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T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, London.

THE

Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal

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WINTER MOUNTAINEERING IN 1888.

BY MRS. E. P. JACKSON.

(Read before the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, November 11th, 1903).

It is now so many years since I had any real mountaineering, and the few first ascents that I ever made have been common property for so long—if, indeed, people ever go near them at all, that their newness has worn completely off.

The next best thing therefore that I can think of to address you about is a short season of Winter Climbs that I made in the month of January, 1888—now more than fifteen years ago. It was not much of a season, either, for the whole tale only consisted of four peaks, or, to be quite accurate, three big ones with a little one thrown in; and as I had kept very few notes of what we did on these ascents, I have to trust in a great measure to my memory.

This group consisted of the Lauteraarhorn, the Gross Fiescherhorn, the Jungfrau, and a little peak named the Pfaffenstöckli; and of these, the Jungfrau was the only one that I had ever heard of having been ascended in the winter.

When I arrived at Grindelwald it was to find the preparations for the Christmas and New Year festivities in full swing, and it was quite useless to think of any expedition—if, indeed, one had wished to—until they were all over; for in those days they were thoroughly well kept up. However, by January 4th we had finished our feasting and dancing, and had chosen the Lauteraarhorn

for our first attempt,—I think chiefly because there was a party starting also on that day for the Schreckhorn, and that would mean company for the night at the Schwarzegg Hut.

For a first expedition the Lauteraarhorn was certainly a long way off, and the Strahlegg Pass had to be crossed twice in the day; therefore we prepared for two nights at the hut—in those days a very good one, and by the aid of many blankets, much firewood and plenty to eat and drink, we contrived to make ourselves very comfortable.

Our way from Grindelwald was not the summer route of the mule-path to the Bäregg, but by the middle of the Eismeer—up from the very foot of it, and a most beautiful, easy walk it was, with all the crevasses filled with good hard snow. The only trouble we had was on the steep grass slopes above the Stieregg; there the snow lay deep and powdery, in several places we might have easily started an avalanche; and we were very glad when we reached the glacier again. When we arrived at the Schwarzegg Hut, just after nightfall, we were greeted by a good warm fire, some hot tea, and general comfort all round. We were the second party to arrive.

There was no mistake about the cold when we turned out into the bright moonlight at 4.30 the next morning; but there was no wind, and we ran along the hard frozen glacier to the slopes beyond, and by daybreak stood on the top of the Strahlegg Pass,—a grey and most dismal outlook. It was bitterly cold too, and a very short time was quite enough for our breakfast.

The descent of the ice-wall was absurdly easy—we simply walked down it, cutting a step here and there in case we wanted them on our return, and by the time we got on to the glacier beneath it we were beginning to feel warm again, as the sun had by this time risen.

We began our ascent of the peak—and, indeed, made a great part of it—by some rocks running down a little to the right of the face; they were dry and warm, and with hardly any snow upon them; but in a few sheltered corners there was just a slight covering of ice; nothing, however, to stop us at all. These rocks came to an end

in a long, narrow, and rather steep snow couloir, which, as we got nearer to it, we looked at rather anxiously, and more than once, for if it had been filled with ice instead of snow it might have given us a great deal of trouble, or even stopped us altogether. The step-cutting here took some little time, and we were glad to be out on to the rocks again, for one very soon felt the cold when in the shade. Here they were mixed with hard snow, with more work for our axes, and we were not sorry when we reached a warm, sheltered nook at the foot of the final arête about three quarters-of-an-hour below the summit, and a halt was called. This meant Breakfast—and Breakfast spelt with a very big "B," for we had had very little to eat since leaving the hut at 4.30 a.m., and we were desperately hungry.

The arête consisted of big, solid slabs of rock, warm and entirely free from snow; covered, too, to our great astonishment, with bright yellow lichen; and we passed up this great golden staircase to be received, when we rose to the summit, by cheers from our distant friends then lunching on the Schreckhorn.

From this point the view was good, but not extensive—the Finsteraarhorn and the Schreckhorn being so very near at hand cut off a good deal, and the prospect towards the Grimsel was not particularly inviting; but to the south, and especially about the Zermatt district, it was very beautiful; for the Matterhorn, Weisshorn, Mischabelhörner, and many other old friends, all covered with a warm, yellow light, were standing out splendidly against the bright blue sky, and we did not like turning away from them.

We picked up the rucksacks again at our breakfast place, and then turned slightly to the right, a little away from the line of our ascent, for from the top we had seen a most inviting-looking snow slope, almost asking us to come and glissade. We accepted the invitation, and in an hour-and-a-quarter after leaving the summit found ourselves again at the foot of our mountain, breathless certainly, but supremely happy, and with plenty of time to return over the Strahlegg by daylight.

