

The Central Levanna, from the Western Levanna.

THE

CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

VOL. XIII.] SEPT. and DEC., 1910. [NOS. 49 and 50.

A GUIDELESS HOLIDAY.

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THE following article was written many months ago, but for one reason or another it was never sent off, and now my friend with whom I made these climbs is dead. I send the article exactly as it was first written. Those who were privileged to know Leonard Salt will read between the lines, and perhaps be reminded here and there of that sunny disposition which so endeared him to us.

I shall always look back upon the long days which he and I spent together on the mountains as amongst my happiest memories. I shall always remember how, when night fell and the way seemed long, with little chance of a better resting place than some rock to shelter us from the rain, his spirits never faltered, and how with story and song he cheered us on to the end.

During the course of several seasons mountaineering I had acquired a very fair knowledge of Mont Blanc and its aiguilles. I had also traversed Les Ecrins and the Meije, and had made some ascents in the Grand Paradis group, but the intervening districts were unknown to me. All these climbs had been made with guides, generally in company with H. A. Millington. Last summer (1909), our party was strengthened by the inclusion of L. S. Salt, with whom we had done some

of the finest rock climbs in North Wales, and we decided that the time had come to dispense with paid assistance.

The Tarentaise is generally regarded as a suitable starting ground for guideless climbers, so this seemed an excellent opportunity for filling up the gaps in our topographical knowledge. When it came to mapping out the details of our proposed tour the leading *motif* was a desire to descend each night to some spot at which the cuisine should be above reproach.

Our first connecting link was to be the South Aiguille d'Arves, so at 7 a.m. on the morning of August 2nd, we left St. Michel de Maurienne and walked up through the pine woods to the tunnel on the road to the Col du Galibier.

Some years previously I had driven my motor car up the terribly steep zig-zags of this road, and I was not surprised that we had a lengthy wait before the carriage which was bringing up our coats and rucksacs arrived. Valloire was reached rather before 11, and two hours later we set out again with a porter to carry our sleeping bags. Taking it very easily, we reached the Commandraut Châlets in 2½ hours, but I had too vivid a recollection of a night spent there in close proximity to cows to wish to stop there again, so, after drinking some milk, we pushed on. At 5.30 we reached an overhanging rock at the head of the Aiguille d'Arves glen, high up under the glacier, and conspicuous from far down the glen as a black patch which might be mistaken for a cave. The rock overhangs a small platform, and when a wall had been built across one end of this we made an excellent gîte. Dinner was a great success, beginning with soup and scrambled eggs, and ending with mulled wine. I wanted to devil some sardines, but Millington was so strenuously opposed to this course that I was reluctantly compelled to give it up. He said that his day on the Ecrins had been quite spoilt by the flavour which the sardines had imparted to his cold tea, and it seemed useless to remind him that the boiling water which he had used for the tea on that occasion had only been intended for washing out the saucepan.

After dinner we turned in, and though it was a cold night we managed to keep fairly warm, but did not get much sleep. Our porter returned to the châteaux, and came up again the next morning to carry the sleeping bags back to Valloire.

On August 5th we left the gîte at 5 a.m., and, bearing to the left, quickly scrambled up shale and moraine to the glacier. The guide book was of little assistance here, for it told us to follow the route for the Col de Jean Jean, but omitted any description of that route, nor could we find this col marked on any of our maps. Proceeding up the glacier we passed the ice-fall on the northern side. Immediately opposite us, a great ice couloir led directly up towards the summit ridge of the Southern Aiguille. I had once before attempted to lead a party up by way of this couloir, but as few of us had had much ice experience, we had wisely beaten a retreat. We had then approached the couloir from the southern side of the glacier, and so had been unable to see its whole length. Seen from across the glacier, it looked very formidable, particularly in its upper part, but a strip of ice, which led up diagonally to the left from near the foot of the couloir, seemed more promising. A short scramble brought us to this ice, up which we found it necessary to cut steps. On reaching the top of the ice strip we halted for a second breakfast and then continued up easy slabs, somewhat encumbered with small débris. For some way we followed a shallow rock couloir, and then bearing to our right we reached a narrow gap in the ridge and looked down the steep couloir on the south side of the mountain, by means of which the ascent is usually made. We had now arrived at the *mauvais pas*. Scrambling out of the gap a short traverse brought us to the place which has been aptly compared to the roof of an aisle. This roof affords little holding ground, and slopes away for 12 or 15 feet to the edge of a precipice of unknown depth. Above rises a slightly overhanging wall, at this point about 12 feet in height, and the orthodox route lies up a fissure over which a stout rope has now been fixed.

Speaking generally, we are opposed to fixed ropes on the

mountains. This place is certainly no more difficult than many which we had overcome in the Lakes or North Wales, and we were aware that to Messrs. Hope and Kirkpatrick it had seemed so easy, even without the rope, that they had gone on further in search of something better, and had eventually made the ascent by M. Torrent's route, with which they professed themselves more than satisfied. Nevertheless, having regard to the fact that there are no natural belays, and that without the rope the place can only be climbed by giving the leader a shoulder, we felt that the rope was justified, and in any case we were not prepared to despise it. With its aid, the sloping roof above the overhanging wall was quickly reached, and, emerging on the summit ridge we walked on to the highest point at 11 o'clock.

Here we rested for an hour, enjoying a fine view of the Dauphiné Alps and the neighbouring Central Aiguille d'Arves. The descent was made by the same route, except that instead of following the ice strip we continued down the shallow rock couloir, and so reached the glacier below the ice-fall at 5 o'clock. An hour later we were refreshing ourselves at the Commandraut Châlets, and then, swinging along the path and down the road at a good pace, reached Valloire at 8 o'clock.

The greatest peril of the day was yet to come, for the drive down to St. Michel only occupied an hour. Our mare was very spirited, and being encouraged by wild yells and cracks of the driver's whip, swung round the corners at terrific speed in the dark. Our legs were encased in the invaluable sleeping bags, and we were helpless with laughter, so that, had we been pitched out, we should have rolled down all the way to St. Michel, and arrived *grand vitesse*, as a French officer at Valloire put it.

Our next expedition was the Dent Parrachée, for which our starting point was the Fournache Châlets above Aussois. Leaving soon after 3 a.m. on August 8th, we ascended some steep grass immediately behind the châlets, and proceeded up a desolate glen between a rocky bluff on the right and a spur of our mountain on the left. At the head of this glen we had

our first view of the Dent Parrachée itself. The summit was still hidden from us, but the Southern Arête, seen in profile right in front, and descending in a series of bold rock towers, looked exceedingly fine.

Turning to our left, we made our way across to the foot of a snow slope, up which we toiled towards the ridge above. At length the thin covering of snow gave out, and then followed a most wearisome grind up shifting shale to the Col de l'Arpont. From the col we followed the ridge in an eastward direction. It was no more than a walk over rotten débris, and of climbing, as members of the Climbers' Club understand it, there was none. Eventually the ridge merged in a steep snow slope, and here we roped for the first time and put on our crampons. With their help we mounted rapidly, and probably saved at least an hour's step-cutting. This slope brought us to the summit ridge, along which we walked to the summit at 8:45 a.m. Half-an-hour was spent in photography, and then, in exactly an hour, we regained the Col de l'Arpont. Leaving this point we at first continued along the ridge, but soon struck diagonally down over a snow slope on its southern side, and so reached a glacier-filled basin. The ridge which we had left runs at right angles into a chain of mountains whose culminating point is the Dome de Chasseforêt, much further north. This chain we now had to cross. To the south was the Col d'Aussois, the regular route from Modane to Pralognan, but to cross by this meant a long detour, and we chose a more direct way by the Col Rossoire. This was reached by a steep couloir, whose lower part was filled with large blocks of stone, while above were more blocks resting, in a state of unstable equilibrium, on snow. The route is not to be recommended, except in the early morning. From the col an easy snow-slope led to the Glacier de Rossoire, the descent of which, and the glen at its foot, brought us to the main valley by way of the Ritat Châlets. Gentle thunder-showers refreshed us on the long path, which duly culminated at the front door of the imposing hotel at Pralognan.

The next few days were spent at Pralognan, with the weather very unsettled. One day I took a guide for the only time this season, and climbed the little Pointe de Glière, almost the only sound rock that I have met with between the Meiji and the Montanvers. The whole expedition from Pralognan and back took less than 9 hours ($7\frac{1}{4}$ hours actual going), so there seems little need to adopt the usual course of sleeping at the Felix Faure refuge.

Here, much to his disappointment, Millington found it necessary to return in a day or two's time to England.

On the 12th, Salt and I left Pralognan and walked up to the Felix Faure refuge, where we spent the night. Millington accompanied us for a short way, and then, bidding us a sorrowful farewell, turned back, for his climbing was over for the season. We had engaged Auguste Favre to come with us as porter. He was a most willing and cheerful companion, but our French proved to be outside the range of his comprehension. He received most of our well-meant remarks with an interrogative "Puttil?" which we gathered was Pralognan patois for "Plait-il?"

We had reluctantly given up the Grande Casse, so next morning we left at 9:15 a.m., and, taking it very easily, reached Val d'Isère at 3:45 p.m. It was a gloriously fine day, and from the Col de la Lisse the Grande Motte looked such a pretty little snow peak that we regretted we had not made an earlier start and ascended it on the way. To make up for our shortcomings, we determined to do a deed on the following day. We had read in Ball's guide that two Germans had once climbed the Tsanteleina and Grand Sassièr in one day, making the traverse from one peak to the other in 4 hours, which was described as a wonderful *tour de force*. This, we thought, would be a suitable expedition, but during the long hours which we spent on that traverse our wonder grew excessively.

Accompanied by Auguste, we started at 2:15 a.m. on August 14th, and walked up to the little village of Fornet. Here we should have turned up a path at right angles to the

stream, but instead we followed an ill-defined path which led straight on, and presently gave out altogether, leaving us to stumble about over very rough ground. Our lantern described some surprising evolutions, and more than once narrowly escaped being sat upon. It soon became evident that at such an early hour our tempers would not stand much of this, so, knowing our general direction, we bore diagonally up the steep hill side to our left, away from the stream. At 5.15 we reached the highest Alps some way east of the Col de la Bailetta. In front of us was a serrated rock ridge, from which we were separated by a basin, once filled by the lower glacier, but now apparently nothing but moraine. Crossing this basin towards the rock ridge, we turned the ice fall, and reached the upper Glacier Quart at 6.15. Here we had our second breakfast, and then, sending Auguste back, we roped and proceeded up the glacier. Gradually the slope steepened, till we found ourselves on a ridge from which we looked down upon the Rhêmes Glacier, while immediately above us on our left rose the final peak of the Tsanteleina. A steep snow-slope and some very easy rocks led us to the sharp summit ridge, and at 8.30 we stood upon the highest point at the eastern extremity of the ridge. Here we spent an hour and a quarter basking in the sun, and revelling in the thought of how a guide would have chased us off the summit.

The north face of the mountain descends in a steep unbroken slope of snow, glistening here and there with ice, breaking off in a precipice on the east. By keeping close to this eastern edge we found snow of just the right consistency, and made the descent without having to cut more than a dozen steps all the way. From the Col de la Tsanteleina we reached the foot of the long ridge which runs eastwards from the Grand Sassièrè. A toilsome ascent on soft snow and shale brought us on to the ridge, which stretched away before us for an appalling length, with innumerable ups and downs. However, there was nothing for it but to plod steadily on. A traverse on snow on the north side of the ridge saved us a long scramble along its rocky crest. Further on a shale slope

on the southern side proved the easiest going, and at length this interminable ridge merged in the east arête of the mountain. Here the going was at first very arduous, up steep shale. Then we reached a snow ridge which broke off in an abrupt ice cliff on the northern side, and finally a short but very sharp bit abutted against the summit rocks. This last piece required care, as it was corniced first on one side and then on the other, while on either hand the slope was exceedingly steep.

We still seemed a long way off the top, of which we were only able to catch occasional glimpses through driving wreaths of mist. However, in reality it was quite close, and a very few minutes up the slaty rocks brought us to the summit at 5:45 p.m., 6¾ hours actual going from the summit of the Tsanteleina. Only stopping for a few minutes to consult the map, we raced down the great shale slope which forms the western side of the Grand Sassièrè, and then made our way along the edge of the Sassièrè valley.

Far too soon we struck down into the valley, and so involved ourselves in an unnecessary descent of a waterfall, by far the most difficult piece of rock climbing that we had all day. Then after keeping by the stream for some distance, we followed an artificial watercourse which led away round the mountain side to our left. Just as it was growing dusk we reached an alp, and looked eagerly about for châlets.

Presently we saw what appeared to be a large collection of châlets some way below, but to our dismay the châlets soon began to move about. "That is what comes of doing two mountains in one day," said Salt, but we were soon reassured, for in the fading light we had mistaken a herd of cows for châlets. Near by we caught a small boy and took him round from cow to cow in order that he might milk them into our drinking cup, but as the unfortunate animals had already been milked, they could only be persuaded to yield a few drops each. After a while, as we showed no signs of being satisfied, the boy suggested that we had better go on to the châlet. Here the family provided us with milk and scrambled eggs,

while an old man, wearing a night-cap, occasionally thrust his head out from between the curtains of a four-post bed, and directed the operations for our entertainment. He was very anxious for us to stay for the night, but we feared that our friends at Val d'Isère would be getting anxious about us. In this we did them an injustice, for they had quite made up their minds that we should sleep out somewhere, and had gone to bed early in order to be fresh for the search party on the morrow!

Lighting our lantern, we set out down the path to Tignes, but we had scarcely gone 100 yards when loud cries from the chalet caused us to stop. Down the path came running the youngest children, followed at a slower pace by the other members of the family, the rear being brought up by the old man. The path, he said, was very dangerous for strangers in the dark. It was very narrow, and bordered by precipices, and — culminating horror — it ran over rocks! "Is there another path?" we asked. There was not; so we concluded that a path which was habitually used by old women and children might safely be ventured on by us. The inmates of this chalet would have held a higher place in our esteem if they had shown us the high level path to Val d'Isère. This, we afterwards discovered, branches off close to the chalet; and, always supposing that we did not lose our way in the dark, it would have saved us a long descent and re-ascent. As it was, we hurried down to the road, seeing none of the dangers against which we had been warned. The last uphill lap on road was very trying at the end of a long day, and we were glad enough when we reached the Hotel Morris at 10:45 p.m., having been out 20½ hours.

I think we both expected to be received with acclamation, but the only person stirring was our host. He observed, somewhat caustically, "You arrive at a bad hour." Nothing daunted, we demanded two bottles of Asti, "*tout de suite.*" "One at a time is sufficient," said our host, but his own potations had been by no means limited, and he promptly fell over the dog. This had the happy effect of waking up

his wife, who proceeded to minister to our wants and send us to our beds rejoicing.

Two days later we walked over the Col d'Iseran to Bonneval. A heavy thunderstorm prevented us from starting the next morning, but in the afternoon we walked up to the Léchans huts.

On the 18th, we left at 4 a.m., and in an hour and a-half reached a col overlooking the Glacier de la Source de l'Arc, between an outlying spur and a ridge which descends from the Western Levanna. It had been our intention to climb the Central Levanna, but from this point the ridge between the Western and Central peaks appears very much foreshortened, and we thought that our easiest way would be to reach the western summit first, and then make our way along the ridge. We therefore struck straight up from the col, mounting first over snow on the side of the ridge, and, later, gaining its crest, walking up easy shale to the summit, which we reached at 7:30 a.m.

We were now standing on the boundary between France and Italy. Immediately below us on the Italian side was a sheer precipice of tremendous depth, while farther on towards the Central Peak the Italian side consisted of a very steep snow-slope, with rocks showing through here and there. We looked down on a vast expanse of cloud which stretched from the base of our peak, two thousand feet below, to where the Grand Paradis rose like a black cliff on the opposite shore and out over the great Tuscan plain as far as we could see.

