

# THE CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

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 Edited by N. T. HUXLEY.
 

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## EDITORIAL.

FROM the time when the fully winged book of pages emerged out of its chrysalis state of rolled manuscript, the presence of an editorial foreword has ceased to impose a necessary wandering in the desert as condition of arrival in the promised land. Yet to those who do not merely pick their page from the list of contents, but prefer to read resolutely from the beginning, the Editor desires to give a jostling passage into the interior pasture grounds ; whereby, through push of explanation and pull of appeal, they shall be led to envisage this, and a vista of subsequent Journals, as the more or less representative organs they purport to be. Our Journal is a structure raised on a foundation of bulletins, which contain the crude material of our corporate existence: the record of things done, of information gained and imparted, of club activities. Some of these records will aspire for promotion to the structure itself by being of new or important things well done, or of new and important suggestions well criticised. These in turn pass into another storey, so to speak ; experience of climbing, walking, riding, revalued and restated by imagination in the minds of those who use those means of following " *Le bon conseil de G. Chaucer* " :

" Forth, pilgrim, forth ! Forth, beast, out of thy stal,  
Know thy contree, look up, thank God of al."

And a third stage, of spires, towers, ornaments, and quaint devices, represents a third class of subject: philosophical inquiries into this state of mind, or a treatment of the adjuncts of our way of life from other points of view—scientific, historical, artistic.

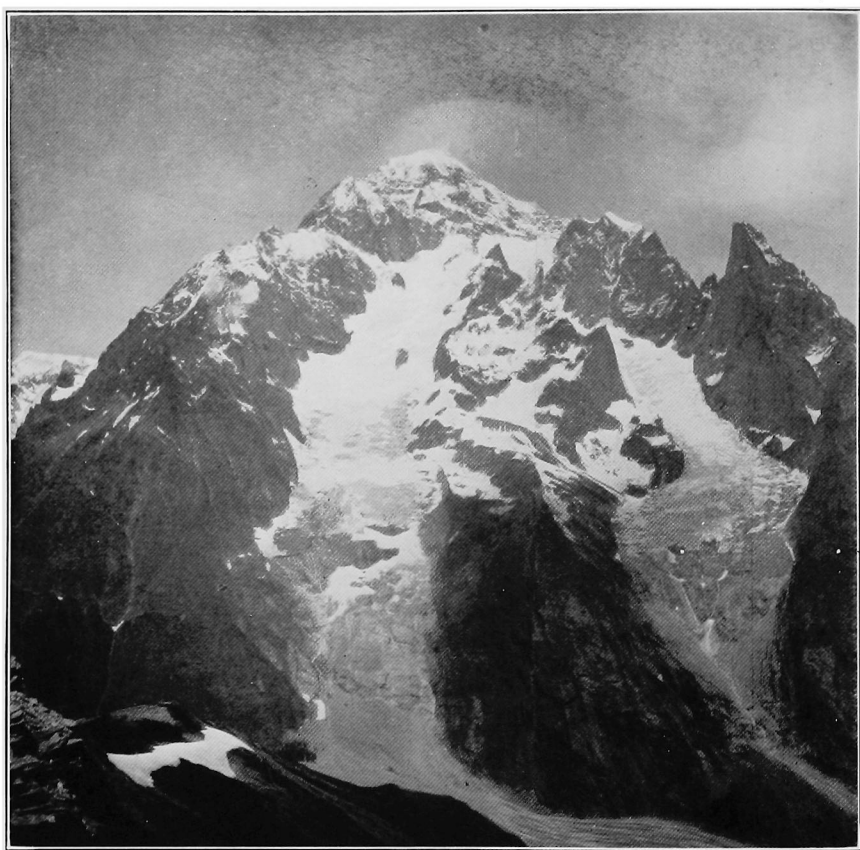
The appeal is that all these should flow with more spontaneity to the editorial chair ; that the Editor should edit rather than angle (consider, too, the time it takes him to stock his ponds, and the shyness of fish once caught) ; that

members should at least help the Editor to a list of new books suitable for reviewing, which is hard to come by when, at the last moment, he recollects the need of it.

And the explanation is like unto it. In the present number, whether from the narrow sweep of the Editor's net, or from the badness of last summer's weather, there are few descriptive articles, and, as a consequence, few illustrations "arising out of text." It has seemed good to supply this latter deficiency with a few independent pictures, interesting in themselves. The view of the south face of Mt. Blanc has a particular interest, owing to the many ascents made on it recently by members of the Club. Reports of new ascents published in the first nine numbers of the Bulletin have here been collected and set out according to districts, and an index, of authors and subjects, covering the first three numbers of the Journal, has been appended. It is proposed to repeat both the collection of new climbs and the indexing every third year.

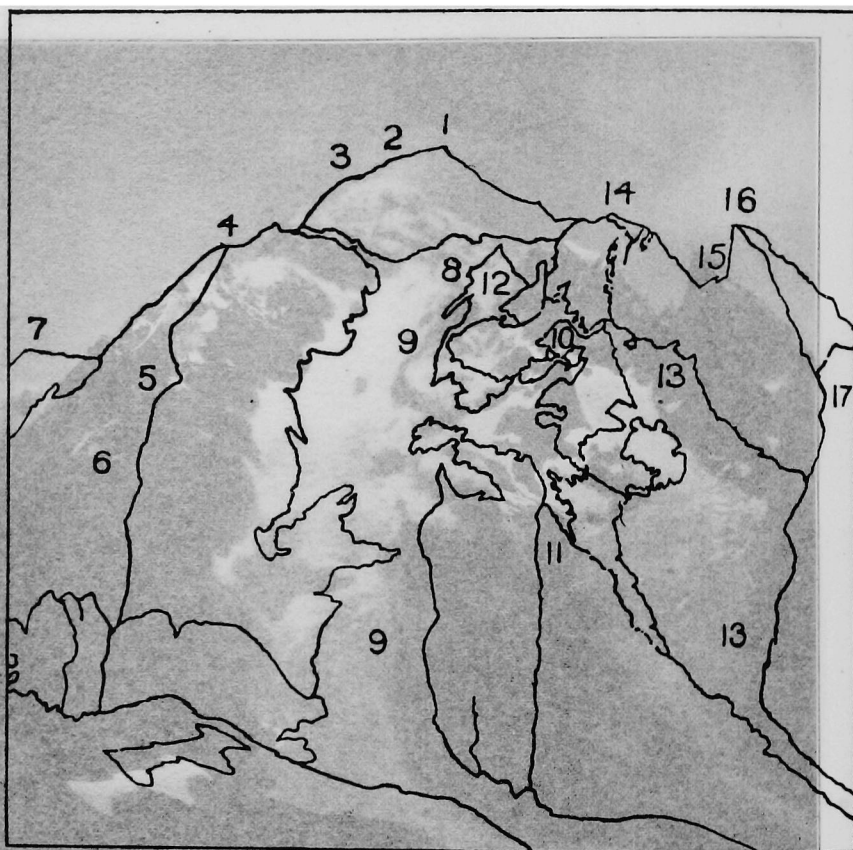
Verse, which was included last year by the licence of a Court Buffoon, appeals this year to that of a Versificator Regis.





The South Face of Mt. Blanc, seen from the Slopes of the Crammont.





- |                             |                             |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. M. Blanc.                | 9. Brouillard Glacier.      |
| 2. M. Blanc de Courmayeur.  | 10. A. Joseph Croux.        |
| 3. Pic Luigi Amedeo.        | 11. Chatelet.               |
| 4. M. Brouillard.           | 12. A. Blanchard.           |
| 5. Brouillard Ridge.        | 13. Fresnay Glacier.        |
| 6. A. Rouges de Brouillard. | 14. A. Blanche de Peuteret. |
| 7. A. de Bionnassay.        | 15. Dames Anglaises.        |
| 8. Col de Fresnay.          | 16. A. Noire de Peuteret.   |

17. M. Rouges de Peuteret.

The South M. Brouillard. Blanc, seen from the Slopes of the Gammon.

THE  
CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

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No. 3.

MARCH, 1914.

NEW SERIES.

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**ABSTRACT OF HOLIDAY.**

"There are two voices."—W. W.

I.

THIS year he has been far  
Walking about on snows and foreign screes,  
Living in inns, and talking double Dutch  
Not all the time with ease,  
And often by the sun afflicted much  
In foreign valleys unfamiliar;  
And often resting under walnut trees,  
And often under rocks, where fountains are.

II.

There is another way, it is not dull,  
When the boat leans beneath the wind, and tears  
Through the bright water (splashy, but who cares?),  
Finding another island; or turns back,  
Makes for the Bay, and on the starboard tack  
Comes flying homeward from the Sound of Mull.

W. P. K.

## A SONG OF DEGREES.

### I.

HALF a mile from the shining sea  
The roses hang, at the edge of the wood,  
Under the oak and the hazel tree,  
And there to rest is good.

### II.

Half way up from the rosy place,  
Within the foldings of the hill,  
There you may find the desolate face  
Of upland waters still.

### III.

Half way over the towering land  
The mountains glisten, the winds go by,  
Where rocks of adamant understand  
The secrets of the sky.

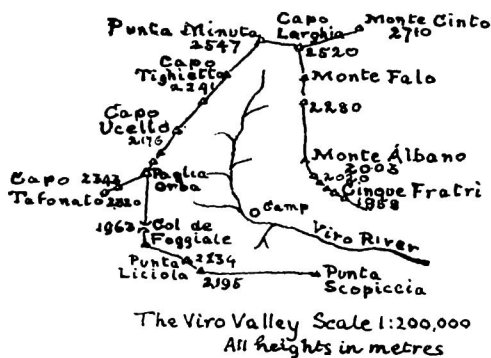
W. P. K.



## NEW CLIMBS IN CORSICA.

BY GEO. AND MAXWELL FINCH.

THE valley of the Viro is one of the grandest and most charming in Corsica, an island rich in the scenery of rugged mountains and wild vegetation, its beauties enhanced by a weird folk-lore and tales of many a bloody vendetta, oft told to the traveller at the fireside of his hospitable host. The Viro river, a tributary of the Golo, the largest of Corsica's rivers, is fed from the slopes of the chain of lofty peaks surrounding the valley in the form of a great horseshoe.



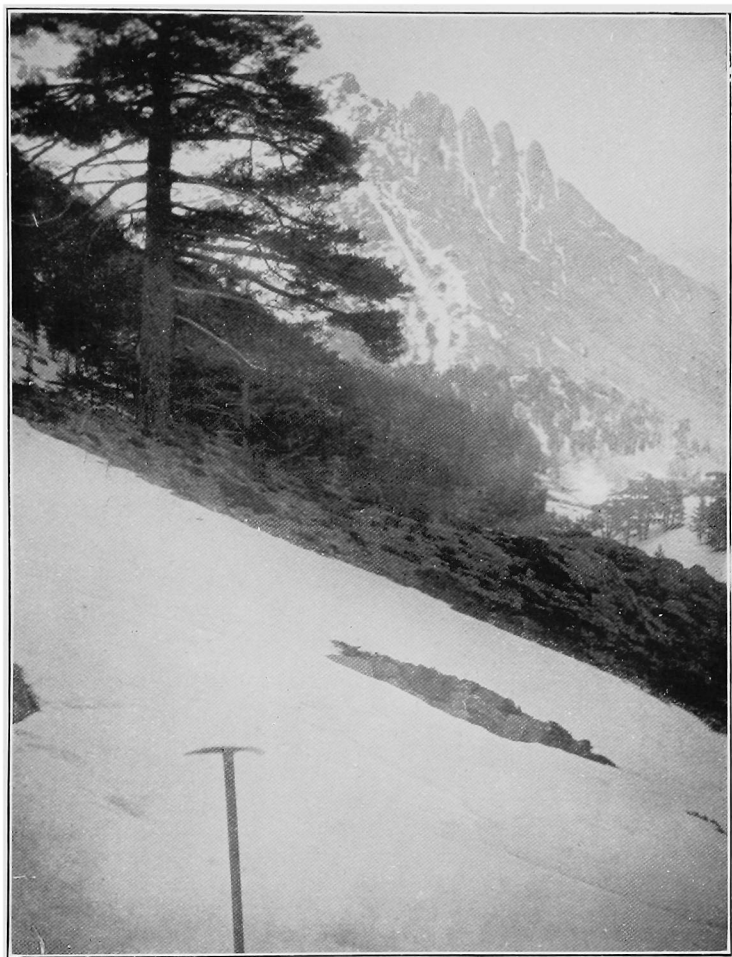
On April 10th, 1909, Alf Bryn, Maxwell Finch, and I found ourselves in our newly pitched camp on the left bank of the river, at the foot of the imposing precipices of Paglia Orba.

### The First Traverse of Capo Tafonato.

On the following day we left the camp at 8 a.m., crossed the Viro, and spent the next two hours in steadily plodding up the snow-slopes to the Col de Foggiale, south of Paglia Orba. A delightful cornice gave us some fun and an opportunity for a photograph at the top. The clear view from the col held beautiful contrasts between the snow-covered mountains and the sea; but Capo Tafonato itself presented quite

a disappointing appearance. Judging from the map, we expected to see it in front, separated from us by a fairly large valley. Instead, it was crouched up against Paglia Orba, and showed no very characteristic outlines. The only thing that made us respect the peak was the fact that no snow was lying on it. After a short rest, we traversed round the base of Paglia Orba to the gap between it and Capo Tafonato. Here we had a short discussion about the route we should follow, finally deciding to take the right-hand (N.) ridge straight up from the gap, and to traverse the whole mountain from north to south. We roped, and were soon at work, climbing the very steep and firm rocks. Following an easy staircase, a series of easy chimneys and ledges in a spiral round the highest summit, we reached the cairn, after an hour's brisk climbing, but feeling rather disappointed after our previous expectations.

We found no card or paper in the cairn, but left our own names there. Being bent on traversing the mountain, we untangled the rope, and once more set off to make an attack on the nasty-looking gap separating us from the needle-like southern summit of Capo Tafonato. We descended into the gap without encountering any serious difficulty, and followed the very exposed but easy ridge to the southern summit. It was crowned by a diminutive cairn, where we again left our names. Now followed a descent into another gap over very rotten rocks and an imposing, but easy, gendarme. All the while we could not help admiring the steepness and depth of the walls forming the west face of the mountain. Soon after passing the gendarme we came upon a great overhanging buttress in the ridge. A hanging coil of rope told us it was time to resort to unfair tactics in the descent. The rope was thin and bleached with exposure, so we cut it off and stowed it in our rucksacks as a trophy, to be returned, if possible, to its owner. We fixed a new coil, and descended some fifty feet to an uncomfortably sloping ledge. Here we found a pin driven into the rock, to which some coils of strong silken cord were attached. We passed the rope through these coils, and once more slid down about sixty feet, gaining a broad snow ledge on the east face. We followed the continuations



**The Cinque Fratri from below the Col de Foggiale.**



of this ledge in a northerly direction, and gained the base of the immense tunnel that pierces Capo Tafonato from east to west. A series of ledges and chimneys brought us safely back to the gap where the climb had begun. The whole traverse had taken us nearly five hours, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

After a hasty but enjoyable meal of chocolate, sardines, and tea, we set off on the return journey. The descent to the Col de Foggiale round the foot of Paglia Orba was very enjoyable in the evening sun, whose golden reflection shimmered on the distant Mediterranean in the gulfs of the west coast. We passed the cornice on the col, without jumping, by the aid of our axes, and managed, in spite of the soft snow, to glissade almost half-way down to the tent. We arrived back in camp about half an hour after sunset. The night was fine, though cold, but we slept well, for we had earned our sleep with a good hard day's work.

### **The First Traverse of the Cinque Fratri.**

April 12th we spent in recuperating from the effects of the previous day's labours. In fact, during our whole stay in Corsica we were generally forced to sandwich our climbs with a generous number of off-days. Our food, which consisted mainly of preserves brought out from Switzerland, certainly disagreed with one and all of us. This may explain our general state of unfitness.

During the night of April 12th to 13th a west wind set up, and towards morning became so violent that our tent several times threatened to leave its moorings. The weather, however, was otherwise fine, so we decided to have a shot at traversing the five peaks of the Cinque Fratri, and to pick up en route various belongings of Maxwell's which he had forgotten during an ascent of the lowest Frater exactly a week before. After numerous attempts to shake off a certain lethargy which possessed us all, we at length stumbled off in three detachments, at intervals of ten minutes. The aim of each group was to meet the other two in the gap to the south of the lowest Frater. This we eventually successfully managed, though we took various routes up. After roping

in the col, Maxwell was given the lead. This honour he repaid by dropping one or two bricks, a pot of honey, and a loaf of bread on Bryn's head and mine in the course of the ascent. From the gap we traversed round on to the east face of the peak, and climbed directly upwards through the great chimney which runs down it from the summit. The climax of our route consisted of a somewhat narrow pitch in this chimney, where you run up against a bush of prickles, roll in them on your back, kick with one leg against each wall of the couloir, and then swing out on to the exposed and very steep ridge on the right. This leads to the final pitch, consisting of a road of loose stones leading to the summit. Bryn and I, of course, went to sleep, leaving Maxwell to worry about after his lost rucksack, and to confide a slip of paper containing our names to the care of the newly built cairn. These tasks accomplished, he rudely stirred up the sleepy ones and drove fresh life and energy into them with the business end of his Anthamatten ice-axe, whereupon we obediently scrambled down to the gap between Fratri Nos. 1 and 2. Maxwell was again delegated to pull the two sleepwalkers up Frater No. 2. He chose the easier, direct way, and energetically pulled us up a few cracks, slabs, and chimneys, in the hope of waking us up. A vain hope! for when we reached the summit we were both soon comfortably sheltered from the wind and deep in slumber once more, while Maxwell built the cairn destined to receive our names. Another rude awakening, and we moved once more. A few metres below the summit we were baulked at the edge of an overhanging wall. With some difficulty we managed to fasten a coil of Bryn's thin rope round a large block. Maxwell descended first, and succeeded in climbing nearly all the way. But all his verbal messages and directions were borne off by the wind, with the result that the rope was always slack when he wanted it taut, and nearly pulling him up again whenever he was climbing an easy bit. My turn soon came. I found the descent distinctly easy and pleasant, for, still half asleep, I allowed myself to hang free all the way, and left all the work to Bryn, who found me rather heavy. After sending down his axe and rucksack, Bryn soon joined us, and we romped up the easy Frater No. 3. Passing

another easy gap, Frater No. 4 speedily succumbed to our united attack.

The next gully, that between Fratri Nos. 4 and 5, running down the south wall of the mountain, is most remarkable. Very narrow and steep, with deep, clean-cut walls, it should afford some first-rate climbing. The descent from this peak to the gap between it and Monte Albano provided another occasion for cutting off a loop from Bryn's thin rope. The wall here is very steep, and composed in the main of loose and treacherous rocks. I went down first, and photographed the others struggling to descend, without being blown away, with a piece of rock in each hand, for on the descent they were exposed to the full blast of the gale.

Traversing round the southern base of Monte Albano, we struck some abominable and slushy snow-slopes, through which we ploughed our way, finally stumbling through furze-bushes and loose stones into the welcome haven of our camp. After a grand five-course dinner, we made ourselves comfortable in the tent, and talked over deeds and memories until, wearied out, we quietly dozed off.

### **The First Traverse and First Ascent of Paglia Orba by the East Face.**

Wednesday, April 14th, was destined to be another glorious slack day. It was Maxwell's turn to prepare breakfast, and in due course Bryn and I kicked him out of the tent. Unfortunately, we neglected to hang on to his sleeping-bag, with the result that, when we two began sleepily foraging for something to allay the pangs of our hunger, we found nought but Maxwell comfortably asleep in his warm bag. With eating and sleeping, with roasting in the sun and cooling in the shade of the forest and in the icy waters of the Viro, the time passed away. After such a grand day one feels prepared to cram two days' activity into one, realising the daring plans one has lazily discussed.

Owing to the ease with which we had been able to walk over Capo Tafonato and the Cinque Fratri, Bryn was beginning to despise the Corsican "hills." Never having met with any serious difficulty in realising his plans, he was ready to

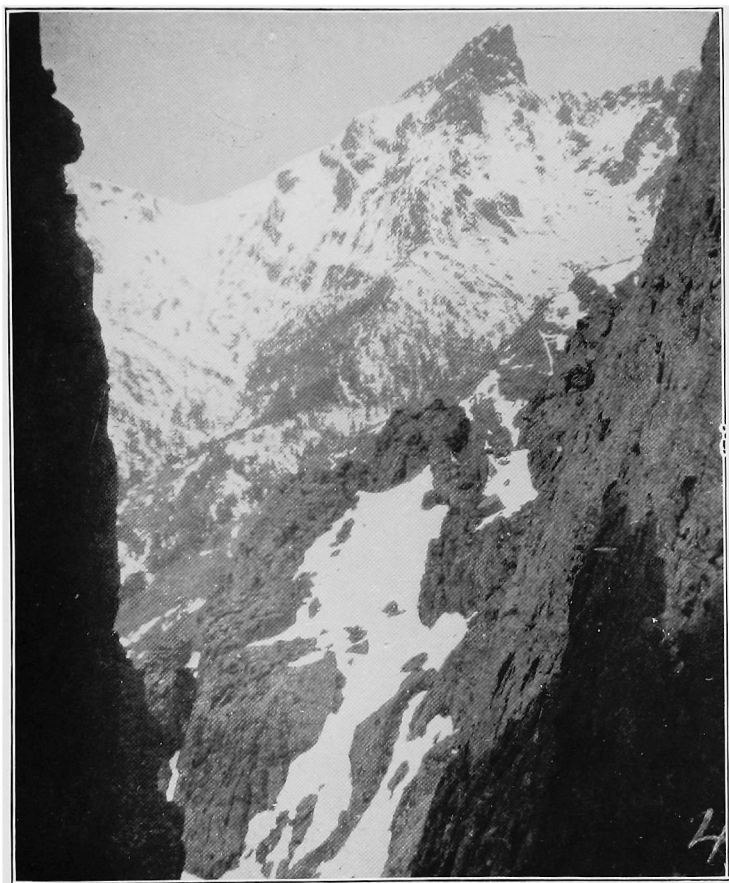
attempt any route, and follow it too, no matter how impossible it appeared from afar. In short, Bryn was in need of a proof that one could meet with a tough job even amongst the cliffs of Corsica's despised mountains.

Some weeks previously, on an ascent of Monte Albano, Bryn and I had admired the boldly soaring outlines of Paglia Orba. The clean-cut, awe-inspiring east face in particular drew our attention. A careful inspection of this huge wall revealed to us two apparently weak points. The one was formed by a series of snow-patches indicating ledges, probably connected by small cracks or chimneys and ledges invisible to us at a distance. The whole series formed a huge letter "C" in white on a background of black rock. A snow-field on the summit of Paglia Orba formed the head of the "C" ledge, while the lower end began about 250 metres lower down, about half-way up the upper, more or less perpendicular, wall. Several larger snow-patches indicated a connection between the foot of the "C" ledge and the gentler slopes below that great final wall. The other weak point was indicated by a deep shadow, betraying a chimney, connecting the snows on the summit with a very small snow-patch in the wall some 300 metres lower down.

On the south-east face, which offers no absolutely black and perpendicular walls comparable to those of the impressive east face, we could see plenty of "roads" leading to the summit. They threatened to be rather dull and uninteresting, so, having a genuine horror of striking something easy again, we determined to finish up our climbs in the range of the Cinto with an attack on the east wall.

After a sumptuous breakfast on porridge and coffee, we completed the necessary preparations, and left camp at 8.15 a.m. Following the stream for some ten minutes, we passed a dilapidated bergerie, and almost at once, crossing the stream, getting soaked in the process, set to work to plod up the hill-side on the opposite bank. We rounded a small hill immediately overlooking our camp (probably the head of the very jagged ridge between the east and south-east walls of Paglia Orba), and followed the valley on the far side. This valley seemed to come down from the foot of the wall we



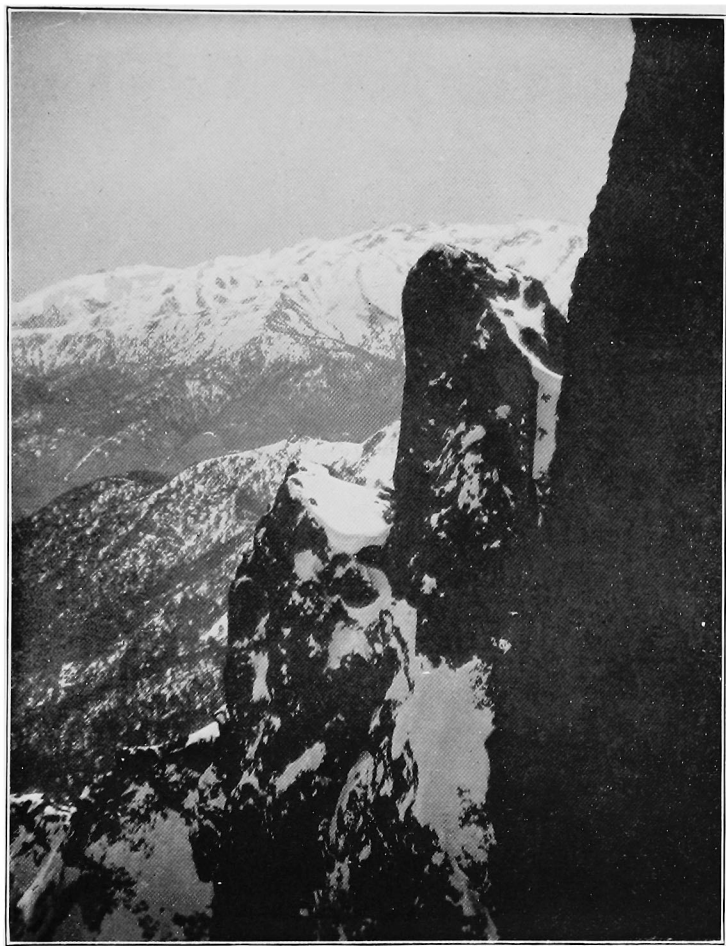


Paglia Orba from the Cinque Fratri.



intended to climb. We took turns of an hour's duration in stamping down the snow, which was already soft in parts. Keeping to the rocks as much as possible, we rose fairly rapidly. By 10 a.m. we were on a level with the lowest of the Cinque Fratri. Half an hour later we began climbing hand and foot up some steep, broken rocks to the right of some very steep snow-slopes. Knowing our own powers well enough, and in order to save time, we did not use the rope. At the top of these rocks we traversed through a small waterfall which thoroughly drenched us, and then gained a very steep snow-slope, over which we reached the narrow, heavily corniced crest of a minor ridge, which seemed to descend from the foot of the great "C" ledge. From here on the work began to look serious. We roped, Bryn being given the responsibilities of leadership. The fun began at once. Ice-choked, difficult chimneys alternated with small, dangerously steep snow-slopes, good belays being generally conspicuous by their absence. At 1 p.m., having risen some 200 metres above our roping point, we were thoroughly pulled up. We had run up against a wall which seemed a locked door to the "C" ledge. We were on the upper edge of a comparatively large snow-slope of peculiar form as seen from our camp. We knew that the foot of the "C" ledge was some seventy metres, the summit itself over 300 metres above us. The way up those seventy metres seemed well guarded. The ledge on which our snow-patch was resting ran out into smooth, perpendicular walls to the right and to the left. We were standing at the upper rim of the ledge in a position which, owing to the lack of any belay whatsoever, was by no means too secure. A nasty chimney led up from here, probably running out at the foot of the "C" ledge. The first few feet into the chimney appeared to be extremely difficult, and the leader would undoubtedly have needed the assistance of the other two. Higher up the chimney became worse still, and was finally blocked by an ice-covered, overhanging chock-stone. Far above we could see the summit of Paglia Orba. Water was trickling down from it in a showering waterfall, which fell *past* us, proving the general angle of the wall above us to be over 90°. Some 200 feet above us a part of the wall was

broken away, leaving a huge overhanging platform, which would have made an excellent site for a bivouac if only the mountain were set upside down. Whilst munching some bread we had ample time to review our surroundings thoroughly. We made the best use of our opportunities, the more so as we were beginning to think this was to be the highest point of the day's climb. We knew that the Austrian climber, Albert Gerngross, and his guide (Konrad Kainell?), had attempted the climb during the previous year, and Dr. von Cube had referred to the wall in terms of the impossible, and now we were scarcely in the mood to despise them. Finally we turned to descend. I was already a rope's length down the now dangerously soft snow-slope when I remembered I had omitted to photograph the ledge running out to the right. I halted a moment, and asked Bryn to use his camera to save me from the trouble of reascending. To get a better view, Bryn carefully traversed along the ledge in the opposite direction. This chance saved the day for us, as he now caught sight of another ledge, some ten feet above his standing point, which would enable us to enter the chimney above the most difficult pitch. I rejoined the others with all possible haste, and together Maxwell and I shouldered Bryn on to the newly discovered ledge. Once on the ledge, Bryn made rapid progress; Maxwell followed, and, after a struggle, I rejoined the others, who were already attacking the chimney immediately below the huge ice-covered chock-stone. The climbing had now become extremely difficult. Bryn rounded the chock-stone by climbing out of the chimney to the right over some slabs, finally gaining the upper level of the chock-stone. A period of intense anxiety followed upon our joining Bryn on the chock-stone. Should we have to return or could we push through? A series of short snow-filled chimneys and ledges led us up and round several corners. Each time on rounding a corner we could only overlook the ground separating us from the next. But whether we were thus getting nearer to the summit or to a forced bivouac still remained to be seen. At last we reckoned we were at the commencement of the "C" ledge. Following the regular ledge of the "C," we saw it was broken off at the foot of the huge chimney



**On the East Wall of Paglia Orba.**



which we had previously considered as possibly affording a route to the summit. But the chimney was formed by the wall jutting out at right angles without the slightest indication of a crack or hand-holds, and overhangs considerably. Bryn crossed the foot of the big chimney and regained the "C" ledge by climbing a very difficult and fearfully exposed series of cracks in the left wall of the chimney. "How's the view?" we sing out from below in one breath. Once again we only learn that we can continue the climb to the next corner. While Maxwell was rejoining Bryn he managed to drop his axe. It providentially fell, without striking the rock, in a heap of snow some eighty feet lower down the big chimney. Maxwell unroped and, together with Bryn, lowered me down until I could reach it. They then unmercifully hauled me up to their perch without giving me the least opportunity of climbing. Maxwell soon re-roped, and we gingerly proceeded along a series of highly sensational ledges, leading in an almost unbroken line from corner to corner. All the time belays were few and small. On rounding one of the corners we could see a broad chimney, which was choked by what resembled a frozen waterfall crowned by a huge cornice. The sun shining on the cornice told us we were at last approaching nearer towards the south-east face, where we could expect easier climbing. What appeared to be an excellent belay enabled us to pay out Bryn's rope as he crouched round the ledge and followed it to its end. The sloping floor of the chimney was about two yards from the end of the ledge on which we stood. Below we could see our tracks of the morning in the snowfields far below, but of the wall beneath we could only imagine the appearance. Altogether, a more exposed spot could hardly exist.