We spent that night at the Schwarzegg Hut, for we intended, if possible, to go on the next day to the Bergli —the next point in our journey, and the shortest way would be to cross as high as possible to the Fiescher Glacier. Now, on the way there, and visible from the hut, was a humble snow peak on which someone had managed (perhaps with difficulty) to scrape together enough material to build up a small stone man. This was the Pfaffenstöckli, 10,245 ft. in height. It had, however, among its other possessions, and like others and bigger peaks, a most disagreeable way down, and this we were soon to find out; for by the time we reached the summit—only two short hours—the clouds had gathered all round, and the weather had changed so much for the worse, that there was nothing for it but to make our way down to the Zäsenberg, by some miserable, rotten rocks, covered with equally rotten snow, and then as fast as we could to Grindelwald, where we arrived in a heavy snowstorm.

Three or four days later, on January 10th, we were again on the move—the weather by this time having mended its ways, and we made all preparations for certainly two, or even three, nights at the Bergli Club-Hut; for we hoped to get up our second big peak, the Gross Fiescherhorn, and also to bring off what was to be the great event of our season—the crossing of the Jungfrau on to the Wengern Alp.

We retraced our steps as far as the Zäsenberg—a distinct improvement on the hot summer walk by the Kalli—and then we turned up towards the steep snow-slopes close under the Fiescher Grat: there were plenty of crevasses here, big wide ones, but they all could be turned somewhere; and then we kept straight up the glacier until we were just beneath the Hut, now half full of snow.

It was bitterly cold when we turned out the next morning; and this time there was no moon to help us along, and we had to begin almost immediately to cut the steps that were to take us over the Mönch Joch,—never a cheerful proceeding by lantern light, especially for those

who merely look on. Once over the Mönch Joch and we began to feel much happier, for the sun had risen, and it was just a pleasant, easy walk down to, and across the Ewig-Schneefeld, and then on to the base of our peak; a different state of affairs to what it usually is in the summer.

We began our climb by some easy, rather tedious snow-slopes, a little to the right of the face, and which lasted until we were pulled up by the regulation bergschrund, and a feeling that it was time for our next meal.

Then over the bergschrund, across another short slope, and we were on the rocks leading up to the S.S.W. arête, and by which the greater part of the ascent was made. These rocks gave some trouble, for they were rather steep, and in the more sheltered places had some ice on them, and which was covered more or less by powdery snow; one or two corners took some time to turn—more time than we wished to give. The arête itself was dry and quite easy, and it took us only about twenty minutes to reach the summit and a splendid view. We seemed to be surrounded by the Oberland Mountains. They were simply magnificent, and with the same lovely, yellow light over them that we had first seen from the Lauteraarhorn. There was, too, a lovely glimpse of the Grindelwald Valley between the Eiger and the Schreckhorn. Nearly the whole of the great Pennine Chain, from Monte Leone to Mont Blanc, was visible, the only absentee being the Weisshorn, which was hidden away by the great mass of the Aletschhorn; while below us was the long Aletsch Glacier, very bright and sunny.

When we left the summit we turned directly on to the face of the mountain and went down it very cautiously for a short distance. Then came the long glissade, and we were on the glacier again, three quarters-of-an-hour after leaving the top. We were back again at the Bergli by nightfall.

The next morning we were up very early, as every moment was of value if we wished to get well over the Jungfrau in the daylight; and we were well beyond the Mönch Joch and the Mönch, and in the hollow of the

glacier between the Kranzberg and the Jungfrau by the time the sun had risen.

But this day Fate was dead against us, and even at this early hour things began to look a little doubtful. The day itself was perfectly fine and clear, but there was wind aloft, and the Mönch was smoking a big morning pipe; still it was too soon to give in, and we hoped that the wind would die down as the day went on. It did not die down, and we knew it well by the time we reached the bergschrund below the Roththal Sattel. Here it was blowing a gale. It seemed to be blowing from every quarter at once, and it was only with some difficulty that we crossed the bergschrund and gained some rocks to our left, where we found a little shelter. Then was held a Council of War. The wind had evidently come to stay, and it was perfectly hopeless on that day to think of crossing the Jungfrau; but the guides were very unwilling to turn back without at least trying to see what things looked like a little higher up, and they at last decided to get, if possible, up to the lowest rocks on the arête overlooking the Roththal. Between us and the rocks was a short ice slope, and across it a whole ladder of old steps, apparently in such good condition that they would need but little clearing out to be useful again; but although those good men worked at the steps for nearly three hours, and in the teeth of the gale, we never got anywhere near the rocks. It was very disappointing; the rocks above us seemed to be very free from snow, and the flagstaff on the top, which we could clearly see, looked down upon us with a very provoking smile.

