rocks fall away. Turning a corner on the right and skirting the cliffs which face the sea for a few yards will bring you to a recess formed by vertical walls meeting at an angle of about 90 degrees. Easy rocks will take you in 15 feet to a small ledge in the angle of the recess. At arm's length out on the right wall (right when looking towards the corner) and at the height of the head is a comfortable handhold. It is well that it should be comfortable, because both

similar to that of the outside staircase of a Swiss chalet. Here we found a short climb of a singular character.

After getting up some slabs that rise immediately from the small scree, we struck the foot of the corridor, which begins with a pitch of moderate difficulty ; this gives access to what may be termed a giant's staircase, and at the top lies the crux of the climb. The final riser is some twenty-five feet in height ; an attempt to climb this may or may not prove a failure, but the chances do not, I think, favour success. In any case, we preferred a ledge on the right, promising enough at first, but afterwards narrowing to nothing ; not, however, before it had brought us within reach of a rock needle which the Alma Mater seems to have left here for one purpose only. At this point Backwell joined me, and payed out the rope. By leaning forward from the top of the needle, we can grasp some minute rugosities on the face, and transfer the centre of gravity by means of a spring, the friction of the clothes seems of some service for the brief space that intervenes before satisfactory holds can be seized, and the remaining portion is relatively simple.

We came out upon a grassy terrace, and after erecting a cairn, went down by the North Ridge.

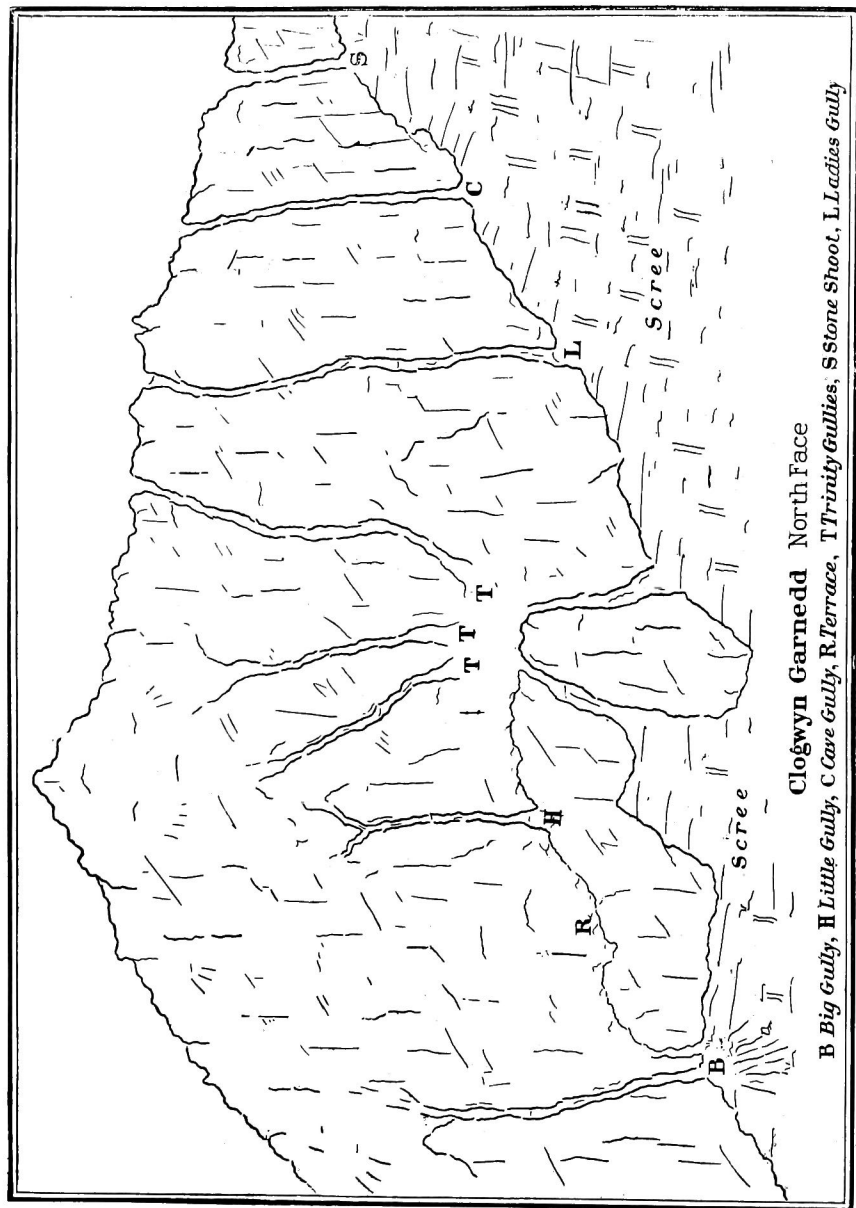
Cynr Lâs has thus been annexed to our playground in this district, and the acquisition of fresh territory may be welcomed by those who are familiar with the older climbs, but it may be added in this connection, that the very cliffs on which the latter lie, afford, in many cases, far greater scope than is commonly supposed. As the Editor desires me to be discursive, I will here invite attention to the north face of Clogwyn Garnedd. A widespread notion exists that there is here but one gully that has been climbed or is worthy of being climbed ; in fact there are seven. Of the Big Gully, a very popular, but, in my view, a much overrated climb, nothing need be said except that it is 300 feet in height, and is more conveniently reached from the zig-zags than by the usual route from the head of Glaslyn.

As far back as 1894, H. Hughes and I, finding this gully

replenished with a fresh supply of débris, passed over the portal pitch beside its entrance, and traversed along a terrace to the foot of the "Little Gully." We were rewarded by finding a pleasant route, four and a half hats, and a varied assortment of useful sundries—the votive offerings of pious visitors to the summit. There is one pitch of considerable difficulty near the exit; indeed, were it not for a mere fragment of quartz jammed in a crack, it is doubtful whether a climber would succeed unaided.

In September, 1898, M. K. Smith, Roderick Williams, Tom Williams and I, spent a long day on this face, and climbed in turn the remaining five gullies. The first two of the Trinity group had, I believe, been ascended before. Each of the three branches contains a jammed block, easy to pass, but in winter the central channel affords the best snow ascent on Snowdon, and the conditions are often excellent at Easter. The gully next in order may be identified in misty weather by a fallen slab that bridges its entrance, or by the rock ladies—not less life-like than the Dames Anglaises—cutting the skyline to the right of the exit. A fine pitch, with good holds on its left wall, is succeeded by a grassy continuation, which gives out at a notch on the Bwlch Glas ridge. Not far below this, a similar gap marks the termination of the last and shortest of the series, which contains the most formidable problem of all. The "Cave Gully" gradually narrows to a chimney, surmounted by a precipitous slope of earth. Here the difficulty in finding sound footing seemed to me materially increased by the consciousness that anything disturbed must strike the men gathered below in the funnel. The leader ascended these sixty feet alone, and made good his position in the cave before the rest of the party followed. The upper reach of the gully is coated with rather treacherous turf, but possesses no special features.