Bryn took the fateful step from the ledge to the chimney, and was soon mixed up in the intricacies of the frozen waterfall, whose icicles clustered like the pipes of an organ. Skillfully cutting his way diagonally from left to right across them, he managed to find a comparatively firm position, whence he was able to take in Maxwell's rope with his teeth and left hand as the latter proceeded carefully to the foot of the waterfall. To add to the insecurity of the position, the belay on

the ledge proved worthless; it broke off as I was testing it, and nothing would have saved us in the event of a slip. The following fifteen minutes formed the climax in the danger, anxious suspense, and difficulty of the whole day's climb. Had an accident occurred here, it would hardly have surprised us. Bryn himself more than half expected a slip, but we all thought it best to go on, as to retreat would be infinitely more risky than to keep on advancing. In the meantime I managed to make myself fairly comfortable on the ledge, but poor Maxwell, standing in a very shaky step, and gingerly hanging on to an icicle, froze and had patiently to submit while the ice and snow were showered on him by Bryn's hard-working axe. At last Bryn had come to the end of his tether, though with still two metres separating him from the nearest belay at the top of the waterfall, and almost directly under the cornice. Diring a moment of intense danger both he and Maxwell climbed together. Then just as Maxwell began to tackle the worst bit of all, Bryn reached the belay and a firm footing, where we soon joined him, though not without thoroughly appreciating the great difficulties of the pitch. We managed to avoid cutting through the cornice by climbing two short but stiff chimneys to the right of, and above, the waterfall, and at 5.15 p.m. we were above the bend of the great "C" ledge, with only worn, easy rocks between us and the summit. Feeling that we were now safe from a forced bivouac, that constant nightmare of the last five hours, we indulged in a brief rest. Hastily swallowing a mouthful of chocolate and dry bread, we reviewed the many little episodes, exciting moments, hopes, and disappointments of the last two hours. But so far the sun had eluded us. When we first viewed the frozen waterfall the sun was shining on the cornice above; now it had disappeared to the other side of the mountain in its haste to sink into the Mediterranean, for we had taken over two hours to climb the last thirty metres. Anxious to get warmed in its last rays, we began climbing once more. The climb up the final rocks was great; the plentiful hand-holds were still quite warm, so that their touch was as welcome to our frozen fingers as the iced hand-holds had before been painful. We rose very rapidly, and at 6 p.m. we stepped out



into the welcome rays of the sun on the top of Paglia Orba. A strong westerly wind somewhat counterbalanced the warming effect of the setting sun, but no discomfort could interfere with the pleasure we all felt at the success of the day.

The summit of Paglia Orba is composed of a large snow-field (at least, as long as the snow lasts) sloping down from north to south and east. As near to the highest point of this plateau as possible we hid a piece of paper with our names and a description of the route and times of the ascent. To indicate the spot to future climbers we wound an end of our spare rope round the rock. Pausing once more to look over the precipice we had ascended, we rearranged the rope and set off towards the Col de Foggiale. We soon came upon a good couloir filled with firm, frozen snow. We descended the first few metres carefully; then took off the rope and rapidly glissaded down to the col. Dropping over the cornice, we slid and ran down to the river, and, wading through, regained our camp at 7.30 p.m., just one hour and a quarter after leaving the summit.

One word to those who wish to follow in our footsteps. Do so, by all means, but bear well in mind that the difficulties of the climb are really serious. The Zmutt ridge is but a bagatelle in comparison with Paglia Orba's east wall; Monte Rosa from Macugnaga is longer, but throughout easier; even on the Grepon, with perhaps the exception of the but twice-climbed Venetz-Bürgener crack, have I failed to find anything worthy of comparison with some of the many tight corners we struggled with on Paglia Orba. Also the great lack of belays makes a high level of steadiness in the whole party essential.

Our success was suitably celebrated by a "grand bal masqué," followed up with the most glorious dinner of our lives. Two days later we struck camp, and, casting many a look back towards the noble form of Paglia Orba, that Matterhorn of Corsica, we slowly filed out of the Viro valley towards Calaccia, Corte, Ajaccio, and home, bidding Corsica *au revoir* but not adieu!

## THE NARROW STREAM.

By E. H. Y.

IT was midnight when the tourist came to the ford, but there were bright stars, and while he had been wandering on the hill-side his eyes had grown used to the dim light. The river swept quietly towards him down the gorge. Where he stood it broke with a rushing noise into a swirl of white water ; caused, as well as he could see, by a shallow through which a man might wade. He scrambled down the rocky bank, and lowered his feet into the stream.

At once he felt a furious current ; but the water reached only to his ankles, and he stepped on without thought of danger. Looking across, he could see that above him there was deep, silent water, but that the shallow on which he stood seemed to stretch to the opposite bank. He waded out, scarcely noticing that the water grew deeper and the current swifter, and that the bottom was changing from firm rock to loose stones.

Half-way across the water reached to his knee. It strained and tore at his legs, and sucked at his feet. The pebbles on which he stood were round and smooth and loosely set. He went very slowly and carefully, step by step. The water deepened : it was becoming hard to stand against it. For the first time he glanced down stream, and saw dimly the beginning of a great slope of white foam, pitching downwards over a rapid, and round a bend. It flashed upon him that he was in a difficulty. But the opposite bank seemed close : he could see the glimmer of white rocks upon it. It was absurd that he should be baffled by such shallow water.

He took another step forward, and felt the cold girdle of the surface of the water rise up to his middle. His legs shook like reeds in the sweep of the stream as he leaned against it.

At once he knew that he was in extreme peril. The river hurled itself at him, rushing and moaning past, and leaping in white waves over sunken rocks. The stones beneath his feet shifted a little. He was poised, balancing against his antagonist. The least motion would cost him his foothold; he could move neither forward nor back. The cold chilled him to the bone. He became aware of a distant roar below as of falling water. The opposite bank seemed only a few yards away.

Danger was new to him; he had never before been in peril of his life. It was incredible that he should be so now; and yet he knew what would happen if the river won this struggle. He knew, but turned his mind away from realisation. His attention was fixed upon the river. He thought of it as hostile and treacherous. It had lured him into this ambush, and then leaped upon him with its terrible force. And yet, how trivial the thing was, three feet of water running over the stones. His mind turned back, stupidly refusing to realise the truth. He was a mere tourist. These things were no part of his life; they happened to other people, not to those who spent their lives in places where natural forces were all safely bridled. Wild nature was only a relaxation as far as he was concerned. How could it have any power over him? He had never taken it into account in calculating his future.

He glanced round again. Then came realisation of what was waiting for him below in that dreadful chaos; and, with realisation of that, fear came also, and remained with him, not as an idea, but as a sensation, an atmosphere surrounding his mind in which his thoughts sped swiftly and came and went as if revealed by flashes of light.

Fear made his actions more difficult to control. A few plunges he thought must bring him safe across. He thought it, but he knew it was not so, and yet spasmodically he raised one foot to try. At once the river had him. His other foot was torn from its support, and he was swept down.

Rolling over and over, the foam and water dashing about him, for a moment he knew nothing. When consciousness came back, he was trying to swim. His heavy boots weighed down his feet so that they struck the bottom. Thus, for

an instant, he stood upright, his head above water, before the irresistible thrust drove him on. His fingers touched and grasped a round stone and checked him for an instant, till the stone turned slowly, and he was swept on again. All that he could do was to imitate the motions of swimming, so that from time to time in the welter and buffeting and stunning hurry of his descent, he could bring his head up into the dark for a gasp of air.

And yet throughout in the lurid light of fear, his thoughts blazed in and out in vivid pictures. He felt great horror of his helplessness, a sensation of shame and anger at the manner in which the river played with him and made nothing of his strength. But it seemed to him now no longer hostile and malicious. It was preoccupied and blind, ignorant of what it was doing to him. It was not drowning him on purpose. It neither knew nor cared about him. Could it be made to understand, surely it would stop. Fate and the whole world were in the same position towards him. They did not know what was happening to him; he was being overlooked. He was still incredulous of this sudden change in his destiny. A moment ago he was busy with life. Then for an instant he was on the brink of death; and now he was being carried over. It might not have been so; he might have reached the other bank; and then the whole incident would have been trivial, forgotten in a day. And yet it was so, and for no reason. He thought that everybody must be constantly on the brink of death, ignorant of the accidents that were saving them. Others had been carried over. Now that was happening to him too. How could it possibly be? He tried to force his mind to master the situation. "I must understand," he thought; "this may be the end!"

As he struggled to understand, an intoxication of excitement sprang up in his mind. There seemed a great dignity in his situation. In everything he had ever done before there had been an element of littleness compared with this. There had always been the question whether what he was doing was worth while compared with something else which he might think of to do. But now he was facing a great issue which involved all other issues. The whole world was concerned

with him, for he was going to lose the whole world. He began to feel that everything must be attending to him, and thinking kindly of him, as of a departing guest. Because of this he had no pity for himself; he was acting a great part, and for the moment he knew that the universe centred in him.

All the while he was calculating the varying chances of escape. People could save themselves by presence of mind in desperate situations. He must think and struggle. There was some right thing to do, if only he could hit upon it quickly. Thus he drew deep breaths when his head came to the surface in order to keep consciousness as long as possible, and tried to direct his efforts to swim towards the bank by setting his body obliquely across the stream. In his exhaustion the effort was a torture to his brain. Swiftly the beating of the water, the darkness, and the cold were confusing and stunning him and choking his breath. It came into his mind that it would be easy to stop fighting, to set his head down stream, and let the river quietly overcome him. He struggled fiercely against the thought; but at the same time he feared it, knowing that in spite of himself the inclination might master him, and that he might find that he had given up with a "not worth while." Doggedly, and now almost convulsively, he repeated the motions of swimming, fighting against both the river and cowardly surrender. The water swept him on.

There came a lull in the turmoil round him; he was in a deeper place, where the water ran more steadily. His head emerged, and he looked up. Against the dim light he saw close above his head some black lines sweeping past. He swung an arm up, and grasped a handful of twigs. The river dragged at him, but the branch held. He rested for a moment, lying on the water, then shot his hand up to thicker wood, and pulled himself up on to the bank.

He waved his arms and shouted till his voice cracked. At once memory of the past minute dropped from the foremost place in his mind. His thoughts centred on the fact that he was wet. He was unused to exposure, and might catch cold. He began to run laboriously.

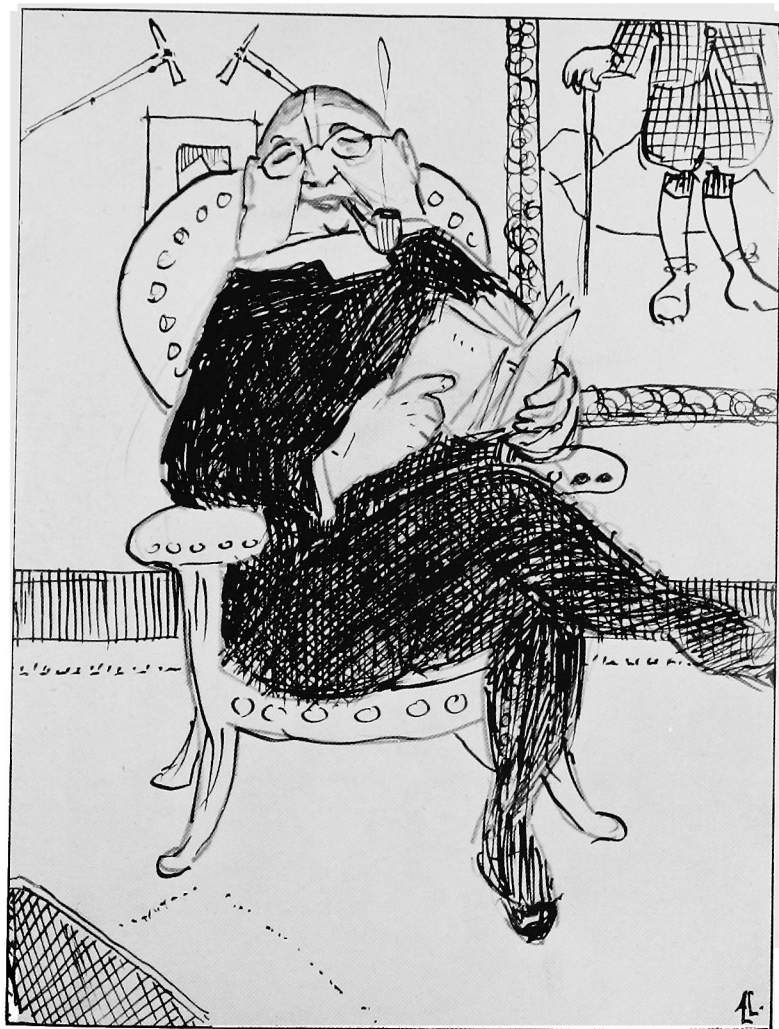
## ALL THIS FOR SIXPENCE.

BY L.

WE all love the mountains to-day. We all love stories of Alpine climbs, the conquering of the icy col or the dizzy pinnacle. Switzerland is familiar; five guineas will give us a conducted tour to Lucerne; Whympers "Scrambles Among the Alps" is in a shilling edition. Many and many of us have ventured beyond that five-guinea limit; have written home accounts of Alpine scrambles that, through our end of the telescope, vie with Whympers own; our brothers and friends—nay, our sisters and our cousins and our aunts—have out-faced the nearer and often more real perils of the Glyders and the Gable. Mr. Mason's *Girl of the Argentière* must have inspired many readers of "Running Water" to try whether they also did not possess some latent heritage of climbing capacity.

Thus 'tis to be expected that an eager public has devoured a marvellous climbing romance in a recent number of one of the worldly-widest (is that the right word?) of our magazines. It is chock-full of precipitous interest, of emphatic details designed to lend verisimilitude, all built around a motive of love and impetuous rivalry. As a story of the heart let it pass; as a story of the Alps it exemplifies the very false gallop of impossibilities. That borrowing for verisimilitude is a bankrupt's loan. The more the details are insisted on the more the most moderate scrambler among the Alps smiles. But he is more than a little vexed, withal, that such a farrago of unreality should be ladled out to the eager, uninitiated multitude as something possible, probable, and admirable.

The story has to do, firstly, with a rocking stone; secondly, with a magnificent American who has never been on a mountain in his life. The American can lasso anything with a raw-hide lariat; the rocking stone guards the sole approach to an



Peter Runtifoo, A.C.





unscaled pinnacle on a rock ridge. Clench your left fist; the knuckles are the rocky approach. Stick up the forefinger; that is the pinnacle; the "rocker" lies between forefinger and thumb, the latter the last accessible platform for climbers.

*Dramatis personæ:* A wilful young lady, good climber, respectability assured by her father, the Bishop, once supreme in the A.C., but, even so, baffled long ago by the rocker; an English wooer, member of A.C., whom she snubs outrageously; the American aforesaid, a very unpolished diamond, but, as subsequently appears, somewhat stronger in the biceps than Sandow and Hackenschmidt and the gentleman who advertises "I keep you fit" rolled into one. Regardless of parental admonitions, the young lady insists on taking the mighty cowboy with her to attack the virgin pinnacle for his first climb, for, like General Trochu of immortal memory, "he has a plan." A guide is already secured; the English wooer grudgingly consents to make a fourth in order to give the party stability.

It is, of course, a trifle that the guide consents to take an utter novice over a two to three hours' nearly vertical ascent of cliff and a traverse of a dangerous rock-face seamed with small ledges, where "it is only a cool and practised climber who finds his way without a slip from each to each." No wonder that "at the end of it the guide sighed with relief" when they found themselves safe on the platform of the "Thumb." On this ticklish rock-climb the four of them are, it turns out, on a fifty-foot rope at most.

'Twas a wonderful spot, this landing-place on the Thumb—a "broken wind-worn summit"; beneath it an "ice-worn slope," dropping "directly downwards into the chaos of glacier-carved moraine 3,000 feet below," which slope seems to be one and the same with the rock-face just traversed that is covered with "queer, rugged, shelflike edges," unplanned by ancient ice. It is so level that an excited man can "spring forward" on it safely, yet its scanty plot of ground seems scarce bigger than the proverbial sonnet's.

Here the travellers are confronted with the rocker. It lies "between their feet and the pinnacle" (what precisely does this mean?); it is so small that a man with twelve feet

of rope between him and his next—and reluctant—companion can scale it and pass beyond its centre of gravity until the rock tilts to the far side with such leverage as to tear and shake from its double anchorage a mass of snow and ice that has frozen on the hither side to the rocker above and its pedestal below. At the same time the mass dislodged is able to sweep away the party standing close against it, so that it must have gathered considerable way from its level-seeming position “between their feet and the pinnacle.”

Of those bold spirits who had erstwhile ventured upon this treacherous stone, one, an Englishman, “because he was cautious and well roped,” had been dragged back alive, with loss of dignity only; a Frenchman, “unroped and obstinate,” had gone into the Ewigkeit. (O gallant Gaul! O Club Alpin Français!)

Now the plot thickens. While the guide, No. 1 on the rope, lights up the butt end of a half-smoked cigar and assumes a Gallio-like attitude towards his “messieurs,” the man of the prairie, No. 2, unropes and carries out the plan he and the young lady (No. 3) have had in mind. A photograph of the pinnacle has shown a sharp projection a mere fifty feet from the spot where they stand. The genial cowboy lassos this and prepares to make a flying bridge along which they can swing, hand over hand, and scale the unscalable. His British rival, No. 4, fired with jealousy both erotic and athletic, cries out that it is not cricket—or, rather, not fair climbing. Regardless of every consideration for his party, he pushes up past his No. 3, and mounts the fatal rock, with the consequences already depicted. The guide meanwhile, who has warned him very fully of the danger to himself and the whole party, has not troubled to use any of the twenty-five feet of slack between him and the girl in making a belay on a splendid accrochement which is handy. Now he, too, crowds up and lays hold somewhere on that other twelve feet of rope between No. 4, who mounts, and No. 3, who remains immovable.

When the rock tilts and reckless ambition falls flat on the far slope, the guide, “with a cry of rage, hauls him violently back.” How comfortable, one remarks in passing. How strong that guide, also. With his pull on the near side and

the weight of the fallen man on the far side you might have expected that the one would have balanced the other safely for a little ; but no ; the fallen man slid (upwards) towards the others and the stone sank back on its pedestal, seemingly at rest again, but ejecting the lump of ice beneath. Finally, the weight of the guide, whose feet have been knocked from under him by the ejected ice aforesaid (ah ! why did he not belay ?) pulls the prostrate youth off the rock, and the roped three, in a bunch as they were, execute a smart *dégringolade* over the cliff.

I wonder which of them had the best of it. The guide stopped short on the brink, pinned by a kindly projection. His gross negligence met with a little punishment, for he was stunned for a while, but soon awoke to the uplifting consciousness that he had been the instrument of saving the others. The girl dropped ten feet clean ; the gentleman, who had forgotten every rule of his caste, a full twenty-two. He suffered some qualms from his guilty conscience ; but otherwise they were both exquisitely uninjured by their fall, and could talk in lofty accents when called upon to face the footlights.

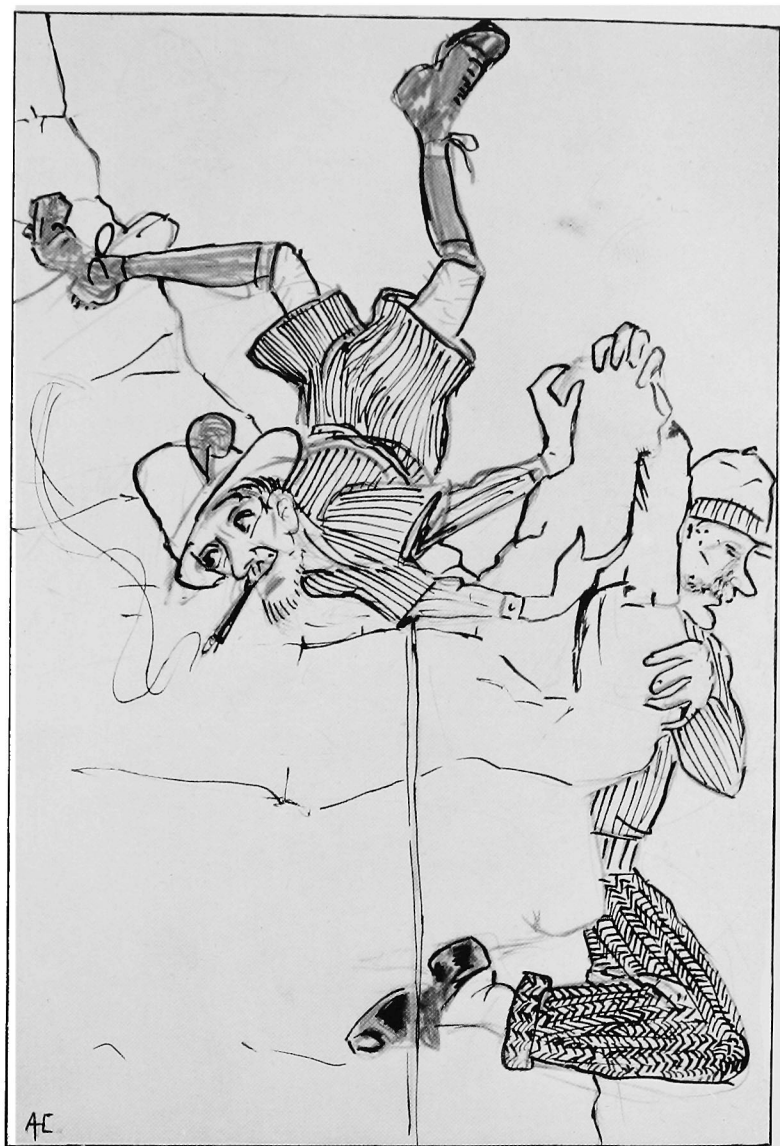
When the guide came to he was soon ready to make a human capstan of himself, and wind up the rope as the super-heroic cowboy yanked the pair up. For he, with the simple directness which grasped all the rules of procedure neglected by the skilled climbers, refixed his lariat to the despised *accrochement*, cantered down—no, “slipped recklessly from ledge to ledge”—then lay down at the edge so that his arms overhung, and lifted a dead pull of at least twenty stone by wrists and biceps alone.

Now ensues one of the most remarkable of these many remarkable incidents. An Alpine rope is, by experts, customarily so knotted about the waist that, when strained at both ends, the climber's body is out of the line of tension. It is disagreeable enough to be hauled up in a standing loop ; but, as the knot does not slip, it makes no difference to your bodily comfort or discomfort if a dozen weights are suspended on the rope below you. And if, as you hang between heaven and earth, the rope below is caught in a crack of the rock, the strongest pull from above leaves you with no more than the previous strain of your own weight.

Yet, when this occurs to the rope on a ledge between the pendent figures, the poor girl is nearly cut in two. The illustration rules out the alternative that she is lying on a slope inside the cord, so that the rope, straightening under tension, cuts into her. But let the illustrator be wrong; let her lie on a slope which falls away at a steeper angle below her; let the strong man be indifferent to the added friction. In such a position the cutting will have been there from the start, and will not begin with the fouling of the rope; it will increase with the first pulling, but decrease as she is hoisted further up. The only remaining explanation is that she and the guide and the A.C. man between them have perpetrated a slip-knot about her tender form.

Heroics once more. The lover below, repenting him of his disastrous ambition, shouts her a farewell with breath unabated by the pressure on his midriff, and with self-sacrificing fingers picks at the knot about him, that he may loose his cruel weight into the abyss. Let mathematicians discuss the ease of so doing under such conditions. Suffice it to record that the lariatier, flicking his weapon free from its belay, adroitly drops it over his rival's head and shoulders and under his arms, unbaflled by the interposition of the taut rope, and in a moment the rival—rival no more—"seemed to be travelling upwards by leaps and bounds, so little a thing did the great strength of the man above make of the weight of the man below." And all this by arm-work alone. Perhaps he was in part blown upwards by the "gasp of relief" from his unkind beloved when the rope anchored below "no longer dragged her down." To hoist her next was a trifle.

After this manly exhibition they seem to have sauntered home quietly, up the icy slope, over the perilous traverse, and down the two or three hour rock climb to the glacier, and so, finally, to the hotel. There were not enough bruises among them all to prevent comfort at a late dinner nor subsequent excursion of cowboy and minx into the post-prandial shadows of the hotel garden to ratify their betrothal, blessed by the sprites of a new moon, a new physics, and a new Alpine code.



The Human Capstan.



## A MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY IN NORWAY IN 1913.

WITH unusual cowardice we avoided the first pitch—the direct sea-passage to Bergen. By Flushing, Hamburg, Sassnitz and Christiania we reached Fagernaes, in the middle of Norway, unscathed by the sea. From there a motor omnibus, the first to run during the season, brought us, on June 24th, to Framnaes, at the foot of Lake Tyin. Here our plans were somewhat disconcerted by the discovery that the hotels at Tyinholm and Eidsboden, from which we hoped to begin certain expeditions, were as yet unopened. Hence Framnaes itself had to serve as headquarters, and climbs had to start with a journey of an hour and a half in the local motor boat.

Our first expedition, on June 26th, was the ascent of the Uranaastind by the north ridge. It consisted of a long and wearisome trudge through deep snow. This so disgusted our representative of the Alpine Club that he succumbed to mountain sickness, and became incapable of carrying more than a half empty butter tin. We were in consequence two hours late, and only just in time to see our boat start without us. Our efforts to stop it were utterly useless, and we arrived at its little harbour in a very sulky mood. Here, however, we soon discovered a reindeer watcher, from whom, by signs, the invalid extracted a bed and the other member of the party a bottle of beer. .

After this experience we decided to push on to Turtagro *viâ* Skogadalsbön. The journey up the Koldesdal to the excellent hut at this latter spot involved a further disappointment. The day was exceedingly hot, and our map promised us a bathe in a lake lying just below the summit of the pass. The sight of ten reindeer sleeping on a snowfield where the lake should have been, shattered this hope: our bathing-place was

frozen solid. After a comfortable night at Skogadalsbön, we proceeded next day to Turtagro, arriving at Ola Berge's hotel at three o'clock on Sunday, June 29th.

