

THE

CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

VOL. XII.]

MARCH, 1910.

[No. 47.

ANNUAL MEETING AND DINNER.

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The following resolutions were proposed, seconded, and carried unanimously :—

1. That Professor J. B. Farmer, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., be elected President of the Club for the ensuing year, in place of Mr. R. A. Robertson, whose term of office expires.
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with which they have performed their tasks, but I am also afflicted with the feeling of how hopeless it is for me to endeavour to emulate them. Fortunately, however, there stand out a few fairly clear and definite landmarks in front of me, and though, no doubt, I shall cut a good many pitches, still I may manage, I daresay, to get to some comfortable stances. At any rate I can hardly miss such solid resting ledges as the spacious editorial armchair, the commodious treasury bench, as well as others which I will not for the moment allude to. I trust that by making suitable detours to the proper spots, it may, on the other hand, be possible to avoid certain perilous situations which a very eminent member of this Club has recently described as calculated to produce a feeling of intense isolation at great heights. (Laughter.)

Well, having got under weigh, and (there is nothing like mixed metaphors), having got over the first slippery slabs, I think we may pause for a moment's breathing space, and cast an eye over the present position of our Club. The fact that we are met here to-night to dine, shows that at any rate we believe in it—that we believe in ourselves—and I am very glad to find that this belief is very clearly and obviously shown by those who are still outside the pale of the elect, and are as yet unable to write those honourable, if somewhat mysterious letters, "C. C." after their names. I draw this conclusion because, although we have unfortunately lost two members by the hand of death, and also, although I regret very much to say it, we have lost some more by a process which I will briefly describe as "resignation," still it is a consolation to find that these losses have been more than made good, for the membership of the Club is greater to-night than it was this time last year, and this is a circumstance which I venture to think completely justifies a sense of our self-esteem. (Hear, hear.) In the ebb, and more especially in the flow of its membership, our Club, in its commerce with the less animate world outside it, presents obvious points of comparison with a healthy organism. We may even venture on a technical term, and say it exhibits the phenomena collectively known under the name of metabolism. Thus we have injected and assimilated quite a large number of entrants from outside, while we have also parted with units of our body by processes of an opposite nature. I do not, of course, mean to suggest that the elementary units, to whose centrifugal movement I have already alluded, were forcibly ejected, but merely that they no longer form part of our body. (Laughter.) Besides, what I may call these more general changes, there have been a certain number of internal molecular re-arrangements, unaccompanied, it is pleasant to think, by any violent evolution of heat—and this is, at least, satisfactory from one point of view, since it implies that we have not been uselessly dissipating our energies into channels which are unprofitable to ourselves. Those of you who were present, in obedience to the orders from the Hon. Secretary, at an earlier meeting this evening—and I am

lead. I have a greater respect for my own safety and the safety of those who follow than to desire on any occasion to assume the premier position. I would much rather be safe as second man than be in serious danger as first, with the feeling that I am also involving other very innocent persons in serious risk. I do not know whether we were referred to by the gentleman who proposed this toast as the club who climb down and up. If the Yorkshire Ramblers have any special claim to distinction it is because they have not confined their efforts to climbing heights that other people have climbed before, but have endeavoured to go down and explore the climbs, or otherwise, which are below the surface. I think that the last occasion on which I joined the Ramblers was when they were investigating one of those pot-holes which are so dear to them and so unpleasant to those who are persuaded to accompany them. (Laughter.) Pot-holing is a very fine sport, for the men who are merely there to assist, but for those who are leading, if I may judge from what occurred to two men who had the control of our party, it is a very arduous undertaking, because all the work is done by the men who lead, and, as far as I can understand pot-holing, the men who follow have nothing to do but get wet. (Laughter.) Those who lead convey them by various means—cradles or other devices invented for the occasion. The larger the party the more the fun—for the party. It is not a very hazardous undertaking, but it is a very unpleasant one, I should think, for those who lead. Now, personally, as far as climbing is concerned, when I hear you speak of Wales, I am out of my depth. I know Wales pretty well, but inasmuch as I have never been there with a man with a rope, I have never climbed there. I know a little about climbing in the Lake District, and I once found myself famous in that connection. I hope that there are no members of the Geographical Society here, because I may be making remarks which I ought not to make, and I hope that there is no gentleman here who is connected with a publication issued some time ago, I forget by whom, which was, I believe, described as "The Times Atlas." A gentleman with whom I was in the habit of climbing in the Lake District, and whom some of you may know, Mr. Alfred Holmes, is a good photographer. When I climbed with Mr. Holmes he usually took a camera, and on one occasion he had myself and two other men with him. We were climbing at Wasdale, and we climbed, amongst other things, the Arrow Head Arrête. He took two rather good photographs. Some time afterwards a nephew of mine sent me a publication which he had picked up somewhere, and which he thought contained a photograph of me. When I looked at it it was an advertisement for "The Times Atlas." I have lost it. I do not know how I came to lose it, because it ought to have been kept as a sort of heirloom. I turned the thing over, and I saw on the second page a reproduction of what appeared to be a photograph. On further examination, I found that the publishers had got hold of one of Mr. Holmes's photographs of

- Charpentier, Jean de. Essai sur les Glaciers et sur le Terrain Erratique du Bassin du Rhone. [Plates.] Lausanne, 1841.
- Cheever, G. B. Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the Shadow of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau Alp. [c. 1860.]
Do. n.d.
Do. [ed. de luxe.] n.d.
- and J. T. Headley. Travels among Alpine Scenery. [Illus.] 1855.

Club publications :—

- Alpine Club. The Alpine Journal: a record of mountain adventure and scientific observation. [Maps, plates, etc.]
From vol. 1. continuing. 1864, etc.
- Peaks, Passes and Glaciers: being excursions by members. 1st series, edited by J. Ball. 2nd series, edited by E. S. Kennedy. [Maps, col. plates, etc.] 3 vols. 1859-62.
Ditto. 1st series [knapsack ed.] 1860.
Index to Journal (vols. 1-15) and to "Peaks, passes, and glaciers;" ed. F. A. Wallroth. 1892.
Catalogue of books in the Library. 1899.
- Appalachian Mountain Club. Appalachia. Vols. 1 to 6. Boston, 1876-1892.
- Austrian Alpine Club (Oesterreichischer Alpenverein). Jahrbuch. [Maps, col. illus., etc.] Vols. 1 to 9. Wien, 1865-1873
See also German and Austrian Alpine Club.
- Austrian Tourist Club (Oesterreichischer Touristen Club). Chronik. Years 1880-5 and 1887.
Jahrbuch. Vols. 6-12. 1875-81.
- The Climbers' Club Journal. [Maps, plates, etc.] From vol. 1. continuing. 1898, etc.
- Dauphiné Tourist Society (Société des Touristes du Dauphiné). Annuaire. [Maps, illus.] Vols. 10-19, 1884-1893, and Index for years 1875-1894.
- Friuli Alpine Club (Società Alpina Friulana). In Alto. Cronica. Parts 1 to 3. 1890-2.
- German Alpine Club (Deutscher Alpenverein). Zeitschrift. Band 1-II. 1869-1873.

