

THE

CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

VOL. XII.]

JUNE, 1910.

[No. 48.

CLIMBING IN AUSTRIA.

By R. S. MORRISH.

IT is a cricketer's ambition to make as many runs as possible, a footballer's to make as many goals as possible, and a climber's to climb as many peaks as possible.

If the peak happens to be the highest in the group or country in which he finds himself, it is an additional attraction.

It was for these reasons that we decided to climb the Ortler. The addition of another peak to our score, and a peak which is famous as being the highest in the Austrian Tyrol, must, we determined, be on no account overlooked. There is no particular difficulty about ascending the Ortler; in fact, to climbers of average experience it is a particularly easy mountain, and in consequence the ordinary route to the summit has been supplemented by two or three additional routes which are difficult, and in certain weather conditions dangerous.

My friend and I, however, decided to content ourselves with the ordinary route.

We had already made one or two ascents from Sulden, a little village which lies at the foot of the mountain, but had not required the services of guides. The Society of Guides at Sulden requires every climber bound for the Ortler to

engage a guide, and it also refuses to sanction, at least so the guides aver, the conducting of two climbers by one guide.

As no climber wishes to incur the expense of two guides on a mountain of this kind, it follows that a snow mountain where crevasses are plentiful is constantly being climbed by parties of two on a rope. Badminton says—and says, I think, with reason—that “whatever number may be right on a rope, two is wrong.” But there is no arguing with Societies of Guides, so our first duty was to seek out two fairly competent men to take us up our peak.

This turned out to be no easy task, for a succession of three fine days had emptied Suldén of all first-class guides, and it was only after diligent search in the “Führer zimmer” of all the Hotels at Suldén that we eventually discovered two old gentlemen who professed themselves equal to the task. Both men were between 50 and 60 years of age, and in the past had been guides of undoubted ability.

My friend's guide, christened Touchstone for the time being, because he displayed greater ability on rocks than on snow, was of a cheerful disposition. He laughed and cracked jokes in patois which caused the tears to roll down his cheeks, and we only remained unmoved, owing to our inability to understand more than one word in three of what he said, which fact undoubtedly robbed the jests of their point.

My guide was of staid, almost melancholy, mien. He only consented to accompany me on the assurance of his patriarchal brother that, as I was an “Engländer,” I should not require to be pulled up the mountain in the ordinary way, but would walk in the tracks already made.

He rejoiced in a peculiarly intricate name of three vowels and twelve consonants, so we called him Alfred for short, owing to a faint resemblance which he bore to the late Poet Laureate.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when my friend and I handed over our rucksacks to our worthy leaders, and started for the hut perched high on the shoulder of the mountain, which was to be our refuge for the night.

For the first half hour or more the sun shone down with burning force. Alfred showed signs of extreme heat, which Touchstone was not slow to notice, and which called forth a series of pointed remarks and much cackling laughter.

Our way first lay through a wood, and then mounted by a series of sharp zig-zags up the steep stony side of a great glacial moraine, afterwards winding round and up a high grassy Alp. It finally emerged on to a little plateau occupied by a small inn or climbers' hut, into which our guides promptly disappeared. Immediately in front of us rose a steep wall of rock, and we traced our path along the foot of this wall for some distance until it disappeared in a series of couloirs, which looked more accessible. It was now six o'clock, so we unearthed our veterans from the kitchen of the hut and resumed our march.

It was while we were carefully scrambling up a broken rock face that a rattle of stones close at hand told us that another party of climbers were making the ascent of the wall, and were now some distance above us. A wait of ten minutes, to make sure of not becoming the unwilling target of more falling stones, and we resumed the ascent. We soon came to several lengths of wire rope, fastened by stanchions to the face of the cliffs to facilitate the efforts of those climbers who insist on making ascents for which they are not physically fitted.

These wire ropes, which are found on a great many of the higher peaks in the Tyrol, are placed in position by the German and Austrian climbing clubs in the mistaken idea that they will be welcomed by climbers, but they are too often the means of tempting the untrained and inexperienced members on to less difficult mountains, which, not being fitted with these unnecessary aids, are sometimes the cause of accidents, resulting in broken limbs or loss of life.

The summit of the rocks was reached at seven o'clock, and at once a wonderful view met our eyes. We were standing on a narrow ridge which ran right up into the broad shoulder of the Ortler.

This ridge was so narrow that it appeared possible to throw a stone on one side into the valley of Sulden, on the other into the valley of Trafoi, each some 3,000 feet beneath.

Out of the Trafoi valley, sharp and clear as a pencil line, came the Stelvio Road, zig-zagging back and forth and up and up until, at the highest point where the road descends to Italy, we could just distinguish the Hotel, which stands at a height of over 9,000 feet above the sea.

This extraordinary road, which is a marvel of construction and engineering, is the highest road in Europe, topping the Galibier road in the Maurienne district of the Dauphiné Alps by some 300 feet.

In front of us rose the Ortler, and we were now able to appreciate the enormous size of the mountain. From this side its huge snow fields are seen rising in alternate gentle and abrupt steps, ending finally in the sharply pointed peak, 12,800 feet above sea level.

We made our way along the ridge towards the hut, now quite close to us, and as we approached we could distinguish a number of climbers with their guides grouped on the little platform round the hut. Suddenly a head was thrust out of a small window near the roof, and we were greeted with a "Holloa!" We recognized a friend (a Colonel), and the only Englishman we had met in a fortnight's wandering in the Tyrol.

He had reached the hut earlier in the evening, and now informed us that he had secured three good beds in a very good room all to ourselves.

We entered the hut with pleasant anticipations of a restful night, but nowhere could we find an entrance to the room containing our friend.

We were shown two rooms, where the usual accommodation of straw and rugs was provided, but no beds and no Colonel.

In our best German we asked first for the room with the beds and then for the "Engländer," but no, the woman attendant said there was no other sleeping-room, and she knew nothing of any "Engländer." However, we espied

another door up some steps in a corner and pointed to it, but the *fräulein* barred our path, informing us that that was the "Damen-zimmer." Explanations were beyond us, and we made an entry into the room by force in spite of the indignation of the *fräulein*, who was still more indignant to find the Colonel already installed and completing his toilet. The Colonel spoke fluent German with a pronounced English accent, and waxed indignant when he discovered that he was to be at once evicted from his comfortable chamber to take his chance among the dozen or so climbers in the rugs below, while the comfortable room with its six little beds and a washstand was to be handed over to a man and his wife who were at that moment taking their evening meal.

We discussed our plans over the soup and "rindsbraten" in the suffocating atmosphere of the common room, which was ventilated by a door into another room of equal size, and which served the purpose of kitchen and guides' bedroom. A final look round before ten o'clock disclosed the fact that there was a thunderstorm in full working order, apparently hovering over the peaks of the Engadine. This did not promise well for the morrow, and we sought our couches, instructing our guides to call us at 2:30 sharp, so that if possible we might reach the summit of our peak while the view was still clear.