Our host gave us a warm welcome. He is always the same, whatever the season. His enthusiasm for his native hills is boundless, and he is delighted when anyone comes to make holiday among them; for to him they are something more than mere show places where he can earn so many kroner in so many hours. Consequently, his interest in guideless expeditions is just as keen as in those in which he leads the way. He is not obsessed by a sense of professional dignity. One day, when we suggested that he might come with us to climb a new route, accidentally discovered by one of the party last year, he said at once that, if weather allowed—which, unfortunately, it did not—he would come as porter and carry the sack. Nor does he despise the trivial things that play so large a part in a mountain holiday. When we told him that we had lost our pipe on the hillside he realised at once the true extent of the disaster, and straightway presented us with one of his own. Our quest of a sack lost a year ago aroused all his sporting instincts, and gave him almost as much pleasure as his quiet watching of the flirtations carried on by the party in his balcony.

The hotel was not without amusing company. Among others was a young Swede, who provided for all the rest an invaluable source of conversation. He knew three or four words of English and a little bad German. In a queer mixture of the two he cross-examined us each evening about the "Schwierigkeit" of our climbs. These questions were difficult to answer appropriately, for all that we knew of his capacity was that he had taken twenty-four hours on a climb that is usually accomplished in ten. Fortunately, after he had failed in a ridiculous attempt to climb the Skagastolstind Ridge, for which he started alone at mid-day in bad weather, he devoted his energies to relating his adventures to admiring maidens, whom he took climbing on a boulder close to the hotel. But the most interesting of the visitors were the parties of fair-haired, blue-eyed young women who came marching through the valleys and over the glaciers, carrying great sacks



at which the average Englishman would look aghast. Most of them knew a little English, which they were happy to practise. They had no absurd false modesty, and boldly set forth from the hotel wearing workmanlike "trousers" and carrying their skirts in their sacks.

Although the main body of climbers did not begin to arrive until the day we left, there was nothing in the state of the Horunger Range to justify their absence. Most of the Norwegian mountains are round and covered with snow, and to ascend them early in the season would be a toilsome affair. The Horunger group is, however, made up of a series of long rock ridges, dominated by the great tower of the Støre Skagastolstind, from which the snow quickly melts. As these ridges are very narrow and exposed to all the winds of heaven, it is bad weather that counts. This year, however, we had good weather, and, although we made "first ascents for 1913" of nearly all our peaks, found no ice in places where its presence would have been actively unpleasant. Thus we reaped the full benefit of the long days. As it kept light nearly all night, there was no need to hurry, and we were able not only to cook soup on the mountain-tops, but to lie in the sun and smoke afterwards.

The day after we arrived at Turtagro, on June 30th, we climbed the Mellemste Ringstind by way of the ice-fall and a long chimney on the south side. The ascent was interesting, but the descent on the west side, over boulders, under a blazing sun, was too hot to be wholly pleasant. None the less, a bathe in a local pool so far restored our vital energies that one of the party assisted till a late hour in making night hideous at an improvised dance. The next day we allocated to the south face of the Dyrhaugstind, but as we went up toward it the traverse of the Skagastolstind ridge offered itself as a rival. We toiled up the first fearsome heap of stones, and thereafter enjoyed an admirable day over the Mellemste, Vesle and Støre Skagastolstinderne, returning in the evening to find that Ola Berge had this day written to some mountaineering official to report the ridge as yet impracticable. The expedition took us about twelve and three-quarter hours.

A day's rest was followed by an attack on the southern face

of the Dyrhaugstind. This we climbed by a variant route on the east face, discovered by one of the party in the preceding summer, and affording much the most difficult rock-climbing of our holiday. From the top of the Dyrhaugstind ridge the Austabottind looked exceedingly attractive, and we therefore decided to walk next day to Baerdalssaeter, and climb it from there on the morrow. Here Ola Berge unwittingly misled us. He told us that at this saeter we should find inhabitants and milk. But in fact the hut was locked, and a flock of sheep was in sole possession of the saeter. The lawyer of the party, however, managed "to break into and enter" the said hut by taking a pane of glass out of the window with a pocket-knife. Once inside, we created buttered eggs for supper and spent a comfortable night. The ascent of the Austabottind was successfully accomplished the next day; and as the said ascent and the succeeding descent likewise took place in an almost continuous snowstorm, the view to which we had looked forward was perforce "taken as read."

The next two days were wet, but on July 8th the weather recovered, and yielded us our most attractive expedition—the ascent of Støre Skagastolstind by Andrew's way, followed by the traverse of Centraltind, Skyggadalstind, and Gjervastind. We started at 6.30 a.m., and, after climbing all day and completing our ridge, reached a parting of the ways. To the right, about two hours downhill, lay the friendly hut of Skogadabsboen, while to the left lay a route down to the glacier and up over the Keiserin Pass to Turtagro. As we talked, purple and gold crept over the northern skies and a delicate pink spread over the snowfields and mountains. This put an end to our debate, and we decided to make for home. As we climbed down to the glacier and toiled up again on the other side the sombre blues and greys of night mingled with the lighter colours of sunset, and slowly conquered them. When at last we looked back from the summit of the pass the snowfields, which had glittered in the sun all day, were a deadly white, and the peaks we had climbed stood out gaunt and grim against the dull blue sky. Thereafter our progress became mechanical, and we marched on silently and half asleep until we came near Turtagro. Here the prospect of food and bed

stirred our minds to activity once again. A bird woke up and sang of the fine new day that was coming. We looked over our shoulders into the east, and a faint green light told us that the bird was not much too early in telling his news to the world. Between one and two we reached the hotel and found Ola Berge, who had returned late, after meeting the fjyord steamer at Skjyolden, on the balcony. He greeted us warmly and insisted upon our taking off our nailed boots before we came indoors.

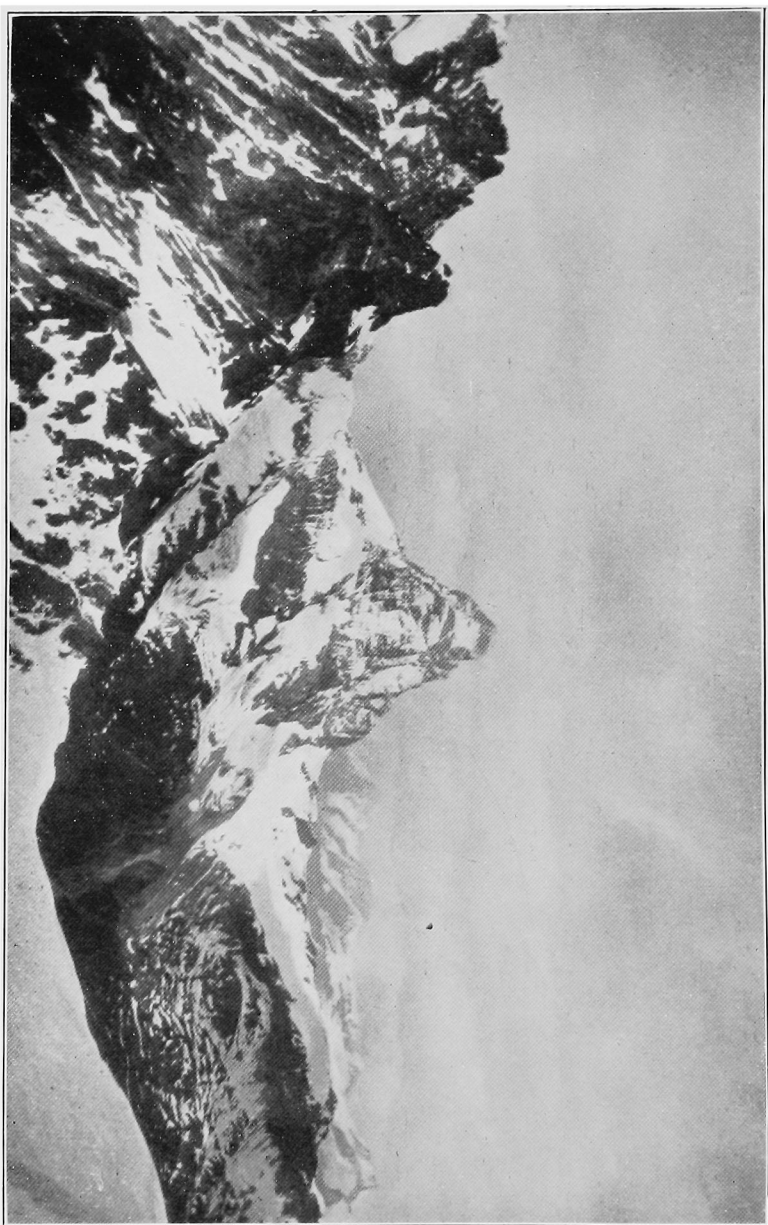
This long expedition was followed by one day of voluntary idleness in perfect weather, and another of involuntary idleness in a downpour. On July 11th, however, in spite of the attractions of the hotel, we set out in a dim mist to attempt the Mitmaradalstind by the North ridge. A rapid passage to the hut and a journey made by faith, and not by sight, across the glacier brought us in gloom to the usual way on to the ridge. We persisted, and were rewarded. For in a short while the mist cleared away and a day of glorious sunshine followed. So ended a most successful tour ; and we started next day in a contented spirit to study the language of Munich and to alleviate that proceeding by setting foot for a short space on the astonishing forms of the Kaisergebirge.

## THE MOUNTAINEER AS ARTIST.

BY G. MALLORY.

I SEEM to distinguish two sorts of climber, those who take a high line about climbing and those who take no particular line at all. It is depressing to think how little I understand either, and I can hardly believe that the second sort are such fools as I imagine. Perhaps the distinction has no reality ; it may be that it is only a question of attitude. Still, even as an attitude, the position of the first sort of climber strikes a less violent shock of discord with mere reason. Climbing for them means something more than a common amusement, and more than other forms of athletic pursuit mean to other men ; it has a recognised importance in life. If you could deprive them of it they would be conscious of a definite degradation, a loss of virtue. For those who take the high line about it climbing may be one of the modern ways of salvation along with slumming, statistics, and other forms of culture, and more complete than any of these. They have an arrogance with regard to this hobby never equalled even by a little king among grouse-killers. It never, for instance, presents itself to them as comparable with field sports. They assume an unmeasured superiority. And yet—they give no explanation.

I am myself one of the arrogant sort, and may serve well for example, because I happen also to be a sportsman. It is not intended that any inference as to my habits should follow from this premise. You may easily be a sportsman though you have never walked with a gun under your arm nor bestrid a tall horse in your pink. I am a sportsman simply because men say that I am ; it would be impossible to convince them of the contrary, and it's no use complaining ; and, once I have humbly accepted my fate and settled down in this way of life, I am proud to show, if I can, how I deserve the title. Though



The Matterhorn from the Château des Dames, due South of the Peak.



a sportsman may be guiltless of sporting deeds, one who has acquired the sporting reputation will show cause in kind if he may. Now, it is abundantly clear that any expedition on the high Alps is of a sporting nature; it is almost aggressively sporting. And yet it would never occur to me to prove my title by any reference to mountaineering in the Alps, nor would it occur to any other climber of the arrogant sort who may also be a sportsman. We set climbing on a pedestal above the common recreations of men. We hold it apart and label it as something that has a special value.

This, though it passes with all too little comment, is a plain act of rebellion. It is a serious deviation from the normal standard of rightness and wrongness, and if we were to succeed in establishing our value for mountaineering we should upset the whole order of society, just as completely as it would be upset if a sufficient number of people who claimed to be enlightened were to eat eggs with knives and regard with disdain the poor folk who ate them with spoons.

But there is a propriety of behaviour for rebels as for others. Society can at least expect of rebels that they explain themselves. Other men are exempt from this duty because they use the recognised labels in the conventional ways. Sporting practice and religious observance were at one time placed above, or below, the need of explanation. They were bottled and labelled "Extra dry," and this valuation was accepted as a premise for a priori judgments by society in general. Rebel minorities have sometimes behaved in the same way, and by the very arrogance of their dogmatism have made a revolution. The porridge-with-salt men have introduced a fashion which decrees that it is right to eat salt with porridge, and no less wrong to conceal its true nature by any other disguise than to pass the bottle from left to right instead of oppositewise. This triumph was secured only by self-assured arrogance. But the correct method for rebels is that they set forth their case for the world to see.

Climbers who, like myself, take the high line have much to explain, and it is time they set about it. Notoriously they endanger their lives. With what object? If only for some physical pleasure, to enjoy certain movements of the body

and to experience the zest of emulation, then it is not worth while. Climbers are only a particularly foolish set of desperadoes; they are on the same plane with hunters, and many degrees less reasonable. The only defence for mountaineering puts it on a higher plane than mere physical sensation. It is asserted that the climber experiences higher emotions; he gets some good for his soul. His opponent may well feel sceptical about this argument. He, too, may claim to consider his soul's good when he can take a holiday. Probably it is true of anyone who spends a well-earned fortnight in healthy enjoyment at the seaside that he comes back a better, that is to say a more virtuous man than he went. How are the climber's joys worth more than the seaside? What are these higher emotions to which he refers so elusively? And if they really are so valuable, is there no safer way of reaching them? Do mountaineers consider these questions and answer them again and again from fresh experience, or are they content with some magic certainty born of comparative ignorance long ago?

It would be a wholesome tonic, perhaps, more often to meet an adversary who argued on these lines. In practice I find that few men ever want to discuss mountaineering seriously. I suppose they imagine that a discussion with me would be unprofitable; and I must confess that if anyone does open the question my impulse is to put him off. I can assume a vague disdain for civilisation, and I can make phrases about beautiful surroundings, and puff them out, as one who has a secret and does not care to reveal it because no one would understand—phrases which refer to the divine riot of Nature in her ecstasy of making mountains.

Thus I appeal to the effect of mountain scenery upon my æsthetic sensibility. But, even if I can communicate by words a true feeling, I have explained nothing. Æsthetic delight is vitally connected with our performance, but it neither explains nor excuses it. No one for a moment dreams that our apparently wilful proceedings are determined merely by our desire to see what is beautiful. The mountain railway could cater for such desires. By providing view-points at a number of stations, and by concealing all signs of its own mechanism,



it might be so completely organised that all the æsthetic joys of the mountaineer should be offered to its intrepid ticket-holders. It would achieve this object with a comparatively small expenditure of time, and would even have, one might suppose, a decisive advantage by affording to all lovers of the mountains the opportunity of sharing their emotions with a large and varied multitude of their fellow-men. And yet the idea of associating this mechanism with a snow mountain is the abomination of every species of mountaineer. To him it appears as a kind of rape. The fact that he so regards it indicates the emphasis with which he rejects the crude æsthetic reasons as his central defence.

I suppose that, in the opinion of many people who have opportunities of judging, mountaineers have no ground for claiming for their pursuit a superiority as regards the natural beauties that attend it. And certainly many huntsmen would resent their making any such claim. We cannot, therefore, remove mountaineering from the plane of hunting by a composite representation of its merits—by asserting that physical and æsthetic joys are blent for us and not for others.

Nevertheless, I am still arrogant, and still confident in the superiority of mountaineering over all other forms of recreation. But what do I mean by this superiority? And in what measure do I claim it? On what level do we place mountaineering? What place in the whole order of experience is occupied by our experience as mountaineers? The answer to these questions must be very nearly connected with the whole explanation of our position; it may actually be found to include in itself a defence of mountaineering.

It must be admitted at the outset that our periodic literature gives little indication that our performance is concerned no less with the spiritual side of us than with the physical. This is, in part, because we require certain practical information of anyone who describes an expedition. Our journals, with one exception, do not pretend to be elevated literature, but aim only at providing useful knowledge for climbers. With this purpose we try to show exactly where upon a mountain our course lay, in what manner the conditions of snow and ice and rocks and weather were or were not favourable to our

enterprise, and what were the actual difficulties we had to overcome and the dangers we had to meet. Naturally, if we accept these circumstances, the impulse for literary expression vanishes; not so much because the matter is not suitable as because, for literary expression, it is too difficult to handle. A big expedition in the Alps, say a traverse of Mont Blanc, would be a superb theme for an epic poem. But we are not all even poets, still less Homers or Miltons. We do, indeed, possess lyric poetry that is concerned with mountains, and value it highly for the expression of much that we feel about them. But little of it can be said to suggest that mountaineering in the technical sense offers an emotional experience which cannot otherwise be reached. A few essays and a few descriptions do give some indication that the spiritual part of man is concerned. Most of those who describe expeditions do not even treat them as adventure, still less as being connected with any emotional experience peculiar to mountaineering. Some writers, after the regular careful references to matters of plain fact, insert a paragraph dealing summarily with an æsthetic experience; the greater part make a bare allusion to such feelings or neglect them altogether, and perhaps these are the wisest sort.

And yet it is not so very difficult to write about æsthetic impressions in some way so as to give pleasure. If we do not ask too much, many writers are able to please us in this respect. We may be pleased, without being stirred to the depths, by anyone who can make us believe that he has experienced æsthetically; we may not be able to feel with him what he has felt, but if he talks about it simply we may be quite delighted to perceive that he has felt as we too are capable of feeling. Mountaineers who write do not, as a rule, succeed even in this small degree. If they are so bold as to attempt a sunset or sunrise, we too often feel uncertain as we read that they have felt anything—and this even though we may know quite well that they are accustomed to feel as we feel ourselves.

These observations about our mountain literature are not made by way of censure or in disappointment; they are put forward as phenomena, which have to be explained, not so.

much by the nature of mountaineers, but rather by the nature of their performance. The explanation which commends itself to me is derived very simply from the conception of mountaineering, which, expressed or unexpressed, is common, I imagine, to all us of the arrogant sort. We do not think that our æsthetic experiences of sunrises and sunsets and clouds and thunder are supremely important facts in mountaineering, but rather that they cannot thus be separated and catalogued and described individually as experiences at all. They are not incidental in mountaineering, but a vital and inseparable part of it; they are not ornamental, but structural; they are not various items causing emotion but parts of an emotional whole; they are the crystal pools perhaps, but they owe their life to a continuous stream.

It is this unity that makes so many attempts to describe æsthetic detail seem futile. Somehow they miss the point and fail to touch us. It is because they are only fragments. If we take one moment and present its emotional quality apart from the whole, it has lost the very essence that gave it a value. If we write about an expedition from the emotional point of view in any part of it, we ought so to write about the whole adventure from beginning to end.

A day well spent in the Alps is like some great symphony. Andante, andantissimo sometimes, is the first movement—the grim, sickening plod up the moraine. But how forgotten when the blue light of dawn flickers over the hard, clean snow! The new *motif* is ushered in, as it were, very gently on the lesser wind instruments, hautboys and flutes, remote but melodious and infinitely hopeful, caught by the violins in the growing light, and torn out by all the bows with quivering chords as the summits, one by one, are enmeshed in the gold web of day, till at last the whole band, in triumphant accord, has seized the air and romps in magnificent frolic, because there you are at last marching, all a-tingle with warm blood, under the sun. And so throughout the day successive moods induce the symphonic whole—allegro while you break the back of an expedition and the issue is still in doubt; scherzo, perhaps, as you leap up the final rocks of the arête or cut steps in

a last short slope, with the ice-chips dancing and swimming and bubbling and bounding with magic gaiety over the crisp surface in their mad glissade ; and then, for the descent, sometimes again andante, because, while the summit was still to win, you forgot that the business of descending may be serious and long ; but in the end scherzo once more—with the brakes on for sunset.

Expeditions in the Alps are all different, no less than symphonies are different, and each is a fresh experience. Not all are equally buoyant with hope and strength ; nor is it only the proportion of grim to pleasant that varies, but no less the quality of these and other ingredients and the manner of their mixing. But every mountain adventure is emotionally complete. The spirit goes on a journey just as does the body, and this journey has a beginning and an end, and is concerned with all that happens between these extremities. You cannot say that one part of your adventure was emotional while another was not, any more than you can say of your journey that one part was travelling and another was not. You cannot subtract parts and still have the whole. Each part depends for its value upon all the other parts, and the manner in which it is related to them. The glory of sunrise in the Alps is not independent of what has passed and what's to come ; without the day that is dying and the night that is to come the reverie of sunset would be less suggestive, and the deep valley-lights would lose their promise of repose. Still more, the ecstasy of the summit is conditioned by the events of getting up and the prospects of getting down.

Mountain scenes occupy the same place in our consciousness with remembered melody. It is all one whether I find myself humming the air of some great symphonic movement or gazing upon some particular configuration of rock and snow, or peak and glacier, or even more humbly upon some colour harmony of meadow and sweet pinewood in Alpine valley. Impressions of things seen return unbidden to the mind, so that we seem to have whole series of places where we love to spend idle moments, inns, as it were, inviting us by the roadside, and many of them pleasant and comfortable Gorphwysfas, so well known to us by now that we make the journey easily

enough with a homing instinct, and never feel a shock of surprise, however remote they seem, when we find ourselves there. Many people, it appears, have strange dreamlands, where they are accustomed to wander at ease, where no "dull brain perplexes and retards," nor tired body and heavy limbs, but where the whole emotional being flows, unrestrained and unencumbered, it knows not whither, like a stream rippling happily in its clean sandy bed, careless towards the infinite. My own experience has more of the earth. My mental homes are real places, distinctly seen and not hard to recognise. Only a little while ago, when a sentence I was writing got into a terrible tangle, I visited one of them. An infant river meanders coolly in a broad, grassy valley; it winds along as gently almost as some glassy snake of the plains, for the valley is so flat that its slope is imperceptible. The green hills on either side are smooth and pleasing to the eye, and eventually close in, though not completely. Here the stream plunges down a steep and craggy hillside far into the shadow of a deeper valley. You may follow it down by a rough path, and then, turning aside, before you quite reach the bottom of the second valley, along a grassy ledge, you may find a modest inn. The scene was visited in reality by three tired walkers at the end of a first day in the Alps a few seasons back. It is highly agreeable. When I discover myself looking again upon the features of this landscape, I walk no longer in a vain shadow, disquieting myself, but a delicious serenity embraces my whole being. In another scene which I still sometimes visit, though not so often as formerly, the main feature is a number of uniform truncated cones with a circular base of, perhaps, 8 in. diameter; they are made of reddish sand. They were, in fact, made long ago by filling a flower-pot with sandy soil from the country garden where I spent a considerable part of my childhood. The emotional quality of this scene is more exciting than that of the other. It recalls the first occasion upon which I made sand-pies, and something of the creative force of that moment is associated with the tidy little heaps of reddish sand.

For any ardent mountaineer whose imaginative parts are made like mine, normally, as I should say, the mountains will

naturally supply a large part of this hinterland, and the more important scenes will probably be mountainous—an indication in itself that the mountain experiences, unless they are merely terrible, are particularly valuable.

It is difficult to see why certain moments should have this queer vitality, as though the mind's home contained some mystic cavern set with gems which wait only for a gleam of light to reveal their hidden glory. What principle is it that determines this vitality? Perhaps the analogy with musical experience may still suffice. Mountain scenes appear to recur, not only in the same quality with tunes from a great work, say, Mozart or Beethoven, but from the same differentiating cause. It is not mere intensity of feeling that determines the places of tunes in my subconscious self, but chiefly some other principle. When the chords of melody are split, and unsatisfied suggestions of complete harmony are tossed among the instruments; when the firm rhythm is lost in remote pools and eddies, the mind roams perplexed; it experiences remorse and associates it with no cause; grief, and it names no sad event; desires crying aloud and unfulfilled, and yet it will not formulate the object of them; but when the great tide of music rises with a resolved purpose, floating the strewn wreckage and bearing it up together in its embracing stream, like a supreme spirit in the glorious act of creation, then the vague distresses and cravings are satisfied, a divine completeness of harmony possesses all the senses and the mind as though the universe and the individual were in exact accord, pursuing a common aim with the efficiency of mechanical perfection. Similarly, some parts of a climbing day give us the feeling of things unfulfilled; we doubt and tremble; we go forward not as men determined to reach a fixed goal; our plans do not convince us and miscarry; discomforts are not willingly accepted as a proper necessity; spirit and body seem to betray each other: but a time comes when all this is changed and we experience a harmony and a satisfaction. The individual is in a sense submerged, yet not so as to be less conscious; rather his consciousness is specially alert, and he comes to a finer realisation of himself than ever before. It is these moments of supremely harmonious experience that

remain always with us and part of us. Other times and other scenes besides may be summoned back to gleam across the path, elusive revenants; but those that are born of the supreme accord are more substantial; they are the real immortals. Sensation may fill the mind with melody remembered, so that the great leading airs of a symphony become an emotional commonplace for all who have heard it, and for mountaineers it may with no less facility evoke a mountain scene.

But once again. What is the value of our emotional experience among mountains? We may show by comparison the kind of feeling we have, but might not that comparison be applied with a similar result in other spheres?

How it would disturb the cool contempt of the arrogant mountaineer to whisper in his ear, "Why not drop it and take up, say, Association football?" Not, of course, if a footballer made the remark, because the mountaineer would merely humour him as he would humour a child. That, at least, is the line I should take myself, and I can't imagine that, for instance, a proper president of the Alpine Club, if approached in this way by the corresponding functionary of the A.F.A., could adopt any other. But supposing a member of the club were to make the suggestion—with the emendation, lest this should be ridiculous, of golf instead of football—imagine the righteousness of his wrath and the majesty of his anger! And yet it is as well to consider whether the footballers, golfers, etc., of this world have not some experience akin to ours. The exteriors of sportsmen are so arranged as to suggest that they have not; but if we are to pursue the truth in a whole-hearted fashion we must, at all costs, go further and see what lies beyond the faces and clothes of sporting men. Happily, as a sportsman myself, I know what the real feelings of sportsmen are; it is clear enough to me that the great majority of them have the same sort of experience as mountaineers.

It is abundantly clear to me, and even too abundantly. The fact that sportsmen are, with regard to their sport, highly emotional beings is at once so strange and so true that a lifetime might well be spent in the testing of it. Very pleasant

it would be to linger among the curious jargons, the outlandish manners—barbaric heartiness, mediæval chivalry, “side” and “swank,” if these can be distinguished, in their various appearances—and the mere facial expressions of the different species in the genus; and to see how all alike have one main object, to disguise the depth of their real sentiment. But these matters are to be enjoyed and digested in the plenty of leisure hours, and I must put them by for now. The plain facts are sufficient for this occasion. The elation of sportsmen in success, their depression in failure, their long-spun vivacity in anecdote—these are the great tests, and by their quality may be seen the elemental play of emotions among all kinds of sportsmen. The footballers, the cricketers, the golfers, the batters and ballers—to be short, of all the one hundred and thirty-one varieties, all dream by day and by night as the climber dreams. Spheroidic prodigies are immortal each in its locality. The place comes back to the hero with the culminating event—the moment when a round, inanimate object was struck supremely well; and all the great race of hunters, in more lands than one, the men who hunt fishes and fowls and beasts after their kind, from perch to spotted sea-serpent, fat pheasant to dainty lark or thrush, tame deer to jungle-bred monster, all hunters dream of killing animals, whether they be small or great, and whether they be gentle or ferocious. Sport is for sportsmen a part of their emotional experience, as mountaineering is for mountaineers.

How, then, shall we distinguish emotionally between the mountaineer and the sportsman?

The great majority of men are in a sense artists; some are active and creative, and some participate passively. No doubt those who create differ in some way fundamentally from those who do not create; but they hold this artistic impulse in common: all alike desire expression for the emotional side of their nature. The behaviour of those who are devoted to the higher forms of Art shows this clearly enough. It is clearest of all, perhaps, in the drama, in dancing, and in music. Not only those who perform are artists, but also those who are moved by the performance. Artists, in this sense, are not distinguished by the power of expressing emotion, but the power



of feeling that emotional experience out of which Art is made. We recognise this when we speak of individuals as artistic, though they have no pretension to create Art. Arrogant mountaineers are all artistic, independently of any other consideration, because they cultivate emotional experience for its own sake ; and so for the same reason are sportsmen. It is not paradoxical to assert that all sportsmen—real sportsmen, I mean—are artistic ; it is merely to apply that term logically, as it ought to be applied. A large part of the human race is covered in this way by an epithet usually vague and specialised, and so it ought to be. No difference in kind divides the individual who is commonly said to be artistic from the sportsman who is supposed not so to be. On the contrary, the sportsman is a recognisable kind of artist. So soon as pleasure is being pursued, not simply for its face value, as it is being pursued at this moment by the cook below, who is chatting with the fishmonger when I know she ought to be basting the joint, not in the simplest way, but for some more remote and emotional object, it partakes of the nature of Art. This distinction may easily be perceived in the world of sport. It points the difference between one who is content to paddle a boat by himself because he likes the exercise, or likes the sensation of occupying a boat upon the water, or wants to use the water to get to some desirable spot, and one who trains for a race ; the difference between kicking a football and playing in a game of football ; the difference between riding individually for the liver's sake and riding to hounds. Certainly neither the sportsman nor the mountaineer can be accused of taking his pleasure simply. Both are artists ; and the fact that he has in view an emotional experience does not remove the mountaineer even from the devotee of Association football.

