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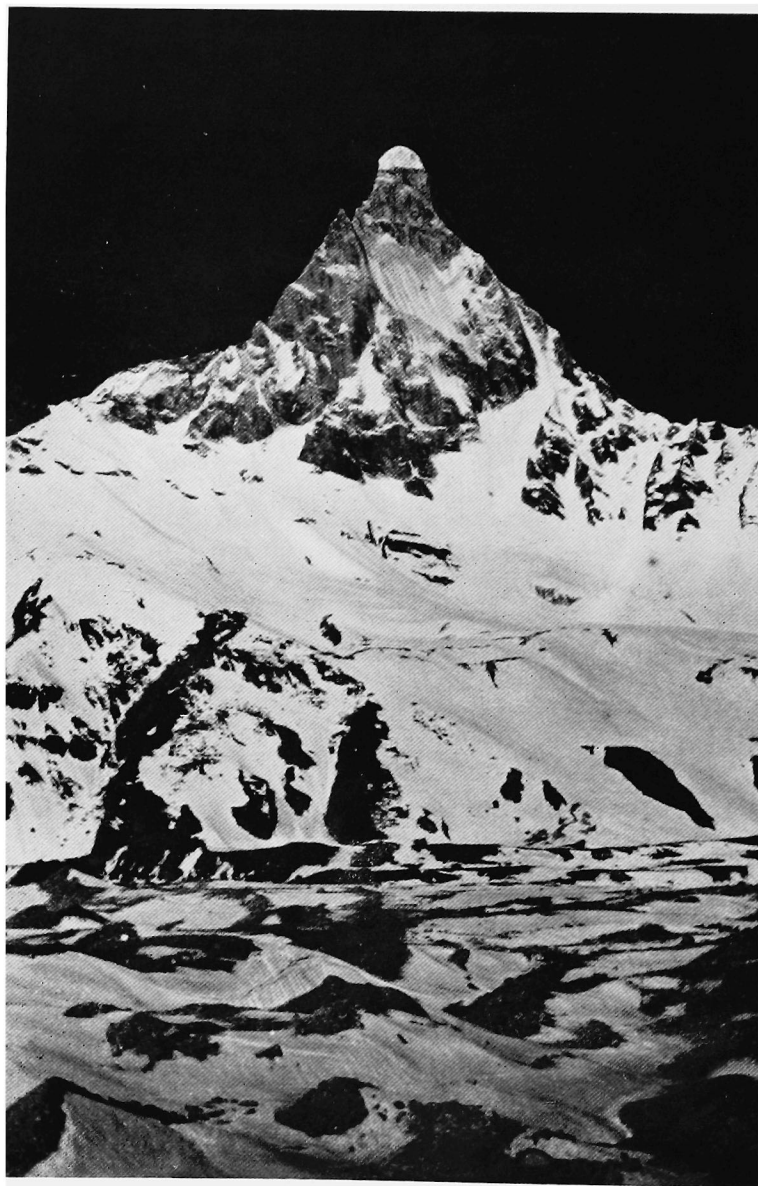
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GANGOTRI—"MATTERHORN PEAK"

THE CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL

Edited by J. D. Hills

CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
Editorial	3
An Expedition to the Gangotri Glacier (illustrated) ...	
By F. E. HICKS	4
Young Climber (illustrated) ... By J. M. EDWARDS	12
Unto the Hills	27
Helyg, 1933 (illustrated)	28
Everest, 1933, and After ... By T. A. BROCKLEBANK	35
What does "Z" do nowBy "Z"	40
Climbing in Norway	42
The Cornish Cliffs (illustrated) ... By A. W. ANDREWS	43
One Hundred per cent (illustrated) ... By J. D. HILLS	46
The Coolins, 1933	53
Dauphinée, 1933 (illustrated)By J. POOLE	57
Cambridge Mountaineering ... By E. A. M. WEDDERBURN and A. M. GREENWOOD	62
Obituaries—	
CLAUDE ERNEST BENSON	69
THE ETON MASTERS	71
ERIC WALTER POWELL	
HUGH EDWARD ELLIOT HOWSON	
R. P. VERSCHOYLE	79
SIR THOMAS SCRUTTON	81
Eton Alpine Library	82

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EDITORIAL

“**A**CTIVE but inarticulate” might well be the Club’s motto for the years 1932 and 1933. Under the presidency of the energetic Dr. Longstaff much has been done in almost every department. The Club has become a landed proprietor in N. Wales; enlarged its hut into an extensive road-house (complete with swimming pool) and undertaken the publication of new guide-books. Its members have formed the backbone of the Everest and Gangotri expeditions and have been adding new and formidable climbs to the long lists of “severes” in Wales and the Lakes. There have been convivial and well-attended dinners. In fact everywhere else there has been marked activity, but “All quiet on the *Journal* front.”

Now, at long last, the Hon. Editor having passed safely through his second climacteric, has brushed away the cobwebs from the Editorial office and here is the result—the first number of our new Volume V.

Meanwhile, though articulate, the Club will not become inactive. The President has gone off with seven fellow-enthusiasts to sail, if possible, through the North-West Passage. He carries with him the best wishes of all our members. The rest of us, inspired by his adventurous spirit, will do our best to carry the Club button from victory to victory. Heil Helyg!

AN EXPEDITION TO THE GANGOTRI GLACIER

By F. E. HICKS

I SAY "expedition" with some reluctance, for it seems a pity that one cannot go to climb in the Himalayas without being called the "Such and Such Expedition." The very word conjures up awful pictures of vast trains of mules, newspaper reporters, and a general martial spirit. In reality our idea was to try to show that it was possible to climb in those mountains without such rather odious appendages: in other words we wished to climb in much the same way as one climbs in the Alps.

However, various difficulties stand in the way of this; the chief being that of transporting stores from the end of railways and motor roads to Base Camp, a distance of some hundred and twenty miles. For this either porters or mules were a necessity, and, as the path was reported to have been carried away in many places by avalanches, we chose porters: having tried both I am inclined to think they are easier to manage. We were given all manner of advice with regard to our porters. Some would say: "You must have a transport officer who knows the people or they will be bound to leave you": others gave us solemn warnings against carrying our own rucksacks or not taking a native professional cook; while others still flatly contradicted this and told us that we must learn the language and everything would be all right. In actual fact we took no transport officer, carried our own sacks, and trained an ordinary murderous-looking but warm-hearted Garwhali coolie as cook: but we did learn the language, with the result that the whole trek went almost without a hitch. For much of the old tradition that the Sahib does nothing but give orders and walk about in spotless

array has long since broken down : so that it is possible to be friendly without being familiar with one's coolies, and to earn their respect and not ridicule by showing that one can do most things at least as well, if not better than they.

A second difficulty in the way of our quasi-Alpine plan was the question of how many porters we must keep actually at Base Camp. In the end we were forced to keep four, only three of whom could do anything in the way of carrying. The fourth, a native of Poo, called Ishurh Singh, we kept on as head porter and because we liked him. He proved himself a thoroughly good manager of men, teacher of Tibetan and a very faithful friend. Our company of four, however, proved to be too few in a district such as the Gangotri Glacier, where the distances are very long; though I still feel one could manage without any at all in a slightly smaller district with peaks not over 22,000 feet. For it is possible, in about four weeks, to train oneself to carry loads of about forty pounds up to at least 20,000 feet without undue discomfort. So that four men could work an easy district quite well without any porters, so long as the high-camp equipment and food be kept rigorously light. At Gangotri our lack of porters certainly reduced the number of peaks gained and since, before attacking any peak, one had to carry for at least four miles over moraine heaps of mammoth size, it caused a lot of unnecessary slowness on the peaks themselves.

I seem to have rambled on to some length on this subject. However, such a dissertation may perhaps be of use to anyone who wishes to work on similar principles to our own.

To describe the whole trek from Mussoorie to the glacier would run into many thousands of words. For a long journey on foot through a new country is bound to be the most interesting, if not the most exciting part to anyone who has not even seen India before. The description of a single day, therefore, and a general sketch of the rest must suffice.

Somewhere about 5 a.m. Urbi Datt, a charming puck-like person who attached himself to us as soon as we arrived in Mussoorie and stayed with us to the end, would squat near the tent door and generally imply that it was time to get up. We would dress in a hurry, as the porters always tried to get the tents down and packed long before we were ready. They have the small boy's love for a tent and take great pride in pitching and unpitching, though their method is not always

of the best. As soon as one left the tent, the first sight was that of Maida Singh, our amateur cook, setting out venesta cases for the breakfast table. He would greet us with a "Salaam Sahib" and an enormous grin, often mumbling that he was sure the tea was badly made and he one of nature's worst cooks. In reality he could take on any London chef at cooking rice and probably beat him. By the time we had finished our breakfast of biscuits, jam and tea, most of the tents and trek necessities would be packed and the general crowd of coolies standing about longing to get away before the sun got hot. They would be told where to go and given their load (50 lbs.), and rope, with which they tie on the load in a most ingenious way. With these porters from Mussoorie there was never any need for us to keep with them as they invariably covered the twelve odd miles between camps before two o'clock, and could be trusted absolutely not to pilfer from their load, though they must have known that many of them contained large sums of money. We never had the smallest thing stolen on trek or in camp.

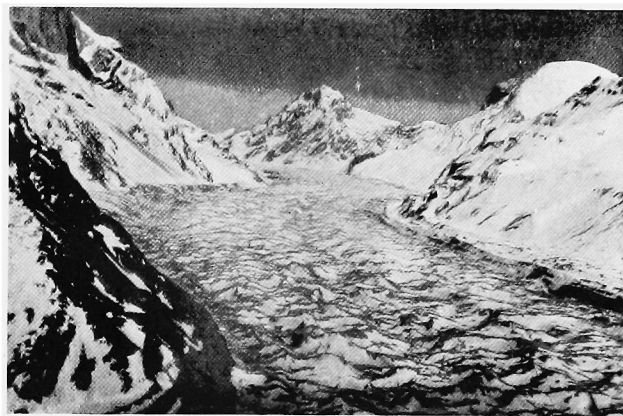
We ourselves would start at our own pleasure with light rucksacks and full water-bottles, for to drink from streams is dangerous though a temptation difficult to resist. For the most part the path was good and very dramatic: at times we would be high up among coniferous trees, rhododendrons, and roses, at times low down by the Ganges amongst magnolia, cacti, and bamboos. The porters liked to pick the flowers as they went along and would decorate themselves and us, so that one generally arrived in camp with a hat reminiscent of the Edwardian period.

The early part of the morning is by far the most pleasant, for as the sun gets higher the valley becomes more and more stuffy. By midday I used always to think that Indian miles were equal to at least two in any other country; rests would become more frequent and the water-bottle drier. Visions of long cool drinks with ice chinking in them would float before my eyes, and I would be secretly thankful to reach camp, though pretending to have enjoyed every yard of the walk.

The porters used to arrive about an hour after ourselves: the first was almost invariably Dhan Singh, an ex-soldier, who afterwards distinguished himself as a Base Camp porter. He is a man of fine physique whose carrying powers and courage were all that could be desired: (I have seen him carry



CAMP II ON GREAT WHITE LUMP



GANGOTRI

Great White Lump on right. Unnamed peak in the middle



GANGOTRI—"Matterhorn Peak" on right. Satopantlis on left. Central peak climbed by Kirkus and Warman

a load of over 90 lbs. for some five miles over moraine heaps; on which occasion he wanted to carry a Base Camp tent as well and was quite hurt when I put it on my own load). Like many a soldier before him, however, he was a confirmed grumbler and not altogether above cheating us in minor ways, though quite ready, apparently, to die for us at the same time!

The first business on reaching camp was always tea and yet more tea and pitching tents while it was being made. Later we would bathe and wander about until Warren's stream of patients began to arrive. At most camps there would be any number up to twenty with every kind of disease; most of them believing they would be cured in a day. At Harsil, where we waited a few days to dump stores and change porters, Warren's fame spread abroad and his patients became very numerous. It seems that some sort of travelling medical service would be a tremendous boon to Tehri Garwhal state, as the hospitals at Barahat and Tehri are difficult of access for the peasant folk, who cannot spare the time to make the journey thither, and so let their minor ailments grow serious.

At about seven o'clock we would have our main meal of the day, usually rice and chicken, or dhal, or whatever was procurable in the way of fresh food. The remainder of the meal would be cake, biscuits, sweets and other such delicacies. By ten we were usually in bed and I myself sound asleep.

For ten such days we marched from Mussoorie to Harsil where, with reluctance, we paid off the Mussoorie porters, who had never given us the slightest trouble. Harsil, however, was the highest they would go and many were getting coughs from the cold nights. Harsil is the meeting place of the nomadic Jadhs or Bhotias, a Mongolian race who wander with their flocks and horses between Nilung in Tibet and Dehra Dun, where they spend the winter. They are a strong healthy race, loving laughter, dice and any kind of a gamble. If they have nothing better to do they will play dice all day, even in the rain, squatting round in a circle and uttering all manner of mystic prayers for good luck. They make very fine porters on difficult ground and will go almost anywhere when once they decide you are worth working for: until then they are lazy and indolent. Best of all there is no servility about them. We had hoped to get our fresh lot of porters entirely from

these people, but, unfortunately, most of them had already departed to Tibet; with the result that we only got thirteen and had to make up with some thirty local men. These were of poor spirit and required continual urging, so that we were glad to see the last of them just below the snout of the glacier itself, where we pitched our last trek-camp. From this point we eventually succeeded in pitching Base Camp about three miles up the glacier from Gavmukh (cow's mouth), where the holy waters of the Ganges leave the ice. Base Camp was not ideally situated, being on moraine with little or no protection from the bitter morning and evening winds, which blow up and down the glacier. However, we had little choice in the matter since we had only sixteen porters with whom to work. Later, at least two far better spots were discovered at a higher altitude; as it was, our Base Camp was, if anything, too low, being only about 14,000 feet.

The first few days were spent in general exploration of the glacier system and in locating any possible peaks which might exist: for at first sight all but the smallest seemed hopeless. Our despondency was intensified by the presence of a night-mare version of the Matterhorn which brooded in awful stateliness opposite Base Camp. However, one mountain, which we christened the Great White Lump and other less friendly names, seemed feasible by taking ski most of the way. We therefore determined to try this as soon as we were sufficiently acclimatised. For this end Kirkus and I went up two smaller peaks of 19,000 and 20,000 feet which gave us our first taste of the effects of altitude. Pallis made a quick ascent of a nameless 20,000-foot peak with Dhan Singh, who proved himself a good climber, but had, owing to altitude effects, to be left below the summit. In the meanwhile, Warren and Nicholson explored one of the many subsidiary glaciers, the route to Birnie's Col, and a possible way up Satopanth III.

On June 7, Warren, Kirkus, and I set off on ski with five days' food for a previously decided Advance Base at the foot of the White Lump. We took with us Dhan Singh and Kimmanand to carry tents and food. They carried nobly over the horrors of six miles of moraine heaps as far as our chosen spot, whence we sent them back, since we had not enough food to take them higher. That night we lay on grass, which was now beginning to show through the snow, and cooked omelettes and other delicacies.

Here I will quote my diary, as the easiest way of describing the ascent.

June 8. Off fairly early up subsidiary glacier on ski, which was a tiring business being one continual traverse of about five miles, making all the time for the right-hand ridge of the mountain. We were forced down about 1,000 feet to avoid a hanging glacier, so that Camp I was pitched at only 17,000 feet on snow. Found the effort of levelling a site for the tent very trying, only about ten strokes of the axe being possible before flopping down to rest. Spent a very good night.

June 9. Terrific grind up steep snow slopes on ski, carrying what seemed like the proverbial grand piano. (In actual fact our sacks weighed about 35—40 lbs.) Reached the ridge at last, sharp but skiable with an incredible drop on the right. I lay down to gasp and smoke in the sun while waiting for the others. (It should be mentioned that Kirkus and Warren were new to skis and had learnt the mysteries of stems and stem-turns at 16,000 feet!) We pushed on and pitched Camp II at roughly 19,000 feet on a rock-point of the ridge overhanging an icefall of rare beauty some 3,000 feet below. Food rather short, but we spent a fairly comfortable night. Temperature zero.

June 10. Left ski and went on foot up interminable snow-slopes. I found my chest painful for about half-an-hour; probably combined effects of altitude and a heavy sack. Continued till about 2 p.m. without finding any suitable camp site. In the end a poor one was dug out—only to be found after half an hour's solid work to be on top of a concealed crevasse. In fury we descended 200 feet and camped on a bit of rock perched on the edge of nothing at about 21,000 feet. Definitely uncomfortable camp.

June 11. Started much too late—owing, I suppose, to the cold. Camp III was about 2,000 feet below the summit so we left our sacks in the hope of being up and down in the day. The next few hours were a nightmare race against threatening black thunder-clouds which were steadily creeping up from the north-west. We blundered on up the snow and incipient ice-slopes gasping and panting. I kept wondering in a futile sort of way whether it was really myself to whom all this was happening. At last we could see what must have been the summit: at the same time a freezing cold wind struck us and the leading thunderclouds were getting near at hand.

There were still about 800 more feet to do, a matter of nearly two hours or so as the slopes were not steep. It was obvious that we could not go on without being involved in the storm. We not unwillingly turned round and raced down to Camp III, packed it and glissaded most of the way to Camp II. To stay at Camp III was impossible as we had only half a tin of pemmican left and no paraffin. On reaching Camp II, we put on skis and ran down to Camp I: an amusing descent, as whenever one turned the weight of the sack made the short six-foot skis swing almost completely round, with disastrous results. We arrived at Camp I at last, in a snowstorm and with axes singing, and spent a damp and foodless night.

My diary here becomes filled with expletives caused by our failure and the horrors of a breakfastless return to Advance Base.

After this episode Kirkus and Warren made their heroic ascent of Satopanth 2, up a fearsome-looking rock ridge: a performance which was made all the more remarkable by the fact that the monsoon was breaking. Nicholson and I made a quick dash up a very pleasant 21,000-foot peak near Base Camp. The lower part was all rock and flowers, the top a very fine ice and snow ridge. The whole thing took only two days and was more or less unmixed pleasure. Immediately after this Pallis and we two made an attempt on Satopanth 3. We had reached about 19,000 feet when all the omens and luck turned against us; the monsoon, coming fourteen days early, caught us and drove us back to Base Camp.

Pallis and Nicholson returned to Harsil with the porters to send up men to help us strike the camp. Kirkus, Warren, and I spent the next few days in shaving, cutting each others hair and cursing the continual rain and mist. Soon the Jadh porters arrived under the faithful Ishurh Singh and Jun Singh, whom I always thought was absurdly like "Mole" in the *Wind in the Willows*. He had been the third Base Camp porter and, in my opinion, the best.

Hastily we packed what we could, leaving all unnecessary things, and in six days were at Harsil amongst green grass and trees—a glorious relief to eyes which had grown tired of snow and grey moraines.

At Harsil, Kirkus and I left the other three and treked down to Mussoorie, I en route for my school and he for offices and Liverpool. The others went on and climbed Lyo Porgyal

at the head of the Sutej—I shall never cease from regretting that I could not go with them.

Such was our "expedition" to the Gangotri Glacier: in some ways we succeeded, in others we failed. On the side of success we climbed six peaks and failed on two. We found out the general scheme of the glacier system so that a fair amount of information is available for those who may want it. Against this, we failed to reach the end of the main glacier or to make any sort of accurate map; nor did we climb any really big peak. Whether our quasi-Alpine plan was a success or a failure is difficult to gauge: with an army of porters we could certainly have climbed more peaks: but I doubt if the pleasure of climbing them would have been as great. For if you take no high-camp porters you can feel that the whole ascent has been accomplished by the climbers themselves. This is not intended to imply that the great peaks climbed in the Himalayas have only been done by the porters: for it is obvious that to climb anything over 23,000 feet, when many camps must be planted, is impossible without trained porters. However I am still convinced that, if the district be chosen with care, it is not necessary to incur the expense of porters on climbs up to 22,000 feet. For higher peaks than that porters must always be a necessity, until a harder generation shall come who can carry loads to the top of Everest itself.

YOUNG CLIMBER

By J. M. EDWARDS

THIS purports to be a brief account, accurate as far as it and memory goes, of some of a group of new climbs recently done in Wales.