By this time we were half-frozen, and not at all sorry to be back again in our nook under the rocks, and where there was some consolation awaiting us—afternoon tea; for we had with us a kettle, firewood, and various other things necessary for it. I wonder if ever afternoon tea were so welcome before!

Then we turned back, and once below the Sattel got a little more shelter from the bitter wind; but lower down the snow became soft and powdery, and we were able to move but slowly; then darkness came on as we were

crossing the Ober Mönch Joch, and only one of our lanterns would keep alight; and the Bergli Hut that evening saw arrive a very dismal company of four tired-out, hungry folk.

Next morning, the weather having by no means improved, and our provisions getting few and far between, we turned, for the time being, our backs to the mountains and our not unwilling steps towards the fleshpots of Grindelwald.

It was of no use saying that we did not mind our failure, for we did; and although by this time we thoroughly hated the route to the Bergli the moment the weather improved we were up there again, and this time there was no wind. We found our old steps still good, so we were able to push on very quickly, and we called our first halt at the tea chalet on the Roththal Sattel, for a good hot lunch of beefsteak; after which we felt ready for the work that lay before us.

It was such a contrast to what it had been four days earlier; then, the ice slope had cost the guides three hours of very hard work; now, we left it behind us in less than half-an-hour. The rocks, too, above it were warm and very easy, and the final arête a good broad ridge of snow —not at all the knife-edge that it often is in the summer; and we were soon with our friend the flagstaff on the top of a solid cone of ice.

We went on at once, for every moment was precious, and we were soon down the cone and a few rocks on to the large, somewhat crevassed snowfield beneath, finding here and there some old steps; we went across it as quickly as we could go, and on to the slope leading up to the Silberlücke arête, and were again helped by another long flight of someone else's steps. It was wonderful to see how well they had lasted, and what very little work was required to make them again fit for use.

That arête was a beautiful walk, not too broad for enjoyment, and with a clear uninterrupted view of the surrounding district; but we could not give it the attention it deserved, for we had to go along it most carefully, as there was a good deal of snow lying on it and many hidden pitfalls waiting for us between the rocks.

We made a short halt when we got down into the Silberlücke, for we were hungry again, and glad too, of just a little breathing space. Between us and the Giessen Glacier was now only the bergschrund, shrunk to a mere nothing, with a short easy slope and a few more old steps beyond it; and once more on the glacier there would be no more rest.

For some distance the surface was perfectly smooth, and we tore along it as fast as we possibly could; but at the foot of the Klein Silberhorn we found it a good deal broken up and crevassed, and once or twice had some difficulty in forcing our way through; but once beyond and we were again going as hard as ever, for the sooner we reached the Schneehorn the better. The descent of the rocks *there* was certain to need some time, and there might be a troublesome cornice to cut through; the light before long would begin to fail us, and when we had finished with the rocks there was still the way to be found down to and across the Guggi Glacier. This was decidedly the most difficult part of the descent. The cornice was bad to begin with, and it took a considerable time to make a way through it on to the rocks beneath—and then those rocks!—they were both very steep and very rotten, and they were covered, too, with snow in the worst possible condition. Our progress was very slow, and before we were half-way down them we had to take to our lanterns, making our going even slower than before, as they had to be constantly and carefully passed from hand to hand. It seemed hours before we got away from those rocks,—by this time, too, we were feeling more than a little anxious about the chance of our finding the way down to the Guggi Glacier in the darkness, and before long we were searching for that outlet all we knew. We went high and low, far and wide, one lantern to the right the other to the left, and at one time (but we only found that out in the morning) were actually standing beside it. But the answer was always the same, and at last there was only one thing to do—to seek a refuge for the night. We found it in a beautiful ice-cave below the level of the glacier, and entered by an inclined plane of smooth and

sparkling snow. It was long and narrow, and divided down the centre by a regular row of ice columns which seemed to be there to support the roof, and from all the walls, all the corners—in short, from every possible place there hung countless icicles of every size and shape; the floor was covered with smooth, fine snow, and the whole place glittered in the lantern light. The cave was very sheltered, and as we had plenty of warm wraps with us we felt that at least we could keep out some of the cold. But the larder was the weak spot, Expecting, as we did, to meet some more provisions near the Guggi Hut we had nearly finished all we had, and our dinner that evening, if I remember rightly, consisted chiefly of cheese, raisins, and a little—very little—red wine; the bread, some lumps of sugar, and a few drops of brandy being kept for our breakfast.