But there is Art and ART. We may distinguish amongst artists. Without an exact classification or order of merit we do so distinguish habitually. The "Fine Arts" are called "fine" presumably because we consider that all Arts are not fine. The epithet artistic is commonly limited to those who are seen to have the artistic sense developed in a peculiar degree.

It is precisely in making these distinctions that we may estimate what we set out to determine—the value of moun-

taineering in the whole order of our emotional experience. To what part of the artistic sense of man does mountaineering belong? To the part that causes him to be moved by music or painting, or to the part that makes him enjoy a game?

By putting the question in this form we perceive at once the gulf that divides the arrogant mountaineer from the sportsman. It seemed perfectly natural to compare a day in the Alps with a symphony. For mountaineers of my sort mountaineering is rightfully so comparable; but no sportsman could or would make the same claim for cricket or hunting, or whatever his particular sport might be. He recognises the existence of the sublime in great Art, and knows, even if he cannot feel, that its manner of stirring the heart is altogether different and vaster. But mountaineers do not admit this difference in the emotional plane of mountaineering and Art. They claim that something sublime is the essence of mountaineering. They can compare the call of the hills to the melody of wonderful music, and the comparison is not ridiculous.

## A LITHUANIAN MEDLEY.

BY KATHARINE COX.

THERE are a few wooded hills round Vilna, and that is all. For the rest, Lithuania is an immense varying plain. A part of that great plain which runs from Holland to China, suddenly, after hundreds of dead, dreary German miles, it becomes very beautiful and alive. It seems to wander and change on impulse, as only flat land can. Strips and patches of forest run into pasture which in summer is all flowers, and small alder woods edge along the streams. It seemed to me some of the worst scenery and the most lovely country I had ever seen. It made no appreciative demands, and became in a day happily familiar.

For, unashamed, I will not apologise for talking about flat country in this journal, and, if called to order, I shall very readily attack the boasted unchangingness of your heavy mountains! It is very doubtful if freedom does sit on the heights.

Moreover, I soon found out that the incidents of travelling on these plains were as variable and impulsive in their sequence as the country itself. Lithuania is without doubt a country for riding; that is the pace and that is the height from which to see such country. There is a great road, sandy, broader than Kingsway, lined and deep ruffled by fifty wheel tracks, which runs from Warsaw to St. Petersburg; and the two cities are joined by a double line of great silver birches, which edge the track for its whole length. Riding along, every two or three versts you meet a peasant's cart, or a string of two or three, with bundled women sitting on the top; or often, near Vilna, long lines of barefoot women, pilgrims to a powerful Madonna. And it was not only that the sights were strange; the whole atmosphere was one of possible adven-

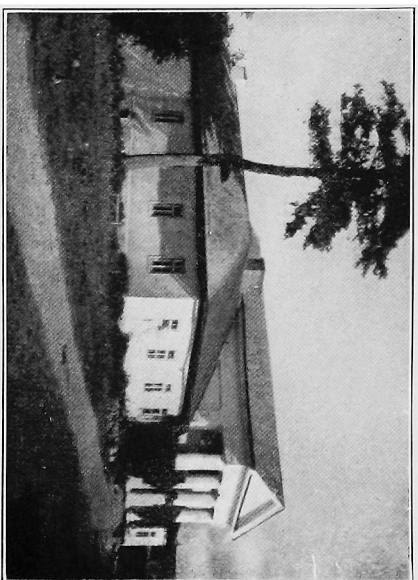
ture, so that I half expected to find myself tilting at windmills at the next turn of the road.

Riding is not only the best way of seeing the country ; it is also the best way of getting about. It is always up to anything unforeseen to happen on these journeys. We put up at any estate we were fortunate enough to reach in the evening. Elsewhere only in Ireland, I suppose, is such unquestioning and welcoming hospitality met with. In other countries it is possible to be entertained—one can even, in German fashion, be embarrassingly overfed—yet to be received not only as the happiest of godsend, but also as a familiar guest, is something beyond food and entertainment. You may ride up late at night and be welcomed by a great lighting up of the house and an elaborate feast at an hour when you would hesitate to ask for a little cold supper in most countries. And directly you are safely in the house you are not only invited to stay for a week or a fortnight, but the matter is assumed as settled, and the rest of the evening is spent in planning the most wonderful expeditions.

On one such occasion, for example, we went duck-shooting the next day on a lake fifty miles away. Wonderful lakes they are, six or seven hundred acres, reedy, and very desolate. There are shaking marshes all round them, where the peasants went like spiders, and I fell knee-deep every second step. We paddled about in canoes made of hollow trunks. In the evening we had a meal sitting by the side of the lake. Half-way through, champagne appeared in buckets of ice. I never knew where it came from—we were miles from even a wood-built village.

Sometimes the house was full of visitors, but Polish houses seemed to be endlessly elastic. Often the whole house party would set out to ride round the estate. It generally ended in a wild race or a desperate follow-my-leader through woods as fast as we could go. Or we stopped for an elaborate shooting wager (I was the only person so unromantic as not to have a small "Browning"), which generally involved a good many twenty-five rouble notes.

Then, after a thousand hospitable delays, we would finally ride away. But one can never be provident and start early,



A Polish Country House.



though there may be sixty or a hundred versts to go. To persuade guests to stay is a possibility even when they are in the saddle, and, besides, I do not think anyone is ever provident in Poland. So the next house was often reached very late; but it made no difference to the welcome, though sometimes we knocked up a sleepy servant in the dark at the back of the house, and only greeted our hosts at breakfast. I liked riding at night; there was not only the delight of an arrival in the dark, which always makes waking up the next morning twice as exciting; but, riding through the forests at night, you ride through perpetually changing waves of aromatic air. It was very lovely. Where the track went by a marsh you heard a slow, oddly musical chorus of frogs, and, at our calling to them as we rode by, they answered all along the reeds. One exciting night I remember, when we were taken straight across country at a sharp trot, often breaking into a canter. It was a thick dark that you strain into, and go blind. Suddenly, grey on black, I saw a pale crucifix that startled us both and sent the mare stumbling into a hole. But we got safely to the house we were making for.

As we rode along by day, one of the loveliest sights was the lupin fields, yellow and blue (the cattle are fed with lupin-seed in the winter). There are sheets of blue pea-smelling flowers, and sometimes they run right through a small patch of wood and cover the floor of it breast-high till the air hangs blue half-way up the trunks and branches.

I had not been a week in the country before I was lent a chestnut mare, on whom I made most of the long excursions. She was practically tireless, and one day tried to run away at the end of a hundred versts. She was also remarkable as being one-eared, the other having been slashed off by a Cossack, not in Russian brutality, as I was prepared to believe, but by a mere ill-judged sabre exercise. She was a perpetual source of conversation on the road.

Flat country certainly scores over its rivers. Streams you can get among mountains—falls and torrents, noisy, bounding water; but the quiet rivers in the plain are oddly more impressive and powerful than any of these. At Warsaw

I used to wait on the bridges watching the Vistula, or perhaps take an afternoon steamer a verst or two down the river. But it was coming suddenly to the Niemen, riding down through wide-spaced oak-trees and looking down from a high, earthy bank, that I really saw the extraordinary impressiveness of those Russian rivers. Narrower than the Rhine, they make no secondary appeal on the score of their banks or castled hills: they are simply water, a different element. They are quiet and apparently rather still-flowing. But, though they look quiet, bathing in them is not very safe. There are under-currents and an occasional sucking hole. Bathing one day, we had swum across to a long sandbank running down the middle of the river. At a cry I looked back and saw a young woman in difficulties, caught in one of these pools. There were two of us, and it was easy to get her out. I remember she was somewhat surprised at the English attitude of rather scolding anger at the silliness of being nearly drowned. She frightened us more than a little, and it is difficult for Poles to understand our emotional reactions! Five minutes after, a peasant woman came running down the bank and, lifting her hands, cried over to us that we should take care: a boy had been drowned there the day before.

Riding by the Niemen one day, we came to a small estate, the terrace of the house right on the high bank of the river. I wanted to live there. We sheltered the horses during a thunderstorm, and, though strangers, were fed and entertained elaborately. I was more untidy than usual, and they had never seen an Englishwoman before: it was a very remote place. I rather hope I founded a tradition that Englishwomen always look like second-rate circus riders, and their usual dress always includes long riding boots, a blue shirt, and a red handkerchief instead of a decent hat. The contrast was the more dreadful since visitors are always received with some ceremony. On this occasion, I remember, the hostess had an extravagantly ornate lace tea-gown fluttering with yellow ribbons.

Sometimes the claims of riding were forgotten when other methods of travelling offered themselves. Motoring is no longer an adventure in England; it will be still for many years



in Russia. Good roads are very few; the others are tracks—sand, stones, and holes; and you go about fifty miles an hour. It is always wiser to hold on. So when we motored there were frequent halts for repairs, when we slept very comfortably in a ditch, or, if there was a cottage near by, made a meal of black bread and bowls of sour milk. We were waiting in this way outside a small town one evening when an old droska driver came up and sat on the bank in his great gathered coat and coloured girdle, telling us long horrors of the robbers who had preyed on travellers on the road ahead of us, and had only been got rid of a year or so ago by a governor who, we gathered, hung everyone indiscriminately till he got the right ones.

On one motor expedition we went right down into the south of Lithuania, where there is a great virgin forest preserved for the Czar's shooting. It is full of elk and wild boars and a small species of bison. In the middle of the forest is a clearing of about twenty acres and a small village, and in the middle of that the Czar's hunting-box. It was one of the most ostentatious and hideous of houses. It was luxuriously uncomfortable, and there was nothing even to envy except, possibly, the Czarevitch's long tiled bath, into which half a dozen steps led down. There was a great banqueting hall, its walls stuck, like a pudding with almonds, with titled horns, the trophies of the Czar and the Grand Dukes. As we came through the forest towards this clearing, suddenly, on the left, I saw a great brown patch through the leaves. We jumped over the ditch, and a few yards away there was an immense bull-bison. His great head joined neckless on to his heavy fore-quarters. He stood pawing the ground for a minute, and then, very slow and heavy, galloped rollingly away through the trees.

The whole expedition, I remember, on that occasion was a triumph of casualness. Though we started one day with two hundred miles to go, by nine at night there were still a hundred. We lost our way in the dark; the motor broke down and stuck in the sand; we nearly killed some sleeping peasants in a cart. I slept, jolted awake, slept again, and sleepily thanked heaven that my English passion for manag-

ing and interfering was perfectly useless, and that I was happily unable to make myself responsible for arriving anywhere or doing anything. We finally reached a small Jewish town about three in the morning. The inn was wonderfully dirty, and the family and guests were turned out to give us beds. We were finally escorted in by a crowd of half-naked, dirty Jewesses, very eager and curious and greedy.

It is quite impossible to write coherently of such a life; its whole essence is a sort of happy inconsequence unintelligible in England. I never foresaw anything. We might start out to ride round the fields or oversee some piece of carting, and then it would turn into an elaborate expedition to a neighbour's or into a ride to a river fifteen miles away for a bathe. Perhaps we would come back from trying to play polo in a marsh, splashed with mud, to find visitors had arrived for two or three days, and the house was in a ferment of ceremony and best dresses. And this atmosphere of unexpected encounter which they breathed so naturally, and I with such difficulty and delight, hangs equally over the towns. The fortnight at Vilna when the race meetings were held remains like a wildly extravagant film in my mind. The succession of events in England is never quite so inconsequent. I attended meetings of the Vilna Turf Club when the arrangements for that day's races were being made and remade with startling rapidity, and cognac and champagne were perpetually being handed round. One of the competitors was a wonderfully painted Russian lady, the wife of an officer. She was a very plucky and a very ugly rider. The cut of her habit and a certain dash about her made her look like a caricature of an equestrian portrait. I might have weakly sympathised with her attempt at the picturesque, but, though it may be possible to stand up against a convention in England, there—where English conventions, such as the correct clothes for "sport," are adopted wholesale—public opinion is too strong. She was, I agreed, not correct.

I look back on queer half-understood conversations with Russian officers, half-made plans for the next day's riding. And when I was tired of trying to understand what was happening I used to go out riding peacefully by myself. The

woods round the racecourse at Vilna were very lovely, a mass of big firs and oaks and low-growing yellow barberry bushes. I was exercising one of the horses in the evening when, along one of the dusty rides, I came suddenly on four hundred Cossacks riding in double file, jingling with long lances. We all stared rather startled. They were a curiously barbaric sight, with their long forelocks over their left temple.

It would be impossible to give any real idea of all the small, tumbled intrigues and plans which made life at Vilna so alive and so unreal. I was not a good enough rider to go in for the jumping competitions, so I had to stand talking in the grand stand during the races, where I picked up queer ends and scraps of what was going on. There was one countess who always impressed me as the most distinguished of ladies. She was very stupid, and I think her air of distinction was entirely due to the fact that she always gave you her left hand. It was an insistent characteristic which indefinably but obviously seemed to mark her superiority.

One day a young man fell at a high jump. He lay huddled, and his wife suddenly, with a sob, started into horrible hysterics. We tried, in a silly, ineffectual way, to help her, while everyone whispered and hurried. Then a Russian lady turned volubly to me: "Drunk," she said; "he couldn't sit his horse." He was a boaster, and frightened, and had taken too much cognac. His wife still went on screaming. He was only bruised, and, just to show off, insisted on motor-ing back to the town. All round the tables in the hotel that night went the end of the story. Motoring through the streets, he had killed a Tartar boy, had been arrested, and was in prison, and the angry people had tried to stone the other motors coming back from the racecourse. His wife was said to be seriously ill.

In the hotel, where "everybody" stayed, there was always a wonderful atmosphere of bustle and excitement. I got very much entangled in the mere social etiquette of card-leaving, and the writing and receiving of notes was as incessant as a tape machine. I could never guess what the day would bring forth. Once a sudden, insistent message that we must be ready to set out for the country in a quarter of an hour was the

preface to a half-day's unexplained wait before the expedition finally started. This rapid alteration and readjustment of plans I grew to accept passively and quietly, as we accept the weather.

We were swept suddenly into a dance one night in a long ballroom at the top of the hotel, and danced wonderful mazurkas and polonaises and country dances. They dance beautifully, and not only the counts and countesses; for once, in a dingy restaurant in a small Jewish town, the cook suddenly appeared and, after drinking our healths in cognac, began some figures of a Lithuanian dance. He was a wonderful sight—white-aproned, fat and greasy, and as agile as any student of Eurhythmics. But it is even better to go round in the evening to one of the cottages in the country and look through the windows, or from the shadow of the doorway, and watch their dancing. On a mud floor, with very little room, one can see eight or nine Nijinskys. And when the women come in they dance mazurkas and polkas with an energy which well outsteps a morris dancer.

Altogether it is certainly the country rather than the town in Poland and Lithuania which is so queerly enchanting. It was very hard to leave. I almost felt I had lived on those plains not only a summer but many seasons. I saw the clover cut, and I would have liked to wait for the rye and for the hunting after the harvest. When the hay was cut we slept out on the cocks in the meadows down by the stream, protected by large Russian greyhounds and a clumsy great mongrel bitch; my bed got tossed at night occasionally, when they woke up to hunt for mice at the roots of the cock. Early on hot days we sometimes took the horses down to the stream, undressed, and gave them a bath, and rode them back very wet and slippery.

Riding along in the country, you see through the trees the double orthodox cross glittering over many churches where only a handful of Russians worship. For Lithuania is faithfully Catholic, and where the old churches have been taken, new ones have generally been built by the Catholics. When staying at one house we were driven to church on feast days by four chestnut horses, with two outriding foals running by



**Vilna.**



the side. The great square in front of the church was filled with peasants' carts, and here and there a landowner's carriage. In May, the month of the Virgin, there stood at each end of the villages, or under a large tree by the house, small altars, with white linen and bunches of flowers and a hooded Madonna. In the evening all the people knelt there, chanting the special litanies. There were small painted crucifixes, like sign-posts, where paths cross. "May Jesus Christ live!" is the greeting from the peasants on the roads, and you answer, "For ever and ever."

Some people have the evil eye. I have been made to take the horses by a different path to avoid a suspicious person. For this reason it is better to spit three times when you meet an orthodox priest. Gipsies came one day when we were staying in the country, and, before they left, had extracted a good deal of booty. I was intermediary in one transaction which involved hurried and rather circuitous journeys to a gap at the bottom of the orchard fence. There I delivered those things I had been bidden deliver, and said that which I had been bidden to say, but gipsy Polish was too difficult to allow me to get much entangled in the lady's toils, and I went back through the orchard westernly aloof.

For a month I tried to leave. I was always bribed to stay by their delightful hospitality, and I left only in a whirl of future plans. I think I have promised to ride in a jumping competition at Warsaw, to do a time-record ride of 150 versts, and to join in an expedition riding down into Ukraine. So I came away with plans for fifty further travels, not only in Lithuania, but farther east and farther south. For, though the plains of Russia are wonderful enough, I must confess here that the Caucasus has become for me a sort of promised land, and, in dreams, I not only ride over the waving plains of Lithuania, but climb valleys thick with hanging rhododendrons, where names such as Tiflis and Vladikavkaz have already all the magic of Arabia.

## NOTES ON SOME RECENT NEW CLIMBS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT.

BY S. W. HERFORD.

THE ascents which I shall describe are those in which I have myself taken part, and it should be understood that other excellent work has been done in the district, of which no mention is made.

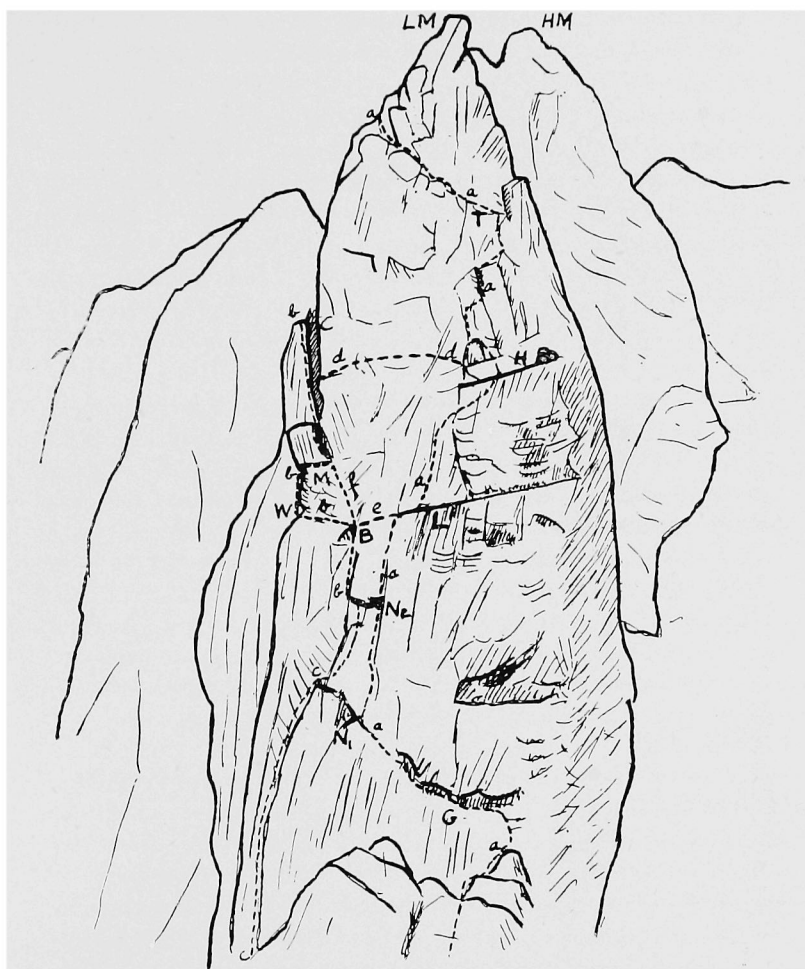
Recent work on Scafell includes: (1) a fairly complete exploration of the face of the Pinnacle, resulting in (*a*) a direct ascent to the Low Man by way of Hopkinson's Cairn; (*b*) the repetition of Jones's climb to the Crevasse; (*c*) the completion of the Hopkinsons' fine effort of 1887, which provides a longer alternative to the lower 80 feet common to the other two routes. (2) The rediscovery of one or two old and almost forgotten climbs, such as (*a*) Thompson's route, (*b*) Jones' and Collier's climb; also (*c*) the second and several subsequent ascents of Botterill's Slab, and (*d*) a few minor variations on existing climbs. And (3) a traverse across the crags, from Professor's Chimney to Collier's climb.

To consider these in detail:—

(1) The face of the Pinnacle is a solid mass of grey, weathered rock, of ideal texture for climbing purposes. Up the centre it rises in an even stretch of slabs, broken in the lower portion by several good ledges, steepening higher up; on the right, or Deep Ghyll, side we have a succession of pronounced overhangs for 150 feet, at which height is a very large platform marked by Hopkinson's Cairn; above this the formation abruptly changes, the rocks being more broken up. On the left side, on the other hand, the central slabby formation is broken by a series of steep and almost unclimbable furrows, which strike up from the easy ground at the foot to the neighbourhood of the Crevasse. Such being the charac-



# DIAGRAM OF FACE OF SCAFELL PINNACLE.



## EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAM.

- |            |  |                      |                                 |
|------------|--|----------------------|---------------------------------|
| <b>a a</b> | Route to Low Man, via Hopkinson's Cairn.                       | <b>C</b>             | Crevasse.                       |
| <b>b b</b> | Jones' Route to Crevasse.                                      | <b>G</b>             | Gangway.                        |
| <b>c c</b> | Hopkinson's Gully.   | <b>H</b>             | Hopkinson's Cairn.              |
| <b>d d</b> | Direct Traverse from Hopkinson's Cairn to Crevasse.            | <b>HM</b>            | High Man, Scafell Pinnacle.     |
| <b>e</b>   | Direct Traverse from Moss Ledge to Belay in Hopkinson's Gully. | <b>L</b>             | Moss Ledge.                     |
| <b>f</b>   | Easy Crack direct from Belay in Hopkinson's Gully.             | <b>LM</b>            | Low Man, Scafell Pinnacle.      |
| <b>B</b>   | Belay in Hopkinson's Gully.                                    | <b>M</b>             | Mantelshelf.                    |
|            |  | <b>N<sub>1</sub></b> | First Nest.                     |
|            |  | <b>N<sub>2</sub></b> | Second Nest.                    |
|            |  | <b>T</b>             | Hopkinson and Tribe's Traverse. |
|            |  | <b>W</b>             | Waiting Room.                   |



teristics of the face, it follows naturally that in the lower portion the climbing is more or less confined to the central slabs; when these become too severe, the routes branch off to the right and left, and finish up the respective flanks of the buttress.

The usual start for both climbs, *i.e.*, Jones' route and that *viâ* the Cairn, is on the edge of Deep Ghyll, immediately beneath the lowest overhang. The footway lies to the left, along and below it, and is of a quite unique character; it is sufficient to remark that a booted foot will slide off. This "Gangway," as it is called, leads out on to the central slabs, the First Nest being reached after 50 feet; a 30-foot slab of moderate difficulty leads to another good ledge, the Second Nest. Here the routes divide.

Taking first that *viâ* the Cairn, the line of ascent is continued directly upwards for 25 feet, when it becomes necessary to make an easy traverse to the right on to a good platform—Moss Ledge. The steep 30-foot slab which rises above is, perhaps, the most trying portion of the climb, but definite holds are available throughout, although the intervals are rather greater than is convenient. Thus Hopkinson's Cairn is reached. A diligent search for belays in this lower portion has proved fruitless, and the leader must either take the full run out of 130 feet or have his party distributed on various ledges with no protection whatsoever; as they cannot assist him in any way, I can see no justification for this latter course. From the Cairn onwards the route cannot be mistaken. After 90 feet a steep right-angled corner proves impregnable, and renders a pleasant traverse to the left a necessity. Easy rocks then lead out to the Low Man.

Returning now to Jones' route: from the Second Nest a move is made to the left into an ill-defined groove (the continuation of Hopkinson's Gully), which is followed with difficulty for 25 feet to a belay. An exposed traverse across the wall on the left then leads to a good platform—the Waiting Room. After ascending a few feet from its right-hand corner, the climber is confronted with a most awkward "mantelshelf" problem. Personally, I consider it the hardest piece of climbing on the face. Once up, a walk to the right along the "Toe Traverse" enables him to enter a wide crack,

and this leads to a comfortable recess 30 feet below the Crevasse, and above all difficulty.\*

An alternative way of reaching the Second Nest is by Hopkinson's Gully, which is on the extreme right of the series of furrows mentioned above. The first 40 feet are the chief difficulty. It is then convenient to climb up the left wall for another 40 feet, and, crossing the gully, to move out on to the slabs on the right. One is now quite close to the First Nest.

It would, perhaps, be as well to point out that all successful parties on this face have climbed in stockings.

(2) *Thompson's route*.—Starting from the top of the first pitch in Professor's Chimney, one works out to the left on to the steep wall of the Pinnacle, joining Woodhead's climb near the top of the second pitch. The climbing is steep, and the rock not too sound. Leader runs out 60 feet.

*Jones' and Collier's route*.—From the top of Woodhead's Slab, traverse horizontally to the left for about 100 feet, arriving finally at the Knife-edge Arête. For steady parties only.

*Botterill's Slab*.—A break in the continuity of the exceedingly steep face, west of Keswick Brothers' climb, exposes a strip of rock some 10 feet in width, 100 feet high, and set at an angle of about  $65^\circ$  (that being the uniform angle of dip of the rocks east of Moss Ghyll). Up this the climb lies. It is best to keep to the outside (left hand) edge as far as possible, as the rock is more weathered there. Small vertical and horizontal cracks for the fingers and toes, with occasional satisfying holds, render it possible to climb for some 75 feet up the slab. The thin crack on the right then opens out into a chimney, in which the leader buries himself with some relief. He reaches the top 25 feet higher. This is one of the most trying ascents in Britain.

Of the variations which have been recently made on Scafell the following may be noted:—

*Direct Finish to Woodhead's Climb*.—Instead of traversing to the left at the top of the second pitch, it is possible to climb

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\* It is possible to avoid the "Mantelshelf" by proceeding straight up from the belay in Hopkinson's Gully to the easy crack below the Crevasse; this alternative is hardly less difficult and not nearly so attractive.

directly upwards to the top of the Pinnacle, a distance of about 100 feet. This must be reckoned the most difficult portion of the climb, though there is no passage as hard technically as the slab at the bottom.

*A Breezy Alternative to Slingsby's Chimney.*—From the broad ledge at the foot of the chimney ascend the slabs on the left, rejoining the ordinary route 50 feet higher.

(3) *Traverse of the Crag.*—This gives at least five hours of exceedingly interesting and difficult work for a party of three who know the route. Briefly, it is as follows:—Start from top of first pitch of Professor's Chimney; then up Thompson's route (60 feet); down Woodhead's route to the top of the slab (50 feet); along Jones' and Collier's route as far as a pile of blocks (60 feet); descend 20 feet, and then traverse to the left to the foot of the arête on Jones' Deep Ghyll route (90 feet); descend to Hopkinson's Cairn (100 feet) [a doubled rope is necessary for the first 12 feet]. To reach the Crevasse from here there are two main alternatives: (1) to traverse at first slightly upwards and then horizontally, striking the crevasse about 15 feet below the top; exposed, but not really difficult (60 feet); (2) to make use of the routes already described; a short cut can be made from the Moss Ledge direct to the belay in Hopkinson's Gully (very difficult); (130 feet). From the Crevasse descend into Steep Ghyll (60 feet); on the left wall, and slightly lower down, ascend a crack (30 feet); thence traverse to the left to the Fives' Court (40 feet), and down into Moss Ghyll (40 feet); descend to the top of the third pitch (70 feet); from here a neat traverse to the left leads into a slanting, grassy furrow, which is followed to a good ledge (40 feet). Follow this to the left. After 40 feet it broadens out comfortably, and is here known as "The Oval"; 25 feet beyond this it is necessary to descend to a ledge 30 feet below, and thence to work downwards to the left, and then upwards again to the foot of Botterill's Slab (80 feet). This is ascended and Keswick Brothers' pinnacle reached (120 feet), and from here a horizontal traverse leads to the top of the second pitch on Collier's climb (50 feet); finish up this, or up the left wall of the large recess at the top (90 feet).