To write of mere performance is so trying. The whole dense, overweighted figure of a man must be shoved up this fine cliff, and then, forsooth, the mind may come after. What a pulling and a pushing; and what a fat margin of safety the coward body must wrap around itself! These oversized holds, in case you get tired; these metaphorical sorbo cushions of belays that it would desire us to land upon; the active second it requires to sling this imaginative receptacle, and manœuvre it well and truly in the plumb line beneath the seat of its apprehension. *Eheu fugaces*, says the body, alas we had better get down. And the mind must be chained to this stout old man by the rules of climbing custom. Not but what the old man gets a little much needed exercise out of it, and a few unusual tremors through him, but as for the mind the after-effect of this chaining is altogether deleterious. By what inversion of guidance may the mind be so entirely the follower? And to arrive at the particular, I, for one, do not wish to take more than the merest tracing paper outline of these new routes themselves. They are not worth it, especially if there is some day to be a guide. They are not themselves a sport, so much as the brief symptoms of some various psycho-neurotic tendency.

There has always been a good deal of odd criticism of so called "acrobatic" new climbs. But is it an acrobatics more of the body or of the mind? And if of the mind, is it worth while regarding whether rubber is being used for the feet, or whether the lines on the cliffs are getting rather close together? It would be a discussion of the physical conveniences of what, in essence, was a type of lesson of

inconvenience for the mind and resulting from the mind, and it would be so very beside the point. If an influenza of the mind is perhaps assuming rather more epidemic proportion than it has usually done, why worry at the last whether it puts on nails or not, or whether those lines upon the cliffs are being pointed out in too meticulous a fashion?

All this climbing seemed so little a part of us: we were restless then, and did not sleep overwell of nights: we were thin with the great world. In years ago, perhaps, men wore their iron longer and more easily than we. A science of care and little techniques has come into the world: careful, energetic little techniques, grown up round the neck of the man, over the whole body, and the convulsions of his head wring not so true, gesticulating wildly there above the padded trunk of him. It is not often nowadays the full man, standing, body, legs, and head astride the route of his heart. We must go round about it and consider where, and why, and to what extent, and there is not so much fineness about our suffocated neck expressions as the eye swings unhappily for something new. Convulsive young neck climbers, while only the far off trunk realises the deep flux of things, the continuity of change, and can lean back upon timelessness. The eyes rove over the grey, precipitous world for new routes and good moves, and continually they regret that padded trunk of theirs, feeling the height of it, the man's broad chest of things, and the pulsing cloud and sun of it.

And to arrive again at the particular, I, for one, can see no fine sagas to write of these eye jerks of ours. And of the saga there behind the pads? Perhaps the brain has not the justice of it. Perhaps the Editor has not asked us to try.

And so to Wales—where Helyg has conceived again of her old age, and where, naturally, a fair number of new routes have been done since the last *Climbers' Club Journal*.

Of Wales in general, what strikes one most is the large number of unclimbed faces still staring down upon a pretty stiff necked generation. What is the fascination to young climbers in the old Slabs and that still older face of Tryfan?

But to get to the routes, the Devil's Kitchen group, Clogwyn-y-Geifr, is an interesting spot, and may be dispensed with quickly, as the guide to it hopes to be coming out soon. It has every natural advantage, being steep, composed of pretty rocky sort of rock and being covered with vegetation: also parts of it have been long overdue for public exploitation. It

is the sort of place where one can feel the full glory of stepping in perfect safety on somebody else's considered opinion. It is not of course the cliff for those who attack the problem tooth and nail nor yet for those who rise by seizing every opportunity, but I think it may by now be considered safe for democracy. It is years since anybody was killed there. Indeed, it is generally agreed that the greatest danger on the harder climbs is that they are best done in good weather, and it is no simple matter to push one's resolute way through the haunted lower slopes of the fantastic valley of Idwal. It is crowded with yelling couples clad in white or khaki shorts (usually both!), and they sing their community songs and dance their fine, dynamic dances, while they urge the restless courses of their loves. The youth of to-day does live dangerously. Of the climbs perhaps the Devil's Buttress and the Devil's Dive are the best and hardest. The Devil's Dump is nice: the steep bit is an interesting study in mosaics, but they did not finish it off very well. Alternatively it may be regarded as an excavation in the Dump, and you get holds on the bits sticking out: it is decidedly decomposing. Herein lies its charm. The Coal Shute Exit succeeds in waking up a little the rather ageing Devil's Cellar, and I gather that Kirkus's left hand exit does the same, in a greater degree, for the Hanging Garden Gully. Little Corner and North Slabs and the Pipes are nice rock climbs. On Dump Crack it is not easy to force a way through the forest of plants. The accounts of the first ascent notes: "A tall spike rises above the fernery on the left. It is fairly firm"; then, "Straight up into a good cave which obviously has not been wiped for years. Up its messy depths." On the South Cliff also there is much loose rock over to the left. Of the Piece by Piece Climb in Botany Bay it was said, "As it has not yet been unearthed this climb should be considered Severe."

Much of the best exploration on the Kitchen, as elsewhere, was abortive. There was a nasty incident, at a point not marked, when the leader got a little too high up in the surroundings with which he was not adequately in touch. Anon, there came a rope from above, and the doughty explorer continued jerkily upward for the next hundred feet to the sound of heavy breathing in triplicate. This, however, is considered a bad thing.

On the Idwal Slabs things are getting a trifle congested; there are so many people and so many scratches that it is very

difficult to find any fresh ground whereon to eat one's sandwiches, or leave people one may not want. Balcony Cracks is quite an arresting little piece; and there is that new thing we did on the rope, but, alas, when we returned after the months to it "radical alterations in the rock structure" had occurred: we could not even get into the thing.

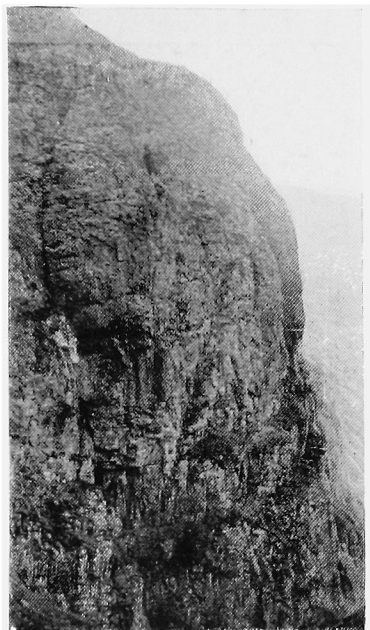
On the Upper Cliff the Grey group has been shown up for the fine piece of rock that it is. The Wall is very spasmodic and youthful, but you may wait indefinitely between bits of it. It is only one pitch. The Slab, on the left is longer and more staid, and on the long second pitch there is less excitement to linger. A very pleasant pitch. It was on this route that a small boy showed very notable courage in trusting himself entirely to the pull of the rope for 100 feet. His confidence in the rock is unshaken. High Pastures is a nice walk on beautifully soft, yielding grass. Then there is the new West Gully route. The old is good but the new has more of fun and games. Those who do not like grass, will probably class it at the end of the Frankly Borings or the beginning of the Definitely Unpleasants. The first pitch is a grassy groove overhanging the old route. I do not know whose fault it is but probably the stuff was badly stuck together in the first instance, and the fact remains interesting for about eighty feet. Above that the right hand branch of the gully is taken. The second was accorded shelter in the little cave below this, but he still seemed to be deriving some discomfort from falling materials, and his agitation appears to have been considerably increased by the sudden loosening of several large blocks in the roof of the cave itself. But beyond getting sympathetic the second did not seem really to mind. He never really minded anything. It is perhaps not generally realised that there are in the climbing world one or two seconds who display more courage and sagacity in the face of emergencies (e.g. the aforesaid cave) than ever has been shown by even the most reckless of leaders. I do not know precisely what these persons are made of, but circumstances (more especially when the stance is small) leave them quite unmoved. They are responsible for many of the best climbs. Their leader dare not do anything else. If, in evil pass, he says, "I think I had better come down," this second says, "Oh," and the leader has to try again. And if a little later he says, "What do you think? Had we better go on?" the second simply replies, "Yes, let's," or, "Oh,

we might as well," and again what can the leader do but go on if he can and fall off if he cannot? This moral ascendancy of the second over the leader is the greatest danger in modern climbing. In point of technique, however, the menace may occasionally be observed to quicken his pace a little, as if not entirely sure of his ground. I have even seen him completely caught up by the turn of events at a moment when he simply had not got a leg to stand on. This is very gratifying to the leader. To return to the second pitch of this right-hand route it has much less loose matter on it than it used to have.

On the Glyder Fach there have been two small developments since Lot's Wife. The Chasm Rib is the rib right of the Chasm, and some way from the foot of the cliff. There is a pleasant little gully up its centre, and the main part is on the left of this, giving the Rib climb. It is started from the left above the initial wall. It is not difficult, but—give it a name, and say we did it. The other is less simple. The final bastion of the Direct Route, with the final crack on its right, has three cracks down its face, the right-hand pair being formed by a large, split wedge. The Final Flake goes up the right of these two and can be horribly strenuous, indeed, quite unbelievable for balance climbers. It is a lay-back problem of nearly thirty feet, and seemed to be harder than the other problems I knew. One has even been asked to linger a little on it for the benefit of a photographer.

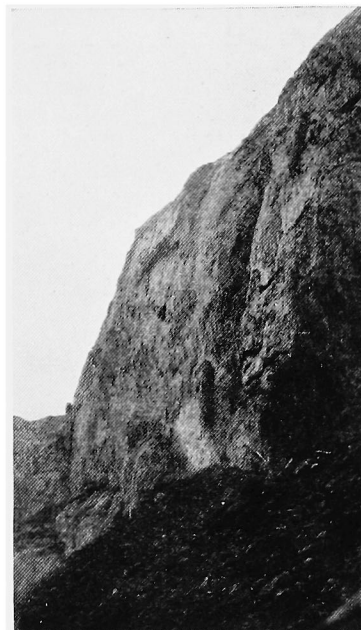
The only new thing I am personally acquainted with on Tryfan is the very short Direct Finish to the little Wall Climb on the Milestone. It takes the crack going up from just round on the right from the tree. It overhangs a little and is unutterably adolescent, but it quite graces Tryfan.

Alt-y-Ogof though so close to Helyg has never come in for much attention: probably because the rock tends rather to the type associated with more low lying outcrops. On its lower and right-hand arm are three routes based on the main, large, right-angle gully. They none of them seem to have any particular distinction except that all seem to have been done after seeing the accounts of the earlier ones, but quite without realising their immediate proximity. The routes do differ slightly. Palmer's crosses both Gotch's and the guide-book climb, from left to right, and it is the most difficult. Then there is the buttress on the right of the gully, which gives a good, if rather cumbersome, sort of climb. It starts



DEVIL'S BUTTRESS

The edge of the Damp, excavated parts shown
on left

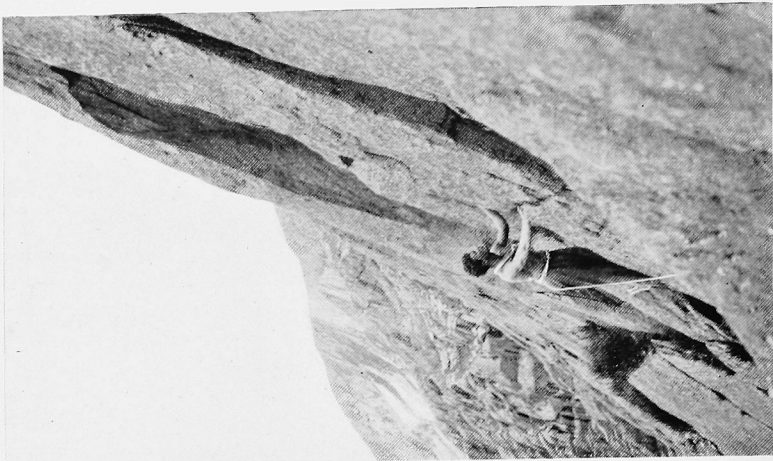


CRAIG RHAIADR

Stream is on strike and waterfall not working
well

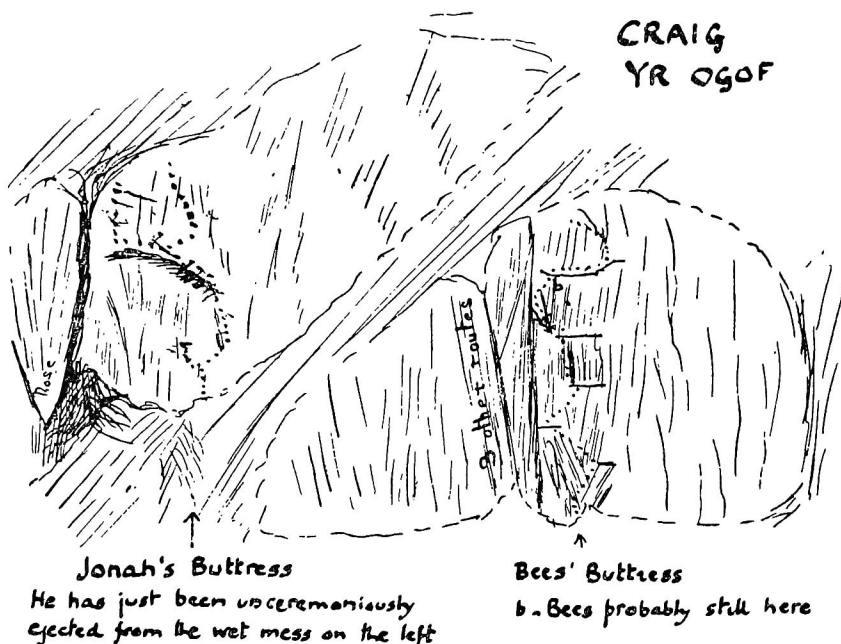


THE CASTLE (Camera pointing steeply upwards)



GREY WALL—Procrastination Cracks

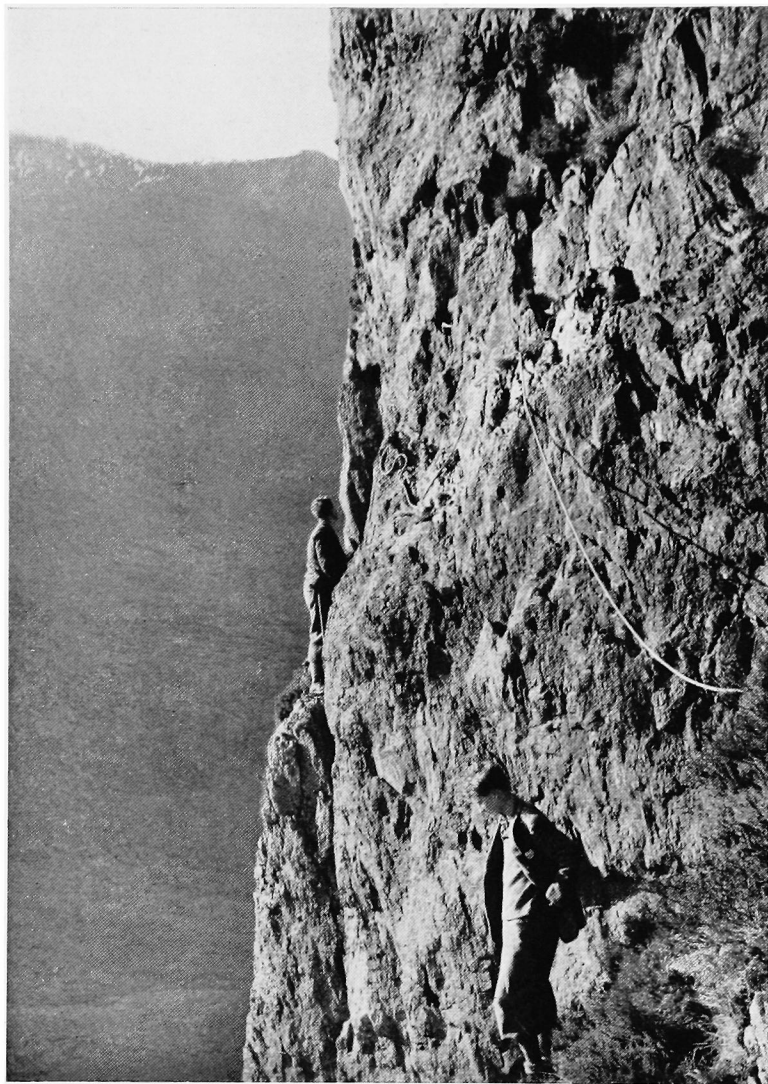
with excellent, strong heather for some distance, and above this are three large rock steps which require a little mild route finding. The first turns out easy, the second a pretty slab pitch round to the left, and the third an ideal but easy form of exit from a pillar over on the right. You poke a cautious head round the edge and, behold, the top. It is not difficult. It is named Bee's Buttress because the first party was very puzzled by the peculiar attitude of a swarm



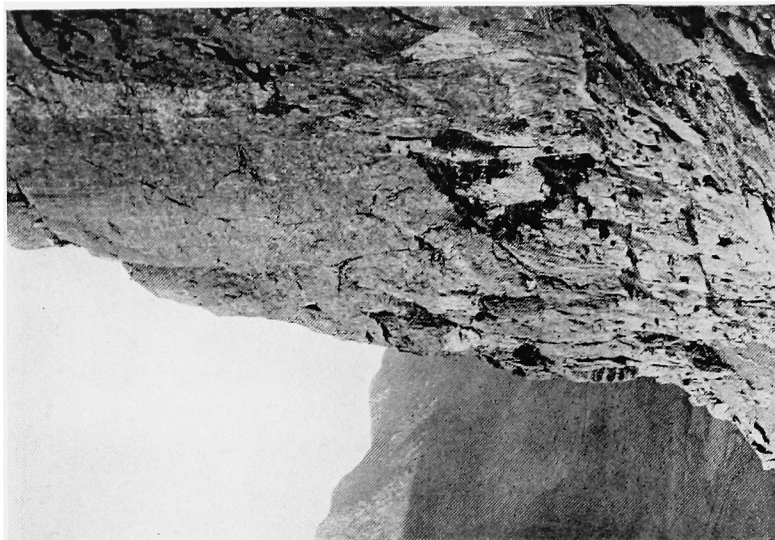
of bees en route. They wrote that a small swarm of these animals had hovered around the leader at the top of Pitch V, though, they said, their interest seemed incompletely aroused. The reason had become clear when No. 2 had arrived, for the bees immediately turned their attention to him. Mr. Stallybrass, however, had rebuked them, and they had then seemed equally content with some coils of rope with which they had been presented. They were still routing around when the party had gone; and the party had not fully understood this. It had seemed very queer. On the Upper part of the Cliff, the one with the cave, a neat little climb has come to light,

and now lies spread out up there, to watch the evening sun in the long days. Tracing the foot of the cliff to the right from the cave, it descends a little to the corner before it starts ascending. At the corner it is met by the top of a rib of outcrop rising from below and immediately above the right side of this is the start of the route. The first pitch is the hardest with a very slight overhang section at its foot. The second goes round to the right, and at this point care should be taken not to drop off with fright if a large falcon swoops at you. Rumour has it that on the first ascent a stern struggle took place up there between man and beast locked in a death grip, high up among the clouds, and that there was much bloodshed and much scraping of nails before the great bird eventually had its indescribably nasty neck wrung. Above this is the large and obvious grass ledge, and the final pitch is taken either right or left. It is not Severe. As we were coming down, the shepherds had set fire to the heather on Ogof, and it was by then night. The flames made their great red scars against the dying sky, and the smell of fire—, and it gave one that queer, plucking memory of things that does catch at one now and then, aside from the highway. Fantastic life. We had had no grudge against the heather: it had borne us well. The crackling noise was a funny thing to call beautiful; and the bunches of flame made only curious shapes on the dark hill for a time. What is it in life that it is so curiously alive, and that it is so curiously dying? What is it in change that is so very still and so old? The sky was much too darkly coloured to be black.

