



Below Lotschenlücke.



The Couloir on the Petersgrat.

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**THE OBERLAND FROM END TO END
ON SKI.**

By ARNOLD LUNN.

BEFORE describing a six day raid in the Oberland which Professor Roget of Geneva and myself succeeded in carrying out this winter, I must ask the reader's attention for a short geographical sketch.

Technically the title of this paper is euphemistic. The Oberland is theoretically taken to include its western and eastern wings, the Wildstrubel-Diablerets, and Galenstock chains, but popularly the name "Oberland" is only applied to the great range which is cut off on the east by the Grimsel, on the west by the Gemmi. Between these two depressions there is no pass that does not traverse glaciers. The Oberland consists for half its length of two parallel ranges, which converge at the Lotschenlücke. The northern of these chains contains the Blumlisalp and Breithorn, the southern, the Bietschhorn, and Aletschorn. It was our intention to start from Kandersteg at the foot of the Gemmi, cross the northern chain by the Petersgrat to Kippell in the Lotschenthal, and thence reach the Grimsel by a series of glacier passes, the Lotschenlücke, Grünhornlücke, and Oberaarjoch. If possible, we hoped to complete our end-to-end traverse by passing over

the highest point of the whole range, the summit of the Finsteraarhorn (14,026 ft.). This high level route is, in the opinion of Sir Martin Conway, who followed it in his journey through the Alps from end to end, the very finest field for ski-running in the Alps. It passes at the head of the greatest ice stream and through some of the most magnificent glacier scenery in Switzerland, and the descent from the Oberaarjoch to Guttanen is probably the finest ski-run as yet discovered.

Two things were necessary for the success of our trip—good weather and immunity from accidents. We could reduce the chances of accidents to a minimum by a careful scrutiny of our kit, and by judiciously choosing the moment to begin our attack we could reasonably expect fair play from the weather, though, of course, the weather is always the most fickle factor in the success of an expedition. As regard kit, I carried two pairs of gloves, one made of reindeer skin, and lined with sealskin for emergencies, the other a thick pair of woollen gloves, a woollen scarf, a silk scarf, and a woollen helmet; a spare suit of underclothing, and two extra pairs of stockings completed the list of extra clothing. I wore Laupar boots and goat's hair socks on my feet, with a pair of crampons in my sack for rock and ice climbing. And here incidentally let me remark that the ordinary crampons which are fixed into the sole of the boot soon spoil your Laupars, and the only practical kind are those which are sold in summer to be strapped on under the boots. I think I have at last found the ideal ski-binding for mountain work. It is made by a Geneva firm, and was given me by Professor Roget. It never gave any trouble; it was strong and tough. It did not vary in tightness with the temperature, and, most important of all, it could be put on and taken off at a moment's notice. This is really essential, as one is always meeting short stretches on which it pays to take off one's ski and walk. I tried for the first time a pair of sealskins and found them answer admirably. They reduced the labour of climbing 20 per cent., weighed hardly anything when not in use and could be taken on and off without any trouble. An.



Shreckhorn from Finsteraarhorn.



Summit of Finsteraarhorn. January 6, 1909.

extra ski-tip, a pair of Canadian rackets, "climbers' guides," maps, &c., completed our kit. We arrived at Kandersteg after three days' snowstorm. The barometer was rising, and there was every prospect of a stretch of fine weather. At Kandersteg we discovered, to our annoyance, that all the guides with first-class certificates were away climbing with the exception of Slollery, who had been engaged to teach ski-ing for a week. He advised us to postpone our start for a day owing to the danger of avalanches (*Staublewine*), that fall before the fresh snow has had time to settle. Eventually we got away at 5:30 a.m. on the morning of Jan. 2. As we expected to have a stretch of four days without descending below the glacier level, we were forced to take three men to carry our provisions. Of these two were good guides, but poor ski-runners. The third was an inefficient guide and a worse ski-runner. As, however, he carried his load from hut to hut, we were satisfied, for he had only been engaged as a porter. None of them had been beyond the Aletsch glacier, and they were all engaged rather as porters than guides.

Our first day was rather stiff. We climbed for a matter of fourteen and a half hours, including halts, with thirty pounds on our backs, the guides carrying about double that amount. Our course lay up the Gasterthal, along the moraine of the Tschingel glacier, and then for three hours over the upper reaches of the Tschingel to the Mutthorn hut, which is situated at a height of 9534 ft. on the famous pass connecting Lauterbrunnen and Kandersteg. Our third guide was completely knocked up before we had been going six hours. He keeps a public-house in the summer, a fact which seemed to have undermined his constitution. During the last three hours he experienced a great desire for sleep and the burden of his refrain was "Very, very tired."

The last three hours was one of the most beautiful walks that I remember. Never have I seen anything more wonderful than the Tschingel glacier by the light of the full moon, so bright that I read with the greatest ease a page of small print. As we reached the summit of the pass the cliffs and

glaciers of the Lauterbrunnen Jungfrau, backed by the sharp pyramid of the Eiger, rose beyond a misty abyss of shadows. Every curve in the swelling snows, every crag and buttress of the Blumlisalp cliffs was lit up by the mellow rays of the mountain moon.

We had left the weaker brother in charge of the guides, and they appeared half an hour later (9 p.m.). After a comfortable night we started at 7 a.m. for the Petersgrat. The weather looked about as bad as it could be. A warm westerly breeze blew over the snows. Heavy grey clouds were rolling up from behind the Jungfrau. Suddenly Professor Roget caught sight through a gap beyond the Blumlisalp of the still lake of fog hanging over the plain of Switzerland. So long as this remains undisturbed the weather continues fine. The westerly breeze was only a glacier wind. The grey clouds merely the effect of intense solar heat meeting with the cold air from the snows. As the Professor rightly prophesied, every sign of evil vanished an hour after sunrise.

We reached the top of the Petersgrat at about 8.30 a.m. just after the sunrise, and were rewarded with a wonderful view of the Bietschhorn. We reached Kippell at 4 p.m., taking things very leisurely. The ski-ing was very bad, and, owing to our guides not understanding what constitutes a skiable slope, we were forced to do a good deal of unnecessary walking down the Telli glacier.

The ordinary summer route proved dangerous from avalanches, and we were forced to escape from it by means of a steep and rather dangerous *couloir*, the only part of the expedition which was really at all risky. We learnt at Kippell that ours was probably the first winter crossing of the Petersgrat.

On the third day we left Kippell early at 5 a.m., and in a leisurely day of twelve hours reached the summit of the Lotschenlücke pass. Our third guide arrived an hour after the rest of the party, a state of affairs to which we were by now quite reconciled. We passed the night in the Egon von



Finsteraarhorn from "breakfast place."

Steiger hut at an altitude of 10,550 ft. The temperature outside the hut was 8° centigrade on arriving, and, strange to say, 1° colder inside. At the Mutthorn hut we had noted the following temperatures. Evening, 9° centigrade; morning 10° centigrade. We suffered a good deal from the stove, which smoked abominably, but otherwise the hut was fairly comfortable. Next morning we left at 6.10 a.m., and had an hour's very tricky ski-ing in the dark. We then, fearing crevasses on the Aletsch, roped. It was a miserable experiment. The weak factor of the party fell every few yards and, as a matter of course, brought the rest of us to an abrupt standstill. Ski-running on a rope is only possible if *every* member of the party is a steady runner. We had intended to attempt the Jungfrau, but soon saw that we should have to abandon any idea of climbing it. Last season has been marked by the small quantity of snow that has fallen in the High Alps, and in consequence the top slopes of the Jungfrau are even more iced than in summer. But the same causes that rendered the Jungfrau impracticable would, we knew, practically ensure our success on the Finsteraarhorn, as the sun which had transformed the slopes of the Jungfrau from snow to ice would at the same time have dried the rocks of the Finsteraarhorn. So we crossed the Grünhornlücke (10,844 ft.), on the summit of which the guides had a siesta, to the Finsteraarhorn hut, where we arrived at 4 p.m. We were soon joined by a merry party of Swiss who had just completed the ascent. That night was the only uncomfortable one during the trip. The hut once stood on the Oberaarjoch, and was removed thence and rebuilt in its present position. It is not weathertight, and the snow on the roof has an unpleasant habit of thawing and descending in large drops on the sleepers below.

We left next morning at 7.15 a.m., and after six hours' climbing reached the summit. The last two hours afforded a delightful scramble along the edge of a very impressive *arête*. The view was perfect, as only a winter view can be. We saw all the great ranges mellowed by the winter atmosphere. Beyond them a vast sea of cloud covered the plains of

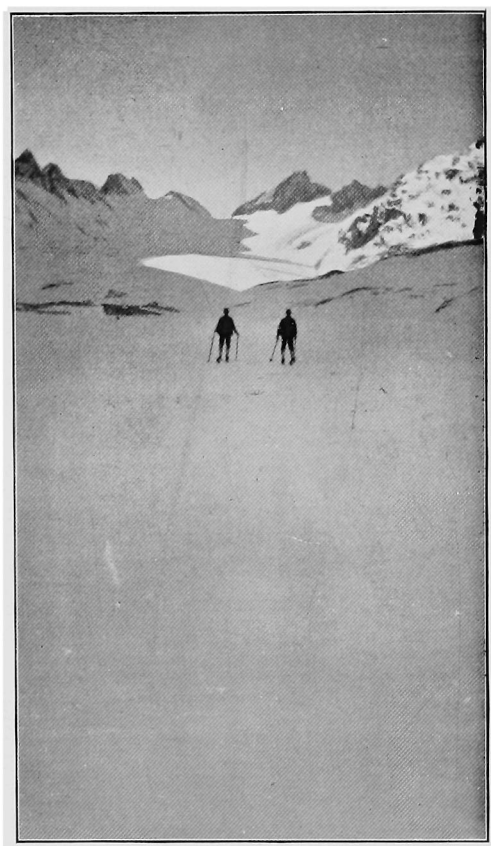
Switzerland and Italy. We stayed on the summit one hour, during which we sat in our shirt sleeves, hatless and gloveless, no breath of wind disturbing the strange stillness. We reached the hut again at 6 p.m., and there passed the fourth night of our journey. Next day we left early at six a.m., had some amusing ski-ing down the Fiesch glacier, and climbed thence by gradual slopes to the Oberaarjoch (10,607 ft.). We ski-ied down the whole length of the Oberaar glacier, and at 4 p.m. reached the Grimsel. Here we realised that the real winter stops at 10,000 ft. Above on the glaciers all had been warmth, colour, and light. In the narrow gorge of the Grimsel all was chill, bleak, and desolate. We ski-ied rapidly down the deserted post road to Guttanen, where we arrived at 6 p.m. and passed the night, reaching Meiringen next morning in time for the mid-day train.