A stone-shoot provides a short and direct route down from the ridge, so that, if descents are not desired, these gullies may still be climbed in succession without unnecessary loss of height and repeated ascents of the scree.



Clogwyn Garnedd North Face

B Big Gully, **H** Little Gully, **C** Cave Gully, **R** Terrace, **T** Trinity Gullies, **S** Stone Shoot, **L** Ladies Gully

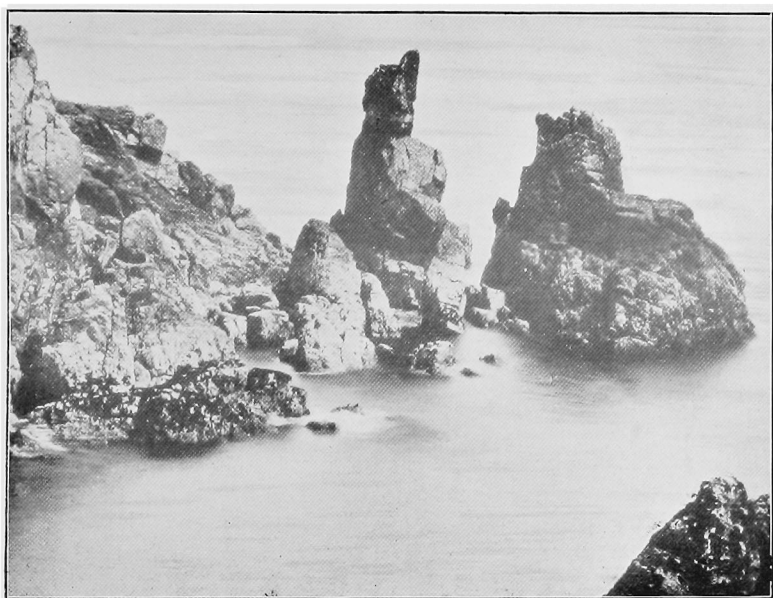
CAVE WORK IN SOMERSET.

By H. E. BALCH.

SOMERSET abounds in caverns. The great chambers of Wookey Hole have been known for centuries, whilst all the world has heard of the beauties of Cox's exquisite little cave at Cheddar, and of Gough's great cavern near by, under the shadow of some of the finest cliffs in England. These rise, quite unscalable, 400 feet vertically from the road, which winds upwards, with many a tortuous turn, towards the uplands of Mendip. The intricate cavern of Goatchurch at Burrington, too, has been known for many years, and the favoured few have long since penetrated to the depths of Lamb Lair at Harptree. Everyone has, however, been content to tread the old, well beaten tracks until recent years, when I set myself the task of exploring some of the numerous swallets with which the carboniferous limestone of the uplands abounds. I have been privileged to explore two of these to a very great depth, and am now engaged upon the third. The former are those of Swildon's Hole and Eastwater, the latter the great swallet of Hillgrove, three miles from the quiet little city of Wells. There are five principal outlets for the swallet waters of the carboniferous limestone area of Mendip. These are the waters of Rickford, Cheddar, Rodney Stoke, Wookey Hole, and Wells. Of the swallets or caverns of engulfment on the Mendip plateau above absolutely nothing was known except the Goatchurch cavern and Lamb Lair before mentioned, until our explorations of the past few years. I purposely selected the active swallets for the first operations, and if the results attained may be taken as a measure of what we shall experience with them all, a wonderful field lies before

us, filled with boundless possibilities. The great depression, several miles in length, and nearly a hundred feet in depth, which runs westwards from Hillgrove, near Wells, has been formed entirely by the removal of the limestone through the medium of the swallets, which dot its surface everywhere. It may be taken as an indication of the approximate course of the subterranean channel of the Axe, which rises a considerable stream from the Dolomitic conglomerate of Wookey Hole. I think it may be fairly conjectured that the summer flow of the Axe is obtained from the triangular-shaped reservoir, formed by the faulting down of the Lower Limestone shales against the Old Red Sandstone south of the Hillgrove swallet. Our explorations may demonstrate this. But in addition to the large number of unexplored active swallets, there are many dry ones. Principally amongst these I would mention the great swallet on Bishop's Lot at Rookham, near Wells, and that of Sand Pit Hole, between Ebbor Gorge and Priddy. The former is a vast circular pit of 300 yards in circumference, with a depth of about 60 feet. It is entirely grass grown, but there are five minor depressions at the bottom, which appear to represent the old water channels. The latter is of more irregular form, with vertical limestone sides, in one of which small water channels are seen penetrating the rock. I have not yet attempted the exploration of either of these, but feel sure that an entrance will be readily effected.

My first exploration was that of Swildon's Hole, near Priddy Church. Here a fair sized stream of water flows down from the hill above, and, reaching the termination of the valley which it has worn for itself, plunges into a small rift in the limestone, and is lost to sight. Immediately upon penetrating through this fissure, a small and tortuous passage occurs which it is difficult to pass. The stream has already disappeared, taking a short course through the rocks of the floor, and we can hear it rumbling away below. Passing the tortuous watercourse, little more than a rabbit hole in size, we find our legs dangling in space, over a rift some 20 feet in



Dog and Lion Rocks.

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hands have to be got on to it, and then the legs swung off their ledge, and into another an equal distance on the opposite side of the said handhold. Above this is 10 feet of steep slab with sufficient cracks, and then easy scrambling to the top. A rope from above will not come amiss.

There are plenty of other little problems on these rocks, one of which severely beat the writer after two desperate attempts. This is round the corner 10 yards to the right of the preceding climb, on 30 feet of quite vertical wall with a little bulge at the top. It is started from a small ledge on the wall above a pool of water, which can be mounted from the left. There are plenty of holds, and I am sure it can be done, but unless it is done quickly the fingers will not stand the strain. From the ledge you go up a slight crack to the right on to a minute platform under the bulge, then traverse to the left round the bulge, and so up somewhere—the bulge beat me—I arrived with tired fingers at the traverse, just where you want them strong, because the holds are small and the bulge makes you lean out. At the second attempt and failure I had to be lowered ignominiously on the rope, the fingers refusing any longer to cling, even for descent. “Go thou and do better.”

If any climbers should contemplate a holiday in Guernsey, I trust this slight indication of what may be found will induce them to include a rope and a pair of nailed boots in their baggage. Certainly the Petit Port Chimney alone will repay the extra weight. And it should be observed that I have only dealt with a small portion of the rocky south coast of Guernsey. There must be plenty of fun to be found on the cliffs to the east of Icart Point.

A ROCK CLIMB IN CO. WICKLOW.

By PAGE L. DICKINSON.

DURING the last three or four summers, a small group of us living in Dublin, have, inspired by Easter and 'Xmas spent in Wales and Cumberland, been exploring the Wicklow mountains, with a view to ascertaining what could be found in the way of rock climbing. The result has been on the whole disappointing, as although numerous crags occur, notably at Lough Bray, Upper Valley Glendalaugh, the Scalp, the Rocky Valley and at Lough Dan, hardly anything has been met with that one can dignify with the name of a climb, and what does occur may be only regarded as a break in a day's walk.