On the other side of the valley a new climb has been done, on Creigiau Gleision the younger, above Llyn Cowlyd. It is on the first layer of cliff you come to, and the largest, clean, steep buttress on that. There is a cairn at its foot and it is interesting all through, though only short. Lovely, scrapey rock, and nasty, sticky little cracks. The finish is easy, but rather a surprise. This, too, is quite near Helyg, and suitable for those who like to appreciate the grim loneliness of man's handiwork. There is also good practice for skilled trundlers, and if you do not want to climb you can go a little further, beyond some strikingly ugly spots of rock, and get perhaps the most unpleasant walk to the top of a hill in England or Wales. In fact the whole place has much to recommend it. The lake is specially warmed up for bathing during an hour or so per day, on some sunny days in the



SPIRAL STAIRS—THE LAZY ROUTE



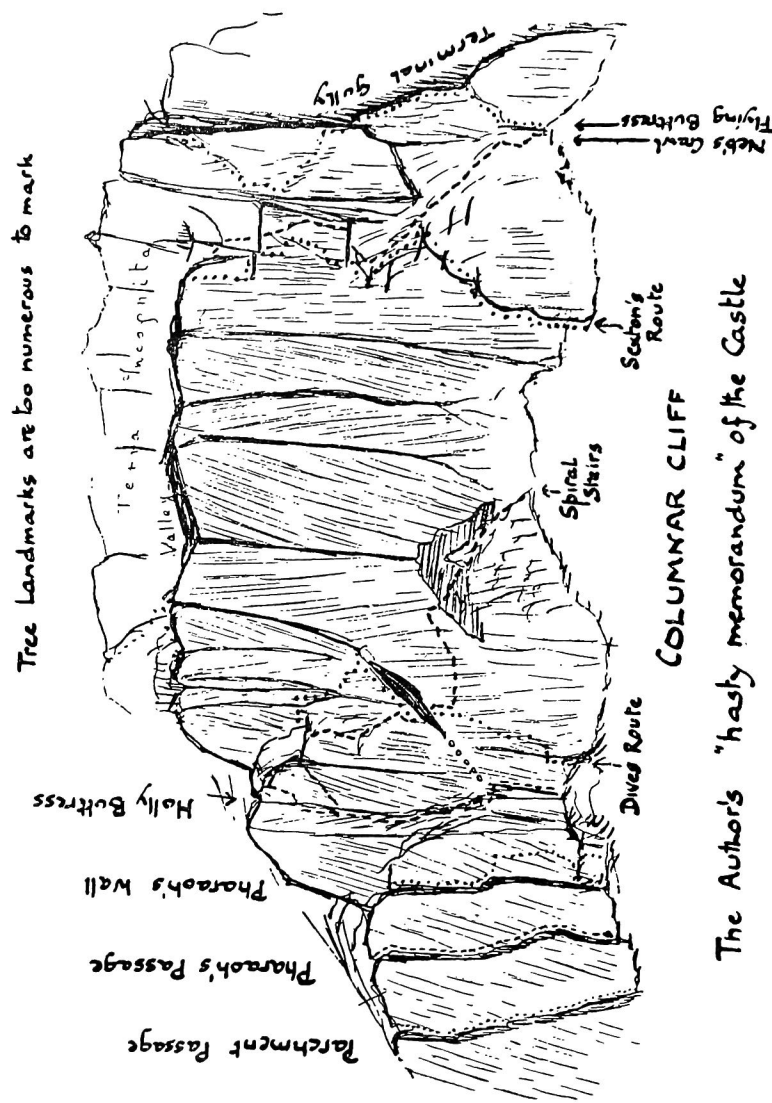
FROM THE CORNER TO HOLLY BUTTRESS
"We climb here" Note interesting idea about DIVES



BY CENOTAPH CORNER
"This generation keeps to the left"

summer. But I do not know that they could ever do anything with the place. As they were saying at the time, "'Tis the Inchcape rock, 'tis the man of few words."

The Llanberis valley has produced a very good bit of rock in the cliff opposite Dinas Mot. It is variously called the Castle, Columnar Cliff, and some long Welsh name that I have forgotten meaning something fine and central in Welsh legendry that I cannot just place. Haskett Smith writes of this place with his usual acumen. "It is somewhere in this neighbourhood that we must look for the mysterious precipice of which Edward Llwyd wrote two hundred years ago as being strikingly columnar in structure. . ." It is very striking. In another publication it was quite rightly advertised as an "excellent sport for the artist, gardener, or master plasterer." These last two are in reference to the fact that much of the structure shows a regrettably low degree of cohesion, especially with regard to sticking out pieces. Also the place is full of plants: not just dank, like the Devil's Pasture: it goes in for horticulture of a larger scale. If there is a crack or anything anywhere to get roots into, it almost always keeps several large holly trees in it, and a few yews. There is nothing small about the place, not even the holds: they project in a large, officious manner, and they pull off likewise. Cenotaph Corner is the big, obvious right angle in the centre. Left of it, and half way up, is a grass and tree covered scoop. An easy climb traverses to this from the foot of the Cenotaph, and out again to the left, fairly low down. Being an easy way of going up, it was called Spiral Stairs. A harder climb goes straight up to this ledge from below its lower end. It starts in a crack up a tree, and then swings out on to the steep rib on the right and up this. It is definitely steep, but with good holds. It was called Dives because they had hoped for better things above; but, being clad in rubbers, the rain came, and they had to traverse out of Heaven low down. Left of Dives is the Holly Buttress route. It starts up another crack a few yards to the left, with a tree half way up, then you squeeze behind some thorny bushes on the left and ascend, keeping in the corner. After a good deal of odd vegetation a large holly tree is ascended for some twenty feet. Step from the top of this to the steep right wall, and so, shortly, to the top. This name was due to the fact that, being the first climb on the cliff, they did not realise that there were prickly things to push through on nearly



all the routes up it. Further to the left again are three fine columns. Of these the left hand is the easiest. It is called Parchment Passage for aesthetic reasons, and it is covered from head to foot with prickly things through which duty carries one. On this and the next climb it was a very hot day and they only wore shorts and gym shoes. The protection was inadequate. For the benefit of those that come after they wish to state that if you want to sit down, find some rock somewhere, shorts are not enough for sitting on holly: as a method of blood letting leaches are much superior. In case anybody else has to get through a holly bush and is not sure how to start, it is a good sound policy to get the back of the head through first, and then follow up en masse quickly and snakily. Vision is less acute perhaps, but there's not much in it—especially if you map out the snags first. It is useful to get No. 2 through between the same branches for the sake of the rope, which may otherwise take a fancy to things you have passed, and become a bar to further progress. No. 2 is almost certain to try the wrong "gap" if left to his own devices, and I know of nothing more difficult to arrange tactfully than No. 2 in the wrong part of a holly bush. There is no other type of difficulty. The middle column starts with a little overhang: it is called Pharoah's Passage. After a short struggle against the forces of nature one can grasp the top of his nightcap (extinguisher pattern), and pull out on to holly leaves again. The right hand column is the hardest of the three. The route goes up the large pockets in the steep right wall. After a short climb a cubby hole is entered where one can go into residence for a time before traversing over to the left. The rest is simple and as the holds are big and clear throughout, there is minimum technical difficulty. This all sounds ridiculously easy and doubtless is, but Columnar Cliff is a steep place and here and there still the strong aroma of excitement breaks in upon the hills. Sometimes it is made clear by the heavy breathing of No. 2 striving after a sign, and perhaps there is this sign given him that where he asked for a handhold from above there was given him a rope around his middle. It is, indeed, pleasant for the leader to hear the hard grunting of effort give place to the more calmly audible expirations of one who, after a long and laborious career, has found peace of mind at last in a gracefully executed retirement. One must, though, realise that it is not only No. 2 who is fallible. Sometimes even

the leader has happened across some miscalculation, perhaps only slight, which had a sudden and profound influence upon his future course. He realises with a start that something radically unsettling has occurred, something which completely upset his balance. Perhaps the body politic has been let down by the toe-nail of temerity, and there is borne in upon the prime actor, that beyond the protection of the scant coverings of custom, there is, suddenly unfolded, a fast and glorious stratosphere, punctuated, alas, by occasional primordial objects of stone. Like when you are sliding down snow that gets steeper than you had thought, and, after a brief period of indecision, you sort of come among rocks. There is a very deep-seated sense of conflict with the aims of nature. The Columnar Cliff is interestingly steep in parts for exploration. Not that these are the only dangers attaching to the sport: there is that terrible over-confidence that may attack one after a good route. I remember the car got that once. It drove us faster and faster through the wilds of Denbigh until, screwing its accelerator to the sticking point, the graceless vehicle turned against the hand that led it, and after a short, decisive battle, pitched us head first out on to the road. But that is quite another story. Incidentally, it was rather a famous car on account of its small size and curious appearance. I hear that only a week or so ago, in a like mood, the little car charged into the back of a sheep, and, unhappily, with fatal results. The car never regained consciousness.

Then there are the climbs on the right of Cenotaph Corner. The first steep corner to the right has not been climbed, but just beyond that is a steep, loose-looking gully crack, facing out to the left. This gives a good pitch of its kind, and with adequate use of the rope there can be no sort of danger. It gives out on the Crawl section of the face, which lies back a good deal and is covered with grass and other such things. The route carries on to Happy Valley, just by the left of the crawl route. Happy Valley is the large, long ledge crossing the cliff three-quarters of the way up. It was given this name in a Romantic Moment, when one was not feeling very well, and one rather wished to live there for always—which, indeed, one very well might if it did not get too cold, or rain, or something. It is really a very beautiful spot and we have tried to take a great many photographs of it. With a little luck one can trundle right down to the wall of the road.

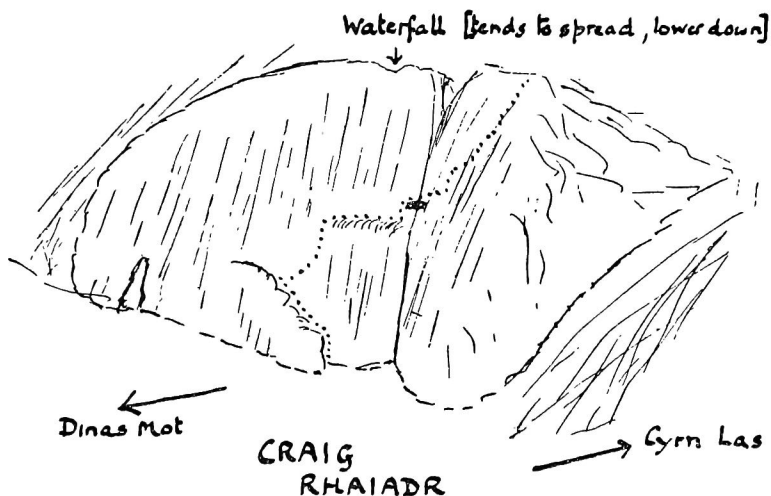
When playing about here, however, one should avoid tripping up, in the rather thick vegetation: but there is nothing to prevent a resolute body of men from really going up there and making a firm stand against the pressure of modern life and the burden of over-civilisation. No. 3, before setting out from Helyg for the climb in question, discovered that it was cold, and put an extra coat in his sack. It started hailing during the first pitch, and No. 3, finding that his several waist-coats, coats, and cut down macintoshes afforded insufficient protection, took the coat out from the sack and by a skilled acrobatic manoeuvre added this garment deftly to the pile upon his shoulders. It was a black tail-coat, and would probably have fitted him very well if it had not been made on far too small a scale, and unhappily the sleeves, for their part, did not extend far beyond the elbows. It got on much better when the pressure of circumstance discovered extensive outlets down the seams. The route was called Sexton's Route. To the right again, are, a gully in the cliff, a rib extending after some vicissitudes to the top, and a gully carrying definitely to the top and limiting the cliff on the right. There is a climb keeping just left of the first gully, up the easy, sloping, vegetative bit of cliff referred to as the Crawl section. It starts up the immediate left wall of the little gully and arrives at the right hand extremity of the valley. It would be tedious to describe in detail the types of turf to look for en route. The name is Nebuchadnezzar's Crawl; Nebs Crawl for short. It will be remembered that, during a period of mental aberration, this old gentleman went on his belly seven years with the beasts of the field, size not specified, and his face he buried in the grass. There was an amusing incident on the Crawl when we got into a corner and then got out again. The Flying Buttress is the name of the rib, after the gully, because the upper part of it does rather. The lower part may be taken as such or via the little gully on its left. The flying part is started on the right corner, and then an easy traverse is made up to the left, then up and back again to the right, along obvious faults. It is easy, but there is a tiny tree which should be treated with respect in view of the important position it will fill when it grows up. The Valley itself may be approached easily from the left side of the upper part of the Columnar Cliff. Coming to the right end a connection can be made with the Flying Buttress and up it to the top. This makes the easy Valley Crossings. The far right gully

was climbed with a most improper amount of aid a very long time ago. It does not look very funny.

On the other side of the Valley, Dinas Mot shows a Girdle at three-quarters height which is a nice Difficult with good rope technique, but the technique is not absolutely simple and one should remember when explaining about it to the other man that a cord around the neck of a good knave is better than ship's hawsers round the belly of an ass. Just left of the West Gully is the Western Slabs route. On the first pitch it is customary to start by going up to the right and scratching about a bit, before coming down to start again. The second pitch is long and interesting, especially at the top. The West Rib, Kirkus's climb, keeps just left of it throughout. The difficulty is maintained right to the top and it is probably harder than the Slabs, a little all round.

Half way along the line between Dinas and Cyn Las is a steep, stiff-looking crag, made of unusually rotten rock. Gimmer Crag is popularly credited with the excellent idea of standing out on all sides, so as to have no more than its own rainfall to dispose of. Craig Rhaiadr stood out pretty well, but overlooked a little stream running down over its middle. So stand it never so well, in fine weather it is wet, and in wet weather it is pouring: and when we went it was coming down in bucketsfull all over the place, and even so the stream stood out strongly by comparison, falling sheer on to a narrow ledge half-way up. The first pitch was a corner beneath this and it brought home to one at once the significance of that phrase "the ominous cessation of the noise of running water." This often occurs in the good old gullies, and it means that the aforesaid water is being soaked up by the body of the leader in mid-stream: like a sponge. And the irony of the situation is that the poor lad cannot do otherwise, he may be absolutely unwilling to vacate his absurd position; as like as not he has been nailed to the rivulet by the hand of fear. Then, of course, the route led across the narrow ledge in question. "It sometimes comes upon one as a direct shock—this mighty force of water in its natural surroundings." The next pitch was very long and No. 2 remained on the end of the ledge in a "comparatively sheltered" position. The grass on this pitch is long and rank, and serves admirably to hold the rock together: but really, it is a fine cliff, and gives one an excellent swim in bad weather. There is no other technical difficulty, and if umbrellas were stored at a few critical points,

and a steel shelter erected over the narrow ledge, it would no doubt become suitable for a wider public than the few expert fresh water fish in these parts. Also a telephone might be installed over the 180-foot final pitch, thus rendering unnecessary the perilous task of the original No. 1, when he had to make the long run round to the foot of the cliff alone, to find out whether the original No. 2 had escaped notice drowning, and to tell him that he was not yet ready to take him (the original No. 2) up. The rain was very rowdy that day. We simply could not think what to call the climb.



Then there is fine old Clogwyn Du'r-Arddu: that thick-headed old friend. We are not allowed to call him Cloggy in deference to the older University tradition. They seem so forcibly reminded thereby of the devastating popularity of the words and accents that it held so sacred to it. Kirkus has done a lot of new stuff there, of which I have no first-hand knowledge. The older climbs continue to be popular, and the long first pitch of the Great Slab route has been ascended and descended under regulation greasy conditions. The grass seems to be settling down for a long and useful career. All the routes on this cliff are first class, and exploration at such an angle entails a severe strain on the neck. It is the sort of place where the guide-book has an unfair advantage. It says "rise fifteen feet to a grass patch." Just like that. But

you never know: you may get involved in all sorts of the most dreadful difficulties whilst rising fifteen feet. Once I distinctly remember reaching a glorious position lying down on a small ledge only fifteen feet from green grass, and yet I am sure that there was no way up at all. Linell has made a new route up the West Buttress which sounds rather like this. One gathers that you float out a bit, jump fifteen feet, then rise up the West Buttress. Before finishing I must issue a word of warning about that Curving Chimney. It is certainly a fine climb, but I am not sure that it is worth it. Definitely it is not if there is a terribly energetic little man swearing about above you on the rope, and a tremendously heavy tall man swaying about below you on the rope. *Eheu fugaces*—we had better untie.

Introversion: retrospection: the cliffs were made for failures rather than for success. Alas! had we better untie?

UNTO THE HILLS

“UNTO the hills,” the Psalmist sang,
“ Mine eyes I will uplift
Whence cometh help :” upon the hills
I too have sought that gift.

Yea, I have found with my fine friend
Upon the mountain crest
Help in the dark, despairing hour
And, amid troubles, rest.

The crinkling glacier underfoot,
The dawn-flushed peak on high,
The rough rock-ridge’s firm hand-clasp
We loved, my friend and I.

But slipping snow and falling stone
Proved that our love was vain.
The rough rock hurled him far below
Where he’ll not climb again.

I lift mine eyes, as David did,
Unto the mountain crest :
It does not help me to my friend
And he alone has rest.

HELYG 1933

OPENING CEREMONY

THE formal opening of the enlarged Helyg Cottage ought not to pass without some record : it marked the end of one stage of the devoted services of Mr. E. S. Chantrell. Only one stage ; because, before the extension was undertaken, Mr. Chantrell's help was counted upon as a matter of course ; and now that the Cottage is completed and has to be maintained, his help is as necessary as it ever was. The amount of time which Mr. Chantrell gives to his self-imposed task is indicated by his initials which, it may not be generally known, stand for Every Sunday.

About thirty-five guests and members of the Club gathered together at Helyg on March 18, 1933. The President with Mr. Donkin and Mr. Bartrum made a special journey by road from London, and it is said that Mr. Donkin's car passed one or two other cars on the way. It may not be out of place to say that the President had taken a lively interest in the progress of the work from the beginning and it was only fitting that he should be present to see its completion. The Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery whose interest in everything relating to mountaineering rivals his interests in political affairs, was present as a guest of the Club.

The opening ceremony was carried through in the most approved style. A silver key was presented to the President by Mr. McLauchlan : and a bottle of champagne, produced by some modest donor who withheld his name, was poured into one of the enamelled cups belonging to the Cottage—the nearest approach to a loving cup which could be found—and passed round. Several photographs were taken ; and most of the results have, from motives of kindness, not been published.

After the Cottage, and tea, had been duly inspected, the assembled company adjourned to Pen-y-Gwryd where they dined in great comfort under the personal supervision of Mr. Lockwood. After dinner Mr. Amery replied to the toast of "The Guests" in a speech which was both interesting and amusing; much less serious than the political speech which



PRESIDENT

he delivered on the following Monday to an enthusiastic meeting at Stockport.

Later in the evening the President spoke of his climbing experiences in India, and gave much useful information with regard to the Gangotri district to which Mr. Marco Pallis had arranged to lead an expedition later in the year. Mr. Kirkus, who contributed in no small measure to the success

of that expedition, has on more than one occasion expressed his thanks for the valuable assistance given by the President.

About midnight, the more robust members of the Club returned to Helyg, and so ended an eventful and successful day.

RODERICK WILLIAMS.

Lest the foregoing should lead one to suppose that the week-end was entirely spent in riotous living, it will be well to mention the following display of energy.

Saturday—Milestone Buttress—Direct Route.

Central Buttress—Pinnacle Rib—Terrace Wall Variant.

Sunday—Oblique Gully—Glyder Fach. Lliwedd—several attempts on various climbs frustrated by the weather and abandoned.

A party consisting of Messrs. G. L. Bartrum, L. S. Amery, W. R. Reade, S. B. Donkin, and E. S. Chantrell walked up to the East Peak in a blizzard.

“REFORMATION”

IT has been my unfortunate lot to find myself attempting to speak at each of the last three Northern Dinners after Mr. J. L. Longland. There can only be one more impossible task—to write for a Journal which contains an article by Dr. J. M. Edwards. The reader who has been enthralled by his description of the abode of the Devil, his Kitchen, Cellar, Coal Shute, etc., will be in no mood to hear details of the work of men like Helyg, which since its transformation has lost some if not all of its pristine romance. And yet there may be some who have had no opportunity of visiting the cottage and wish to hear something of the results that have been achieved. The photograph here produced shows clearly the structural alterations to the old cottage—now the kitchen—and the new extension. The latter consists of two rooms each with a dual purpose. The hall on which the front door opens also serves as a drying room, and contains a very efficient stove. The other, a room of goodly proportions gives ample sleeping accommodation for eighteen, and has, moreover, space in front of its splendid fire-place to seat those who wish to beguile the evening hours with

study of the log-book, or the contents of the Matthews Memorial Library which has found its permanent resting-place here. A feature of this room are the windows which give a delightful view of Tryfan and Alt-y-ogof.

Space forbids, nor will the reader wish to hear details of the various fittings and appliances in the kitchen, but the fact



VICE-PRESIDENT

that they are designed by Mr. W. A. Reade ensures their utility. It is interesting to note that the old loft has been left untouched, and it is still possible to here obtain some of the old Helyg "atmosphere." With the loft in use, the whole building accommodates twenty-one, but a few more could certainly get in without making the cottage definitely uncomfortable.

We were very fortunate in having Mr. Stewart McLauchlan as architect, who had already shown, when he designed the garage, that it was possible to erect a building which perfectly fitted in with its surroundings. Here again he has succeeded most admirably by using for the walls, the rock on the site. The square slate-topped chimneys greatly enhance its appearance, as does the terrace in the front and along the sides of the cottage. Every effort is being made to save the old trees which gave it its name and new ones have been planted which in a few years will practically shut out any view from the road.