Winter mountaineering may be more difficult and more dangerous than summer climbing. One often has to face the most intense cold; but with first-class conditions such as we enjoyed it is scarcely more arduous, and certainly much more enjoyable, than summer work. Our journey in summer would have involved hours of walking through damp, slushy snow. There would have been wearisome tramps up and down moraines, tedious stretches of mule paths, dull grinds over grass slopes, and I shudder to think what the last day would have meant in July. As it was we at no time suffered from the cold, and, strangely enough, though our days were long and mostly uphill, we neither of us ever felt tired. As Professor Roget is over fifty this speaks volumes for the future of winter mountaineering. I conclude with a summary of our very leisurely times, which may possibly be of use to those who intend to follow in our footsteps. These times include halts:—

Jan. 2.—Kandersteg (3835 ft.)—Mutthorn hut (9534 ft.); fourteen hours uphill.

Jan. 3.—Mutthorn hut—Kippell (4514 ft.); nine hours.

Jan. 4.—Kippell—Egon von Steiger hut (10,550 ft.); twelve hours uphill.



Below Oberaarjoch.

Jan. 5.—E. von S. hut—Grünhornlücke (10,844 ft.)—Finsteraarhorn hut (10,621 ft.); ten hours.

Jan. 6.—Climbed Finsteraarhorn (14,026 ft.)—eleven hours.

Jan. 7.—Finsteraarhorn hut (10,621 ft.)—Oberaarjoch (10,607 ft.)—Guttanen (3478 ft.); twelve hours.

Jan. 8.—Guttanen—Meiringen (1962 ft.); three hours.

We paid each of our guides £1 a day and 10 fr. for the seventh day, making just over £19 in all; other expenses brought the cost up to £30. Our third guide was taken because we expected to go straight from the Petersgrat to the Lotschenlücke without replenishing provisions at Kippell. He could have been dispensed with, and the cost would then, with his food and lodging, have been reduced to about £22. If the climber is prepared to carry 60 lb. on his back one guide might prove sufficient; but even so, one is always liable to be detained some days in the huts by bad weather, as happened recently on the Wildstrubel. Economy in guides unfortunately involves economising one's food supply to the barest minimum.



THE EAST PEAK OF LLIWEDD.

THE AVALANCHE ROUTE.

By J. M. ARCHER THOMSON.

LLIWEDD has always been a mountain of mystery, partly owing to the bewildering perplexity of the face, and partly owing to the fact that its imposing crags, though seldom treacherous, are frequently deceptive. Thus a discussion of its possibilities, begun in 1883, is revived every year without the least diminution of interest. After several ascents of the East Peak by strong parties in the Easter holidays two years ago, the idea prevailed that fresh variations might yet be made, but no completely new route was likely to be found. The Great Chimney, the Black Arête, the West Wall testify to the accuracy of the former surmise, for though fully half-height climbs with marked features of their own they are variations in the sense that a section of a known route had to be followed first to find them. The latter conjecture was less well grounded. The Avalanche Route begins from the scree and continues without trespass to the summit. Its addition further illustrates the historical fact that Lliwedd, like Freedom, has "part by part to man reveal'd the fullness of her face." The rashness of prediction is a temptation to predict. It is probable that a few secrets yet remain to be wrested from the mountain, but great perseverance will be essential to the task.

In September, 1907, E. S. Reynolds and I, with the advantage of the training given by a new route up the Slanting Buttress and the varied problems of a long climb across the Central Zone of Lliwedd, turned our attention to the central slabs of the East Peak.

Between Route 1 and what is now called the Central Chimney Route a deep chimney about 80 feet in height was found, cutting the wall above the scree. An opening is given by this chimney which affords by its position a proper, and by its steepness, an appropriate introduction to the climb which lies above. At one point an obstruction forces the climber out on to the left wall, but he can first hitch his rope over a useful spike. A few yards west of its exit the mountain throws down the gauntlet in the form of a massive rib. When Reynolds, who had joined me, had obtained anchorage to his liking, I scrambled over the prominent corner, and was disappointed to find the view curtailed off by a subsidiary rib. There were, however, just sufficient holds to permit what seemed to be a traverse to Nowhere. Once round the second corner, Utopia appeared in the shape of an elementary ledge on a wide expanse of exposed slabs. On reaching this I was glad to find a belaying-pin for the rope, of which some sixty feet had now run out. My companion was delayed, I believe, by some re-arrangement of the rucksack, but the indistinct sounds that reached me gave me the impression that more rope was needed. I therefore descended to a spot where I could hold the rope on a knob with one hand and at the same time sit on a sloping wrinkle. The interval was not dull. To light a pipe with the free hand proved a lengthy task of absorbing interest. This done, the air around suddenly vibrated ; I was pleasantly fanned by a flutter, accompanied by a tremulous booming closely resembling the low notes of an organ. Nothing was visible and the noise slowly subsided and ceased.

J' écoute,
Tout fuit,
Tout passe,
L' espace,
Efface,
Le bruit.

The cause was plain when a crash was heard and a great boulder and numerous satellites were seen chasing each other

down the scree directly below. My shouts elicited no response, neither were they audible to my companion round the rib, but they startled an innocent wanderer a mile away on Crib Goch, who repeated them in order and with needless verbal accuracy to the company assembled in the evening. It was then learnt that a party of three young climbers were at the time finishing their ascent on the Terminal Arête.

On the arrival of Reynolds, beginning a few yards west of the knob, I climbed up the slabs in the direction of a little ledge, discernible above. The distance proved longer than it appeared, and at length I began to speculate whether the dwindling line of holds in front or the limits of the rope behind would be the first to bring me to a standstill. Neither did so. The ledge was reached without drawing upon the reserves of strength or the last few feet of a 90-foot rope.

The accommodation on the ledge was scanty ; neither a sitting nor a standing posture gave the requisite security, but a trial of the former revealed the existence of a singularly sharp spike of rock hidden in a tuft of heather. With feet below and arms upon the ledge I could now play the rope round the pointed spillikin. The second man came up unflinching. The next move was made along a vein of quartz which soon lost itself in a buttress set with overhanging projections, and presenting a seemingly impassable barrier. A direct assault upon the rocks on the east side was the only alternative to retreat. They receded but little from the vertical, and the difficulty was accentuated at a point where it became necessary to make a stride of abnormal length, and while at full stretch in an exposed position, with one handhold for a mainstay, swing the weight across on to the right foot. About fifty feet from the last anchorage I reached the semblance of an niche (2380 feet), and seated here on a solitary grass tuft, with the rope drawn tight over a solid bollard of rock, could await my companion with the utmost composure of mind. In response to inquiries as to what was to be done next, I could only guess the position of my companion and extol the true-fixed quality of the high hold

for the right hand. Soon after I caught sight of a hat a few feet below me. The nook is one of those from which each newcomer must necessarily evict the man already established, so, having no alternative, I exchanged the seat in the eyrie for a stance on the belaying-bitt. From this aerial spot the view was unique. I seemed to be standing on a vertebra of the backbone of the mountain. An impossible crag rose directly above, and smooth slabs shelving away on either side presented an outline of delicately undulating curves. This romantic environment produces on the mind an impression of isolation at a great height.

I stepped from my perch to the rocks on the right, and rounding a corner, encountered a vertically fluted wall. The position thereon was extraordinarily exposed, for there stretched below 300 feet of open face which betrayed no trace of ledge or furrow. By stepping warily in and out of the shallow grooves I found it possible to work upwards on small holds in a slightly oblique line, and within fifty feet of the bollard I chanced upon a knob of rock which enabled me once more to hitch the rope.

The issue hardly remained any longer in doubt. The climb began to change in character, and we were soon approaching at a quickened pace the level of the Cairn Traverse, almost embarrassed by the choice of good things provided here by Nature for the support of man.

It is a feature of this route as of Route 1 that two climbers see little of each other in the course of ascent.

The Traverse leads to an easy slope of rock, now called the Terrace, which occupies approximately the centre of the face. Several interesting routes are within reach, and unless these are already known, it would not be amiss to choose one of them.

From the Terrace there rises a formidable wall, marked with red or coppery tints. It occurred as an afterthought that, if a breach could be made, an appropriate continuation would be given to the climb. My first attempt failed, for at the height of ninety feet a tempting and necessary hold could

not be tested without risk of disturbing the balance. After careful descent to the Terrace, a rudimentary ledge was discerned near the Shallow Gully—the west boundary of the wall. The formation here rudely resembled the surface of a clustered pillar ; it seemed that the furrows would afford foothold, while the balance could be maintained by gripping the ribs. This proved correct, but the higher I rose, the lower I found the relief sink ; the holds diminished in consequence, and, when sixty feet of rope had run out, had dwindled down to the minimum limit.

On the right, the recess of the Gully gave a corner to the wall ; round its angle one step could be seen, and the existence of others conjectured. By inserting the toe of the left foot into a little nick, and thrusting the right foot across to the distant notch, I could just bridge the blank interval. It was not necessary to remain long standing on tip-toe, spread-eagled on the face. From two slender finns of rock, pressed between the fingers and thumbs, sufficient purchase was obtained for the gradual transference of the weight to the stance. The left hand could now just reach a knob, but a tentative effort showed the impossibility of setting foot on the next notch. It became a necessity of the situation to pay homage to the mountain, and “crook the pregnant hinges of the knee”—a method belauded in books on climbing, but generally hazardous on difficult slabs. Here, however, it happened that the freedom of the next movement was not seriously compromised, for the expected holds presented themselves, and brought me up the remaining twelve feet to the ledge.

The rucksack made variations, but Reynolds followed my route unerringly up to the level of the nick. He could advance no further. After hitching the rope I descended a little and suggested a leap. To this bold course he readily assented. At a given signal each of us made a vigorous effort, and he alighted very cleverly on the notch. It was now explained that the hold representing the minimum limit, though useful to me, who had previously put on shoes, could

not be utilised by a boot. My companion was plainly the better judge in the circumstances, and to his opinion I am most anxious to give special prominence.

The ascent of the Red Wall is more exposed and longer than that of the Devil's Kitchen. It is, however, safer, inasmuch as the rock is of excellent quality. No frantic struggle is entailed, but the muscular tension can nowhere be relaxed. In a word the whole operation is one of much delicacy.

The upper half of the wall, far less steep and smooth, afforded the pleasure of an interlude, and gave access to a long shelf now called the Gallery (2720 feet). Two obvious lines of ascent therefrom were already appropriated to other routes, and as the excellent grey chimney at the east end was already known to me, our choice fell on its virgin sister. In this yellow, angular recess the climbing proved ideal, writhing and bridging alternated, and Reynolds could wedge in securely at the foot of a prostrate sentinel, while the vertical finish was tackled. At its exit the aneroid registered 2800 feet. Here we built a cairn. Our revels now were ended. We proceeded leisurely up easy rocks and in ten minutes reached the familiar summit, conscious of a deepened respect and affection for the "vast mural steeps of Lliwedd."