The next morning five minutes search revealed the missing link close to where we had spent the night, and it was small blame to us that we had not discovered it in the darkness, for it was exceedingly narrow, somewhat crooked, and completely hidden away behind a large block of ice; there had also been a recent fall of séracs in the neighbourhood, and we had to go down very carefully.

Beyond the débris we met the two guides with the much-longed-for provisions. They, poor fellows, had spent a much worse night than we had done, for not meeting us at the appointed place they had come on higher up the glacier, and finally had had for hours to wander round and round the many blocks of ice, without any shelter whatever.

Here, really, the journey ends; for, after passing the Guggi Hut, which was nearly buried in snow, there was a good straight course before us to the Wengern Alp; and I must draw a veil over the amount we ate and drank in a wood shed there; but, after that lovely breakfast, we went on through the woods to Grindelwald, where, it goes without saying, we found the warmest of warm welcomes awaiting us.

A FORTNIGHT IN THE EASTERN ALPS.

By Wm. Anderton Brigg.

The Editor has ordered me to furnish an account of how four of us—I mean Eric Greenwood, Wm. Douglas of the S.M.C., my brother J. J. Brigg and myself—spent our summer holiday in 1904, and I readily obey.

We reached Pontresina by way of Zurich, Chur and the new railway, only just opened from Thusis to St. Moritz, and stayed the night at the fashionable Kronenhof Hotel.

Pontresina, once a climbing centre, has now become a fashionable resort for holiday makers of all kinds and countries, who walk, drive, fish, golf, and do everything but climb, and we were not sorry to find ourselves next day at the little Morteratsch Hotel at the foot of the glacier of that name, *en route* for the Bernina. Greenwood, a true Yorkshireman, likes his first bite to be a big one—two years ago it was Mont Blanc and now it was this, the highest peak in the district, that he had chosen for our 'training walk.' Being always in good condition himself—thanks to Lakeland and Wharfedale—he expects others to be the same. We took old Christian Grass as guide and a porter, and if all flesh had been "as grass" we should have reached the summit—but I anticipate.

Two hours up a cleverly constructed path, high above the glacier, took us to the Boval Hut, where we spent the night on straw, singing ourselves to sleep with hymns, and left next morning at 2.20 a.m. in moonlight.

The summit of the Bernina lies at the back of the Hut, but hidden from it by huge rocks, and as the old and more direct way through the icefall of the glacier below the summit is now closed we had to make a long *détour* to the left in order to reach the vast plateau of snow, the Bella Vista, which closes in the head of the valley.* Three weary hours took us across the glacier and up a steep snow slope

* Sir Martin Conway's paper in No. 5 of the *Journal* contains a description of the Boval Hut and its surrounding. The Hut lies at the foot of the rocks in the right hand bottom corner of the frontispiece.