We were considerably annoyed, therefore, on emerging from our rugs next morning to find that it was already half-past three, and clouds were floating in the valleys all round ready to rise on the first appearance of the sun.

Dressing in a hut is never a lengthy process, generally consisting of putting on one's boots and coat; in this instance it was still further simplified owing to the fact that there was no available water for washing: the position of the hut precluding any supplies from reaching it except those for cooking purposes.

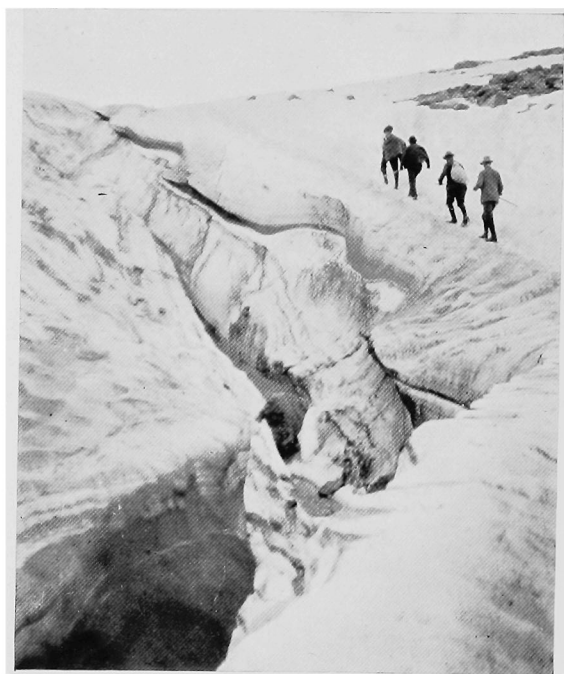
A cup of coffee essence and a hunch of bread, a skirmish for some bread and ham and wine to take with us, and we were ready.

Starting was not an easy matter. Axes and ropes had to be sorted out from the heap in the corner, and every one was calling his respective guide at the same moment.

There were twelve climbers bound for the summit of the Ortler and an equal number of guides, and I hoped that in the darkness and general confusion of roping up in pairs on the little ledge outside the hut that I should succeed in getting roped to some one else's guide. In this, however, I was not successful, and pair after pair of guide and climber disappeared up the arête of rocks at the back of the hut until finally I was left alone. I was searching in all corners for the ancient Alfred when he quietly appeared smiling, having apparently enjoyed his slumbers to the last moment. He put on the rope, and we started up the rocks at a good pace. Dawn was just breaking, and the weather looked anything but promising. Thick clouds filled the valleys and rose in great masses all round us. The summit remained clear, but during the next two or three hours the weather conditions became ever worse and worse. We were buoyed up, however, by the hope that things might improve, and a view, one of the most extensive in the Alps, would reward us for our climb. I urged the Laureate on at his top speed, and we scrambled up a rocky arête and mounted snow slopes until, on a steep ascent, we came upon all our companions of the previous night, spread out in single file like a long caterpillar, and climbing slowly and cautiously two by two in the deep steps cut by the leading guide. To proceed at this crawling pace was most exasperating, at the same time it was a comical sight to watch this line of 24 people raising and planting their feet with careful precision in the saucer-like steps the cautious old guide was cutting. Whenever the steepness of the slope compelled the climber immediately in front of me to halt for breath I persuaded the ancient one to pass on and take his place, and so, gradually, from being the last in the line I rose to be the fourteenth and then the twelfth. My two friends in front of me were pursuing the same tactics, and, after some two and a half hours' of tiresome snow plodding, we found ourselves at the head of the procession.



We proceeded two by two.



Immense crevasses spanned by snow bridges 15 feet
below the level of the snowfield.

Difficulties there were none, and the only dangers were those which the guides themselves compelled us to take by crossing snow-covered crevasses with only two on a rope. Twice we encountered immense crevasses into which we descended in order to cross the snow bridges which spanned them some 10 to 15 feet below the level of the snow field. It is true that had either guide or climber fallen and pulled his companion with him those at hand could have rendered immediate assistance, but the chances were that a fall into a crevasse of such size and depth would have ended in broken limbs, if not a broken neck.

We soon outdistanced our companions, but when the final peak came into view, a short hour's climb above us, it seemed doubtful whether we should reach it before it was enveloped by clouds.

We pressed on with all available speed, and, in order to keep pace with my friends, I was obliged to change places with Alfred and pull him after me like an unwilling monkey on a string. In vain, he protested; I believe he even threatened me with the Society for prevention of cruelty to guides, but I was obdurate and dragged him up the last steep snow slope while urging him in my best German to "*Kommen sie förwärts.*"

We were the second couple to arrive on the summit, and we were rewarded with just two minutes of glorious vistas of snowy peaks and distant valleys. We caught glimpses of the Stelvio road, winding its way over into Italy; for a brief moment we saw the broad green valleys of Sulden on one side and Trafoi on the other; then the white clouds closed in below us and we were left on the summit of the Ortler, like castaways on a lonely island, surrounded by a vast sea of rolling mist. We ate the bread and ham we had brought from the hut, and, with the help of jam and chocolate, managed to swallow some of the bread we had brought with us from Sulden on the previous day. Soon the clouds rose round us, our island summit was submerged, and it began to snow. It was nearly nine o'clock, and any immediate improvement in

the weather seemed out of the question. Our party of six already crowded the small snow summit, and as the other climbers now began to arrive we determined to descend without further delay. It was well we did so, for the falling snow soon changed to rain, and we agreed to make for the hut, each at his quickest pace. Some way down we passed the remainder of the morning's procession halting in doubt as to whether to continue or turn and descend. They eventually decided that descending was the better part of climbing. Again I led the ancient Alfred in a fruitless endeavour to keep pace with the Colonel, who had a good guide with him—a man he had engaged for the whole of his stay in the Tyrol.

We ran and slipped and slithered down the steep snow slopes: occasionally a fall would compel our dripping garments to absorb even more moisture than they had already gathered from the rain.

The steps which had proved so easy in ascending now required some care as they were filled with water and slush. A scramble up the arête added mud to our misery, and we were glad of the hot soup which awaited us at the hut. After an hour's rest we decided to continue our descent to Sulden. Rucksacks were packed, the ropes were coiled up, and we started forth once more into the rain. The rocks were wet and slippery, and on the steep rock face the despised wire ropes proved welcome for once. At the grass Alp the weather improved, and when we reached Sulden, some twelve hours after our early start, the sun was shining brightly.

Later in the afternoon as we sat at tea, after a wash and change of clothes, we watched the sunset on the range of snow mountains over against us.