A general appreciation of a new climb is often difficult to form. The Great Gully of Craig Yr Ysfa was described in this *Journal* as "the most entertaining gully climb in Snowdonia." Subsequent confirmation of this view by others, with extension of area to include Cumberland, encourages me to say this much without hesitation, that the Avalanche Route is the most exposed climb in England and Wales. An attempt in windy weather would be indefensible, and the ascent should be reserved for a day when the conditions are wholly favourable.

ANNUAL MEETING AND DINNER.

THE Twelfth Annual General Meeting of the Club was held at the Hotel Cecil on Friday, February 5th. About fifty members were present.

On the proposition of Professor J. B. Farmer, F.R.S., seconded by Mr. A. O. Prickard, Mr. R. A. Robertson was unanimously re-elected President for the ensuing year. The President then took the chair.

On the proposition of Mr. Geoffrey Bartrum, seconded by Mr. E. S. Reynolds, Professor J. B. Farmer, F.R.S., and Mr. J. M. Archer Thomson were unanimously re-elected Vice-Presidents for the ensuing year.

On the proposition of Mr. Roderick Williams, seconded by Mr. W. J. Williams, Mr. John W. Robson, Mr. C. Myles Mathews, Mr. Thomas Meares, Mr. G. Winthrop Young, Mr. John C. Morland, Sir F. H. E. Cunliffe, Bart., Mr. Sidney B. Donkin and Mr. R. W. Lloyd were unanimously re-elected members of the Committee, and, in place of Mr. Sidney Skinner, retiring under Rule 4, Mr. Henry Candler was elected a member of the Committee for the ensuing year.

On the proposition of Mr. Thomas Arnold, seconded by Mr. C. E. Benson, Mr. C. C. B. Moss was unanimously re-elected Honorary Treasurer for the ensuing year.

On the proposition of Mr. W. P. Haskett-Smith, seconded by Mr. Lehmann J. Oppenheimer, Mr. C. Myles Mathews was elected Honorary Secretary for the ensuing year, in place of Mr. G. B. Bryant, who retired.

On the proposition of Mr. A. W. Andrews, seconded by Professor J. B. Farmer, F.R.S., Dr. E. A. Baker and Mr. Claude

E. Benson were elected Joint Honorary Librarians for the year, in the place of Mr. C. W. Nettleton, resigned.

After explanations by the Honorary Treasurer, on the proposition of the President, seconded by Mr. G. B. Bryant, the accounts for 1908, as audited, a copy of which had been sent to each member, were received and approved.

Votes of thanks to Mr. G. B. Bryant for his services as Honorary Secretary, and to Mr. C. W. Nettleton, for his services as Honorary Librarian, were unanimously passed by the meeting.

The Twelfth Annual Dinner followed immediately on the conclusion of the Meeting, with the President, Mr. R. A. Robertson, in the chair. The following members and guests were present :—

Messrs. Andrews (A. W.).

Arnold (Thos., jun.).

Baker (E. A.).

Benson (C. E.).

Blunt (H. W.).

Brett (J. V.) and *Mr. R. Corry.*

Bryant (G. B.).

Canney (C. R.) and *Dr. J. R. C. Canney.*

Candler (H.).

Clarke (L. W.).

Corner (Dr. E. M.) and *Dr. Irving Pinches.*

Crook (W. M.).

Davey (A. W.).

Davey (J. H.).

Davies (W. L.).

Donkin (S. B.).

Ellis (G. W. H.).

Farmer (Prof. J. B.) and *Mr. A. Derbyshire.*

Garrett (F.) and *Mr. Percy Preston.*

Goulstone (W. V.).

Harris (E. B.).

Haskett-Smith (W. P.).

Hatfield (G. F.) and *Mr. Alg. Bathurst.*

Hunter (Donald).

Messrs. Lehmann (C. T.) and *Mr. De Trey*.
 Lloyd (G. M.).
 Lloyd (R. W.) and *Mr. G. L. Stewart*.
 Lowen (H. C.).
 Lucas (W. W.) and *Mr. D. Waddington*.
 Lunn (A. H. M.) and *Dr. Lindsay*.
 Marler (W. P.) and *Mr. R. H. Chandler*.
 Mathews (C. Myles) and *Mr. W. C. Mathews* and
Mr. W. Lee Mathews.
 Meares (T.) and *Mr. W. Lamond Howie* and *Mr. Hugh Dart*.
 Morland (J. C.).
 Moss (C. C. B.).
 Nelson-Younger (J. R.).
 Nettleton (C. W.).
 Oppenheimer (L.).
 Phillips (J. H. A.) and *Mr. G. Slade*.
 Prickard (A. O.).
 Reade (H. V.).
 Reynolds (E. S.).
 Riddett (A. E.).
 Shannon (W. F.).
 Smith (M. K.).
 Townley (C. H.).
 Watson (W.).
 Webb (W. E.).
 Williams (Roderick).
 Williams (W. J.) and *Mr. S. H. Hamer*.
 Young (G. Winthrop) and *Mr. J. J. Withers (Hon. Sec. of
 the Alpine Club)*.
 Zimmermann (W.) and *Mr. P. Salter*.

Mr. Hermann Woolley (President of the Alpine Club), Mr. Calvert (of the Yorkshire Ramblers), and Mr. L. Oppenheimer (of the Rück-sack Club), were guests of the Club at large.

The toast of "The King" was proposed by the President, and drunk with enthusiasm.

Mr. R. A. ROBERTSON (President), in submitting the toast "The Climbers' Club," said :—

Well, gentlemen, I rise to-night to give you the toast of "the Club." Before I do so I ought to mention that we have had several apologies,

and one that I think should not be passed over, and that is from our old friend Slingsby—(hear, hear)—who has sent a wire to the Secretary explaining how impossible it was for him to be here to-night. If our guests will excuse me for a few minutes I should like to trench upon domestic matters, and speak to members about our internal affairs. Of primary importance, perhaps, is the publication of the first of the series of Guides which the Club resolved upon publishing about a couple of years ago. The first volume is expected to be out almost immediately, and it deals with Lliwedd, and when I tell you that this volume is brought out under the auspices of our Editor and Mr. Archer Thomson—(applause)—who are giving us the benefit of their admirable and most complete knowledge of that mountain, I am sure you will agree with me that it will meet with the highest appreciation of all climbers in North Wales. (Hear, hear.) The next two volumes of the series will deal with North Wales also, and I believe that later on we shall have a volume dealing with Climbs in Ireland, which I think is very much needed. (Hear, hear.) It is proposed to make the cost of the first volume of this series of Guides 3s. 6d. to members and 5s. to non-members. Now, gentlemen, my Scottish thrift impels me to impress that fact upon you—(laughter)—and to ask those of you who have friends who are eligible for admission to this Club to point out that by joining the Club now they will save eighteenpence. (Laughter.) Of course, as regards the members themselves, every member of this Club must take a copy under pain of expulsion—(laughter)—plus the ultimate loss of eighteenpence, because he can't do without that Guide. Sooner or later it is bound to become a necessity to him. The publication of these Guides, gentlemen, may possibly lap up a portion of the resources of the Club—someone spoke about that before dinner—and in consequence of this the Committee have thought it well to delay a project, which a good many of you, I have no doubt, think would be a very desirable one for the Club, and that is to have a Club-room. (Hear, hear.) A Club-room would be more or less a permanent home for the members and the other assets of the Club. (Laughter.) I think there is no doubt that a room would have very many advantages. At the present time I am told we have a very fair Library indeed, but it is lost somewhere in the recesses of the City—(laughter)—whither nobody goes except upon business bent. Now if we had a Club-room situated somewhere—well in a district more suited to recreation—I am quite sure that it would be frequented by country members as well as by town members, because, after all, nearly every member of this Club comes up to London at one time or another, and if he knew that he had a Club-room to go to I am quite sure he would make use of it. I remember in the old days when the Alpine Club was located in St. Martin's Place, each member was furnished with a key and he could go there when he liked. Such a Club-room as I speak of could be used,

I believe, very successfully throughout the winter evenings, not necessarily for having a series of lectures or reading papers, but one night a week might be set apart for conversational purposes. There would be one advantage in this, and it is a thing that the Committee cannot help feeling, that when you have got a large membership spread all over the country, it is extremely difficult for the Committee to keep in touch with all the members and to know what they would like to see done in the Club. It is a curious feature about the climbing animal that however active he may be with his legs and with his arms, he is horribly indolent with pen and paper, and nobody seems to write to the Secretary and tell him what his wants are. So in that way the Committee don't very well know what absent members would like done. So, gentlemen, thanks to the drag which is put on us by a very narrow Chancellor of the Exchequer (laughter) — oh, you needn't pretend to be reading your paper, Mr. Moss—it is quite true that although I had figures in my mind just now I had not your figure—(laughter)—we have been obliged to abandon the idea of a Club-room until we increase our membership very considerably. The Committee would like every member to point out to enquiring friends that there are many advantages in belonging to this Club, and there will be more if we just get our members up sufficiently to enable us to have an income which will stand the strain of a rent. *A propos* of trying to get new members, I am told there is a very delightful practice in Buddhist Countries. In all private houses at the entrance hall there is a prayer-wheel, and when you go to call upon a friend when passing this prayer-wheel you give it two or three turns, and you thereby bring down blessings on your host and blessings also upon yourself. Of course, if you make a sufficient number of calls in the course of the afternoon you score—(laughter)—and I imagine that you then have that feeling of unctuous righteousness which is only associated with an Elder of the Scotch Kirk. (Laughter.) The application of this story to my point is that if you will just ask your friends who are eligible and who are climbers to join this Club you will confer a blessing on the Club, and you will have such an accumulation of virtue on your own heads that you will feel superior. (Applause.) Then, if you will excuse me, there is another subject which has been exercising the Committee for the last eighteen months, and that is the possibility of the different Home Clubs joining forces in the matter of a journal. There is very much to be said for such a proposal, because there is, perhaps, an over abundance of journals throughout this country. (Laughter.) A journal very largely represents the prestige of a Club, and each Club not unnaturally considers that it has its own sphere, and also not unnaturally is unwilling to do anything in the way of combination which might even in appearance interrupt the continuity of its journal. But it appears to some of us that the advantages to the general body of climbers in being put in direct touch with the very best that each Club