Though the general level was undisturbed, the clouds were heaving and tossing like a dazzling white sea under the clear blue sky, and pouring like breakers over some low hills which just showed as islands above the surface. The Central Peak seemed very near, and, roping for the first time, with Auguste between Salt and myself, we started along the crest of the ridge towards it. As long as we were able to keep to the actual crest we found good sound rock, but overhanging bits repeatedly forced us to descend and traverse along the sides. These descents provided some good bits of climbing, but the

traverses were made over rock of the rottenest description. It was unnecessary to descend as far on the Italian as on the French side, so, whenever possible, we traversed on the former side, but the slope was here so steep that the utmost caution had to be observed, and frequently everything that we touched in our neighbourhood was loose and went thundering down the mountain. On reaching the dip of the ridge between the two peaks we finally abandoned the crest and traversed over shale on the French side, some distance below the sky line. It was 11 a.m. when we reached the rock tower which forms the Central Summit.

By this time the clouds had risen and enveloped us, and it was snowing. For some time we groped our way down endeavouring to reach the Col Perduto, but more than once we found ourselves standing on the brink of a precipice and had to turn back. At length we decided to retrace our steps and cross the Col Carro, though this meant a very long detour. Following out this plan, we traversed along the shale at a low level and regained the col from which we had started in the morning. Here a welcome break in the mist enabled us to see the Col Carro. Diverging to the right from the route which we had followed from the châteaux we crossed a glacier, toiled up one of the shale slopes to which we were growing accustomed, and so reached the col at 4.15 p.m. Here we were delayed for half an hour by a heavy thunderstorm, from which we sheltered as best we could under a rock. The thunder crashed all round us, and our ice axes began to hiss, so we placed them at a respectful distance, and then began a highly technical discussion as to whether it was not really safer to hold them. As soon as the axes had gone off the boil we roped once more and started down a steep snow slope. We had been told that cows often crossed the Col Carro. I do not know whether the kindly peasants of the borderland provide their cows with crampons, or whether we were at fault in not choosing the easiest line of descent, but certain it is that before we got off the glacier we were obliged to do a little step-cutting.

Hurrying down the valley, we soon came to a small and very dirty ch[^]let, where we got some milk. Auguste now added to his other r[^]les that of interpreter, and told us that we only had to follow the path all the way to Ceresole. This, however, was easier said than done. Even while it was still light we were much puzzled at one place where there was a bridge. On the far side there was no sign of the path, while on our side it ran on for some distance and then faded away. At length we decided that the bridge was not there for nothing, so we crossed and presently picked up the path again. Soon afterwards we were obliged to light our lantern, and the rain came on again. Our difficulties were now increased tenfold, for the path often ran over grass, and in the dark, with puddles everywhere, it was very hard to keep on it. In fact, about this time it occurred to us that we should probably spend a night out. More than once we were completely at fault, and had to cast about in all directions to find the path again. However, at length we got on a really good path, and about the same time it cleared up, but as we plodded on for mile after mile we could not help wondering what had become of Ceresole. For some way we were cheered by a bright light ahead, which we took to be a lantern hung out from the hotel to comfort the belayed wayfarer. Then we were not so cheered, for the light seemed an immense way above us, nor did it grow appreciably nearer. Presently Auguste told us that it was a star. However, all things have an end, even the path from the Col Carro to Ceresole, and at 10:30 p.m. we did really arrive, and were soon enjoying the epicurean delights of the hotel.

From Ceresole we wished to reach the Piantonetto hut. Had it been left to our own judgment we should have driven comfortably down to Locana and then walked up to the hut past the Muanda di Teleccio ch[^]lets. To this course local opinion was unanimously opposed, everyone insisting that we should take the King's hunting path, which would enable us to reach the hut by a high-level route. When we found that a guide, who was going to meet his *voyageurs* at the hut, also

favoured the hunting path, we yielded, but we are still of the opinion that our way was the best.

Having attached the guide to our party, we left Ceresole at 5:45 a.m. Our rucksacs were borne by Bella, the mule, whose master was introduced to us as the Lord Mayor of Ceresole. The day was cloudy, so we had no view, but we forgave the clouds, as there was no shade anywhere, and on a fine day we should have had a fearful baking. As it was, the path seemed very long, crossing several spurs, which meant considerable ascents and descents. Opposite the Becchi della Tribulazione the path came to an end, so we sent back Bella and the Lord Mayor, and shouldering our rucksacs reached the Bochetto della Losa after a stiff scramble up a steep and crumbly couloir.

On arriving at the col we found ourselves in thick mist. The guide was not in the least surprised. He said, "Exactly so! It's always like this here. I've only been here once before, and that was ten years ago, and then it rained and I never found the hut." History repeated itself. We descended for some way and then traversed to our left over huge blocks of moraine. It was now raining heavily, and for some time we wandered about in a hopeless search for the hut and exhausted ourselves by jodelling. Just as we were beginning to wonder what it would be like to sleep out on such a night, the guide said that we had better give it up and get off the mountain before it got dark. This seemed a fairly sound idea, so with some difficulty we found our way down a couloir and crossed the pastures to the Muanda di Teleccio huts.

These huts are of the most miserable description, and though the inmates did all they could for us, it was about the roughest place I have ever stopped at. The floor of the single room was inches deep in mud, and a few stools and billets of wood comprised all the furniture. We soon had a fire of juniper going, and, disrobing in the presence of the admiring family, burnt great holes in our clothes in our endeavours to dry them. Dinner at any rate was a success. We then retired to another hut, well provided with hay and blankets,

and although we were tightly packed, we did not have a bad night. The next day it snowed until twelve o'clock. The guide went up to the Piantonetto hut, which we could see as soon as it cleared up, but we felt little inclination to follow. We had intended to climb the Becchi della Tribulazione, and then cross the Col de Monei to Cogne, whence we meant to traverse the Grivola to Degioz, and so reach Courmayeur. But after such a storm the mountains would have been in bad condition, and the thought of the comforts of Pont proved irresistibly attractive; so that afternoon we walked down to Locana, where we got a carriage and drove on to Pont. Many of the inhabitants of this valley speak American, for a great many of them have been to the States as miners. At Locana we were amused by the landlady charging us in dollars and cents instead of in lire.

Year after year the fates conspire to take me to Turin. I do not complain. It is a town for which I have a great admiration. On this occasion we had a magnificent dejeuner there, and then sent Auguste back to Pralognan, while we took the train to Aosta. It may be worth recording that at the Hotel Centoz at Aosta we had the best steak we have tasted out of London, that a jam omelette ordered as we were finishing the first course appeared without any pause, and that the bill for the two of us for dinners, beds and breakfasts was 17 lire.

From Aosta we took the automobile to Courmayeur, where for one night at Bertolini's the figures of the bill at the Hotel Centoz were reversed. The next night we slept at the Rifugio Torino. While we had been valley pounding it had been gloriously fine, but of course our return to the mountains was the signal for another break in the weather, and when we looked out at 6 o'clock the next morning it was snowing thickly. It was evident that we must abandon our intention of climbing the Dent du Géant, and it even seemed doubtful if we should be able to find our way down to Chamonix. However, about mid-day two guides came in from the Midi cabane. They told us that the tracks leading down to the

mer de glace were not yet obliterated, but warned us to be careful not to follow their own tracks to the Midi cabane. We therefore set out, and seeing after a while some tracks which branched off to our left, pushed on with renewed confidence. Then we found that the tracks which we were following led us uphill, but thinking that this was merely a detour to avoid some crevasse, I at first paid no attention, though complaints from behind soon became frequent. I should mention that whereas I had posted some things to Chamonix, Salt was carrying a change of clothes, and was very heavily laden. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the estimates of the two members of the party should differ widely as to the time during which we persisted in an upward direction. At length a steady strain on the rope brought me to a standstill. Salt's remarks were terse, but the substance of them was that when he wanted to go up Mont Blanc he would engage a properly qualified guide to take him there. Meanwhile he wished to descend to Chamonix. Just then the mist lifted sufficiently to show us that we were near the Petit Rognon.

Striking down again we soon reached the ice-fall, and made our way without further difficulty to the mer de glace. Here it was clearer, but by some means we walked past the place where we should have got on to the path. Seeing the *ponts* above us, I scrambled up to them, and endeavoured to persuade Salt that this was the usual way off the glacier. It was no use; my reputation as a guide that day was at a low ebb.

At Chamonix we found Couttet's full, and had to take refuge in one of the other hotels. An effort to restore our finances by a visit to the casino left them so badly depleted that we were compelled to borrow from M. Couttet the next day. On returning to our own hotel that night we found that a too zealous porter had removed the boots, which were our only landmark, from before our door, and the night porter declared with much vehemence that we had come to the wrong hotel. So insistent was he that we began to have grave

doubts on the matter ourselves, but at length our room was discovered, and we retired for a well-earned night's rest.

Though the weather had prevented us from carrying out much more than half our programme, we felt that we had pounded up and down a bit and had a rattling time.



A TREACHEROUS SUMMER.

By ARNOLD H. M. LUNN.

TO anticipate some unpleasantly obvious remark, I might well have headed these pages "Pride and a Fall." But in our defence let me add that it was not pride but penury that forced us to dispense with guides. A "Gaius," "Stubbs," and books of that ilk do not realise much even at Oxford, and our modest exchequer would have vanished after a guided traverse of the Matterhorn. And though eighteen summers and ten winters had not left us with a long list of first-class peaks, they had at least given us that knowledge which comes from guideless wandering among second-class summits, and that experience which is the fruit of innumerable blunders. The long summers, in which we had lifted up longing eyes from the lower hills, had clad the great peaks in an atmosphere of irresistible romance. Those that we had climbed had merely seemed to stimulate this longing. "The only way to get rid of temptations is to yield to them," and early in July, 1909, with a due economy in deceit, we escaped to the Alps for a fortnight's guideless climbing.

1909 was the worst of all possible summers. Early in July we walked up in the rain to Reid. A month's steady downpour had rendered the great peaks almost inaccessible. The snowline had crept down to within a few hundred feet of the hotel. A party just arrived from Kandersteg had narrowly escaped an avalanche on the Lötschen Pass. The burden of our host's refrain was a melancholy "es geht nicht."

The visitor's book with some well-known signatures, Leslie Stephen's among them, a barometer that even our host could not coax into a rise, and a piano with C, A, and D sharp missing, such were our resources. We arrived on Saturday,

and on Sunday afternoon the clouds lifted. On Monday morning we set out for the Löttschenlücke.

The Löttschenthal must be precisely the most beautiful valley in the world. Its solitudes are untroubled by the "doers" of the Alps. Its recesses are instinct with the poetry of those remote Catholic valleys that link up the present with ages long forgotten. No ugly Zwinglian whitewashed churches break the continuity of associations. The faith and life of the peasant is as old as the hills themselves. The essentials, if not the externals, are unchanged, for the kindly Pagan deities that watched over the destinies of the first hillmen have adapted themselves to the new régime, and settled down pretty comfortably into the Catholic hierarchy.

I had seen the valley in its winter setting. A day of stainless beauty had set as we reached Löttschenlücke, revealing the long white reaches of the valley lit by the January moon. Beautiful as it then seemed, it was even lovelier awakening to its summer dreams, besides torrents "murmuring of their mother snow," a mother that still embraced all but the lowest slopes. Pastures, rich in the promise of spring, vignettes of snow-dusted larch and pine, and, beyond them, the long, white highway leading to depths of immeasurable blue, such was the substance of a tantalising dream picture that has since haunted with strange persistency the long nights when the counting of imaginary sheep had become a somewhat tedious occupation.

We crossed the snowline just before adjusting the "Mummery" rope at the foot of the glacier, some three hours from Reid. We started with foreboding. The July sun beat pitilessly on the dazzling snow. H. anxiously adjusted a green veil. The avalanches thundered down the Breithorn. The first dozen evoked admiration, those that followed filled us with disgust. Mountaineering literature is full of climbers wading "waist deep in snow," though it is really quite exceptional to sink in up to the knees. Before we had been climbing an hour the snow had reached our knees. We took turns to lead. The leader soon exhausted that vocabulary



On the Lang Glacier.

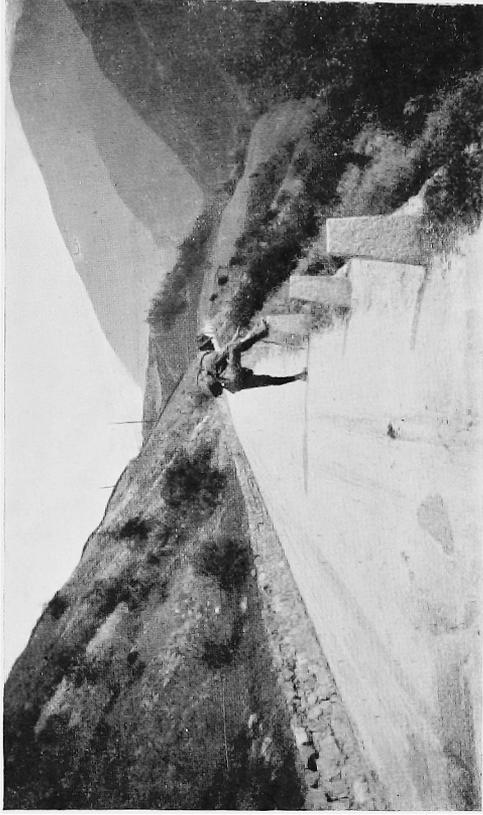
which is the only enduring feature of a public school education. We began to repeat ourselves, eventually reaching a pitch of silent despondency. We lunched, and half-an-hour later could have tossed a snowball into the remnants of our food. The photograph shows H. with an expression which was hilarious contrasted with its later stages. The soft, clinging snow gradually rose to our hips. Five hours of purgatory on the glacier brought us to a point where I had lunched in winter, a point reached on ski in two hours from the foot of the moraine. We looked mournfully at the dazzling snowfields that led up to the distant gap of blue. We looked longingly down towards the pastures of the Lötschenthal. Another twelve hours might well have been spent before the hut was gained. We were out of training, "fat and scant of breath." Five hours on this accursed treadmill had transformed us into pronounced pessimists. The world seemed a sorry concern on that scorching snowfield—a sorry concern, a practical joke in the worst of taste. . . . Three hours later two fiery complexions attached to the unheroic heroes of this defeat might have been observed beneath the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

Next morning we wandered down to Gampel, where we complacently observed the train we had intended to catch departing for Visp. Now, an elastic programme is essential, for time tables are an abomination, and fixed plans a snare. So we contentedly boarded the next train, which deposited us at Martigny. We telegraphed for our luggage, which we had sent on to Brigue, and which cheerfully followed us round Switzerland in the course of the fortnight. From Martigny we set forth with a fine rolling stride. An exclamation of horror from a passing girls' school brought us back to earth. We regretfully fingered our peeling faces. We were not to be desired, and the thought saddened us. We spent a pleasant half hour in the best of all tea-shops, of his charms the world is mercifully ignorant, and then followed the short cuts to Champex. Here we watched Onésime Crettex shrugging his shoulders, and fled next morning from his gloomy prophecies.

We wandered up the long white road of many memories to Bourg St. Pierre, where we found the great Maurice Crettex, and learned next morning that he had turned back from an easy pass. This was depressing news, and with many forebodings we left for the Valsoret hut.

Flanked by the dome of the Velan and the cliffs of the Combin, fenced in by the shattered ramparts of the Valsoret Aiguilles, the Valsoret ravine must be one of the most desolate valleys in the Alps. The Club hut is untroubled by excursions from girl schools and other varieties of that well-known genus, that rob the climber of his repose and make the night hideous with surreptitious giggles. There are no uncouth elements to disturb the grandeur of this savage glen. As we climbed the stony track, beside the tumult of the river, we began to realise something of the mental difficulties that faced the pioneers. In those desolate days at the beginning of July we felt as if no one had ever climbed, as if no one would ever climb again. The great Maurice Crettex had returned to Champex. At the Valsoret hut we found two feet of fresh snow, and one entry in the hut register, an entry registering a defeat on the Combin. Our attempt on the Combin was perhaps the first big expedition of the season, and unless we had been rendered desperate by decreasing funds we should have followed Crettex along the road to Orsieres.