- Mackintosh, A. J. Mountaineering Clubs, 1857-1907 (from Alpine Journal, 1907). [Pamphlets, vol. 3.]
- Mader, Dr. Fritz. Die Höchsten Teile der Seealpen und der Ligurischen Alpen in physiographischer Beziehung. [Illus.] Leipzig, 1897. [Pamphlets, vol. 3.]
- Main, Mrs. E. My Home in the Alps. 1892.
- Mannering, G. E. With axe and rope in the New Zealand Alps. [Map, illus.] 1891.
- Marinelli, G. Le Alpi Carniche ; and, La più alta giogaia delle Alpi Carniche. 1889. (Illus., map.) (Two articles ex Bolletino.) [Pamphlets, vol. 1.]
- Martel, E.-A. Les Aiguilles du Gouter et d'Argentière ; historique et topographique. [Illus.] (Extrait de l'Annuaire du C. A. F., 1887). [Pamphlets, vol. 1.]
- Le Causse Noir et Montpellier-le-Vieux. [Illus., map.] (Extrait de l'Annuaire du C. A. F., 1884). [Pamphlets, vol. 1.]
- Le Canon du Tarn (illus.) (Extrait de l'Annuaire du C. A. F., 1883). [Pamphlets, vol. 1.]
- Sous Terre : exploration des eaux intérieures et cavernes des Causses. [Maps, illus.] (Extrait de l'Annuaire du C. A. F., 1888). [Pamphlets, vol. 1.]
- Sous Terre ; 4me. Campagne. (Extrait du C. A. F., v. 18, 1892). [Pamphlets, vol. 1.]
- Martel, Aline. Sparte et les Gorges du Taygète. [Illus.] (Extrait de l'Annuaire du C. A. F., 1891). [Pamphlets, vol. 1.]
- Martin, Alexandre. La Suisse pittoresque et ses Environs. [Illus.] Paris. 1835.
- Mathews, C. E. The Annals of Mont Blanc ; with chapter on the Geology by T. G. Bonney, bibliography, table of ascents, 1786-1851, fatalities, etc. [Illus. map.] 1898.
- Meyer von Knonau, Prof. Dr. G. Eine Schweizerreise eines Gelehrten im XVI Jahrhundert. [1883.] [Pamphlets, vol. 2.]
- Ludwig Hess, der erste Schweizer Landschaftsmaler des Hochgebirges. [1880.] [Pamphlets, vol. 4.]
- Minnegerode, Prof. Dr. Aus den Bergeller Bergen. [Pamphlets, vol. 4.]
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H. E. Cunliffe, Bart. ; Sydney B. Donkin, R. W. Lloyd, Henry Candler and A. W. Andrews, and that Messrs. R. F. Backwell and Geoffrey Bartram be elected members of the Committee for the ensuing year, in place of Messrs. John W. Robson and Thomas Meares, whose term of office expires.

The Annual Dinner followed the General Meeting, and was attended by the following members and guests :—Messrs. A. C. Adams, A. W. Andrews, T. Arnold, R. F. Backwell, *A. W. Bairstow, K.C.* (Yorkshire Ramblers' Club); E. A. Baker, *A. Barnes*, G. Bartram, *Algernon Bathurst*, C. E. Benson, M. H. Bradley, J. V. Brett, J. A. B. Bruce, *Alan Bryant*, G. B. Bryant, H. Candler, C. R. Canney, *Dr. J. C. R. Canney*, Ormiston Chant, L. W. Clark, W. E. Corlett, *Robert Corry*, W. Lloyd Davies, S. B. Donkin, *W. T. Edwards*, G. H. Ellis, Professor J. B. Farmer, F.R.S.; F. Greenfell, C. H. Hale, G. F. Hatfield, W. P. Haskett-Smith, M. B. Heywood, *H. A. Hunter*, J. Donald Hunter, W. W. James, C. J. Lehmann, *H. D. Lehmann*, R. W. Lloyd, H. C. Lowen, *W. Macdougall*, C. Myles Mathews, *Wilfrid C. Mathews*, C. C. B. Moss, E. T. A. Phillips, E. S. Reynolds, C. D. Robertson, *J. Rowley*, *G. Slade*, *A. Causdale-Smith*, M. K. Smith, *J. P. Stopford*, *G. A. Street*, *Dr. Waller, M.D., F.R.S.*; W. E. Webb, Roderick Williams, W. Williams, G. W. Young, R. E. Nelson Younger, W. Zimmermann, and *The Rucksack Club*.

The toast of "The King" having been duly honoured, the President proposed the toast of "The Climbers' Club":—

Gentlemen,—In rising to give you the toast of "The Climbers' Club," I am, I can assure you, very fully alive to the magnitude of the task which you have done me the honour of entrusting to me, but I am very keenly alive to the difficulties of the route that lies before me. It is particularly difficult for me this evening, because I believe I really have no business to be in this place. The proper person to be now standing here—and I shall have to refer to him again—the man who has been for three years our President, is, unfortunately, unable to be with us to-night.

When I think of the expeditions which my predecessors in this place have achieved, I am filled with admiration for the judgment and sagacity

with which they have performed their tasks, but I am also afflicted with the feeling of how hopeless it is for me to endeavour to emulate them. Fortunately, however, there stand out a few fairly clear and definite landmarks in front of me, and though, no doubt, I shall cut a good many pitches, still I may manage, I daresay, to get to some comfortable stances. At any rate I can hardly miss such solid resting ledges as the spacious editorial armchair, the commodious treasury bench, as well as others which I will not for the moment allude to. I trust that by making suitable detours to the proper spots, it may, on the other hand, be possible to avoid certain perilous situations which a very eminent member of this Club has recently described as calculated to produce a feeling of intense isolation at great heights. (Laughter.)

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afraid that comparatively few were—assisted at the creation of these changes to which I am referring, changes which chiefly refer to the composition of the Committee, while we were esuriently awaiting in that other room the summons which should transport us to this. I will not refer in detail to those events, but there are two of them which I cannot pass over in silence. In the first place, we have parted with our President of three years' standing, and no one who knows, as we all do know, what Robertson was to the Club, can have failed to appreciate the fact, that he always held it very near to his heart. (Cheers.) I assure you, gentlemen, that it is no small business to come up from Edinburgh—I do it myself occasionally—but nevertheless Robertson was very often amongst us. He very often managed to get to Town in order to preside over our Committee meetings. Possibly, and quite incidentally, he may have had other business in London as well, but his real object in coming south was to preside over the meetings of the Committee. (Cheers.) We regret very much the absence of Mr. Robertson this evening, because he ought to have been in the place which I am now occupying. I had a letter from him a couple of days ago, in which he sent a Message, though I do not know whether he lives in a White House, and, if you will allow me to do so, I will read what he says. "Please say to the Club how much I appreciate the honour of having been their president; how much I regret that circumstances have prevented my being so much among the members on the hills as I could have wished; and how much I thank them for their kindness and consideration and welcome on the occasions on which I did meet them. Wishing you all a most pleasant evening, Believe me, Yours sincerely, R. A. Robertson." (Applause.)