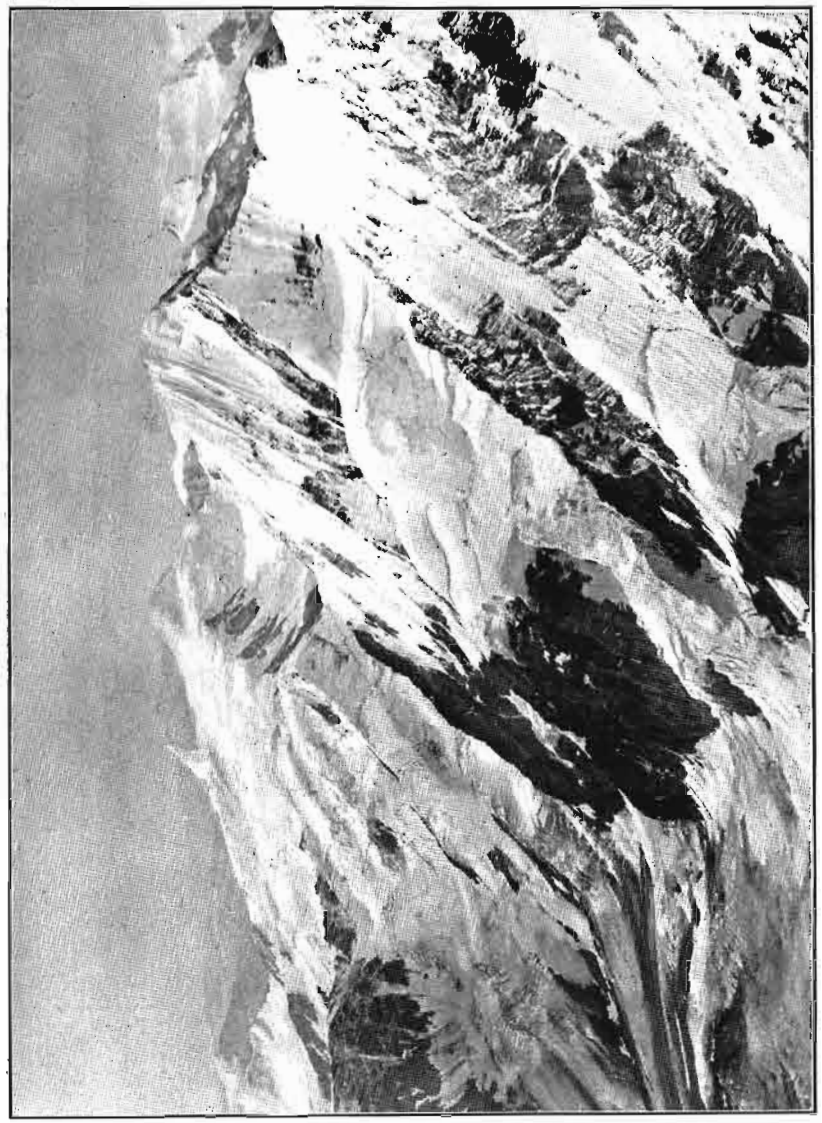


Photo. by Eric Greenwood.

CEVEDALE AND KÖNIGSPITZE.
FROM THE ORTLERSPITZE.

to the Bella Vista, and already the 'weaker vessels' of the party began to find the distant views very interesting; but we held on across the snowfield as far as the imposing rock precipices of the Crast' Agüzza on our left. And here a curious—and, in my experience, unprecedented—thing happened. We were watching a party making a new climb on the steep rocks just above us, when we saw, or rather heard, a cart-load of big stones, set loose by the climbers, come rattling down the rocks on to the snow slope below. Here they stuck, for the snow, fortunately, was soft; but they had knocked off, in their fall, the upper lip of the bergschrund, and one huge piece of ice, the size of four grand pianos, came sliding majestically toward us. It crossed our path about twenty yards in front, cutting a deep track in the snow, and popped into a crevasse below, like a rabbit into its burrow. It came so slowly that there was no sense of danger—in fact I called out to my brother to snap-shot it—but if the snow had been hard, it might have been otherwise. MORAL: Don't sit in the pit at a mountain *matinée*.

This incident woke us up a bit, but when we had got an hour further and found ourselves looking across a snow valley at the final rocks, with the summit some hour or two away, the white flag was hoisted, and after trying what a nap would do, we turned and made our way back humbly to the Hut.

We had gone very slowly—'*schrecklich langsam*,' we overheard old Christian call it; but if we had held on we should have missed the view, as the usual afternoon thunderstorm was brewing—and likewise that other "brewing" towards which climbers' thoughts always turn in the afternoon. MORAL: Don't try to eat the *rôti* before the *hors d'œuvres*.

The descent over soft snow and sloppy glacier was a bit of a nightmare, and our sun-kissed faces smarted for some days afterwards, but hot tea and a rest at the Hut put us in a better frame of mind.

We lingered some time at the Hut, but not quite long enough. Another five minutes and we should have had the honour of making tea for a young and pretty scion of

the Grand-Ducal house of Baden, who came up with two lady companions just after we had left. We saw them afterwards at the Hotel, with the rest of their party, and admired their pluck, for it is quite a big grind up to the Hut.

The Morteratsch Hotel is like the Montanvert or the Riffelhaus, crowded with 'poly-glots' in the daytime, but deserted at night, and it did not take much to persuade us to stop there instead of driving back to the crowded rooms of Pontresina, and we spent the night in great comfort.

We drove down next morning to Pontresina, picked up our luggage, sent off a bag or two to Sulden and the rest to Zurich, lunched at St. Moritz and drove up the valley past Silvaplana and all the other 'cure' places to the Maloja, and spent the night, not at the huge and fashionable Palace Hotel, but at a homely German house—the Hotel Longhin—where you dine *en famille* in the only sitting-room, smoke as you please, and shake hands with the landlady and waitresses when departing.

The upper end of the Engadine, or the Inn Valley, is very curiously constructed. Right up from Samaden and even lower down, the valley bottom is flat and at one level, save for a small rock barrier below St. Moritz, where the well known Cresta ice-run is made in winter, and much of it is filled with lakes; but the corresponding valley on the other side breaks down suddenly at the watershed in steep slopes, bounded with blue mountains, towards Italy.