That night the mists lifted, and next morning when we stepped out of the hut at 4 a.m. the stars still held the sky, though ugly clouds warned us of trouble to come. The night's frost had frozen the surface of the snow. It bore us for two strides and let us through at the third, whereat (like St. Peter) we began to curse and to swear. Clearly the long, steep snow-slopes leading up to the Col de Marten must prove impossible labour, so we forced our way on to the ridge that leads down towards the hut. By a tricky couloir we gained the arête just as the dawn began to gain the mastery, heralding in one of those days that break in splendour only to set in storm. So terrible a dawn I have never seen. Beyond the sullen dome of the Velan the Italian Alps were lit up in



On the St. Bernard Road.

relentless fire, in grim contrast to the angry banners of cloud that clung to Mont Blanc.

Es wechselt Paradieseshelle
Mit tiefe schauervolle Nacht.

We made our way along the narrow arêtes, and with fear in our hearts watched the grey light filtering through the gloomy mists that veiled the valleys. The powers of evil triumphed. The battalions of cloud rolled up, masking the jagged pinnacles that stoop towards Bourg St. Pierre, and gradually hiding all save the immediate foreground. Then the snow began to fall, and it grew wondrous cold.

A steep wall of rock, some three hundred feet in height, led to the col. It was an ugly bit of work. The holds, covered with a layer of fresh snow, all sloped the wrong way. During an awkward traverse a stone shot through the mist and cut our rope in two. I worked back across the frozen slabs, and looped up the broken strands. A vertical wall of snow, crowned by a cornice, gave trouble. I cut through the cornice, and with a shove from behind got my head and shoulders above the pass. A terrific blast of wind all but blew me back. I waited for a lull, and then scrambled on to the pass. H. followed.

It was a sight alone worth coming thus far to see. Above the gale we could scarce hear each other speak. Between us our icy swollen rope blew out like a sail. We were caught in the very vortex of the storm. Below us we could see the wind-tormented tumult of mist writhing like the spirits of the damned. Above, we watched the hurricane tearing off the snow in long streamers, and the cliffs of the Combin looming from a curtain of angry cloud. Those days of cloudless beauty, when the far horizon blended imperceptibly with the vault of heaven, have their own peculiar charm, but they tempt one to underestimate the difficulties of our craft. One's sense of proportion is restored when the storm fiends guard the mountain strongholds. It is only then that one realises the real grandeur of the great cliffs. Such days are the most enduring, when the ridges begin to mould themselves out of

the mists of memory. Even now I can almost hear the song of the storm re-echoing along the arête, can still feel that chill despair that we tried to hide beneath a mask of ill-assumed cheerfulness.

The Combin is a tolerably safe mountain to attack in a storm. We could regain the hut without crossing any of those open snowfields that prove dangerous traps in bad weather, and in the worst of conditions one can always follow an easy arête, so we decided to persevere. It is needless to relate at length how our fingers became numbed with cold, how the tempest forced us to make awkward traverses on the lee side of the arête, how the ice-swollen knot, where we had mended the rope, developed a perverse tendency, caught in every obstruction, and once nearly jerked the leader from his holds, how the stone which the leader rejected—and let fall—seemed a veritable boulder to the second man, and how at length, eight hours after leaving the hut—twice the ordinary time—we found ourselves on the last rocks of the Combin de Valsoret, some thirteen thousand six hundred feet above the sea. From here a narrow snow arête leads in half-an-hour to the Combin. It would have been madness to attempt with a gale blowing across it. Alpine travellers are supposed by the public, especially the feminine public, to revel in the near approach of dissolution. Difficulty is one thing, but somehow the close presence of “our rude comrade Death” is too disturbing for unalloyed pleasure. We had climbed the great Valsoret arête, and by returning down the great south face we should complete a fine traverse. With that we were content.

Under normal circumstances, this face is an easy scramble down broken rock. We found it a steep slope of wind-swept snow, through which we had to break steps with our feet—a tedious task. The monotony of this eternal treadmill made me almost long for the slip that would have put an end to the whole sorry business. There is something soul destroying in a steep slope of frozen snow when landmarks have vanished, when all save the immediate foreground is hidden by driving mist, when nothing indicates that one is really descending.

If guided, one can at least lose oneself in apathy. It is doubly exhaustive when to physical fatigue is added the mental weariness of unravelling a complicated clue. I knew we were somewhere on the south face, but unless we could hit off "the shoulder," we were bound to lose ourselves in the icefall of the Sonadon glacier. Suddenly the slope eased off. This puzzled me. Then it struck me that corresponding to "the shoulder" there might well be a more or less level belt running across the mountain. Bad weather climbing, at least, teaches one to make the best of small clues. So we worked away to the right, and to our joy found "the shoulder." I cut through the cornice, and H. lowered me on to the slope below, which fell away rapidly into the mist. Here the wind caught us with renewed fury. It was extremely cold, but one dared not hurry. I cut a few steps, drove my axe into the snow, wound the rope round it, and called on H. to follow. The cornice was hard to descend without the rope from above. I watched him with anxiety, and stood fast against a possible slip. He managed to descend safely, and, anchoring me round his axe, paid out the rope as I went forward. We repeated this tedious manœuvre till the slope eased off, and we decided to risk a glissade.

I shall never forget it—that long, mad slide down through the greyness. For twelve hours we had been climbing at top pressure. Only for five minutes had we dared to rest and bolt a hasty sandwich. One cannot eat when one is anxious. When we reached "the shoulder" we knew that we were safe. The inevitable reaction followed. Fatigue takes different forms. It always makes me see faces appearing. I wish I could add a touch of romance, but it is only in novels that the psychology of exhaustion obeys romantic laws. In my case it was a somewhat unlovely second cousin that flashed out of the mist. I wondered lazily what she was doing on the Combin, and the face resolved itself into a grinning boulder. Sometimes vast shapes loomed out of the greyness, to be hailed with shouts of "the Club hut." On nearer inspection they invariably proved to be small rocks that the mist had

magnified. Occasionally the slope eased off. We rose up and staggered wearily forward, rejoicing when gravity once more came to the aid of our exhausted frames. So we slid on ever downwards into the mist. The greyness seemed to rise up and smite us in the face. The maddening monotony of our surroundings never varied, always the same few yards of wind-driven snow, merging imperceptibly into a wooly impenetrable shroud.

Well, somehow or other we reached the rock boulders below the hut, which, of course, we had passed in the mist. Far too weary to retrace our steps, we wandered down through the rain to Bourg St. Pierre, which we reached after fifteen of the most exhaustive hours that I can remember. Even then our troubles did not end. During our climb we dared not wear snow-glasses, lest we should miss some slight but essential clue, and we spent the night suffering from the intense pain of snow-blindness.

Next morning we sat in a darkened room consumed with self pity. By lunch time our eyes had sufficiently recovered, and we joined a German whose views on mountaineering, the German invasion, and the character of Goethe's Gretchen were all equally convincing. He protested against "Gretchen" being regarded as the typical German girl, and, instancing certain moral lapses, added that she was scarcely "ganz ideal." We had reached the fish when ladies appeared. We were smitten with a sense of our gracelessness, and H. rose and fled. But the elder of the Americans had seen the nose of Leslie Stephen blistered and peeling, and with ready tact reassured the collarless ruffian, who was vainly endeavouring to conceal a somewhat ancient shirt. The bashful one was recalled.

We had sent a porter to collect certain of our belongings still at the hut, and to pay our wood tax. In the evening we walked up to St. Bernard Hospice, where we had spent many nights, including a New Year's Eve, when the old monastery was freed from the summer hordes. The monks greeted us with great joy, as men risen from the dead. They produced a newspaper paragraph lamenting our untimely death in an

avalanche. Apparently anxious parents had been trying to discover our whereabouts, with a view to prohibiting further guideless climbing—a little habit which we had guarded against by a certain vagueness in our addresses. The gossip of hoteliers had been magnified by some accursed journalist, with the result that for several weeks we felt supremely ridiculous. Those good people who had written sympathising with our parents still resent our existence as a deliberate insult.

We arranged by telegram for the fatted calf, and drove down next morning with our American friends to Orsierres, where we parted. A few weeks later they came out to Harrow, and instead of hoping that my accident would be a lesson to me—a somewhat frequent remark—they tried to show from parallel cases that I might hope to climb again. That is the kind of sympathy one does not forget.

A few weeks later, in search of a quiet place in which to work, I arrived at Corris. I knew nothing of the climbing possibilities of Talyllyn, but I was assured by the man who drove me from Corris that it was “a very rough place.” Further investigation led to the discovery that the Abrahams had climbed there, so the “roughness” seemed to have possibilities.

I was staying in a little inn kept by one Mrs. Jones, and I recommend it to anyone in search of a quiet inexpensive place. For a whole week I saw no one, and my conversation with Mrs. Jones was limited by her scanty knowledge of English, for the Welsh language still reigns in Talyllyn. Mrs. Jones assured me that she had not always lived in the country, her early life having been passed in the stirring atmosphere of Corris, which seems to harbour some ten-score sturdy souls. My bedroom was plentifully decorated with texts, which urged me to arise early and praise the Lord—excellent, if somewhat ineffective, advice. The texts were varied by scriptural pictures, two of which in the same frame, by the same artist, represented Moses before and after receiving the ten commands. In the first his hair was black,

in the second the shock had apparently transmuted it to a fiery purple, an interesting sidelight on the strange workings of scriptural physiology.

In the mornings I wrestled with the somewhat tedious vices of the Borgia Popes—in the afternoon I climbed. One day I strolled up to Craig y Cae, and was much struck by the appearance of a great gully leading up the cliffs. I did not know then that this was the famous "great gully, Craig y Cae," Owen Glynne Jones' favourite Welsh climb. Had I known this I should not have started the ascent at 5 p.m. It proved fascinating work, but before long I saw that if the last pitch should baffle a solitary climber, I should have to spend the night in the gully. This type of discovery is very depressing when one is alone. There is only one thing to be said for solitary climbing. It heightens one's sense of the mountain majesty. Their dangers are much more impressive to the lonely wanderer, and one enjoys their beauty undisturbed by irrelevant remarks. Surely the upper reaches of this gully are unrivalled among the Welsh hills. Though I was getting anxious I stopped more than once to absorb my surroundings. On either side the walls of the gully rose steeply, scarred by the passage of time, tortured into fantastic pinnacles, weathered and furrowed by sun, wind and rain. Below, the gully fell steeply towards the dark, gloomy waters of the tarn, which somehow seemed strangely melancholy in the waning light. The wind was echoing along the cliffs, and grey mists were rolling up the mountains. It was a sombre picture.

The last pitch proved an interesting piece of work, and just as the light failed I stood on the pass at the top of my first Welsh gully,

So the days passed, the mornings and evenings more or less devoted to work, the afternoons to long hours among the remaining gullies of Craig y Cae. Then, after a week of solitude, I chanced on two climbers, and arranged to join them in a visit to the "Great Gully." That evening Lindsay, a climbing friend, arrived. Next morning I took him up the "Great Gully," its normal difficulties being accentuated by

waterfalls, which usually found one's neck at the critical points in the difficult pitches. Only those who know the English gullies really realise the meaning of the phrase "wet through." Next day I left him at home, and climbed along the East ridge of Cyfrwy, off which I fell two days later. It is a climb of considerable interest. A steep face climb with fine holds is followed by the best piece of work in the district, "a miniature Mummery crack," as Mr. Abraham calls it. Next day Lindsay, Messrs. Warren and Syme and I climbed once more the "Great Gully."

Two casual remarks revealed Mr. Warren's temporary address, and the fact that he was a surgeon on the staff of "The London." I was to be profoundly grateful for both pieces of information. On August 28th I started for my last climb. As we wandered up to the pass between Cader and Cyfrwy, I pointed out what should prove a fine direct ascent of Craig y Cae. Lindsay anathematised the suggestion as suicidal. He was not feeling fit, and as a result he decided not to climb. He lent me his rope, dropped a tear on my boot, promised to give my family a helping hand, and assured me that he would head a search party. He is the second person to make and fulfil such a promise. It is the type of remark which should be penalised.

I intended to descend the east, and climb the north ridges of Cyfrwy. I slid down the crack, and found a direct route down "the face." The normal route starts fifteen feet down the face. I was feeling very fit, and I remember thinking that for physical pleasure there is nothing to rival crag climbing when eye, hand, and foot are working in perfect combination.

A few minutes later Lindsay kept his promise, and headed the search party. The crash of falling rock echoing from cliff to cliff disturbed a peaceful reverie. He turned to a stray visitor, and urging him to follow, dashed down a small gully. Then he heard my shouts, and knew that his worst suspicions were unfounded.

And this is what had happened. I had worked out into the steep face of "the Table." The holds were firm and ample.

There was no suspicion of danger. Suddenly the whole mountain seemed to sway. For a moment—which seemed an eternity of torment—I clung to the crag. It broke away above my outstretched hand, below my feet. It broke away, and carried me with it into space. I turned a complete somersault, landed on my back, rebounded into space, crashed twice against the ridge, and eventually pitched on to a sloping ledge some seven feet broad. The thunder of the rocks as they fell through the final 150 feet drop below my ledge showed me how narrow had been my escape.

As it was, I had fallen a distance which Lindsay estimated at a hundred feet in three long bounds. The coil of rope had protected, and perhaps saved my back. Now, allowing for the bumping en route, the fall probably lasted some five seconds, and in five seconds one can do a good deal of quiet thinking. After the rock finally broke away, I felt a sense of distinct relief. Fear left me, and was replaced by subdued emotions, mild irritation after each crash that I had still further to go, mild satisfaction that I was still alive, mild curiosity as to my ultimate destination. I remember thinking “at last I have let myself in for a bad accident,” but on the whole my experience confirms the theory that falling off mountains is a pleasant mode of making one’s exit from life.

On landing, I tried to sit up, but fell back hurriedly on seeing my leg. It was bent crooked, the ankle was twisted right round, a bone was trying to steal through the stocking, and the whole leg was bleeding with great vigour. My hands were badly cut, and the blood was pulsing out of my hip in great jets. Otherwise I was uninjured.

I shouted, but heard no reply. For a terrible twenty minutes I dreaded that Lindsay had returned, and that no one would hear my cries. Then shouts came, and my worst fears being allayed, I realised for the first time what I was in danger of losing. I looked up at the scar on the cliff where the crag had broken away — fragments remained on the ledge — and wondered, with a dull, yet intense pain whether I had climbed my last mountain. Lindsay, on his arrival, tried to reassure

me, and somehow his confident *ipse dixit* comforted me not a little.

Lindsay was preceded by an ancient man that keeps a hut on Cader. He looked at my leg critically, and assured me it was broken, a valuable medical opinion. He then analysed the perverted psychology that leads climbers to their fate, and trusted that my accident would prove a warning to fellow lunatics. He grasped my leg and moved it up the ledge, uncoiled my rope, and secured me to a buttress which overhung my narrow perch. Then Lindsay staggered on to the ledge, gave one glance at my leg, turned a curious colour, and sat down suddenly. He recovered himself, and briskly set about organising a search party. He suggested breaking off a gate and carrying me down on it. The ancient man of Cader hazarded a tentative suggestion in favour of sacks. Now I have seen corpses carried down in sacks, so considered this remark a little premature, and in somewhat doubtful taste. I sent Lindsay off in search of Warren. Luckily he remembered his address. He left me in charge of the visitor whom he had lured from the top of Cader, and then departed. The latter tried to make me comfortable, and offered me a cigarette, which I declined. I was sorry when he had to leave me. The next two hours I passed alone. They were rather unpleasant. My leg was more or less deadened, and the worst pain came from cramp. I dared not shift, and for four hours I lay head downwards on a slanting ledge, covered with loose sharp pebbles. These gradually worked into my back. To take my mind off the pain, I recited, with touching eloquence, all the poetry I could remember. I also tried to photograph the ridge, but unfortunately left the time stop in position, and so the result was nil. There was one bad disappointment. I mistook a party of tourists for the relief party. They were returning from Cader, and their laughter was borne up by the breeze. I envied them.