One by one the peaks sank into shadow, and the last to hold the rosy glow was the glistening summit of the Ortler, which towered into the pale blue sky like the dome of some great Cathedral in a fairy-land of giants.

CLIMBS ON MOUNTAIN LIMESTONE IN DERBYSHIRE.

By HENRY BISHOP.

IT has been urged against mountain limestone that its treacherous nature unfits it for the climber's attention. But the few who have really studied its idiosyncrasies, and who have learnt to treat it with deserved respect, will retort that it offers absolutely the finest training in the art of deciding, by observation and actual test, as to the stability or otherwise of each apparent hold. They will have found that the larger pieces are often less reliable than the smaller projections; that nails will "bite" to a very slight extent only; and that the weight can sometimes be advantageously distributed over six or even more points. Frost is occasionally a useful agent in binding together small fragments. The practical value of a training on limestone will be apparent when dealing with doubtful rocks on our own mountains, especially on new, "unswept" climbs; a much greater degree of safety is possible to the "limestoner" than to the man accustomed only to absolutely firm material. A wider application of the same argument will occur to those who, like the writer, are accustomed to guideless work in the Alps, where, very frequently, stretches of doubtful rock are encountered.

Providence has ordained to the climber residing within reasonable distance of Derbyshire special facilities for limestoning, as the operation may be termed. Numerous wayside and quarry problems of 15 or 20 feet will afford insight into the method of dealing with this *difficile* material. For obvious reasons, the writer recommends that for some time practice be confined to these short stretches. Later, when the scansorial

appetite demands "More!" its longings may be appeased by resorting to the climbs described hereunder, some of which are referred to for the first time in print. They are not arranged in order of difficulty, but are, for convenience, grouped in districts; and, of course, no reference is made to the *dolomitic* limestone scrambles of Derbyshire.

CASTLETON.

(A) THE WINNATS is a wild defile, about two-thirds of a mile from Castleton Church, and contains three climbs. Ascending past the Speedwell Cavern, a point is soon reached where the track makes a pronounced bend to the right, and in the elbow thus formed the Elbow ridge starts up. Almost opposite this ridge is a wide grass gully running the full height of the pass. About 50 feet short of the top of this gully, on the right in ascending, is the Winnats Crack. (Near the opposite side of this gully, at about the same level, is a small cave with a curious and constrictive through-route.) Between the second and third telegraph-posts above the Elbow ridge, and on the same side of the pass, is the Matterhorn ridge, so christened on account of the appearance of its lower section.

The Winnats Crack is about 20 feet in height, possesses a jammed stone, and, though easy, is a splendid test of "style" as applied to limestone climbing.

The Elbow Ridge starts at track-level, with a few feet of easy scrambling. Keeping strictly on the edge, it will be found to steepen, and then, at about 70 feet, to assume a horizontal direction. Along the resulting comb or edge—reminiscent, in a way, of that on the Amphitheatre buttress of Craig-yr-Ysfa—the climber straddles for about 50 feet, until it merges into the grassy side of the pass. The climb may be left here; or, by walking up the succeeding stretch of grass and rock, a 15-foot nose of rock is encountered at about 150 feet above the track. This will not go direct, but may be climbed by starting up a little to the left, and, at about 8 feet, traversing towards the nose and ascending a crack.

The Matterhorn Ridge gives about 200 feet of climbing. It is in two sections of equal length, separated by a grassy neck. The climb should be commenced at the lowest point—some 30 feet below, and 10 feet to the left of, a round hole in the rock. After 40 feet in an upward direction, a horizontal traverse is made to the right for about 10 feet (to avoid an incipient grassy channel in the direct line), the original direction being then resumed until, in about 10 feet, some grass is reached. Working from here slightly left, and then somewhat to right, a narrow grass ledge at about 20 feet affords a start for the final short climb up a narrow crack leading to top of first section. (This climb can be forsaken at several points: the aim should be, in the first section, to keep as much to the left as possible.)

Across the grassy neck, the second stretch commences with a "walk" of 20 feet, followed by some slight grass and rock. The portion next encountered, though not very steep, is the unsoundest part of the climb; and the careful limestoneer will not here pull on the projections, but will, for about 120 feet, raise himself by pressing downwards on them. Next negotiating a short stretch of vertical and somewhat soft material, the climber finds himself on a fair-sized grassy platform, with only 35 feet of fairly steep rock above him. After 20 feet directly upwards, a mass of poised rock is avoided by traversing six feet to left on decent holds, when a vertical movement of similar extent puts the climber in a position to pass back above the unstable mass, and to finish the ridge by means of two good holds.

The situations on this climb are remarkably airy; and neither it nor the Elbow ridge is suitable for a windy day.

(B) CAVE DALE starts up from Castleton, on the south side of Peveril Castle. On the left wall of the narrow neck which gives access to the dale are the

Cave Dale Cracks, two very short but good problems. A few feet higher, the dale opens out into an amphitheatre, but soon closes in again, and in the neck thus formed is found, on

the right, the

Dargai Crack, which gives 40 feet of vertical corner-climbing. (As a "lead," this is for *none but the adept limestone*.) At about 30 feet a small tree in the direct line of ascent must be utilised, and supplies the principal means of balance for some distance. The landing is on steep grass.

STONEY MIDDLETON DALE,

about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles S.S.W. of Grindleford Station, possesses a magnificent cliff of limestone, the main mass of which extends from the village to the Ball Inn at the bottom of the road leading up to Eyam. The only course appears to be the

Stoney Middleton Climb (about 90 feet); but this is so interesting and varied in character as to be well worth a visit. It is situated rather nearer to the Ball Inn than to the village. The visitor should look out for a square-cut chimney starting at foot of cliff, and seemingly ending where a large block is jammed across its outer edge at about 40 feet. It being impossible to climb the chimney to the apparent through-route behind the block, a start is made up the left (looking at rocks) buttress about 20 feet from chimney. After reaching a height of about 25 feet by means of ledges, a movement to the right, followed by an exposed corner, leads on to a broad grassy ledge level with the chockstone. Passing behind the latter, two very interesting chimneys lead to the top of the climb. A fifty-foot rope is convenient. There is practically no annoyance from lookers-on.

The two

PETER DALE CLIMBS

are best regarded as incidents in a walk from Hope or Peak Forest to Miller's Dale, *viâ* Hey dale, Monks dale, Peter dale and Great Rocks dale, for which spring is the best season, the bracken not being then as apparent. From Peak Forest the Tideswell road is followed for one-third of a mile, when the series of dales can be traversed by turning off to the right. Some distance down, a wide grass track is crossed, a cart-track

being also crossed later. Peter dale is then entered, and in about five minutes a narrow part, shut in on both sides by rocks, is reached. The climbs are on the left. The

Peter Dale Chimney, about 40 feet high, starts just where a wall abuts against the cliff. The middle portion of this excellent climb is probably the most difficult. Its companion course, the

Peter Dale Staircase, is of similar height to the chimney, and starts about 30 feet lower down the dale, trending diagonally up the face to the left. A mass of rock which must be rounded about half-way up, and a grassy section near the top, deserve care.