There is one exception, however, which is, I think, of sufficient interest to be worthy of a brief description.

One day last summer, after having spent a week end at Lough Dan, and working out some little problems, we started back on the Sunday evening on our fifteen mile tramp to Bray, where we meant to pick up the train. On crossing the shoulder of 'Douce,' one of the highest hills of this group, we noticed some remarkably fine-looking crags over Lough Dan, about three miles to the north. The lake is situated at the bottom of a sharp valley whose sides rise 2000 feet all round, and one of these, the west, seemed, so far as we could see, to be nearly vertical. Very much interested, we made a mental note of how to reach it, and continued our homeward way.

The week after found four of us on the big scree at the foot of the crags, our party consisting of Sparrow, Evans, Earp of motor fame, and myself. We had examined the general formation of the crags from the distance of about

half a mile away, and found them to be roughly a miniature edition of Lliwedd, rising to a height of about 500 feet in the centre, where the angle is steepest, and falling away to about 200 at either end, where they are very broken up, and gradually run into the general slope of Luggela mountain.

A large grass terrace cuts the crags in half, and runs horizontally from the left hand or south end, to about three-quarter ways across the face, where it dies.

There appeared to be three obvious routes, two shallow gullies at the south of the centre, and one which seemed to be full of grass to the north. A walk along the foot and a careful inspection, and we came to the conclusion that the extreme north gully would be very unlikely to go (we have since found it to be totally impossible), and that the most promising route looked by the second gully. The grassy gully we have also since done, but it is of no interest, and anything further north is too much broken up to offer any sport.

It is rather a misnomer to call our route a gully, as although it looks so from below, in reality only the first 100 feet have any claim the name; this portion of the climb being at the back of a sort of V formed by the main face and a projecting rib. It afterwards develops into a face climb pure and simple. The formation is granite, and it was obvious that few holds would be met with, so we sought for a chimney or crack that would start us on the line we wanted to follow.

Two close together were just beside us, and after choosing the wrong one and having to retreat, I managed the other, which went up pretty straight for about 30 feet, and landed me, with a few feet back and feet at the top, on a nice little grassy ledge. Evans quickly joined, and I wormed up the second pitch, which consisted of a huge jammed boulder, and after a very strenuous 15 feet, slipped over it, to find myself on the sloping floor of a shallow cave, and the others joined me.

A series of little ledges got me up the left wall till the roof was reached, and further progress became impossible; with some trouble, however, it was possible to get clear of

the roof still on the left wall, and I managed to get head and shoulders out ; this position is very trying, as both arms are in under a sort of cap stone, and the difficulty is to get them over for the pull up. I got one over several times, but each moment felt like a hurried descent on to the three faces up-turned some 20 feet below, and finally beat a retreat.

Evans soon got into the same position, one hand over the cap stone, and after staying there for I suppose 15 minutes, the other went over too, and he quickly slid up out of sight into the little chimney above, which I had been trying for. A shower of stones and a cheery shout and we breathed again, and in a moment the call to come on came down.

I managed it at this attempt, and found Evans on a comfortable ledge some 10 feet wide with plenty of belays all round. We were now about 100 feet over the scree, and about 70 below a conspicuous chimney for which we had been making.

An examination of the rocks above showed a slab running straight up in front, with a vertical wall on its right, and a drop straight on to the scree on the left, its width being about eight feet, and a series of little cracks and ledges on the right looked hopeful ; it reminded one of the long slab in the slanting gully, but the holds were slightly better, and the 60 feet was just long enough to enable me to reach a sloping platform about two feet by five, with a magnificent piece of mountain in exactly the right place for a belay. We afterwards found a second belay half way up, which takes away all the difficulty of this slab, which I found a little bit too sensational the first time, as the strain on toes and fingers is considerable. The others joined, and I started to have a shot at the chimney.

Standing on the platform, the bottom of the chimney was about six feet below and to the left, out of sight round a leaf which joined the edge of the slab, and the holds on this traverse were stretchy, but confident in two stout pairs of arms holding me behind the big pinnacle, it went all right, and I jammed across the foot of the chimney. This method, however, was no

use for its ascent, as it splayed out immediately, and I had to depend on a few little cracks at the back, and some tufts of grass which seemed fairly good. After some 20 feet or so it got no better and I came back cautiously, and was glad to get on to the platform.

The slab still continued above the pinnacle, and it looked a sort of forlorn hope, but after 15 feet or so, I could not get on, as it was very slippery, owing to the rain which had been falling for the last hour, and I again returned to the platform.

Evans then tried both ways, and although he got further on both than I had done, he liked it no better, and returned.

However, he was quite confident that the slab would go if dry, and we therefore thought it better to get back and wait for a more favourable day.

Rather sadly we descended the lower slab to the top of the cave pitch, where we found an easy grass ledge, which brought us to the scree about 100 feet from the foot of our climb.

About a month after, Sparrow, Evans and myself again found ourselves at the foot of the climb early on a dry warm day.

I had been down by myself in the meantime, and had traversed along the big grassy terrace, to a point about 100 feet above where we had got to, and was quite certain that if the upper slabs would go, the remainder of the way on to the terrace would not offer any insurmountable difficulty. I had also got up about 100 feet above the terrace, and believed that that portion could be completed; therefore the whole success depended on the one slab, on which we had previously failed.

The honour was given to Evans, who moved steadily up for about 30 feet, to where the right hand wall curved across and stopped the slabs, and he here had some difficulty in getting across on to the leaf which overhangs the chimney. However, he seemed to get something good for his left, and swung across, and disappeared from our view. This was a most exciting few minutes, as we saw, if he could not get

on, the descent of the slab would be unpleasant, but a hail from above to the effect that he had a fair resting place restored the beat of our pulses, but would go on for another 15 feet before heaving us up.

The 60 foot was just enough, and he shouted to me that he could hold a dozen, so I traversed into the chimney, as I wished to see if the alternative would go. It did, but not without a struggle, and it certainly is not the way to lead the climb, as it is necessary to depend more than once on grass tufts.

At the top of the chimney I found Evans's first resting place, and saw him about 20 feet above on another slab, face in, with the rope round a solid little spike. I joined him, and, with a little juggling, we changed positions, and he went on another 30 feet or so to a good big standing place. I had the third man up, and an easy scramble of 40 feet landed us on the grass terrace, rather exhausted but well satisfied.

After half-an-hour's rest, we started on the second portion of the climb, not by the route that I had previously made, as we found a more direct one, and Evans disappeared again round the top of another slab. About 40 feet of rope went out, and he shouted to come on, which I did with considerable difficulty, taking far longer than he had done to get up. The third man also found it hard, and came up pulling the rope, in a cloud of blue smoke induced by his language. A traverse of about 30 feet to the left brought us to the foot of an open shallow chimney, which proved simple, and some rather indefinite scrambling of about 50 feet, with one interesting corner, landed us on a grass ledge, some four feet wide, at the foot of a wide splayed chimney, which ended on a vertical slab, some 30 feet up. However, it looked the only hope, and a sharp leaf about six feet on the left, and at the top of the chimney, looked as if it might help, so Evans went on.