I fell at 4 p.m. About 7:30 p.m. it became colder. I started shivering, and the shivers ran down into my leg. About 7:45 p.m. the ancient man of Cader reappeared with

some tea which he had kindly brewed. Four hours after my fall the local policeman—heading a relief party—straightened my leg and put it into splints. This was not very pleasant. Luckily the ledge ran into easy ground. They lifted me along it and placed me on the stretcher. For two hours I was carried down a steep boulder-covered slope, and the inevitable swaying caused me discomfort. At length we reached easy ground. Night had fallen, and the ridge of Cyfrwy stood out black against the stars. I remembered a laughing prophecy of Donald Robertson's that I would soon come to grief. A few weeks later Robertson himself was to fall, and in his case the Welsh mountains were less merciful.

A carriage awaited me below the mountain, and at midnight, eight hours after my fall, I was carried into the Angel Hotel. I had had about enough, and I made them put me under chloroform before they undressed me.

My leg was broken and crushed in about nine fragments between knee and ankle. For days amputation seemed probable, but Mr. Warren saved me from that fate. They were very kind to me at the hotel, and Lindsay proved an efficient substitute till nurses arrived. They had telegraphed for nurses "suitable," that is, I suppose, unsuitable, "for a young undergraduate." My parents soon arrived from the Baltic, and accepted the situation philosophically. They were as anxious as I was that I should be able to climb again. At the end of a week I was taken home, and lay on my back for four months, much consoled by a Christian scientist, who reminded me that my leg was quite intact. The "false notion" was, however, insistent, and there were long nights when pain seemed the only permanent reality. Somehow those weary months passed, but the worst moment was yet to come. Old memories of happier days came back unbidden when I hobbled into the terrace at Berne, and watched the Oberland glowing in full sunlight.

I saw them, and they were the same ;

They were not changed, like me, in frame.

I escaped to a hotel, where the niblick has ousted the

ice-axe. I found it less irritating to keep my eye on the ball I could not hit than on mountains I could not climb. On two sticks I struggled up some three thousand feet, and the mere feeling of being again on the heights gave me intense pleasure. One can take even mountains too much for granted, and none but the convalescent knows the joy in common things, in far horizons, starry nights, and the intangible romance of clouds. I have had my lesson, and if only the kindly years will restore me the mountains, I can accept ungrudgingly a broken leg as a small price for the years in which they have brought me nothing but joy.



THE SOUTH-EAST GULLY OF SGURR A' MHADAIDH, SKYE.

By E. W. STEEPLE.

IN the "Skye" number of the *Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal* (No. 54, page 344), the following note on the South-West Peak of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh will be found:—

"Anyone looking at the hill from Coruisk will see a V-shaped buttress of rock running into the scree-slope above Coire an Uaigneis, with a gully cutting it into two."

The note deals with a fine climb made on the left or south half of this buttress in 1897 by Mr. W. Brown.

The gully here referred to was climbed by Dr. Guy Barlow and myself on the 16th September last, and was found to give excellent sport. It contains ten pitches, but above the seventh pitch a grass terrace on the right gives access to the wide gully between the Third and South-West Peaks.

Easy rocks at the commencement are followed by two short pitches of simple construction. Above this a few yards of scree lead to the third and most difficult pitch. This is about sixty feet in height, and is in three sections, which slightly overhang each other.

From the cave at the foot of the pitch a hole in the roof was reached by working up the left wall. The hole was uncomfortably small, but after a short struggle the leader emerged on the top of the first chockstone. Immediately overhead an elongated boulder projected outwards and downwards, almost filling the gully bed. This gave considerable trouble. It was necessary to reach a sloping ledge or bracket on the left wall, about a foot wide and eighteen inches long.



The South-East Gully of Sgurr a' Mhadaidh.

This ledge is visible on the photograph $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches from the left margin and 1 inch from the sky-line at the *apparent* top of the gully. (Owing to foreshortening the first six pitches only are seen.) The method adopted was to climb as high as possible under the projecting boulder, and, with back to the left wall, to sidle outwards until it became possible to sit on the ledge. Careful attention to balance was now required in order to assume a standing position. While the leader was endeavouring to effect this move, an apparent hand-hold higher up on the left wall was found to be loose, and a block of rock of about the size of a man's head had to be thrown down. This, however, exposed another small ledge, and with a good hold for the left hand in the crack between the boulder and the gully wall, the left foot was brought up to this ledge, whilst the toe of the other foot was inserted in a little recess on the right. The position was much exposed, as the body was thrown out a good deal, and it was considered advisable to thread the rope through the roof of the little recess.

After struggling upwards for about two feet the holds became inadequate, and an awkward turn had to be made in order to face the right wall. It was now possible to back up for a few feet, and with a stiff pull on the arms the top of the square-cut chockstone which dominates the pitch was reached.

The next three pitches rose vertically above, following one another in quick succession. The fourth pitch consists of a twenty-foot chimney, with smooth walls. This was climbed by straight-forward back and knee work, but the final pull over the rounded chockstone was found difficult owing to lack of definite holds. Above this a shorter chimney, with a similarly rounded block, was overcome without much trouble. The sixth pitch, however, which comes on immediately, has a very ferocious appearance. A rather complicated cave is roofed in by an enormous flat-topped chockstone.

No satisfactory line of ascent was discernible on either of the walls, which are here rather wide for backing up, but with some trouble a through route was effected from the right-hand portion of the cave. This skylight is too narrow to be

altogether pleasant, but another small hole near the right wall could be used as a thread by anyone finding it desirable to attempt the outside route.

The seventh pitch—a 15-foot wall—was climbed up the right corner, a good hold for the right hand being found on the retaining wall.

At this point the grass terrace cuts into the gully from the buttress on the right. The route continues straight ahead, however, though the angle, which hitherto has been extraordinarily steep, now becomes rather easier. Some small obstacles and a short scree lead to the eighth pitch, a narrow 25-foot chimney containing several jammed stones. This is succeeded by a fine-looking pitch—a chimney about thirty-five feet in height, surmounted by a pendulous mass of rock, by no means easy to overcome. Beneath this mass there was a tunnel, apparently forming a through route, which was not explored.

A little rocky hollow was now reached, from which the gully forks. The left branch seemed unsafe, being partly choked by a boss of trap-rock which looked insecure. The right branch was therefore taken, and was found to contain a neat and interesting chockstone pitch near the top.

Here the gully ends, and after building a small cairn the climb was continued past the top of the left branch and up some 250 feet of steep slabs to the summit ridge. As the ascent had been commenced late in the day, these slabs had to be negotiated by the dim light of the rising moon. The climb occupied about three and a quarter hours, the point reached being mid-way between the two tops of the South-West Peak, and some 800 feet above the foot of the buttress.

WHARNCLIFFE CRAGS, NEAR SHEFFIELD.

By HENRY BISHOP.

SHEFFIELD climbers are in the happy position of having within the city boundaries three gritstone outcrops, each of which may be reached by the expenditure of one penny as car fare, and a short walk. The trio of opportunities furnish some forty climbs of one sort and another, up to 50 feet in height. The writer trusts that an invasion of Sheffield by climbers will not be the result of these disclosures.

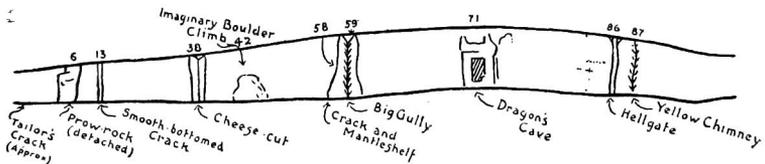
It may safely be asserted, however, that Wharncliffe Crag, about 8 miles north-west of the city hall, give better and more varied sport. The station is DEEPCAR, on the Gt. Central line, the crags being five minutes to the west. The stationmaster, on request, generally allows climbers to leave the premises *via* the station wall, and indicates the point at which to do this. The crags are situated in Wharncliffe Chase, to which Earl Fitzwilliam allows access on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays ONLY, all the year round; but every day (Sunday excepted) during Whitweek and August Bank Holiday week. Generally speaking, climbing may be indulged in without fear of interruption even on a Bank Holiday, as the public rarely visit the Deepcar end of the Chase. A good arrangement for a visit, especially for a long summer afternoon, is to reach the crags from Deepcar, and work along them so as to arrive at Wharncliffe Lodge (two miles from Deepcar, in the direction of Sheffield), or at the farm just opposite, in time for tea. Allow 45 minutes for stroll down to Oughtybridge Station (5 miles from Sheffield), where the return train can be joined. Tea of a plain description can be had at the Lodge on a few minutes' notice; but, if a more elaborate meal is required, or the party is large, notice should be given beforehand. (Postal address: Mrs. Lakin, Wharncliffe Lodge, Wortley, near Sheffield.) The

Tapestry Room at this old lodge contains many interesting relics. It is not open to the public, but Mrs. Lakin will generally show over it any visitors mentioning the writer's name.

The climbing-ground may be divided into three sections:— The Deepcar Range (92 climbs); Long John's Stride (6 climbs); The Secondary Range (about 12 climbs). The rocks are of fine grain (Wharncliffe grit) and are almost perpendicular, with, in many cases, good holds. There is nothing above 40 feet in height.

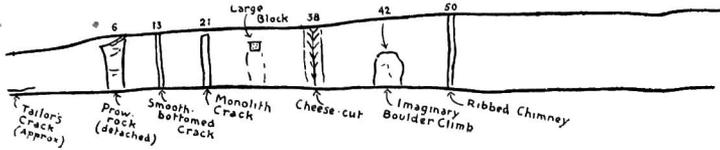
A few feet above Deepcar Station, a sharp look-out should result in the identification of the small boulder problem known as *No. 1 at Deepcar*, which has upset many calculations. No reference is allowed to a tempting stepping-stone on the right. It may here be mentioned that, although on small scrambling of the Lliwedd variety the use of a hold or a pitch belonging to the next climb is not only unprohibited but is even encouraged, the Wharncliffe fastnesses are girt about with healthy restrictions in this respect.

About three minutes' walk above the station a track is crossed, and the greater part of the Deepcar Range (up to about 62 climbs) comes into view. Comparatively few of the climbs have been or can be given names; and the writer refers to them in this article by number, reckoning from left to right (facing the rocks), giving name also where such has been applied. He would suggest that the visitor, arrived in sight of the rocks, carefully look out a few salient points, using sketch *No. 2*. (*No. 1* is as the *whole* range appears from a greater distance and from a somewhat different view-point).



"DEEPCAR RANGE" FROM ROAD. (HALF-A-MILE AWAY)

SKETCH No. 1.



A PORTION OF DEEPCAR RANGE, SEEN FROM ABOVE STATION.

SKETCH No. 2.

No. 6 stands out about seven feet from main mass; 13 is a narrow, somewhat overhanging crack extending almost from foot to top of rocks; 21 is up between the wall and a detached pillar; 38 is a V-shaped corner with wedged stones in lower portion; 42 stands a short distance in front of main line of crags; 50 has a rib in its upper part. Farther to the right the profiles of various rock-masses containing the other climbs, shown in No. 1, are distinguished. It is well to walk a little way to the right in order to locate these. The Dragon's Cave (71) is unmistakable; Hell Gate (86) is one of the longest climbs; the Yellow chimney (87) owes its name to the colour of its walls.

Returning to the northerly end of the range, the detached Prow rock will be easily perceived, in passing along to the short and narrow Tailor's crack (No. 1), which visitors are set to climb in order that the natives may pass judgment on the quality of imported garments. This ordeal over, the Prow and its appurtenances (2 to 7) demand attention. The traverse of the Prow (up front 6, down back into gap 5) is not often done. The back route is quite usual and good; but the front should be reserved for leaders of experience, who should start quite at outer corner of Prow's foot, thence following a zig-zag route up the face, the last portion forming the *bonne bouche*. No. 7 on main mass, just behind point of Prow, is known to familiars as Eagle's Nest arête, principally because, as on its Lakeland namesake, there is no accommodation for eagles. From Prow, notice on next mass of rock a horizontal shelf overhung at inner extremity by a gradually

closing crack (part of No. 12). Also notice first crack to *left* of this (No. 10), which is very stiff. Climbs 8 to 14 are in this mass. No. 9, using crack *only*, is well worth doing; a little forethought as regards order of precedence of the feet works wonders. The correct way to take No. 12 (see above) is to start up a little crack on front of bastion, thus gaining outer end of horizontal shelf, which is followed until overhanging crack is reached. With second man inside, the leader screws out and up (taking care to retain his nose), and then is the tug-of-war! A minute toe-hold for right is a valuable asset. This climb, called the Cave Outside route, is very difficult, but the Inside route is simply a scramble through, and may be used if outside way is thought too severe. No. 13, the Smooth-bottomed crack, is next door to the initial crack of the last described climb, and runs up the front of the bastion. The lower portion (smooth, and with an overhang) will be found severe, and the whole climb of 36 feet is exposed. (Test a horizontal flake in upper portion.)

(As regards the difficult and the very severe climbs to be found at Wharnccliffe—the moderate climber should of course not attempt to lead these. To safely lead, for example, the three difficult routes just referred to, and such things as Nos. 24, 42 (Imaginary Boulder climb), 50 (Ribbed chimney), 58 (Crack and Mantelshelf), 66, 71 (Dragon's Cave), and the Double Crack climb, which commences the Secondary Range, the climber must be perfectly sure of himself. Recollections of curious happenings on the first pitch of Hell Gate, etc., prompt the offer of this advice).

The Zig-zag climb (14) is a few feet to right of No. 13, and is a pleasant means of descent after doing the latter. Near its top is a small chockstone.

The next useful mass of rock may be recognised by two slightly detached pillars, the second of which helps to form the Monolith crack (No. 21). But before reaching this crack, the corner first arrived at, which closes in at top (No. 17), may be done on outside, and is very interesting. The second detached pillar has on and about it the climbs Nos. 21 to 24. Up between the side first reached and the main wall (*i.e.*,

where the gap between pillar and wall is widest) is the Monolith crack, so called because it is not a crack, and the pillar is (the writer has reason to suspect) not a monolith but a duolith. Its ascent, however, demands much energy. No. 22 is between wall and other corner of pillar, and possesses similar cheerful proclivities to those of the Tailor's crack (No. 1). No. 23 is the Back-and-Foot chimney—feet against pillar and back across the gap. In the other corner of the gap will be noticed a very narrow crack—just room for the fingers, No. 24. This should be done right from foot, *using the crack only* for both hands and toes. Although short, it is one of the very stiff climbs. A few feet along is No. 27, a chimney closing in at top. (Bring out the left hand before getting too high.) In the next hundred feet or so occur several unobtrusive climbs, after which a sort of trough with two cracks at top gives gentle sport (Nos. 32, 33). The right-hand finish, where crack holds a chockstone, is the better. The bastion to left of these may be climbed up the edge as a balance test (No. 31). Twelve feet to right is a beak of rock wedged in a crack (No. 35). (A large square block perched on edge of rock helps in identifying this portion of the range.) Ninety feet to right occurs a V-shaped corner, with chockstones in lower portion. Up above, where it becomes a mere crack, the breaking-off of a flake has made the climb easier than of yore. It is known as the Cheese-cut (No. 38); and the Cheese-cut Crack (39) is five feet to the right. On same mass, starting at a point where the rock is yellow, is the Leaf Crack (41), which is of some difficulty.

Passing a detached mass we move along for about 90 feet to No. 42, the Imaginary Boulder climb, found on a sort of corrugated rock somewhat forward of main line of range. The convenient boulder on left is *on no account* to be used. The difficulties are almost continuous. Some distance below, between Nos. 38 and 42, the face of one of the boulders forms a slab with three problem routes:—left side, a trough (boulder at side not to be used); centre; right side. The routes increase in difficulty from left to right, and are well worth doing. No. 44 starts as a little yellow chimney facing the

Deepcar end ; at its top, the climber walks along a horizontal ledge to a crack with jammed stone, which gives an entertaining finish.

Passing various cracks, etc. (climbs Nos. 45 to 49), the Ribbed chimney (see sketch No. 2) is encountered. This climb, No. 50, is most interesting. Attention should also be called to a perpendicular crack (No. 51), very thin and difficult. It is just round the corner from the Ribbed chimney. Contiguous is No. 52, a chimney with thin rib up centre and slab partially roping it in. Nos. 53, 54 are the two corners of the North Gully Cave pitch, reminiscent of Tryfaen. There is a holly-bush at foot.