can produce are undoubted, and that the idea is one which ought to be commended for consideration, at all events to see if some means cannot be devised for carrying out the scheme without sacrificing the individuality of any one Club. (Hear, hear.) This brings me on to another subject, and that is our over-worked Editor. To maintain him in a proper state of health—(laughter)—the Committee would like to see him relieved of the duty of spurring and driving a few willing horses. You know, gentlemen, there is an abundance of writing power in the Club—(hear, hear)—and the output should be very much larger than it really is. I leave it there because it is a matter which should and must be put right by the members themselves. (Hear, hear.) There must be scores of instances throughout the year when members could give very interesting information about their climbs, not necessarily in the form of a long article, because even a few notes would be of interest to other members. We know that climbing literature tends to become more and more practical and technical every year, and all articles of a descriptive character of a particular climb giving useful details cannot fail to be interesting to those who have been over the same climb before or who hope some day to be able to go over it. Of mere generalisation, perhaps, we may have had enough, because for the last fifty years the same things have been said over and over again about climbing. I don't think that there is any sport in the world which is so responsible for an abundance of literature and for the reincarnation of ideas. (Laughter.) A curious instance of this reincarnation of ideas happened to myself. A few years ago I was climbing in the Alps, and I met with a slight accident, and the local doctor recommended a very speedy retreat down to the hospital at Lausanne. I interviewed the landlord, and he looked up the time-table and found that with very great speed I could get from Bourg St. Pierre, where I was, down to Martigny and catch the last train on to Lausanne. He said he could manage that for me. When I saw a wicker-work horse—(laughter)—white with age, very bow-kneed, and awfully yellow about the hind quarters—(laughter)—I thought all chance of the train was gone. However, I got in, and I was very pleased to find that after going a few miles the old lady in the shafts quite rose to the occasion. She was going along quite gaily, so I wanted to be funny, and I thought for some time for a joke—(laughter)—and, producing my best French, I said to the driver, pointing to the mare, "Madam the mare, although she is white and old, is fresh, and goes well!" He turned round to me and said, "Yes, just like Monsieur." (Laughter.) Now, the curious thing about this conversation is, that almost the identical conversation is to be found recorded in Clinton Dent's book published twenty years before, *Above the Snow Line*. I knew I wasn't Clinton Dent. I was quite certain of that. But the question whether the old white mare and the same driver were the makers of his joke twenty years before puzzled me so much that I

relapsed into silence and didn't speak any more—and I caught my train. (Laughter.) Last year, when dealing with matters outside our own Club, I mentioned the formation of the Ladies' Alpine Club. This year we have got to welcome the formation of a Club which has a very strong phonetic association with that Club, the Alpine Ski Club—(laughter)—for which, I believe, one of our members is responsible. I suppose most of you have seen the most excellent first number of their journal. (Hear, hear.) If Mr. Young had been present at the birth I believe he would have strangled that journal. (Laughter.) Don't you understand the allusion? (Laughter.) Personally, I was amazed to read of the expeditions which were possible on skis. I really felt as if for years I had been blind to their attractions, and the reading of the Ski Journal had suddenly caused the scales to fall from my eyes. I read of rapid ascents of the Aiguilles du Tour and Chardonnet, and of what the writer called a perfectly easy and reposeful day from the great St. Bernard Hospice across the Fenêtre down the Val Ferret to Orsieres, almost in a week. I wonder what would have been thought of this expedition fifty years ago, and I recall a fact which is historic. I daresay some of you may have heard that a little more than a hundred years ago, in 1798, there was a new service of coaches put on between Edinburgh and London. The practice then was to do the journey in eight days, and the new service was to do it in six days. It was very largely advertised, and it was successful, but the Lord Chancellor of the day was warned by his medical attendant on no account to go by this express service, because there had been several deaths caused by apoplexy brought on by the rapidity of the motion. (Laughter.) So when I read of those Ski doings I rubbed my eyes and I thought I was dreaming. But when I read next morning in the daily paper that Professor Roget and our member, Mr. Arnold Lunn, had traversed the Bernese Oberland within a week by the high level route covering the Petersgrat, the Lotschenlucke, the Grünhornlucke, the Oberaarjoch, taking by the way the Finsteraarhorn, I again rubbed my eyes, because I knew although a Mountaineering journal sometimes might be immoral enough to indulge too freely in poetic licence, an English newspaper never lied. (Laughter.) The development of this comparatively new sport in the Alps comes at a time when I cannot help feeling it is needed by a large section of climbers. There is a feeling—it is a wrong feeling, but it is there—that the Alps are played out. The old methods, the old routes have become too monotonous, too burdensome, and the romance of the past is not sufficient for those who have inherited the old spirit of the pioneers. Out of this have evolved the rock climber, and the guideless climber, both of whom experience some of the delights which the pioneers had, and I believe that ski-ing in the Alps is an evolution due to the same cause. For myself, I must confess I have had very little experience of ski-ing. I had two afternoons of it, but when I saw several cases of old bones—instances—not boxes—

(laughter)—being broken, I thought it better to give it up. Discretion was the better part of valour, and I didn't quite see the fun of being laid up in an Alpine winter resort for four or five weeks. But I can quite understand what it must be to have the Alps all to oneself, you may say, unalloyed by the summer crowd. To the ski lover, as to the rock climber and to the guideless climber, there must come that crowded hour of glorious life, that reward and wild impulse of the moment which the monotonous presence of two guides on a much frequented route up a mountain cannot give. (Hear, hear.) The feeling that the Alps are played out is wrong. (Hear, hear.) It is as true to say that our home hills are played out. We know that is not the case. It is as true to say that Nature herself is played out—that, we know, is impossible. We who know our home hills know that there are no hills like them, and there are no hills like our home hills to the climber whose climbing proceeds from a love of Nature. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, I give you with very great pleasure the toast of the Climbers' Club. (Loud applause.)

Mr. H. V. READE, in proposing the toast "Kindred Clubs," said :—

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—My toast is "The Kindred Clubs." Perhaps I had better begin by giving a list, because there are now more of them than anyone can possibly carry in his head. First, of course, there is the Alpine Club. I shall have something to say about that later, because that is more particularly associated with the toast. Then there is the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, which climbs in Yorkshire—and everywhere else on the habitable globe. Then there is the Scottish Mountaineering Club, which, I suppose, climbs in kilts. Then there is the Rucksack Club. I suppose it climbs in sacks, or at any rate with them. And then there is a Club beginning with a K—I cannot either spell or pronounce its name. I believe its members are noted for climbing in holes—I don't mean holes in their clothing—we all do that—(laughter)—but holes in the ground. Until a minute ago I was under the impression that this Club was identical with the Derbyshire Pennine Club, and, I thought, like some other workers in the dark, it felt the need of an alias—(laughter)—but now I hear that it is quite distinct. Then there is the Fell and Rock Climbers' Club; there is the Liverpool Wayfarers; and there is the Alpine Ski Club. I regret to say that the President has appropriated my joke about the Alpine Ski Club. I was going to say you must not confuse it with the Ladies' Alpine Club. It appears that the Ladies' Alpine Club is not regarded as a kindred Club—(laughter)—perhaps "a little *less* than kin and *more* than kind." (Laughter.) If any wealthy pluralist were to belong to *all* these clubs, and endeavour to attend all their meets and meetings, what Milton calls their "solemn troops and sweet societies," he would have little time for anything

else, and any leisure he might have on his train journeys he would naturally occupy by reading their various journals—those journals which appear with such fascinating irregularity. (Laughter.) I suppose all those Clubs are represented here directly or indirectly, but I will not try and find something appropriate to say for each one, especially as speeches are limited in time to-night. I might appeal to the Fell and Rock climbers to reform the Wasdale Hotel by introducing an adequate supply of hot water; and to the Rucksack Club to remember that their “u” is a German “u” with two dots over it, and not to allow themselves to sink into the *ruck*. Now this increase of Climbers’ Clubs in the last few years has been very striking. Some people might ascribe it merely to the necessity which every climber feels of having some people in the immediate neighbourhood who will listen to his climbing stories, but I prefer to look at it as a healthy sign of the increasing love for English climbing. There is one thing I hope all the Clubs will unite in doing, and that is in trying to put down reckless climbing. (Hear, hear.) We all know those silly youths who rush at any climb that is labelled “extremely difficult” or “dangerous,” and boast of their exploits afterwards. Let us encourage them to join some Club, and then let the Club try and teach them a little sense. (Hear, hear.) However, the particular Club with which the toast is associated to-night is the Alpine Club. That, of course, is the father of all climbing clubs in this country or abroad. And yet, old as the Alpine Club is, it has not yet sunk into senility, and so we must regard it with proper respect, not treating it like those elders whose opinion we value highly when it agrees with our own, and, if we cannot address them as “old man” to their faces, talk about them behind their backs as old women. (Laughter.) The Alpine Club has kept itself fresh and vigorous, because it has not allowed the younger generation to remain knocking at its doors, but has admitted the best of them freely. We are honoured to-night by the presence of Mr. Woolley. (Applause.) Mr. Woolley has reached the greatest height to which any climber can hope to attain, I mean the Presidency of the Alpine Club—(hear, hear)—and I think you will all agree that he is a witness to the wonderful effects of climbing, because I am sure that it is not in Manchester, or even in the boxing ring, where he has also distinguished himself, but in the mountains, that he has found the secret of his perennial youth. I don’t know that Mr. Woolley has done much English climbing of late years. I think he has become one of those more fortunate people who, when we have to be content with Wales or the Lakes, can get abroad to the big mountains, and there, like the eagle in Shelley, “can nourish in the sun’s domain his mighty youth with morning.” But at anyrate Mr. Woolley takes a benevolent interest in our own mountains, and I believe that his Presidency is to be marked by an event which has only once occurred before—the reading to the Alpine Club of a paper on English climbing. (Applause.) Well, gentlemen, I could say more, much more, about Mr.

Woolley, but I will refrain. It is not very long since Mr. Woolley was proposing a toast to which I had to answer, and then Mr. Woolley said very little about me, and what he said was nice. I will not enquire whether that was due to kindness, or merely to the reflection that I had the last word. (Laughter.) At any rate my motive is the same. (Laughter.) So I will not any longer stand between you and the Boxer rising. (Laughter.) I give you the toast of Kindred Clubs, coupled more particularly with the Alpine Club and the name of Mr. Woolley. (Applause.)