The other change to which I wish to refer is connected with the matchless Bryant—(Laughter and "Oh")—our new and striking Vice-President. Perhaps "striking" is not quite the correct epithet, because, however bold he may be in action, it is his *suaviter in modo* that has done so much to nurse the Club through the perils of its infancy, and to see it through to virile adolescence. It is no small debt of gratitude that we owe to Bryant, and it is with no ordinary feelings that we welcome him as our new Vice-President. (Cheers.)

Turning to the Club as a going concern, we can permit ourselves, without undue lack of modesty, to speak of it as having played a leading part in fostering climbing in Great Britain—at any rate, to speak cautiously, south of the Tweed. It is very much under the auspices of this Club that climbing has been reduced, or shall I say "elevated," to the fine art that it has become at the present day. But, against all this gain (and it really is a gain), I am not quite sure that we have not perhaps to set off a little loss. In the old days, when Lliwedd, for example, was still invested with the glamour of imagined inaccessibility, it awakened emotions widely different from those which are naturally to be associated with a

"magnificent face with 33 (or is it 37?) ways up it." But, really, neither Lliwedd nor any other great cliff can ever become a mere commonplace to him who has ever known the subtle influence of the mountains. If at times it seems to have lost some of its ancient prestige, most of us, I fancy, still fall again and again under its spell. At any rate I hope it is so, for I think that he is no true mountaineer to whom a stupendous crag is nothing more than a sort of large-scale gymnasium ; nor is he even a climber, save in the most limited and physical sense of the word. Of course, this may only be the expression of individual opinion, but at the same time I believe that it is one which is shared by a good many others. I cannot think it is mere optimism to believe, notwithstanding the vigorous exploration which is wresting the secrets from so many heights, that any of us will ever fall so low as to regard the everlasting hills with that stupid kind of tolerant contempt which has been held to be a special monopoly of valets. And this reference to exploration reminds me that we have now arrived at a Broad Stand, where we may stay and reflect on one of the principal events (perhaps I should say *the* principal event) of the year which has just passed. Of course I am referring to the publication of the Climbers' Guides. (Cheers.)

The Climbers' Guides need no word of commendation from me. I hope that everybody here shews his critical appreciation of Volume I. by possessing at least one copy, and I am aware that certain very responsible officials, of whom I see one at the end of the table, consider that everybody ought to have secured at least three or four. The purposes of these Guides are as manifold as their excellence. Primarily, I suppose, they are intended to indicate the whereabouts of the climbs and the difficulties and the dangers, if any, which are to be encountered therein, and we shall probably agree that they do that very well. Then, also, they have another value, and in this respect they are bound steadily to appreciate. There is nothing like investing in things which have a sound future in front of them, and our Guides will come to possess a great historic importance, because they are the authoritative repositories of the impression of the climbers of to-day towards the personality of the climbs themselves. But these volumes will also, in the future, subserve still another function, because they constitute a record of the climbs as they actually are at the present time. They will be taken as the standard by which we, or rather our descendants, will be able to estimate the secular changes which are from now onwards going to affect the hills during the flux of geological time. (Laughter.) Of the first of these volumes, which is already published and deals with Lliwedd, I need say little. I am sure that its thoroughness, the excellence of both its get-up and of its matter, will have already appealed to you all. I am very glad to be able to say that a second volume is very well on the way, and it is to deal with that very interesting district of North Wales which lies

around Ogwen and the Carneddss. The new Guide will contain certain other features, I am told, which are relatively absent from the existing volume. For instance, it will give, or it will endeavour to give, the geology of the district. I am informed that a Cambridge geologist of European renown spent a week in the district last summer with a view of writing a chapter on that subject. Well, a little knowledge of the geology, and I might also perhaps be permitted to say a little knowledge of the flora upon the rock, are a very admirable subsidiary equipment to the climber. A little knowledge of geology, a little knowledge of the structure of the rocks, will enable him to gauge, with a fair degree of accuracy, the sort of general main troubles that he is likely to encounter on the way up. No one, of course, would say that he could not climb without such knowledge, but he can assuredly climb more intelligently with it, and it will put him consciously on his guard against those sudden changes, whether of formation, or conformation, which so often produce a wonderful difference, even within the limits of a few yards, in the character, the stability, and the reliability of the rock to be encountered.

There is one other aspect, however, of the new volumes which requires a moment's consideration. We have probably most of us admired the aesthetic appearance of the beautiful buff cover, which must have cost so much intellectual effort to produce. But some of us have had our secret doubts as to how far it will survive the ordeal of a Tryfan gully after rain, or shall I say the wet pitch in Piers Ghyll. I am credibly informed that the Secretary has taken this matter in hand with his customary and relentless energy. He has been trying, so I understand, to instil into the minds of reluctant business publishers a few elementary notions as to the solvent properties of water. I am told that they send him by nearly every post different parcels of so called "waterproof" covers. He has a summary and convincing method of dealing with them. He steeps them in his bath for a while, and then he bottles them and sends them back to the publishers in a condition somewhat resembling bovril with the meat left in. (Laughter.) The only conclusion that it seems legitimate to draw from experiments of this kind seems to be that the publisher of a Climbers' Guide must, before he is in the position to grasp the elements of his business, become a member of the Climbers' Club.

Leaving now the question of the Climbers' Guides, let us mount by comfortable and easy slopes to the editorial armchair, where we shall find a fine breathing place, and Andrews will discourse to us upon the gigantic efforts that he has been making, the net effect of which has resulted in the burdening of this year's accounts with five Journals, instead of three, as last year. That is, of course, not as he expected to hear it put, but that is one distinct aspect of the matter, and one that should appeal to a truculent Treasurer. However, I think that he fairly is to be congratulated on having really at last brought the Journals up to date. (Hear, hear.) I

am afraid that our Editor has not a very easy time of it, and that his lot, after all, compares somewhat unfavourably with that of the Children of Israel, even in their worst times. They, anyhow, had clay, even if the persons whom we may euphemistically designate as their employers were somewhat parsimonious with straw. They at anyrate had plenty of clay, but it is just the solid stuff which Andrews lacks. Chaff in good measure is abundantly meted out to him. But, seriously, I think that we ought to try to do something ourselves, and, dancing to the editorial piping, really to endeavour to give him more help than we do. (Hear, hear.) I believe that almost every member of the Club at one time or another has had something not quite civil to say about the Journal. We know that very often it is not as good as it ought to be. Well, gentlemen, that is our own fault. It is entirely our own fault. We make the Journal, not the Editor. He is but the mere sieve that determines what shall and what shall not go in. He does all this very well, of course, but still, after all, the result of a sieve's functions depends on the stuff that is thrown into it. The Journal constitutes the symbol of our union into a Club, geographically separated as many of us are into groups all over the country. We depend to a considerable extent not only on meetings like this, pleasant as they are, but on that *soi-disant* three-monthly publication to remind us of the real existence and character of our corporate organisation, and I hope that in future we shall do something more to help it than we have done in days gone by. It is no good waiting for "the other fellow" to send in copy, we have got to put our own shoulders to the wheel and grind the stuff out ourselves, and in a Club like this there ought to be plenty of matter if only individual people would recognise their responsibilities occasionally, and just send some of their experiences either at home or abroad to that editorial sieve.