No. 55, near by, is a smooth chimney, followed by easy scrambling. It faces the Deepcar end. Passing round to face of bastion, an easy climb up some ledges (No. 56) is seen. A few feet farther along, and we are in the Big gully (No. 59), a useful landmark and a good route, though easier than it appears at a glance. The little cracks and ledges which adorn its wall on the RIGHT (looking at rocks), on one occasion of energy furnished a route leading into top corner of gully pitch ; but the climb, if it may be so called, is perhaps scarcely to be recommended.

Probably the best face-climb at Wharncliffe is No. 58, the Crack and Mantelshelf route, which starts at outer edge of Big gully's LEFT (looking at rocks) wall. Forty feet of free rope will just about see the leader through. A 5-inch crack, formed where a sheet of rock has started away from the face, is followed to its top, and the climber finds himself just below the Mantelshelf, to get on to which constitutes the chief difficulty of the climb. As previously mentioned, the moderate leader has no business here ; an error of balance would probably result in a comprehensive glissade. The Mantelshelf may, however, be experimented on by posting a man on a terrace level with top of crack, *but off the climb*, to hold the rope. But, though "all's fair in love and war," rock-climbing is not supposed to come in either category ; consequently the climb cannot be said to be done *direct* unless finished in one pitch.

Just beyond Big gully is No. 61, a good perpendicular crack. Walking 50 feet to right, the sloping face encountered has three routes (66, difficult, extreme edge only, on left; 67, moderate, up centre only; 68, easy, on right of latter). The difficult route is especially interesting. Nos. 64, a little overhanging pitch, and 65, a small chimney, the latter leading to finish of the difficult way up the face, are well worth doing.

Fifty feet to the right is the Dragon's Cave, where the dragon of Wantley (Wharnccliffe) may have passed his leisure. Nowadays, the only fearsome-seeming thing here is climb No. 71. Mounting the buttress on the right, a *firma loca* is entered. From here the leader, belayed over a convenient edge, traverses horizontally for about 12 feet across top of cave (judicious use of toes on small, down-sloping supports), ascends to a ledge, and reaches top of climb by means of a vertical crack. The latter contains a loose stone. There is a chimney in back of cave.

At one side of an alley just beyond the cave are two excellent cracks (Nos. 72, 73).

Now mark a large tree near foot of rocks, where a wall approaches. Forty feet LEFT of tree is a flat face with three short cracks (Nos. 74, 75, 76), the second and third of which join at foot. Eighteen feet to RIGHT of tree is a perpendicular channel which has defied all efforts. Thirty feet to RIGHT of tree, the bastion possesses a crack which higher becomes a chimney. No. 78 is up chimney and over jammed boulder, whilst No. 79 uses edge of chimney. A hand-traverse of about 25 feet may be had here. It is broken about midway by the before-mentioned crack, and on this account is reminiscent of the Pillar Rock difficulty. About 30 feet right of this is No. 83, a smooth, short V-shaped corner, difficult to locate, but vastly more difficult to climb.

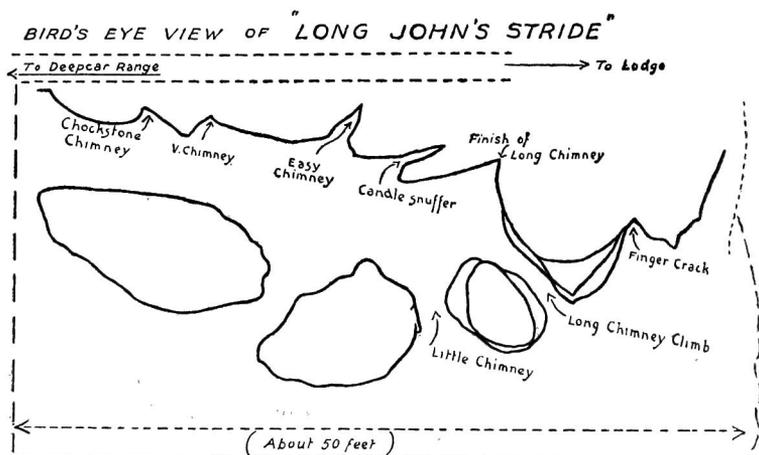
The mass of rock a few feet to right of this (and succeeded immediately on the right by the Hell Gate bastions) possesses a horizontal through-route going by the name of the Stomach traverse. All visitors, but those of comfortable figure especially, should essay its purgatorial passages on their way to Hell Gate; but they must in common fairness be warned

that no assistance is to be expected of the attendant demons, who will be mainly employed in laughing and jeering. Expletives have been heard here.

Hell Gate is Wharncliffe's only three-pitch climb (No. 86). The first pitch is the most difficult, the arms doing much of the work at the finish, so that it is not wise to waste energy at the start. The second pitch will not cause much delay. The third is up the wall on the right, to the highest point. This is a very popular climb, and is done processionally, so to speak. No. 87, the Yellow Chimney, modestly hides its good points to the right of the Hell Gate mass. A few cracks on the short face succeeding the Yellow chimney are amusing (Nos. 88 to 91). No. 92 is the last of the Deepcar Range climbs. It is about 70 feet to the right of the cracks last mentioned; and will be found interesting, if found at all.

It will be observed that not all the climbs on the Deepcar Range are described. Exigencies of space forbid such a course; but the writer would say that the list of omissions includes many climbs which are very well worth doing.

The track running along top of crags should now be followed for about five minutes, when the rocks constituting *Long John's Stride* will be observed immediately below, on the right. Before descending, most of the climbs may be located from



SKETCH No. 3.

The Chockstone chimney is full of overhanging chockstones, the final one often causing some struggles. The V-chimney is not so stiff. The Candle-snuffer is a sort of inverted V, and is started on the inside, an outward traverse being made half-way up. It is not easy. The Long Chimney climb of about 35 feet, although not difficult, is worth doing, and finishes at a tree level with, or just below, the track. The Finger crack is very difficult. Something of the method to be adopted in climbing it may be deduced from its name.

Continuing along the track, the commencement of the *Secondary Range* is reached at a sloping slab on the left side of the path. This slab is smooth, and its surface bears witness to the involuntary glissades of those who have tried to run up it. The writer describes only one climb here—the *Double Crack Climb*, which is immediately behind the running-stone mentioned above. A straight crack, too narrow in the lower part to admit the foot, is broken at about half its height by an erosion of the rock, but continues above this point in slightly wider form. The difficulties of this climb are—the lower portion; the start of the upper portion. It is doubtful if the upper portion can be started unless the rocks are perfectly dry.

The other climbs on the Secondary Range are not described here on account of the less definite and compact character of the range; but a visit will reveal some very difficult and interesting work, and the climber will pass on to Wharnccliffe Lodge with a splendid appetite for tea.

THE SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN.

By W. PIFFE BROWN.

MOST persons have heard of the so-called "Spectre of the Brocken," but comparatively few know that the apparition is to be seen in our own country. Given certain conditions, viz., (1) A mountain peak or ridge, clear of opaque mist; (2) transparent vapour or humidity on the peak or ridge; (3) bright sunshine, and, (4) some opaque mist in a suitable position, and the vision appears. It is often seen from the peaks and ridges of Snowdon, and some adjacent mountains. A recent display was exceptionally fine, and merits some record.

In the middle of September the weather was unusually fine, there had been no rain for a fortnight, easterly winds prevailed, and on several days there was much "black haze" —so much that the scenery was obscured and no sun or sky was to be seen. These conditions ruled on the 16th when I, and a companion, started to ascend Snowdon. We reached the summit at 4 p.m., and when within a few yards of it we emerged from the obscurity of the haze into a clear atmosphere, with a cloudless blue sky and bright sunshine above.

Immediately below the summit there was a zone of humid white mist, and beyond this, as far as the eye could see, nothing was visible but black haze, not a peak or ridge, near or far, was in sight, we stood as it were on a small islet in a boundless sea of mist and haze. We at once thought of the spectre, and, placing ourselves in position, were not disappointed.

A clear outline of the peak with the buildings, ordnance cairn, stump of flag pole, ourselves and one stranger (the only persons there), was projected on the white mist just below, and the whole was surrounded by the usual circular *mist*bow,

smaller and fainter than an ordinary *rainbow*, but showing the complete circle, somewhat like a halo.

The appearances seen on the mist are not simple shadows. They are similar to dark figures thrown on a screen by means of lenses in a magic lantern. The bow is caused by the sun's rays passing through the transparent vapour or humidity on the peak, just as the ordinary rainbow results from the rays passing through a shower of rain.

We left the summit shortly after 5 o'clock, the sun was then within an hour of setting and becoming involved in the haze, and the figures on the mist were slowly fading. Darkness overtook us in the descent.



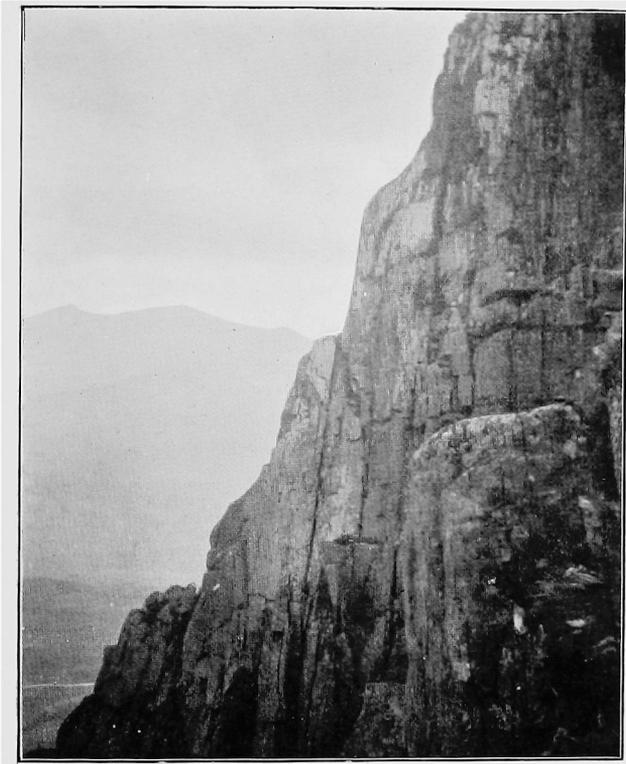
NEW EXPEDITIONS ON THE CAMBRIAN CRAGS.

By J. M. ARCHER THOMSON.

THE inclement weather interfered seriously with the plans of all climbers in the Alps last summer, but a certain measure of compensation came to H. O. Jones, K. J. P. Orton and myself in the enjoyment of a rainless week among the Cambrian Craggs in September.

Two days were devoted to Lliwedd; and in spite of the multiplicity of routes, which have now been carefully described, a few details about our additions will probably interest Lliwedd climbers.

On the West Peak we succeeded in penetrating the "Terra Incognita," an extensive slabby expanse to the east of the Rocker Route. Beginning on the lower part of the Bilberry Terrace we worked upwards by chimneys and fragments of gullies to the foot of a vertical black and white wall, which can be seen plainly from the scree. At a short distance this appears impossible of ascent, and such, I am inclined to think, it would prove, but for a narrow rock traverse running a few yards west from a stance with a belaying-block. Owing to bulging rocks above the passage along the string-course, a complicated body-poise of the utmost delicacy is required. This puzzling problem the leader began sitting and ended standing. The second man was not thus humiliated, but an upright attitude would be hardly advisable without the safeguard of a taut rope. Forty feet of nearly vertical wall, with small flat holds, brought us up to the foot of Craig yr Aderyn. From here fifteen minutes is fast time to the top. The climb will please a strong party. Like the Elliptical Route, whose



Central Ridge of Y Garn.

second ascent has just been made, after an interval of thirteen years, it reveals the unconscious humour hidden in the oft-repeated assertion that one can go up the West Peak anywhere with the certainty of coming out *sooner or later* on the summit.

On the following day we made a new climb or variant up the central slabs of the East Peak. From the Heather Terrace we ascended with some ado a long rib on the east side of Route I. This brought us almost underneath the Paradise Shelf, which, as its name implies, is very difficult to reach; in fact we were forced on to a 30 foot slab, already known to my companion, who invented the Paradise Route. The finish is awkward; side-nails I have long discarded, but should have been glad to have the use of them here. This shelf is one of the "SANCTA" of the East Peak; from it we followed a slanting bright streak of quartz. These silvern stairs led up to that Elysian field, the Gorphwysfa. In point of severity, this climb is on a par with the Central Route, but it has the additional merit of being clean, and wholly free from grass.

The next four days were spent in Cwm Glas, where we enjoyed, as at Easter on the Gleision, all the pleasures of exploration in the midst of a very familiar environment.

We had the good fortune to make four breaches in the extensive face of Ddysgyl, which walls in Upper Cwm Glas. A broad scree-terrace runs at the foot of the cliff from the Parson's Nose. At its far end an open curving gully leads up to a deep dark rift, 30 to 35 feet high. It may be added parenthetically that two chimneys on the left of the gully should probably be left alone, in any case the capstone of one, lurches and canted under the weight of splinters, dropped from above. The rift is vertical, but as both walls are utilised, it needs effort to a greater degree than skill. We emerged on a comfortable platform, entered a gully on the left, and were soon trying conclusions with its steep and smooth water slide of fifty feet. It is the antithesis of the lower difficulty, and required the greatest care and circumspection. A stretch

of easy climbing brought us to a lofty final pitch ; the actual water-line is impossible, but we were successful on its right wall, and reached the summit of the mountain near its Eastern Cairn.

The same initial rift provided us with an opening to another climb of a different, indeed of an exceptional character. From the platform we traversed to a large stony gully on the left. Happily this soon ended abruptly in a little cirque. Out of this we climbed on the right, and up a wall of so unusual a structure that it resembles a vast stack of organ pipes. The pipes are practically vertical, generally sound, and, where climbable at all, they afford well-shaped, flat-ledge holds. At the top of this wall we passed several deep low-roofed caves, and a chimney beside one of them gave access to the crest of the ridge.

A brief scramble up a small conspicuous buttress of the mountain near the Green Saddle deserves passing mention, as it is worth while diverging from the favourite ridge walk along the Cribs for this ascent of the "Clerk's Nose."

The Water-slide Gully and the Organ Route can be found easily, but our other breaches in Clogwen Ddysgyl, which begin further to the east, are too intricate to be described usefully until photographs are available. Anyone, however, who happens in the meantime upon the "Gambit Route" will have before him one of the steepest and most delectable face-climbs in the country.

Several interesting discoveries, including an arête with thirteen gendarmes, were made on the west side of Snowdon, but time and space permit me to mention only that we found the East ridge of Y Garn a charming climb, well scored by a will-o'-the-wisp trail of scratches, which constantly disappeared at the foot of the harder obstacles. These were virgins, and proved very difficult to surmount. The crest affords a continuous climb of 400 feet on good rock.

A leisure hour before cycling to the station we spent in making reconnoitres, and ascended the Central Ridge of

Y Garn as far as a small shelf at the foot of a vertical "step" some sixty feet in height.

This ridge, of whose existence I had never heard any one speak, or had myself made mention, was unhappily a few weeks later the scene of a fatal accident. On the east side of its crest we found much unsound rock.

It is hoped that these fragmentary notes may be of interest to strong parties if good conditions prevail at Easter.



DERBYSHIRE PENNINE CLUB NOTES.

NOVEMBER, 1910.

THE annual meeting was to have been held previous to the dinner, on 5th November, 1910. but owing to the non-arrival from Kinder Scout of three of the flock, including the secretary, the meal was partaken of in advance. Incredible as it may appear, even hardened practitioners of the arts of moss-walking and midnight rambling preferred rather to attack the good things provided by mine host of the Nag's Head Inn, Edale, than to form themselves into a search party for the lost ones. The cautious folk who stepped from the train straight into the appetising odours of the yearly feast probably said to themselves :—

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter ;
We therefore deem it meeter
To patronise the latter.