It had been hoped that we would find it possible to instal electric light, but here we have been disappointed as the cost was found to be far too great. This must remain a dream of the future.

The first year in the life of an infant is always an anxious period for a parent; so it has been for me, but I am glad to state that any fears of mine were unfounded. The financial results have been satisfactory, the accounts showing a profit of about £12. In addition, and of equal importance, my hopes that the Club would benefit by increased membership, have been fully realised; already as many as twenty-five candidates having been elected. It is interesting to observe that with one or two exceptions the newcomers are all young men and that they expressed a wish to join after one visit to the cottage. An ambitious scheme such as was undertaken could not have succeeded without the loyal help of a number of members. I wish to place on record my gratitude to Mr. W. R. Reade and the other members of the Building Committee who co-operated with me and to take the opportunity of specially thanking both Mr. McKenna and Dr. Edwards for the assistance they gave me during the course of the alterations, and so made it possible for the work to be carried out without the cottage being at any time closed to our members.

E. S. CHANTRELL.

34

Opening of new Helyg
18 March 1933

Long Longstaff

Isamery
Rowan Williams

G. H. F. King

S. J. Jenkins.

● G. R. Burtum

Miss Marler

Rockwood.

J. W. Davidson

W. J. Chantler

A. R. Reach

S. W. Lanchlan

Arthur Williams

Ivan Williams

Robert G. Hughes.

S. R. C. Walsley

B. McKenna

David Roberts.

Maynard Roberts

J. L. Edwards

C. H. French

Gerard Poole

Suffrey Poole.

Anthony M. Robinson

R. W. Stedley

R. S. Lanning

R. Williams

L. J. Kell

Franklin

A. P. Hargreaves

A. M. D'Aeth.

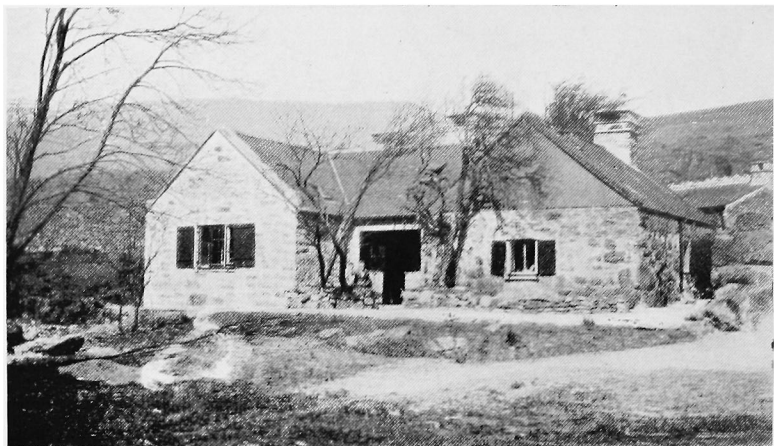
Pat Brown

J. E. Brown

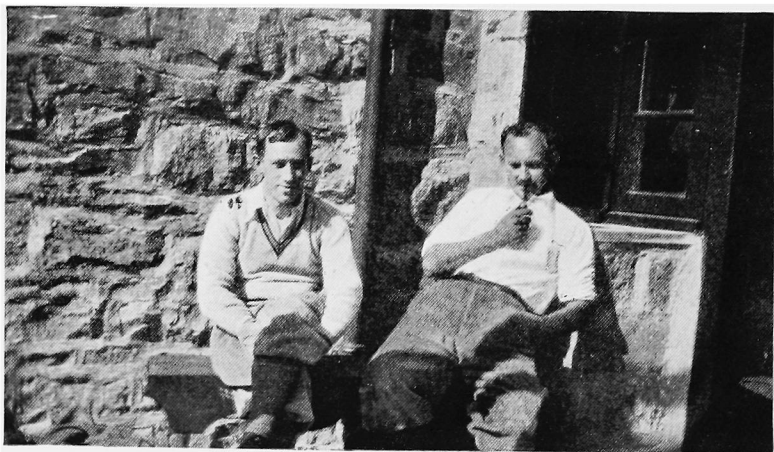
King.

MEMBERS PRESENT AT THE HELYG "REFORMATION" BANQUET

Pen-y-Gwryd, March 18, 1933



HELYG, 1933



THE CUSTODIANS

HON. CUSTODIAN ... E. S. Chantrell,
62 Temple Road,
Oxton, Birkenhead.

ASST. HON. CUSTODIAN... B. McKenna,
Four Mile Bridge,
Holyhead.

Keys are kept at Gwern-y-gof Farm and by the Hon. Custodian, to whom all enquiries should be made. Members intending to use the cottage are requested to advise him beforehand.

Dues are as follows :

MEMBERS ... 1s. 6d. for first night and 1s. for
each succeeding night.

NON-MEMBERS ... 2s. each and every night.

GARAGE—

Motor cars ... 6d. per night.

Motor cycles ... 3d. per night.

Members are allowed to bring as many Guests as they wish, but the same guest must not make more than three visits in one year.

PROVISIONS :

Stocks of tinned food, marmalade, jam, etc., are kept in the cottage, and may be purchased. The money should be placed in the box provided. A price list is attached to the door of the cupboard. Tea and sugar are also provided and a charge is made of one penny per *day* for each member or guest.

Coal and paraffin are kept in the storehouse at the back of the cottage, the key of which will be found in the cottage.

Members are requested to make sure that the windows are all securely shuttered before they depart and to leave their dues in the safe in the garage. Names should be entered in the Visitors' Book, and details of climbing in the Logbook, together with any information of general interest.



THE LEADER

EVEREST, 1933 AND AFTER

By T. A. BROCKLEBANK

THE actual narrative of the 1933 Everest Expedition has already appeared in print in various forms, has been bandied about the country in lectures by those who took part, and will in any case shortly appear in full in Rutledge's book. The following contribution by a very subordinate member is, therefore, made rather in the spirit of "after all, one offers the gods a flower," the deprecating formula used in Tibet when exchanging presents. It is not proposed to tell the story again here, but rather to regard some of last year's results from one particular point of view; namely, how in numerous small ways the effects of altitude can be still further alleviated, so that climbers can be put into position at a 27,400-foot camp, ready for an assault with a minimum loss of condition through the ills attendant on a long sojourn at altitudes of over 21,000 feet.

That is a part of the problem where an immense amount of detail remains to be filled in. The real technical problem now begins at 28,000 feet, at the foot of the "black band," which has so far turned the assaulting parties; which is merely one way of implying that the difficulties lower down (the ascent of the North Col, making the route to the higher camps, finding suitable sites for them, and the traverse on the treacherous slabs on the North face) are never again likely to stop a party of seasoned mountaineers. But even though great strides were made last year, the circumstances in which these lower difficulties are surmounted must be improved still further, if the parties eventually placed at the 27,400-foot camp are to have a reasonable chance of reaching the top.

The first and most outstanding of these circumstances is that of feeding. Not only was this expedition's food often packed wrongly but also (and much more serious) the stuff

itself was shoddy and second-rate, even allowing for the effects of altitude on the palate and for the difficulty, even at sea level, of making a tinned-food diet satisfactory for any length of time. It was a difficult situation, as there was little time for detailed checking before sailing. But clearly next time members will have to put in a great deal of work in supervising the packing themselves. Paul Bauer's expeditions chose and packed practically all their stores for Kanchenjunga with their own hands; but the majority of his party live within hailing distance of each other in Munich, and it is not so easy to gather many members of an English expedition in London before starting.

In the high-altitude rations, the actual choice of diet turned out to be wrong, but it was a mistake that could not very well have been foreseen. Lack of acclimatisation had made earlier expeditions incapable of eating any but the lightest foods on the North Col. In 1933 the party on the North Col and above were fit enough to need nourishment as near to normal as could be obtained. Their unexpected appetites were the constant nightmare of the transport officers, old men and children, mad and bad men (including a suspect leper), and other eccentrics, European and Asiatic, whose business it was to keep the North Col fully supplied from the lower regions of III and III A.

It is worth going to any lengths to get fresh food up the line. The second time an advance was made up the glacier, eggs, spinach, and cooked mutton were constantly brought up to Camp III, and made a very great difference. It would probably always be impossible to obtain green food much earlier than the last week of May, but mutton and eggs at least could always be obtained by a regular organised runner service with the Kharta Valley and Tashidzom.

In equipment, also, there are still improvements to be made. Windproof clothing as used last year could scarcely be bettered, but boots and gloves (particularly the latter) are problems which apparently have no really satisfactory solution. Tentage also needs a lot of research. Anybody who invents a tent-opening that is snow-proof, fool-proof (all men are to some extent fools above a certain altitude), and the using of which does not resemble entering the bottom of the Monolith will be making a very real contribution to the Everest problem. Possibly the best device is a sleeve-entrance; but if it is too small it involves hard exercise, and

if it is too large it defeats its own object, besides being difficult to close properly. In any case, the ordinary Meades are practically useless at high camps, particularly when made of aero-wing canvas.

The dome-shaped tents, which were so successful as protection in blizzards up to the North Col, must somehow be modified at the junction of the struts at the top; if possible, the junction should be brought *within* the tent's inner skin, so that if the nuts fall off in a gale they are not hopelessly lost between the skins. The wing-nuts used did, in fact, come off rather easily, but washers would probably prevent this, besides which there should be plenty of spare nuts and a spare strut or two.

Apart from questions of food and equipment, tactics might still be improved in the light of last year's experience. Here I beg in all humility to differ from no less an authority than Dr. Longstaff himself, who suggests (since the last expedition) that the first party sent up to the North Col should consist of those already acclimatised by previous Himalayan climbing—which, as he rightly says, is the most valuable form of acclimatisation there is.* But these rare birds are precisely those who are most likely eventually to reach the top; moreover, they need very little time to acclimatise compared with others. One of the difficulties last year was that owing to weather conditions such people had to be kept too long at or above the North Col.

There are surely two ways in which to avoid this difficulty; first, to put the initial work on the Col's slopes on to others, and secondly, not to hesitate to send fully acclimatised climbers down again temporarily to III from the North Col, rather than keep them at the North Col, if bad weather causes a delay. The second remedy is fairly simple if the North Col is occupied in echelon, and not by too many high climbers all together, but the first offers difficulties. It is always going to be tempting to send those with previous Himalayan experience to open up the North Col, not only because they are presumably fittest, but also because the col is, after all, far from easy the first time; it is also vital to choose the route offering the minimum of possible objective dangers. But the temptation should be avoided, and it could be done by arriving at Base Camp a few days earlier, and sending up

* A. J., Vol. 46, pp. 105, 106.

two or three of the lesser lights to establish glacier camps and open the North Col—as was more or less tried in the second advance last year—leaving the probable high-goers to follow a few days behind at their leisure; they would yet leave Base Camp at about the same date as last year. I would go further, and say that it's better to risk breaking a couple of slow acclimatisers on the North Col slopes early on, than to risk placing the "best bets" for the summit at their 27,400-foot camp in a deteriorated condition through hard work and a prolonged sojourn lower down. At the same time, these are only suggestions for avoiding overdoing last year's excellent principle of four days' halt at each camp, up to and including the North Col. This principle was overdone, and it may be that it will always be difficult not to overdo it, for there is not enough evidence that 1933 and 1924 were altogether the exceptions to general weather rules in the Everest region.

An essential factor in any cut and dried plan on the glacier is the presence of a good quantity and quality of porters. It is no longer the uncertain factor that it was, for perhaps the most satisfactory result of 1933 was the triumphant way in which the porterage bogey was routed. Shortly after a severe reverse, there was no difficulty in finding eight porters to carry to 27,400 feet. The reasons for this sensational improvement since 1924 are worth examining, if only to make sure how far the improvement is real. In the last few years, the Darjeeling Sherpas and Bhotias have not only gradually lost their superstitious fear of mountains, but have also learnt something of mountaineering. Large bonuses and very good equipment were given to porters who went high, but this inducement would be insufficient without the new mountain tradition that is visible among them; a tradition which is the fruit of good training and treatment with other recent expeditions, and most notably with Bauer on Kanchenjunga. The number of young porters with experience was necessarily low, but enough in quantity and quality to carry others with them.

All this made the language difficulty much easier; Longland's few Nepali phrases, Raymond Greene's English prose in the Gibbon tradition, and even Wyn Harris's Swahili were all completely successful as coercive media. At the same time it still remains extremely important that the Europeans should learn as much Nepali and as many porters' names and

peculiarities as possible, for if there were an "old soldier" among the high porters, or if there was an accident, the porters' morale might yet break down quite easily. Neither of these contingencies arose last year, nor ought they to arise. For these same reasons no individual European should take it upon himself to be "in charge" of porters; even supposing he is in fact the best man at dealing with them, through linguistic or other cultural qualities, he cannot be everywhere at once.

By way of conclusion some mention should be made of that one essential weapon on the side of the climbers, which one hesitates nowadays to call by any name so meaningless and sentimental as team spirit. The necessity on Everest for co-operation and the subordination of personal ambitions is so well rooted, in theory at least, as hardly to need mentioning. Nevertheless, the serious fact remains that individualism crops up in unexpected places. As a small instance, it devolved on me to lay telephone wire to the North Col, taking with me Smijth-Windham, who was a magnificent electrician but who had never climbed. Three-quarters of the way up, the wire ran out, and the rest had to be left for next day. But Smijth-Windham implored me to take him on to visit Camp IV. It was a fine day, there was plenty of time, no other work was to be done elsewhere for the moment, I was feeling well and anyway Smijth-Windham is an excellent fellow; in the name of all decent things, as I thought, why not take the proselyte to the top of his first climb? And I did; but the next evening, a tired man, I was confronted on taking up residence at the North Col with an entirely unexpected plan that I should go high. As it so happened, a change in other circumstances caused the adoption of a better plan, so that no actual harm was done.

It is essential that every member on an Everest expedition should do no more and no less than his particular piece of the mountain demands. Small matters of mental attitude are no less important than apparently trivial matters of tactics and equipment, if the assaulting parties are to set out from their last camp physically in as good condition as is humanly possible—without which the unknown ground beyond the "black band" is likely to remain unknown.

WHAT DOES "Z" DO NOW?

By "Z"

IN the age of pitons, karabiner, and other hardware it is given to few to come upon a new technique for climbing a not very large Tirolese mountain. Men of a Himalayan habit may nowadays think it scarcely a far enough cry from Tryfan to Trisul, but let me assure these modernists that Helyg to the Hochkugel can be quite a good distance—that is, if you go climbing it with Albrecht.

Albrecht is a dental surgeon, and he surges in the plains with inconceivable industry. He is also an exceptionally ardent climber. Consequently, on the rare occasions when he can take a day in the mountains he is not easily put off. This is my only excuse if to the question "What does 'Z' do with a badly iced rock chimney," I now answer "a sardine tin." This tale should also be persevered with if only to discover why "use a rucksack" is the answer to "What does 'Z' do when his leader falls?"

The simple narrative begins on a Sunday morning in late November, when the train at last jerked to a halt under the mountains and disgorged several hundred humans and as many pairs of skis. The cavalcade gave a brief glance at the landscape—consisting mainly of grass, boulders, and a little slush—and disappeared as one man into the gasthaus. Albrecht, however, announced that "it made nothing, we could go to foot"; by which I understood that we might leave our skis and take a little walk.

At first this was a wrong surmise, for he darted into the back door of the gasthaus, and just as I had decided that he must be muscling-in on the Löwenbräu from the rear, he emerged with two ancient bicycles. One was male and the other female, and with moving generosity he handed over the male to me. But my emotion died when I found that

only the low gear would engage. Pedalling with infinite speed and determination I could just keep Albrecht in sight, sailing serenely ahead on his feminine contraption. When a great number of kilometres had rolled painfully by, we left the bicycles and the walk began.

At first the way twisted up through pine forests; this was about the only part of the ascent which bore any relation to a respectable mountain expedition. But when the tree-limit was passed and we found ourselves at the foot of the rocks of the Hochkugel, things soon reverted to the fantastic. We were not surprised to find, in November, that the easy chimney by which alone the peak could reasonably be climbed without a rope was completely iced up. We had no axes. A mild "Thunderweather" from Albrecht. He began to look about him, and presently discovered an ancient sardine-tin. His eyes lit up, and he set himself to kicking it and beating it with stones in a maniacal way. I let him continue; to vent the wrath of frustration on a tin seemed harmless enough. To my surprise, however, he eventually pronounced himself satisfied with the tin's new shape and began using it to nick holds in the chimney. Frustration doesn't enter into Albrecht's scheme of things.

I followed him slowly, as he chipped and hacked away. He removed not only ice but a good deal of gravel as well. His dental training was in fact extremely useful during the whole ascent, for I doubt if a layman could have cleared out such quantities of decay with a mere superannuated sardine-tin. There was very little variation in the routine for some distance. But just as we were coming out to the summit, and some time after the novelty of the proceedings had worn very thin, there was a whirring of wings, and a covey of "Steinhühner" got up just above Albrecht's head. From his position he could not see what the disturbance was, and apparently thought it was the beginning of a rock fall. He looked down quickly at a grass ledge just below us, and said he was going to jump. I ducked my head, thus inadvertently bringing my rucksack up behind my ears. The sack broke his fall and certainly prevented him from breaking me, for instead of jumping he slithered quietly down on to the back of my head. There he remained seated, until he had finished "thunder-weathering yet again," until the sardine-tin (which he had dropped) had tintinabulated away down the mountain-side, and until the wings had whirled into the nothingness of space.

He seemed disposed to sit on the sack on my head indefinitely, but not being quite as comfortable, I suggested that we ought to be moving, as the days were getting short. And so it was that a few moments later we scrambled out on to the Hochkugel's summit.

Not entirely a day in the classical tradition; but then Albrecht is essentially a modernist. And in any case, I always suspected that Tirol in November might have a few surprises waiting.

CLIMBING IN NORWAY

The *Norsk Tindeklub* of Oslo, Norway, have published an English edition of their Climbers' Guide to the Horungtinder containing a useful map prepared by the late Howard Priestman. This English edition supplies a long left want and it will be of great assistance to climbers visiting this district of Norway who are unacquainted with Norwegian.

The guide contains descriptions of the known routes up practically all the peaks in this district and it also classifies the routes in order of difficulty. Most of the routes are also illustrated by photographs.

Copies of the new English edition are now available and may be obtained from the Assistant Secretary, The Alpine Club, 23 Savile Row, London, W. 1, price, 3s., or post free, 3s. 2d.

THE CORNISH CLIFFS

By A. W. ANDREWS

THE climbs in Cornwall are by no means exhausted. So far as I know there has been no published description of two of the best scrambles on the South coast.

They are easy of access, as a car can be taken along the new road to Porthgwarra to within a quarter of a mile from the start. Just south of the Signal Station lies the headland of Tol-Pedn-Penwith, over two hundred feet in height. The Chair Ladder is a buttress separated from the mainland by a neck. Easy scrambling leads to the highest point. There is then a choice of routes.

The face is broken by a series of small platforms connected by steep but easy chimneys. Difficulties can be sought or avoided according to taste. The nearer the climber keeps to the Great Gully the harder the obstacles become. At about sixty feet from the bottom he will probably find himself cut off by a sheer wall which separates him from an isolated pinnacle. On the east there are also some very difficult cracks and faces. The rock is a good non-friable granite with plenty of small holds.

The base of the tower can be traversed at low tide in either direction. The Great Gully (in shadow on the view) is probably climbable but is very wet and slimy.

On the other hand the cliff on the left has a number of fine cracks, ledges and slabs, and affords some fine routes. Immediately to the west is a striking headland with interesting chimneys. Further west between Porth Loe (six-inch Ordnance) and Black Carn are some remarkable ribs separating zawns which afford good climbing.

At outer Pendower Cove there is a cave with a floor of fine sand which extends more than a hundred yards inland. It is not possible to traverse the cliff between high and low

water the whole way to Carn Lês Boel, except by swimming, sudden or otherwise, as there is always deep water round Bosistow Island, which in the nesting season is a trifle overcrowded by the lordly Black-backed Gull, perched on the summit in the seat of the scornful; the Herring Gull, lower down; and on the ledges rows of Guillemots and Kittiwakes so closely packed that they are obliged to fly off and return in a regular order.

These shelves are so narrow that the Guillemot has evolved an egg much larger one end than the other which has a chance of staying put. There is always a direct descent to deep water so that the young bird can glide off its perch without flying. The Cormorants (Shag) like rather larger and isolated niches, also nearer the water for convenience of fishing. No one with even a slight sense of smell can mistake Bosistow Island in the season.