Mr. HERMANN WOOLLEY, in responding, said :—

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—Certain of my foreign friends have remarked with admiring wonder on British faithfulness to the annual dinner, and this institution seems to be so important to climbing clubs that if they had not found it the custom already in existence they would have had to invent it. But the annual dinner is not unknown on the Continent. I remember fourteen or fifteen years ago, on my return from the Caucasus, seeing in a Marseilles newspaper an advertisement of the annual festival of the Société des Excursionistes Marseillais, with this important announcement—"The Chamois for the Banquet has arrived." (Laughter.) In this country similar appeals to our lower nature are not necessary. (Laughter.) About thirty per cent. of the members of the Alpine Club piously attend the Winter Dinner, and in this respect we have an advantage over some of the foreign clubs. The idea of thirty per cent. of the members of the D. and Oe. A. V. sitting down to dine together is enough to stagger the imagination. I read a few weeks ago in the German Mitteilungen the statement that the members of the Alpine Club now regard the Alps merely as a training ground for extra-European mountaineering. Although this is hardly correct I must plead guilty in my own case to having neglected the Alps. Owing to having spent something like twelve summers of my climbing career in more remote districts, my knowledge of the Alps is not such as I should wish. In addition to other means taken to remedy this ignorance I subscribed, about twelve months ago, to a Press Cutting Agency—(laughter)—in order to keep myself informed of what was going on in the Alpine world. The result was not quite what I expected. During the whole of last year the Agency bombarded me with press cuttings of a more or less distressing nature, accounts of fatal accidents, avalanches, floods and fires, and some of the most unwelcome cuttings contained fragments of my own speeches—(laughter)—delivered when I was in happy ignorance that they would be reported. (Laughter.) I also received a wonderful collection of illustrations, square yards of winter sports, motor cars climbing passes, descending passes, and refusing either to ascend or descend—(laughter)—pictures of guides starting for the Matterhorn in their Sunday clothes—

(laughter)—climbers on ski, climbers in crevasses, climbers adhering to almost perpendicular granite slabs by means of invisible supports. I began to understand why the climber's friends stop him in the street and implore him in moving terms to abandon so perilous a pastime. I also learned from the same source that 1908 was a great year for records. In the first place the Jungfrau, the Mönch, and the Eiger were ascended within twenty-four hours by an American enthusiast. I believe the transatlantic definition is "Summit Scalper." (Laughter.) Amongst numerous juvenile expeditions the record was secured by an infant of six months—(laughter)—who was conveyed to the summit of the Brévent. There must be a limit to rivalry of this nature; I remember that several years ago a baby was born at Paris in a captive balloon. (Laughter.) Amongst other records was the first crossing of the Jungfrauoch in a balloon, and also a rather unorthodox expedition; a guideless and solitary ascent to the Vallot Observatory—one account said to the summit of Mont Blanc—was made by a young and therefore probably inexperienced St. Bernard dog. (Laughter.) But the animal being in search of his master was probably obeying hereditary impulse, and quite unaware that he was transgressing the rules of mountaineering. During the last thirty years a change has come over mountaineering. Whereas the early climbers used to single out the great Swiss snow and ice peaks for attack, the modern tendency, certainly amongst Germans, and to some extent amongst the younger generation of British climbers, is more in the direction of rock climbing. It is quite natural that young Englishmen, having become proficient cragsmen at home, should be eager to conquer the famous Alpine rock peaks, but I think it would be wise to take every opportunity of learning that which cannot be learned at home and takes much longer to learn—ice-craft. (Hear, hear.) On my first visit to the Caucasus I soon realized the great importance of experience on snow and ice when dealing with mountains whose heights average about 2000 feet more than those of the Alps. For enjoyment I prefer a combination of both kinds—(hear, hear)—such as one finds on the Grandes Jorasses, where one keeps changing from snow and ice to granite and *vice versa*, although the rocks are hardly sufficiently difficult to satisfy modern tastes. All climbing, however, is so delightful, that we need not trouble ourselves as to which kind is the best. Fortunately, there is sufficient variety at home and in the Alps for everyone. I have great pleasure in thanking you, on behalf of the Kindred Clubs, for this toast. When I remember how many good friends I, and no doubt you, have made amongst the members not only of the Alpine Club but also of the Climbers' Club, the Scottish Mountaineers, the Yorkshire Ramblers, and the other British Clubs, I realize what a misfortune it would have been if these Clubs had never existed. (Applause.)

Mr. C. M. MATHEWS, in proposing the toast of "The Visitors," said :—

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—Votes for women ! (Laughter.) As I was saying, Mr. President, votes for women if you like, but justice if you please for men. I should have thought that if there was one gathering at which one might claim, and receive, justice it would be the Annual Dinner of the Climbers' Club. Unfortunately I have to complain of the most gross injustice, and, if you will bear with me, I will try and explain how the injustice arises. We have, as the President has suggested in his speech, as one of the numerous activities of our Club, a Club Journal, and that Club Journal has an Editor, Mr. Andrews, whose chief business in life is to discover, climb, and map out with appropriate red paint the seven and fifty different climbs on Lliwedd. You will understand the necessity of the red paint in the exact mapping out when you appreciate the fact that if you start up Climb No. 36 and deviate from the route one hairsbreadth you are on Climb No. 47, variation B. (Laughter.) When he has a moment to spare from this life pursuit, he edits the Club Journal. (Laughter.) Now, I understand that it sometimes happens that he is a little short of matter. I don't know why it is—one would think that in a Club like this which is composed, I need hardly say, of gentlemen of the most surpassing literary reputation—(laughter)—matter would be poured in upon him, but at all events he professes at times to be short of matter, and what does he do on these occasions? What he ought to do is obviously to put in one or two photographs of a rock in mid Atlantic and describe how he ascended fifteen feet of it and then fell into the sea, and call it a Cornish Climb. (Laughter.) What he does, is to have a Russian system—I can call it nothing else—a Russian system of spies who are around us in all our paths, and who are present at our most intimate domestic gatherings. That he is represented in Committee is probably perfectly just, but that his spies should be at so intimate and domestic a gathering as our annual family dinner I feel quite sure you will consider a most iniquitous thing. And the consequence is that the number of the Journal that comes out after the annual dinner is both somnolent and distended. He seems to have thought that having endured the after-dinner speeches at the Climbers' Club, we really wish to see them in cold print. Only one satisfaction is to be derived from reading these speeches in cold print (I except of course those that have been delivered to-night)—(laughter)—that is to note with amazement the difference between the halting and not altogether logical words which fall from the lips of the speakers on the occasion of the dinner, and the lucid and rhythmical periods which appear subsequently in the Journal—(laughter)—when the proof has been, I cannot say corrected, but entirely rewritten. (Laughter.) And now, Sir, I come to the injustice of it all,

because when I was asked to propose this toast (I rather like that phrase and will repeat it if I may), when I was "asked" to propose this toast. It sounds well, but what really happened was this—if I may for a moment lift the veil of anonymity which covers the Dinner Committee of this Club—they met in a certain office in the City a few days ago, and looked with dismay upon the numerous letters received from various members declining to propose this toast. I need hardly picture to you how their faces fell and their feelings sank to the lowest ebb, when one of them turned round and in a voice of despair said to me, "Well, I suppose you will have to do it." (Laughter.) So when I was "asked," as I said, to propose this toast—(laughter)—the first thing that occurred to me was what an admirable opportunity it would be for me to work off as my own some of the speeches of my father. And if you cannot work off as your own your own father's speeches, whose father's speeches can you work off? (Laughter.) Here is the injustice. They all appear in the Club Journal. (Laughter.) I did, however, look up some old speeches that were used in proposing the Guests, and I find the formula has become almost stereotyped. The Club invites certain guests, gives them a passable dinner, and works off on them the Club's own special brand of Duc de Plazatoro Champagne. (Laughter.) A gentleman arises, and he begins to praise them neither soft nor low; in fact, so numerous are their virtues according to the proposer of the speech, so glorious are their characteristics, that I cannot help feeling that some members would probably wonder if, after all, these guests were such extraordinarily gifted people as they are made out to be. Perhaps a better way of proposing the guests would be to say that of all the curious collections of people you had ever seen in your life, the guests that happened to be round the table on that particular evening were without exception the oddest—(laughter)—and then, obviously, members would begin to think that, after all, perhaps they could not be quite such a bad sort of people as they were made out. At all events I hope to steer a middle course. Has it ever struck you, Sir, what an intimate connection there seems to be between Climbing and the Legal Profession? Whether it be that keen intellects want keen air or that the highest intelligence must seek the highest points, or whatever the cause may be I leave it to others to determine. Our first President was a solicitor. Our second President belonged to the lower branch of the profession. (Laughter.) You, Sir, are a Writer to the Signet, but what the Signet is and why you write to it I don't know. (Laughter.) And this legal atmosphere is thoroughly borne out in the guests to-night. We have here Mr. J. J. Withers, also a solicitor, and among his other numerous activities the Honorary Secretary of the Alpine Club. We have Mr. Bathurst and Mr. Stewart, who support their respective ends of Lincolns' Inn Fields. We have also present to-night Science in the person of Mr. Arthur Derbyshire. I don't know if you have followed the recent develop-

ments of Zoology. In my time when we went in for Zoology we did a certain amount of dissecting, we tried to cut and stain the elusive section, and we occupied ourselves rather to our disgust with bones. But nowadays the Zoologist has reduced his science into one of simple enumeration. He calls it Mendelism. One Zoologist will spend his Easter holidays in picking up crabs on the sea-shore, another by some power that is not given to all of us, induces his wife to throw dice—(laughter)—whilst Mr. Arthur Derbyshire breeds mice. Many of us in our schooldays bred mice, but Mr. Derbyshire breeds mice that refuse to do anything but waltz, and after an infinite gradation of generations has, at last, he tells me to-night, succeeded in the wildest dreams of his highest ambition. He has bred two mice of opposite sex, one of whom does nothing but sleepily confess that he is sick of idle dreams and he is going to Maxims, while the other occupies her time in saying, "Will you dance the Merry Widow Waltz with me?" Then Art is represented by Mr. Lamond Howie, whose exquisite photographs of the hills will probably be known to you all. Medicine is represented by Dr. Kenny and Dr. Pinches, and Literature by Professor Thompson. There are two guests here to-night who have the honour to bear the same name as myself. (Laughter.) I will only say that whatever their virtues, or putting it in the legal phrase, which perhaps may more appeal to you, all those virtues, if any—(laughter)—that they may possess are due entirely to their name—(laughter)—their vices are the product of their own most original sin. We have been told, gentlemen, that short speeches are to be the rule to-night, and so you will be delighted to hear that as Lady Godiva remarked at Coventry when nearing the end of her memorable journey, I am approaching my close. (Laughter.) It only remains for me to say that although I have referred to the Annual Dinner of the Climbers' Club as a domestic and family gathering, it is one of those family gatherings which we do not consider complete unless the family are also joined round the board by their friends. And so, gentlemen, I ask you to drink with the greatest enthusiasm the health of our guests, the Visitors, coupled with the name of Mr. J. J. Withers. (Applause.)