There are many other things that I could say, and perhaps I ought to say, but I already realize that I vainly purposed to be brief, and, moreover, there flits through my mind a remark which was once made by Voltaire, doubtless while he was exasperatedly listening to somebody making an after-dinner speech, "*Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire.*" Well, having once thought of this, there is nothing more to be done but to recognise that I am well in sight of my summit cairn, and to run out by the easiest and shortest route. Gentlemen, I do so, and I give you "Health and Prosperity to the Climbers' Club."

Mr. C. DONALD ROBERTSON, in proposing "Kindred Clubs," said :—

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I cannot help feeling that the speech that I am set down to make is something in the nature, if not of bathos, at least of an anti-climax. That is not due to any intrinsic shortcomings

in the speech, which I, for one, am prepared to condone—(laughter)—but to the fact that I can hardly expect you to drink other people's health with the same warmth and enthusiasm that we devote to our own. At the same time I feel entitled to claim your favourable consideration. There was a friend of mine, an abstruse mathematician, who, in a book, began a profound proposition with the luminous exclamation, "From henceforth let the universe be represented with a little (i)." (Laughter.) We have honoured the toast of the "big I," and I solicit your favourable consideration for the universe. (Renewed laughter.) As a matter of fact, if the toast is not as important as that of our own, at all events I am asking you to drink the health of everybody else who is anybody. I am asking you to drink to the Rücksaëks, the little i-sacks, the Haggard Riders upon Ski—"Oh, oh"—the many clubs who climb up and down, and the one club which climbs down and up—to drink to the men who have climbed the rock and fell, and to the men who have climbed the rock and did not, the gospel makers of the open, the rambles, scramblers, climbers, mountaineers, men of England, men of Scotland, men of Wales. The word "Wales" enables me, fortunately, to introduce an entirely irrelevant anecdote. The Chancellor of the Exchequer—uproar!—occupying the position of a prophet in his own country, was explaining to an audience what the policy was which he desired to introduce. He said, "Gentlemen, what I want is Home Rule for England, Home Rule for Ireland, Home Rule for our own little Principality of Wales." A raucous opposition voice from the back of the hall was heard to observe, "Home Rule for hell." "Sir," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "I fear that I cannot help you there, but I am always glad to hear a man stick up for his own country." (Laughter.) Talking of Home Rule leads me by easy stages to the question of Ireland—(renewed laughter)—which comes in in this way. I think I mentioned that we are drinking the health of the clubs in England, in Scotland, and in Wales, and one is led to inquire why there is no club in Ireland. It is really a remarkable thing. For just consider, the patriotism of the Irishmen, combined with the hard-headedness and practical nature which Mr. Bernard Shaw (who ought to know) attributes to them, should lead them to regard the real rock with no less enthusiasm than they devote to the sham-rock. (Laughter.) A club could be commended to the attention of all patriotic Irishmen by the title of "The Society of the *Fine Shin*." As a matter of fact, to turn to less important matters, there is a climb in Ireland. ("No.") Yes, I have seen it. It is well kept. The greens are very well kept, and there is a pleasant lake to fall into. There is also the material of a club. There is an enthusiastic climber and there is a very enthusiastic climber. I know the first and I have heard of the second. The first told me of the discovery of the climb. He had been searching all round Dublin, where he lives, trying to find something, and he eventually found a climb at a

distance of about twenty miles. He then took unto himself a companion, and went and climbed it. All went absolutely well until he came to a very awkward looking pitch. The pitch treed him for some time until he thought of treeing it, and he effected its ascent by a robust, if prickly, vegetable. They finished the climb, and returned home in the evening in a state of great satisfaction—so much satisfaction that, when my friend's companion suggested to him the next day that they should repeat the climb, he assented cheerfully, with the quiet conscience that a man has when he goes to a climb which he knows he can do. They got to the climb: they shinned up the early parts with great success, and then came to the difficult pitch. But the tree was gone! My friend turned round with the idea of suggesting some breakfast, and he saw something in the eye of his companion. Being a quick kind of man, it occurred to him what had happened, and he taxed the other man with it. The friend was so enthusiastic a climber that he had bicycled out those twenty miles in the night for the purpose of cutting down that tree. (Laughter.) This is a degree of enthusiasm which all those who do not have to lead will cordially endorse. I perceive that I have been led into proposing the health of the one club which does not exist—that comes of thinking of Ireland—instead of proposing that of the clubs which do exist, and I can only turn to the toast before me for the purpose of actually proposing it. I will propose it with a verse, as poetry is fairly frequently introduced in this Club in speeches.

Here's to the Scotsmen, the Welsh and the Sassenachs,
Here's to the Ramblers, the Rock-and-Felláh,
Pennine who has not, and Alpine who has an axe,
Here's to the Rucksacks and Sine-quana,
Here's to the ladies and here's to the Ski,
Here's—drink it out—Mr. Bairstow, K.C.”

(Cheers, and cries of “Well done!”)

Mr. A. W. BAIRSTOW, K.C., replying on behalf of the “Kindred Clubs,” said :—

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—The task which your Secretary laid upon me has become more serious than I imagined it to be in prospect. When he wrote to me he was careful to note that unless I declared myself unable to respond to this toast, the obligation remained, and inasmuch as I could not bring myself at that time to confess my inability, I was obliged to give an affirmative answer to his request. But I think that, if I had fully appreciated the difficulty of the task at the time I received his letter, I should have preferred to declare my inability rather than undergo the ordeal.

I suppose I may take it that I am now responding for the little “i” s. Of course, when I remember that the Yorkshire Ramblers, whom

I immediately represent, came into existence at an earlier date than the Climbers' Club, it is a little difficult for me quite to assume that inferior position. (Laughter.) There are other reasons which justify me in hesitating to accept that position. But still, I do so as your guest, and I do so with pleasure, because I am sure that, relatively, the Yorkshire Ramblers and the other clubs which are distributed throughout the country are the little "*i*"s. But I may mention in that connection that we had for ten years as our President, Slingsby, and my own belief is that if it had not been that this Club desired to make him their President, we should have retained him for life. That justifies the description of this Club as the big *I*. The prospect of becoming President of the Climbers' Club seems to have induced Slingsby to throw us over, and to decline any further to be our President. I do not really remember, but I believe he said at the time that he thought that it was better that there should be a change in the tenure of offices of such importance. He had some excuse I know. Whether that was the one that he gave or not I cannot remember, but I know that, after serving us for ten years, and serving us well, as our President, he became yours, and I am sure that as President of your Club he has rendered services as adequate and as valuable as he had rendered to us.