MATLOCK.

The climbing here is on High Tor, whose gleaming precipice rises grandly for about 200 feet on the east side of the Derwent, between the two Matlocks. From across the river, the High Tor gully is unmistakable, but the Open chimney and the Enclosed chimney are not easily seen when there is much foliage on the intervening trees. Entering High Tor grounds from the "Bath" end, it is soon possible to strike a track leading around base of rocks. The

Enclosed Chimney, about 65 feet, is soon reached. It is rather difficult to locate. The climber penetrates some 20 feet horizontally into the rock, and ascends the ensuing vertical chimney into the open again. Continuing, the final bit is an exposed corner with few holds—the least easy portion of the climb. The

Open Chimney is about 20 feet farther along the track, and is useful in locating the last described climb. A sort of small cave or standing-place is reached after climbing a short section tending to overhang. From the cave, a run-out of 40 feet, which includes the finish of the chimney portion and a vertical part surmounted by a kind of wall of large stones, allows of a flat terrace being attained. Great care should be exercised at the vertical portion. Walking across the terrace, a sloping crack is taken, and the climb is finished after about

30 feet. This course gives about 90 feet of climbing. The

High Tor Gully is much farther along the track. A height of about 8 feet is attained by a short traverse in from the left. The point reached is called the Bridge. The second man climbs to here to look after the leader whilst he negotiates the next pitch, the visible portion of which, about 15 feet in height, is the stiffest bit on the climb as originally done. The leader should have 50 feet of rope in order to go some distance up the ensuing earth slope, which is at an angle of about 40 degrees. Some distance up this there is a mass of prickly branches, which must be burrowed through in order to continue up the earth slope, until a kind of amphitheatre is reached. From here a traverse in an outward direction along some ledges leads to the outer retaining-wall of the gully, up which the climb is finished, a sensational view being obtained of the Derwent far below. It may be mentioned that, just before reaching the prickly branches on the earth slope, there are some chockstones, and from about this point a fairly vertical climb allows of the upper reaches of the gully being attained without the necessity of passing through the bushes. This part is stiffer than anything on the original route.

A ROUGH CLASSIFICATION

of the climbs, concluding with those requiring the greatest amount of experience on limestone to do with safety, might read: Winnats Crack; Cave Dale Cracks; Elbow Ridge; Peter Dale Staircase; Enclosed Chimney; Stoney Middleton Chimney; Open Chimney; Peter Dale Chimney; Matterhorn Ridge; High Tor Gully, ordinary way; ditto, new way; Dargai Crack.

EASTERTIDE ON CRAIG-YR-YSFA.

By F. W. HUBBACK.

EASTER sunshine is a fairy thing. Pale as the gold of Pactolus, and yet warm with the young blood of the year, it fills our valleys with unimagined lights, sweeps back before its yellow flood all clouds into the farthest corners of the heavens, and makes among the hills a crystal silence for the coming in of spring. To call such a morning "fine" is to damn it with faint praise: not "fine" but "new," is the word that fits such beauty, and the glorious "newness" of it beckons all who are still conscious of "newness" in themselves to attempt new things. So it was that we came to climb the great gully of Craig-yr-Ysfa, when on Sunday, 10th April, of this year the earth seemed to have decided that spring really was here at last. For two, at least, of our party, Mr. Gerald Pinsent and myself, the climb was entirely new, though Mr. Oliver Thorneycroft, who was to lead us, has, I believe, climbed the gully before. Even he found elements of newness in the expedition, as will be seen later.

I found the sun busily sweeping up the clouds as I went down to my meritorious bath in the Ogwen stream, and was able to give Thorneycroft the necessary encouragement to leave his sensible position in bed early enough for us to start from Ogwen cottage by half-past nine.

A quarter of an hour later we picked up Pinsent from Tal-y-Llyn, Ogwen, and ploughed steadily up over the moorland to the hollow of Ffynnan Llugwy. The call of this lake to bathe was more insistent than is usual. More often you can see nothing but a steel, cold surface shattered into white wave tops under a scud of cloud, but to-day the water

was one benignant pool of blueness, only faintly stirring under the touch of a dying breeze. However, the mid-morning bathe is an insidious way of wasting the climbing hours, and, as we were uncertain how long the gully would entertain us, we thought it best to postpone the bathe indefinitely.

A scree path above the eastern shore of the lake, and a sturdy scramble up the rock and grass slopes at its head, brought us upon the high ridge of Y Crib between Pen Helig and Carnedd Llewelyn. From here steep slopes of heather let us pleasantly and recumbently down to the screes of Cwm Eigiau, along which we traversed below the Arch Gully, the Avalanche Gully and the Amphitheatre, in the latter two of which we saw clear signs of new rock falls. Crossing the foot of the Vanishing Gully, we rounded the Great Buttress into the wide trough of the Great Gully. It was about 11:45 when we started up the rocks. Already high over our heads we could see the capstones of the Great Upper Cave hung between us and the bluest of skies. The place looked interesting.

By 12 o'clock we were at the foot of the Door Jamb Pitch, and here came in what I believe to be the novelty of our climb. Five or six feet of snow just under the left hand wall made it possible for Pinsent to give Thorneycroft a shoulder high enough for him to reach the flat top holds, which are all the rock can offer. Then followed a moment of uncertainty, during which our leader remarked that he was probably coming off, and then Pinsent managed to hold his foot in towards the rock while he heaved himself upward on to the chockstone to the right. From my shoulders Pinsent was able to follow Thorneycroft, and then I was left to do gymnastic tricks on the rope. Getting a foothold as high as I could invent one, and calling on the powers above to haul, I swung up towards the capstone, climbing the rope with my hands so as to take the weight off my waist until I was able to get a curious kind of foot-leverage *under* the stone. From here I could pull up on the rope and the rock until I was well over the top of the pitch. My chief impression of this

particular climb is that there is a good deal of very wet moss about it, and that you cannot get your hands pulled violently against rock without cutting them. Also, I was interested to see that the friction of my rope on the rock made it a difficult matter for two men together to pull in.

This is, I think, the first time the pitch has been climbed direct without *two* shoulders being given. The snow, of course, in this case acted as an extra man.