At the commencement of the meal, Mr. G. H. Harrison, the new president, was voted to the chair, on the motion of Mr. Henry Bishop, the retiring president. The attendance was, as usual, good. After dinner, the annual meeting was held, the financial statement and the report of work done by the Club during the year being voted satisfactory. The officers elected for 1911 are :—G. H. Harrison, President ; F. A. Winder, Vice-President ; J. W. Puttrell, Hon. Treasurer ; W. Smithard, Hon. Secretary ; for Committee—H. Bishop, G. S. Mitchell, J. W. Percival, W. M. Sissons and W. P. Smith. At the smoking concert, which followed, the usual toasts were interspersed with musical and elocutionary items contributed by Messrs. E. C. K. Walter, W. Elliott Amies, Edwin B. Unwin, Henry Bishop and Charles Baines. The latter got an

enthusiastic encore for his original recitation, "The Climbing Novice's Story." The missing members of the party put in an appearance about nine o'clock, and received an unmistakable welcome. The programme was as follows:—

TOAST	- - "The King"	THE PRESIDENT.
PIANOFORTE SOLO	"Tarantelle in E minor" (S. Smith).	Mr. HENRY BISHOP.
SONG	- - "Songs of Araby" (Fred Clay).	Mr. W. ELLIOTT AMIES.
SONG AT THE PIANO	"How to write a Coon Song"	Mr. E. C. K. WALTER.
RECITATION	- -	Mr. CHAS. BAINES.
TOAST	"Kindred Clubs"	Mr. HENRY BISHOP.
DUET	"Tenor and Baritone" (Lane Wilson).	Messrs. AMIES and UNWIN.
RESPONSE TO TOAST	-	Mr. C. D. YEOMANS.
RECITATION	-	Mr. A. E. GOODEY.
SONG	"The Windmill"	Mr. E. UNWIN.
TOAST	"The Guests"	THE HON. SECRETARY.
DUET	"The Two Beggars"	Messrs. AMIES and UNWIN.
RESPONSE TO TOAST		Mr. A. E. GOODEY.
MONOLOGUE AT THE PIANO	"The Ghosts of Kinder"	Mr. E. C. K. WALTER.
RECITATION		Mr. CHAS. BAINES.
SONG	- "I hear you calling me"	Mr. W. ELLIOTT AMIES.
TOAST	"The President"	Mr. J. W. PUTTRELL.
DUET	"The battle eve"	Messrs. AMIES and UNWIN.
RESPONSE TO TOAST		Mr. G. H. HARRISON.
SONG	"The Longshoreman"	Mr. E. UNWIN.
VOICES OF THANKS TO ARTISTES		THE PRESIDENT.
REPLY TO SAME		Mr. E. C. K. WALTER.

God Save the King.

The Club had been favoured with permission to visit Kinder Downfall and Fairbrook Naze on the following day. The weather was persistently bad, however, and only three men availed themselves of the privilege. Climbing was indulged in at the Downfall, where snow and mist rendered it impossible to see from one corner of the gorge to the other.

Fairbrook Naze was not visited, it being evident that no useful prospecting for new climbs could be done. Instead, a course was steered by compass across the plateau to Grindsbrook Clough, and so down in the rain, to Edale, where other members of the party had spent a very comfortable day by the fireside at the Nag's Head.

WHY THREE OF US MISSED THE PENNINE
CLUB DINNER.

BY THE HON. SECRETARY.

We left the stony streets of Hayfield in the highest spirits at 1:30 p.m., and briskly strode along the well-made track over the lower moorlands, west of the river Kinder. Here a height of not more than 1250 feet was reached, but along the precipice walk between White Brow and Nab Brow glorious views were obtained. A mile or two westward the river valley was filled with dense, smoky fog, blotting out completely both landscape and firmament, but over us the sky was brilliantly blue, and the air clear, keen, and invigorating.

As we descended steeply to William Clough, the great mass of Kinder Scout was prominent ahead of us, thickly clad with pure white snow, speckled everywhere with black crags, or with the steep edges of the peat moss crevasses on the plateau. The outline and anatomy of the great "glacier" of the Peak were thus seen under ideal conditions.

Rising from William Clough, and proceeding eastward between Sandy Heys and Hollin Head, with the broader parts of the Kinder Clough far below on our right, we soon struck rough, steep ground. The difficulties here slackened our pace, but the progress of the fog up the valley was being accelerated, and we could see that to the summit there would be rather a tight race between us and it.

After splashing through a broad expanse of beautiful green bog, it was delightful to come upon a bold outcrop of gritstone crags, on the rough surfaces of which we could get comfortable, dry footing, and whence we had a brief glimpse of the Mermaid's Pool. Above the crags was a long, rough slope, with continuous snow a foot or more deep, where our going was slow, while the sea of fog came ever nearer up the valley.

At four o'clock we reached the Downfall, that weird gash in the plateau, 2000 feet above sea level, where the river plunges into the magnificent ravine of Kinder Clough. As we approached the edge to glance down into its vast depths we heard echoing voices, but it was some minutes before we could descry the tiny forms of the owners thereof—two roped rock climbers who were making their way tediously up the precipitous black cliffs.

As we had only an hour of daylight before us, it was highly expedient to cross the plateau in double quick time, and get well into the descent of Grindsbrook Clough, on the far side, before darkness fell. A gorgeous sky heralded the near approach of night, but we could not pause to admire it. Fortunately the Kinder stream was frozen, and in many places the ice was thick enough to bear our weight, but ever and anon in our hurry we crashed through into the clear cold water of the river. All along on either side showed the open ends of the mighty army of deep crevasses with which the peat is scored, and it was not very encouraging to note that they usually contained snow from four to ten feet in depth. Sometimes, to avoid the chilliness of the open water, we got amongst the crevasses, but it was difficult and slow work to cross them.

Having followed the bed of the Kinder stream for half a mile southward, we struck due east across the heart of the plateau, an apparently interminable sea of black wave-like crevasses, capped with a thick coat of snow that in a painting one might easily have mistaken for angry foam. At that time of day, especially to one not familiar with the sight, the outlook was not attractive. However, we plunged into the great crevasses, and began to flounder through the deep drifts of soft snow, when one of our party, to whom the scene was new, and who must have been very much out of condition, was seized with faintness, and had great difficulty in continuing the journey, but three abreast we struggled on over the plateau.

Soon the night came down like a thunder-clap, just as, by the greatest good fortune, we had entered a long continuous winding crevasse which we hoped formed one of the feeders of Grindsbrook Clough. This crevasse was freer of snow for a short distance, and we were able to walk along the ice of its frozen stream, thus getting a welcome relief after our journey across the plateau. Winding continually, and descending very gradually, the peat moss crevasse eventually led us to the rocky head of a ravine. I struck a match on my tin box, and, protecting it with my hat, consulted the compass with poignant interest. My conclusion was that we had struck Grindsbrook Clough correctly, and this conjecture was confirmed when we saw the faint glow of a passing train in the distant gloom.

The sky was now completely clouded. Not a star was visible, but the snow reflected just sufficient light to enable us to see the way

a few yards ahead. But it was not possible to keep three abreast all the time. One had to be frequently a little in advance, looking out the route, and testing the dim deceptive ground for safe places to tread on. It was often impossible to distinguish by eyesight between a black opening, into which one fell with a shudder, and a huge boulder which caught the shins with a shock that made one shiver all over. We had nothing stimulating to drink, and no food that we felt able to eat. So hour after hour the ordeal continued. At last we came to the first sign of civilisation—a stone wall, and shortly afterwards saw the thrice welcome lights of Edale. The surface of the ground became smoother, but the slopes, deeply clad with snow, were extremely difficult to descend safely.

As step by step painfully we got nearer Grindsbrook, we could see the sparks of fireworks, and hear the Derbyshire Pennine Club letting off crackers. Hoping to get some assistance, we whistled and shouted our hardest, but there was no response except more sparks and crackers. How maddening it was!

Further down the Clough we got below the snowline, and the darkness became intense. Our blackest moment was when we came to a dense wood, which we were quite unable to penetrate. After skirting its edge down an abrupt slope, we were disgusted to find ourselves confronted by a high stone wall, plentifully garnished with barbed wire. Along by the wall we went, hoping in vain to find an outlet, then, feeling that this was the limit of our efforts, we mounted the slope again, and tried to round the wood by its other edge. Incredible! There was a narrow path to a field gate, and beyond it a rutty cart track, then a tolerable road leading to the Nag's Head, where we arrived at nine o'clock instead of five. This is why three of us missed the dinner.

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OBITUARY NOTICE.

C. A. O. BAUMGARTNER.

THE news of the death of this original member of our Club in July will have been received with the deepest regret. He was not only one of the earliest rock-climbers in Wales and the Lakes, but he was also a pioneer among the Alps.

Charles Astry Octavius Baumgartner was born in Geneva at the Maison Dunant, and the foundations of his education were laid at the school kept by the celebrated Toepffer, who was in the habit of taking his pupils for long tours in Switzerland, and publishing journals of their adventures, admirably illustrated by his own facile pen and pencil.

Not long after the boy entered Rugby School, and in 1884 passed on to Oxford, where he obtained a scholarship at Oriel College. He took a respectable but not distinguished degree, and used to describe very amusingly how hard he found it to persuade his father that a fellowship was not within his reach. It ended as he averred, in his going round, cap in hand, begging for certificates of incompetence, an application quite outside the experience of the authorities.

After taking his degree in 1848 he took some tutoring work, which involved a stay of several months in the neighbourhood of Windermere, and founded in him that affection for the Lake Country which he never afterwards lost. Among others with whom he walked about the hills (for at that time climbing had hardly occurred to him) were Vincent of Cambridge, the great pair-oar rower, and Ottwell Adams, afterwards Minister at Berne. In the following year, 1850, he was again in the same part of the country, and this time chance directed his steps to the West, and he found himself at Wastdale Head. Here, of course, he came across the celebrated Will Ritson,

who told him of a formidable and almost unscaled crag not many miles away, called the Pillar Stone. The curiosity of the young Oxonian and his love of adventure were both immediately aroused, and soon after the two set off together, the local man to show the way, the stranger to undertake the perilous enterprize with what success he might. How well he succeeded is recorded in the pages of Edwin Waugh, and also in the following amusing extract from a local paper of that date :—

“Great as has been the number of tourists visiting the wild and magnificent scenery of Wastdale Head and the neighbourhood within the last few years, we have heard of but one who has ascended the Pillar Stone on Ennerdale Fell.

“This task was accomplished on Friday week, the 30th ult., by a gentleman who had been sojourning a few days at Mr. John Ritson’s. He attained the summit of that steep eminence in clever style and in a remarkably short space of time. He found a small bottle on the top—as the papers were wet he did not extract them. He descended the Pillar in safety, bringing with him a few small stones as trophies of that not everyday performance. The same gentleman, a few days afterwards, accompanied by two others, ascended Scawfell Pikes, when he climbed the Broad Stand, a rocky and dangerous precipice situated between Scawfell and the Pikes, an ascent which is perhaps more difficult than even that of the Pillar Stone. His two companions were content with looking on, and afterwards selected an easier, though a more circuitous path.”

The two companions on Mickledoor were Messrs. Phillips of Grasmere and Hughes of Wadham College, the climber’s contemporary at Rugby and Oxford. In a letter to his sister, dated 2nd September, 1850, he writes :—

“I’ve been up perpendicular Pillar and also down it without breaking my neck, to the great delight, excitement and astonishment of all the natives here ; I am considered a lion of the first magnitude. I am going to devote two

or three days more to the killing of a few remaining mountain lions, and then for Windermere and luggage and for Milton."

He then describes a visit to Piers Gill, and ends the letter with a sketch, or rather a somewhat conventional outline, of the Pillar fell and stone. It is curious that they are shewn from the East, seeing that we should expect him to have approached the rock from the opposite side; it is, however, quite possible that his first view of the rock may have been obtained from the East, because Ritson would know quite enough of the ground to take the short cut by Great Doup, which would bring them out on the Shamrock ridge and so give them this very view. They would then cross above Pigsaw and drop down to the starting point for the climb from the West, which we may be pretty sure was the only route then known.

When Mr. Baumgartner re-visited the rock with me in the year 1886 I took him up both from the East and from the West before asking him to say from which side he believed himself to have ascended. He did not profess to remember precisely; but said he felt confident that the former was too intricate to be that which he had followed, while the latter corresponded fairly well to his recollections. Thus his evidence was of a somewhat negative character, but Ritson, though I could not get him to say how the climb was made, or even where he himself stood during its performance, told me one thing which was to my mind conclusive. He had the typical "old man's memory," wonderfully good for the remote past, but apt to ignore facts which had come to his knowledge more recently, and when I asked him whether he knew anything of the other ways, he startled me by saying that there were no other ways, and that no one had ever ascended the rock except by the side towards "Brodwatter," *i.e.*, Ennerdale Water. We may therefore take it as fairly certain that during Ritson's prime none but the West way was known to any of the local men, and that the East route was really new when it was discovered in 1863. Another question of great interest

is, whether any but natives had climbed the rock before 1850, that is, did the supposed ascent by Lieut. Wilson ever take place. Mr. Baumgartner certainly had great difficulty in accepting it. He visited the deceased climber's sisters, but could get no evidence of any substantial kind, and he felt certain that such an exploit must have become known in the neighbourhood. Probably it is not a case where we can ever expect to get much proof either way.

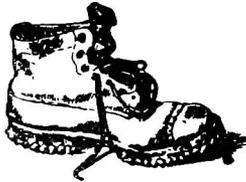
In the following summer our friend found himself back in the country of his birth at Grindelwald. Here he made his attack on the Jungfrau, which has been fully described in the pages of the *Alpine Journal*. He seems to have had some sort of plan for attempting Monte Rosa also, for in his letters from Australia he refers to that mountain with a rather special interest. However, with his departure for the Antipodes his Alpine career came to an abrupt conclusion; when he returned in 1861 from the gold-diggings he did not take up his old pursuit again, but he was always deeply interested in the Alps, and made many visits to Snowdonia and to the English Lakes. He was over sixty when I first met him, and from want of exercise his feet were very tender, so that walking was very laborious to him, but as soon as ever we got upon the actual rocks he climbed with all the vigour of a young man. There is a very formidable point on the cliffs of Scawfell, nearly in a line with the ridge of Mickledoor (the same, I think, which is mentioned by Professor Tyndall), this he dashed at with astonishing vigour, and was genuinely surprised when I recommended him to leave it alone.

He was a handsome man, robust, deep-chested and muscular, and, as is often the case with the younger members of large families, he continued to regard himself almost as a boy, and preserved his youthful outlook upon life to a wonderful degree. Without being a highly scientific man, he took a considerable interest in science, and especially in optical matters. He was a somewhat diffident but entertaining talker, and, as a companion, unaffectedly kind and considerate. In this Club he took a keen interest, and to my knowledge

had intended to bequeath to it several objects which we should have greatly prized, but his failing eyesight prevented him from carrying out this excellent intention.

He used to say that he could climb even before he learned to walk, because his brothers would lift him in their garden up to the lower branches of certain trees, on the under side of which he would travel along suspended like a sloth. He was in the Eastern Alps as early as 1845, and, as I have pointed out in the *Alpine Journal*, it is quite probable that at the time of his death he was the oldest living mountaineer. In this country even Mr. Bowring, though an older man, did not begin climbing so early as 1850. Both at home, therefore, and abroad an important historical landmark is removed.

W. P. HASKETT SMITH.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

OWING to the fact that sufficient material for the publication of the September number has only recently been received, numbers 49 and 50 are published together. As these numbers would, in any case, be issued together, it is obvious that it is undesirable to put the Club to extra expense.

It is proposed, in future, to publish only one Annual Number of the *Climbers' Club Journal*, and to deal with Club Notices in a periodical bulletin.

It is hoped that this change may enable the Club to publish a volume which will prove of greater value to members without, in any way, impairing their present advantages. As this will probably involve considerable alterations in the production of the *Journal*, the Editor desires to take this opportunity of thanking members of the Club and others who have done so much to help the *Journal*.

A single Annual Number will involve much more work than has been necessary in the past, if the standard set by other Clubs, who issue an annual volume, is to be maintained in our own *Journal*. It is hoped, therefore, that all members who can offer contributions will make a special effort to render the new venture a success.