A little to the east several very steep chimneys seem to afford a route to the top of the cliff, but they give out on crumbling earth and though a route could probably be forced up most of them they are not particularly safe.

To the west are the cliffs of Carn Lês Boel (200 feet). This forms the eastern extremity of Mill or Nanjizel Bay. A descent brings the climber in face of the eastern cliff of a narrow ridge (Figs. 2 and 3) on which the climbing lies. It is isolated by deep water and must be reached round the head of the zawn.

The ridge should be followed exactly over all the pinnacles, some of which are steep. At the sea end of the last a short chimney on the west leads to the top of a huge granite block from which a difficult descent can be made over the nose, or more easy chimneys can be taken on either side.

A traverse runs round the base, possible at about half tide, to a detached pinnacle on the right. This can be climbed by a deep chimney separating it from the main mass or by a crack on its face with small holds which become somewhat unsatisfying near the top.

The east face can be climbed in a number of places, but the most interesting part is towards the sea end up the slanting cracks, well shown in Fig. 3.

The bottom has least holds. Above there is great variety on a nearly vertical cliff of firm and reliable granite.

None of these climbs are sufficiently long or complicated to need diagrams showing the actual routes, but they are well

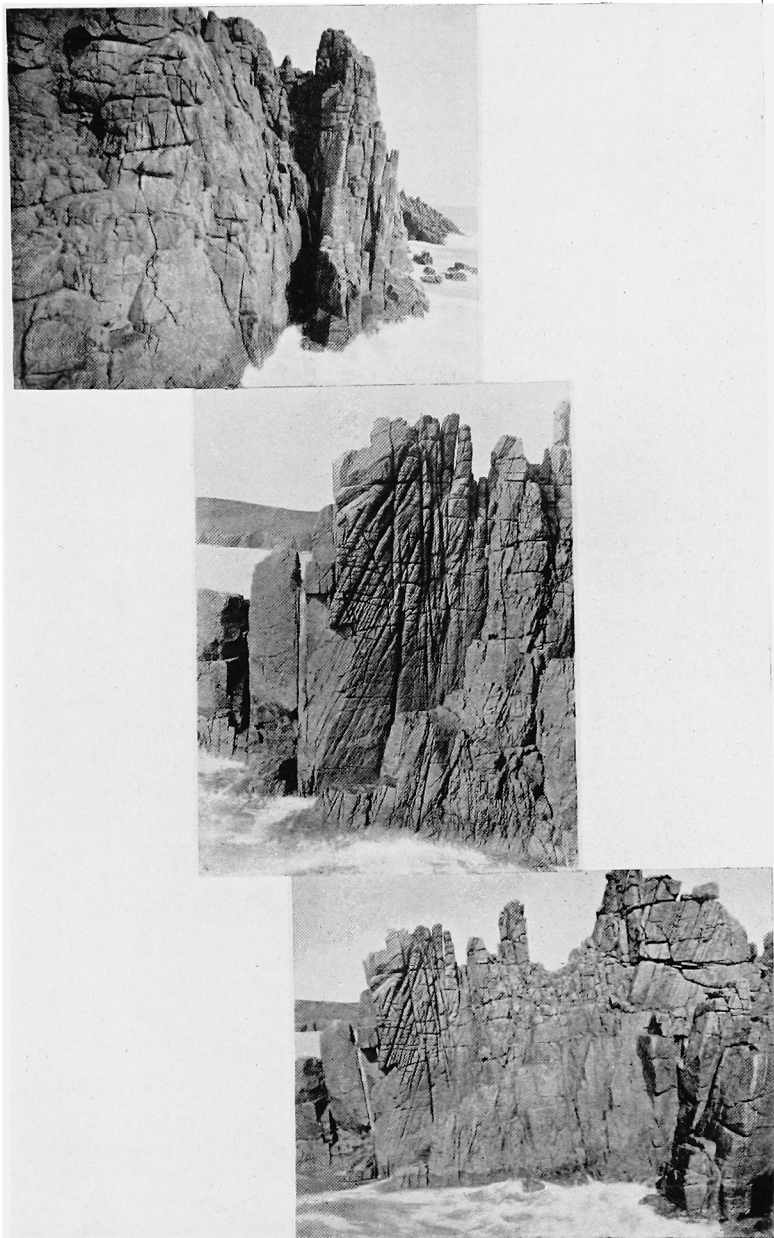


Fig. I—THE CHAIR LADDER

Figs. II and III—CARN LÊS BOEL

worth doing as they present every variety of climbing from easy to extremely difficult.

In addition, for those who like it, there is sunshine and warm rock and it is not necessary as in most of the traverses on the north coast to wait for the tide and perhaps a calm day.

It is hoped that some day it may be possible to publish a small guide to this district as there is a great deal more than has ever appeared in print.

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT

By J. D. HILLS

IN June or July all good mountaineers make their plans for their summer campaign. In September they sort out their photographs, write up their diaries and find that they have accomplished, if lucky, 50% of what they set out to do; if unlucky, 10%. This in itself is no bad thing. The possibility of exhausting the Alps becomes more and more remote and the fewer peaks climbed in any one year, the more left for future enjoyment. But when the mountains are less accessible than the Alps and when the possibilities of a second visit are even more remote than the mountains, then one must hope for a higher percentage. Two years ago, in circumstances which might well have deterred one from trying to climb at all, good fortune and the Alpine Club of Canada gave me 100% in the Canadian Rockies.

Early in the year I was appointed Director of an Empire Tour, a party of twenty-nine school-boys, to Canada. Later in the year I met a companion with whom I would much rather have visited Canada than with the twenty-nine school-boys; a companion who had incidentally climbed in the Rockies and was therefore able to give me advice. "If you go to Banff, don't fail to climb Mt. Louis and you must walk from Lake Louise to Lake O'Hara over the Death Trap and the Abbot Pass. If at Jasper Park, you must do Edith Cavell." These were my orders for my summer campaign. As our programme included a short "rest" from sight-seeing at both Banff and Jasper, there seemed no reason why I should not attempt to carry them out. An "Assistant Director" and an "Advance Agent" ought to be able to look after the boys while I went about my own business in the mountains. But our "rests" were to be horribly short, not more than four days at each and probably only three, so what was to be done must indeed be done quickly.

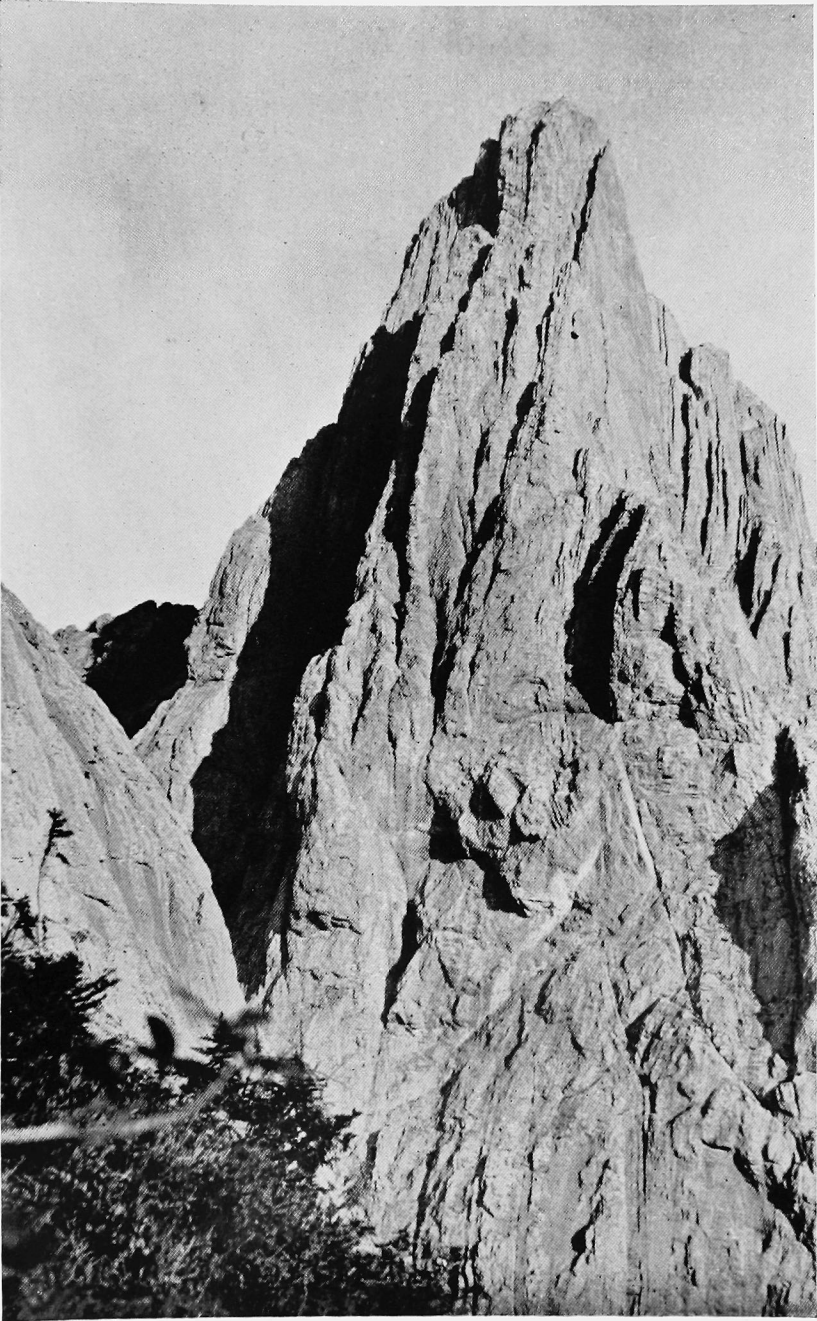
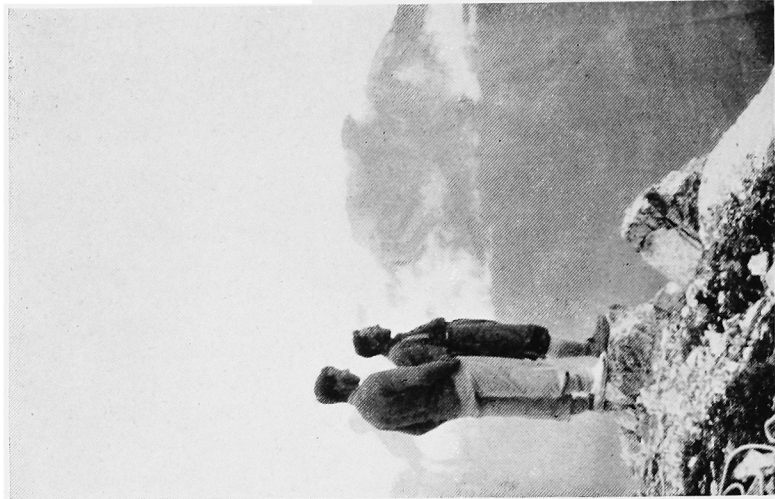


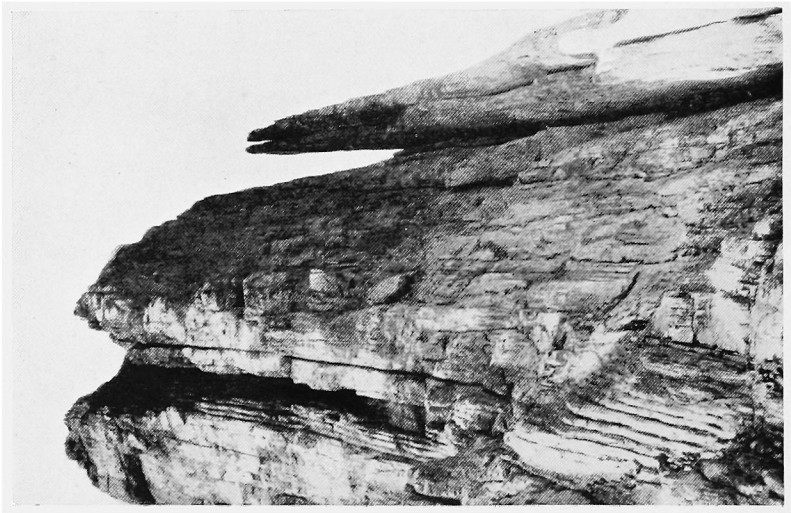
Photo by

MT. LOUIS

L. Grassi



D. CROOK AND L. GRASSI



MT. LOUIS

THE LAST CHIMNEY

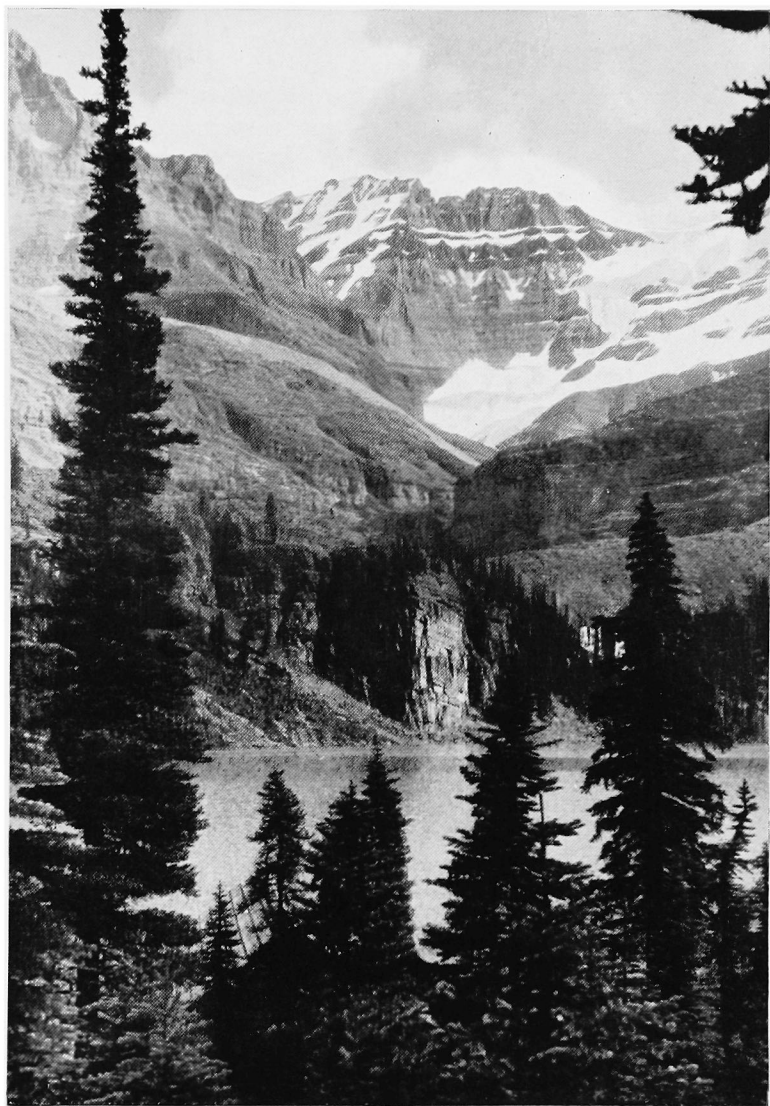
A full account of the tour might be interesting to educationalists and Empire Builders, but it cannot be given here. Prime Ministers and Power Stations, Maiden Aunts and Virgin Forests, all vied with each other in the warmth of their welcome. The Tourists, "a dandy bunch of boys, Colonel," lost their shyness on the outward voyage, their complexions on the Prairies, their hearts on every possible occasion. The Director soon found it the most exhausting business he had ever undertaken.

In a short time it became obvious that while some could ride and some could swim and some could dance and one or two could do absolutely nothing, there was only one who showed any particular desire to climb. We had joined a party of Canadian boys in an Ontario summer camp near Lake Mazinaw. On the far side of the Lake a great cliff rose for some 200 feet out of the water, "unclimbable and out-of-bounds," said the Camp Commandant. "Out-of-bounds" it may have been and no doubt a good school-master would have left it at that; but "unclimbable" seemed no sort of insult to throw at an innocent looking cliff copiously covered with vegetables. And so it was not long before the one English Schoolboy and one over-inquisitive Canadian were seduced into a boat with rubber shoes and a rope and rowed across to a promising gully in the middle of the cliff. It was a most enjoyable afternoon on delectable slabs with superlative tree-belays. The Canadian seemed to want too many points of personal attachment to the rocks, but the Englishman, a tough fellow ("husky guy") from The Leys, soon discovered how to use his feet and keep his body off the slabs. By the end of the day he was climbing like an expert. It was only after our return to camp that we were told that the whole place was thick with poison ivy, which produces a heavy feverish rash if it touches the bare skin, and that both rash and fever are apt to return annually to the sufferer. As we had climbed in shorts with bare legs, the prospect was gloomy. What happened to the Canadian I do not know, for I have never seen him since; but neither the Leysian nor the Director suffered for their rashness.

After three very strenuous days in camp we were shut up for forty-eight hours, in intense heat, in a railway train across the prairie provinces. During a short halt at Winnipeg, a C.P.R. official brought me a parcel from the President of the Alpine Club of Canada, with maps and

information and an invitation to make use of the Clubhouse at Banff. This typical act of sympathetic organisation and efficient hospitality was one of the hundred such kindnesses that we received at every step. At Calgary another member of the Club, H. W. Allan, met us on the platform and told us of his plan for giving six of the party a couple of days in the mountains. Arrangements could be made during the next three days, while we were scattered among the various ranches. Here, in the flower-strewn foot-hills we had our first view of the great mountain barrier, a rugged great ridge with few outstanding peaks but clothed with marvellous colours at dawn and sunset. Between haymaking and calf-branding, I found time to let the Secretary at Banff know that we were arriving in two days' time and that I had been ordered to climb Louis. Fortunately, we were not entirely dependent on trains, for the invaluable Allan took the Leysian and myself in his car to Banff, which we therefore reached a few hours ahead of the others. At the Clubhouse we were made welcome by Mrs. Lyall, hostess, manageress and universal fairy godmother, who installed us in a most comfortable cabin. The Secretary, too, had done his part, for he had arranged for Lawrence Grassi to come up that evening and, if the weather held, take us up Louis the next morning. There would then be one day for Mt. Louis, one day's rest, one day to go to Lake Louise and on the fourth day our train must take us westwards to the Pacific, either from Lake Louise station or from any other point to which we could walk to catch it.

Grassi and Mt. Louis belong to one another. The little amateur has made it his speciality to such an extent that he is now more expert than the most accomplished professional guide and he is never tired of taking new parties up his favourite. I should have liked to have tried it with a really "guideless" party, but where Odell and Crawford have been benighted, it was no place for a professor and a novice to try experiments. The novice was by now as hard as nails, but the professor, after portage-ing canoes through swampy forests and riding all day on a rancher's saddle, felt both stiff and old. In any case the morning arrived with a thick mist and we should never have found the mountain at all without Grassi. That tireless man had arrived at the hut in the evening, refused a bed and sat smoking cigars till it was time to start, soon after midnight.



LAKE O'HARA

The climb has been often enough described and we followed the ordinary route. Grassi's photograph gives a better idea than can any words of mine of this astonishing pile of rock, rising abruptly some 2,000 feet above Edith Pass. It came upon us suddenly out of the mist, a most formidable sight. It was all made ridiculously easy for us by our leader and I hope that the novice on the tail of the rope properly appreciated his good fortune. There are few mountaineers who can claim Mt. Louis for their first ascent.

In spite of the night's drizzle we climbed in rubbers, uncomfortably slippery on the lower slabs, but a great blessing on the steeper rocks above. Louis, almost alone of the Rockies, has perpendicular instead of horizontal strata. It also has the reputation, again almost alone, of being composed of reasonably firm rock. This may be true of the parts which one does not climb. But never was such an arsenal of loose stones as is stored in the long last chimney. We were duly hidden at intervals while our leader climbed each pitch of it; and in one place, during the Leysian's ascent, I was unroped and put away into a convenient sentry-box, past which went a continuous bombardment of projectiles of every size and shape. Finally it was my own turn; and I can safely boast that, with my extra weight, I sent down a collection of chockstones and other refuse about six times as heavy as anything which had previously been dislodged. But these are trivial details. It was a grand day in bright weather on a fine great mountain and that is about as good a thing as any sane man can want. Our "time" up was not too bad, but we were slower down and, after we had found our boots, wisely left in a clump of forget-me-nots, lack of training began to find our weaknesses. At least one of the party was a very tired man by the time that he reached Banff.