Above, we climbed easily enough until we got below the Three Stones, the lower part of which difficulty is usually avoided by the traverse employed to pass the Door Jamb Pitch. The gully was very wet both here and higher up, and although the straddle up the lower chimney was not extremely difficult, the upper part of the pitch, easy as it looked from below, needed great care. Our leader had been able to improve the belay at the ledge below the Three Stones by means of a dexterous, if unorthodox, use of the ice axes upon the rock. Well held from this ledge, he had to traverse under the Three Stones out, then climb on to a sloping ledge, on which he had afterwards to stand without anything more than steadying holds for the hands under a ledge of rock. After he and Pinsent had disappeared from view above the pitch, I found the sliminess of this part making things rather uncomfortable, and I vividly remember getting on to the ledge a little clumsily, and then finding my nose hard pressed against the upper rock as I strove to stand upright! However, with helpful advice from above, and a cautious use of the leaf of rock as a hand hold, I was able to join the others without disgracing myself.

More easy climbing now took us up to the Central Cave Pitch, and here it is really necessary to correct Messrs. Abrahams' account of this climb. This pitch is certainly not more than 60 feet in height to the belay at the top of the *upper* storey, and the step across at the top of the chimney cannot be much more than 40 feet from the gully bed. Still, the pitch is quite hard and long enough. I can still see Pinsent writhing towards the chockstones, high above my head,

with one toe locked *downwards* over a small projection in a perfectly fantastical position. Thorneycroft had led the pitch with his usual care and ability, and now held us safely from the belay, so that we were able to invent bizzare holds without danger. For myself, I found the more difficult part to be that below the chockstone holds, when for a short time the body seems to be driven outwards by the overhang of the chimney. The step across at the top—once I had got the correct kick off from the left wall—seemed comparatively simple, especially as I found a splendid right hand hold round a rough projection on the rock above the ledge. It is worth noting that the turf ledges under the upper ten feet of the pitch are in a very loose state. On a grass terrace above this pitch, under the right wall, we had lunch, and surveyed the overhang of the chimney, which looks impressive from above. We could see far down the rock walls of the gully into Cwm Eigiau, brilliant in the sunshine, while all about us the rock hung cold and dark. Above us a long snow slope rose into the heart of the rocks, and so the axes had to go to work, whilst the lower men stood patiently by watching the showers of leaping chips. Happily at this time a cheery gang of friends, who were tramping on Carnedd Llewelyn, came down to the gully head and sang to speed us upward. Out of the pit we sang in answer, and so keeping warm we plodded up an excellent snow staircase, passing on our way the alternative chimney to the left, which we still might have to use if ice held the Upper Cave. This chimney looks difficult, because it looks extremely steep, but I am told that the holds are magnificent. They certainly have need to be of the very best. The "Little Chimney," mentioned by the Abrahams, gave us no trouble, as its difficult lower end was snowed under. Shortly afterwards we arrived under the chockstones of the Cave.

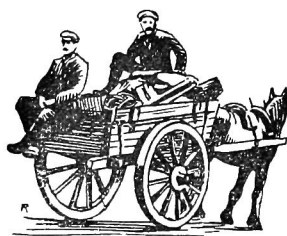
As you go up into it you can hardly believe in any way out of it short of a through route. Thirty feet into the mountain you must go before the way to the chockstones becomes imaginable. Here an inner stone connects the sheer

walls of the gully, forming a substantial bridge about 10 feet from the rock floor. From behind this bridge it is possible for the leader to climb on to it by means of small footholds on the right wall, eked out commonly enough by the shoulder of the second man. Thorneycroft disappeared on to the upper edge of this rock, passed along it to the left wall of the gully, and then, belaying himself round a convenient spike, moved outward along the narrow traverse that leads to the outer chockstones. As soon as he was safely placed on the window sill below the upper chockstone, Pinsent climbed off my shoulder on to the bridge, and belayed me from the corner at the beginning of the traverse. I then had to repeat the trapeze-like feats of the Door Jamb Pitch. Probably a good man could climb on to the bridge unaided, but I found it simplest to keep off the highest obvious foothold, pull up on the rope which Pinsent had made firm, and, landing on the slope of the bridge in a fish-like attitude, swarm up till I could reach the splendidly sharp edge of its upper surface. From here I had a surprising view of Thorneycroft standing in the window—a little black figure outlined on the sky—while down below the walls of the gully dropped clear out to the sunshine on the Cwm. It is an exhilarating place.

Pinsent now passed along the traverse, his great reach allowing him to invent a few more holds on the roof of the Cwm. I found the swing on to the traverse simple, and the beginning of it was easier than it had looked from below. The chief difficulty comes, I think, about half-way to the chockstones, when, with the left foot on a small ledge which seems to slope slightly outwards, the right foot must be brought forward and the body bent downward and forward to avoid a great drop in the roof of the Cave. There are no satisfactory handholds for the normal person at this point, until by leaning well forward a side grip can be got beyond the low part of the roof. The actual mistake, as I found from making it, is to lean *back* and try to “sit” under the depression. If this attitude is persevered in the climber is extremely likely to come off, and swing clear on the rope.

It is difficult to recover the right position after adopting the wrong. However, I managed to correct my position, and beyond this point it was easy to scramble on to the window sill. And here comes in the glory of the climb as we saw it. Out of the darkness and wetness of the Cave we came over the upper boulder into the top reach of the gully, which was for us a dazzling slope of snow, with the sun shining straight at us over the crowning rocks. We kicked our way up this slope with immense joy and energy, and, crossing the old sharp wall, ended the climb in well-earned warmth and colour on the crest of Craig-yr-Ysfa.

The march down by the Llugwy hollow, as we chewed the cud of the day, was a splendid conclusion to a splendid climb, and none who has not spent some hours ($3\frac{3}{4}$ was, I believe, our exact time) in some such fierce north-looking rift in the rocks can fully understand how radiantly the sun shone over Y Fiel Goch as we came home to Ogwen and tea.



THE CATASTROPHE NEAR THE BERGLI CLUB-HUT, 8th July, 1910.

FROM the Jungfrau on Friday, the 8th July, a terrible disaster was reported. Two tourists, Alfred Kühn, of Strassburg, aged about 45, and Hans Harthold, of Saarbrücken, about 35, set out on the 8th July to climb the Jungfrau, or at any rate to go from the Bergli hut over the Mönchjoch to the Concordia hut. They were accompanied by the guides, Alexander Burgener, father, his sons, Adolf and Alois, and the Grindelwalder, Fritz Brawand.

They were joined at the Station Eismeer by the guides Peter Inäbnit, and his nephew, Rudolf Inäbnit. At the place where the disaster occurred they met guide Bohren, who was preparing the path for those approaching the Bergli hut. Independently of this column there came, only a little behind, the guides Christian and Fritz Bohren, Bleuer and Kaufmann, who were carrying provisions to the Bergli hut.

Both the tourists, Kühn and Harthold, as well as the guides Alexander and Alois Burgener, the old Bohren and the two Inäbnits perished; Brawand and Alois Burgener are seriously injured.