Mr. J. J. WITHERS, in replying, said :—

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—To use Mr. Mathews' phrase, when I was "asked" to reply to this toast it was 5'45 to-night, and how he got my name printed on this toast-list in time I don't know. I wonder why all the other people have not been asked to reply before me. If they were asked and have refused, I am sure it must be due to the modesty of all persons connected with the climbing profession. I myself hoped that we might have heard Mr. Howie, who, I am sure, would have rivalled the picturesqueness of his pictures with the picturesqueness of his speech, or Mr. Corry, on some of his interesting ascents in the Dolomites. An after-

dinner speech to my mind is very like an Alpine expedition, and it is in this wise: either of them to be of any use whatever must be based upon previous preparation. To make an effective ascent I think you will all agree that you have to look out your route beforehand. You have to consider the difficulties which you must encounter, and the difficulties which you must avoid. You must know the little idiosyncrasies of your route. You must not expose yourself to falling stones—(laughter)—and there are a great many little niceties upon which the success of the expedition depends. If you have not seen the mountain from the other side you often think, when you are yet a great way off, that you are just coming to the top, or when success is in sight you fall through a cornice and are lost. With regard to after-dinner speaking I think it is just the same. There are no Climbers' Guides to after-dinner speaking that I am aware of, and I don't know any of the difficulties of the ascent which I am now trying to make. I haven't the slightest notion whether I ought to keep on the broad plateaus of platitude or hide myself in the dark gullies of sarcasm. As a matter of fact, it is a very serious position. Here I am roped to a party of distinguished people—I have not the slightest notion where we are getting to at all. I don't know where I am, and the worst thing is that not only am I a member of the party slipping about anyhow knocking stones down on their heads and your heads, but I am supposed to be in the position of Guide. One thing is quite clear to me, and that is that if I go on in this haphazard way there is sure to be disaster, so I will not carry the simile further. I shall seize the one advantage, which an after-dinner speaker has over a climber. A climber goes on sometimes till he gets into a place where he cannot go backward nor forward. A speaker can at least sit down. (Laughter.) But in all seriousness I thank you very warmly on behalf of all your guests to-night for entertaining us so kindly. I wish very much I could have represented them better. We look to you with esteem and gratitude as the embodiment of the spirit of British Mountain Sport, and we all hope that we shall one day meet some of you under a roof even more spacious than that of the Hotel Cecil, namely, under the blue sky and on a British hillside. (Applause.)

Mr. W. P. HASKETT-SMITH, in proposing the toast, "The President," said:—

Gentlemen,—I regret to see that Mr. Mathews has left the room—(laughter)—because I was anxious to thank him for having considerably eased my task. He has very considerably and truly hinted that the speeches which follow his will appear tame and uninteresting and not repay perusal. (Laughter.) This has considerably relieved my mind, for blessed are they who expect little, and the speaker from whom little is expected. Let me tell you at the outset that though the subject which

has been placed in my hands is one of portentous length—(laughter)—my treatment of it will not be in proportion. My subject is a very long one. (Laughter.) It is in fact one of the longest subjects—of King Edward. (Laughter.) It is eminent socially, intellectually, and even orographically; for in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where it lives, there are two principal eminences; one is Arthur's Seat, and the other you have to discover in this room. (Laughter.) We poor Southrons always stand to a certain extent abashed before natives of Scotland; for whether or no they be elders of the kirk, such as have already been described to-night by a high authority, they are apt to be very superior persons. They profess to enjoy a longer sermon and a Shorter Catechism than we—(laughter)—and they believe that we in the South never read our Bible. Yet nine out of ten in this room know it well enough to be irresistibly reminded here of a well-known Biblical hero, Saul, the Son of Kish. The resemblances are so obvious that it will suffice to recall to you some of the characteristics of the type, and leave you to discover the antitype among your acquaintance. First of all you will remember that Saul was remarkably handsome—(laughter)—and he was of commanding stature. In fact his stature was so unusual that when he came to the last stage of his career he presented a curious problem to the undertakers. They began seriously to contemplate the necessity of having to bury him in sections. For his biographer—after stating that he was lovely and pleasant in his life—records as matter for surprise and a certain triumph that in death he was *not* divided. (Laughter.) I hope it may be many, many years before this really difficult question presents itself in Edinburgh. (Laughter.) You will remember also that Saul was exceedingly fond of music, and brought to bear upon it criticism at once acute and forcible. If an nervous performer happened to utter a false note or a melody not in strict harmony with the mood of the monarch, the latter said very little—(laughter)—he merely pinned the caitiff neatly to the wall with a well directed missile. (Laughter.) There is a tradition, for which I do not vouch, that in musical circles at Jerusalem, performances by Royal Command were commonly spoken of as “Moody Concerts.” (Laughter.) Hence, too, the expression “up to concert pitch.” For this and for other reasons I have never offered to sing to my subject. (Laughter.) But really it is hopeless to conceal his identity any longer, so I shall give it away at once by saying that he has himself remarked to-night that for many years he failed to perceive the attraction of the “Shes.” He was blind, he said, to their attractions. That by no means implies that they were blind to his, whether or no like his predecessor he owed some of his popularity with the fair sex to an amiable but reckless custom of “clothing them in scarlet with other delights.” (Laughter.) No! It must be confessed that Saul was not a real Scotchman; for it was thought a surprising exception when he was once found “among the profits” but

it is more germane to our present purpose that he was undoubtedly a real mountaineer. We have the evidence of an eye witness, a certain Amalekite, who "happened by chance upon Mount Gilboa" that Saul was seen upon that mountain and that he "leaned upon his spear." What to the eye of that ignorant barbarian presented the appearance of a spear was doubtless an alpenstock, or possibly an extremely elongated ice-axe adapted to the great stature of its owner. At all events, from the skilful manner in which he leaned upon that spear we may feel sure, even if we did not know it from other sources, that at the time he was going rapidly down hill. (Laughter.) But there is a further point in the early career of both these great men, which offers a still more striking parallel. You need not be reminded that when Saul first appears on the scene he is looking for asses. (Laughter.) It is said, that when a Scotchman sets his face towards London he is in search of, let us not say asses, but possibly we may call them persons whose finesse and business sagacity is somewhat inferior to his own. It is reported also that a prolonged search is seldom necessary. (Laughter.) Far be it from me to imply that such a quest could ever lead anyone in the direction of the Climbers' Club, though harsh things have certainly been said of the mental capacity of mountaineers by outsiders, and still harsher things of rock climbers by some mountaineers. No further back than an illustrated paper of last week we find somewhat vitriolic comments by a mountaineer upon a rock-climber. But no matter what special breed of the animal was sought by these adventurers, let us rather ask what was the result of their search? Each of them found a Kingdom. Mr. MacKish became King of Israel, Mr. MacRobert attained the far higher distinction of becoming the King of the Alpine—no! that is premature—he has confused me by the multiplicity of his attainments—Climbers' Club. He has not yet become King of the Alpine Club, but he has already been King of a northern province, and is in fact a kind of multiple monarch. Like his illustrious countryman, James Sixth and First, he has learned his trade in the chilly North before he was promoted to practise it in the South. He has practised it to such good purpose that we all feel that in his experienced hands and under his experienced sway the destinies of this Club are absolutely safe. (Hear, hear.) You are now all impatience to hear his genial voice, and I will not delay your pleasure. I know that however long he may continue, even though he exceed the eight minutes of which we have been told, you, like the Prophet Samuel, will have a rooted antipathy to A-gag. (Laughter.) Gentlemen, the toast is "Long life to our long President," and as I have satisfied myself that there are no javelins in the room, you may safely accord him musical honours. (Applause.)

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm, and the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow!"

R. A. ROBERTSON, Esq. (President), in replying, said :—

Gentlemen,—I am afraid I cannot follow Mr. Haskett-Smith through the intricacies of the Education Act—(laughter)—and I am extremely obliged to him personally for the kind wish he expressed that I should not be subjected to a post-mortem, but above both of those feelings is one of intense gratification, intense gratification to me as a Scotchman, that the occasion of his having proposed my health to-night, has also been the occasion of his reading his Bible. (Laughter.) But the devil himself can quote Scripture. (Laughter.) I can't tell you, gentlemen, how very much I appreciated the compliment of being asked to be President of this Club I had been President of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, and I didn't expect the compliment which you paid to me later, and when I accepted I came amongst you with a feeling of very great diffidence, because you had a name which had extended to the North, and long before I became acquainted with you in London I met several of you in Scotland. If it were not for the presence here of Mr. Oppenheimer I should like to tell you a story. (Go on.) It is a story of a young clergyman who had just been inducted into his parish, and the feelings of that gentleman somewhat resembled my own when I came amongst you here. The first Sunday he went into his church there was a very crowded congregation, and he walked up into the pulpit. He saw a vast sea of upturned faces, critical Scotch faces, and his courage failed him, and he sank down on his knees and asked for courage. Well, he remained rather long in this attitude. The old beadle, who had been in office for fifty years, came up to him and gave him a prod in the ribs : "Courage, minister, courage, if ye only kent them as lang as I've kent them, ye wadna gie a damn for any o' them." (Laughter.) You might put that down as Scotch wit, but it has something very much deeper below it. It was simply an assurance from this beadle that once the young minister knew the men he had come amongst, he would be assured of friendship, sympathy, and everything kindly towards him. And that is really what I experienced when I came amongst you. I have made a very great many friends, and I believe that those friends will stick to me to the very last—(hear, hear)—and again I thank you very warmly for the compliment you have paid to me. Before I sit down, though, there is one thing that has cast a shadow over me to-night. I only became aware of it this evening when the business was going through in the other room, and that was the retirement of Mr. Bryant, our Secretary. I had understood until the very last moment that Mr. Mathews was to be conjoined with him, and that we should still have the services of Mr. Bryant, and when I spoke to two or three of the Committee they told me that they were also in ignorance until the last moment. Now, I think that Mr. Bryant's retirement deserves very special notice—(hear, hear)—and I am only sorry that I had not a little more time to collect the

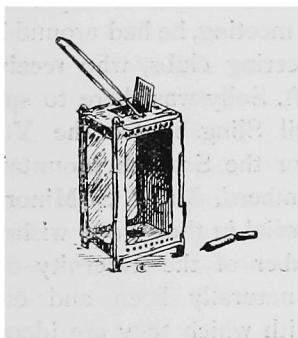
vast fund of information which might have been of use to those members who have joined of recent years concerning the very great indebtedness which this Club is under to Mr. Bryant. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Bryant was—I am not sure whether he was not the founder, but anyway he was one of the founders of this Club—(hear, hear)—and he has occupied the position of Honorary Secretary for eleven years now. There are some things which a Club and the members of it can never forget, and I think Mr. Bryant's services will never be forgotten by this Club. (Hear, hear.) If any man has borne the burden and heat of the day, Mr. Bryant has. We may contrast the slender origin of this Club with its very flourishing condition now. I say we must thank Mr. Bryant for it. (Hear, hear.) I don't want to say anything more, because I think I don't require to say anything more about Mr. Bryant's services. I want to assure him of our very great regret, and I believe if the members had been warned of what was going to take place to-night it would not have been allowed to take place. I give you the toast, gentlemen, of Mr. Bryant. (Applause.)