Some 20 feet up he found a fair belay, where I joined him and hitched on, and he continued up the chimney till it closed. A long pause followed, but after two or three attempts he managed to get his left foot and hand over to

the leaf, and pulled quickly across, and clasping the narrow ridge on both sides, wormed up till he apparently got a good hold for the left foot, which he rose on, and pulled up out of sight. In another few minutes he shouted that it was all over, and I joined him, my extra reach making the way out of the chimney easier for me than for him. A sharp little rock with good holds led to the top. The crags go on for another 100 feet or so, but we considered this the true summit of the climb, and built a little cairn, very well pleased at the first ascent of Luggela.

We had been over six hours on the rope, but this was of course largely taken up with route finding, and we have since done it with a party of four, one of whom, Donnelly, although a fine athlete, is a novice at climbing, in about four hours, probably three is about the proper time however. Since then we have thoroughly worked out these crags, and although we got another route which was very interesting as regards the rock, yet it is so much broken up with grass ledges, that it cannot be compared to what we have named the "black route."

Most of the crag is totally impossible, as huge overhangs occur frequently, and from exploration above, below, and by traversing, we do not hope to get anything more, except on the north buttress to the right of the big grass gully, where the rock is too broken up, and the angle too easy, to make it worth while.

It is hard to classify, but we have never done anything more difficult, and I believe that if this climb was in Wales, that Mr. Abraham would put it in class 4.

MINIATURE POT-HOLING NEAR LONDON.

(By kind permission of the Editor of the *Field*.)

GREAT and manifold as are the opportunities for climbing afforded by the buildings of London, there are nevertheless certain inconveniences attaching which more than counter-balance their attractions, *e.g.*, difficulty of access, the extreme griminess of the holds, and the possibility—nay, the probability—of being run in as a lunatic or a burglar. Most of the underground work is done in electric lifts and cars, unless one chooses to essay the sewers, which I take to be a peculiarly unsavoury form of cave-exploration. Me the gods for my sins have condemned to several months hard labour per annum in this detestable acreage of bricks and mortar, far from fell and moorland ; but my lot is royal compared to that of my friend the Bookman. Him hard fate and professional advancement have transferred from the bonnie north countrie to loathly Woolwich.

One day when we were bemoaning our dreary, level existence, I mentioned to him, or he mentioned to me, “Dene Holes.” His, or my, noble soul rose in enthusiasm at the suggestion, and from that moment an expedition to Dene Holes occupied our horizon. Alas and alas ! that horizon was continually receding. It is not easy to obtain access. The proprietor is not only a difficult man to get at, but is chary of granting permission to exploring parties, not through any want of generosity, but because he will not risk having his woods vandalised by trippers, neither will he give incompetents the opportunity of getting into trouble down the holes.

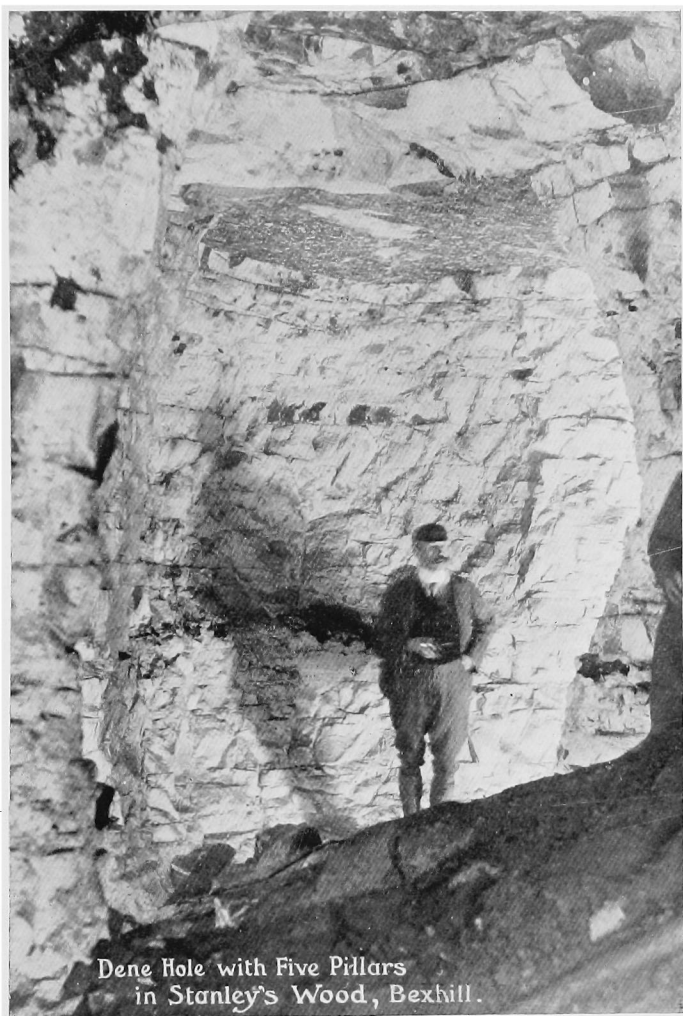


Photo. by E. A. BAKER.

The man is standing on earth cone, 10 ft. high. Note sleeping bat on pillar, left hand side of photo. Metal pick-marks clearly visible on walls. Chalk roof intact. Depth from surface, about 50 ft.

Wherein he is wise. However, the Bookman is a speleologist with an experience ranging from Gaping Ghyll to the Mendips, and away across to Mitchellstown, and his appearance—and mine, too—when not in cave attire is more or less respectable, and in due course permission was accorded, and one fine Saturday morning a party set off on Dene Holes intent.