We publish from the *N. Züricher Zeitung* the following particulars as to the circumstances of the disaster. Christian Bohren, the son, narrated to a reporter:—

“We four, my brother Fritz and I, Bleuer and Kaufmann, had set out on Friday from Grindelwald and the Station Eismeer for the Bergli hut. We two wanted to bring provisions to our father, who is hut-keeper at the Concordia, and Kaufmann and Bleuer also to the Bergli hut-keeper Kauf-

mann. The weather was fine. We went roped, and made good progress. We must have been still a good hour off the Bergli, to which meanwhile a caravan, eight men strong, had approached within about ten minutes' distance. A man was making a track down from the hut for the new-comers. That was our father, who then joined the foremost caravan. Then a mass of snow appeared suddenly to split off, just at the spot where the caravan found itself, or, speaking exactly, a little above it. On the Bergli rocks the mass divided itself; one arm drove straight down; all the foremost caravan disappeared with it. The left arm took a direction straight for us. We dived into the ice-wall of the Bergli rocks, and made ourselves as small as possible, hoping that the avalanche would go clear over us. But it seized us, tore us away with it, and whirled us downwards, so that we no longer knew who was foremost and who last. So it went on—on. A sharp jerk; we were fixed. I found myself on my feet right in front of a crevasse, up to my breast in snow. Bleuer stuck fast on my right, also up to the breast in snow. My brother Fritz lay in a crevasse, buried up to the head. Kaufmann hung over a 'Gletscher-tüssel' on the rope. Bleuer and I worked ourselves out, and released my brother Fritz, who was unconscious; the too tightly drawn rope had robbed him of his breath. Kaufmann had meanwhile unroped himself, and sprung clear. We then drew him up again over the 'Tüssel.'

"All this did not pass so quickly as I have told it you. The avalanche had surprised us at six in the evening; the work lasted quite three-quarters of an hour. As soon as we were again together, and had inspected the damage, we turned back to our track. We soon met a rescue column that was coming from the Eismeer; we let them go on further to the head-caravan, and set out alone on the way to the Station Eismeer. We arrived there at half-past eight. We reached Grindelwald this morning. We know moreover that the Bergli hut-keeper, Kaufmann, had just begun to get ready something hot for the arriving guests as the avalanche fell.

The disaster had already happened when he stepped out. He took a good mouthful of brandy, and then climbed down to render assistance. He found three still living—Rudolf Inäbnit, Fritz Brawand and the son of Alexander Burgener. The other six were dead, and frightfully disfigured. Kaufmann helped, and made such arrangements as he could. Then the above-mentioned rescue column from the Station Eismeer arrived to recover the injured. The son Burgener had a huge hole in the head; one eye is lost. Brawand had his head split; Inäbnit, amongst other injuries, a compound fracture of the leg. The leg only just hung on him by the skin, so that he wanted to cut it away; only the strength to do it failed him. On the way to the Eismeer he also, poor fellow, was released from his sufferings through death.

“About midnight the rescue column, with the two injured and the dead man, reached the Station Eismeer. Brawand and Burgener (son) were taken as quickly as possible to Interlaken.”

So far Christian Bohren's simple narrative. Quietly did he relate it, a worthy son of the mountains. But nevertheless it will overcome him. All Grindelwald knows that now, at about eight o'clock, the dead are coming in, and Christian's father is amongst them.

The same reporter added the following particulars:—

“Alexander Burgener, father, was valued as a guide of the very first rank. He was a powerfully built, weather-beaten man, for many years familiar with the dangers of the high Alps. Whoever went with him might feel himself secure. To add to the security of the party, the two climbers wanted also to take with them the experienced old Grindelwalder, Rudolf Baumann. He had, however, shortly before met with a slight mishap, and had to call off. In his place went the young Fritz Brawand. The snow must, however, already, near the Station Eismeer, have proved to be in a very treacherous condition, for the caravan was there augmented by the two Inäbnits, uncle and nephew. The two went in front, and, as

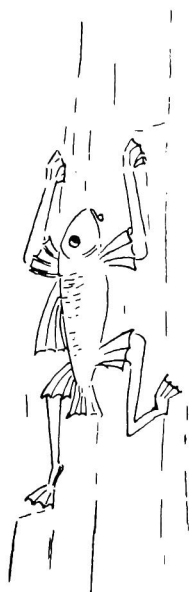
the lighter members of the company, helped to make a track. Thus the party pushed forward up to a short distance from the Bergli hut, whence Christian Bohren, father, always ready to help, was making a track for the caravan. Then the snow began to move. Whether the making of the track gave the first impulse to it remains undecided. Certain it is, that the coating of new snow, softened by sun and 'Föhnwind,' adhering badly to the older snow underneath, no longer held firm, but began slowly to slide away. The place of fracture is as high as a man. The break occurred at a trifling distance from the hut, extended over the whole wall, and detached portions of snow that, so to say, hung near the hut, fell with it. This new snow, that in the last fourteen days had fallen in great masses, gave way at the point of contact with the old hardened snow. Thus it shot away, as if torn off by a giant's grip, dragging with it the great caravan on the far side of the Bergli, whilst a smaller arm went down in front, and there, as already described, surprised a column of porters four strong. At the place where the avalanche tore away with it the big caravan, points of rocks everywhere project upwards. Down over these rocks, more than 200 mètres deep, the nine were hurled, until they came to rest in a hollow. They were found almost on the surface, buried only a few inches, with the exception of one who stuck up to his armpits in snow. The hut-keeper, Kaufmann, an old Caucasus guide, after the thunder (of the avalanche), climbed down with incredible rapidity. But also someone at the Station Eismeer, with Zeiss-glasses, had observed the occurrence, and at once directed the three available men to the scene of the disaster. Director Liechti, of the Jungfrau Railway, did still more, for he sent up from the Station Eigergletscher forty men from the staff of guards and engineers that they might, from the Eismeer at least, recover the wounded. We know already that this rescue work, carried on by acetelyne light under the most difficult conditions, lasted up till midnight. The rescue work was brought to an end on Saturday by a party of Grindelwald guides. That was a difficult bit of work. Over

the windows of the Jungfrau Railway, too, masses of snow broke away incessantly into the valley. However, the labour ended without fresh sacrifice of life."

Translated from *Alpina* of 15th July, 1910.

H. C.

The *Alpina* appeals for help on behalf of the widows and children of the victims of this unheard-of catastrophe. Peter Inäbnit leaves a widow and ten children, the eldest only 17 ; an eleventh child is expected. Christian Bohren leaves a widow and children, with little property. Rudolf Inäbnit was the mainstay of his parents. Donations may be sent to Pfarrer Gottfried Strasser, S.A.C., Grindelwald, or to The Editor, Dr. E. Walder, Bergstrasse 137, Zürich.



DERBYSHIRE PENNINE CLUB NOTES.

EXPERIENCES IN A DERBYSHIRE CAVERN.

By "THE RAVEN."