The toast was welcomed by the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow!"

Mr. GEORGE B. BRYANT, in reply, said:—

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I thank you very sincerely for what you have said, and the way in which you have said it. I have had ten very delightful years of association with a set of men who are undoubtedly amongst the very best on earth. I have been Secretary, and the Secretary escapes, no doubt, some of the popularity which falls upon the Honorary Treasurer. (Laughter.) He also escapes a great deal of the slanging that falls to the Editor. In any case he has an exceedingly good time. I have from the beginning of the Club had the pleasure of associating with colleagues whom I shall not forget. I have been docile with Mr. Mathews, gay with Mr. Haskett-Smith, genial with Mr. Slingsby, reverent with Mr. Robertson. (Laughter.) I leave you in the hands of an Honorary Secretary whom we all of us are quite sure will work as hard for the Club as his father—whom we none of us wish to forget—(hear, hear)—did in his own time. I pass into the ranks of the private member, knowing that the Club is 260 or 270 strong in numbers, and as strong as any Club can be in quality. It has held its own, and while it has lived, other Clubs have come into being, not directly due to it, but carrying out in their own ways its exact object, which is to be a bond of union amongst climbers and mountaineers in the British Isles. In Mr. Myles Mathews to-night we have discovered a very eloquent speaker, and we know we have a highly energetic Secretary, and I feel sure that in handing over to him such duties as fall to the Honorary Secretary, I have done the very best thing for the Club. Gentlemen, I thank you very much. (Applause.)

The Dinner Committee had, by way of experiment, suggested beforehand that eight minutes would be a suitable length for all speeches (except, of course, those from the Chair). From start to finish the speeches covered 100 minutes, which included "halts" of 12 minutes. Mr. Reade alone kept exactly to the standard length; three exceeded and two fell short of it by averages of precisely five minutes. The actual figures were 26, 8, 12, 14, 4, 13, 9 and 2. The excellent result followed that all formal proceedings were at an end before eleven o'clock. Suburban trains were thus caught without effort, and many members found time for a long postprandial chat as well.



ANNUAL MEETING OF THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB.

THE Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the English Lake District held its second Annual General Meeting at Conistone on 21st November, 1908, and elected its new President, Mr. George Seatree, J.P., in the place of Mr. Ashley P. Abraham. Presidents of this Club are, by its rules, allowed but a short life, and it may, perhaps, be permitted to express a doubt whether one year is not too short. Three years seemed not too long a period for a Club and its President to become well known to one another.

Mr. Seatree is, however, well known in the Lake District as one of its earliest climbers, and is one of the original members of the Climbers' Club. In presiding at the Dinner which followed the meeting, he had around him representatives of other mountaineering clubs, who received a very hearty welcome. Mr. G. A. Solly was there to speak for the Alpine Club, Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby for the Yorkshire Ramblers, Mr. Colin Philip for the Scottish mountaineers, Mr. George Bryant for the Climbers', Mr. P. S. Minor for the Rucksack Club. All were cordial in their good wishes for the success of the youngest member of the fraternity of the British hills. Its members are naturally keen and enthusiastic for the beautiful district with which they are identified, and they are to be congratulated upon their excellent *Journal*, for which Mr. Scantlebury is responsible.

The following day (Sunday) was devoted to Dow Craggs, and some of the devotees carried out the full programme. The rest—and the present writer was one of them—were satisfied with a tramp around Goatwater in a howling gale, sandwiched with hailstorms.

G. B. B.

RUCKSACK CLUB DINNER.

THIS annual event took place on the 20th February at the Hotel Metropole in Leeds. Poet and artist vied in adorning the menu-card with ramblers of the Chaucerian age, and the evening was brightened by excellent music. Mr. G. Seatree, President of the Fell and Rock Climbers, proposed his hosts in a genial speech, and gave an impressive list of climbs which he had himself made under their guidance.

The President, the Rev. L. Calvert, replied for the Y. R. in a speech of great spirit.

Mr. R. A. Chadwick then proposed "Kindred Clubs," calling up for a reply Mr. Haskett-Smith, who represented us and the A. C., and Mr. Raeburn of the S. M. C. The former he declared to be the father of British climbing and climbing clubs.

The C. C. man replied that this ascription of parentage was unduly flattering; he would be proud of such offspring, numerous, vigorous and likely to be a great comfort to his declining years. After referring to the recent loss of Count Henry Russell, a troglodyte mountaineer after their own heart, he said, that decoyed by their first president, Mr. Slingsby, he had occasionally stumbled homeward in the dark amid the countless pitfalls of their beautiful but interminable moorland, and fancied all around him fairy voices from below breathing the spirit of Yorkshire hospitality. "Come along, old fellow" (so ran the Siren song) "come and take pot-hole luck with us. Drop in at any time!" The secret of the sympathy which linked all these clubs was community of interests and the fact that their joyous pastime carried an element of responsibility which moulded character and kept the heart young even when the limbs grew old.

Mr. Slingsby then rose, and was still speaking when the near approach of eleven o'clock drove many of the audience, including our representative, to the railway. We hear, however, that Mr. Raeburn, replying for both the S. M. C. and the Rucksack Club, welcomed the Lady climbers organised in London, and more recently in Edinburgh, and made humorous reference to a coming terror for open-air climbers in the shape of jeering swarms of 'Arries on aeroplanes, from which pot-holes offered the only safe refuge. He was glad that all the fraternity of clubs recognised the duty of discouraging rashness.

The Visitors were then proposed by Mr. Alfred Barran, we doubt not in his usual excellent style, but no echo of his speech or of the response has reached us.



DERBYSHIRE PENNINE CLUB NOTES.

FEBRUARY, 1909.

ON November 29th a meet of the Club was held at Snitterton, near Matlock, to explore a deep lead-mine shaft.

On a previous visit to the locality, several members had been struck with the shape and preservation of the shaft, and having in view a Club visit, plumbed it, finding the depth 170 feet. The size was about 6 feet by 4 feet at the top, and clean cut through the solid rock. Seven members attended the meet, and though no discoveries of value were made, a most enjoyable time was spent.

A rope ladder 180 feet long was rigged over a timber at the top, and was reinforced by a separate rope taking the weight of the lower portion. Several headings were explored at the bottom of the shaft, the main one, being apparently the course of an underground stream enlarged by artificial means. The bed was covered with fine stalagmitic formation. All the passages sloped downwards, at an angle of about 30 degrees, the lowest depth thus obtained being about 300 feet below the surface. It was hoped that the shaft might communicate with the adjacent "Jughole" workings, but though careful search was made, there appeared no possibility of a connection being established.

The Club again met on December 12th to continue the exploration of the roof of the Peak Cavern. Sixteen members and friends attended, and a large amount of work was done. It was at first intended to have two separate parties working, and, with this object in view, wood ladders were erected to the "stalactite chamber" on the right of the entrance, and a party went up to fix a rope ladder. The wood ladders were to be utilized elsewhere. No satisfactory belay

for the ladder could, however, be found, and those who wished to see the chamber made use of the fixed laddering. This was a matter of some regret, as there were men present not acquainted with the peculiarities of rope ladders. The introduction in such a case is apt to be amusing—to the audience.

By 7 p.m. that portion of the cavern was deserted, and the serious work of the evening commenced. A pole was placed in position below the "stemple shaft" on the left hand side of the cavern, and, guyed in three directions, a lashed ladder 43 feet long was then swung into position with tackle rigged to the top of the pole. This reached a ledge (referred to in previous notes) from which a short ladder could be pitched edgeways into the cleft.

A large party then ascended, and arrangements were made for hoisting the large ladders into the rift for use in the loftier portions. The party were situated in a narrow cleft somewhat in the form of a Cumberland gully, with parallel vertical walls. At the further end from the ladder it narrowed, and the fascination of the chimney thus formed proved too much for the good intentions of some of the party. They (and incidentally an 80 feet rope) were presently reported "missing," and a little later the scraping of climbing boot nails proclaimed their occupation.

Some hours later, just as the main ladders were being raised off the floor of the cavern, they returned, and stated that "they had seen the lights of the working party from 80 feet above sheer down the cleft." It was now nearly midnight, and the prospect of scaffolding for that height barred the completion of the work for the evening.

Another climbing party then set off, with the intention of finding suitable anchorage for ladders in the upper part of the rift. It should be mentioned that the entrance to the Peak Cavern runs approximately from north to south, and the rift parallel to the cavern. Therefore, in ascending the bed the party travelled south. The chimney before referred to passed through an eyehole in the rock, and continued in

the same direction, and at an angle of about 70 degrees. Sixty feet up the slope eased off, and good anchorage for the climbers could be obtained. Magnesium was now ignited, and a careful examination made.

That the passage would "go" southward the previous party had proved, as they had spent some hours exploring passages beyond, which, though of great interest, finally became choked, or too narrow to traverse. Whether there was another route remained to be proved.

The magnesium showed the roof not far above the party, but it did not appear to continue over the rift to the north. More wire was lighted, which disclosed a large jam of boulders dividing the cleft into a upper and lower storey. To reach this place a gap of about 24 feet had to be bridged, but beyond a passage appeared to run directly over the main entrance to the cavern, and in a rapid upward direction. It was now late, and the task of raising the necessary ladders to cross the gap did not appeal to tired men. The climbers returned to the main party, and all hands turned to the task of getting out the tackle.

A meet was held on January 1st and 2nd, 1909, for the purpose of excavating the floor at Beeston Tor Cavern in the Manifold Valley. Mr. Holmes in some later notes will give the results of the investigations.

On January 16th a night walk from Penistone to Bamford was arranged. Unfortunately the Yorkshire Speleological Association arranged a lecture for the same evening at Leeds, and, with the exceptions of Bishop and Archer (whose devotion to their duty as D.P.C. members should specially be recorded), the members of the Pennine Club preferred hearing Mr. Howarth's most interesting lecture upon "Limestone Scenery" to tramping over the Derbyshire moors.

On February 12th the Club again met at Castleton with the intention of continuing their work in the roof of the Peak Cavern. Fourteen members and friends (including representatives of the Y.S.A.) attended. The ladders were again pitched below the stemple opening, the same means of control

being used as at former visits. A working party then ascended to the "scree bed" of the rift, and the top ladder was removed, its place being taken by one of rope. Another ladder about 18 feet long was then hoisted up, and both were finally conveyed to the place decided upon at the last exploration. They were then lashed together (an awkward undertaking under the circumstances), and swung across the gap to the choke already referred to.