And it was Italy that we pined for, as do all climbers who have tasted its charms, and we gladly turned our backs next morning on the tourist-ridden Engadine and made our way, by a side valley, over the Muretto pass, to Chiesa in the Val Malenco. There are easy snow slopes on both sides, not bad enough to stop the peasants from coming over with butter and cheese to the Maloja, and the view from it of the great Monte della Disgrazia has few rivals in the Alps. Its sharp ridges and streaming glaciers, seen from the fragrant pine woods and sunny pastures, made a splendid picture.

The Disgrazia has been climbed from this side, though with difficulty; but it is usually taken from the other, and to get there we had to descend to Chiesa and work round.

All Italian valleys are beautiful and the Val Malenco is no exception. It lies at "the back of the Bernina," to use Mr. Freshfield's words, and is a smiling contrast to the country we had left behind, nor has the tourist, English or German, discovered it.

The tide of travel indeed rises higher every year against the northern slopes of the Alps, but as yet only the spray flies over, and the answering tide from the south flows but slowly.

Chiesa—"the village of the Church"—boasts a decent inn, and we slept comfortably in the *dépendance*, a large panelled room, centuries old, built over gloomy vaults, at one time perhaps a nobleman's mansion or a Town Hall, but now the village schoolroom.

We started next morning up through the steep woods, past a new hotel—half finished—to a green oasis in the woods, which has once been a lake, and beyond to a cluster of stone-built "shielings,"—you could hardly call them chalets, and so on past great boulders gushing with living waters, and up banks of tumbled rocks to the Corna Rossa Hut (now dismantled) perched high above a great glacier. It takes a lot of rocks to build up a big peak, but we thought the Disgrazia had more than its share.

We stopped awhile to admire the blue hills of the Bergamasque Alps to the south and the broad stretches of the great Val Tellina, and then clambered and glissaded down to the glacier and crossed it to the new St. Cecilia Hut in time to have a sun-bath on its sheltered side before turning in to a comfortable night in its cosy bunks. There is a small hut close by used by gendarmes on the look out for smugglers from the Swiss side.

We started next morning by moonlight for the Disgrazia, going straight up the glacier, almost as far as the col, and then taking to the rocks reached the summit in about six hours, after an interesting rock scramble with one short ice-slope. The wind was keen and a light mist was whirling about the steep ice-slopes and jagged rocks

of the other side. Far below us lay the valley we had descended the day before, and further away the back of the Bernina range, and in the west the snowy summits of the Monte Rosa group—a vision of mountain beauty. But our chief thought was for Monte Viso, our last year's conquest, and we persuaded ourselves that we saw it on the horizon over a hundred miles away, like a tiny lighthouse across a waste of waters. A view like this is worth much climbing for.

But the cold wind soon drove us down and we returned in our tracks, though not so far as the Hut, crossed the glacier to the Corna Rossa and so by yesterday's path to Chiesa at 5.30 p.m., hot but happy.

I am superstitious about names and had had misgivings about that of our peak, which is Italian for 'disaster'; but none happened, save that my hob-nails slipped twice on the slippery rock paths, and tempted one to follow the country custom of wearing only carpet slippers, or going barefoot on such places.

I ought to add that we had taken two guides from Chiesa, worthy fellows called by high sounding names, Silvio Lenardi and Carlo Albaredo to wit.

We had meant to drive down from Chiesa that night, but there was no carriage, so for the only time that trip we slept twice in the same bed.

We spent the next two days travelling in state, though not always in comfort. An hour-and-a-half's drive in the cool of the morning took us down the beautiful Val Malenco to the important town of Sondrio in the Val Tellina; and I know of few more striking views, as you come suddenly out of the narrow verdant gorge on to the hill platform above the town and see the broad valley at your feet, glowing warm in the morning sun, with cornfields and vineyards and gleaming campaniles—Italian right through.

An hour in the train, by the newly opened railway, brought us to Tirano, another quaint Italian town; and then, scorning the humble diligence, we drove in a lordly landau, in the heat of the day, to Bormio. It is a splendid valley, dotted everywhere with villages and

churches—there were always six spires at least in sight, but we did not appreciate it to the full. When the mercury stands at anything in the sun, and the dust you raise is all consumed on the premises—the wind being dead astern—you can only gasp, and I seem to remember nothing very clearly but the satisfactory lunch half way, on the cool verandah of the inn at Bolladore.

We spent the night at Bormio, a quiet little town with a big church, dining at the cheerful table-d'hôte with a mess of smart Italian officers and some foreign (*i.e.* native) tourists. One of the latter, a fine child of two, was especially lively and did its best to pull everything on to the floor.