IT was in Zermatt that I first met Mr. X. I had been doing some very hazardous climbing the day I met him, having in fact just returned from the ascent of the Breithorn, and we drifted into conversation as fellow mountaineers will. I include him in my description by courtesy, as from his account of himself his "Book" did not appear extensive. His journey from Arolla *viâ* the Bertol and Col d' Herens in one day appeared to have made him tired, and it struck me at the time that he must have been in very poor condition.

Over our coffee our talk drifted to British climbing, and from thence to that new form of sport, "Pot-holing." In this subject it was evident that he took a keen interest, and he "laid down the law" thereon in a most objectionable manner. From his description he made out that the Derbyshire caverns and mines furnished sport of a very high nature, and, when I ventured to expostulate, he suggested that on some future occasion I should join their party, and investigate for myself. Having some years previously examined the "Peak cavern" through the courtesy of the guide, and been through the "Speedwell mine" as far as the "Bottomless pit," I naturally accepted his challenge (for such it was) with confidence, and, having exchanged cards, we parted.

I had nearly forgotten the incident, when, in the winter of 1909-1910, I received the following wire—"Examining old shaft and caverns on Saturday next. Meet me Peak Hotel, Castleton, 4 p.m., if you want to come. (Signed) X."

Postponing an engagement at my club, I telegraphed acceptance, and asked whether I should bring evening dress. Receiving a reply in the negative, I packed a golfing suit, with brown boots and gaiters, into my suit case, and catching the North Express to Sheffield, obtained a seat in the "slow" to Hope, and travelled by a most wretched wagonette to Castleton. Hansoms appeared to be unknown.

My acquaintance met me in the hall. "Come and have a drink," said he, "and then we'll go to the cottage to change."

The next few hours will remain for ever stamped upon my memory.

Reaching a pleasantly situated cottage overlooking a babbling brook, I was introduced to the remainder of the party. Out of charity I will not mention names, but refer to them by letters of the alphabet.

First there was A, the leader. He was dressed in a pair of old oilskin trousers, tied at the knee with string, and an ancient macintosh cut off short. A red and black muffler was round his throat, and a dented hard hat put a finishing touch to his costume. It was really painful to look at.

Another creature appeared to be his factotum and friend, although I noticed that they spoke to one another in a most disgusting manner if anything went wrong. He also wore oilskins, and had a snap like a large dog chain fastened to his waist.

Then as to the remainder of the party. There was C, whose name is honoured throughout the kingdom as a cave-man and climber. He was the only one who appeared affable, and I realized, as I have often done before, that the greatest men are always the least assuming.

D was eating cake and jam when I arrived, and only left off for a moment to welcome me to the fraternity, as I understood there was a pressing matter of some parkin to be disposed of.

Last, but not least, a gentleman apparently called "Uncle," and another referred to as "The Ferret," should be mentioned. The dress of both was somewhat erratic, but better than the

others, and the polite way in which the latter welcomed me to "the Boys," as he called them, touched me deeply. I knew him better afterwards.

Tea was disposed of, and we made ready to start. My costume was the subject of some comment, although to me it seemed more appropriate than the motley garments affected by my companions.

I had expected a trap to take us to the scene of operations, but found that we must walk. Furthermore, every member of the party was expected to carry some dirty article of tackle, and, to my exceeding disgust, a coil of rope, filthy with lime and mud, was placed across my shoulders. My protests were met with the remark that I should be glad of it presently, as it was a life-line (I may mention incidentally that I was).

We reached a farm, after a wet and rough journey of half-an-hour (it was raining hard), and there more ropes, cans, sticks, and even a bucket of coal, were collected. Some apparatus, similar to what I have seen on the Empire stage, attracted my attention, and I asked for information regarding it. Rope ladders, I was told, 270 feet in length—my informant adding that it was doubtful whether they would touch bottom. Still, he added hopefully, we can do the last 30 feet on the rope at a pinch. My spirits rose!

Mr. Benson, in his most able chapter on Pot-holing, mentions the articles required for a descent, but his list fades into insignificance beside the amount of impedimenta with which we were laden. My share was augmented by a paraffin lamp which leaked, whilst beams, hammers, crowbars, and the ropes and ladders before-mentioned, were distributed amongst the party.

The top of the mine was covered with large stones, and these were thrown out in a most casual manner by a man who stood with one leg on each side of the shaft. A boulder landed on my toe, and, instead of an apology, it was intimated that I was in the way. Truly these creatures were uncourteous. At last, however, all preparations were completed, and with a pipe stuck in the angle of his jaw, the first man made ready

to descend. "Look after the new chum," he remarked, as he vanished down the hole, and I thought that at last I had found a sympathetic friend. Alas! he was another, who on closer acquaintance shewed the coarser fibre beneath the surface.

My turn came next, and with a line tied round my waist I was lowered into the void. Six feet down, and—oh, horrors! my candle was extinguished by the falling water. I gave the signal to pull up, as I was in danger,—and what was I told? callously to go to the bottom in darkness, as I should know when I reached there.

Shall I ever forget that journey? down; down; step by step, into the bowels of the earth, with only a line between myself and eternity. A fainter hearted man would, I am sure, never have reached bottom alive.

"Steady there: you are all right now," I heard, and a moment later hands unfastened the rope from about my shoulders.

I found myself standing upon a small platform, under the shelter of some overhanging rocks (chockstones I have since heard them called), and in front a passage sloped down to a chamber far below me, lit by a solitary candle. My guide had been down and placed it there whilst awaiting my arrival.

Some more men arrived, one at a time, down the ladder, and then those above commenced to lower the tackle. The next few hours passed like an awful nightmare, down slopes, supported by rotten timber, along sandy passages with the roof 3 feet above our heads, and only held in place by rotten wooden pegs. Over lips higher than a house, clinging to ladders which swayed to and fro under waterfalls, down sumps, again on timber with water pouring down the sides, and, ever and anon, the fearful sound of rocks and timbers hurtling past, dislodged by those above.

Once more passages are reached and stemples are traversed down to unfathomable depths. A timber is placed across the passage, and the last ladder is fixed. The gear is tested, and a gallant man steps to the front. A last look round, and with a weird chortle he steps on to the ladder. A few minutes of

awful suspense, as the life-line slips through the fingers of those above, then a cry from below that "all is well," and man after man is lowered into the abyss.

Can I say more? Need I speak of the caverns we traversed, caverns of size to hold a White Star Liner, without the masts touching the roof, of the narrow passages down which we crawled, again to find chambers two hundred feet in height? Need I speak of the journey to the surface, or of the insults and jeers of my companions?

How could I help dropping a stemple on the head of "the Ferret," or letting fall a boulder on the man who went down first? Yet, in both cases, the language would have disgraced a delirious trooper, and when I trod on the finger of the creature in oilskins—No! I will try to forget it.