The passage of the obstacle was then of a simple character, and all members who wished to do so crossed. The passage ran about north, and level for 20 feet. It then inclined steeply upward, and for about 160 feet afforded an interesting scramble 90 feet vertically. The floor gave every impression of having formed the "tip" of the "Old Man," but that must have been long ago, as the surface was covered with a deposit of stalagmitic formation. The passage was about 14 feet high, and its curved roof was thickly crusted with small stalactites and curtains. None of the formation, however, was of a fine character. A waterworn passage 60 feet long ran down in an eastern direction from the main gallery, and was explored by two of the party. They reported it loose, and choked at the far end. The incline was very steep, and the climb required some care.

The main gallery culminated with a small chimney 10 feet high. This was choked at the top with boulders, though whether the "run in" had been caused by mining operations, it would be hard to say. It had, however, certainly been worked at some period, as a stemple still in position was found in a lower pitch of the passage. The remaining parts of the rift were given special attention by other members of the party, and when the ladders were finally "struck," it was the opinion of those present that the passage had been explored to its furthest limits.

The following account of the Penistone to Bamford walk is contributed by Mr. R. M. Archer:—

THE NIGHT WALK.

BY ONE OF THE TWO SURVIVORS.

ON a previous occasion I missed a train at Derby and did the night walk from Penistone to Bamford in the negative direction. Not knowing the route, I struck north-east from the Waterworks, but managed to cross the bogs without mishap. I remember consoling myself at 2 a.m. by sitting behind a wall—(it was pouring)—and viewing my glistening knees. Being a sybarite, I improved the shining hour by consuming cold boiled potatoes and carrots. But that was in the summer. This time, through no fault of mine, I missed a connection at Chesterfield, and, realising that I was in for another solitary parade, filled in some idle time by walking from Dore to Sheffield. About 2.15 a.m. I alighted at Penistone, and, after exploring several backyards—(Penistone is hardly a garden city)—found myself nowhere in particular, and had to fall back upon my linguistic accomplishments (which are remarkable) for consolation. Eventually I found what in good Derbyshire is called the “hard road,” pegged away for a while, saw a field with an open gate, took the hint, and, by keeping a distant light in my right eye, got to the Langsett Reservoir. Further linguistic opportunities then arose—(I need hardly say that they were neglected)—but North America soon emerged from the gloom, and the track began to ascend. The climb to the hut proved exceedingly laborious. There was a violent wind and a poor moon, while the snow was soft, deep, and abominably convincing. I could see the footprints of a man crossed and re-crossed by those of some animal. These proved useful, for, although the general direction of the track was pretty evident, the snowdrifts were deep, and to go in up to the neck seemed to offer no sybaritic possibilities. At this stage I began to feel the depressing influence of the wee, sma’ hours. Gentle poets who stay at home at ease babble of star-spangled firmaments and the joy of the early morning. I have spent many nights in the open; I have slumbered in a Cornish ditch, have snatched forty winks on a heap of Derbyshire road metal (while our President snatched fifty on a wall behind me), have nodded on a stony acre on Bowfell, and have tried to woo the goddess in a wood full of insects at Holmfirth. In each case the dawning was an abominably chilly function, and the firmament a cheerless fraud. If I *must* be awake at 4 a.m., give me a firmament

of whitewash — failing that, rafters — failing those, canvas. Any firmament is better than a starry one.

At the shelter hut I was glad to light a small lantern, and witness the dawn from the other side of a rampart of victuals packed by a long-suffering sister. I can recommend stewed prunes and apricots at sunrise, and if there *are* cold potatoes and coffee, one may snap one's fingers at the firmament, and consign the poets to—the North Pole.

On the plateau the track vanished, and there were innumerable shallow ravines to cross, many of them partly filled with soft snow. (Bog trotters who know their gritstone watershed will remember that the “moss” is the source of many small streams which cut through the peat and coil and zig-zag in a maddening fashion.)

After many sorrowful evolutions, I at last regained decent ground, and found that the track was about a mile to the north. The journey to the Slippery Stones and down the valley to Bamford was uneventful. With more time to spare, I should have kept to the “Edges,” and come down at Ladybower.

In Bamford Station I slept off some of the dawning, and wound up an enjoyable night by an exhilarating afternoon at Sheffield. I know of no more entrancing spot than Sheffield on a chilly Sunday afternoon. One may view the heights from the Midland Railway Station, go on the train to Attercliffe, recline on a rustic seat in Fitzalan Square, and watch the gambols of the denizens, or—oh, the mad joy of it—drift down the pellucid bosom of Father Sheaf in a canvas boat. I always feel composed for death after a Sunday afternoon at Sheffield.

And the others? What of my staunch brothers of the cavern and the peat? Alas! I know not what befel those gallant mountain men on that chill night of January. Perchance some faithful hound will howl by a glistening skull on the dark moorland. But I doubt it. I fear — But stay! There is Bishop! (Why do the wicked flourish?) Bishop has written poetry. He has burst into song. But I must be brief.

Bishop entered a Great Central train—a conveyance mentioned in Genesis. (Are not all creeping things mentioned in Genesis?) He does not say *when* he entered it; but it came to pass that this Sabbatarian combination drew up at Penistone—appropriately enough —on Sunday morning. The ecclesiastical half of it alighted, and

found no one there. (The note of disaster was already in the air.) In spite of a bad chilblain on one foot, he states that he set out "single-handed," but soon had to remove one sock. (My private belief is that he turned tail at this point.) Not knowing the route, at every corner "I pulled out my compass and map, *à la* Horner." Next he "crossed a railway, and nearly knocked down an old woman." (This part at least is in keeping with his character.) He then took some ballast aboard, and set sail for North America; and how he resembles that other saint in "Saint Medard"—

"He had been East and he had been West,
And far had he journey'd o'er land and sea."

Also (*Vide* "Ingoldsby")—

"His wings were weary; his hoofs were sore,
And scarce could he trail his nerveless tail
As it furrowed the snow on the Langsett shore."

The track then vanished, and he consulted the stars. These, he says, "apparently moved." But here his chilblain came to his aid, and proved a valuable asset. He says—

"The track in the Mickleden hollow
I could feel with my feet, so 'twas better to follow
Than stars"

Arrived at the hut, he "worried more grub." But—(I fear he has suppressed something)—the stars still jibbed, and he could not find the track. However, he found the prints of a "little lamb." (This is too, too innocent for me), and

"Found I could tread
Very well without getting in up to my head."

Disregarding the injunctions of the grouse to go back, he passed Margery Hill, and—to use his own suspicious phrase—"proceshed" towards the Abbey Brook. It is quite in keeping with his previous confessions that he next mistook these "lumps of stun" (vulgar fellow!) for keepers. Sobered a little, he passed the Cakes of Bread, the Wheel Stones and the Salt Cellar. The lost lad then descended to Cut-throat Bridge. He concludes a bald and unconvincing narrative with the unromantic statement that he "hobbled through to Sheffield on a square inch of parkin"—a fitting enough climax to an unlovely performance, but too full of convincing detail. The last morsel is really one which cannot be swallowed by

R. M. ARCHER.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

THE Committee have determined to publish a series of Climbers' Guides. The first volume, which, it is hoped, will be issued before Easter as a Guide to the Climbs on Lliwedd, by Mr. J. M. A. Thomson and Mr. A. W. Andrews. It will be in size convenient for the pocket, and bound in a water-proof cover. It will be published at 5s. net. Members of the Club will be able to obtain copies through the Honorary Secretary at 3s. 10d. net post free.

The second volume will deal with the Carnedds and Tryfaen, and will be published shortly. Further volumes are in contemplation.

It is felt that the publication of a series of Guides, under the official sanction of the Club, will prove of value to British climbers. They will be strictly practical in scope, and are intended to show what may be expected in any climb, the conditions under which it should or should not be undertaken, the best number for a party, the length of rope required, and the like.

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THE Honorary Secretary's address, to which all communications respecting the Club should be sent, is 151 Cannon Street, E.C. His telephone number is 811 Bank, and his telegraphic address "Ocama, London."

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THE Committee have been impressed with the desirability of having some central room in London for the housing of the Club's library, and for the use of Club members, both informally and for meetings.

Such a room would be of great benefit to the Club, but, at present, the finances of the Club will not permit the project

being further considered. Were the number of members of the Club to be increased, the provision of a Club-room would become a much more feasible matter.

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THE Honorary Librarians, Dr. E. A. Baker and Mr. C. E. Benson, are engaged upon a catalogue of the Club Library, which, it is hoped, will be ready for publication in an early number of the *Journal*.

The Club Library at present is housed at No. 2 King William Street, E.C., and is available for use by any member of the Club, on application at the offices of Messrs. Keller, Wallis & Co., on the ground floor.

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THE Honorary Secretary would be very glad if members, and especially country members, would call upon him when they happen to be in the City, and discuss with him any matters affecting the Club which they may wish to bring before the Committee.

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AT a Committee Meeting held on Friday, January 15th, 1909, the following gentlemen were elected members of the Club:—

Alfred Joseph Clark, Hampden Club, Phoenix Street, N.W.
Francis Grenfell, Hillcroft, King Edward Road, Slough.
E. T. Adams Phillips, Hurstwood, Bromley, Kent.
J. A. B. B. Bruce, Selborne Lodge, Austin Road, Guildford.

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THE Treasurer would be glad to receive the present address of Mr. Mark Pole.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is felt in various quarters that the *Journal* ought to contain more personal accounts of climbs made by members, and especially of their doings at Xmas, Easter and Whitsuntide.

The Editor wishes to point out that the remedy lies entirely in the hands of the members themselves. Without systematic co-operation it is obviously impossible to keep these matters up to date. The Committee are anxious to render the *Journal* as useful as possible to all members of the Club, and to form by its means a bond of union between climbers.

The Editor will be very grateful for any suggestions from members. It ought to be possible, without encroaching on the legitimate province of other Journals, which appear annually, to supply a good deal of material to the *Climbers' Club Journal*.

To take an instance: members who live in the south of England and who do not perhaps belong to northern clubs, would be very glad to have regular accounts of what is being done in the Lakes, and we feel sure that accounts of climbing in Wales will always be welcome to northern members.

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THE first number of the Alpine Ski Club Annual contains many interesting accounts of winter mountaineering. Climbers who have only visited the Alps in summer can hardly realize that mountains such as the Grand Combin and the finest high level routes are now becoming normal expeditions in winter.

An excellent article is on Ski-Running in the High Alps, which deals in a practical manner with the use of Ski, and gives suggestions as to the months suitable for expeditions.