It is wonderful what a night's rest will do. The next day, when he would have been much better in bed, the Director found himself lured into a mountain walk with those of the party which had nothing particular to do. It brought him the only serious anxiety of the tour and completely ruined his "rest" at Banff. We chose Norquay, a "beginner's peak," conveniently near Banff. We started late, it was much too hot, we did not know the way, some went fast and others slow, there were too many boys and far too many stones all bounding and whistling about the place. In the midst of it all two rather more energetic boys, who had gone ahead,

shouted from a distant ridge and we could only suppose them in difficulties. We ordered them to stay put and then the Leysian and myself took a rope and climbed fast and anxiously to the spot where they were last seen. We failed to find them, were drenched in a furious thunderstorm, climbed a murderous chimney and got down somehow over streaming slabs, the whole thing rather a nightmare. At last we gave it up and went home, only to find that they had returned long ago, had never been in trouble at all, had found the summit of Norquay, which was more than anyone else had done, and had reached Banff before the storm.

Our "rest" was now drawing to its close. We had one more morning at Banff and then took car to Lake Louise, to carry out the second of my three orders, the walk to Lake O'Hara. The view across Lake Louise, seen from the Hotel, is well known to all. The water, a deep blue-green, reflects on its calm, brilliant surface the snowy peaks and fir-clad shoulders of its guardian heights. At the end, two mountains, Victoria right and Lefroy left, seem to offer an impassable barrier, towering above the white slope of the Victoria Glacier. But, though the eye cannot detect it, Victoria stands somewhat back from Lefroy and, between it and the other's blunt nose, the glacier turns left-handed and so up to the narrow Abbot Pass which divides the two summits. Out of sight and round this corner the ascent is steep and narrow and, as the sun gets to work on the snow, Victoria sends down avalanches, while Lefroy keeps up a steady bombardment of stones. They call the place Death Trap.

In the hotel we found Allan with his six young mountaineers, footsore but happy. They had braved the trap two days before, slept at O'Hara and returned by the Opabin Pass and the Valley of the Ten Peaks. We found also various managers, guides, and others who told us not to go without a guide and prophesied our speedy destruction. But we were to be a strong party and there seemed to be very little danger. In addition to the Leysian, David Crook, on whom I knew that I could now rely, my "Advance Agent," an enormous Scotsman, wanted to see how these Rockies compared with the Highlands. So we borrowed an axe for him and arranged to be called at 3 a.m.

It was a grey morning. There were clouds and it was too warm. But we decided to start and by the time that we reached the Plain of the Six Glaciers there was no doubt that

we should have a fine day. This, however, was not the difficulty. As we took our first halt close to the hut, a distant rumble, followed a few minutes later by a second, showed that the upper snows were already feeling the morning sun. We decided to go as far as the glacier and at least to "have a look round the corner." And once on that glacier, there was no longer very much doubt about the matter. After all those trains and power stations and after-lunch-speeches-on-iced-water, the cold, clean, crisp feel of the glacier under ones bootnails was like a tonic. Who cared for a paltry stone or two? By all the laws we ought to have been punished for our rashness, but the place is not really so bad as its name implies. There were few stones lying about and still fewer signs of avalanche snow. The going was steep but easy; the crevasses visible and mostly narrow. It was not long before we were looking back from the top, enjoying the bright morning sunlight. A few feet further and we were at the hut, to be met by a wind from the other side which cut like a knife. It was difficult to be warm, even inside the hut with a fire burning, and the Scotsman, while his boots dried, gave a bare-foot sword dance with a crossed pick and shovel.

The descent was easy and we went fast. Our way led past a marvellously green lakelet and then followed a winding stream through the trees till it fell suddenly into Lake O'Hara. Our first view of this was perhaps the best thing we saw in all Canada. No vast hotel, no trippers, only a few huts and a boat or two disturbed the perfect peace of this lovely jewel in its forest setting. Here indeed one might well "rest"—but not with a train to catch to the Pacific coast. The railway was eight miles away down a dusty mule-track and along this we presently trudged to the station, curiously named Hector and Wapta, and caught our train to Vancouver, where I lost the best ice-axe man has ever carried. 66·666666%.

There remained Mt. Edith Cavell, to be conquered if possible during our second "rest," four days only, at Jasper Park. A Vancouver dentist combined with an Amusement Park, beside which Wembley was a Kiddie's Playground, had seriously lowered my moral, but, as the train gradually gained altitude throughout the night, my spirits lightened and at Jasper

"life seemed none too bad
and I myself a sterling lad."

We spent the first day at Maligne Canyon and making friends with the Warden of the Reserve. The second day we took a "training walk" up Signal Mt. where the sun blazed and the flies were a torment. But we saw Edith Cavell and it all looked possible in spite of previous bad weather. So we planned to leave our camp on the third evening, reach the glacier at midnight, traverse the mountain from east to southwest and return to Jasper in time to catch the evening train to Winnipeg. We secured the Swiss Hans Fuhrer to guide us.

The Warden seemed to think nothing of driving us at midnight to the glacier, a mere twenty miles, and thanks to his kindness this part of our programme was easily carried out. Dawn, a miserably grey affair, found us struggling over the most loathsome moraine, which led us to a steep slope of black ice thinly covered with grit. Hans seemed happy; the Leysian took it as a matter of course, knowing no better; the Director was uncomfortable. But once on the east ridge the going was good, there was some pleasant scrambling and, if only the clouds had lifted, it would have been a first-class climb. But it was cold and damp and viewless. The descent by the ordinary route (Heaven help the man who climbs it) was a series of Hell's gates, leading to an apparently pathless forest. Fortunately we were well ahead of time and there was no need to hurry our weary limbs, for it was a tiring business, "bush-whacking" over fallen timber. At last the main road showed white above us and we struggled up to the luxury of an enormous limousine, which whirled us back to camp. There followed a rich bath, a cocktail party, dinner with the Dean of a Canadian University and a mad rush to the station, to find my charges being addressed by an English Cabinet Minister on holiday. I hope that the Director did not appear too light-hearted as he swung on board, murmuring 100%.

THE COOLINS,* 1933

SEVERAL articles have appeared from time to time in this Journal and others on climbing expeditions to Skye, and very interesting reading they make. It is noticeable, however, that few, if any, concentrate on demonstrating to the younger and more impecunious climbers how very cheap and simple a camping-cum-climbing holiday in Skye can be. As the principle function of this article is to do this, the actual account of our doings will be as brief as possible.

The party consisted of B. McKenna, E. S. Chantrell, J. R. Clarkson, D. Roberts, R. S. Wood, N. R. Prichard.

Mr. and Mrs. French were also members of our party, but unfortunately they were forced to take their holidays slightly earlier than ours, and were with us for only three days.

We camped at Glenbrittle for the whole of the holiday except for the last two days, when we moved over to Sligachan. It was immediately apparent how very much superior, as a climbing centre, the former was to the latter. At Sligachan one's climbing activities are almost entirely restricted to the rather short and featureless climbs on Sgurr nan Gillean and Am Basteir, unless one is prepared to make terribly long "hikes" to the Sgurr Alastair and Sgurr Dearg district. At Glenbrittle, on the other hand, the distances to the foot of the climbs are far shorter, and one has an infinitely greater selection of accessible climbs.

The weather was, on the whole, extremely kind to us, judging by the tales of constant rain and mist which seems to be the lot of most Coolin enthusiasts; we had three days of absolute solid downpour, one which was pretty bad but not

* The Editor accepts no responsibility for this title and will not be drawn into any argument about it.

serious enough to stop all climbing, and all the rest were utterly perfect.

The climbing done was of a fairly modest standard, the well-known routes being our principle objectives, as for most of us this was our first visit. Among these we accounted for :

The Cioch (various routes),
The Cioch Upper Buttress,
Collie's Climb (Sgurr Alastair),
Window Buttress and
Inaccessible Pinnacle (Sgurr Dearg),
Central Buttress (Ghrunnda face, Sron na Ciche),
N.W. Buttress (Sgurr a Mhadaidh),
Pinnacle Ridge (Sgurr nan Gilleann).

Abrahams' Climb on Sgurr Alastair was also attempted by two members of the party, but unfortunately the route—which is very unsatisfactorily described in the Guide Books—was lost, and they spent a very uncomfortable hour suspended over the Great Stone Shute before the rest of the party could come to their assistance from above.

Both Collie's and Abrahams' routes up Alastair were sore disappointments from the technical points of view. The guide book accounts were so glowing that perhaps we expected rather much, but there is no doubt that there is an enormous quantity of rotten rock on both climbs, and several of the pitches on Collie's at any rate are ridiculously artificial. However, the climbing is always sensational, and the view from the highest of the Coolin peaks is sufficiently wonderful to secure these climbs a place of honour in every expedition's list.

The Cioch face of Sron na Ciche was a very different proposition. Composed almost entirely of perfect gabbro rock, the climbing is a sheer delight, and an absolute paradise for the enthusiastic rock-gymnast. The West route up the Cioch, and the Cioch Upper Buttress afforded us possibly the best climbing of the holiday. These climbs are never severe in any of their pitches, but the consistent standard of difficulty and the thrilling situations and steepness, make this a 1,500-foot climb of sheer joy. It was unanimously decided that this face was superior in almost every way to anything that can be found in either Wales or the Lake District.

The writer was unfortunately incapacitated by a slightly damaged knee when the rest of the party climbed the Window Buttress and the Inaccessible Pinnacle, but from the ecstatic praises bestowed on the climbs on their return, the climbing

appears to have been excellent, and the situations, especially on the pinnacle, again very thrilling.

The other climbing done was all enjoyable, as it must be in such incredibly beautiful surroundings, but from the technical standpoint, many of the Welsh and Lakeland climbs are vastly superior.

Of course, it must always be borne in mind that there is still enormous scope for the explorer of new routes, and there is no doubt that there are many fine faces of excellent rock, yet to be developed.

One definite mistake was made by the newcomers in our party. We spent far too little time on the actual ridges themselves. I think that visitors making their first visit to the Coolins would be well advised to spend their first week in exploring these thoroughly, as there is no doubt that the Coolin ridges are one of the greatest wonders of the British Isles, and certainly equal in grandeur to many of the more widely advertised ranges on the Continent.

From the purely utilitarian point of view it may be of interest to prospective Skye visitors to learn that the fortnight's holiday, including the hiring of a large car and its running expenses—by no means a small item—cost us as little as £6 10s. per head, and even this modest sum could, I think, be materially reduced providing a sufficient number of people were in the party and the more superfluous luxuries of life were entirely eliminated.

With regard to the procuring of supplies—it would, I think, be possible to live entirely on local products, providing one camped at Glenbrittle or some other fairly accessible spot; actually we had arranged to have all our provisions sent by rail to the Kyle of Lochalsh, where we picked it up on our way through, and although one large crate of tinned meats, jams, etc., went astray and was not recovered until we were on our way home, we were not seriously inconvenienced as there is an excellent little shop at Carbost—about nine miles from Glenbrittle—which could supply us with practically everything we needed, and deliver them twice a week in a donkey cart. Eggs and milk were, of course, procured from Glenbrittle House.

It is regrettable to note that the tentacles of civilisation have at last reached the Glen in the shape of a telephone. This is installed at the Post Office under Mrs. Chisholm's rather apprehensive eye! Still, unfortunate as this innovation

is in many respects, it will no doubt prove a blessing on occasions.

One great asset to Loch Brittle was discovered on one of our off days. This was an old and roomy fishing-boat—fitted with an engine of sorts—which we were able to hire for the day, together with its owner, for the reasonable sum of 5s. a passenger! We were taken round to Loch Coruisk via Soay Sound and Loch Scavaig and then on to Elgol. We were very lucky in having an absolutely perfect day for our cruises; and there is no doubt that it is one of the best possible ways of spending a really lazy day—the view of the Coolins from the sea has to be seen to be believed.

One final word of warning—don't on any account try camping on the shores of Loch Long either on the way up or back; we did, and were driven absolutely crazy with the midges—so much so that we had to strike camp in the middle of the night and fly for our lives to Glasgow!

DAUPHINEE, 1933

By J. POOLE

A HOLIDAY which included among its incidents a traverse of one of the best peaks in the Alps and a stay at one of the worst hotels in Europe could scarcely have failed to provide interest to those who experienced it, but the editorial inference that the interest might be conveyed to others by the medium of the *Journal* seems to the writer unwarranted. One has read many accounts of Club meets: some interesting, many dull. But there seems to be no necessary connection between the account and the meet, so far as interest is concerned. A good writer may make an interesting account of a dull meet. A bad one will certainly make a dull account of an interesting meet. "It's the seasonin' as does it." And I am a bad cook.

The Dauphinée was chosen for the Club meet in 1933 on the assumption that France would be cheaper than Switzerland. If the assumption was well founded, Switzerland must indeed have been a place for millionaires this year. McNaught had been at La Berarde the year before, and most gallantly and efficiently took charge of the party this year. He got in a little intensive training at Chamonix first, then met some of us one evening at Grenoble after what must have been one of the hottest days of a terribly hot summer. The journey next day by motor charabanc from Grenoble to La Berarde will not soon be forgotten. In my short experience I have had only one thrill to surpass it, and that was the same journey in the reverse direction at the end of the holiday. Next time I go I shall walk.

People who knew the Dauphinée had spoken of its barren stoniness. There is a good deal to be said for this view, and one's impressions at the moment of arrival at La Berarde

(possibly influenced by nausea resulting from the charabanc) seemed to be much in accordance with it. It appeared that one was approaching a mountainous country—but had not quite arrived. A look round from La Berarde certainly reveals nothing of the grandeurs seen from Zermatt or Chamonix. This, however, proves to be doing the district less than justice. When you get higher among the mountains the scenery is grand enough for anybody, and the expeditions certainly prove to be of first class Alpine standard. With a change in management of the hotel, and a little less emulation of Sir Malcolm Campbell by the charabanc drivers, the place would be ideal.

As is usual at Climbers' Club meets, the participants drop in at all sorts of odd times. Those who arrive late may not even see the ones who arrived early. This makes it difficult to say how many were there. I am not very good at arithmetic, but as near as I can tell, I should say there were approximately quite a good few. I do know that ten amateurs and three guides set off for the Pilatte hut on about the third day of the meet (the first two having been spent in the customary training walks) and that the amateurs arrived several hours late, due to their having climbed several mountains on the way which were not supposed to be in the programme. I also remember that the arrangements for next morning were that one party should get up first to do Les Bans, while the other members had an extra hour in bed as they were to do Pic Gioberney (hereinafter called "Old Joe"). One member's deafness caused him to miss the instructions, with the result that he got up with the Les Bans party, who could not persuade him to go back to bed, but when they walked away without him he had a second breakfast with the Old Joe party. Both parties got their peaks, and both enjoyed them very much, the deaf man particularly showing great strength and vigour, no doubt induced by his double nourishment. Two of the Old Joe party did Les Bans the following day.

The next day might very well have been a complete off-day, but the bad food at the hotel drove a large party away to the Temple Ecrins hut, where they could fare better on tinned stuff and biscuits. Thus nourished, a number of them successfully attacked Pic Coolidge with professional assistance, while four others made a guideless ascent of the Fifre. The editor has directed me to be as impersonal as possible,

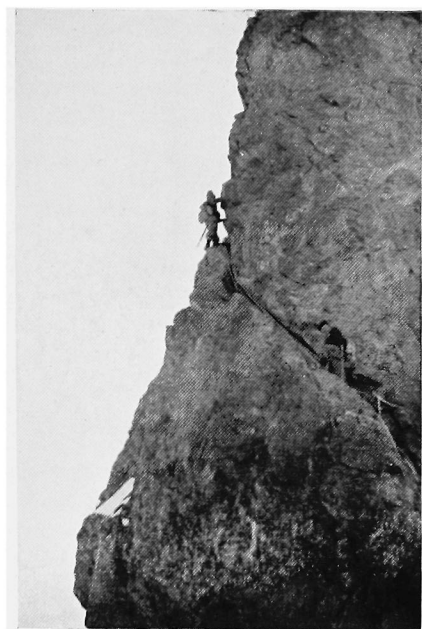


Photo by ON TRAVERSE FROM C. Loven
GRAND PIC DE LA MEIJE TO PIC CENTRAL
Exit from Zsigmondy Gap



Photo by

COL DES AVALANCHES AT DAWN

W. McNaught

but I cannot resist saying that as I was one of the four the affair was conducted in the manner which has become almost traditional and we arrived back long after dark, just in time to dismiss an incipient search-party composed of people who were beginning to think that perhaps something ought to be done about it.

One man and his daughter (very young, and in her first season) had already left with a guide and a porter for the Promontoire hut with a view to traversing the Meije next day. This they successfully did, dropping down to La Grave in good time in the evening for dinner and an expensive drive back later in a hired car. The remainder of the party, being neither schoolgirls nor under the control of same, spent the time lounging about the hotel at La Berarde going in regularly for meals and coming out regularly afterwards to make up the deficiency on biscuits and chocolate from the local Harrods. There was also a good deal of bouldering.

Afterwards, thrilled by the exploits of the lady with the schoolgirl complexion, another gang sallied forth for the Meije. The party comprised a lady (complete with complexion, though she was no longer a schoolgirl), her husband, two other amateurs (father and son), two guides and two porters. It was an imposing cavalcade. After a part of a night at the Promontoire hut the cavalcade set off in bright moonlight, on two ropes, and reached the summit in excellent time, having the gratification of hopelessly beating two other parties on the way. There was no racing (of course!) but it *was* pleasant to arrive first after starting last. The view along the ridge from the Grand Pic is impressive in the extreme. The subsequent descent of the ice-wall at the end of the traverse was no less so, especially as the *corde de rapelle* was hopelessly too short. There followed the trudge down to La Grave, dinner, and a repetition of the former party's expensive motor journey back to La Berarde. A very marvellous expedition.

Meanwhile, the gallant leader of the meet with another member and a guide had gone off to Lavey. (I am writing from the leader's notes and I don't know whether Lavey is a mountain or a village or a hut. I hope it isn't a young lady.) The next day they did the Pic d'Olan and came back full of enthusiasm and snapshots.

The schoolgirl took her complexion and her father to the Temple Ecrins hut and subsequently traversed the Ecrins.

They did it so efficiently that there is no incident to relate except that on the way back along the Bon Pierre glacier they realised the significance of McNaught's remark that it gets Bon Pierre and Bon Pierre. While this was being done another section of the party had a night at the Promontoire and then climbed the Râteau.

Three strong men planned an attack on the Grand Aiguille de la Berarde by the North ridge. (Or it may have been the South ridge. Anyway, it was one of the less frequented routes.) They were to have been called at 3 a.m. by the hotel "boots," but that half-wit failed in his duty so they called themselves, an hour late. The guide (a little old man) who met them at breakfast was blasphemous about the half-wit boy (though not more blasphemous than the three amateurs) and he worked off his wrath by leading the party steeply uphill at a sharp trot. The route was zig-zag and the pace was so swift that we had to lean inwards as we took the corners to avoid whizzing off the mountain. All were glad when the time came to rope up. The guide was lashed to the youngest member of the party, who had strict instructions from the others to hold his leader on a tight rein. The ensuing rock-climb was interesting and we descended by one of the ordinary routes.

Attempts were made to round off the meet by sending another party over the Ecrins. A promising bunch of climbers accordingly trudged up to the Temple Ecrins hut and next morning set off in good time for the Col des Avalanches. There had been uniformly fine weather up to now, but there was a tinge in the sky this morning which looked somehow different. After an hour's march a halt was made for another hour until dawn to see what weather the sun brought. The interval was enlivened by excerpts from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, one member showing great talent as a crooner. Perhaps it was his crooning which influenced the weather, but anyhow when the dawn came it brought no appreciable improvement in the situation. We decided to get as far as the Col, "without prejudice," and see what happened there. Arrived at the Col, the party showed great indecision. The guides were against going on. Some of the amateurs agreed with them, but others were in favour of proceeding. At last it was decided to send one quick rope over and let the others go back. So the crooner and a marathon runner and one guide went on. They had glorious

weather and did the traverse in record time, while the others meandered slowly back to the hut and the hotel.

This account of the meet is very sketchy. A good deal has necessarily been omitted. The account cannot, however, be closed without a mention of two things: one, the value of these meets to members of the Club; the other, the value of McNaught's services to this particular meet. There can be no question that the summer meets in the Alps are one of the Club's most successful institutions. Inaugurated in 1925, they have flourished ever since with the exception of 1932 (the year following the final crisis). Carr ran the first three (Chamonix, Fionnay, and Arolla), a gentleman who prefers to remain anonymous ran the next (Chamonix), and McNaught has run all the others (Belalp, Stein, Zermatt, Dauphinée). Through these meets many members have been able to get Alpine experience which might otherwise have been denied them. The meets have lightened the expense, and moreover by a pooling of experience they have enabled young members to take part in first class amateur expeditions which otherwise they would have had to do either with professional assistance or not at all. The meets must continue. But some other members should assist in running them. McNaught has now run four meets in succession and his organisation of this last one was a triumph. All who took part in it owe him a great debt of gratitude. But he is entitled now to hand the burden on to other shoulders. It would be unfair to ask him to manage another one—at any rate for a year or two. Let him have a holiday from meets—not a meet on his holidays. Helpers of two kinds are wanted. Someone to act as organiser, and some fairly experienced members to join the party and lend their services on actual expeditions. Who volunteers?