The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, during its existence, has had from several of your members, and indeed from more than I can mention, very valuable assistance, and particularly I may mention the name of the late Mr. Mathews. We not only received from him valuable advice, but I know that on at least one occasion he came down to us to lecture to us, and his lecture was received with great enthusiasm, and was much appreciated. I think that on a subsequent occasion Mr. Haskett-Smith also lectured to us, and I understand that your President is coming down to our dinner at the end of the week, and I am sure that he will receive a hearty welcome. (Cheers.) I notice that your toast list is much more reasonable than ours, because it does not provide for so many speeches. The Yorkshire Ramblers, when they have a dinner, have a 'fearful amount of speaking and a certain amount of music, and the general effect produced on the guests is that they have had a very entertaining evening, but that it would not have been much worse if it had been shorter—(laughter)—at least I am, to some extent, putting into the minds of the guests what has occurred to me sometimes as a member. We begin at 6'30, and I do not know how long we go on, because I have always gone home before we have finished.

Now, in responding for the Yorkshire Ramblers, I am not going to put myself forward as a climber. I do not mean to say that I have not climbed, but I do say this—that on the occasions on which I have climbed I have usually had the moral help of a rope, and I prefer it. I am not going to pretend to be one of those persons who have a great ambition to

lead. I have a greater respect for my own safety and the safety of those who follow than to desire on any occasion to assume the premier position. I would much rather be safe as second man than be in serious danger as first, with the feeling that I am also involving other very innocent persons in serious risk. I do not know whether we were referred to by the gentleman who proposed this toast as the club who climb down and up. If the Yorkshire Ramblers have any special claim to distinction it is because they have not confined their efforts to climbing heights that other people have climbed before, but have endeavoured to go down and explore the climbs, or otherwise, which are below the surface. I think that the last occasion on which I joined the Ramblers was when they were investigating one of those pot-holes which are so dear to them and so unpleasant to those who are persuaded to accompany them. (Laughter.) Pot-holing is a very fine sport, for the men who are merely there to assist, but for those who are leading, if I may judge from what occurred to two men who had the control of our party, it is a very arduous undertaking, because all the work is done by the men who lead, and, as far as I can understand pot-holing, the men who follow have nothing to do but get wet. (Laughter.) Those who lead convey them by various means—cradles or other devices invented for the occasion. The larger the party the more the fun—for the party. It is not a very hazardous undertaking, but it is a very unpleasant one, I should think, for those who lead. Now, personally, as far as climbing is concerned, when I hear you speak of Wales, I am out of my depth. I know Wales pretty well, but inasmuch as I have never been there with a man with a rope, I have never climbed there. I know a little about climbing in the Lake District, and I once found myself famous in that connection. I hope that there are no members of the Geographical Society here, because I may be making remarks which I ought not to make, and I hope that there is no gentleman here who is connected with a publication issued some time ago, I forget by whom, which was, I believe, described as "The Times Atlas." A gentleman with whom I was in the habit of climbing in the Lake District, and whom some of you may know, Mr. Alfred Holmes, is a good photographer. When I climbed with Mr. Holmes he usually took a camera, and on one occasion he had myself and two other men with him. We were climbing at Wasdale, and we climbed, amongst other things, the Arrow Head Arrête. He took two rather good photographs. Some time afterwards a nephew of mine sent me a publication which he had picked up somewhere, and which he thought contained a photograph of me. When I looked at it it was an advertisement for "The Times Atlas." I have lost it. I do not know how I came to lose it, because it ought to have been kept as a sort of heirloom. I turned the thing over, and I saw on the second page a reproduction of what appeared to be a photograph. On further examination, I found that the publishers had got hold of one of Mr. Holmes's photographs of

the Arrow Head Arrête, taken on the occasion referred to. They had cut it off near the top, and it showed a peak, and below in the valley a stream, and it was described thus : "How a map is made. Explorers surveying a new country." (Laughter.) Sure enough, there, upon the top, I was, with my two companions. That is the only claim that I have to celebrity in connection with climbing.

Well, gentlemen, I am very glad to be able to be here to-night, because I recognise, as you all recognise, that there is a sympathy between, I will not say climbers, but those who love mountains, in all parts of the country. (Hear, hear.) It is not a question as to whether or not we possess either skill or—I will not say foolhardiness, because we do not admit that. We have, at all events, this in common. I am not going to pretend to explain what the attraction of climbing is. I know what it is with regard to myself. I do not mind telling you that I became such a climber as I am simply because I found myself from time to time in parts of the country where, unless I climbed I did not know what on earth to do there. If you have spent, as I was in the habit for some years of spending, your holidays in Wasdale at Easter time, attracted by the hope of getting views from the mountain tops, you will have come to the conclusion that you go very often on a fool's errand, because the odds are about ten to one that it will be wet, and if it is not wet the odds are about twenty to one that there will be a strong sea fog, and you cannot see anything. Under those conditions, unless you climb you can do nothing, because the district has, under those conditions, no natural attractions. (Loud laughter.) A gentleman on my right suggests that there are geological and botanical attractions. Yes, if you can find them. I remember on one occasion going there for three or four days, and I know that for three days we could not get out of the inn. We played cards and pitch-and-toss. Well, you do not want to go away for a holiday to play cards and pitch-and-toss. You can play those games at home. (Laughter.) I had the good fortune of meeting one or two enthusiastic climbers on one occasion, and they mentioned to me, incidentally, that there were sundry climbs that were very easy, I remember that on that occasion I was induced by them to attempt the Pillar Rock by the easy route. I have looked round carefully to-night to see if there are any faces that I recognise, because when you have gone over the slab in your own way—naturally I do not mean to say that you have walked erect—it is desirable before you say much about it to find out, if you can, whether or not the people whom you are talking to have seen you. I have a pretty accurate recollection of that expedition. The result of it was that I got over the slab, and the next and only difficulty that there is in the climb, and then I sat wondering what was coming, with my heart thumping, and after a due interval I descended. I went back, and the next day these enthusiastic climbers took us up, and it was nothing, and I could never understand what the difficulty was, but I do know that there is a difficulty, and a very serious one.

Gentlemen, as I say, I am responding for other clubs, and I am not sure that I know the names of them, nor am I as well acquainted with their qualifications and their characteristics as I am with those of the Yorkshire Ramblers, but I am quite sure that I express their feeling as well as those of the Yorkshire Ramblers, when I thank you most heartily for your hospitality, and for the welcome you have given us. (Cheers.)