COMMITTEE NOTES.

THE Annual Meeting and Dinner has been fixed for Friday, the 10th February, 1911.

* * * *

ATTENTION is called to the publication by the Club of the first two volumes of their proposed series of climbing handbooks. The first volume is a guide to the climbs on Lliwedd by Messrs. J. M. A. Thomson and A. W. Andrews. The second volume treats of climbing in the Ogwen District, and is written by Mr. J. M. A. Thomson. It includes accounts of several entirely new climbs.

* * * *

BOTH volumes are published by Mr. Edward Arnold at the price of 5s. net. In addition to the ordinary sources, copies may be obtained at Pen-y-Gwryd, Pen-y-Pass, and Ogwen Cottage. Members of the Club can obtain copies at the special net price of 3s. 6d. (with postage 3s. 10d.) by applying to the Honorary Secretary.

* * * *

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/-**; except 15, 16, 17, which are **3/-** each.

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 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?

* * * *

ATTENTION of members is called to the facilities recently instituted for the borrowing of books from the Club Library.

The Library contains a good working nucleus of climbing literature, but for its extension, must necessarily be largely dependant upon the presentation of volumes by members.

* * * *

NEW MEMBERS. — At a Committee Meeting held on the 12th October, 1910, the following new members were elected :—

James Bowen Burrell, 19 Fulwell Park, Liverpool.

Charles Frederick Elias, 11 Dunraven Road, West Kirkby, Cheshire.

Kennedy Joseph Preirtie Orton, Llwyn Erthin, Bangor, North Wales.

James Lewis Pitcher, 95 North Side, Clapham Common, S.W.

AT a Committee Meeting held on 21st December, 1910, the following new member was elected :—

Theodore Henry George Parker, 91 Abbey Road, Barrow-in-Furness.

REVIEWS.

TWENTY YEARS IN THE HIMALAYA. By Major the Hon.
G. C. BRUCE. Edward Arnold.

FIVE MONTHS IN THE HIMALAYA. By A. L. MUMM.
Edward Arnold.

BOTH these books are valuable contributions to the history of Exploration in the Himalayas. Mr. Mumm's work is one of the best monographs yet published on a climbing expedition, and should take its place among the best Alpine Classics. Major Bruce gives us less detail, but his unique record of Himalayan Travel should make his book of exceptional interest to a wide public. Among the illustrations the Panorama of the Eastern Himalaya, by Mr. Burlington Smith of Darjeeling, is especially worthy of note. The whole range from Mt. Everest to Kinchenjunga is shown from a point in the foot hills. It would be difficult to find a panorama which illustrates in a more striking manner the size of the Himalayan peaks, and the great distances which have to be traversed to reach their base. Mr. Mumm refers to the immortal Mr. Woodhouse, who liked his gruel to be thin, but not too thin, and remarks that mountaineers have a similar ideal with regard to climbing, which should be difficult, but not too difficult. We doubt if the Himalayas are really suited to these weaker brethren.

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EVERY effort has been made to ensure correctness, but the Honorary Secretary will be indebted to any Members who will call his attention to inaccuracies.

CLIMBERS' CLUB

RULES LIST OF MEMBERS AND OFFICERS • 1910



THE CLIMBERS' CLUB.

RULES

REVISED TO APRIL, 1910.

I.

The Club shall be called "THE CLIMBERS' CLUB," and its objects shall be to encourage mountaineering, particularly in England, Ireland, and Wales, to promote the advancement of Botany, Geology, Art, and Natural History in relation to mountains, and to serve as a bond of union for all lovers of mountain climbing. Title.

II.

All gentlemen interested in the objects of the Club, as defined in Rule I, shall be eligible as Members. Members

III.

The affairs of the Club shall be managed by a Committee consisting of a President, two Vice-Presidents, an Honorary Treasurer, an Honorary Secretary, and nine ordinary Members, with power to add to their number two extra Members. Three to form a quorum. Management.

IV.

The Officers of the Club and Members of the Committee shall be elected for one year, at the Annual General Meeting, but may be re-elected subject to the following limitations, namely, that no President or Vice-President shall hold office for more than three, and no ordinary Member of the Committee for more than four years consecutively, reckoned from one Annual General Meeting to another. For the purpose of this rule service *ad interim* or as an extra Member shall not be counted. Officers and Committee.

V.

The Committee are empowered to fill up *ad interim* any vacancy occurring among the Officers of the Club or the rest of the Committee. Vacancies among Officers.

VI.

Sub-Committees. The Committee may appoint for any purpose a Sub-Committee, for which any Member of the Club shall be eligible.

VII.

Election of Members. The election of Members shall be absolutely under the control of the Committee, who shall decide upon a candidate's climbing and other qualifications.

VIII.

Ditto. Every candidate for admission shall be proposed by one Member, of not less than one year's standing, and seconded by another, both of whom must have a personal knowledge of the candidate. The candidate's name and usual place of residence, his profession, occupation, or other description, and his business address, together with the grounds upon which he founds his claim to membership, and any further particulars which the Committee may require, shall be sent by the proposer to the Honorary Secretary not less than twenty-one days before the day of election.

IX.

Ditto. Either the proposer or the seconder of a candidate shall submit a written report in regard to such candidate, to be read to the Committee before the case is considered.

X.

Ditto. Any omission or inaccuracy in the particulars relating to the description of a candidate shall render his election voidable, at the option of the Committee.

XI.

Ditto. Every candidate shall be balloted for at a Committee meeting at which not less than five members vote, two black balls to exclude.

XII.

Ditto. On the election of a new Member, the Honorary Secretary shall notify him of his election, and forward to him a copy of these Rules, and payment of such new Member of his entrance fee and subscription for the current year shall constitute an acceptance of the Club Rules. A new Member shall not enjoy any of the privileges of the Club until his entrance fee and subscription are paid, and, if the same are not paid within three months of the date of his election, the election shall be null and void.

XIII.

New Members shall pay an entrance fee of one guinea, and all Members shall pay an annual subscription of half-a-guinea, the subscription to be due on the 1st January in each year. Members elected after the 30th September in each year shall pay only the subscription for the ensuing year. Subscription.

XIV.

No Member shall vote or enjoy any of the privileges of the Club until he shall have paid his annual subscription, and the Committee are empowered to remove the name of any Member not having paid his subscription within three months from the time when it became due, but may re-admit him on such terms as they shall think fit. Subscriptions in Arrear.

XV.

The Committee are empowered to elect as Honorary Members men who have rendered eminent service to the objects of the Club. Honorary Members.

XVI.

The Annual General Meeting of the Club shall be held during the first week of February, or as soon thereafter as possible, to receive the Statement of Accounts, to elect the Officers and Committee for the ensuing year, and to transact general business. Annual General Meeting.

XVII.

At least one month's notice shall be given of the date fixed by the Committee for the Annual General Meeting, and seven days at least before the Meeting the Honorary Secretary shall send to each Member of the Club a copy of the Statement of Accounts and notice of the Meeting, which shall include particulars of the motions to be brought forward. Ditto.

XVIII.

At any General Meeting twenty shall form a quorum. Quorum.

XIX.

No vote shall be taken on any original motion affecting the rules or finance of the Club at a General Meeting, or at any adjournment thereof, unless notice in writing of that motion, signed by two Members, shall have been received by the Honorary Secretary at least fourteen days before the time of such voting. Notices of Motion.

XX.

Voting. The voting on all resolutions submitted to a General Meeting shall be by a show of hands, but if a poll be demanded by not less than three Members, a ballot shall be taken.

XXI.

Extra-ordinary General Meeting. The Committee shall at any time, upon the requisition in writing of not less than ten Members stating the motion or motions to be brought forward, call an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Club.

XXII.

Ditto. Not less than twenty-one days' notice shall be given of an Extraordinary General Meeting; the notice convening the meeting shall state the business to be transacted thereat, and no business shall be transacted at such meeting other than that specified in the notice.

XXIII.

Expulsion. A Member may be expelled by the votes of two-thirds of the Members present at an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Club, called for that purpose, of which due notice shall have been sent to him.

XXIV.

Annual Dinner. The Members of the Club shall dine together once in every year, and except under special circumstances, the Dinner shall take place on the same day as the Annual General Meeting. Every Member may, so far as space permits, introduce friends to the dinner at his own expense. Notice of the date and regulations appointed for the dinner by the Committee shall be published in the Journal or sent by circular to each Member at least one month before such day.

XXV.

Club Guests. The Committee may invite to any Entertainment of the Club distinguished men (not exceeding three) as guests of the Club.

XXVI.

Notices to Members. Every notice to a Member shall be considered as duly delivered when posted to or delivered by hand at the registered address of that Member.

LIST OF OFFICE BEARERS.

President.

Professor J. B. FARMER; M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S. (1910.)

Vice-Presidents.

J. M. ARCHER THOMSON; M.A. (1908.)

GEORGE B. BRYANT. (1910.)

Honorary Editor.

A. W. ANDREWS; M.A.

Honorary Librarian.

E. A. BAKER; M.A., D.Lit.

Honorary Treasurer.

C. C. B. MOSS,
27, Clement's Lane, London, E.C.

Honorary Secretary.

C. MYLES MATHEWS,
151, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

Members of the Committee.

JOHN C. MORLAND. (1907.)

GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG; M.A. (1907.)

Sir F. H. E. CUNLIFFE, Bart. (1908.)

SYDNEY B. DONKIN. (1908.)

R. W. LLOYD. (1908.)

HENRY CANDLER. (1909.)

A. W. ANDREWS. (1909.)

R. F. BACKWELL. (1910.)

GEOFFREY BARTRUM. (1910.)

NOTE.—The Club Library is at 2, King William Street, E.C.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

(CORRECTED TO APRIL, 1910.)

The letters A.C. indicate that the member is also a member of the Alpine Club.

A

- Abraham, Ashley Perry ; The Screes, Keswick.
 Abraham, George Dixon ; Idwal, Chestnut Hill, Keswick.
 Adams, Arthur Cyril ; 94 Avondale Road, South Croydon.
 Aitken, Samuel (A.C.) ; Hempsted, near Gloucester.
 Aldous, Fred. C. ; 21 Queen's Avenue, Old Trafford, Manchester.
 Allbutt, Sir T. Clifford ; K.C.B., M.D., F.R.S. (A.C.) ; St. Radegund's,
 Cambridge.
 Andrews, Arthur W. ; M.A. (A.C.) ; Adela Avenue, West Barnes Lane,
 New Malden.
 Angus, W. Gurney ; 5 Ellerdale Road, Hampstead, London, N.W.
 Arnold, Thomas, Jun. ; 1 The Circus, Greenwich, London, S.E.
 Ascherson, Charles S. (A.C.) ; 3 Whitehall Court, London, S.W.

B

- Backwell, R. F. (A.C.) ; Exchequer and Audit Department, Victoria
 Embankment, London, S.W.
 Bagley, Arthur L. ; 53 Park Road, Coventry.
 Baker, E. A. ; D.Lit., M.A. ; Public Library, Woolwich.
 Barlow, Guy ; D.Sc. ; The University, University Road, Edgbaston,
 Birmingham.
 Barnes, Alexander ; Ravenhead, Criffield Road, Acton, W.
 Barrington, Richard Manliffe ; M.A., LL.B. (A.C.) ; Fassaroe, Bray,
 Co. Wicklow, Ireland.
 Barrow, Harrison ; Lawn House, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
 Barrow, Walter (A.C.) ; 13 Ampton Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
 Bartleet, Arthur M. (A.C.) ; 3 Little Stanhope Street, London, W.
 Barton, Claude William ; Hall Garth, Clapham, Lancs.
 Barton, Guy Douglas ; M.B., B.Sc. ; Norwood Lodge, Weybridge.
 Bartrum, Geoffrey ; 3 Wickham Road, Sutton, Surrey.

LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued.*

- Bates, Reginald Henry ; 60 Rodney Street, Liverpool.
 Baumgartner, C. A. O. ; 15 Rivercourt Road, Hammersmith, London, W.
 Bellars, Albert E. ; M.A. ; Lyncroft, Wisbech.
 Benson, Claude E. ; 43 Emperor's Gate, W.
 Berrill, Frank ; Hall Close, Kettering.
 Binns, A. H. ; 10 Homelands Park, N. Sunderland.
 Blunt, Herbert William ; M.A. ; Christchurch, Oxford.
 Bolton, John Gatesgarth ; 67 Victoria Crescent, Eccles, Lancashire.
 Bond, Henry ; 48 Cranley Gardens, Highgate, London, N.
 Boyce, H. R. ; 3 Norfolk Crescent, Hyde Park, London, W.
 Bradley, Jno. M. G. (A.C.) ; West Lodge, Mansfield, Notts.
 Brant, R. W. (A.C.) ; Foreign Office, London, S.W.
 Bremner, George Frederic ; Westminster Chambers, Dale St., Liverpool.
 Brett, J. V. ; Grove Cottage, Sandy Lane, Maybury, near Woking.
 Brinsley-Harper, Frank ; 6 Bickenhall Mansions, W.
 Broadrick, Henry Crewdson ; Orley Farm, Harrow, Middlesex.
 Brown, J. W. ; 41 Onslow Gardens, Highgate, N.
 Brown, William Piffe ; Glyder House, Belgrave Road, Gloucester.
 Bruce, J. A. B. B. (A.C.) ; Selborne Lodge, Austin Road, Guildford.
 Brunskill, Walter (A.C.) ; Morland, Darlington.
 Brushfield, Thomas ; M.D. (A.C.) ; Church Road, St. Mary's, Scilly.
 Bryant, George B. ; 2 King William Street, London, E.C.
 Buckley, William ; Broad Oak Park, Worsley, Manchester.
 Burgess, George E. ; 2 Westbourne Road, Birkdale, Southport.
 Burrows, Rev. John Nelson ; M.A. ; St. Augustine's Vicarage, York Street,
 Hackney Road, London, N.E.

C

- Caddick, Alfred (A.C.) ; Glenfield, Sutton Coldfield.
 Camber-Williams, Rev. Robert ; The Vicarage, Lampeter.
 Campbell, T. Fraser S. ; 124 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.
 Candler, Henry (A.C.) ; Broad Eaves, Oakfield Road, Ashted, Surrey.
 Canney, C. R. ; The Homestead, Hatch End, Middlesex.
 Chant, T. C. Ormiston ; Grove Hill Lodge, Harrow-on-the-Hill.
 Chaplin, Ernest W. ; The Firs, Great Amwell, Ware, Herts.
 Cheney, A. Gibson ; 25 Devonshire Terrace, Lancaster Gate, W.

LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued.*

- Clark, A. J. ; Netherleigh, Street, Somerset.
- Clark, Ernest ; 1 Coleherne Court, South Kensington, London, S.W.
- Clarke, Lionel W. ; B.A., (A.C.) ; 5 Ladbroke Square, London, W.
- Clayton, John Morton ; J.P., (A.C.) ; Longlands, near Chesterfield.
- Coates, Lewis James Moncrieff ; 25 Highbury Quadrant, N.
- Coddington, E. F. ; St. Frideswide, Southbourne Road, Bournemouth.
- Collingwood, Bertram ; M.B., B.C. ; The Chestnuts, Guildford.
- Collins, George Lissant (A.C.) ; West Hill, Rochdale.
- Cookson, Christopher ; M.A. (A.C.) ; Magdalen College, Oxford.
- Corlett, William E. ; Westminster Chambers, Dale Street, Liverpool.
- Corner, E. M. ; M.B., B.Sc., F.R.C.S. ; 37 Harley Street, London, W.
- Craig, G. H. ; c/o E. Ashworth & Co., Harter Street, Manchester.
- Crook, W. Montgomery ; M.A. ; National Liberal Club, London, S.W.
- Cunliffe, Sir F. H. E., Bart. ; M.A. ; 78 Oxford Terrace, London, S.W.
- Cyriax, Rudolf Charles ; 23 Aberdare Gardens, West Hampstead, London, N.W.