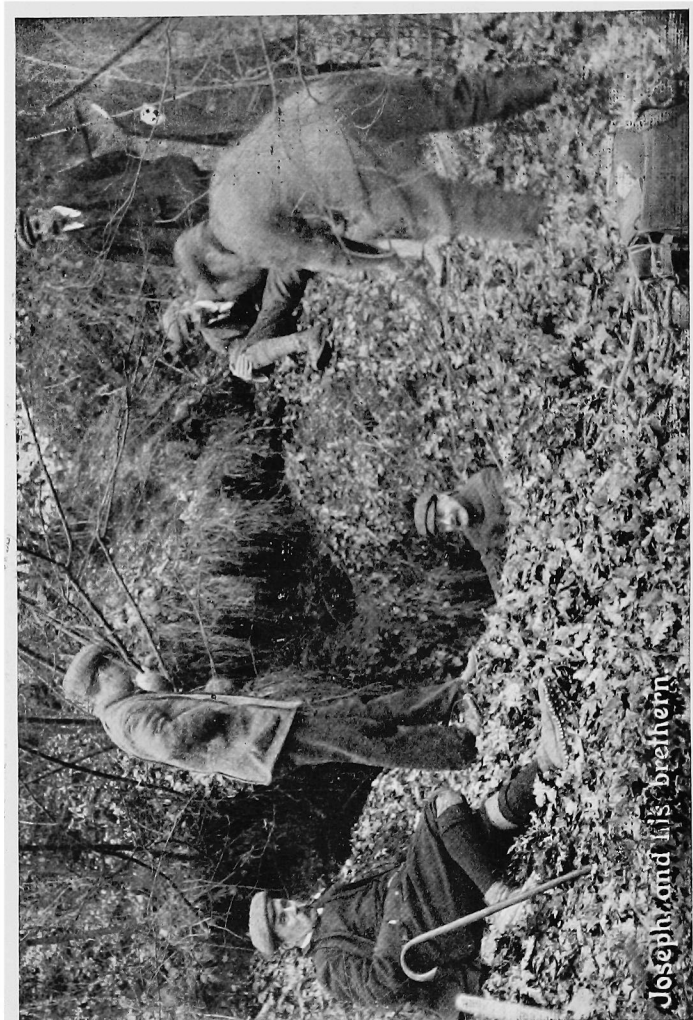
How, when, and where are Dene Holes? To say nothing of the why and wherefore! These—with the exception of the where—be ticklish questions. The Bookman tells me that it is a kittle point amongst archæologists, inasmuch as they fly at each others throats and assault each other with archæological hammers. I take it archæologists—the underground and stone-breaking species at least—do use hammers. I know geologists do, and I conceive the two breeds are akin. I have even seen a geologist at work. He was explaining to me that the Lake District rock was really compressed volcanic ash. As demonstration, he picked up a piece of rock, lifted his hammer, and smote—his thumb! I had no idea till then that the technical terms of geology so nearly resembled the vernacular as employed by irate cabmen. Briefly, a Dene Hole is a circular shaft about 4ft. 6in. in diameter, and anywhere between 40ft. and a 120ft. deep. These sink through the Thanet sand till they reach the chalk, where they terminate in one or more low chambers. Down either side of the shaft, and facing each other, is a row of ample footholds at convenient distances apart, enabling an ordinarily active man to ascend or descend by bestriding the shaft, and going up or down on his hands and toes, spread-eagle fashion.

The “how” of these holes, the methods and instruments by which these wonderfully symmetrical shafts were sunk, seems to be admittedly a matter of conjecture, and the “when” is another happy point of agreement. They are the work of the ancient Britons, and are 2000 years old or thereabouts, perhaps more, probably not less. It is around the “why and wherefore” that controversy rages.

Two of the party, after having heard all the *pros* and *cons.*, gave it as their opinion that the holes were simply dug for the

purposes of getting to the chalk. They are both capable, educated men, and I suppose have reasons for the faith that is in them, but their arguments, to me at least, were not convincing. The picture that most appealed to my mind's eye was a variation of Mr. E. T. Reed's "Prehistoric Billiards," with a troglodyte marker being despatched (with a stone axe) down a Dene Hole. Seriously, however, that an ancient Briton should undertake the, for his primitive appliances, stupendous task of sinking a shaft through 60ft. of Thanet sand, merely to get chalk, and that, with his primitive knowledge and education, he should know or guess there was a substratum of chalk, and such a depth seems to me unthinkable. What he was going to do with the chalk when he got it does not appear.

Other theories are that these holes were used as granaries, prisons, oubliettes, and so forth. Possibly, even probably, they have incidentally served all these purposes, but what was their primary object, their *raison d'être*. That a community of men should have sunk a colony (I use the word advisedly) of these shafts either as cells or barns is inconceivable. To my mind the only explanation of such an immense amount of labour so directed is self-preservation. These holes are in colonies, fifty or sixty in a square of a quarter of a mile. This suggests the idea of a community. They are on the estuary of the Thames, a little below London, a spot peculiarly open and, for obvious reasons, peculiarly liable to sudden attack. The Britons, as Cæsar found them, were a warlike race, apt at arms, accustomed to battle. It has been suggested that these holes were dug to escape the Romans. I take it Cæsar was not the first hostile visitant to our shores. The whole record of the northern coasts is one of piratical forays, bloodshed, and pillage. What more natural than that the inhabitants of so exposed a place should devote their energies to securing a sure refuge, a shadow from the heat, as an alternative to being massacred out of hand, man, woman, and child, by chance callers, or, if taken alive, being carved into a blood-eagle or some such æsthetic triumph of the age?



Joseph and his brethren

Photo. by E. A. BAKER.

The "where" was decided by a laconic postcard from the Bookman—"Charing Cross, 10.30 book to Bexley!" Arriving well up to time with a bulky Eastindiaman, who has the letters A. C. after his name, in tow, I saw that others had heard the alarums and excursions. Tough-looking beings with heavily nailed boots and rucksacks came strolling on to the platform. Notable amongst them were the Bondman, a noted Potholer, and the member for Dene, 6ft. and a few inches of bulk, who had been "down there" before. On the way we were joined by the Beerman, also an Alpine Clubite, and by the time we reached Bexley our party had mounted to a round dozen, the odd, or baker's number being supplied by a real live archæologist. Bexley is a poor sort of a spot for an excursion. There are one or two places of worship, about a score of public-houses, one, only one, room where a man can get bite or sup, and not a bed to be had anywhere, much to the annoyance of the Eastindiaman, who had brought his night-kit along.

After a short time spent in foraging, we started for Stankey's Wood and the Holes, guided by the Bookman and the Member, neither of whom knew the way. In due course, after many inquiries, we reached our destination, the keeper's lodge. The Bookman showed his permit, and away we started, bearing with us, in addition to our other impedimenta, a rope ladder that weighed half a hundred weight, hooked itself in every available bush and branch, was constantly losing itself and getting left behind, and was no possible use whatever. Stankey's Wood is not a nice place to be benighted in. It is literally honeycombed with shafts. Let us imagine that a Pompeii-like disaster had overtaken a town like Wigan, and that the scorix and mud had risen to just flush with the tops of the chimneys. Grow a small wood of bramble, ash, elder, hazel, &c., over this, and you have a fair picture of Dene Holes. The keeper had the usual local knowledge of the particular holes, viz., to scratch his head and think, and generally to think wrong. The first to take a leap into the dark was the Bondman, whilst others were getting

into boiler suits, under the vain delusion that they would thereby save their clothes.

The descent of the Bondman caused one to think. A simple mathematical calculation told me that if he took five minutes to rope up and get down, spent five minutes at the bottom, and took another five minutes to climb out and unrope, each hole would take a party of a dozen three hours. I therefore voted that we should divide forces. This was carried unanimously, and off I started with the Bookman and two others. On the way I essayed a hole with a false bottom. I started by conscientiously playing the game. Wedging the nape of my neck against one side of the orifice, thereby discharging ounces of sand down the inside of my shirt, and my feet against the other, I backed down till I could reach the sound old prehistoric holds. We were beginning to find out things already. The first was that the first 5ft. or 10ft. of every shaft had weathered away and that the firm holdful sides were replaced by loose, holdless sand. Every one of the experts started his first hole as a stylist, to his huge discomfort, and everyone before the end of the day was content to be quietly lowered away like a bale of goods till he reached the sound walling of the shaft. Of course, I said nothing about my experience; I am no advocate for a monopoly of such luxuries as sand-shirts. I noted the same Christian spirit in my companions.