“The Visitors,” in proposing which toast Mr. RODERICK WILLIAMS said :—

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—This toast has been entrusted to me because I am the only member of the Club now present who possesses two copies of the “Climbers’ Guide”—(laughter)—and I obtained both of those copies by legitimate means. It might fairly be supposed that if I had had to make this speech at any time during the last month I should have referred to the subject of the toast, not as “Visitors,” but as “Free Fooders.” (Loud laughter.) Under that name I could not have promised them, at best, anything but a mixed reception, but now that the turmoil is over, I think I may say that there are some Free Fooders whom we delight to honour, and among them are our visitors to-night. The toast of “The Visitors” is one that ought to be well received by climbers, because, in order to enjoy their sport, climbers must generally put themselves in the position of being visitors to other places. I will not go so far as to say that there is no climbing, even in London. Some of the gentlemen here to-night, when they get back to their hotels to-morrow morning, may by chance find that the lift has stopped, and for that reason, or for other reasons, they will get all the climbing they want before they reach their bedrooms. But, as a rule, we must go to other countries, or other parts of our country, in order to find our climbing. We must be visitors ourselves. We like to return the hospitality, and so we welcome our visitors here. We must be visitors, but I cannot promise that even in Wales we shall be free fooders, because even my countrymen expect us to pay for some things. It has been more than hinted during the last month that some of my countrymen expect us to pay too much. (Laughter.)

Well, gentlemen, I am happy to tell you that one of your visitors is going to respond to this toast. We are all very anxious to hear him, and it seems absurd that I should have to make a perfectly unnecessary speech by way of introduction. But old customs are hard to kill, and this is a custom which comes down to us from the darkest of the dark ages. In those old days, people sometimes had visitors to dinner. Sometimes there were no visitors, and then there was no dinner. (Laughter.) When they had visitors they toasted them, and made long and quite unnecessary speeches, which must have appeared to those visitors to be in very bad taste. So far, I am following the old custom. I am glad to say that from

that point the modern practice is a great improvement upon the old practice. The visitors in those days were never asked to reply, but to-night we are much more fortunate. It is a further custom for the proposer of this toast to enlarge upon the good qualities of the visitors, and especially of the visitor who is going to respond to the toast. That is quite wrong. As a matter of fact, we all know that we do not, as a rule, talk about the good qualities of our visitors. People discuss at much greater length the failings of their visitors—(laughter)—and do that behind their visitors' backs. But we climbers are made of sterner stuff, and we say what we have to say before people's faces. Now, with regard to Dr. Waller, who will respond to this toast, you do not want to hear what as a matter of fact you all know—that Dr. Waller is one of the great physiologists of the day, that he is an admitted authority on subjects which involve and require the deepest learning and the most delicate research. You do not want to be told that he is a Fellow of the Royal Society; you do not want me to give you the long list of his titles and distinctions. You want to know—and what I admit I am very anxious to tell you—something about Dr. Waller's weaknesses. (Laughter.) Now, this afternoon, by great good fortune, I found at my hotel a very useful book in which it is stated, and as far as I know the publisher has not been prosecuted for libel, that Dr. Waller has weaknesses. It is said that his recreations are billiards and motoring, and that he is a member of a club. Fancy allowing a thing like that to be printed about him—motoring by day, billiards and club life by night; killing himself by night, and killing other people by day. That is the sort of thing that you want to know about your guests, and, when Dr. Waller gets up to respond to this toast, you will not hear him as a distinguished scientist, you will not listen to him as a member of half the learned societies of Europe. No, gentlemen, he will stand there as a billiard player—(great laughter); he will stand there as a motorist—(“Shame”); he will come before you as a frequenter of clubs. Gentlemen, I give you the toast of “The Visitors,” coupled with the name of Dr. Waller.

Dr. WALLER, F.R.S., M.D., etc., in responding, said :—

Mr. President,—I have hung my head under the moral effect of the rope that has been dangled over me by the last speaker, who has proposed my health and that of the guests for whom I am privileged to respond. I have not the honour to be a climber. I am, alas! a billiard player, and a driver of motor cars, and a frequenter of clubs and other disreputable places where, however, the one saving clause has been that I have had the moral support of your President. (Laughter.) I must not forget that I have to thank the President of the Club for the privilege of enjoying, for the second time, the hospitality of the Club, and I contrast in my mind

the second time with the first time by reason of this—that between the two occasions my one and only climb was performed, or performed for me. I do not know whether there is a passive form to the substantive “climber,” because, if so, I would apply it to myself. I have known your President for, I am afraid to say how long, as a peaceable member of society, the companion of Flora—(laughter)—rather than as the conqueror of rocks ; but in a happy day for me, for I like new experiences, as we were sitting in one of these haunts together, it happened that your President said, “Will you come botanising in Wales?” I listened to the President and went. I have attempted to learn Welsh, but I have failed, and I will not attempt to pronounce the name of the place to which your President took me. Facing that place was what seemed to me to be something like the wall that is opposite to me at this moment, on a somewhat larger scale, and your President invited me to go up that wall, and encouraged me by saying that there were many stepping stones and hand holes, and that in the middle of the climb was what he was pleased to call a most charming bowling green. The name of the rock has a somewhat liquid sound at its commencement, and hopes of that led me to attempt the ascent. The moral effect of the rope was extremely grateful to me. I am happy to say that, although I am a certain weight, I do not weigh quite as much as six ordinary men, and that, in reply to the call from above, “How many pounds would you like?” I was not obliged to say more than fourteen stone. Well, I must say that at the end of the climb, in a passive sense, and on my return to London, I felt that I had made a new friend. I had only known your President in connection with the peaceable pursuits of flora and other fascinating things as regards university matters and scientific matters, but, having seen your President as a leader going up a rock the name of which I still shrink from pronouncing, in spite of the lessons in Welsh that I have received, has brought the whole philosophy of our relation on to an altogether new footing, and I feel that in these rock climbs there are the most splendid lessons, the most splendid extensions of horizon as regards relying upon one’s own resources, as well as trusting to one’s leaders and friends, that there can possibly be. I thank you most sincerely and most heartily for having allowed me to enjoy your hospitality here, and I am really and most sincerely grateful for the experience that I have had in climbing. I hope that I shall be allowed to renew it, in spite of my weight and other infirmities of increasing age. Somehow or other, the pursuits to which the proposer of the guests’ health has alluded are not such as to conduce to the best possible training. I thank you most heartily, Mr. President and members of the Climbers’ Club, on my own behalf and that of my fellow guests, for an extremely pleasant evening. (Cheers.)