We ought to have walked next day over the Stelvio Pass, but true climbers never walk when they can ride, so we lolled on our cushions all the way up the endless ziz-zags of the well graded road, whilst the thriftier German 'bergsteigers' tramped steadily past, cutting off the corners, and reached the top as soon as we did.

There is some wild but not very striking scenery on the Italian side, but the view of the Ortler group that bursts upon you suddenly from the summit is worth a long journey; grey limestone, grey snow, grey sky—a symphony in grey on Nature's most majestic scale.

The carriage road (the highest in Europe) is carried down a precipice on the Austrian side, and tempts one to ask with the American *attaché* at the Tugela, if there was no way round!

Trafoi, a cluster of hotels, lies at the bottom of the deep valley on the Austrian side, with a tiny church, scarce bigger than that at Wasdale, but overshadowed by its successor, built in that uninteresting plaster-work Gothic now unfortunately so common on the Continent.

We stayed at a second-rate hotel—the Post—with a crowd of Germans, for whose amusement a drawing room entertainer was provided, and dined sumptuously off trout, kept ready in a tank in the garden and costing their weight in *marks*.

Trafoi exists for the Ortler, and the climber's path is made very easy. Four hours up through woods and

across screes, with a tea-house half way, take you to the Payer Hütte, built on the summit of the sharp ridge that divides Trafoi from Sulden Thal, and there you can get what you like to eat on that 'penny-in-the-slot' system which converts every meal in Tyrol into a feast of memory.

With the remembrance of other huts where we did not have first turn at the stove and blankets we arrived quite needlessly early, and spent the afternoon playing dominoes and watching the later comers of both sexes, as they stalked in, saluted the company, and made straight for the picture post cards—now the most noticeable equipment of a mountain hut, and sent off a dozen or so before settling themselves for the evening.

The weather was not good—our axes had hissed as we neared the hut—and there was a thunderstorm in the night; but it cleared off in the early morning, and at 5 a.m. we were following the long string of pilgrims for the summit.

Like other animals of an earlier period, they went two and two, a Herr and a guide, the latter leading the former with two yards of rope, very much like—but "caparisons are odorous," and I will only say that whilst this method may be the best for a Mummery and a Burgener, it certainly did not appear so for the 'Herrschaft' we saw on the Ortler.

Some of the tourists were evidently not much at home either on snow or rocks, and the proceedings of one guideless couple—both young men—went far to explain the yearly increase in the Alpine obituary. Climbing has become as popular with the Germans as golf with us, and they have to pay the penalty, just as we should if the Alps were in Wales or Lakeland.

The ordinary route has been made as easy as possible, at first by a path across the rocks, very much like the Rake's Progress on Scafell, and then by snow slopes, nowhere difficult, and we only made it interesting by suspending the usual rule, and trying how many of the couples we could overtake, just like a 'bumping' race at Cambridge. We passed a good many—some in fact never

reached the top at all—and joined the steadily increasing crowd on the summit at 8.10 a.m. There was a fine view of the surrounding peaks and especially of the Ortler Grüppe, of which our peak is the crowning point; but we were more interested in the other "Ortler Grüppe" around us. We were thirty-nine in all—never have I seen a mountain so crowded!

We got away first, and were the first to reach the Hut, in spite of some of the guides, who, jealous perhaps of their reputation, raced their "Herrschaft" to a standstill in their efforts to outstrip us.

We hurried down the steep Sulden side, partly in rain, and spent a wet afternoon and evening at the Eller Hotel—a second rate house. Sulden is like Trafoi, but more so, full of mountaineering Germans and Tyrolese guides, the latter most picturesque persons in "shorts" and feathered hats. Beside them an Almer or an Anderegg would look very cheap—in the valley I mean. I suppose there are good men among them, but their present *cliéntèle* and rules are not likely to give them much chance of showing it. Some, however, go to other parts of the Alps, and the village was even then awaiting the body of one poor fellow, killed a few days before on the Ober Gabelhorn with his employer. We found one Englishman here, the only one we saw that trip—except of course in the Engadine—and he lived in Italy.

We proposed to take a guide for the Cevedale, and spoke to one of them, but he said we must have at least four, one for each Herr; such was the rule, so of course we did without; nor was there the slightest need for any.

We walked up the valley after lunch next day to the Hallescher Hütte at the head of an easy glacier, and commanding fine views of the Königspitze, the best peak in the Ortler Grüppe. The accommodation was even better than that at the Payer Hütte, and after all, if you have to sleep in a hut you may just as well be comfortable. Some climbers sneer at huts, but at any rate they enable many to see the beauties of the High Alps who could not do so otherwise.