The sides of these shafts are for the most part as sound and reliable as sandstone. A friend of mine, who has studied the subject, is of opinion that the Druids had some means of silicating the surface of the Thanet sand, and certainly along the sides of the shafts, and along the sides of the shafts only, it is very firm and closely knit. The top few feet are, as I have said, loose and unreliable. We were to make another discovery at the next hole. This was that the bottom of a shaft has occasionally fallen in, or fallen out rather, if such a term be permissible, so that the chimney comes to a sudden termination, and the explorer has to be lowered 10ft., 15ft., or in some cases 20ft. Now, to lower a man is one thing, to

haul him up again is quite another. I, having already been down one shaft, formed, with the keeper, the open air party ; the remaining three were lowered in safety, and, to me, most satisfactory discomfort. By and bye came a shout to haul away. They tied on the heaviest man first, which was foolish. Still, with a prodigious effort, we did get him up a few feet, and then he stuck, or our strength failed ; anyhow, we could not budge him, and down he had to go again. I above, and they below, had both learnt something ; I, that the suspended weight of a man cut the rope deep into the soil round the shaft's mouth, the groove forming about the most useless kind of pulley I have met ; they, that the said grooving dislodged cataracts of sand and pebbles which fell vertically. Now, the joy of being hauled out of a chamber is that you are right in the line of fire. If you stoop your head the sand fills up the back of your neck ; if you look up your face gets peppered, whilst you the while are swinging like an up-to-date version, or perversion, of Poe's Pit and the Pendulum. The Beerman did get what looked like turning into a most artistic black eye, and the Bondman had a nail split.

Neither did I escape scot-free. I was first man down the next hole, and found that there was an opportunity for photography. The camera was accordingly lowered, and, after the manner of its kind, just as I was reaching up to take it, pirouetted unexpectedly and tried to spike me in the eye with its tripod. I dodged it, and was laying it gently on its face preparatory to loosing off the rope, when a really respectable stone came down, hit me on the back of the head, and bounded off into the bottom chamber with quite an echo. However, if my head had not been there, it would have gone smash through the glass at the back of the camera.

I shouted to them to tie on the lightest man, the Bookman, but it was too late. We might have got him up when we were fresh, but our strength was spent with our previous efforts at pulling, and we had to send for help. In a few minutes four lusty men, including the Ghoulman, came up, and ere long we had the Bookman at the

surface. I have been trying to avoid mentioning the Ghoulman, because he really was an expert at Dene Holes, and omitted to warn us of the futility of being stylists. I am thankful to say, however, that he was as well sanded as any of us before the day was over. Each man as he arrived at the surface was commandeered into the tug-of-war team, and all went well till we came to the last and heaviest of the party. Six lusty men and valiant could not get him up. When at length he did arrive at the pit's mouth we discovered the reason. He had caught his head against the roof of the chamber close to the entrance of the shaft, and we had been doing our best to pull his head off or break his neck. He was not hurt much, however, and was at it again at the next hole. I was first down this time, and, as narrated, had an adventure with a stone and a camera. We spent some time photographing below, one of the features of the picture being a bat we caught, and so to lunch.

Whilst eating and drinking we discussed what we had seen. It seems that the holes are for the most part very similar, the shafts opening out on reaching the chalk into three chambers, or alcoves, some 15ft. high by 12ft. across, arranged in the shape of a trefoil, with the shaft as the stem. In one, the sides of the alcoves have been cut through, thus forming a single pillared chamber with five arches. In this same hole there is also a large cavern on the other side of the shaft, facing the ordinary trefoil arrangement. It is some 70ft. in circumference, and the roof has fallen in, forming a cone some 15ft. high. These cones are not uncommon in Dene Holes. After lunch we came across the most sporting hole of all. The last 20ft. of the shaft had fallen away on all sides but two, thus leaving two pillars about 5ft. apart, down which it was necessary to climb. The Bookman came down with his feet against one side and his hands against the other. When my turn came, I was idiotic enough to allow myself to be persuaded into letting myself down by the life-line. I was feeling about for holds in the twilight, whilst my companions were chaffing and jeering, delighted to see a man in the same

difficulties they had gone through. Consequently, I waxed impatient and came down the shortest way, which was unnecessary, unartistic, and flayed one finger to boot. As a matter of fact, the shaft can be climbed quite safely without a rope to within 5ft. of its mouth. This the Beerman demonstrated. When the Member came down we did not give him a chance. The upstairs party belayed the rope, by conspiracy, on a given signal, and there he was left, like a gigantic St. Andrew's Cross, between the pillars, whilst we photographed him. I imagine in the negative his lips will be found to have moved.

A visit to Dene Holes affords a very pleasurable excursion, provided the party understand their business. One caution must be given. Where haulage is necessary it is advisable to send down another rope, so that the explorer may help himself up by swarming with his hands, thereby relieving the strain on his own ribs and the muscles of the party upstairs. The greatest care, however, must be taken that the ropes are not twisted, and that the man ties on to the right rope. Both these accidents happened the following day, and gave rise to the only real trouble we experienced. Our party was a smaller one, consisting of myself, the Bookman, the East-indiaman, the Son of his Mother (an expert climber), and the Popular Mystery (a novice). I call him the Popular Mystery on the authority of Gilbert in "Patience," because he was at one time a Heavy Dragoon, which we know to be the residuum of all the virtues. The Bookman and the Son of his Mother were down. The Son of his Mother came up first and gave us all the work we required. However, he is an exceedingly powerful fellow, and solved the difficulty by swarming up the necessary distance. He then explained that the ropes were twisted, and that consequently much of our energy was neutralised, as we were pulling against the life-line. The ropes were therefore disentangled, and instructions shouted down to the Bookman, who forthwith twisted the ropes again and tied himself on to the wrong one. With a mighty yeo-heave-oh we lifted him a few feet, and then the inevitable

happened. Our pull naturally twisted the twisted rope still more, and he began to spin. Loud shouts to lower were of no avail. We could not do so, the tangle prevented us, and the trouble had to solve itself. This took some time. The ropes would gradually untwine until they were disentangled, and then by the force of their own revolution, aided by the spinning body at their end, would twist themselves up together the other way round. Consequently the poor Bookman was twirled about like a suspended tee-to-tum for about ten minutes before he could be let down to the welcome haven of the floor.

It was some time before he felt equal to another effort, and we were glad of the rest. We were none of us weaklings, and the Eastindiaman and the Son of his Mother are exceptionally strong, but we had all had just about enough of it. Never shall I forget the Eastindiaman as he sat with his feet braced against the trunk of a tree, with the great veins swelling up on his temples like whipcord, as he put all his mighty back into the pull. Eventually we got the Bookman up by the "Stirrup." It is usual in such cases for the climber to do his own lifting, but the Bookman was so exhausted, as well he might be, that we had to lift his feet.



A ROCK-CLIMB FROM THE SCHWARZEGG HUT.