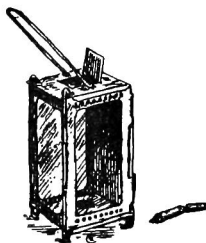
Mr. GEORGE B. BRYANT, who was received with loud cheers, in proposing "The President," said :—

Gentlemen,—I am left to conclude that because I occupy a seat next to that which was intended for Mr. Morland, his toast naturally devolves upon me. I have a dim recollection of some community where, if a man dies, his survivor has to take over all his wives, a law which is not always cheerfully submitted to, whatever the reasons may be. The wiles of a Secretary to make a man speak are not wholly unknown. It is perhaps no more than a Nemesis that, wriggle as I might, I am on my legs at the present moment. However, this toast, as you all know, is a toast that commends itself. Very little indeed need be said in the present instance. I have had a rather long experience of Presidents of the first water, beginning, as you know, with Mr. Mathews and ending with Mr. Robertson, whom we all hoped to see here to-night. I have had to propose the health of a President before, but it has always been of a President whom we had had for a year or two, and one was a little circumscribed because one only had his actual virtues to describe. To-night I have a clearer field. I am dealing with a President whom I hope I may be permitted, in a qualified way, to describe as virgin ground. He is a man of science above all, but to most of us he is a very genial and jolly friend. (Cheers.) As a climber, and perhaps I ought to say a mountaineer, we place him very high indeed. Most intimately we associate his name as a climber with a place which is first of all our Welsh climbs—the precipice of Lliwedd. There, in a modest sort of way, he used to go alone, I believe, and traverse the eastern face without saying much about it, and afterwards he showed many of you the way up, in, I think he has modestly admitted, 37 different directions. In any case we have a President who, as a climber, can hardly be excelled, and as a botanist, as a man of science, he is still more eminent. I remember the first general meeting that we had in the Alpine Club. One of our members got up and said that he hoped we would not lose sight of the scientific side of our pursuit, and the geology and botany and so on, and we dutifully promised—the President promised and the Secretary was dragged in—that we would be very careful indeed to keep that before us and to make it an especial point of the Club. We kept the promise, more or less. I do not remember much about it. We persuaded one or two members to write articles on Scottish peat mosses or glacial striation. But, seriously, as has been said, when you climb you should keep geology in your mind. You should remember that if hand holes slope the wrong way—as they usually do—it is something to do with the dip. If they slope the right way, I forget what it is due to, but it is something else. Personally, I prefer to get hand holes the right way. I congratulate you, gentlemen, to-night, on a President who fulfils nearly all the actual, and most of the potential, objects of the Club. He is, I hope,

looking forward to a happy three years with us. We mean them to be, if we possibly can make them so, a good and fruitful time. I ask you to drink to the health of Professor Farmer, our President, with every possible honour.

The PRESIDENT, in replying, said :—

Gentlemen,—I desire to thank you most sincerely and most cordially for the kind way with which you have received Mr. Bryant's remarks. I have already occupied too much of your time this evening, and it would be ungracious on my part to tax your long sufferance by inflicting on you another speech, more especially as I suppose in the ordinary course of events you will have to listen to more of them during the next two years. I think, then, that the most civil thing I can do now is to thank you very shortly but very heartily for the kind way in which you have received Mr. Bryant's proposal,—and to sit down. (Laughter and Cheers.)



THE CLUB LIBRARY.

MEMBERS will find in this number of the *Journal* a catalogue of the Club Library. The volumes have been re-arranged, and it is hoped that the Library will now be more available for the use of members. The Library is at 2 King William Street, E.C., and is open daily (except Sundays and Bank Holidays) for the use of members.

The Committee have recently made arrangements for the loan to members of books from the Library, and with a view thereto have made the following rules :—

RULES FOR THE LIBRARY.

The Library (2 King William Street, E.C., top floor) is open to Members on Week-days from 10 to 5 ; Saturdays 10 till 2. Application for admission should be made to the Caretaker.

Members may borrow books from the Library (not more than 3 volumes at a time) on personal application to the Hon. Secretary, 151 Cannon Street, E.C., or on making a written application to the Hon. Librarian, in which latter case the required book will be posted to him.

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parcel containing the book by the Parcels & General Insurance Association, Ltd., Exchange Buildings, New Street, Birmingham.

No book may be retained for more than a month at a time without the written consent of the Hon. Librarian. Any Member infringing this Rule will be liable to a fine of 1s. for every week or part of a week the book is overdue.

The Hon. Librarian is authorised to arrange for the loan of parcels of books (not to exceed 12 volumes) to any party of Members staying at one of the climbing centres, on condition that a Member of the party undertakes to be personally responsible for the safe transit, custody and return of the books, and to pay for any loss or damage incurred.

Forms for borrowing books are enclosed with this number of the *Journal*. Further forms may be obtained, on application, from the Honorary Secretary.



CLIMBERS' CLUB LIBRARY.

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ACCIDENTS AT EASTER, 1910.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we have to record two fatal accidents to members of our Club. Mr. Charles D. Robertson on Glyder Fach, and Mr. L. S. Salt on Lliwedd.

THE ACCIDENT ON GLYDER FACH.

On March 24th a party of five climbers, consisting of Charles D. Robertson, L. Shadbolt, G. Bartrum, Heywood and F. Don visited the difficult eastern gully of Glyder Fach.

None of the five had previously done the climb. Robertson, who was the most experienced, led, with Heywood and Don roped up behind him, the others waiting to follow on a second rope. He elected to follow the left hand side of a difficult slab, taking J. M. A. Thomson's line on the first ascent. As he advanced the difficulties increased, and it was suggested that he should try another route to the right, but he decided to keep to the line he had selected. Unhappily, the severe strain involved by the passage proved too great for his untrained muscles and nerve, and he fell. Some ten feet down his feet caught, and he was thrown outwards, falling heavily on his head on the sloping snow and rock of the gully bed. With great skill his second checked him on the slope 15 feet below. Everything possible was done, but, though alive, he was from the first unconscious.

A stretcher was procured from Ogwen in an hour, and he was carried down with extreme care, and conveyed in a motor to Bangor Infirmary. He died soon after midnight.

The funeral took place on March 28th at Bethesda, in the presence of his family and a large number of his mountaineering friends.

THE ACCIDENT ON LLIWEDD.

On Easter Monday, Mr. Leonard Salt, with Mr. Hudson and his daughter, cycled from Capel Curig to Pen-y-Pass, and

proceeded to Lliwedd to ascend the East Peak by the Horned Crag Route. At the top of the scree they chanced to meet Mr. Hirst and Mr. Hubbock, who were contemplating, but without fixed purpose, the same climb. It was settled to join the ropes and ascend together.

Mr. Salt led, with Miss Hudson next, at a distance estimated at fully 40 feet, then followed Messrs. Hudson, Hirst and Hubbock. The Heather Shelf was reached, and the first ledge above it. This lies at the foot of a recess, and offers a very strong position. The last man anchored thereon; the rest of the party crossed the recess in turn and distributed themselves along the traverse. This is followed obliquely upwards, and has belays on its lower part. A rocky stance at a corner marks its upper end. Mr. Salt was close below this point when he suddenly slipped and fell into and down the East Gully, a distance of 150 to 200 feet. The rope, which had been in use some time, had broken three feet from the leader's knot. A small needle of rock projects immediately below the spot: there is little doubt that the rope caught between this and the face, for Miss Hudson felt no disturbing jerk.