And yet I think they meant well. I was shepherded down ladders, helped over lips, lowered down water-logged sumps, and it may have been for my good, the things that were said when I pulled loose stones from the roof. True, they nearly hanged me on the ladders, and their hands were not gentle on the rope, but I repeat they meant well.

Nevertheless the time will never come when I shall make another journey under ground with such companions. "All knowledge is power," says the sage, but knowledge may be too hardly gained, and when my acquaintance repeats his invitation, he will receive a dignified but definite refusal. "Quoth the Raven; 'Nevermore.'"

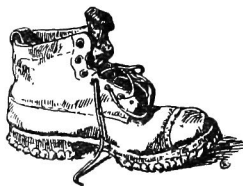
NIGHT WALK.

The few members who took part in the night walk on 19th February expressed themselves highly satisfied with the round arranged by Bishop. Turning their backs on Bamford station at 11.15 p.m., they ascended Win hill *via* the picturesque hamlet of Thornhill, thence making for the Roman road leading to Alport bridge, a thick mist rendering lantern and compass necessary. Alport bridge was reached about 4.30 a.m.; what (compared with the snacks earlier partaken of) might be termed high breakfast was prepared

and demolished, after which the stove was packed up, the lantern extinguished, and the members of the party, wrapped in mackintoshes and reclining on a pleasant bank, wooed Morpheus with more or less success until 6.30, the atmosphere being quite still and warm. The walk was then resumed (the compass being necessary all the way across Bleaklow), a steep ascent enabling the Moss above Alport Castles to be reached, when a course was steered for the top of Bleaklow—(at that point an almost featureless expanse except for the deep channels or groughs)—which was reached at about 9 o'clock. Working due north from this point, the party arrived at the other side of the Moss after another hour's going, eventuating, as intended, exactly above Crowden station, which was reached in time for the return trains.

WHARNCLIFFE AND CROWDEN.

On 30th April and 1st May, members of the Club climbed at Wharncliffe and near Crowden, the meet being arranged by Bishop. The weather was satisfactory. A motor car played a not inconspicuous part in "leading" up various steeply entirely unconnected with rock-climbing, but which it was necessary to negotiate in travelling by road from one climbing-ground to the other.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

AN APPEAL is made by the National Trust for places of historical interest or natural beauty for the purchase of Borrowdale Birches and Grange Fell.

The property comprises 310 acres of freehold, and includes the Bowder Stone and 46 shares in Wheyfoot Quarry, and more than a mile of the fore-shore and bank of the River Derwent.

The National Trust has acquired an option to purchase the property, which will expire at the end of summer, at a price of £2,140, which works out at about 7 guineas an acre. The amount sought to be raised is £2,400, which provides a balance over the actual purchase money for the necessary expenses.

The National Trust, if they become the owners of the property, will hold one of the chief keys against the project of a road over the Styhead Pass.

Donations or promises should be sent to the Rev. Canon Rawnsley, Hon. Secy., Crosthwaite Vicarage, Keswick.

* * * *

THE FOOTPATH FROM WASDALE HEAD TO SCAFELL AND THE PIKES.—By an agreement concluded on the 1st inst. by the Agent of Lord Leconfield on the one part, and representatives of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club of the Lake District and the Lake District Association on the other part, a footpath through Lord Leconfield's enclosures to near the foot of Brown Tongue is open to the public from that date. Stiles are being erected over the three walls to be crossed, and it is hoped that climbers, tourists, and all others using this convenient route will respect the desire of the owner and the tenant of the land by keeping strictly to the pathway indicated, and by using the stiles provided.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

ATTENTION is called to the publication by the Club of the first volume of their proposed series of climbing handbooks. 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 climbing handbooks is now ready. It is called "Climbing in the Ogwen District," and, as already announced, it contains 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 has discovered an entirely new mountain, which contains several excellent climbs.

* * * *

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?

* * * *

NEW MEMBERS.—At a Committee Meeting held on 14th April, 1910, the following new members were elected :—

The Rev. Canon Robert Camber-Williams, The Vicarage, Lampeter.

Mr. Henry Arthur Hinton, "Sunnyside," Fulwood, Preston.

Mr. Richard Mortimer Heppel, Golden Manor House, Hanwell, W.

* * * *

AT a Committee meeting held on 26th May, 1910, the following new members were elected :—

Mr. Leonard Noon, Connaught Club, Seymour Street, W.

Mr. Humphrey Owen Jones, M.A., Clare College, Cambridge.

Mr. Oliver Thorneycroft, One Oak, Redington Road, Hampstead, N.W.

REVIEW.

CLIMBING IN THE OGWEN DISTRICT. By J. M. A. THOMSON. Edward Arnold, London. (Issued by the Climbers' Club.)

THE climbs within easy reach of Ogwen have long been popular among mountaineers, and one might well imagine that every gully, ridge and face had been thoroughly explored and described. But this is far from being the case. Mr. Thomson has placed his unique knowledge at our service, and has given us a handbook which contains almost as much novelty as the "Climbs on Lliwedd."

He has even discovered a new mountain, Creigiau Gleison, within an hour of Ogwen, with ridge climbs, which rank among the best in Wales.

Even to those who do not climb, the book would be worth possessing for the sake of Mr. Speyer's photographs, which combine clearness of topographical detail and artistic effect with great success.

To those who climb, the handbook will be welcome for its clear and accurate descriptions, and the summaries of the difficulties to be encountered, which replace the usual classified list.

We are glad to see that chapters have been added on the Botany of Nant Francon and the birds of Lyn Ogwen. A proposed introduction on the geology of the district has been omitted, apparently owing to want of time. We shall hope to see it in a later edition.

Special attention should be called to Mr. Thomson's advice to climbers in the introduction. He says, "love of mountains is a strong feeling, and natural aptitude a delightful discovery,

but a combination of both with enthusiasm does not ensure safe leading on the most difficult expeditions." Has a warning on the serious nature of climbing ever been better put?

We must congratulate the Climbers' Club on their enterprise in bringing out two such books on North Wales as the "Climbs on Lliwedd" and the present volume.

To the average climber, Lliwedd is an unsuitable training ground, not so much on account of the technical difficulties, for many passages in the Ogwen district are equally hard, as the strenuous character of the climbing. Once embarked on Lliwedd, a party must finish a climb or descend. No relatively easy route exists to right or left.

In the Ogwen district, easier ground can be reached on most climbs by a short deviation. A climber need therefore never fear that he may be tempted to try some pitch beyond his strength. From this statement we must except Creigiau Gleison, whose acquaintance we have not yet made. Naturally, such deviations from the straight and narrow way are not described by the author, but it will be a comfort to moderate climbers to know that they can usually turn difficulties, and, above all, examine them, not necessarily on a rope, but with the eye from some neighbouring standpoint. Of such is the education of the true mountaineer.