By HENRY BISHOP.

ON those not infrequent occasions in the Alps, when bad weather renders high climbing out of the question, it is pleasant to have at hand some means of keeping the muscles in order. An easily reached rock-climb furnishes, perhaps, the best exercise ; and in this connection some particulars of a scramble undertaken by the writer and two friends, forced by weather conditions to postpone for a few days their guideless traverse of the Great Schreckhorn, may prove of interest to those about to climb in the neighbourhood.

Looking from the Schwarzegg hut, in a direction almost south-west, we see, beyond the Upper Eismeer, a long rock-ridge culminating in the Grindelwalde Grünhorn. It has three prominent peaks or "gendarmes," and our scramble was up the face to the centre one—from foot to summit a height of, perhaps, 700 feet. The face of rock is well seen from the hut, and our "peak" is flanked by snow couloirs left and right—that seen to the right as we look at the rocks offering a grand glissade for the return.

The party consisted of Mr. J. A. Stoop, Mr. R. B. Brerley and myself. We set off in a wet mist, which lifted somewhat as we crossed the glacier, enabling us to verify our direction. Ten minutes' scrambling up the glacier's left moraine and we were at the foot of our climb, and some 80 feet left of the right (still looking at the rocks) couloir. By commencing at this point we not only look almost the whole length of the face, but were enabled to utilise a convenient break in the rock as a starting point. This crack or channel continued

upwards for 60 feet or so, after which direct progress aloft became out of the question. So a difficult upward traverse to the left was made, ending 20 feet away in a small ledge. On this ledge the leader was joined by the second man, who immediately passed his rope behind a little leaf of rock, so that number three could afford some slight security during the next move, which promised to be of an exciting description. It was necessary to attain a slight shelf some 12 feet higher, which operation (holds being at a discount) was accomplished by giving the leader a shoulder. He thus with difficulty gained the upper ledge, and had thence to climb directly up as best he might for a further 12 feet or so before reaching a place of safety. We found that the last 40 feet had occupied us for half-an-hour!

Things then eased off somewhat, the going being over slabby material with a decent hold here and there, and the general direction being slightly left, in order to make as directly as possible for the summit. At, perhaps, 250 feet a specially nice bit was encountered—25 feet of the usual slab, with, in the upper part, just a crack for the fingers. So we went on until a long chimney or trough, somewhat reminiscent of the upper part of Collier's climb in Scawfell, took us up 100 feet or more. After which, 15 minutes' scrambling saw us on our "peak." The ascent had taken exactly two hours, the lower part, as explained, having proved very difficult.

On leaving the summit we made gingerly down the rotten ridge in order to strike the couloir, which, as before stated, is on the right but is unseen during the ascent. This we reached in a few minutes, to find that its snow extended almost to the ridge. A grand glissade, and we were at the couloir's foot, and ready to walk back to the hut.

REVIEWS.

Several reviews are held over for the next number.

SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL, No. 57.
September, 1908.

THIS number is hardly up to the usual high standard. Mr. Parker records how his party "bagged" the Cuillins in a week, and Dr. Wilson contributes a very pleasing article on Morven, a hill in Aberdeenshire, we may mention, to save non-Scotsmen trouble. A cyclopædic compilation records how many climbers went to the King's country at Braemar, and what they did at Easter, 1908.

The final section of the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Guide Book* is inserted, and one wonders what the excellent Editor will do to fill up his pages now that his *magnum opus* and great stand-by is completed. We take this opportunity, however, to congratulate the Editor on the completion of a splendid work, and one that will be of the greatest interest and use to members and non-members of the Scottish Mountaineering Club alike. We hope the Club will see its way to issue the *Guide Book* in separate book form, together with the very numerous and fine illustrations that now accompany it.

Last, but not least, we notice that the Scottish ladies have at length asserted themselves, and, following the lead of the Ladies' Alpine Club, have started "The Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club." We wish the new Club every success.

THE ALPS IN NATURE AND HISTORY. W. A. B. COOLIDGE,
Methuen & Co.

WE are glad to welcome this long expected book which should be read by all interested in the Alps. Some chapters, such as

those on the flowers and animals of the Alps, might have received fuller treatment, but no one could quarrel with the author's admirably clear account of the Alps in History, and the story of the Alpine Passes.

In the chapter devoted to modern mountaineering there are a number of points on which modern climbers who climb without guides will not agree with Mr. Coolidge.

Appalled at the large number of accidents that have of late years happened to guideless climbers, he rightly condemns the incompetent amateur for attempting performances for which he has neither the skill nor the physical powers. But he goes further than that ; though admitting that a few amateurs have proved themselves as capable as the 'professional glacier guide,' by which we must suppose that he means the best professional guides, he maintains that 'really capable amateurs' are not to be compared to 'good glacier guides.'

The points he deals with are :—

1. 'An amateur cannot decide in the twinkling of an eye as to the state of the snow.' Most people who have had any experience at all can tell at once if snow is well within the limit of safety or outside it, but few can give an absolutely reliable opinion as to the security of snow when it is near the limit of danger. The leader of a party, amateur or professional, who is competent to give an opinion under such circumstances, must have had considerable experience of bad weather conditions, and must, in addition, be gifted with exceptional powers of observation and deduction. Probably only a few climbers, amateur or professional, possess this knowledge. As a rule, when a guide tells the condition of a snow bridge by the amount of resistance it offers to his axe, he is doing nothing which is not well within the powers of any capable amateur who has been accustomed to lead on snow-covered glaciers.

Even the determination of the stability of snow on an ice-slope requires, as a rule, no exceptional skill.

2. 'An amateur cannot possess the inherited and accumulated weather wisdom of a guide.' Here again it must be said

that a few people possess an uncanny and almost miraculous knowledge of the weather, and can be trusted when they say that it is safe to undertake a difficult climb in doubtful weather. But how few they are! Expeditions of a high order should obviously not be undertaken under such conditions either by guided or guideless parties.

3. 'An amateur cannot hope to vie with a professional in such tiring work as step-cutting, carrying weights, and so on.' 'Certainly he cannot as a rule, but why should he? If he is skilled in the use of properly made crampons he can almost entirely dispense with steps as he will be free at any rate from the toil of long step-cutting; as regards weights, all members of a guideless party must be prepared to carry their share, and the omission of some entirely unnecessary luxuries such as liquids, cameras, etc., will enable a guideless party to carry even more necessaries, such as warm clothes and extra food, than a normally guided party. Besides, porters can be taken on most expeditions if the amateur members have a difficulty in carrying the necessary weights.

4. 'A guide is used to such surprises as sudden mist, bad weather, loss of way on trackless snowfields or in the mazes of a crevassed glacier, and is, in consequence, less demoralised than an amateur.' We presume that what is meant is the occurrence of one of the first two circumstances when the party are on or in the two last regions.

The deduction is obviously incorrect. Moral courage and determination are not the failings of most guideless climbers.