It may be of interest to add a note on two recent additions to the climbing on Great Gable.

*Kern Knotts, West Buttress.*—This short but very difficult climb lies 30 feet to the right of the West Chimney. Twenty-five feet above the foot a poor stance, beside an excellent belay, is reached with some ado. The *mauvais pas* of the climb, in the form of a steep scoop, is next ascended, and exposed ledges then lead out to the finish. The leader should take out 80 feet of rope from the belay if he has any doubts about his second man.

*A New Way of Climbing the Needle.*—Starting at the foot of the Lingmell crack, a neat 15-foot slab on the right leads to a large flake. From the top of this the wall above is ascended with ease to the shoulder. The method of ascent of the top block is particularly interesting. From the Mantelshelf corner a hand traverse out to the right is made as far as the next corner; a strenuous effort is then needed to reach the top. This has been called the Obverse Route.

I should add, in conclusion, that a large portion of the climbs I have mentioned are due to G. S. Sansom.

## LOLA'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY G. N. CLARK.

"Pan Padovan,  
Vin Vizentin,  
Trippe Trevisane,  
E donne Veneziane."

—*Dante* : *passim*.

LOLA—I am not allowed to call her, at full length, "Iolanda"—Lola is a remarkable young lady. If she talked nothing but nonsense all day long, she would still be the most charming creature in Venice, but I find she has a philosophy all of her own invention, and she orders me to explain it to the world. It is in the interests of truth that I write, but I should first explain a little how her system came to be disclosed.

Although November is half-way through, it is not too cold for me to take my Italian lesson sometimes in a gondola, and last night, about sunset, we ventured out beyond the Lido into the open sea. We talked about my love for the mountains (though the Euganean Hills were invisible, let alone the Alps) and about Lola's love of the water, but principally about Lola herself, because that is the subject we are cleverest about. When the tide began to flow inwards we came back into the lagoon, and the discussion became profound. I was explaining that her great point was her unconscious, natural way, and this made Lola very angry, because she prides herself on being wicked and grown-up. She told me that she often had to stay awake all night to think of fresh effects for captivating me in the morning. In particular it had taken her weeks to get complete control over the expressions of her face, and she defied me, with something marvellously between a pout and a

triumph, to mention any dodge she could still add to her repertoire. This is just the kind of thing she does better than anyone else. I can quite believe that her face would be very beautiful in repose, but it never has been in repose, and when she talks there is expression in every atom of it. She even uses the part of it in front of her ears, and just as gracefully as if it were lips or eyes or something quite conversational like that. There never was such a teacher for the Italian tongue.

The lagoon, in the low tide and the falling darkness, was infinitely desolate. When we turned aside into the little canals the desolation was greater still, and the echoing splash of our oars was louder. Suddenly Lola snapped her fingers in the air and said: "I know now why you love the mountains and I love the sea, and we both love the Old Lady!" (The Old Lady, I must explain, is Lola's irreverent name for Venice.)

"And I love you because you're all beautiful," I observed with pomp.

"No, idiot! The mountains and the sea and Venice because they are dead. They are comfortable, but on land and in the new cities you have living things, alive and growing, what you call a community of souls—that's ghastly. If only you thought of it, you'd see that it's uncanny to have live things about you, trees and grass and animals."

"Cats?" I inquired. "We like cats."

"Very well, cats," said she, without hesitation. "I had a dream once that I was talking to Zanze, and when I put out my arms to kiss her she turned all at once into a black cat, and slipped down to the ground yelling. It was weeks before I dared to look at a cat; if you see it like that, they're so horribly human. But that isn't the worst of it: other people are liker still to us. Luckily, most people don't think of that, but it's loathsome to see all these beings, somehow like ourselves, but not ourselves. That is why the proper attitude to another person is to hate him and be his enemy. You can't hate anything except a soul—or what you choose to think a soul—and if you see a soul you hate it."

I, in my weak way, suggested: "But you can't love anything except a soul."



She laughed. "All that about love is the most delicious paradox. What they call love is just fighting, getting hold of a soul and struggling with it till you make it no soul. By love you worm yourself into the other person, you get to understand it, you can see what it will do, and you can forestall it. You are its master; as far as you're concerned, it isn't any longer alive——"

"What I like about Clive," I murmured, but Lola doesn't understand English.

"It hasn't any fresh trumps up its sleeve to finish you off with. That is why marriages are always either quarrelsome or miserable. If one of the two has some fight left, there is life, with surprises and struggles; but if one of them wins, all the excitement is over, and your marriage is either a habit—proprietorship over a utensil—or a mere nuisance. And, you know, they both want to win, always. The proper motto of married love, you know, is that thing in German: 'So musst du sein, denn so verstehe ich dich.'"

Lola was throbbing with dramatic excitement, and it was with a fine flourish that she ended: "Don't you agree?"

"That's not my experience"—I paid her the tribute of being serious—"but then I may not have had any. Only you admit I'm in love with you, and yet I don't want to eat you. How do you explain that kind of love, the clinging kind, you know?"

"Easily enough. The clinging kind is always better the less of a person it has for its object. For instance, there's the passion people have for children and animals, not because they're blameless and innocent and keep secrets or don't understand them, but because they're only half souls or less. That's more satisfactory than any other kind of love, because it starts with its work done for it already. Don't you see how clever they were when they invented religion, with images to love and a confessional to tell your secrets to that was supposed to be just as silent and wooden as the images?"

"I am a Protestant," I affirmed, "and, in any case, you haven't given any reason for me to suppose that you are adorable because you're made of wood."

"I will respect your faith," said Lola, in her best manner,

"though it can't stand my argument." Then, in tones of great gloom, she said: "I am wooden because I am a foreigner, and neither of us can ever understand the other. Your secrets are always safe from me, because I can never make them out: you don't even eat your soup as I do. However much we talk, our dreams will always be in different languages."

"Then, if you're wooden, you're not a soul for me," I soliloquised. "So there's no need for me to hate you and be your enemy. I think I shall be safe in kissing you."

"Brava!" concluded Lola.

## MOUNTAINS IN DREAMS.

BY MRS. O'MALLEY.

DREAMS about mountains are, as far as I know, uncommon. To dream about them twice in a month is a rare thing, even in a man who climbs much and dreams often. They are not less incoherent, fanciful, and exaggerated than other dreams. Mountain dreams are especially suggested by places half-seen: a strange valley at twilight; hill slopes going up into the darkness of clouds; or the white look in the mist up a side valley which betrays the hidden glacier. Our conscious mind is arrested and particularly gratified by such pictures as these, which arouse and haunt the imagination; it may be, perhaps, that some part of our waking consciousness more than the rest is receptive of, and pleased by, the things which furnish the material for our dreams.

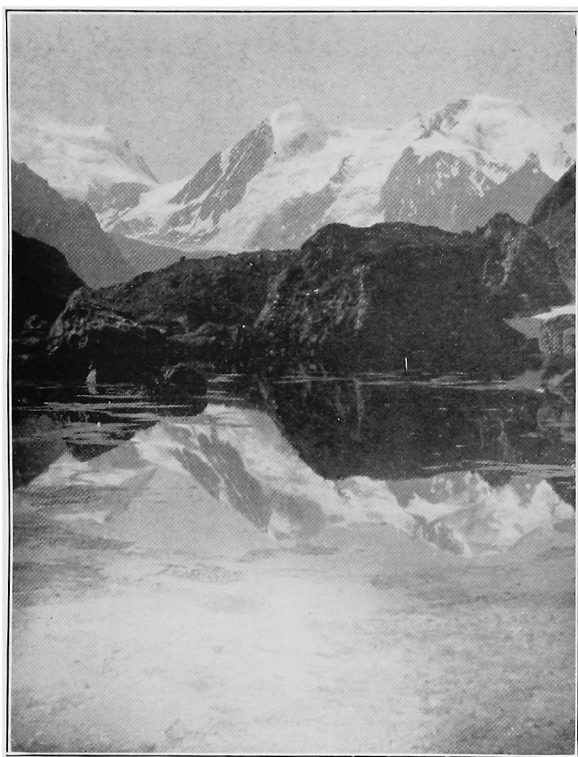
Mountain dreams can be fitted roughly into four classes, as follows: the Nightmare; the Superman, or Impossibly Easy dream; the Scenery dream; the Supernatural dream.

The first two classes are simply two of the most familiar kinds of ordinary dream in a mountaineering setting. In both of them the sense of impossible difficulty or of impossible ease is of more importance, as a rule, than the mountain background. In mountaineering nightmares one climbs up rocks at an increasingly terrifying angle; they become glazed with ice; they thrust the horrified climber further and further into the air, till he loses his hold, falls, and wakes with a bump in his bed. This, in every case known to the writer, is just the same as the falling dream familiar to everybody. (It would be interesting to know whether any climber who *has* fallen dreams of falling, and whether his dream sensations correspond with his waking ones.) Other features of the common nightmare appear in the mountain variety. Half-way up a

climb you find that you have forgotten, for some reason, to bring your boots ; or it is impossible to start, though the party is dwindling into the distance, because a necessary lemon has been unaccountably mislaid. These are just mountain variants of the well-known nightmares of missing a train or going to Court without clothes. In the same way the mountain dreams of falling stones and impossible icefalls are no more and no less interesting than the favourite nightmare of a friend of mine—not a climber—who habitually drives in a pony-cart down an English lane, which presently crumbles from under the vehicle, leaving him clinging like a fly to the underside of an overhanging wall on which housebreakers have been at work. There is one really original and amusing mountaineering nightmare on record, but it is the property of a notorious anti-perpendicularist, and, having been celebrated both in verse and song, it is too well known to need quotation here.

In the Impossibly Easy dream the climber is endowed with superhuman skill, strength, and activity, and climbs up the steepest and coldest rocks in a whirlwind of triumphant ease, into warmth and a blaze of sunshine. This dream, too, has its parallel among everyday dreams. As a child I dreamed constantly that I was swarming up tall and slender trees—a thing I could not then, or ever, do ; or that I climbed hand over hand up a rope out of a dark and slimy well into light and sunshine. The relation between these dreams is evident ; but it is curious that, whereas my dreams as a child had no parallel in facts, I have, when climbing, occasionally felt—as every climber must have done—some of the sense of unconquerable power which I experience in my dreams.

I am not sure if dreams of mountain scenery are essentially different from dreams about forests or the sea, but they differ from these in character in so far that in the former the emotions called forth by mountains predominate over everything else. There is very little action in these dreams, and what there is passes almost unnoticed—a negligible peg on which to hang the changing pictures of the dream-mountains. The dreams are generally of peaks and places often seen, or seen imperfectly once. The usual dream rules hold good



**The Combin Group from the Lac Lourie, Val de Bagnes.**



in the manner of their presentation. The views are irrelevant, distorted, or wildly exaggerated. A dream may begin with a familiar view, which gradually increases in melodramatic quality till it equals an early Swiss or French colour print. Cases of mistaken identity are frequent, such as occur in ordinary dreams, when, for instance, you know that you are talking to your father, although he has the face of the man who sat next to you in the theatre on the previous evening. The sense of danger or of fear is generally very slight and casual. I dreamed not long since that I was standing with some other people on level *névé* at the head of the Brenva Glacier (a place that I have seen imperfectly once), looking across at the Southern precipices of Mt. Blanc; not, however, those which rise from the Brenva Glacier, but those above the Col de l'Innominata. Nevertheless, I knew quite well that it *was* the Brenva Glacier on which we stood. The rocks were festooned with icicles and wreaths of snow, which shone against the black cliffs in the cold light before sunrise. They were so immediately over our heads that it was obvious that the first sun would bring them clattering down about us. While the dawn grew we discussed this, and as we spoke some scores of icicles broke off the Aiguille de la Brenva behind us, and smashed at our feet, some fragments actually passing under the rope. I do not remember that we were much disturbed at this, but in time we crept into a convenient hole under the Aiguille de la Brenva, and from there we watched all that mighty snow decoration clear off the face, till the rocks were quite black. We then came out and walked round to the Gamba Hut on a broad level terrace of *névé*, which extended all round the foot of the Aig. Blanche. The Aig. Noire de Peuteret and the Fauteuil des Allemands were not there. This terrace was, I believe, the flat glacier underneath the N face of the Matterhorn, which I have always wished in vain to walk on. In this dream the cliffs were greatly exaggerated: they were more than perpendicular all the way up.

The same indifference to danger was shown in another very vivid dream of mine, when several of us were lying in bright sunshine on a slope of intensely green alpenrosen, over-

hung by grey cliffs, covered with a thick blanket of *névé*, after the manner of the Tschingelgrat. I can remember now the blue of the ice-cliffs above the rocks over our heads. Presently these cliffs began to fall, in great white and greenish blocks. They flew for the most part clean over our heads and over the precipice below us, where we saw them dropping through the air like birds, and fluttering like butterflies down the stony slopes, on which they smashed. Sometimes, however, a bit of cliff came away clumsily, and then it thundered down the green slopes towards us in such a river as sugar makes. We were not in the least frightened, and lay in the sun for a whole afternoon watching the entertainment. I do not know where this delightful place was, but it was reached by walking out of the window of the top-floor bathroom in the Central Hotel at Glasgow.

These dreams of scenery, in my own case, are always very vivid in colour. This is rather curious, for my ordinary dreams of scenery are generally in *grisaille*, or a sort of shadow-colour. This is said to be the case with the dreams of a large proportion of normal people.\* But dreams of mountain scenery are never in *grisaille*, in my experience—always rather in blue, white, and green, and in any other colour proper to mountains. A dream of the Weisshorn, seen from the train on the way to Zermatt, caused me to wake from sheer excess of delight in its colours. The dream began with the usual straining of the neck and eyes for the ends of glaciers, but presently the whole Weisshorn was impossibly revealed from valley to summit, standing, not alone, as in reality, but among a group of humped and snowy peaks, which rose into the sky in such blinding splendour that tears came into my eyes at the beauty of the sight, and I awoke. The memory of that dream stayed with me for days.

Very often these noble visions have quite absurd endings. After a very active dream-day on the Matterhorn, I came down by lift from the shoulder and found myself on the top of Hindhead. The lift man took me across to the little metal dial of the view, but, to my surprise, I could not see the Matter-

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\* Havelock Ellis.



horn. I asked why, and was told that it could only be seen on very fine days. I disputed this, but in time he convinced me of the complete reasonableness of the arrangement. On another dream occasion we climbed with most unusual activity (for dreamers) up a shale-slope, surmounted by an extremely long and steep ice-slope, which brought us in time to a monastery, standing on a green and level table-land. Here a monk showed us first the chapel and then the stables! The monks were horse-breeders, and bred a particularly fine type of horse. When we had admired these sufficiently we were sent back to Thun, or some such place, in the Abbot's motor car.

The scenery dream often ends in frivolity of this sort, but the impression which it produces is extraordinarily lasting. For days and weeks, sometimes even for years after such a dream has passed the memory of it brings pleasure stranger and almost as vivid as that brought by the memory of some view seen with waking eyes.

I am rather at a loss to describe the dreams which I have called supernatural. Probably many climbers are familiar with them; if so, they will recognise the quality which I shall try to make clear. I have called these dreams supernatural, not on account of supernatural occurrences taking place in them (though one such I shall record), for this is rare; but rather on account of the supernatural quality which permeates the whole dream, and is clearly recognised for what it is by the dreamer's consciousness. This element is so subtle that the dreamer is frequently at a loss to account for his firm dream-conviction that what he sees or experiences is supernatural. He dreams of some mountain landscape, always unfamiliar, but quite normal in appearance; but as the dream goes on a disturbing sense of unreality comes into it. The opposite slope of the valley, with the path winding up and up till it disappears round the corner; the high pastures with three lonely *châlets* just below the pass—there is something unearthly about them. There they are, shining in the last sunlight; reach them the dreamer cannot. If he tries to find the bottom of the path in the valley, it melts like the end of a rainbow. No one knows who lives in the high *châlets*, nor where the pass behind them leads to. It is even-

ing (it is almost always twilight or sunset in these dreams), and late to start for so uncertain a goal. More than any obstacle, something as light and more intangible than a cob-web keeps him from the attempt. He knows that he cannot reach the place he sees; it is another world. I have never in any dream succeeded in getting into the unreal country.

I say that these dream landscapes are always unfamiliar, and that is true; but there are one or two places I have seen when awake which gave me the same haunted feeling. One was a snowfield above a dark wood at Engelberg; this I no longer believe in. I saw it, but I mean that I do not believe it was there. I never saw it a second time. Another was a high, bare, stony plateau somewhere beyond the head of the Muottatal; it was yellow at morning and evening, white at mid-day, invisible yet to be perceived at night. I saw it constantly in the distance for three months, when I was a child, and yet never thought it possible that I or any mortal should climb to it. This was a feeling quite distinct from the sudden awe and sense of presences good or evil in woods and valleys where the observer is, such as Mr. Lunn and others have recorded. It may be that in our dreams we see the dream-correlative of a real waking supernatural which we never wholly perceive, and generally do not perceive at all.

The one mountain-dream of a supernatural occurrence which has come to my knowledge is recorded by the dreamer as follows:—

“I dreamed that I was stopping with my brother in Zermatt, at the Monte Rosa, and while there we climbed the Weisshorn. Two climbers, members of the Alpine Club, but not personally known to either of us, had been killed on the mountain six weeks before. Our guides, with a not unusual taste for horror, insisted on our changing the route on our descent in order to visit the scene of the accident. We walked to it over a rounded snowfield, which was much more like the Petersgrat than anything near the Weisshorn, and presently came upon tracks of another party in the snow, quite clear, leading downhill. We knew—I can't tell how—that they belonged to the men who had been lost, and we refused to go any further in that direction.

"A day or so afterwards, in Zermatt, I received a card bearing a fresh date and postmark, and the picture of a place near Lake Orta, signed by one of the dead men (whose grave I had seen). He said that he and ——— I have forgotten the name of the other corpse—were coming over to Zermatt, and hoped to meet us there. For the next few days I received a card every day, always from an address nearer to Zermatt, always hoping to find me there. At last one was brought down by two parties returning early in the day from the Regina Margherita hut, with the words, 'Zermatt this evening.—G.'

"By this time I was thoroughly disturbed, and took the whole affair to a well-known alpinist, a member of the Club and a friend of mine, who by good luck happened to be at the Monte Rosa. The big man considered all the facts, and then gave his opinion. The two men, he said, obviously wanted to go on climbing, and as they had no longer any bodies to climb with, they were coming to try and get possession of mine and my brother's. He refused to let us stay in Zermatt to meet them, but hurried us off to the Schönbühl Hut, where he put us to bed in the upper room, covered with blankets, and told the Swiss in the hut that we had got bad phthisis. He then gave us an anæsthetic, telling us that while we were under it he would keep our souls in his pocket-book, and as anæsthetised bodies could not be misappropriated, we should be quite safe. In the meantime, he promised to deal with the intruding spirits. Much comforted, we 'went off.' I did not come out of the anæsthetic till I had come out of my dream, so how the adventure ended I cannot say."

There are some odd omissions in mountain dreams—omissions of things so usual and so important to climbers that it would seem as if they could not fail to find their way into dreams of mountains. In my experience, it is almost unheard of to dream of food, or of other parties, or of heat, cold, or fatigue, or even of jokes in mountain dreams. The dream quoted above is the only instance that I know of in which a hut occurs. Yet all these things have a large place in mountaineering; and food, heat, cold, and fatigue have their usual place in ordinary dreams. These facts might lead one to

imagine that mountain dreams are purely visual, yet this is not the case; action, though slight, does occur, and the sense of fear and danger is strong in the nightmares of mountains, and do occasionally enter into other mountain-dreams. The explanation may be that those elements in mountaineering which make the strongest appeal to the imagination form the material of mountain-dreams as a rule, and that the less important elements only slip in rarely and casually.

If it is true that the study of dreams is of some importance to psychology, it may well be that the collection and study of mountaineering dreams might throw some light on the psychology of mountaineering. This, however, is not offered as an excuse for these observations. Only pressure on the part of the Editor furnishes that.

## A LUNNDON MOUNTAINEERING ESSAY.

BY A. L. HUXLEY.

MANY there are to write the glory of mountains—mountains of youth, health, wealth, happiness, mountains of grandeur, mountains of truth, no doubt: yet who remains but I, a voice crying in the wilderness, a blind stay-at-home mole, to proclaim the glory of the staircase? What fascinating climbs there are to be had in every building which has a staircase, from the high-shouldered houses of the London squares to the comfortable, sprawling giants of the country, from the narrow-wayed omnibuses to the steely undergrounds.

We enter a strange house: the broad plains of the hall are soon passed, and we come to the foot of the ascent. We begin climbing, all eyes and ears for new sights and sounds. Keeping well to the middle of the stair, we avoid the polished boards that look as slippery as ice on each side of the stair-carpet, where a slip would mean, but for the saving grace of the banisters, a fall into the vague, shadowy recesses of the square well. This staircase goes up three sides of a square: we turn once, twice, and we are at the landing on the top. The late Edwardian in us cries, "How jolly!" while the early Victorian, if there be any, observes, "A prospect of what awful splendour!" There is a vista of corridor, of many doors set in deep recesses, and of pictures on the walls, and of two oaken pillars. One door is open, and through it we catch a glimpse of a small wooden wheelbarrow. "Children," we say in an access of intelligent deduction, and pass on to find fresh climbs down one of the passages.

But these are easy climbs, these climbs on broad stairs and firm-laid carpet. Come with me on a 'bus staircase, where my head slowly comes over the top, while my body winds in long spirals up the slippery steps. I scorn the inside: there is no climb, no view, no excitement, and no air.

Difficulties innumerable encompass me on this arduous climb. The whole machine shakes like a mountain in an earthquake. The smoke and steamy vapours given forth by the engines obscure my view: these are the pillars of smoke curling from the crater. The dust hurtles past like the rain of cinders after an eruption. But still I hold my own, still I continue the ascent. My head is now in the clear air of the upper world: my shoulders follow, then my body, and at last my legs. At last I am up; reeling along like a drunken man I reach a forward seat, and my perils, for the time being, at least, are over. The descent is almost as hard, but it is over more quickly than the ascent, and I am on the flat again. But do not suppose that these dangers distract my attention from the beauties of the scenery: far from it—they serve as a zest, a relish for my enjoyment. The lovely colours of the advertisements, the fascination of the shop-windows, the magnificence of the buildings themselves—all are vividly impressed upon my mind. The vision of Selfridge's breaking through a wreath of blue vapour is one of the most wonderful sights that this city has to show.

I have left the omnibus; suddenly, without warning, I smell the Sirocco, smell the tang of the camels, who gave their peculiarity as a name for the mighty Jupiter of Africa. I see before my eyes the interminable stretches of desert, with the sharp-cut peaks of Atlas swimming in the haze. The scent borne on the wings of the Sirocco grows stronger, and I swing sharply round to enter the tube station that I have so fortunately discovered. Here are stairs innumerable, dangerous climbs too little known by the hurried Londoner. I should have said ascents for climbs, which imply descent as well. For no one has yet been so daring as to descend one of these yawning gullies. I myself have many a time gazed with wondering eyes from the top, but my discretion has always got the better of my adventurous spirit: the thought of fainting by the wayside on one of these descents is too horrible to contemplate for long with a sane mind—there one would lie until his bones rotted away, until as a fine dust he mingled with the Sirocco, and was borne away to haunt the gloomy corridors. But I have had the temerity to ascend one of these

stairways ; I have gone boldly and speedily, running up the echoing iron steps ; I have equalled, but never outstripped, the lift, by which the hurried or the timorous—myself usually among them—reach the upper air. And here they stay ; but not for long, for the fascination of the Sirocco and of the long corridors and the steps soon calls them back.

Ah ! the Sirocco and the scent of camels—they haunt me even in the depths of woodland and mountain. Come, camp with me in that desert of the roaring winds : we will light our nightly fires to keep off the beasts which lurk in the vague shadows of the emergency exit, and at dawn we will climb those steely steps : we will watch the sun rising ; “one last look at the white-walled town, . . . then come down.” The loved ones dwell above, but we are called below by the stairs and the Sirocco and the camels : herein lies the bitterness of life, and we hear Fate’s cynical laugh as the iron doors of the lift close with a snap, like a cage, behind us : we fear the stairs that separate us from above. But once down with our camels, our Sirocco blowing, our watch-fires burning, we may snap our fingers at Fate—but still we will make our ascents to the other world ; one wearies of camels even.

## AN ASCENT OF SNOWDON IN 1819.

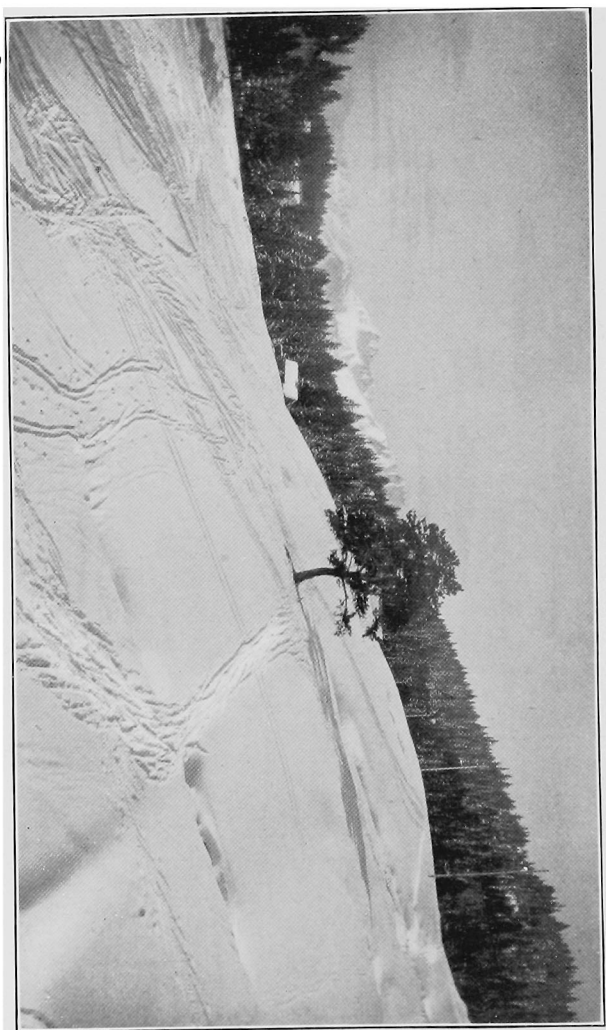
BY CANON R. CAMBER WILLIAMS.

ON the 30th of April, 1819, Capt. Jenkin Jones, of the Royal Navy, dined at Exeter at 4 o'clock, having "ordered my horse to be ready at 5, but did not say good-bye to this dear family till so late as, in spite of my galloping nearly all the way, to miss the Barnstaple Coach of that evening; slept at the New London Inn, Exeter." On Saturday, May 1st, he made a start on his tour, crossed the Peninsula to Ilfracombe, thence by "packet" to Swansea, and made his way on foot through Carmarthenshire, Cardiganshire, and Merioneth, to Carnarvon, where he arrived at " $\frac{1}{2}$ -past seven" on the 27th May. On his way he had ascended Cader Idris, led by a guide, whose advertisement read as follows: "Richd. Pugh, guide-general to the tremendous mountain of Cader Idris; the astonishing Watter-Falls of Dolmelynlyn, Cain and Mawddach; and the most wonderful Oak Tree at Llettyrrhys, the boughs of which measure one hundred yards in circumference, etc., etc."

All this is recorded in his Diary, now in the National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth. Capt. Jenkin Jones's travels as far as Conway are printed in the "Transactions of the Historical Society of West Wales," from which I extract the following account of his ascent of Snowdon:

"Friday, 28th (May, 1818, at Carnarvon), dined with a man about 50, one of those I supped with—he is a traveller, and I rather think he has a share in the firm for which he travels, from what he dropped in the course of conversation. I think he is a grocer. He lives in Chester. As he seemed a good-natured man, talkative, little, and paid me much more deference than my appearance could give me claim to, I endeavoured, and at length succeeded, in persuading him to accompany me to the summit of Snowdon, by which means, I shall not only have company, but divide the expense of a guide. At 6 o'clock, having provided ourselves with a half-





Looking Westward, Montana ; Winter.



pint bottle of cognac brandy each, for which I paid 2s. 3½d., we set out on the Beddgelert road, and at 8.30 arrived at the sign of Snowdon, a very small public-house about 7 miles from Carnarvon, at the foot of Snowdon, and immediately opposite Llyn Quellyn. From this place we proposed setting off in sufficient time to see the sun rise from the summit; but to obtain our guide for as small a sum as possible, we pretended that we had just dropped in for a rest on our road to Beddgelert, and asked very simply, 'If Snowdon mountain was many miles from this place?' Affecting vast surprise to hear that we were at the foot of it, then, as by previous agreement, I suggested the possibility of our going up, before we proceeded on. He made many objections, and at last, after an argument which he supported with so much dry fun as to make me laugh immoderately (which did not betray us), and during which he observed 'that I seemed to overlook the expense, as he dared say they would not go up with us under half a crown.' He appeared to consent, to please me, asking the man how much he would take us up for? The answer was 15s. We, of course, pretended to drop all idea of it when we heard the sum, and managed so well that we brought him down to 5s. We then had some slices of ham and eggs fried, and, with a glass of brandy-grog, made a very good supper, after which we retired to a little bed about 3 feet wide, for an hour or two's rest. He undressed entirely, I kept my underclothes and stockings on, and in we tumbled; the sheets were very clean, we had a pie-dish for a wash-hand basin. . . . My little friend was soon asleep, but my squeamishness kept me awake, till his sleep was so sound and his snoring so loud as to occupy the whole of my time in nudging him, which only had the effect of changing his note.