D

- Dakyns, John Roche ; Gordon Cottage, Bushey Heath, Watford.
- Daniel, Edgar G. C. ; M.B. ; Crayhurst, St. Martin's Avenue, Epsom.
- Davey, Arthur William ; 36 $\frac{1}{3}$ Goswell Road, E.C.
- Davey, John Henry ; St. Heliers, Church End, Finchley, London, N.
- Davidson, J. M. ; Manor House, Liscard, Cheshire.
- Davies, W. Lloyd ; Exchequer and Audit Department, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.
- Dickinson, Page L., 13 South Frederick Street, Dublin.
- Donkin, Sidney B. (A.C.) ; 43 Lingfield Road, Wimbledon.
- Douglass, Walter J. ; 14 Clifton Terrace, Brighton.
- Downes, Howard ; Rowrah, Priory Road, Hornsey, London, N.
- Downes, J. S. ; 14 St. Mary's Road, Canonbury, London, N.
- Dunn, Stanley Gerald ; M.A. ; University, Allahabad, W. Provinces, India.

E

- Eckenstein, Oscar ; 34 Greencroft Gardens, London, N.W.
- Ellis, G. W. H. (A.C.) ; Summersbury, Shalford, Guildford.

LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued.*

- Evans, Edward ; 13 Pembroke Park, Dublin.
 Ewen, George Thomas ; Linwood, Wilton Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
 Ewing, Professor James A. ; M.A., F.R.S. ; Royal Naval College,
 Greenwich, London, S.E.

F

- Farmer, Professor J. B. ; M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S. (A.C.) ; Claremont House,
 Wimbledon, Surrey.
 Farrar, Capt. J. P. ; D.S.O., (A.C.) ; Brayfield House, Newport Pagnell,
 Bucks.
 Fish, Rev. Arthur H. ; B.A. ; Arnold House, Chester.
 Fontannaz, Antoine J. ; c/o Messrs. Wm. Porter & Co., Liverpool.
 Forbes, John W. F. (A.C.) ; Christ's Hospital, West Horsham.
 Fox, Adam (A.C.) ; Seymour Grove, Old Trafford, Manchester.
 Franz, Henry J. W. ; Summerhill House, Litherland, Liverpool.

G

- Garrett, F. ; Westfield, Stanmore.
 Gatty, Victor Herbert (A.C.) ; Whiteholme, Hoghton, Preston.
 Gaul, Percy C. ; M.A. ; Trinity Hall, Cambridge.
 Gibbs, G. B. ; 3 Ashbrooke Crescent, Sunderland.
 Gimson, Martin ; White House, Clarendon Park, Leicester.
 Gimson, Arthur ; White House, Clarendon Park, Leicester.
 Godley, A. D. (A.C.) ; Magdalen College, Oxford.
 Gotch, H. Gale (A.C.) ; Chesham House, Kettering.
 Goulstone, W. V. ; 34 Egerton Road, Greenwich, London, S.E.
 Gover, W. H. (A.C.) ; 10 Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.
 Graham, John ; 111 Meadow Terrace, Carlisle.
 Gray, Thomas ; Bishophill House, York.
 Green, Francis S. ; Highfield Lodge, Highfield, Southampton.
 Grenfell, Francis ; Hillcroft, King Edward Road, Slough.
 Griffin, Ernest H. ; B.A. ; c/o C. H. de Lemos, H.B.M. Consul, Ciudad
 Bolivar, Venezuela.
 Griffiths, Waldron ; 134 Market Place, Cirencester.
 Gubb, Seymour J. ; Ardwin, Hill Lane, Southampton.

LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued.***M**

- Hale, C. H. ; 15 Austin Friars, London, E.C.
 Harland, Hy. ; Vernon House, 381 Beverley Road, Hull.
 Harlow, Bernard S. ; Heaton Norris, Stockport.
 Harris, E. B. (A.C.) ; 14 Rutland House, Marloes Road, Kensington.
 Haskett-Smith, E. L. W. ; C.E. ; 57 Cresswell Road, East Twickenham.
 Haskett-Smith, W. P. ; M.A. (A.C.) ; 34 Russell Road, Holland Park, London, W.
 Hatfield, George Frederick ; 10 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.
 Henderson, Ralph Bushill ; Rugby School, Rugby.
 Heppel, Richard Mortimer ; Golden Manor House, Hanwell, London, W.
 Heywood, M. B. ; 16 Brammerton Street, Chelsea.
 Hill, F. W. (A.C.) ; Ellerton, Mill Hill Park, London, W.
 Hinton, Henry Arthur ; Sunnyside, Fulwood, Preston.
 Hirst, J. ; 1A Gloucester Walk, Campden Hill, N.W.
 Hobbins, John Hy. ; Grove Street, Wilmslow, Cheshire.
 Hooper, Wynnard ; M.A. (A.C.) ; 13 Sumner Place, London, S.W.
 Hughes, Harold ; Aelwyd, Bangor, North Wales.
 Hunter, J. Donald ; St. Nicholas, Bury St. Edmunds.

J

- Jackson, F. W. ; Bleasdale, Belfield Road, Didsbury, near Manchester.
 James, J. E. ; LL.B. (A.C.) ; Thornbury, Broxbourne.
 James, W. W. ; F.R.C.S. (A.C.) ; 2 Park Crescent, Portland Place, W.
 Jebb, George R. ; Fairyfield, Great Barr, Birmingham.

K

- Kidson, E. R. ; 136 Gregory Boulevard, Nottingham.
 Knowles, Guy J. F. ; B.A. ; 17 Kensington Gore, London, S.W.

L

- Lamb, Robertson ; Strand Road, Bootle.
 Lambert, Arthur W. ; Tweedvale, 18 Vincent Road, Croydon.
 Lancaster, William ; Morningside, Burnley, Lancashire.

LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued.*

- Langford, Rev. Francis R. L. ; M.A. ; 11 Abbey Terrace, Tewkesbury.
 Lehmann, C. T. ; Maydore, Mattock Lane, Ealing, London, W.
 Lewis, F. J. ; The University, Liverpool.
 Lloyd, R. W. (A.C.) ; 15 and 6 The Albany, Piccadilly, W.
 Lloyd, G. M. ; M.A., B.Sc., F.R.S. ; The Limes, 7 Pepys Road, Raynes
 Park, S.W.
 Longstaff, Gilbert C. ; Clare College, Cambridge.
 Longstaff, Ralph ; Highlands, Putney Heath, London, S.W.
 Longstaff, T. G. ; M.A., M.D. (A.C.) ; Ridgelsands, Wimbledon, Surrey.
 Lowe, Thomas E. ; East Bank, Burton-on-Trent.
 Lowen, Horace C. ; 16 Lessar Avenue, Clapham Common, London, S.W.
 Lucas, W. W. ; Cowper Road, Harpenden, Herts.
 Lunn, A. H. M. ; Oldfield House, Harrow-on-Hill.

M

- MacCarthy, Rev. E. F. M. ; 50 Harborne Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
 McCulloch, W. Paton ; Dudley House, Blundellsands, Liverpool.
 Mallory, G. H. L. ; Pythagoras House, Cambridge.
 Marler, Walter ; Inveruglas, Brighton Road, Purley.
 Mathews, C. Myles ; B.A., LL.B. (A.C.) ; 151 Cannon Street,
 London, E.C.
 Maude, William (A.C.) ; 3 Arundel Street, Strand, London, W.C.
 May, W. W. R. ; 18 Dartmouth Park Avenue, Highgate Rd., London, N.W.
 Mearns, Thomas (A.C.) ; 16 Great George Street, Westminster,
 London, S.W.
 Mennell, H. T. ; F.L.S. (A.C.) ; St. Dunstan's Buildings, London, E.C.
 Milton, J. H. ; 8 College Avenue, Crosby, Liverpool.
 Minor, P. S. ; Avonmore, Wilmslow Road, Alderley Edge, Cheshire.
 Morland, John C. (A.C.) ; Northover, Glastonbury.
 Morrish, Harold Gabriel ; M.A. ; Leonard House, Grange Road, Sutton,
 Surrey.
 Morrish, Ralph Stewart ; Oaklands, Oxshott, Surrey.
 Morse, George Henry (A.C.) ; Beech Hill, Thorpe, Norwich.
 Morshead, H. W. ; Castlemount, Castle Knock, Co. Dublin.
 Moss, C. C. B. ; 27 Clement's Lane, London, E.C.

LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued.***N**

Nettleton, Charles W. (A.C.); 17 Thirlmere Road, Streatham, London, S.W.

Neville, F. H.; M.A., F.R.S.; 15 Park Side, Cambridge.

Newton, Rev. H. C. (A.C.); Chiltern View Road, Uxbridge.

Nicholson, George; F.L.S.; 37 Larkfield, Richmond, S.W.

O

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

Oppenheimer, L. J.; 8 Manley Road, Alexandra Park, Manchester.

P

Pagden, Lionel King; Holmstoun, West Byfleet.

Parish, J. B. (A.C.); 1 Wood Lawn, Dulwich Village, London, S.E.

Parker, W. N.; M.D.; 10 Tollington Park, Holloway, London, N.

Pearson, Frank S.; LL.B.; Avon Lodge, Upland Road, Selly Park, Birmingham.

Pearson, J. Fildes; Barwicke Lodge, Disley, Cheshire.

Peel, Robt. M.; 4 Linton Road, Oxford.

Pemberton, Harold; 24 Falkner Square, Liverpool.

Philipson, F. W.; Briery, Keswick.

Phillips, E. T. Adams; Hurstwood, Bromley, Kent.

Phillips, J. H. A.; 6 Great James Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.

Pickstone, C. H.; Parkgate, Stand, near Manchester.

Pilkington, Charles (A.C.); The Headlands, Prestwich, near Manchester.

Pole, Mark (A.C.); 6 Eslington Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Prickard, A. O.; M.A. (A.C.); Shotover, Fleet, R.S.O., Hants.

Pumphrey, Thomas Edwin; Mayfield, Sunderland.

Puttrell, J. W.; 2 Hanover Square, Sheffield.

Q

Quincey, Edmund de Quincey (A.C.); Oakwood, Chislehurst.

LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued.***R**

- Reade, Herbert V. (A.C.); 32 Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, London, W.
- Reade, William Russell; Park Corner, Blundellsands, Liverpool.
- Reid, Kenneth G.; Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.
- Reynolds, Edward S.; 13 East Street, Bridport.
- Rhodes, Thomas; 8 Gerald Road, Chester Square, S.W.
- Richards, Rev. A. V. Valentine (A.C.); Berkeley Lodge, Ridgway, Wimbledon, Surrey.
- Rickmers, W. Rickmer (A.C.); Innsbruck, Austria-Tirol, Adamgasse 9.
- Riddett, Arthur Elliott; 6 Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn, W.C.
- Roberts, Ernest E. (A.C.); 5, Harewood Hill, Darlington.
- Roberts, Walter M.; Royal Military Academy, Woolwich.
- Robertson, Robert A. (A.C.); Kirklands, Hermiston, Midlothian.
- Robson, John W. (A.C.); 25 Booth Street, Manchester.
- Rolleston, Lancelot W. (A.C.), M.B.; Napsbury, near St. Albans.
- Rose, T. K.; D.Sc.; The Royal Mint, London, E.
- Ross, Francis Edward; Little Ground, Netherwasdale, Cumberland.
- Runge, H. J. C. (A.C.); 4 East India Avenue, London, E.C.

S

- Scott, John Russell: B.A.; 5 Carill Drive, Fallowfield, Manchester.
- Scrutton, The Hon. Mr. Justice; 3 Temple Gardens, London, E.C.
- Seatree, George; 39 Merton Road, Bootle, Lancashire.
- Shadbolt, Leslie G.; Rylstone, Harefield, Uxbridge.
- Shannon, William F.; 11 Hampstead Lane, Highgate, London, N.
- Shaw, T.; 18 St. Mary's Road, Higher Crumpsall, Manchester.
- Shea, C. E. (A.C.); The Elms, Foots Cray, Kent.
- Sheldon, Dr. Norman L.; Cordite Factory, Aruvan Kad, Nilgiri Hills, India.
- Simey, Ralph Iliff; M.A.; 11 King's Bench Walk, Temple, London, E.C.
- Skinner, Sidney; M.A.; South Western Polytechnic, Manresa Road, Chelsea, London, S.W.
- Slater, Edward Vere (A.C.); M.A.; Eton College, Berks.

LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued.*

- Slingsby, William Cecil (A.C.); Whitbarrow Lodge, near Grange-over-Sands.
- Smith, M. K. (A.C.); 86 Belgrave Road, London, S.W.
- Smithard, William; 15 Cromwell Road, Derby.
- Solly, G. A. (A.C.); 1 Grosvenor Place, Cloughton, Birkenhead.
- Southall, A. W.; Beech Hill, Sir Harry's Road, Birmingham.
- Sowerby, Thomas Herbert; B.A.; 16 St. German's Place, Blackheath.
- Spencer, Perceval; 5 Albert Terrace, Old Trafford, Manchester.
- Spencer, Sydney (A.C.); 9 Lansdown Place West, Bath.
- Spender, Edward Harold; M.A. (A.C.); 18 Pembridge Crescent, London, W.
- Starkey, F. C.; 27 St. Nicholas Street, Coventry.
- Steele, Louis J. (A.C.); 5 The Parade, Royal Dockyard, Portsmouth.
- Steeple, Everard Wilfred; The Retreat, Northfield Road, King's Norton, near Birmingham.
- Synnott, H. J.; Innismore, Glenageary, Co. Dublin.
-

T

- Taylor, James Henry; M.A., M.B.; 299 Eccles New Road, Salford.
- Thomas, His Honour Judge A. P.; 1 Derwent Square, Stoneycroft, Liverpool.
- Thompson, Charles H.; M.A.; Queen's College, Oxford.
- Thompson, Peter A.; B.A. (A.C.); Park Road, Penarth.
- Thompson, P. S.; 4 Victoria Square, Jesmond Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
- Thompson, R. E. (A.C.); Stanholme, Edenbridge, Kent.
- Thomson, A. R.; Beech House, Bowden, Cheshire.
- Thomson, J. M. Archer; M.A. (A.C.); Crestalla, Claremont, Llandudno.
- Thornton, Jack; 28 Springfield Mount, Leeds.
- Thorp, Percy (A.C.); Holly Bank, Leigh, Lancashire.
- Thursfield, J. G.; Hall Green, Wednesbury, Staffs.
- Townley, Charles Henry; Riseholme, Purley, Surrey.
- Tribe, W. Newton (A.C.); Sunnyside, Stoke Bishop, Bristol.
- Turner, E. Raymond; Rutland House, Epsom.
- Twigg, George Henry; Ludgate Hill, Birmingham.

LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued.***V**

Vardy, J. A. (A.C.); Kingston Lodge, King's Road, Richmond.

W

Wakefield, Arthur W. ; M.B. ; Birklands, Kendal.

Watson, William ; Inland Revenue Office, Somerset House, London, W.C.

Webb, W. Edward ; 19 Grove Terrace, Highgate Road, London, N.W.

West, Gerald R. ; Redcliffe, Braintree, Essex.

West, J. A. ; Clyst House, Theydon Bois, Essex.

Wherry, George E. ; M.A., M.D. (A.C.) ; Cambridge.

Whitaker, Lawrence E. ; Willow Bank, Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire.

Wilberforce, Professor L. R. ; M.A. ; The University, Liverpool.

Williams, Roderick (A.C.) ; 14 Castle Street, Liverpool.

Williams, W. J. ; B.A. (A.C.) ; 42 Rutland Park Mansions, Willesden Green.

Williamson, O. K. ; M.D. (A.C.) ; 55 Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square, London, W.

Woodhead, Arthur Godfrey ; 116 Chorley New Road, Bolton.

Woodhouse, G. F. ; M.A. ; The Hostel, Sedbergh, R.S.O., York.

Y

Young, F. S. ; The College, Bishop's Stortford, Herts.

Young, Geoffrey Winthrop ; M.A. (A.C.) ; Thorpe Lawn, Peterborough.

Young, Harold E. ; Blundellsands, near Liverpool.

Younger, J. R. Nelson ; 48 Brookfield, West Hill, Highgate, N.

Z

Zimmerman, William, Junr. ; Woodberrie Hill, Loughton, Essex.