CAMBRIDGE MOUNTAINEERING

By E. A. M. WEDDERBURN
and A. M. GREENWOOD

IT is perhaps a little unusual to find in the journal of one club an account of the activities of another, and especially when this account is written by members of the latter club. But our position at Cambridge is unusual, being as we are, an undergraduate club with a rapidly changing membership. While we take the liberty of looking upon the Alpine Club as our god-father, it is to the Climbers' Club that we feel the closest kinship and it is rather in the spirit of rendering an account of our doings than of sounding a lusty discord on our trumpet that this article is written.

So far as mere numbers go we are flourishing and the C.U.M.C. with 150 members is suffering the same boom which is evident everywhere in mountaineering. We would like to curtail our membership, but with a club whose sole function is to teach and encourage, this would be a sad breach of duty.

Climbing in Cambridge itself is naturally and proctorially somewhat restricted, and while we may silently sigh for the halcyon days of Geoffrey Young and the first assaults on the Trinity roofs, we needs must disclaim all official knowledge of the sundry ornaments which from time to time decorate our more interesting pinnacles. But we have found an admirable substitute in the Cherry Hinton chalk-pits, where climbing is found embodying the worst but most educational features of both rock and ice.

Our indoor activities have been as successful as ever, chiefly because we can still find many people who are kind enough to come many miles and to give up much of their time to talk to us about the subjects which lie nearest to their hearts.

But, of course, we have also been doing some climbing, and in this direction there have been several innovations. A strong Scottish element led the Club to Kingshouse of Glencoe at Easter 1932 and although the weather did not treat us fairly the twenty members who attended found interesting climbing of an almost Alpine kind. Everyone who has climbed in the glen knows that the chief feature of most of its climbs is their joyful lack of definition so that it would not only be useless but also criminal to attempt to describe the various climbs new and old which were accomplished. We enjoyed several narrow escapes from complete benightment, but this meet was chiefly notable for a very fine involuntary and presidential glissade.

Liking the feeling of breaking new ground and with an eye on the rate of exchange, we went to Norway towards the end of August and were favoured with the only fine fortnight that Summer. Staying at Turtagrö in the Horungtinder our meet of ten was a very great success. Amongst our pleasant memories were the journey up the fiords and the pleasant after-breakfast starts which became the rule. There was very little snow that summer so that our laziness was never penalised by long soft-snow trudges nor, owing to the long daylight, were our days ever cut short. Everyone climbed the Store Skagastölstind, the Matterhorn of Norway, not a very difficult peak, but graced with a perfect summit and a magnificent view. The Rüngstind provided an amusing glacier ascent, but the most noteworthy expeditions were a new route on the Dyrhaugstind from the Skagastölsbreen and a long "ridge-tour" from the Store Skagastölstind to the Gjertvastind. The new climb was up a very obvious ridge, the foot of which extends out into the glacier below the level of the rest of the rocks. There was a little difficulty in effecting a lodgement on the rocks, but in a season when there is more snow this should not be experienced. After that the climb is on rock and is almost unmistakable. The best pitch is about the middle of the ridge where for about 150 feet it broadens out into a steep buttress. Apart from that one pitch the climb was straightforward. The ridge-tour lasted some twenty hours and involved the participants in the doubtful pleasure of a four hours' walk home in the dark. Nevertheless, it was a thoroughly enjoyable expedition. The start was made, at 4.20 a.m., from the only hut in the group and the route led over the magnificent and sensational rock ridge

over four peaks. The weather was perfect, and the view extended on the east to the Jostedalsbre, the largest snow-field in Europe, and on the north well into the Arctic circle.

At the col below the fifth peak the parties assembled at noon. But although only 500 feet of climbing remained, an awkward bergschrund wasted much time and that, followed by a long slope of steep tough ice, delayed matters so much that the top was not reached until 5.40 p.m.

A curious incident is connected with this meet. One of our party lost his climbing-jacket, stocked with map, money, pipe, tobacco, etc., and although he and others who passed the same way searched thoroughly for it, it could not be found. A year later the coat was found by a solitary member of the C.U.M.C., who did not know of its loss, lying on the glacier some distance below where it was thought to have been dropped. It must have survived the dangers of crevasses, been blown for about a mile, buried deep in snow and escaped the notice of many parties, to be finally delivered at the feet of the person who best of all those in Norway was able to restore it to its rightful owner. Even the tobacco was smokable.

Easter 1933 was another epoch in the story of the Club. A ski-mountaineering meet was held for the first time. This had been merely a wild idea in the minds of the officers of the Club for some time, but it eventually materialised thanks to the support of, among many others, Mr. R. L. Holdsworth and Mr. Arnold Lunn. Possibly the Alpine Ski Club may form an exception, but it is probable that the C.U.M.C. is the first British club to organise a guideless ski meet. ("Sound, trumpeter, sound!") Another such meet is to be held this year in the Bernina and one hopes that in time it will become a matter of course to hold a ski-mountaineering meet every year, as it is in this branch of the art that the British lag most behind continental climbers in enterprise. The meet last Easter was held in the Bernese Oberland. The party of nine of us, after a day's training climb up to the Grösse Scheidegg, climbed to the Eiger Gletscher Station and from there took the train to the Jungfrauoch. Although this plan sounds idle, it recommended itself to us first because the interior of the Oberland is dangerous of approach owing to spring avalanches and, secondly, because it was necessary to get some sixty pounds weight of provisions per head up to the hut level to avoid a descent to the valleys during our tour.

After climbing the Mönch we skied down to the Concordia Hut, where we spent three nights making various expeditions in rather untrustworthy weather. From there we proceeded to the Oberaar Hut over the Grünhornlücke and then to the Lauteraarhorn hut. Our intention was to cross the Strahlegg pass next day and descend to Grindelwald. We arrived at the foot of the Strahlegg Wall at 11 a.m. and took an hour to reach the pass; but then we met with unexpected resistance from the Oberland and after doing various exciting things we had to climb back, at about 5 p.m., to the providentially placed Strahlegg hut. Being quite foodless we ransacked the hut for the emergency provisions which did not exist and dined on soup made with a handful of flour and much pepper and a piece of ryevita biscuit three inches by seven inches. There were, indeed, several packets of Seidlitz powders, but amongst the long list of disorders which they are calculated to cure there is no mention of hunger. Our dreams that night were of parties of porters led by reliable and resolute guides burdened with sacks bursting with provisions. Next morning we started early—breakfast did not detain us long—and in perfect safety reached Grindelwald by a variation of the horribly dangerous summer route. A scanty account of our meet sounds the reverse of impressive, and we could have climbed such spectacular peaks as the Finsteraarhorn, which was in easy condition, without much trouble; but it was one of our first rules not to attempt things which, although they may sound good, are not really of much value as training. Two members of the party were experienced ski-mountaineers, but the meet as a whole was a very weak one and the success achieved must be taken as strong encouragement for the future.

Owing to the ski-mountaineering meet the rock-climbing activities of the club were divided between a New Year visit to Wales and a meet in Skye in June. Encouraged by the uncurable and indefeasible confidence of the President that the winter would be an exceptional one, twenty climbers tore themselves away from the flesh-pots and gathered in Wales on the first day of 1933. The President was right; we had two perfect days and only one really unpleasant one in a fortnight. For the time of year there was very little ice or snow and so our rock-climbing went forward with vigour. The Climbers' Club very kindly lent us Helyg (then almost "New") and the Rucksack Club were good enough to put

Tal-y-Braich at our disposal, with the result that only three plutocrats languished in the comforts of Gwen-y-Gof Isaf and they wished that they hadn't. For the sake of making organisation easier the "guides" stayed at Helyg (one of them for fourteen consecutive nights) while the "Herren" resided at Tal-y-Braich. The amenities of Helyg life were further improved by the thoughtful provision of a large and interesting stone jar. As it turned out the "Herren," even those who had never climbed before, all tried their hand at leading before the end of the meet and many of them became "guides diplomés."

All our climbing was done in boots and among our best efforts were several ascents of the Tennis Shoe climb, the original route on the Holly Tree Wall, the Direct and Oblique Buttress routes on Glyder Fach, the Outside Edge climb on Craig Cwn Silim, the Great Gully on Craig-yr-Ysfa and many others; not a bad bag for the time of year! Everyone attempted, in varying stages of nudity, to get into the Monolith Crack, but the feeding arrangements had been too good! It is with regret that we have to report the determined efforts of one leader to remove the Holly Tree, but luckily it has strong roots. We respectfully suggest to the C.C. committee that when the Holly Tree at last dies it might with advantage be replaced by a rose bush.

The opening of the Summer meet in Skye was marred by a twelve-hour rescue party on the first day. As a result nerves were a bit shaken and our climbing suffered in consequence. We all gathered in Glen Brittle, eight of us staying to help Mrs. Chisholm with her new telephone and generally to conduct the business of H.M. Postmaster-General, while a further eight camped. We made an interesting expedition to Rhum, where we found much of geological interest but little climbing, and we spent several nights *en bivouac* with a feeble intention of doing the ridge-walk in one day. Of course we did all the usual climbs, but in Skye as in Glencoe, a guide-book is of purely historical interest. By the end of this meet, too, everyone was able to lead on quite difficult rock.

The Alpine meet was held during the second half of August at Saas Fee, a new centre for the Club. Nine members attended and some good expeditions were made in spite of a slight weakness in leaders. Perhaps the most interesting climb was a traverse of the Weissmies by the

north and south ridges. The Fletschorn, Laquinhorn, Portjengrat, Allalinhorn, Rimpfischorn, Egginer, and Mittaghorn and (joy! a fourteen thousander) the Nadelhorn, all fell by various routes to our determined assaults. The greatest dangers we encountered were outside the Pension Allalin, where some of our party insisted on playing a peculiarly hazardous form of skittles. We nearly lost our Treasurer in a glacier stream, but in spite of our narrow escape from financial ruin the meet was a great success.

So much for meets. Our past members have, of course, been distinguishing themselves on Everest, the Gangotri Glacier, and elsewhere. We hope that they have not become too great to remember where they learnt to climb! In less exalted spheres the conquest of the Mitre Ridge of Beinn a Bhuid, which had withstood several determined assaults, was a noteworthy effort. This and other expeditions were fruit of the informal Sunday meetings which are held in the President's rooms and which seem to us to be of more value even than our lectures. After the Skye meet, five of us, some of whom were fresh from several good new climbs in the North West Highlands, camped below the Mitre and on a day too perfect to be recalled made two routes on the Mitre, neither excessively difficult, but both of sustained interest. One of these routes is the true ridge climb, while the other lies on the steep westerly face. Several other first class routes are still unannexed on this magnificent piece of rock. Other members of the C.U.M.C. disported themselves on various scientific expeditions to the remote parts of the world and we were even represented at the International Congress of Alpine Clubs at Cortina. As the Alpine Club was the only other British club represented among the scores of clubs of other nations, the C.U.M.C. has gained considerably in prestige from which our delegates, having no foreign tongue at their command, were fortunately unable to detract.

To conclude on a more serious note, the C.U.M.C. has been unfortunate in losing during the past year both the senior members of its committee. In the case of Claud Elliott our loss is Eton's gain. Mr. A. V. Valentine Richards, who died last spring was largely responsible for founding the Club in 1883 and for its revival after the War. This is not the place for self-condolences, but we must express the sense of loss which we feel at the deaths of Gino Watkins, who was our treasurer in 1927-28 and who was drowned

while seal hunting in Greenland, of David Best, our secretary in 1930-31, killed in a flying accident and of G. H. D. Edwards, who, although not long a member was much liked by every member of the C.U.M.C. with whom he came in contact.

In Memoriam

During the past three years, the Club has suffered serious losses. Two of our original members have died, C. C. B. Moss and A. V. Valentine-Richards, and Claude Benson who joined so long ago as to be almost one of the founders. Accidents in the Alps carried off H. E. E. Howson, E. W. Powell, and R. P. Verschöyle. R. C. Clinker was killed on Craig yr Ysfa. G. H. D. Edwards was fatally injured in a motor accident. Visitors to Helyg will miss also M. Linnell, killed on Ben Nevis, who though not a member of the Club was often a welcome guest at the cottage.

It is not our purpose to describe or criticise the fatal accidents which have robbed us of some of our comrades. These men were all competent mountaineers and we prefer to record the verdict so often recorded by juries in olden time—They met their deaths by an Act of God. Their relations and friends have our deepest sympathy.

CLAUDE ERNEST BENSON

One of the oldest and most entertaining contributors to the *Climbers' Club Journal* was lost to us by the death of C. E. Benson. Just before making his professional acquaintance about 1902, I had read his new book, *Crag and Hound in Lakeland*, in which he first displayed his insight into the technique of climbing and a knack for showing the neophyte how it is done. Then he came for some short holidays to Derbyshire, and the Journal contains no article more amusing than his account of one week-end entitled "Concerning Gritstone," and signed "A Gritstone Novice." It is in the sixth volume, and was his thank-offering for election to the Club in the year 1903. We had many good times together

afterwards, in the Lakes, in Yorkshire, and elsewhere, not to mention merry evenings at the Thatched House Club, where Benson loved to gather two or three friends around him and discuss his own and other people's climbs in the most minute detail, and with a humour that had a distinct Irish flavour. He was an insatiable talker, and he wrote as he talked, with wit, point, and amusing illustration. The only difference was that he wrote more carefully, and never allowed a slovenly sentence to pass, no matter how trifling the topic. He was cram-full of good stories, many from direct experience, others the flotsam and jetsam that a devoted clubman who is both communicative and an appreciative listener gathers in from the ocean of talk. What saved him from mere frothiness was his literary conscience and his passion for accuracy. Benson was a sound classic; educated at Elstree and at Harrow, he would have taken his degree at Oxford had he not gone to the War Office. He was never at a loss for an apt quotation, and, what is more, could always give the reference for anything quoted by someone else.

And the miscellaneous knowledge with which his mind was stored always excited my wonder, for none of it ever got stale. The first literary effort of his that I can trace is a chapter on "Cricket for Beginners," in a volume edited by A. C. Maclaren, in 1893. After that he wrote, not only on fox-hunting and rock-climbing, as in *Crag and Hound*, but also manuals on skating and bandy, on jiu-jitsu, and on mountaineering at home and abroad, e.g., *British Mountaineering* (1909) and *Mountaineering Ventures* (1928) and magazine articles on the most diversified subjects. He must have got up some of these for the occasion; but, unlike the ordinary journalist, he made himself a specialist for the occasion and remained an authority. You might casually ask a question on the habits and customs of snakes, and find that Benson had read everything about them and would offer enthusiastically to take you round the serpent-house at the Zoo. Before he took to rock-climbing, he had been a keen fisherman. He was also interested in boxing, with the gloves or without, and not more ashamed of certain facial evidence of ancient encounters than of his powerful biceps. To my mind, the most vivid pages in his first novel, *This Fair Outcast*, are his description of a "mill." His other work of fiction, apart from a very large number of workmanlike stories, *Miles*

Ritson, a romance, embodies much Lakeland and climbing lore.

But it was in the guide-books to which he applied himself latterly that Benson's scholarship and unwearied zeal for accuracy comes out strongest. Baddeley, the veteran author of the "Thorough Guides," to whom our generation owes an untold debt for arousing a general interest in our native scenery and a love of wandering with a rucksack, hoped that Benson would carry on his work. After the author's death, Benson brought out an enlarged and corrected edition of his guide to the Lake District, a business-like piece of work which he regularly kept up to date. He also wrote new guides to Oxford and Cambridge, which earned the applause of most exacting judges.

Benson served on the Committee of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, and occupied the position of Vice-President. He was better as a teacher than as a practical exponent of the art of rock-climbing, and the list of his initiates must be a long one. He taught his wife to climb, and he taught her so well that by his own admission she often showed herself the better half on a difficult pitch. His services to the Climbers' Club in the capacity of self-appointed recruiting-sergeant deserve a monument. I, at any rate, am glad of the privilege of offering this affectionate tribute to the memory of a warm-hearted old comrade who, with all the experience of man of the world, kept to the end the spirit of boyhood.

E. A. B.

THE ETON MASTERS

THE accident on Piz Roseg brought to a sudden and tragic end a wonderfully happy mountaineering friendship. It began some fifteen years ago when Hugh Howson, coming to Eton, found there a fellow enthusiast, Sam Slater. Its success was assured when they persuaded Eric Powell to go to Skye. It reached high noonday a few later when these three, all members of the Alpine Club, found themselves the centre of an ever-widening circle of enthusiasts, composed mostly of their colleagues and of past and present Etonians, who learned through them the high and joyful adventures of mountaineering. It is impossible to consider these men simply as individual mountaineers and any notice of their

achievements must try to describe something of their life together, both at Eton and amongst the hills. For these bachelors, utterly different in everything, in age, strength, taste and temperament, had for the last few years been firmly united by their love for the mountains.

Gradually mountaineering became more and more a part of their lives. In Eton they dined together every Sunday, and their walls were covered with Powell's mountain paintings and Howson's mountain photographs. Their conversation at these gatherings became a queer mixture of guide-book and schoolboy jargon, until a language and humour, which must often have seemed strange and childish to the uninitiated, grew to be an unfailing source of joy and laughter to themselves. There was not much schoolmaster "shop" about it, though one or two mountains came to be somewhat irreverently named after their colleagues. The unexpectedly easy Matterhorn, for example, was called after one generally thought to be a humbug, while Mont Blanc was invariably "Mr. — himself," a slightly pompous gentleman. Tiresome boys too might have been puzzled to hear themselves described as "very difficult, but no actual severity." Strange and childish, it must have seemed to others, but to us who were privileged to share their laughter, what fine fresh air they breathed into our lives. For the mountains were ever in their thoughts, their plans and their imaginings: plans for winter sports, for a "meet" at Pen-y-Gwryd, plans for Norway or Corsica or a summer in the Alps, plans for the next "Long Leave" week-end, with its rush to North Wales for a single day on the rocks. I remember one drab February morning and Howson striding past on his way to Early School. "The Dauphiné this summer," he said: "that Meije must be done down!"; and all at once it seemed not such a drab morning after all, and one took the stairs two at a time for a change.

In the Alps, at Arolla or Zermatt, their hilarity sometimes shocked their fellow-climbers, who did not know that their apparently light-hearted attack on some Alpine giant concealed an unsuspected seriousness of purpose and a long and careful preparation. All that mountain literature and local information could provide was carefully collated by that admirable chief of staff, Hugh Howson, who gave his leader, Eric Powell, the most detailed and accurate directions. For it was Powell, the last recruited of the three, who soon became the most consummate mountain-leader.

ERIC WALTER POWELL

(1886—1933)

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"Alpine Journal")*

This is not the place to speak of Powell's distinguished career as an Eton and Cambridge oarsman, or as an airman during the war. Terribly strong, yet wonderfully modest; brave, sympathetic, enthusiastic, he was everyone's leader and everyone's friend. His rowing triumphs, culminating in the Diamond Sculls—though this personal success gave him less pleasure than the successes of the Cambridge boat—are well known to all rowing men. But of his courage and leadership in the war few have ever heard. For he was not the man to speak of his own experiences, and it is only since his death that stories of his prowess have been told by some of those who served under him and worshipped him. He first went to France in August 1914 as a despatch rider; then, transferring to the R.F.C., he became Observer and then Pilot, saw service in France and Egypt, and rose to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel.

After the war he spent two years in Paris, studying art in "the quarter," to return finally to Eton in 1922 as Senior Drawing Master. The new Drawing Schools, the frequent exhibitions, the enthusiasm of the many boys who learned from him, the fact that the arts hold a high place in the imagination and interest of some even of the most athletic Etonians, all are due to his great influence and sympathetic encouragement and, above all, to his own splendid blending of artist and athlete.

To such a man the mountains made an irresistible appeal. He loved their changing lights and melting colours, their infinite variety and limitless extent, their call to his skill, courage and endurance. In their high places, as nowhere else, his high spirit found the most complete satisfaction. He soon mastered the technique, and it is said that by the end of his first holiday he was already leading up difficult rock climbs the men who had just brought him to the mountains. The short ten years of his climbing life were crowded with expeditions. He climbed in most parts of the Alps, in the Dolomites, in Norway, the Pyrenees and Corsica, and, of

course, in every corner of the British Isles. He learned to ski, and spent several Christmas and Easter holidays in Switzerland. In addition, as his paintings show, he found time to sketch in Spain, Italy, Sicily and Greece, and his family saw much of him at North Berwick. He seemed to live the lives of three busy men.