"Saturday, 29 (May, 1819). Morning; on which we got up, had a bit of bread and cheese, and at quarter-past two had commenced our arduous ascent. The wind blew sharp from the N.E., and we were sorry to observe many heavy clouds gathering. My companion proved so short-winded that by his continued resting-places, I began to fear we should miss the rising sun. Rather more than half-way up, we arrived at Llynffynnon-y-gwas; after this the road was very rocky and steep,

and we now experienced a sharp frost and a heavy fall of snow, the mountains below began to sink into insignificance ; when we opened Llanberis lake, I immediately perceived that we should be amply rewarded by a clear horizon for the rising sun, but the guide, perceiving my companion quite knocked-up, insinuated that he did not think it worth our going higher, as we should be starved in the cold and enveloped in the clouds. My little companion grasped at this, and had turned about to descend, when I assured him that it was only the pride of the morning, pointed out the clear horizon to windward, and told him he should rest as often as he thought fit. He talked of the rheumaticks, a bad cough he had, and the very bad effect of the morning air on a fasting stomach, altho' he had eat about a pound of bread and cheese previous to starting. At last, with the help of a dram of brandy, I got him on to the Clawdd Coch, or Red Ridge, a very nervous pass, I must confess, being about 10 feet wide, and on each side so steep that the eye reached down the whole extent of the mountain. Here my friend proposed the other dram, to which, by the way of Dutch courage, I readily acceded. We counted a great many lakes from here, and now the top of the mountain began to clear, and the sun just tinge the land to the eastward where we expected it to rise. In a few minutes I found myself on the highest point of Snowdon, called Yr Wyddfa. At first, it blowing rather strong, I confess the height and apparent precipices with which I seemed surrounded, made me start, and I sat down from a sort of momentary dread that I should be blown away ; as to my companion, he had satisfied himself with having gained the ridge about 40 yards below me, and set himself down, too much exhausted to look at anything. In a minute I recovered my fright, to be again agitated with delight and surprise, altho' in a great degree prepared by the prospect from Cader Idris, still the extent from here was far beyond my expectations, and was so beautifully introduced to me by the rising sun that I felt a sort of extacy. The guide was a stupid fellow, expressed himself very badly in English, and was shivering with cold, so that I could only trust to my geographical knowledge to know the different counties I was overlooking. I could see Yorkshire, and, I think, part of

Scotland; the Isle of Man and Ireland were very plain, and Anglesea. We could see all the gentlemen's seats, and, although I understand that the roads are rather mountainous, yet from this height, with the exception of Holyhead and Paris Mountain, it appeared like a beautifully divided plain. Presently I was awakened to a sense of the intense cold, by my companion's exclaiming from below, 'For God's sake, sir, come down, the swet on my hair is all frozen, and I do think I shall never recover the use of my fingers and toes; besides, we have 12 miles to go before we can get breakfast, and, begging your pardon, I have finished the last drop of brandy.' On this, most reluctantly I commenced my descent, although I latterly found the perspiration on my hair frozen, and the guide *crying* for cold. At 10 a.m. we arrived at Caernarvon, and, after a famous breakfast, I washed in warm water, finding my face very sore from the extremes of cold and the heat of the sun on our walk back. After this, I went to the post office, and found a few lines from Ben, enclosing a kind letter from Bicknell, dated as far back as 4th May, and recommending the very tour I am now performing; fearful of his thinking I had disregarded the great trouble he had given himself on my account, I gave up my anticipated nap, and set down to answer his letter. At 4 I had a very nice dinner. The expense of the guide and brandy included in this day and yesterday; after a glass of ale at 10 I went to bed.

"Sunday, 30 (May, 1819). Slept till 9."

## A HAPPY NEW YEAR

(WITHOUT APOLOGIES).

BY J. LAYCOCK.

INTENSE enthusiasm prevailed at Wasdale Head. The famous old hotel seethed with excitement. It was the eve of the new year, and there were gathered in the valley the cream of all the English climbing clubs. Every hour motors hissed into the roughly paved old courtyard, some from Seascale, most down the new road from Keswick over the Sty Head. The whole accommodation of the valley had been booked up for months, and the bath, in its thalamic function, had been bespoken some time back by two of the strenuous rich. Young and old were gathered there, men and women, ladies and gentlemen, amateurs and professionals, plutocrats and publicans—one observed no distinction in this ideally socialistic gathering. Not a man there but would have shared his last raisin with his neighbour, if any unfortunate mischance had reduced the sum of his possessions to one such fruit.

Despite the ever-increasing popularity of the rock-climbers' Mecca, it was the proud boast of the "Falling Block" Climbing Club that the old traditions of the days of Haskett Smith and Jones lived on, the old customs were observed with solemn ritual. Hardly a stone of the old hotel, venerated by so many generations of climbers, was changed. In front of the façade, a modern innovation, was a small parterre of irregularly shaped stones. This was composed of a fine collection of once well-known holds from well-known climbs, and as a protection from the sacrilegious collector they were bedded in Portland cement; but so irresistible is the acquisitive spirit that several of them, by constant chipping, had been reduced to shapeless stumps of holds. Within, the spartan habits of the early twentieth century had been strictly adhered to. The well-ventilated dining-room, the classic severity of the smoke-

room, the worn and time-honoured simplicity of the billiard-room, the temperature and consistency of the bath (in its cathartic function), the clothes-drying arrangements—all survived as living memorials to the habits of our precursors. The tariff, it is true . . . but who could be surprised at rises in the tariff with the prices of foodstuffs always ascendant, and in view of the obstinate persistence of these infernal Liberal and anti-Tariff Reform Governments? Certainly the spirit of the hotel was unaltered.

Mine host (whose name, I regret to say, escapes me at the moment) was the same debonair and engaging personality that you would have found him ten years ago.

The noise in the smoke-room, at first strident, settled to a steady hum. The ethics of rock cinematography were under review, one party holding that it were wiser to climb fairly slowly, so as to be sure of good pictorial results; the other side presented the advantages of speed, pointing out rationally enough that the chief drawback to speed from the climber's point of view—the risk of a fall—was no drawback (but rather an attraction) to the cinematographer and his public. Climbers being in essence conservative, the weight of opinion inclined a little to either side.

Soon there was a general move to the dining-room, and there began the serious business of the evening—New Year's Eve, this night of all nights. The first item, of course, was a flashlight photograph of the gathering. As events turned out, this might have been more successful, for none of my friends recognised me in this photo in the *Spatchcock* next day. (Happily, names were all given and an explanatory diagram.) The concert programme started with a dainty number entitled "Chansonette."

The concert was, I am told, excellent, but I am no judge of music, and my throat felt simply parched. Certainly, Madame Bedford, attired in the club colours and with a club-button brooch (gules, a falling block on a field argent, erased), proved a great success. Not a man in the room regretted the ten guineas which, with her expenses and the consideration of the advertisement, induced her to make the journey north. Personally, I enjoyed the club song as much as any item. Its

plaintive discords appeal to me, and I feel sure it would have gone with a real swing if only a few more of us had known either the words or the tune. An elusive strain—*numeros memini si verba tenerem*. By this time my gullet was somewhat mollified. Midnight sounded, to my surprise. A window was flung open, a rope passed out, and a hundred eager hands dragged in the black-haired first-footer. And the punch! Such punch, from a special recipe procured by Bladdertub, of the Pickaxe Club! We quaffed it, of course (one does not “drink” the Wasdale punch). Therefore, I was sad when the preparations for the second photograph separated me from the bowl. We had some trouble, too, because Priest, who had been given the prominent sixth position on the rope at rehearsal, was placed behind two tall men with ice-axes. For myself, I was fortunate enough to secure a position in the centre of the picture immediately behind the club editor and mine host (whose name, I regret to say, I fail to recall at the moment), and, being of more generous inches, I was clearly distinguishable even in the *Spatchcock*.

The magnesium had an unfortunate dazzling and multiplicative effect upon my eyesight, which even a stiff brandy and soda did not correct. I do not recall very clearly the rest of the evening, but assuredly it was a night fit for the gods, not omitting the son of Theban Semele. “Dear old Wasdale,” I said, as we were driving back to Keswick next afternoon, and Bladdertub agreed with me that in such an age it is a supreme happiness to snatch an hour in this secluded corner where the spirits of the place have been so carefully preserved. Long may it so remain.





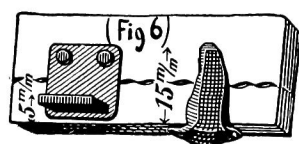
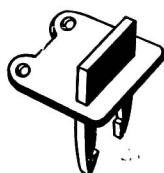
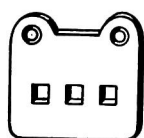
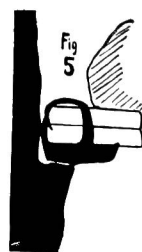
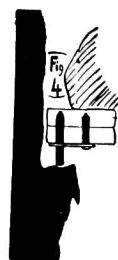
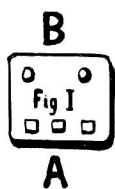


Fig. 7.

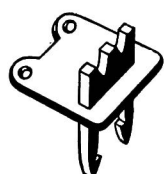
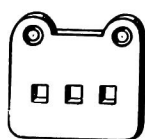
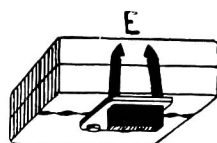
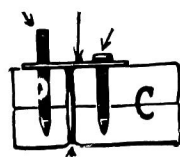


Fig. 8.



## THE TRICOUNI NAIL.

BY O. ECKENSTEIN.

A NEW nail, bearing the above name, has lately been invented by a Swiss climber, Mr. F. Genecand ; it is intended for nailing boots used on mountains. It differs in one important feature from most of the nails hitherto used ; it is a built-up nail, and, instead of consisting of one single piece, it comprises no less than four separate parts, two of which are joined together by riveting.

Three patterns of this nail are supplied, known as B, C, and D respectively.

Pattern B consists, firstly, of a small, thin rectangular plate of mild steel (fig. 1), with rounded corners, pierced by two round holes near one edge (B), and by three square holes near the other edge (A) ; secondly, of a rather thicker edge-piece (fig. 2), with two barbed prongs and a short central lug, by means of which it is riveted to the plate (see fig. 3) This edge is made of different steel, left soft, except the working edge proper, which is hardened. Finally, two small pins or nails are required to complete the fixing of the nail to the boot after the barbed prongs have been driven into the sole or heel.

The two other patterns, C and D, differ slightly. Both are larger and heavier, and have part of the rectangular plate (between the two round holes) removed, presumably in order to reduce weight. Moreover, in pattern D the edge is not continuous, but has two triangular notches cut into it, so as to form rough teeth.

The chief particulars of the three patterns are given in the following table :—

F

PATTERN	PLATE.			EDGE.			Weight of nail without pins. Grains.
	Thickness. Inch.	Width. Inch.	Length, in direction of edge. Inch.	Thickness. Inch.	Length. Inch.	Projection above plate. Inch.	
B	0'05	0'65	0'56	0'09	0'41	0'20	57
C	0'06	0'65	0'69	0'09	0'54	0'22	78
D	0'06	0'65	0'69	0'09	0'54	0'22	73

NOTE.—The two plain pins required for each nail weigh about 10 to 12 grains.

Sundry laudatory notices of these nails have appeared in the foreign press, and in the advertisements, of course, these nails are credited with all the possible and impossible virtues under the sun. In order to obtain an unprejudiced opinion, not swayed by interested or, perhaps, by patriotic motives, a note was inserted in the *Bulletin* requesting any member who had tried these nails to communicate his experiences. Curiously enough, an exact balance of opinion resulted: two praised the nails very highly, two condemned them utterly. Private inquiries I have made have had very much the same result. No doubt the personal equation is an important factor, and just at present the nails have the additional charm of novelty.

I myself have had no opportunity of trying these nails in actual practice. Nevertheless, it may perhaps be useful to draw attention to one or two points.

One of the advantages of these nails, according to the circular sent out with them, is that the edge is hard, and that it accordingly takes much longer before these nails are worn out. Now, it was formerly a much-disputed point whether it was better for nails to be hard or soft. Hard nails have the advantage of greater resistance to wear, and in certain cases they give a better hold than soft nails. But in the case of hard rock, particularly if rather smooth, soft nails give a much better hold than hard nails, especially if the nails are at all

worn. Hard nails were tried for a time, but fell into disrepute, and were discarded generally. In the new nail we have an edge instead of a head. This difference of shape may perhaps make the objection to hardness disappear. This point can only be settled experimentally. But it is certainly inadvisable to have nails which vary in hardness. Now that is a serious objection against the new nails as at present made. The extreme edge is hard. The part which enters the plate is soft. The intermediate part varies in different specimens. In some the real hardness is hardly more than superficial; in others it extends about half-way to the plate. It follows that the greater resistance to wear only exists to a limited extent, and is attended with the disadvantage that at first one has a hard edge to use, and then, after some wear has taken place, a soft one. As wear is by no means uniform, and as the hard zone varies in size in different nails, it follows that, after wearing newly-nailed boots for some time, one has some edges which are hard and some which are soft, a very unsatisfactory state of affairs; for, given certain varieties of rock, some nails would hold quite well on it, while others would obtain no hold and slip.

Another disadvantage, from the point of view of wear, is that these nails give no protection to the edge of the sole and heel. In addition, the nails are rather expensive.

One undoubted advantage is their lightness. Assuming, as stated in the circular, that forty or fifty nails of patterns C or D are used per pair of boots, this would represent a weight of about eight to ten ounces. It is quite possible that this number of nails would suffice to give the necessary friction on rock or on grass slopes. It must, however, not be forgotten that nails have a double purpose. One, the more important one, is to increase the friction; the other, the less important one, is to protect against wear and tear. The fewer the nails used, the less the latter object is attained.

Another advantage claimed in the circular is that the nails are fixed more firmly in the leather, and less likely to come out. This is undoubtedly true as far as ordinary nails are concerned. It is evident that two barbed and two plain points taken together will hold better than one single plain point.

But whether it is true in the case of clinkers with the point bent over and clinched appears somewhat doubtful. This can only be ascertained by making suitable tests. It is claimed in the circular that, owing to the shape of the prongs, they are forced to approach each other when driven into the leather (fig. 7), so that the barbs obtain a good hold. It may be observed that the leather would have to be very hard indeed before such an effect could be produced ; and when I attempted to drive one of the nails into pinewood, one of the prongs broke off at the place where it issues from the plate.

A further claim in the circular is that the Tricouni nail can obtain a hold at a distance of about five millimetres from the edge of the sole (figs. 6 and 8), and does not make it necessary to have a sole which projects much, while the corresponding distance in the case of a clinker is fifteen millimetres. Figs. 4 and 5 (reproduced from the circular) are supposed to illustrate this advantage. This claim is ill-founded. It is certainly almost universally acknowledged (Badminton and All-England are notable exceptions) that the sole should not project, but when proper clinkers are used it is unnecessary for it to do so. It also seems doubtful whether the new nail can be placed as near the edge of the sole as a good clinker. In fact, one of the members who communicated his experiences specially mentioned that one of the great disadvantages of the new nail was that it could not be placed sufficiently near the edge, and I feel inclined to agree with him.

In conclusion, I may remark that the question of nails has always been a vexed one. No really satisfactory nail has yet been produced. That the Tricouni nail, as made at present, will prove a solution of the problem I do not for a moment believe. But it is quite possible that further experiments in this direction may lead to success, and it is certainly very desirable that such experiments should be made.

NOTE.—We are indebted to the courtesy of Prof. H. H. Roget for the loan of the blocks illustrating this article.

## NOTES OF NEW CLIMBS FROM BULLETINS 1-9.

### NORTH WALES.

#### Lliwedd.

FROM No. 1: June, 1911.—An interesting climb was made in April, 1909, by a party in quest of the Great Chimney. The traverse above the Bowling Green was made at the proper level, but, as the peak was enveloped in mist, the Great Chimney could not be distinguished, and a chimney was climbed which starts a little way further east and diverges eastwards. In formation it is not unlike its more famous neighbour, but the general angle is rather less steep, and the right-hand wall gives so little assistance that the ascent is made almost entirely on slabs. The direct line of ascent is apparently blocked about 130 feet from the foot. Here a very steep, interesting little pitch provides an exit on the right-hand side. A few steps to the left lead to the true continuation of the line of the chimney—a crack flanked by a very large slab. The crack will probably be found extremely difficult even in dry weather; but the slab is not so arduous, though the leader will probably find it best to run out 80 feet of rope. Twenty feet higher up the ascent becomes less severe, but affords some sport to the summit ridge. Judged by the standard of climbs on Lliwedd, this one is not particularly difficult, and is safe and interesting.—G. H. L. M.

I worked out a ridge immediately to the left of the Bracket Gully (West Peak), which gave good sport, and was a much better climb than the usual finish to the Slanting Gully and Slanting Wall climbs. A 40-foot chimney about 200 feet below the summit was interesting and exceedingly stiff, and had a hand-traverse as a finish. The latter was sensational, but safe, as the holds are good, and the rope can be belayed over a spike at the end of the traverse.—P. L. D.

From No. 3: December, 1911.—LLIWEDD (FAR EAST BUTTRESS).—The two cracks mentioned in Mr. Thomson's account ("The Climbs on Lliwedd") were climbed throughout, and also a third immediately above. The difficulty seemed to lie in the fatigue caused by certain positions rather than in the problem as to how the body was to be moved upwards; and, as the condition of the party was superexcellent, it is hard to judge of them. One place, however, in the second chimney, where the body had to be levered for some six feet by a foot against a slanting wall and a leg at full stretch—they were rather long legs—was clearly very tiring. The third crack was somewhat grassy, but a little digging has made it a sound climb.—G. M.

From No. 6: January, 1913.—LLIWEDD (EAST BUTTRESS).—On April 6th, 1912, Messrs. H. R. Pope, H. V. Reade, and L. G. Shadbolt found a climb leading from the heather shelf almost straight to the Horned Crag. From the extreme east end of the shelf they ascended clean slabs for about 80 feet to a broad ledge where three can stand comfortably. The true continuation of the climb is to step from the east end of the ledge into a gully that bounds it on the east, and go up this for about 60 feet. This gully is enclosed on the east by an overhanging wall, and on the west by the great yellow slab which is so conspicuous a feature of this face. The gully ends in an undercut chimney, and, as the rocks above appeared impossible, the party left the gully by its east wall, which is here broken, and found themselves on what they believe to be the "Potentilla" rib, described on p. 24 of the "Lliwedd Guide," just to the west of the Horned Crag route. They then followed this rib until they joined that route a little higher. The climb is strongly recommended. It is not easy, and would probably be unpleasant if wet—[It is.—ED.], but there is no place of exceptional difficulty, and the rock is sound and clean throughout. It is a great improvement, therefore, on the lower part of the ordinary Horned Crag route, avoiding the awkward traverse and the unsatisfactory grass chimney, where the fatal accident took place at Easter, 1910. The beginning of the route, only a few yards from that of the Paradise route (which the party did later in the day, and



found decidedly more difficult), can scarcely be missed. It might be called the Yellow Slab route.—H. V. R.

From No. 8: July, 1913.—THE PURPLE PASSAGE.—This is a new ascent, an alternative to the Red Wall, discovered at Easter, 1912, by Messrs. Young and O'Brien. It lies up the obvious purple slab to the side of the Red Wall, and has one difficult reach and pull up over a corner. It is inferior to its neighbour in general interest.

#### TRYFAN.

From No. 2: October, 1911.—A new and interesting route on the North Buttress of Tryfan was made at Easter, 1911, by a party of five. It begins on the Heather Terrace, some fifty-five yards to the south of the Nor' Nor' Gully, and just to the left of a fairly well-marked grass gully. The route runs almost in a straight line to the summit of the North Peak, and gives a rather longer climb than the other route on Tryfan. The upper portion, which was named the Grooved Arête, is of some severity, the most difficult sections being just above and below a heather shelf (the Haven), which is well seen from the foot of the arête.—E. W. S.

From No. 3: December, 1911.—TRYFAN (THE MILESTONE BUTTRESS).—(i.) Direct route. The best starting-point is marked by a little cairn, 13 feet to the right of the cairn at the foot of the staircase. The ascent can be made in four stages:—(1) At a height of 10 feet a swing is made over a corner on the left, and followed by an ascent of 20 feet of very steep slab, forming the floor of an inverted V-shaped scoop in the ridge; (2) from a stout belay pin a traverse is made for 10 feet over slabs to the right to a greasy recess behind an ash-tree; (3) a scramble out of the recess on the right is followed by an ascent of 15 feet of slabs bounded by an overhanging wall on the left (this wall is then mounted by the aid of a small cleft); (4) well-cracked slabs lead to the top.

(ii.) The Pulpit route. This is a distinct route, and its position may be roughly defined as the south-west limit of the buttress. Moderately difficult. Sound rock throughout, with several pleasing situations. Leader requires 50 feet of rope.—G. BARLOW

From No. 9: October, 1913.—TRYFAN (THE NOTCH BUTTRESS).—Intermediate route. It has now been found possible to make a new line of ascent between the Central route and the Notch Arête, but some anxiety was felt by the explorers lest the leader should stray on to either of the neighbouring courses before the point of convergence was reached. This intermediate route lies almost entirely up steep slabs extravagantly provided with holds.—E. W. STEEPLE, G. BARLOW (August, 1913).

### OTHER CLIMBS IN NORTH WALES.

#### PEN-Y-PASS DISTRICT.

From No. 8: July, 1913.—Of the other Snowdon faces, the Clogwyn yr Ddysgl climbs are now very popular. The tremendous chimney attempted by Messrs. Mallory and Pope has not yet yielded, but other climbs have been added to the list. Messrs. Young and O'Brien, after inventing an interesting ascent between the Gambit and Ribbon routes, made a Girdle traverse of the face, on which some exceptionally fine rock scenery was discovered, and a huge pothole. These cliffs will repay much more detailed exploration.

#### OGWEN DISTRICT.

From No. 5: August, 1912.—A new climb on the east face of Clogwyn-y-Person was made on April 12th, 1912, by J. M. A. Thomson and J. B. Farmer. A short distance south-east of the Snout, and readily discernible from the terrace that runs from the Green Saddle to the Parson's Nose, is a well-defined cleft, formed mainly by two chasms to the north, and a narrower interrupted chimney to the south of a well-defined rib of rock. We ascended by the steep rocks to the foot of the lower chasm and turned to the left (south), passing the base of a steep chimney of rotten rock. Continuing round the south angle of the latter, we ascended a steep short gully, and then, by a narrow and rather stiff chimney, emerged on a good ledge, where a cairn was left. From this point the climbing was easier, over sound though steep rock, and the arête was finally reached, where the climbing ends on the ordinary route.—J. B. F.

From No. 3: December, 1911.—CRAIG LLOER (due west of Ffynnon Lloer, about 250 feet high).—(1) Central route. Seven good pitches on east face. Would be good if the grass were removed. (2) North Arête. Is too short, but good as far as it goes. (3) East Arête. Is too broken to be of any use.—R. B. H.

#### CWELLYN DISTRICT.

From No. 2: October, 1911.—My brother and myself discovered, on August 16th, a broken rock-face on Y Garn, at the head of Cwm Cywion. A prominent sloping chimney was first noticed, which is about 100 feet high, and of moderate difficulty. Two hundred yards nearer the head are three steep gullies, some 150, 200, and 250 feet in height respectively. We climbed the latter, and found it contained six pitches, the last being the hardest; it is a difficult 50-foot chimney, landing on a grass platform. We tried the other two gullies, but were stopped half-way owing to lack of holds.—F. H. G. PARKER.

From No. 6: December, 1912.—CRAIG YR CWM DU.—(1) Adam Rib. A complete ascent was made. The steep section above the second cairn—where the two previous parties traversed away to the left, eventually reaching the ridge at a considerably higher level by a chimney—was climbed at first on the left wall, to which access was gained by a long step round the edge from the letter-box foothold, some 10 feet above the cairn, and then, after a rather awkward traverse to the right, by the ridge. The final 50 or 60 feet of the rib were climbed directly upwards from the point at which the previous parties had traversed into the gully. The difficulty of the first few feet can be avoided by starting from the insecurely based block on the right, but the manœuvre would have to be executed by a leader with extreme caution, even if he should find the block still where the writer left it.

(2) Pis-aller Rib. The well-defined curtaining wall of the Pis-aller route was found to afford a sound and continuous climb of a highly agreeable character to the little col where it joins the All-Yellow Buttress, just below the final crags. The ridge was followed from the foot with little variation to right

or left. The general angle is very steep, but there are no passages of exceptional difficulty.

(3) All-Yellow Buttress. This prominent and much-inspected feature of the face yielded more readily to a frontal attack than had been expected. From the point at which the buttress springs steeply up from the vegetation-clad lower rocks, a somewhat indefinite fault in the rock, between the line of yellow grass-tufts on the left and the heathery groove at the right, was followed to the broad grass ledge (good belay) overlooking the Grass Pitch Gully. The route from this point led first up a grassy groove on the right, then back over a steep ledge to the protruding portion of the buttress, and finally directly up the ridge, with one difficult stretch of 30 feet. The climb is at an attractively steep angle, and the holds, though small and occasionally too far apart for perfect comfort, are, with few exceptions, good.

CLOGWYN DU'R ARRDDU (Eastern Gully).—After an hour or two spent on the unprofitable inspection of the face, the east gully appeared to offer the best route in the direction of Clogwyn yr Ddysgl. The direct finish of the gully was taken in preference to the soft option on the left, from a sense of duty and in ignorance of its evil reputation. The character of the first 20 or 30 feet is certainly indefensible, and owing to the extreme steepness the ascent of this section without reliable holds proved a severe test of the leader's skill and the writer's patience. But, above this, though much of the rock seemed to be the masonry of a pastry-cook, it provided a sufficiency of sound holds. We traversed out of the main gully over a little shoulder to the right—a most exacting performance. Then a good belay afforded a necessary element of security in the struggle with a short but difficult crack, and from the crack access was gained to the gloomy recesses of the main chimney, which was followed without serious difficulty to its exit at the summit of the crags.

CRAIG CWM SILIN.—Westward from Y Garn the mountains south of the Nantlle valley offer nothing of obvious utility till the shoulder leading to Carnedd Goch is reached. Below this shoulder an extensive rampart of rock guards the head of Cwm Silin. Of four well-marked gullies west of a wide stony

gully that divides the face, the first from the left afforded an interesting four-pitch climb the second had the better of a prolonged contest, and the remaining two gave promise of good sport under drier conditions. East of the stony gully a fine nose flanked by steep slabs presents a striking appearance. The ascent of a sharply defined rib on this part of the face afforded an entertaining finish to the day.

CRAIG Y BERA.—One of the ribs on the long south face of Mynydd Mawr is especially conspicuous, because wherever you go to south and east of Cwellyn you see its profile against the western sky over the sea. The climbing of it was not an important matter; but the rib afforded a continuous, and, on the whole, an interesting ascent.

In the centre is one passage of about 25 ft., where the angle is extremely steep and the rock decidedly rotten; it can, however, be climbed with safety if proper care is taken. Above this the slope is gentler, and heather grows abundantly.—R. T., G. M.

#### LAKE DISTRICT.

From No. 3: December, 1911.—PILLAR ROCK.—It may be of interest to note that yet another route (called the South-West) was made up the Pillar Rock last September. It starts from a point midway between the beginning of the New West and West Jordan Gully, and runs more or less straight up the slabs which form the northern buttress of the gully to High Man. The distinctive feature of the climb is the really excellent 40-foot slab above the first pitch. Higher up, a short traverse to the left reveals a small vertical chimney, which connects with the final pitch of the New West. The slab compares favourably with that on Woodhead's route, Scafell Pinnacle.—H. R. P.