Any leader, amateur or professional, may temporarily miss his way, but he should soon find his bearings again if he has a compass and a reliable map, and has used them before he got lost. It has been admitted that the amateur will almost always be able to read a map and use a compass better than the professional guide. Consequently, on those points, the professional can claim no superiority.

Of course, it is presumed that both professional and amateur have taken the trouble to practice finding their way with compass and map over unknown snowfields or glaciers.

When no map exists of a region, or, at any rate, the party have none, the compass is of comparatively small use for finding the way off, though it is absolutely essential as a guide to the course taken. In that case the party have to follow the line of least resistance, and try experiments in different directions. For this work the competent amateur is as good, if not better, than the guide, for he has probably spent more time on crevassed glaciers. This is owing to the fact that the guide's business is to ascend mountains, not to spend several seasons in the study of crevassed glaciers, which the competent amateur has certainly done as part of his mountaineering education. As a matter of fact, the modern tendency is much more to get to the top of a mountain than to study mountaineering, consequently the modern guide has very little experience of icefalls as he avoids them on every possible occasion.

5. 'An amateur tends to relax attention when the chief difficulties are over and the excitement is past.' Obviously only the incompetent amateur.

6. 'Bad weather makes a heavy demand on bodily strength.' Most amateurs will be at a disadvantage as regards their power of endurance to cold. It is also true that insufficient food or of unsuitable character will knock up an amateur more quickly than a guide. But proper precautions should, at any rate, lessen this last danger.

7. 'Guideless climbers are under no legal responsibility towards one another.' Surely the bond that should unite a party is not a legal one?

We have dealt with these points somewhat at length as we feel that the author's arguments might tend to discourage guideless climbers with whom the future of mountaineering lies.

We thoroughly agree with the appeal to beginners to practice before they run unknown risks and to exercise caution, but, unless they make experiments, how are they to learn mountaineering?

The relative superiority of amateur and professional is an old question and of no importance whatever, for, if A is good

enough to lead on a certain expedition, what does it matter if B and C are rather more gifted?

The comparison of the merits of the amateur and professional is really only intended to warn climbers that they must not lead on expeditions unless they are competent, but the implication is that it is unsafe to attempt almost any expedition without professional help, a conclusion with which we entirely disagree.

If this were so, the sport of mountaineering would soon become extinct.

THE NETHERWORLD OF MENDIP. E. A. BAKER and H. E. BALCH. Clifton : J. Baker & Son. London : Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., 1907.

THE fascination of exploring underground passages is undoubted. We know that Kublai Khan erected his pleasure dome in a locality which possessed unrivalled opportunities for speleologists.

Probably ordinary climbers of the Middle World have no idea of the excitement of cave work. Even an expert would lose his way unless he employed the expedient used by Theseus in exploring the Cretan cave. Narrow tunnels have to be crept through of the size of an average drain-pipe ; waterfalls descended ; airy traverses negotiated on infinitesimal ledges. The rope is by no means always a safeguard, as the leader has to descend places where the rope is only a partial help. Even to those who are not likely to explore caves, the book should prove of great interest as it gives a well written description of some of the most interesting underground channels in this country.

ROCK-CLIMBING IN SKYE. By A. P. ABRAHAM. London : Longmans, Green & Co. 21/- net.

THIS is certainly the best book on British Rock-climbing that has yet been produced. Well written and admirably illustrated,

it will prove of interest to many climbers who have never been fortunate enough to visit Skye. The descriptions are much clearer and more easily followed than in either of the climbing books on The Lake District and North Wales.

WALKS AND CLIMBS AROUND AROLLA. (London : S. Chick and Co., 48 Wells Street, Oxford Street, W. 2/9, Post free.)

THE valuable notes made by visitors to Arolla on the climbs of the district have been collected and edited by Mr. Larden. The result is a Climber's Guide, which should prove of great use to mountaineers at Arolla. We consider that the historical method, though of interest, is apt to be somewhat confusing. It has, however, good authority, for we believe it is still employed to teach logic at a famous University. This book, we think, would have been still more valuable if it had been more carefully edited, and the accounts of climbs given on some uniform principle.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS WINTER SPORTS CLUB YEAR BOOK, 1909, contains an interesting account of the different winter resorts, and a "Who's Who" of the members.

DERBYSHIRE PENNINE CLUB NOTES.

THE meet at Peak Cavern on May 23rd was responsible for a twelve hours' spell of work, broken only by a short interval for refreshment. It had been arranged to investigate some cavities in the roof of the cavern's vestibule, for which purpose sundry ladders were requisitioned. These, when lashed together, were hoisted aloft, and allowed to rest on the lip of the central cavity, over forty feet above floor-level. Two cragsmen then ascended, one of whom, belayed from the ladder's top by his comrade, succeeded in making his way along the downward-sloping lip of the opening, only to find that further progress was impossible, some likely-looking apertures dwindling away to nothingness. The ladders were next reared against a narrow, oblong opening at the extreme inner end of the vestibule, and of similar height from floor-level to that already investigated. On ascending, a narrow ledge was seen at one side of the opening, with a very narrow crack running up almost perpendicularly for some distance. Three men now roped up ; and, a short ladder being wedged in the crack and supported on the ledge, the first man was able to crawl up its side into safety, some twenty feet higher. Progress along the passage was not difficult, but care was required in order to avoid sending down loose stones. At about ninety feet the place had all the appearance of a *cul-de-sac* ; but a last look round resulted in the discovery that the chimney continued on a higher level. By climbing through an almost circular water-worn hole, the upper chockstone pitch could be reached, and this led us gradually higher until, at about 200 feet from the ladders, we were brought to a standstill, the roof and floor approaching each other so closely that, although the thin member was confident of his

ability to win through, he saw that no useful purpose would be served thereby, the place having every appearance of being entirely closed up some few feet farther along. We were at this time about ninety feet higher than the top of the ladders, and the passage had followed approximately the line of the main cavern. On our return downstairs, the tackle was unshipped; but it was 4.30 a.m., and quite light, when, having returned the last ladder to its owner at Hope, we were able to tumble into bed.

On May 30-31 the Club met at Alport, near Bakewell. A visit to this delightful spot may now be said to constitute an annual feature of the Club's work. Most of the climbs on Robin Hood's Stride and Cratcliff Tors were done, and sundry rambles added to the week end's enjoyment.

On two occasions (June 5-10 and August 1-4) the Derbyshire Pennine Club and the Yorkshire Speleological Association have co-operated in explorations at Gaping Ghyll, near Clapham.

Various members have been climbing in Skye, Scotland, the Lakes, North Wales and Switzerland.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

A COPY of the new list of members, 1908, is being forwarded with this number.

* * * *

AN entirely new climb up the East Peak of Lliwedd was made on October 3rd, 1908, by A. W. Andrews and J. B. Farmer. The Central Chimney [which lies about half-way between the Central Route (Route 1) and Route 2] was followed for a short distance, and a traverse then made to the right. The remainder of the climbing lay a short distance to the right of the chimney. Though continuously difficult, the climb is one of the most delightful on Lliwedd, as the rock is round and firm, and the holds, though small, are good. There are excellent belays and resting-places at the right intervals.

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