His Alpine experience began with Slater and Howson, guided by Quirin Zurbriggen or Heinrich Burgener. By 1925 he had climbed most of the Oberland peaks and from Saas and Zermatt had added the Dom, Täschhorn and other favourites. In 1927 he and Howson began their guideless climbing with a most successful season in Norway. In 1928 they returned to the Alps. Slater, refusing to climb without guides, went to Zermatt with Tom Brocklebank and Zurbriggen, while Powell and Howson took a novice to Dauphiné. In the fine intervals of bad weather they climbed Pic Coolidge, traversed Les Écrins, were turned back from the Aiguilles d'Arves, traversed La Meije, rushed in a car to Chamonix and finished with the Grépon.

In the opinion of that novice, who has since had some experience of both guided and guideless climbing, there could be no finer leader than Eric Powell. Yet he never sought the lead, and seldom allowed his wishes to influence the plans of the party. He left it to others to choose the mountain and the route. But once under way his position was unquestioned. His strength, courage, and determination, his airman's knowledge of weather conditions, above all, his tirelessness, made him the natural leader. His cheerful "Consider it done," when shown the route to be followed, was no idle boasting, for he knew that where others had gone before he was strong enough to follow. In camp, or hut, or bivouac he was first up in the morning, fire-making, cooking, sorting loads and so forth. Then, after the climb, when others were glad to lie and meditate on past achievements, he was away with his brush to catch the evening glow on Paglia Orba or the lights twinkling far away down the Rhône Valley. Of his energy one example must suffice. His party traversed La Meije from La Grave, by the Brèche de la Meije and the Promontoire hut. On the first day it was a long, very hot trudge, up to the *brèche*, but Powell not only cut and kicked steps untiringly, but carried, in addition to the spare rope, a great stack of firewood, cut from the last tree below the glacier. After a short pause at the hut for food, he made

a four-hour reconnaissance up the rocks to avoid time-wasting in the dark the next morning. The actual climb and the traverse held few difficulties for him, except where the rocks were iced on the N. face of the *Brèche Zsigmondy*. The party reached the Refuge in very good time. Then the troubles began. There was much disconsolate wandering over unfriendly rocks under a blazing sun, until eventually, unable to find a direct way down the party made for Villar d'Arène. On those long, steep, lower slopes Howson and the novice demanded rest. Powell thereupon took most of the contents of their sacks and both ropes and, leaving them to follow slowly, ran fast all the way to the village. When later they staggered across the village square, they found him sitting happily outside the inn, sketching.

In the following year the novice's place was taken by Tom Brocklebank and Charles White-Thomson, with one or other of whom they did most of their future climbs. Full details cannot be given of all their expeditions, but their ascents included the Breithorn, traverses of Rothhorn and Dent Blanche, the Aiguilles Rouges—where they were benighted during a reverse traverse—the Bernina, and several peaks in the Dolomites. They also climbed the Grand Dru with guides. Finally, last year, they persuaded Sam Slater to spend with them what was to be his last Alpine season. Disaster came to them descending from their last climb. What happened will never be known. Powell's axe was driven deep into the snow, almost up to the head, but it was found still sloping towards the mountain, and apparently he had not had time to get one of those great hands round the shaft.

It is not possible to speak of his other climbing activities. But the account must not close without at least a passing reference to the cheerful parties at Pen-y-Gwryd. Brocklebank was but one of the many Etonians who first learned their climbing on Tryfaen and Lliwedd. The long, low open car was usually at everybody's disposal and there are many of us, "Beaks" and boys, who will always remember those glad days when we piled ourselves and our sacks and our axes into it for some mad rush to the mountains. For on us, as indeed on all with whom he came in contact, the magic of his personality made an impression that can never fade. We at Eton still climb, as he would have us climb, but it is not the same, for we have lost our leader.

“ We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die ”

—yes, we still climb, but there is a shadow over the sun, and
it is

“ Never glad confident morning again.”

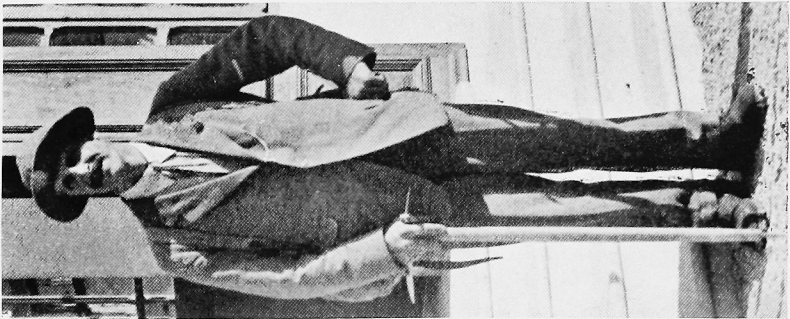
HUGH EDMUND ELLIOT HOWSON (1889—1933)

*(Reproduced by kind permission of the Hon. Editor of the
“ Alpine Journal ”)*

While everyone knew Eric Powell, very few knew Hugh Howson. Silent, reserved, undemonstrative, he showed his ideals and enthusiasms only to his most intimate companions. Boys who were taught by him, masters who came across him in the ordinary run of business appreciated his scholarship and realised that the high standard which he demanded from others was nothing to that which he exacted from himself. But they failed to see beneath the surface, where a kindly understanding and genuine sympathy for every form of human endeavour were always available for those who could tear aside the curtain of his reserve. All through his life he had ploughed a lonely furrow, and he instinctively left others to do the same, as though afraid that his assistance, unless sought deliberately, might rob them of some precious independence. With a beginner on a rock-climb he seemed positively heartless. Where Powell would encourage and Slater give detailed directions for every foothold, Howson would merely wait, with infinite patience, at the top of the step, quite unconscious of the agonized struggles of the novice below. After all, he had climbed the step himself by the light of nature, and it never occurred to him that others might be less competent. But it was hard work for most of us, who had neither his reach nor his superb balance.



H. B. E. HOWSON
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E. W. POWELL

Nature had intended him to be an athlete, and he was in fact a fine football and fives player. But he was seldom allowed to enjoy either game to the full, for his life was a continuous struggle against ill-health. During the war this had kept him chafing at Shrewsbury while the two men, with whom he shared life, home, and ideals, were killed fighting in France. The loss drove him still more into himself, and he never again made quite such close friends.

Meanwhile his love for the mountains became, after his school work, his one absorbing interest. He approached them, as he approached everything in life, as a scholar; and, while enjoying fully the physical pleasures of altitude and exertion, his emotions were fully intellectual. He had the mind and spirit of a poet and an artist and, like Bridges's mountaineer, gloried

“ . . . in the fortunes of his venturous day;
’mid the high mountain silences, where Poesy
lieth in dream. . . where man wandereth
into God’s presence.”

And indeed the mountains, if they were not part of his religion, yet seemed to mean much more to him than they do to most men, even their most enthusiastic votaries.

His mountain knowledge was amazing. He had collected a fine library and had read everything that was worth reading. In his spare time he wrote, for his own amusement, many short articles and one or two delightful poems, some of which have been published in the *Climbers' Club Journal*. Here can be seen something of his whimsical humour and a flicker of that almost elfish spirit which lurked deep down within him. There were, also, more serious pieces, but these were seen by a few friends only. Some of them and a vivid mountain “thriller” might perhaps have been published had he lived.

At Eton he must be remembered as the founder and first President of the Eton Alpine Society. It had always been his wish to interest the many young skiers in the other side of mountaineering, which the enthusiastic winter sportsman is apt to miss. The Society admitted only those who had skied or had been “on a rope.” There were no climbing or ski-ing “meets,” and it was typical of the President that the meetings at Eton were almost furtive, so much he dreaded any form of display or advertisement. But many distinguished mountaineers came and talked and showed slides, and there

is no doubt that the Society was fulfilling his object. Though there were no official meets, the President took many of his boys to Wales, and there was hardly a holiday when he was not at Pen-y-Gwryd for a day or two with a car-load of beginners. With Powell he was one of the original "Long Leave" week-enders, and in spite of the wear and tear of the journey he was usually at the top of his form with the hilarious party at the inn. While Lockwood, the innkeeper, kept up a running repartee battle with Slater, Howson would interject his quaint humour or produce next morning some odd poem about it all. On one occasion, when he had a member of his house playing at Lord's, he started for Wales when stumps were drawn, motored far into the night, slept in a field near Shrewsbury, and arrived at the foot of the climb to meet the others the next morning. It was on these occasions that the mask was off for a few hours and the real Howson, full of youthful gaiety, would astonish those who had seen only the severe scholar.

In the Alps he was always afraid that his less robust health would be a drag on the party, and no one knows what efforts he had to make to keep up. At the top of the "Mummery" crack he lay for a few minutes exhausted and livid, panting like a landed fish, jerking out between gasps: "My doctor. . . *gasp*. . . said. . . *gasp*. . . that I might. . . *gasp*. . . take. . . *gasp*. . . moderate exercise!" For he could always laugh at himself; and his many patent biscuits and tablets and cultures and other contraptions were a never-failing joke as much to himself as to his friends. So too were his trembling fingers, which "laocooned" ropes and jettisoned tinned peaches down snow slopes, to the accompaniment of hoots of delight; yet somehow whose same fingers contrived to load a small camera with fragile plates and take the most beautiful mountain photographs.

It is impossibly difficult to do Hugh Howson justice. His gifts are not easily described; his influence on our lives at Eton cannot readily be measured. Many of our expeditions were of his planning. He set us our objectives and spurred us on to the winning of them. One would find him alone in his study, listening to a Beethoven symphony, perhaps looking at his favourite document—a sheet of paper headed "List of Ascensions that *MUST* be done"—noting that the Matterhorn and Dent Blanche were already scratched out. Perhaps he would discuss the Beethoven, perhaps future plans

for the mountains; or, perhaps, he would stop the symphony and put on some absurd record of Lancashire dialect about Albert and the Lion. He was the strangest mixture of scholarship, idealism and simple childish humour.

It has been said that few boys knew him. It is only right therefore that the last word should be spoken by one who had climbed with him and had just left his house to go to Oxford. "What a tremendous love," he wrote, "a boy can have for his tutor; it is a mixture of affection, respect, admiration, awe or perhaps fear, and hero-worship. I did not realise until now what a large part of me consisted of Howson."

What better epitaph could he have, except perhaps these lines that follow? Written by him, apparently three years ago in the Dolomites, they were found slipped into one of his guide-books.

"Hic jaceat noster niveo velamine tectus;
 Praebent funereas sidera nota faces;
 Hinc illinc scopuli; media, inviolabile signum,
 In via concreto surgit ad astra gelu.
 Constiterat nuper, qua in nubibus eminet aether,
 Caelicolum qualis stet veneranda cohors:
 Nec mora, tactus abest; superasque abreptus in oras
 Inscius ipse domum se rediisse redit."

J. D. H.

R. P. VERSCHOYLE

Richard Plews Verschoyle came of Irish and North-country stock and was born in 1901 in the Argentine. He was educated at Harrow and New College and was a member of Lincoln's Inn.

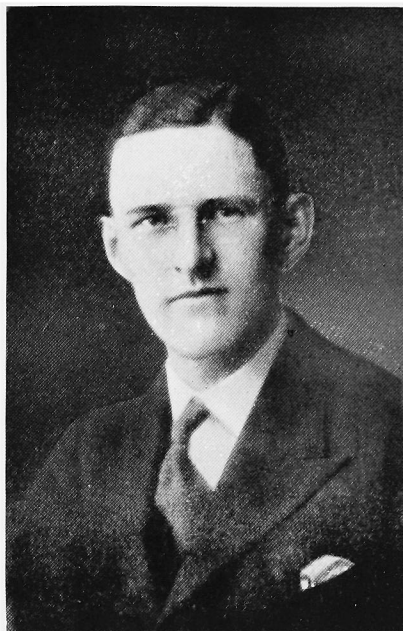
My acquaintance with him dates from a snowy Easter day in 1924, when we met at the foot of the Doctor's Chimney in Gable Crag. The acquaintance was continued during the next few years, when we were both in London, and fellow-members of the Thames Hare and Hounds, but it was not until he was appointed Reader in Law in Birmingham University that I came to know him well. I had moved to Coventry a few months before he arrived in the Midlands,

and, as strangers in a strange land, we saw a good deal of one another. On most Saturdays from September to May we had a cross-country run through the pleasant Warwickshire woods and meadows, cycling out from my house to some suitable starting-point, and these runs were followed by a long evening of talk, in the mood of well-being induced by such exercise and a good dinner.

It was on these occasions that my wife and I came gradually to appreciate the extraordinary range and brilliance of his thought. In these days it is a rare thing to find a man who has more than a smattering of knowledge outside his own profession. Verschoyle was a lawyer, but he had taken a science degree at Oxford, he was a competent mathematician and he read French, German, Italian, the classical languages, and musical scores with ease, while his acquaintance with our own literature was such as might be expected in one who had celebrated his fourth birthday by completing the reading of Lamb's *Tales*.

I have described the growth of our friendship in some detail because but for the accident which threw us so much together I should, like most of his acquaintance, have remained unaware of his extraordinary versatility. For he suffered from an overpowering shyness, which, coupled with a natural modesty and a reluctance to press his own claims, kept him silent in many companies where he had the best right to speak, and, certainly interfered with his professional advancement when he was a barrister in chambers. So great was his reserve that, although we became perhaps his most intimate friends, it was pure chance that revealed another side of his nature to us. One evening, when he was at our house, a friend was talking of the miseries suffered by a family she knew in Germany—it was the worst period of the Nazi brutalities. Verschoyle happened to be present. He made no comment, but the following day he despatched a sum of money, which was a considerable fraction of his annual salary, to enable the unhappy family to pass through the worst of their ordeal. He took great, though happily fruitless, pains to conceal the source of this gift, and the matter was never again referred to in his presence.

From what has been said it will be clear that when once his reserve had been penetrated, Richard Verschoyle was a very delightful companion. To his mountaineering as to his other pursuits he brought a zest for knowledge, and one



R. P. VERSCHOYLE

could not spend a day with him in the Alps without learning something new about the structure of the land or the history of its people. When travelling abroad he was perhaps at his best: the shyness which restricted his intercourse with his countrymen—or perhaps I should say my countrymen, for Verschoyle always wrote himself an Irishman—disappeared, and the fluent French and German, which remained with him from his early schooldays in Switzerland, not only smoothed all practical difficulties, but revealed new and illuminating points of view in those we met in huts or mountain inns. An old church or a new locomotive would excite his enjoyment, and all he saw he remembered, so that he always had sound critical standards at hand.

Verschoyle was not well known to many members of the Club, but a few will not see the hills again without perceiving something that he first showed them, nor without a bitter regret that he will show them no more.

G. F. P.

SIR THOMAS SCRUTTON, P.C.

(Right Hon. Lord Justice Scrutton, Lord Justice of Appeal)

While the *Journal* was in the Press, we received the news of the death of our late President, Sir Thomas Scrutton, P.C. (Right Hon. Lord Justice Scrutton, Lord Justice of Appeal). He was one of our few remaining original members and belonged to the “old Pen y Gwryd days.” Though never a climber, in the modern sense of the word, he was always an enthusiastic walker and spent many holidays in the Welsh mountains. As President he took the chair at our annual dinners, but always regretted that the enormous amount of additional business brought to the Court of Appeal by recent legislation made it impossible for him to take any part in the Club's activities. We offer to Lady Scrutton and her family the sincere sympathy of the Club of which her husband was such a distinguished member.

ETON ALPINE LIBRARY

PEN Y GWRYD

ON the removal of the Matthews Memorial Library from Pen-y-Gwryd to Helyg, several members of the Eton Alpine Society, who were frequent visitors to Pen-y-Gwryd, discussed the idea of gradually building up an Eton Alpine Library at the inn. Hugh Howson, the Society's first President, strongly supported the scheme. It was his wish that the books should be available for all the hotel guests, whether members of the society or not; and that they should not be kept in locked presses. Before anything could be done the President and three of his colleagues were killed climbing. But by the generosity of Mrs. Howson, all her son's mountaineering books have been installed at Pen-y-Gwryd and the Library does now in fact exist. It consists of some three hundred volumes and includes the complete *Alpine Journal* from the foundation of the Club to 1932. These books are the property of the Eton Alpine Society, but will remain at Pen-y-Gwryd during the proprietorship of Mr. Lockwood. The object of the Library is explained on the book-plate which is reproduced below.

ETON ALPINE LIBRARY

PEN Y GWRYD

These books, mostly from the library of Hugh Howson, are for the use of all who take their pleasure at this Inn and among these Welsh hills, the playground of many Eton parties and particularly of those four Eton Masters, killed on the Piz Roseg, August 17, 1933, whose glad companionship this Library recalls.

HUGH HOWSON

ERIC POWELL

EDWARD SLATER

CHARLES WHITE-THOMSON

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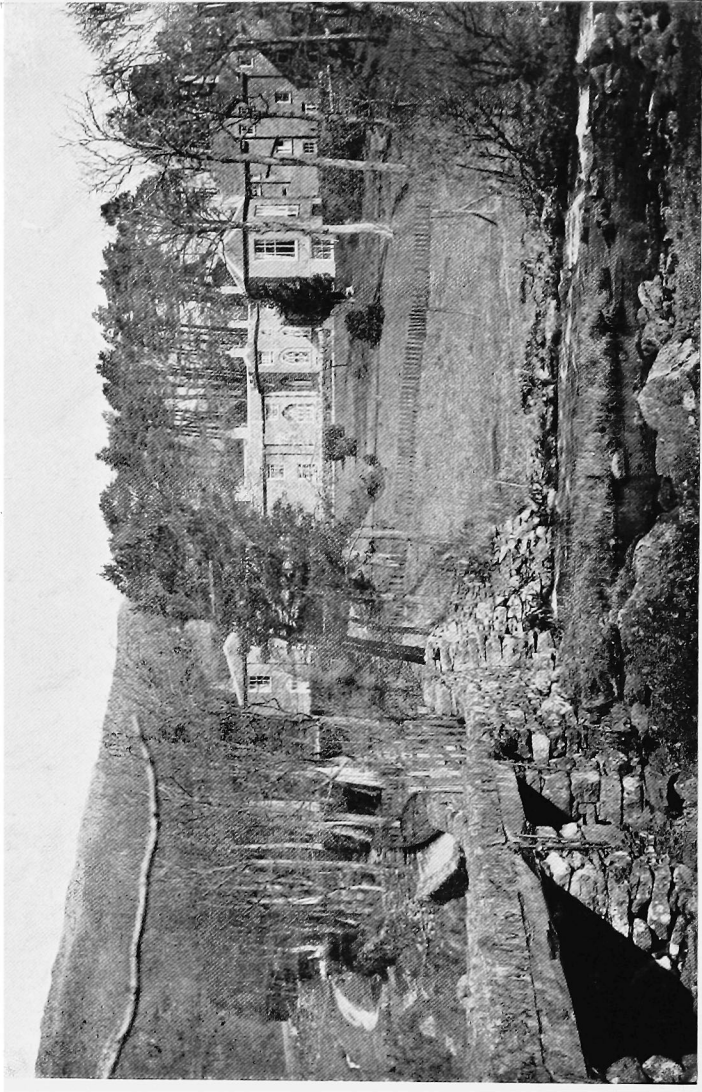
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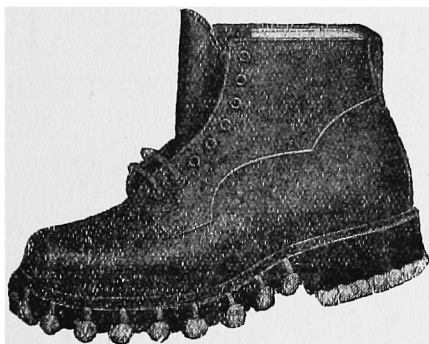


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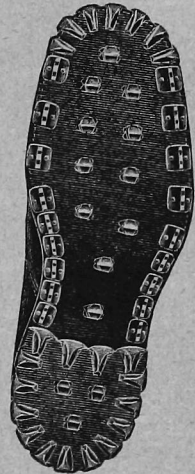
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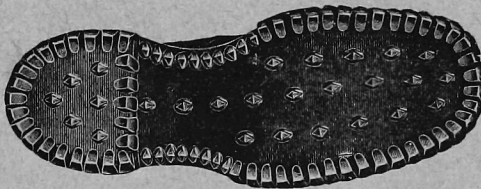


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