A large party on the West Peak saw enough to convince them that an accident had occurred. With all possible speed, compatible with safety, the foot of the East Gully was reached. Life was extinct. In the meantime the four survivors had descended safely to the scree.

The last ceremony took place at Capel Curig Church on the following Wednesday, and was attended by a number of climbers in the vicinity.

Though irrelevant, it may be serviceable to add that those who know well the East Peak of Lliwedd think it essential that the leader should be followed by an experienced second on all the routes.

No satisfactory conjecture can be made as to the cause of the accident, but it should be noted that one suggestion made is inadmissible. No stone can have been dropped by a party above, as the climbers who preceded Mr. Salt reached the summit at 1:30, before the accident occurred.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

ATTENTION is called to the publication by the Club of the first volume of their proposed series of "Climbers' Guides." It is a Guide to the Climbs on Lliwedd, by Messrs. J. M. A. Thomson and A. W. Andrews, published by Mr. Edward Arnold, at the price of 5s. nett. In addition to the ordinary sources, copies may be obtained at Pen-y-Gwryd, Pen-y-Pass, and Ogwen Cottage. Members of the Club may obtain copies at the special nett price of 3s. 6d. (with postage, 3s. 10d.) by applying to the Honorary Secretary.

* * * *

THE second volume of the "Climbers' Guides" is now in the Press, and will be issued as soon as possible. Notice will be sent to members of the publication in due course. It will be called "Climbs in the Ogwen District," and, as already announced, it will contain Climbs on Tryfan, the Glyders, the Carneddys, Craig yr Ysfa, Y. Garn, and Foel Goch. The volume is written by Mr. J. M. Archer Thomson, who informs the Committee that he has discovered an entirely new mountain, which contains several excellent climbs. Particulars of this mountain will doubtless be awaited with interest by members. It is understood that, until the publication of the new Guide, the secret of the situation of the mountain is being very closely guarded.

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THE Annual Dinner of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club was held at Leeds on 12th February, 1910. The Climbers' Club were represented at the Dinner by their President.

NEW MEMBERS.—At a Committee meeting held on 4th February, 1910, the following new members were elected :—

Mr. Bryan Francis Keppel O' Malley, 46 Fern Grove, Liverpool.

Mr. Alexander Barnes, "Ravenhead," Creffield Road, Acton, W.

Mr. Leslie G. Shadbolt, "Rylstone," Harefield, near Uxbridge.

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ATTENTION of members is called to the fact that a certain number of copies of some of the back numbers of the *Journal* are available for *sale* at the following prices :—

Vol. I., No. 4, 3/- ; Vol. II., No. 1 to date, 2/- ; 15, 16, 17, 3/-.

There are some copies of the first issue of the *Journal* (Vol. I., No. 1) in its original small form available at 2/-, but there are no copies of this number available in the reprinted size uniform with the other numbers of the *Journal*. Application should be made to the Honorary Secretary, who is prepared to allow a substantial discount on all orders over 10/-.

The Honorary Secretary is prepared to *purchase* copies of the following numbers, Vol. I., No. 1 (the first issue in the reprinted size uniform with the other numbers), Vol. I., No. 2, Vol. I., No. 3. Will members having any copies of these numbers for disposal kindly communicate with the Honorary Secretary, stating price required?

IN MEMORIAM.

CHARLES DONALD ROBERTSON.

By the death of Charles Donald Robertson the Club has lost a friend as well as a fine climber. All who were present at the last Annual Dinner will remember his remarkable speech, full of genial humour, and suggestive of the sympathy between mountaineers, born of a common love of the hills.

An admirable memoir of his life appeared in the May number of the *Alpine Journal*, and no short abstract could do him justice, but we should call the attention of members to the fact that, in addition to his remarkable ascents in the Alps from 1897-1909, he led on many difficult climbs in England and Wales—the West Jordan Gully, the North Climb on the Pillar, Moss Ghyll, etc.

His energy, mental and physical, was phenomenal. He was a fine oar and horseman, and a great walker. His uncommon intellectual gifts had opened for him a distinguished public career, and his genius for friendship had endeared him to all who knew him.

LEONARD SPENCER SALT.

To some of us, who have known and loved the mountains of Wales for many years, last Easter will always be remembered with sadness. The brilliant sunlight was darkened by two fatal accidents to members of our Club. The news reached Burton late on Easter Monday that Leonard Spencer Salt had met with a serious accident: to those of us, who knew where he was likely to be climbing, the news was full of menace, and

in the morning we found that our fears were only too well grounded.

His death removed from our midst a man of high character, of wide interests, and of considerable attainment and charm. He had a serene and sunny disposition, and a cheery optimism, which carried him undaunted through many trials. Difficulties never deterred him ; it may be said that he seldom saw them and never recognised them. He was educated at Repton, and graduated at Pembroke College, Cambridge. He was a first-rate athlete : both at school and at the University he distinguished himself in the cricket field, and while he just failed to gain a place in the 'Varsity Match, he obtained his " Blue," and ran for Cambridge in the 3-mile race at the Sports.

Since that time he continued to take an active part in the sports of this district up to the time of his death.

Endowed with great strength, and built in almost heroic mould, he was singularly well equipped with those qualities which go to make a first-rate climber.

I well remember his first visit to North Wales : how he at once became fascinated by the sport. Since then he has never missed an opportunity to increase his knowledge of the mountains. During the period he and I climbed together we were content with the more modest ascents, but in the last few years he has climbed many of the most severe courses in North Wales, including the Slanting Gully and No. 2 Route on the Eastern Buttress of Lliwedd.

He spent several holidays in the Alps, during which he ascended many of the well-known peaks. Last year he and another member of the Club climbed for a month in the Tarantaise without guides. Perhaps the most notable performance was a long day they had on the Levanna. They started from some Chalets on the Bonneval side of the mountain and climbed to the Pic Occidental and traversed the ridge to the Pic Central ; they had intended to descend by the Col Perduto, but were unable to find it, owing to a thunder storm which broke just as they arrived at the summit : they therefore traversed the face of the mountain to the Col Carrôt,

which they descended in another terrific thunder storm : from there they tramped to Ceresole in the darkness, arriving very late, having spent more than half the day in storms which were almost tropical in their violence.

It is about 10 years ago since he and I were members of the party who brought down the body of Percy Weightman from the cliffs of Tryfan. I remember how shocked he was by that event ; and now his friends have to mourn his no less tragic death. The Club loses a most loyal and enthusiastic member, a good climber, and a devoted lover of the mountains. Those who had the privilege of knowing him well have lost a good friend, and one who, by his kindly and cheery disposition, had gained a warm place in their affections.

T. E. LOWE.