From No. 9: PILLAR ROCK (north-west by west).—A way was discovered on Low Man between the north-west and west climbs.

From No. 9: October, 1913.—The party (G. Mallory and A. Goodfellow) traversed round the foot of the cliffs under the slabs where the north-west lies, and above the bounding gully. They followed scratches till the gully's head, a con-

spicuous chockstone, was perhaps forty yards in front of them, and then struck upwards, slanting still to the right until almost directly above the chockstone. Here a strenuous effort was needed to climb a vertical wall of 10 feet. Another steep wall guarded a crack in a vertical slab. The crack itself was too small to accommodate a whole leg, and the leader went up beyond it and traversed back. Above the crack a choice of routes presents itself. The right hand is recommended, because a handsome pinnacle provides security 10 feet higher up, and it would probably be wise to use it even if the left-hand way were chosen. The climb ends in view of the cairn which marks the top of the north-west; its length is about 200 feet. The leader needs 60 feet of rope. The rock is beautifully firm throughout.—G. M.

#### SKYE.

From No. 9: October, 1913.—The following new routes were made:—

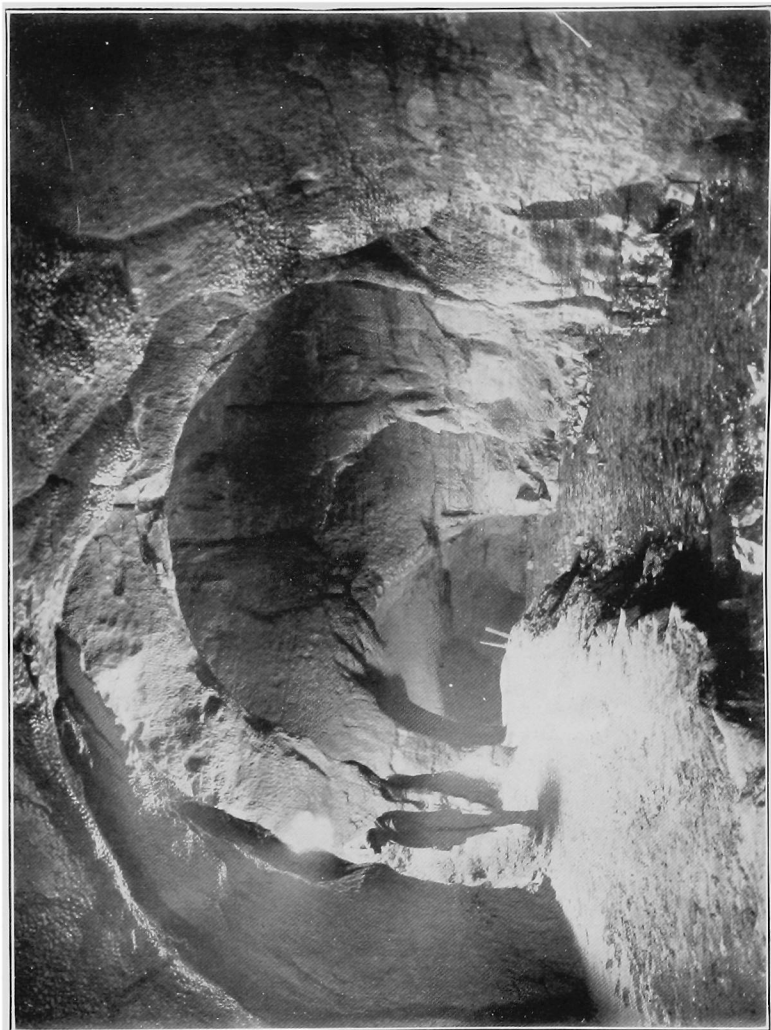
SGURR A MHADAIDH (South Face).—Gully between first and second peaks; gully between second and third peaks.

SGURR A GREADAIDH (East Face).—An Dorus gully.

SGURR TEARLACH (West Face).—"A" gully (the prominent gully facing the foot of the North Buttress and Sgurr Alasdair).

SRON NO CICHE (East Gully).—The second pitch of this gully was overcome by ascending the left wall from a point about 50 feet below the cave, passing behind a pinnacle, and reaching a ledge forming part of the Girdle traverse, which was followed to the top of the pitch.—E. W. S.





*Photo by*

**The Five Arches in the Peak Cavern, Castleton.**

*[F. A. Winder.*

Lighted by four flashes, one behind each projection on the left wall, and the main illumination behind the camera. It will be noticed that halation has resulted from one flash being insufficiently screened.



## PHOTOGRAPHY IN CAVERNS.

BY F. A. WINDER.

TO an embryo cave explorer who is wishful to take up the study of photography in connection with his sport the writer would quote the threadbare advice given by *Punch* to those about to marry—namely, “Don’t.”

If, however, such advice is disregarded, a few directions as to outfit and general procedure may cause loss of profit to the local photographic dealer and a saving in plates and flash-powder to the novice.

One of the most important preliminary facts to be realised is that cave photography cannot be undertaken without the cordial co-operation of the whole party; and for a casual visitor to bring a camera into a cavern investigation is about as unpardonable as for a sportsman to import his own badly broken spaniel to assist at a big shoot.

Provided that the party have agreed to put up with the annoyance for the sake of possible prints, the photographer must make sure that two others besides himself have a thorough understanding of the flash-lamps, and that they can be depended upon to pull the trigger when and where required. It is also advisable that the mechanism of the camera be understood both by the actual photographer and by a companion.

Having enlisted the necessary assistance, the next item to consider is the apparatus, the most important part of which is the camera and its lenses.

The size of the camera must depend upon the strength of the party, the character of the cavern, and the amount of expense to which the photographer is prepared to go.

This article forms one of the chapters of a book on cave exploration now in the press (Methuen and Co.), and practically the whole of the photographic illustrations in the

volume referred to were taken with a whole-plate triple-extension camera ; but working in this size is expensive, and entails heavy labour for portage, etc. The results, however, when successful, will repay the trouble and outlay.

The lenses necessary for such a camera are an ordinary corrected, medium-focus lens, say 9 inch, and one of a wider angle, with a focus of about 6 inches.

As to the maker, it is a matter for individual taste. Personally, the writer swears by the "Goerz," as they work at a large aperture (F/6.8), and the definition is perfect.

Also, a half-plate lens can be used as a wide-angle for a whole-plate camera, if stopped down, and it has the advantage of the large stop for focussing. This is very important, as the difficulty of arranging a subject by the light of candles is sufficient, without the added nuisance of a small stop, say F/16.

The camera itself is not of so much importance, and as it is almost certain to come to grief sooner or later a fairly cheap one is recommended. It should, however, be provided with all the necessary movements, including rising front and swing back, and the bellows must be sufficiently large not to cut off a portion of the plate. This is a common fault with cheap cameras, and renders the apparatus absolutely useless for serious work.

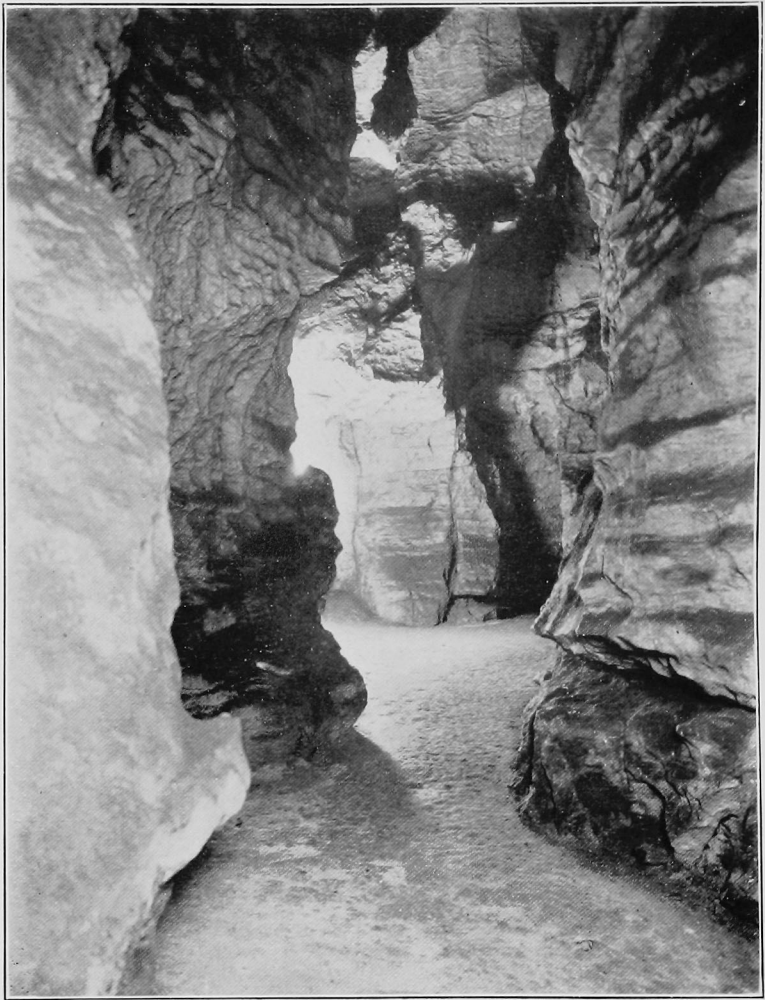
A turntable attached to the instrument is desirable, as a loose top and tripod screw will at some time certainly be left at home or dropped down a shaft, either of which happenings will cause loss of temper.

Double slides, or plate-holders, are better than any of the fancy magazines now so popular, and films should be avoided ; they are splendid for certain purposes, but their scope of utility is limited, and does not include cavern work.

This assertion may be questioned, but few people will deny that the mauling given to an under-exposed plate to produce a fairly decent negative would cause a film to be fit only for the scrap-box.

Although the above remarks are made with reference to a whole-plate camera, they apply equally to a half-plate instrument, which is more suitable for general work.





*Photo by]*

*[F. A. Winder.*

**Lord Mulgrave's Dining Room, in the Blue John Mine, Castleton.**

Illuminated by two flashes, one to the left, in the chamber itself, and the other behind the camera,

The lenses will, of course, be different, but a 7-inch half-plate, and a 5-inch 5 by 4 will make a useful battery.

No particular plate need be recommended, as practically all well-known plates are of such excellence that it is hardly possible to blame them when anything goes wrong. They should be of a moderately quick speed only, say 200 or 250 H. and D., and in all cases must be purchased ready-backed.

With plates of even this rapidity, care will have to be taken when placing them in the slides, and during the process of development.

The charged slides should go in the case with the camera, and be wedged so that they cannot shake, or else dust and pin-holes on the finished negative will result.

The whole apparatus for the actual cave work should be packed in a strong wood box if it is to be lowered with tackle, otherwise the camera case must be placed in a strong rucksack, and carried on the shoulders of some good-natured volunteer.

During a recent descent of Elden Hole, the writer had a severe lesson with regard to carrying a camera. For the first hundred feet the rope ladder goes down about twenty degrees out of the vertical, and ordinarily one can climb down the outer side with comfort. Unfortunately, a camera weighing nearly thirty pounds upsets the balance, and that descent will remain in the memory of the writer for some time. Thirty feet down the whole concern "turned turtle," and it was only by tremendous exertion that the ladder was righted; a few feet lower it turned inside out the reverse way, and by the time the bottom was reached the writer's arms felt as though they had been on the rack.

The climax came when a lady spectator on the surface asked, "Why *dià* you climb down in such a funny way? I'm sure you would have found it nicer to go down properly."

Turning from the permanent apparatus, the method of illumination is the next important subject to consider, and here the prospective photographer is up against a perfect maze of conflicting opinions.

There are three main classes of artificial illumination open to the general amateur, namely, magnesium ribbon, mag-

nesium powder blown through a lamp, and similar powder mixed with chemicals to insure an instantaneous combustion.

The first of these is to be recommended if the difficulty of smoke during a long exposure can be done away with.

In the writer's opinion the second is better avoided. There are several good lamps on the market, but most of them are expensive, and with the cheaper qualities explosions are within the range of possibility.

The third class, or combustible powder, is certainly the most convenient for medium work, and can be used with a small capital outlay.

The brand most to be recommended is the "Agfa"; its actinic light is immense.

The quantity to be used is difficult to gauge, but can be approximately calculated by an exposure meter sold by the makers. For cave work the quantity of powder given should be multiplied by three, to overcome the damp, foggy atmosphere, and the influence of the black walls.

With each bottle of powder a measure is supplied, which will please a small brother as a plaything, but which is of no use in connection with subterranean photography. For practical purposes the powder can be measured with the tray of the lamp. A cheap and serviceable variety of this article is known by the name "Spreadlite," and has a container twelve inches long. The basis of ignition is a cap, which is exploded by a small clapper connected with a wire running down the handle.

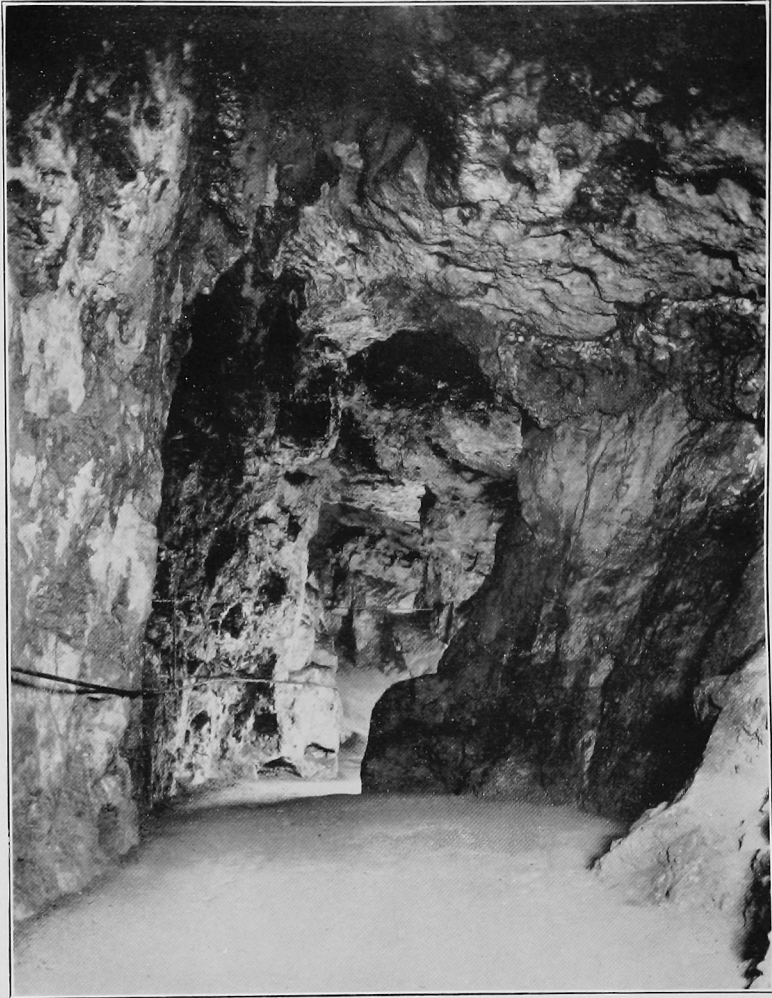
In loading, the cap is fitted first and the powder poured gently onto the tray. Lights must be kept at a safe distance, and the operator's face must *not* be above the explosive.

For a distance of fifteen feet the tray should be just covered, and for anything approaching thirty feet away should be piled as high as it will hold. These amounts are based on the lens working at F/11.

When firing such a charge, cover the head and neck, wear a glove on the hand, and keep well below the flash.

This advice is given as the result of somewhat painful experience, for several of the photographs illustrating the





*Photo by]*

*[F. A. Winder.*

**The Great Chamber in Great Masson Cave at Matlock.**

Illuminated by two flashes in front of the camera, screened by bosses on the right wall; and one large flash (100 grammes) behind and to the right of the instrument.



volume previously referred to have been obtained at the cost of severe burns.

To guard against such casualties, the Agfa Company supply a lamp fitted with a pneumatic release. It is a beautiful instrument, but the cost (two guineas) is heavy, especially as the life of cavern apparatus is problematical.

Turning from flash-lamps to their application, one finds that the great difficulty is to illuminate so as to get good but not harsh contrast, and well-balanced shadows. This can be arranged by two flashes, one behind the camera, and the main illumination a little in front of the lens, and well to the side of the field of view.

For long galleries several flashes will be required, those farthest from the camera being fired first. Care must be taken that each flash is shielded from the lens, otherwise the operator will find what halation really is.

It is impossible (and unnecessary) to describe the actual process of taking the photograph; but a few hints on development are desirable.

Pyro-soda or pyro-ammonia developers cannot be improved upon for surface work, as the modification in treatment is almost unlimited. For interior work, however, the contrast is too great to allow these developers being used with success, and a more powerful agent must be employed. Metol, amidol or rodinal will all give good results, and, if used very dilute, they bring out all possible detail. It will probably be necessary to intensify the negative afterwards.

In conclusion, it may be pardonable to warn the average amateur photographer that he must be prepared for many failures if he turns to this branch of photography. His previous experience will be useful in some ways, but almost detrimental in others, and he will find that even the manipulation of his camera by the light of candles is not to be done without difficulty. However, once started upon the subject, its own peculiar interest will be all the incentive necessary to cause him to see the trouble through to the end.

## REVIEWS.

*Knowles, Archibald.* Adventures in the Alps. (Skeffington and Sons.)

THOSE who are looking for a technical work on climbing, or even a guide-book in the ordinary sense of the word, should not come to Mr. Knowles' "Adventures in the Alps." Nor should they be misled by the title into supposing it to contain personal records of adventure or reminiscences of thrilling escapes. In fact, the aim of the book is somewhat difficult to define. It is carelessly written, in a style which precludes clearness or accuracy of description; it represents the unadventurous spirit, content with second-hand knowledge of the mountains, and delighting rather in the view from the plain. "When seen from a *safe* place, most people love to watch a storm"! There are some nasty things about climbers in the third chapter. "Life . . . is not confined to the real climber. There are those who have never trod the virgin snows of Mont Blanc, or who have never stood upon the Grepon, or looked down on the other side from the 'sky-line,' but who, nevertheless, have enjoyed many a long tramp and many a splendid view, without glory perhaps, but also without danger, and who probably know far more about the surrounding mountains than those who confine themselves to the heights." . . .

Mr. Knowles is unfortunate when he seriously treats of the climber's psychology, and lays stress on the moral and religious aspects of the mountains. Pp. 148-156 are hardly consistent with the purpose of the book; they may be adventures in the widest sense, but they have nothing whatever to do with the Alps! Nevertheless, there is an undoubted reality of feeling on almost every page, which gives it, at any rate, the value of sincerity and genuine appreciation. More than that it is difficult to say. The book will be read by those people who like sentimental description and moral lessons enforced by Scriptural quotation. But, for the life of us, we don't know who they are!

G. S. M.

*Laycock, John.* Some Shorter Climbs (in Derbyshire and Elsewhere). Illustrated. (Manchester: Refuge Printing Department, 1913.)

MR. LAYCOCK'S admirable little guide to the gritstone climbs of the southern Pennine fills one who has written on the same subject with feelings of satisfaction, on the one hand, that the scrambles one made a hobby of were not over-rated, as hobbies usually are, and, on the other hand, with regrets at having missed so many good things. Mr. Laycock's perseverance is inexhaustible, and so is his enthusiasm, though he dissembles the latter and keeps his adjectives under stern control. Some three hundred separate climbs must be differentiated, described, and docketed in the pages of this business-like handbook; and, though I will not suggest that the author sets them out in the spirit of a scientist cataloguing a theologian's library, yet every one is annotated so precisely and dispassionately that it would be impossible for mere textual criticism to discover Mr. Laycock's own preferences.

The ground covered is considerable, including parts of Cheshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Staffordshire, as well as the Peak of Derbyshire, the most compact field of exploration: all the climbing centres noted are within the scope of a short week-end from Liverpool or Manchester. It is reassuring to find that the claims of the north midlands upon the attention of scramblers are not to be despised, after all. Mr. Laycock has had to omit a number of important districts even within the area mapped out, notably the magnificent climbs on the Roaches, unquestionably the finest on gritstone to be found anywhere; yet enough remains to keep a week-end industriously and consecutively employed for, perhaps, a twelvemonth, without time for any other holiday. We may still witness the Hon. Secretary summoning the Welsh tribes to a meet at Buxton or Castleton.

Criticize the book I cannot. Mr. Laycock's descriptions are so brief and practical that only the man who has just come fresh from the climbs could possibly find a hand-hold misplaced or a toe-scrrape underestimated, and so get some slight leverage for an attack. The one part of the work that strikes me as open even to discussion is the graduated list of climbs, or, rather, the general graduation of comparative difficulties

that characterizes the whole ; and, with regard to this, I have come to the conclusion, after much anxious thought, that nothing is less open to criticism or discussion than an attempt to graduate climbs according to their comparative difficulty. Such attempts are merely expressions of personality, which is neither to be analysed nor employed as a definite and intelligible standard for general application. Certainly my own attempt, made some ten years ago, was nothing more than this, and probably a mistake even so ; and if I had the opportunity of going over all the climbs again, I should, doubtless, find that even the personal standard does not remain constant for ever. Often Mr. Laycock completely reverses my order, which he states is "now generally regarded as very misleading." I have faint hopes that even his, however superior and scientific, will remain unchallenged. Our sport would be appreciably less interesting if climbs could be standardized according to scale, even with an allowance for variations of reach and horse-power. The beauty of it is that such standards are quite subjective, and, in conjunction with the psychological factor of comparative exposure, climbs differ as widely as tastes.

The first big item in Mr. Laycock's alphabetical catalogue is Almscliff, about which there is nothing new to be said. The next is Castle Naze, near Chapel-en-le-Frith, on the discovery of which as a first-rate cluster of climbs, I must congratulate the author, tearing my hair, at the same time, for never having more than walked along the crest, in total ignorance of the cracks and chimneys, pillars and buttresses waiting for the scrambler below. The dolomite crags at Harborough and Brassington yield a big inventory of miscellaneous courses. Even the softer sandstone of Cheshire produces a fair number of quite difficult short climbs, some of them, in fact, so obdurate, we have been told, to most people except Mr. Laycock, that only the smoothness and softness of the strata underneath make their overhangs and undercuts amenable to strategy.

At the old playgrounds, Cratcliff Tor and Robin Hood's Stride, the Black Rocks, and the Harborough and Brassington rocks, Mr. Laycock has tabulated not only the well-known climbs and many that used to be done in a haphazard and

casual way, but several that seem unfamiliar to former lovers of those haunts. He is not fond of the Kinder Scout climbs; and here in my case and some others personal feelings are not on his side. Mr. Laycock has shown me a climb on the Roaches which is unquestionably superior to anything on Kinder Scout, but the latter can produce a very good second best; and, with the claims of its scenery and of climatic conditions in the winter as Alpine as anything in Britain further south than Ben Nevis, not to mention the alluring dignity conferred upon it by the consensus of map-makers who give it capital letters as THE PEAK, we shall never consider a holiday in Derbyshire complete without a day on the Scout.

The photographs adorning—and illustrating—the book are excellent. Gritstone is a most exasperating rock to photograph effectively. There are a number of explanatory diagrams, and the only thing lacking is a map; but we can hardly expect that too for 4s. net, especially as Mr. Laycock is his own publisher, and is considerably out of pocket by the book already.

Mr. Laycock is sound on the subject of limestone climbs, and is severe even on the little Dargai Crack. His style is brief, plain, and unadorned, but without the repulsive merit of those writers on climbing matters who are so careful to avoid journalese that they offer reading about as interesting as the contents of a ledger. His vocabulary is a copious one, and we have failed to discover any previous use of the mysterious word “creads” on page 76, even in the “N.E.D.” or Wright’s “English Dialect Dictionary.”

E. A. B.

*Clio, a Muse;* and Other Essays, Literary and Pedestrian. By G. M. Trevelyan. (Longmans.)

“Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be, . . .  
My muse and I must you in duty greet,  
With thanks and wishes, wishing thankfully.”

MR. TREVELYAN, like Sidney, finds in the highway his chief Parnassus; but while to Sidney and his like Melpomene descends but rarely, tip-toeing lightly somewhere in their neighbourhood, Clio is to Mr. Trevelyan, whether on highway or moorland track, a sturdy and enlightening companion, walking in step with him.

He begins by clearing her character as Muse of History ; incidentally he goes very far to establish for her a claim to be regarded Muse of Walking. He does not definitely make this claim for her ; but it is in some such way that a unity and consistency of outlook felt through the whole book may be most fitly expressed. In each one of the essays—to use the inspiring words of Lear (nonsense-writer, not Rex)—“his mind is concrete and fastidious.” He has walked, and therefore knows that history makes itself on broad acres and not on library shelves. He is a historian, and can endow earth with all that links it to humanity, not narrowing his sight for the barren probings of an exclusive mysticism. He is a lover of poetry, and will not leave any part of his experience unconnected with the rest, or unsearched for its meaning. He appears as one of those who are neither led away by a mass of unconnected impressions nor rest content in the abstract framework men have made for them, who look at the world neither from the point of view of art nor of science, but of history.

Upon our functions as climbers and walkers Mr. Trevelyan's first, eponymous, essay has no bearing, except as indicating his attitude to things in general ; but, apart from the essay on Walking itself, and the account of a possibly new ascent on p. 149 (though, in view of Hdt. i. 84 and viii. 53, it may well have been accomplished earlier), the subjects of the other essays are not such as can be at once dismissed in these pages. Walkers have a vested interest in poetry, even if only as a rhythmical excitant of steady motion ; and Meredith has even been used as a recent author as a subsidiary criterion for separating the classes of walkers (Mr. Sidgwick's Class B, who read Meredith, but talk about his philosophy).

The essay on Walking is the second in the book. Walkers, if they meet and talk in that capacity, talk about walks or the necessary problems of food and weather connected with them. It is only possible for them to talk about walking to themselves or impersonally by writing ; but the writer who undertakes the task renders, if he is competent for it, the double service of illuminating with his words both his walks and the reader's own, of providing his own book as a com-

panion, and sowing the seed of that silent companionship which he himself requires in the ideal walker. At the end of Mr. Trevelyan's essay we know more about the Apennines, where he has been, and of the English country, where we ourselves may perhaps have followed him, than many descriptions could have given us. His feeling for the strong, almost personal, character of a countryside, such as he ascribes to the Welsh and Scottish border country, may delight one who perhaps knows it only in the chalk, who has stood on Chute's Causeway, where Hampshire chalk leaves its smiles behind and becomes Wiltshire chalk, or seen the bold Hertfordshire bastions pass into the secretive, sky-crowned waves and hummocks of Cambridgeshire.

All this can only be obtained by a sort of passionate acceptance of whatever is in the truest sense local ; an attitude summed up in a characteristic phrase of Meredith which Mr. Trevelyan quotes from a conversation—that we should love all changes of weather ; or exemplified by himself in condemning the man that would not drink Asti in Italy, tea in England, and rejoice in them. (The theme even urges him to blank verse, not unfittingly.) It is the attitude of a mystic in the sense in which Wordsworth and even Meredith were mystics ; an attitude which, unlike the narrow self-sufficiency and exclusiveness of most mysticism, studies unceasingly and learns patiently ; in which the mystic is also a historian, the chronicler of observed and concrete facts.

Of the six remaining essays, two are critical, both themselves criticising criticisms ; the one Professor Verrall's view of Meredith, and the other Professor Brandes' view of English nineteenth-century Naturalism. In each case Mr. Trevelyan's criticism is positive, amplifying an abstract view. He claims in the first that Meredith's wit is not an end in itself, but mainly as an expression of his general outlook, or poetry ; it is not, as Prof. Verrall would make it, the principal element of value in Meredith's work ; and, in the second, argues that political liberty is a condition and not the realisation of the end of social effort, and emphasises the temporary, historical character of Byron's importance against Prof. Brandes' too general eulogies. One slight mistake is noticeable in the

former essay. On p. 88 either the printer misrepresents the author or the author misrepresents Meredith, since Richard Feverel is described as meeting Lucy "by the plunging weir, amid the *bilberries*, long grass, and meadowsweet." Meredith would never have been guilty of so grotesque a plant-association.

Other essays deal with John Woolman, the Quaker; with the Middle Marches of the Northumbrian border, where history, topography, and ballad-poetry illumine each other; with the visit of a hypothetical Mr. Muggleton to Greece, during which the concrete touch of Athens, her ruins, and her history clothe for him the dry bones of public-school classicism (but precisely how must be read), and an ingenious version of European history following an assumed victory for Napoleon at Waterloo.

Mr. Trevelyan calls his book "Clio, a Muse; and Other Essays, Literary and Pedestrian." But Clio is present in all of them; they are all literary, and, if not by any means pedestrian in one sense of the word, at least all for pedestrians—and, above all, all notably by G. M. Trevelyan!

*Odd Corners in English Lakeland.* Rambles, Scrambles, Climbs and Sport. By William T. Palmer. (London: Skeffington and Son. 1913.)

THE object of this book, Mr. Palmer tells us, is to draw attention to the quieter and more characteristic side of a famous area. The first sixty pages are devoted to a more or less pedestrian guide to various parts of the Lake Country. The remainder of the volume consists of a miscellaneous collection of articles—many of them reprints from the *Rock and Fell Journal*—on matters variously related to the district. The book is short, and of no great interest or importance.

C. M. M.

*The Canadian Rockies.* New and Old Trails. By A. P. Coleman. (Toronto: Henry Frowde. 1912.)

PROFESSOR COLEMAN is not concerned with desperate climbs or tremendous traverses; indeed, from the peak-hunter's point of view, his bag is insignificant. The labour he has delighted in, holiday after holiday, has been to make a way over the



unmapped, and to penetrate the unknown ; and, in this book, he gives an account of his explorations from 1884 to 1908. To those of us who are accustomed by a super-civilised Switzerland to a mountain railway to the foot of our climb, and who are becoming resentful if we do not find an hotel at the top, Dr. Coleman has to tell of month-long journeys to the mountains, over Indian trails, through burnt-out forests, by ways axe-hewn for the pack-horses, muskeg pounded, fly tortured, and short rationed. If he have not climbed every peak he set out to do, it is no small thing that he reached his climbs at all. In the earlier days, at all events, to plan any of his expeditions was to plan a campaign. Food, tents, baggage, boats, and climbing tackle had to be collected at rail head, and transported week after week to his range. Every evening camp pitched, every morning camp struck, horses caught and packed, and the march resumed. Days lost here in seeking a peak up a wrong valley, days lost there in making a trail practicable for the march. At times he varies his attack, and approaches by water, to find his way impossible for canoes, to dare it by raft, and to escape with his drenched life and a remnant of his sodden baggage. His lot has been to point the way, and others are reaping where he has sown. Where he forced a hazardous march, the railway is now bringing hotels, guides, and organised camps. His book is a simply written and vivid record of exploration and achievement.

He has the spirit of the pioneer, and has been fortunate in his occasions to give that spirit rein. He settled Mount Brown's business.

"We got the saddles off the ponies and pitched the tent beside the Punch Bowl silently. We had reached our point after six weeks of toil and anxiety, after three summers of effort, and we did not even raise a cheer. Mount Brown and Mount Hooker were frauds, and we were disgusted at having been humbugged by them."

He discovered Fortress Lake ; with a little luck in his weather he might have made the first ascent of Mount Robson.

C. M. M.



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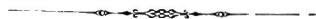
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# CLIMBERS' CLUB



## RULES LIST OF MEMBERS AND OFFICERS - 1914



LIST OF THE PRESIDENTS since the formation  
of the Club.

---

C. E. MATHEWS (1898-1901).

W. P. HASKETT-SMITH (1901-1904).

W. CECIL SLINGSBY (1904-1907).

R. A. ROBERTSON (1907-1910).

PROFESSOR J. B. FARMER (1910-1913).

GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG (1913- ).

# THE CLIMBERS' CLUB.

## RULES.

REVISED TO APRIL, 1914.

### I.

The Club shall be called "The Climbers' Club" and its objects shall be to encourage mountaineering and hill walking, particularly in England, Ireland and Wales, and to further the interests of science and art in relation thereto.

### II.

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

### 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.

Vacancies  
among  
Officers.

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

## 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 mountaineering or 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 ballotted for at a Committee meeting at which not less than five members vote, two black balls to exclude,



## XII.

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 by 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.

Election of  
Members.

## XIII.

New Members shall pay an entrance fee of one guinea. All Members shall pay an annual subscription of half-a-guinea. All subscriptions shall be due on the 1st day of January in each year. Members elected after the 30th day of September in any year shall pay only the subscription for the ensuing year.

Subscription  
and entrance  
fee.

## XIV.

The Committee shall have power to admit members of an existing organisation who may be eligible for membership and who may desire to incorporate with the Club, without entrance fee or at an annual subscription of half-a-guinea irrespective of residence.

Admittance  
without  
entrance fee.

## XV.

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.

## XVI.

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

Honorary  
Members.

## XVII.

The Annual General Meeting of the Club shall be held during the first week of February or as soon thereafter as possible, to receive

Annual  
General  
Meeting.

the Statement of Accounts, to elect the Officers and Committee for the ensuing year, and to transact general business.

### XVIII.

Annual  
General  
Meeting.

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.

### XIX.

Quorum.

At any General Meeting twenty shall form a quorum.

### XX.

Notices of  
Motion.

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.

### XXI.

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.

### XXII.

Extraordinary  
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.

### XXIII.

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.

#### XXIV.

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. Expulsion.

#### XXV.

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. Annual Dinner.

#### XXVI.

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

#### XXVII.

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. Notices to Members.



## OFFICE BEARERS.

---

### President.

G. WINTHROP YOUNG. (1913.)

### Vice-Presidents.

A. W. ANDREWS. (1913.)

H. CANDLER. (1913.)

### Honorary Librarian.

H. CANDLER,

Broad Eaves, Oakfield Road, Ashted, Surrey

### Honorary Editor.

NOEL T. HUXLEY,

27, Westbourne Square, London, W.

### Honorary Treasurer.

C. C. B. MOSS,

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

### Honorary Secretary.

C. MYLES MATHEWS,

151, Cannon Street, E.C.

### Members of Committee.

C. T. LEHMANN. (1911.)

J. W. ROBSON. (1911.)

O. ECKENSTEIN. (Extra member, Rule 3, 1911.)

E. S. REYNOLDS. (1912)

M. K. SMITH. (1912).

R. TODHUNTER. (1912.)

G. H. L. MALLORY. (1913.)

L. SHADBOLT. (1913.)

GUY BARLOW. (1914.)

NOEL T. HUXLEY. (1914).

NOTE.—The Club Library is at Gwydir Chambers, 104, High Holborn, E.C.

# LIST OF MEMBERS.

(CORRECTED TO APRIL, 1914.)

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*The date after a Member's name indicates the year in which he was elected.  
Where no date appears the Member is an original Member. P. = President ;  
V.P. = Vice-President ; C. = Member of Committee ; L. = Honorary Librarian ;  
E. = Honorary Editor ; T. = Honorary Treasurer ; S. = Honorary Secretary.*

---

## Honorary Member.

Blodig, Herr (1911) ; Bregenz am Bodensee, Austria.

## A

Abraham, Ashley Perry ; The Screes, Keswick.

Abraham, George Dixon ; Idwal, Chestnut Hill, Keswick.

Acland, F. D. (1912) ; 5 Cheyne Place, S.W.

Adams, Arthur Cyril (1906) ; 94 Avondale Road, South Croydon.

Aitken, Samuel ; Hempstead, near Gloucester.

Aldous, F. C. (1909) ; 76 Sandy Lane, Stretford, Manchester.

Allbut, Sir T. Clifford, K.C.B., M.D., F.R.S. ; St. Radegund's, Cambridge.

Andrews, Arthur W., M.A. (1901) ; C., 1904-1907, 1909-1912 ;  
E. 1904-1911 ; V.P. 1913- ; 27 Montague Road,  
Wimbledon, S.W.

Andrews, J. L. (1913) ; 31 Cotterill Road, Tolworth, Surbiton, Surrey.

Angus, W. Gurney (1898) ; 5 Ellerdale Road, Hampstead, N.W.

Arnold, Thomas, Jun. (1899) ; 1 The Circus, Greenwich, London, S.E.

## B

Baker, E. A. ; D.Litt., M.A. ; C. 1902-1905 ; L. 1909-1910 ;  
St. James' Lodge, 12 Kidbrook Park Road, Blackheath, S.E.

Barlow, Guv ; D.Sc. (1907) ; C. 1914- ; 136 Greenfield Road,  
Harborne, Birmingham.

LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued.*

- Barnes, Alexander (1910) ; 22 Park Hill, Ealing, W.  
 Barrington, Richard Manliffe ; M.A., LL.B. ; Fassaroe, Bray,  
 Co. Wicklow, Ireland.  
 Barrow, Harrison ; Lawn House, Edgbaston, Birmingham.  
 Barrow, Walter ; 13 Ampton Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.  
 Bartleet, Arthur M. ; 3 Little Stanhope Street, W.  
 Barton, Claude William ; Hall Garth, Clapham, Lancs.  
 Bartrum, Geoffrey (1906) ; C. 1910-1913 ; Trecice, Cornwall Road,  
 Sutton, Surrey.  
 Bates, Reginald Henry ; 60 Rodney Street, Liverpool.  
 Bellars, Albert E. ; M.A. (1903) ; Government College, Rangoon,  
 Burma, India.  
 Benham, Benjamin (1911) ; 3 Adams Road, Cambridge.  
 Benson, Claude E. (1902) ; L. 1909-1910 ; 2 Hereford Road,  
 Harrogate.  
 Berrill, Frank ; Hall Close, Kettering.  
 Binns, A. H. (1905) ; 10 Homelands Park, N. Sunderland.  
 Bischoff-Collins, V. H. G. (1913) ; 2 Hurst Close, Garden  
 Suburb, N.W.  
 Blunt, Herbert William ; M.A. ; Christchurch, Oxford.  
 Bolton, John (1905) ; Gatesgarth, 67 Victoria Crescent, Eccles,  
 Lancashire.  
 Bond, Henry (1900) ; 48 Cranley Gardens, Highgate, N.  
 Boyce, H. R. ; C. 1900-1903 ; 3 Norfolk Crescent, Hyde  
 Park, W.  
 Bradley, M. G. (1909) ; West Lodge, Mansfield, Notts.  
 Brant, R. W. ; Foreign Office, S.W.  
 Bremner, George Frederic ; Westminster Chambers, Dale Street,  
 Liverpool.  
 Brett, J. V. ; Grove Cottage, Sandy Lane, Maybury, near Woking.  
 Brinsley-Harper, Frank (1907) ; Old Jewry Chambers, E.C.  
 Brunskill, Walter ; Moreland, Darlington.  
 Bryant, George Boniface ; S. 1898-1908 ; C. 1909-1910 ; V. P.  
 1910-1912) ; South Hall, Guildford.  
 Burrows, Rev. John Nelson ; M.A. ; C. 1898-1902 ; V. P. 1905-  
 1907 ; 56 Fellows Road, Hampstead, N.W.

LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued*.

## C

- Camber-Williams, Rev. Canon Robert (1910); The Vicarage, Lampeter.
- Campbell, T. Fraser, S.; Westwood, Bridge of Weir, N.B.
- Candler, Henry; C. 1909-1912; L. 1911-; V. P., 1913-; Broad Eaves, Oakfield Road, Ashstead, Surrey.
- Cain, Herbert P. (1913); Stubbins Villa, Ramsbottom, Lancashire.
- Canney, C. R. (1902); 60 St. Andrew's Street, Cambridge.
- Chant, T. C. Ormiston (1903); c/o Marsland Price & Co., Bombay.
- Chaplain, Ernest W.; The Firs, Great Amwell, Ware, Herts.
- Cheney, A. Gibson (1905); 25 Devonshire Terrace, Lancaster Gate, W.
- Clark, A. J. (1909); Netherleigh, Street, Somerset.
- Clarke, Lionel W.; B.A.; 5 Ladbroke Square, London, W.
- Clayton, John Morton; J. P. (1898); Spital House, near Chesterfield.
- Coates, Lewis James Moncrieff (1908); 43 Charleville Mansions, West Kensington, W.
- Coddington, E. F. (1904); St. Frideswide, Southbourne Road, Bournemouth.
- Collingwood, Bertram; M.B., B.C. (1904); Adelaide House, Earlsford Terrace, Dublin.
- Collins, George Lissant; West Hill, Rochdale.
- Cookson, Christopher; M.A.; C. 1904-1907; Magdalen College, Oxford.
- Corlett, William E.; C. 1899-1902; Westminster Chambers, Dale Street, Liverpool.
- Corner, E. M.; M.B., B.Sc., F.R.C.S. (1900); 37 Harley Street, London, W.
- Craig, G. H. (1901); 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.; C. 1908-1911; 78 Oxford Terrace, London, S.W.
- Cyriax, Rudolf Charles; 23 Aberdare Gardens, West Hampstead, N.W.

LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued.*

## D

- Daniel, Edgar G. C. ; M.B. ; Crayhurst, St. Martin's Avenue, Epsom.  
 Davey, Arthur William ; 361/363 Goswell Road, E.C.  
 Davey, John Henry ; St. Heliers, Church End, Finchley, N.  
 Davies, W. Lloyd ; B.A. (1899) ; Exchequer and Audit Department,  
 Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.  
 Dickinson, Page L. (1908) ; 13 South Frederick Street, Dublin.  
 Donkin, Sidney B. ; C. 1908-1911 ; 5 North View, Wimbledon  
 Common.  
 Douglass, Walter J. (1900) ; 14 Clifton Terrace, Brighton.  
 Downes, Howard ; Rowrah, Priory Road, Hornsey, London, N.  
 Dunn, Stanley Gerald ; M.A., I.E.S. (1906) ; Allahabad, U. Provinces.

## E

- Eckenstein, Oscar ; C. 1911- ; 34 Greencroft Gardens, London,  
 N.W.  
 Elias, C. F. (1910) ; 11 Dunraven Road, West Kirby, Cheshire.  
 Ellis, G. W. H. ; Summersbury, Shalford, Guildford, Surrey.  
 Elliott, Claude A. (1911) ; Jesus College, Cambridge.  
 Ewen, George Thomas (1903) ; 3, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.  
 Ewing, Sir James A. ; M.A., K.C.B. ; C. 1901-1903 ; V.P. 1904-  
 1906 ; Froghole, Edenbridge, Kent.

## F

- Farmer, Professor J. B. ; M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S. ; C. 1903-1906 ; V.P.  
 1907-1910 ; P. 1910-1912 ; Shirley Holms, Gerrard's Cross,  
 Bucks.  
 Farrar, Captain J. P. ; D.S.O. (1909) ; Milton Ernest House,  
 nr. Bedford.  
 Finch, George Ingle (1914) ; Mentone House, 124 Holland Road, W.  
 Finlay, E. N. Alison (1914) ; Alverstoke, Guildford.  
 Fontannaz, Antoine J. (1900) ; Cleveland, Waterloo, Liverpool.



LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued*.

Forbes, John W. F. (1900) ; Christ's Hospital, West Horsham.  
 Fox, Adam (1902) ; Stapeley, Ashton-upon-Mersey, Manchester.  
 Franz, Henry J. W. (1909) ; Clent House, Victoria Road, Waterloo,  
 nr. Liverpool.

## G

Garrett, F. ; Westfield, Stanmore.  
 Gatty, Victor Herbert ; Whiteholme, Hoghton, Preston.  
 Gaul, Percy C. ; M.A. (1901) ; Trinity Hall, Cambridge.  
 Gibbs, G. B. ; 3 Ashbrooke Crescent, Sunderland.  
 Gimson, Arthur (1905) ; Eldon Street House, Eldon Street, E.C.  
 Gimson, Martin (1905) ; White House, Clarendon Park, Leicester.  
 Gotch, H. Gale ; C. 1898-1901 ; Chesham House, Kettering.  
 Goulstone, W. V. (1898) ; 97 College Road, Bromley, Kent.  
 Graham, John (1898) ; 111 Meadow Terrace, Carlisle.  
 Gray, Thomas ; Ashmead, Stockton Lane, York.  
 Green, Francis, S. (1898) ; Highfield Lodge, Highfield, Southampton.  
 Gubb, Seymour J. (1904) ; Taunton's School, Southampton.

## H

Hale, C. H. ; 15 Austin Friars, E.C.  
 Harland, Hy. (1907) ; The Sycamores, Cottingham, E. Yorks.  
 Haskett-Smith, E. L. W. ; C.E. (1905) ; Junior Athenæum Club,  
 116 Piccadilly, W.  
 Haskett-Smith, W. P. ; M.A. ; C. 1898-1900 ; P. 1901-1903 ;  
 C. 1904-1906 ; 34 Russell Road, Holland Park, W.  
 Hatfield, George Frederick (1900) ; 11 Bedford Square, London, W.C.  
 Henderson, Ralph, Bushill (1908) ; 7 Herne Hill Mansions,  
 London, S.E.  
 Heppel, Richard Mortimer (1910) ; Golden Manor House, Hanwell,  
 London, W.  
 Herford, Siegfried Wedgwood (1914) ; 5 Parkfield Road, Didsbury,  
 Manchester.

LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued*.

- Hickman, Terence (1912) ; 7 Amersham Road, Putney, S.W.  
 Hirst, J. (1909) ; Foreign Department, Allgemeine Elektrizitäts-  
 Gesellschaft, Friedrich Karl-Ufer 2-4, Berlin, N.W., 40.  
 Hooper, Wynnard ; M.A. (1900) ; 13 Sumner Place, London, S.W.  
 Hunter, J. Donald (1900) ; St. Nicholas, Bury-St.-Edmunds.  
 Huxley, Noel T. (1911) ; E. 1914- ; C. 1914- ; 27 West-  
 bourne Square, London, W.

## J

- James, Rev. F. R. L. Langford (1901) ; Twynning Vicarage  
 Tewkesbury.  
 James, J. E. ; LL.B. (1906) ; Thornbury, Broxbourne.  
 James, W. W. ; F.R.C.S. (1909) ; 2 Park Crescent, Portland Place, W.  
 Jebb, George R. ; Fairyfield, Great Barr, Birmingham.  
 Julian, Ernest L. (1911) ; 28 Lower Leeson Street, Dublin.

## K

- Ker, Professor William P. (1911) ; 95 Gower Street, London, W.C.  
 Kidson, E. R. ; C. 1898-1901 ; 136 Gregory Boulevard, Nottingham.  
 Knowles, Guy J. F. ; B.A. (1902) ; 17 Kensington Gore, London, S.W.

## L

- Lambert, Arthur W. ; 93 Upper Addiscombe Road, Croydon.  
 Lancaster, William (1902) ; Morningside, Burnley, Lancashire.  
 Lehmann, C. T. (1902) ; C. 1911- ; The Old Manor House,  
 Gunnersbury Lane, W.  
 Lloyd, G. M. ; M.A., B.Sc., F.C.S. (1904) ; The Limes, 7 Pepys Road,  
 Raynes Park, S.W.  
 Lloyd, R. W. (1905) ; C. 1908-1911 ; I, 5 & 6 The Albany,  
 Piccadilly, W.  
 Longstaff, T. G. (1902) ; Picket Hill, Ringwood, Burley.  
 Lowe, Thomas E. (1900) ; East Bank, Burton-on-Trent.

LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued*.

Lowen, Horace C. (1901); Beech Hyrst, Beechwood Road, Sanderstead.

Lunn, A. H. M. (1907); E. 1912-1913; C. 1913-1914; 3 Upper Woburn Place, W.C.

## M

MacCarthy, Rev. E. F. M. (1903); 50 Harborne Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

Madan, Nigel C. (1911); 92 Huskisson Street, Liverpool.

Mallory, G. H. L. (1909); C. 1913- ; Charterhouse, Godalming, Surrey.

Maltby, Hugh C. (1911); Flockton, Endlebury Road, Chingford.

Marler, Walter (1899); The Croft, Beauchamps Road, East Molesey, Surrey.

Marples, S. A. (1913); Warwick Lodge, Hadley, Barnet, Herts

Mathews, C. Myles; B.A., LL.B.; C. 1906-1909; S. 1908-1911 Cannon Street, E.C.

May, W. W. R.; 29 Priory Road, Bedford Park, W.

McCleary, Robert (1911); Beech Villa, Highfield, Sale, Cheshire.

McCulloch, W. Paton (1898); 42 Eske Road, N. Blundellsands, Liverpool.

Meares, Thomas; C. 1906-1909; 16 Great George Street, Westminster, London, S.W.

Mennell, H. T.; F.L.S.; St. Dunstan's Buildings, London, E.C.

Minor, P. S. (1904); Avonmore, Wilmslow Road, Alderley Edge, Cheshire.

Morley, William Morris (1911); Queen's Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.

Morland, John C.; C. 1907-1910; Northover, Glastonbury.

Morrish, Harold Gabriel; M.A. (1898); Leonard House, Grange Road, Sutton, Surrey.

Morse, George Henry; V.P. 1901-1903; Beech Hill Thorpe, Norwich.

Moss, C. C. B.; T. 1901- ; 27 Clement's Lane, London, E.C.

Murray, Denis (1912); New College, Oxford.

Millington, J. P. (1913); 27 Prince of Wales Mansions, Battersea Park.

LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued*.**N**

- Nettleton, Charles W. (1899); L. 1902–1908; C. 1904–1907;  
Greenways, Sandhurst Park, Tunbridge Wells.
- Neville, F. H.; M.A., F.R.S. (1898); La Verna, Norton Ways,  
Letchworth.

**O**

- O'Brien, E. C. (1911); 58 Upper Mount Street, Dublin.
- O'Malley, Bryan Francis Keppel (1910); 46 Fern Grove, Liverpool.
- Oppenheimer, L. J. (1899); 8 Manley Road, Alexandra Park,  
Manchester.
- Orton, Professor K. J. P. (1910); Llwyn Eithin, Bangor, North Wales.

**P**

- Pagden, Lionel King; Holmstoun, West Byfleet.
- Parish, J. B.; 1 Wood Lawn, Dulwich Village, London, S.E.
- Paterson, H. S. (1911); St. John's Vicarage, Hollington, Sussex.
- Pearson, Frank S.; L.L.B.; Avon Lodge, Upland Road, Selly Park,  
Birmingham.
- Pearson, J. Fildes; 49 Fennel Street, Manchester.
- Peel, Robert M. (1907); 22 Lathbury Road, Oxford.
- Philipson, F. W. (1902); Briery, Keswick.
- Phillips, E. T. Adams (1909); Hurstwood, Bromley, Kent.
- Pickstone, C. H.; Parkgate, Stand, near Manchester.
- Pigou, Professor Arthur Cecil (1911); King's College, Cambridge.
- Pilkington, Charles (1905); The Headlands, Prestwich, near  
Manchester.
- Pitcher, J. L. (1910); 44 Brigstock Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.
- Porter, Harold Edward Lionel (1912); The Grange, Claughton,  
Birkenhead.
- Popham, Arthur E. (1913); 36 Regent Square, W.C.
- Pole, Mark; Home Place, Whatlington, Battle.

LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued*.

- Prickard, A. O.; M.A.; C. 1899-1903; Shotover, Fleet, R.S.O. Hants.  
 Pumphrey, Thomas Edwin (1898); Mayfield, Sunderland.  
 Puttrell, J. W.; 2 Hanover Square, Sheffield.  
 Pye, David Randall (1913); New College, Oxford.

## Q

- Quincey, Edmund de Quincey; Oakwood, Chislehurst.

## R

- Reade, Herbert V. (1900); 32 Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, W.  
 Reade, William Russell (1898); Park Corner, Blundellsands, Liverpool.  
 Reid, Kenneth G. (1907); Royal Naval College, Dartmouth.  
 Reynolds, Edward S. (1899); C. 1912- ; 13 East Street, Bridport.  
 Riddett, Arthur Elliott (1907); 6 Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn, W.C.  
 Robertson, Robert A.; C. 1898-1899; V.P. 1899-1901; P. 1907-1909; Kirklands, Hermiston, Midlothian.  
 Robson, John W. (1902); C. 1906-1909; 1911- ; 25 Booth Street, Manchester.  
 Rolleston, Lancelot W.; M.B. (1901); Napsbury, near St. Albans.  
 Rose, T. K.; D.Sc.; T. 1898-1900; C. 1901-1904; The Royal Mint, London, E.  
 Ross, Francis Edward; Little Ground, Netherwasdale, Cumberland.  
 Runge, H. J. C.; 4 East India Avenue, E.C.

## S

- Sansom, George S. (1914); Ravenswood, Horsted Keynes, Sussex.  
 Scrutton, The Hon. Mr. Justice; 3 Temple Gardens, London, E.C.  
 Seaton, Thomas H. (1911); Treslaig, Dales Avenue, Whitfield, Manchester,

LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued.*

- Seatree, George (1905); 6 St. Albans Road, Bootle, Lancashire.  
 Shadbolt, Leslie G. (1910); C. 1913- ; Hill House, Denham, Bucks.  
 Shaw, T. (1901); 18 St. Mary's Road, Higher Crumpsall, Manchester.  
 Simey, Ralph Iliff; M.A.; 11 King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C.  
 Slingsby, William Cecil; C. 1898-1900; 1908-1909; P. 1904-1906; Whitbarrow Lodge, near Grange-over-Sands.  
 Smith, M. K.; C. 1900-1903, 1912- ; 86 Belgrave Road, London, S.W.  
 Solly, G. A.; 1 Grosvenor Place, Claughton, Birkenhead.  
 Southall, A. W.; Beech Hill, Sir Harry's Road, Birmingham.  
 Sowerby, Thomas Herbert; B.A. (1898); 16 St. Germans Place, Blackheath.  
 Spencer, Sydney; Ravenscroft, North Road, Bath.  
 Steeples, Everard Wilfrid (1907); The Retreat, Northfield Road, Kings Norton, near Birmingham.

## T

- Thompson, Charles H.; M.A.; Queen's College, Oxford.  
 Thompson, R. E.; Stanholme, Edenbridge, Kent.  
 Thomson, A. R. (1907); Beech House, Bowden, Cheshire.  
 Thornton, Jack (1906); 6 Langdale Terrace, Kirkstall Lane, Headingley, Leeds.  
 Thornycroft, Oliver (1910); 6 Hurst Close, Hampstead Garden Suburb, N.W.  
 Thursfield, J. G. (1902); Hall Green, Wednesbury, Staffs.  
 Todhunter, Ralph (1911); C. 1912- ; Trevena, Mulgrave Road, Sutton, Surrey.  
 Townley, Charles Henry; Somerset House, Normanton Road, South Croydon.  
 Tribe, W. Newton; Sunnyside, Stoke Bishop, Bristol.  
 Turner, E. Raymond; C. 1898-1900; 1904-1905; E. 1898-1904; Rutland House, Epsom.  
 Twigg, George Henry (1899); Ludgate Hill, Birmingham.

LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued.*

## V

Valentine-Richards, Rev. A. V. ; Berkely Lodge, Ridgway, Wimbledon.

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

## W

Wadsworth, S. A. (1911) ; The Maples, Sevenoaks, Kent.

Wakefield, Arthur W. ; M.B. (1903) ; Birklands, Kendal.

Watson, William (1902), Inland Revenue Office, Somerset House, W.C.

Webb, W. Edward (1899) ; 19 Grove Terrace, Highgate Road, London, N.W.

Wells, Arthur (1913) ; Patricxbourne, Bush Hill Park, Enfield.

West, Gerald R. (1903) ; Redcliffe, Braintree, Essex.

Wherry, George E. ; M.A., M.D. ; 5 St. Peter's Terrace, Cambridge.

Whitaker, Lawrence E. (1899) ; Willow Bank, Newton le Willows, Lancashire.

Wilberforce, Professor L.R., M.A. ; C. 1903-1906 ; The University, Liverpool.

Williams, Roderick ; C. 1898-1899 ; 14 Castle Street, Liverpool.

Williams, W. J. ; B.A. ; 42 Rutland Park Mansions, Willesden Green London, N.W.

Williamson, Dr. O. K. ; 21 Bryanston Street, Portman Square, W.

Wilkinson, Geoffrey Howard (1914) ; The Hurst, Four Oaks, Warwickshire.

Woodhead, Arthur Godfrey (1907) ; 116 Chorley New Road, Bolton.

Woodhouse, G. F. ; M.A. (1904) ; The Hostel, Sedbergh, R.S.O., York.

## Y

Young, F. S. (1905) ; The College, Bishops Stortford, Herts.

Young, Geoffrey Winthrop ; M.A. ; C. 1907-1910 ; V.P. 1911-1912 ;  
P. 1913- ; Formosa Place, Cookham.

LIST OF MEMBERS—*continued*.

Young, Harold E. (1904) ; Blundellsands, near Liverpool.

Young, N. E. (1911) ; Oak Lea, Silverhill, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.

**Z**

Zimmerman, William, Junr. (1901) ; Woodberrie Hill, Loughton,  
Essex.

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