We had a pleasant snow walk up the Cevedale next

day, with a clear sky but a cool wind, and had a view much like that from the Ortler. Three hours took us to the summit and back to the level glacier, a quarter-of-an-hour from the Hut, and here, with a sigh of relief we shook the snow of Tyrol off our boots, and crossing the Italian frontier, scrambled down the rocks to the Cedeh Hut, where we stopped to watch a party toiling up the slopes of the Königspitze, and then walked down to the Forno Hotel for lunch.

We had intended going on to the Baths of Sta. Catarina in the valley below, but the lunch was so good, the rooms so sweet and clean, and the company—or the lack of it—so attractive, that we decided to stay the night there; and very pleasant was the quiet afternoon, spent in an easy chair reading an account of Wasdale climbs in a recent number of the *Bollettino* of the Italian A.C.

One of the charms of wanderings like ours is the discovery of pleasant wayside halts, and the Forno is now on the list of those to be visited again, though hardly among those I have sometimes heard my friends—guileless bachelors—select as the place at which to spend their honeymoon.

The *chef* was glad to shew his skill, and turned out a very good 'savoury,' a dish he said he had learnt to make when at 'the gold mines of South Africa,' but when we asked the waitress for an omelette he came in with a solemn face and said "The woman says you want an omelette, but I must tell you the eggs are not too good"—meaning of course that the *salmi* of chicken, already cooked, must not be wasted—nor was it.

We started next morning at a comfortable hour (8.30 a.m.) and, crossing the stream, made our way over the shoulder of the hill overhanging Sta. Catarina, whose *pensionnaires* we could see far below us, idling about the sunny 'plaza' in front of the big hotel or plodding up the valley on their way to the Forno Glacier, and turned up another valley to the Gavia Pass, a barren stretch of ground, very like some of our own Yorkshire fells. The clouds hung low on the hills as we went down the other side and along a flat valley bottom past St. Apollonia,

where we found a battalion of Alpine troops encamped in tents and a little hotel crowded with tourists, and reached Ponte di Legno in the wet.

A crowded hotel full of pleasant Italians amusing themselves with dancing and games, *more suo*, much like guests at an English Hydro; a stuffy little bedroom in a back street; a brawling stream and a jumble of old houses, are about what I remember of this place, and we were not sorry to leave it next morning, in glorious sunshine, for the Adamello.

The Val Camonica, down which we walked for some distance, is broad and fertile, with quaint villages and white campaniles dotting the wayside and cultivated slopes—a typical Italian valley on the broader scale.

We turned up to the left at Pontagna and followed a side valley, well wooded and sunny, to a cluster of chalets in a green amphitheatre, with a cascade tumbling down its upper end, and had some milk. In Tyrol or the Engadine there would have been an hotel, or at anyrate a tea house and a crowd of visitors, but the Italians do not seem to have thought of it in that light, and if they had I don't think they would have done much to 'beautify' it. As it was, we had to sit on a log in a sea of nettles and mud, for the chalets were extremely dirty.

The path is carried cunningly up the side of the cascade, through a thick tangle of brushwood, for nearly a thousand feet, and emerges on another amphitheatre with a mountain tarn fed at its upper end by another and smaller cascade. Then came some more chalets and a toilsome climb up stone covered slopes to the Garibaldi Hut, a comfortable but not luxurious place, with a small snow-water tarn close by, where some of us had a refreshing dip before feeding. We found a party of Italians in possession, pleasant fellows, who knew how to do themselves well in the matter of food—one window-sill in particular was *full* of cold roast chickens. Our own little store—and when you have to carry it yourself you don't carry much—made a very humble show and was soon despatched, what time the sun went down in glory behind the jagged ridge opposite, and the evening mists rolled up the valley beneath the crescent moon.

It was one of our best evenings, and I recall with pleasure the picture of one of our Italian friends, his cloak thrown over his shoulder, perched on a rock against the vesper light, rolling out airs from the Grand Opera in a glorious tenor voice.

The Adamello presents its steepest side to the Hut, and we had to go a long way round next morning, across and up a big moraine to the top of the great *cirque* which surrounds the Hut, through the rocky portal that gives on the wide stretch of glacier above, and so along the snow below the summit ridge and round a rock promontory to the easy rocks that lead to the actual summit. Moonlight and dawn and sunshine followed each other in their glorious sequence, and we had a good time, although a gathering vapour denied us much of a view.

In descending we turned off to the right at the rock promontory and followed the glacier right down; and hard going we found it, over snow furrowed into ridges by a wind and frozen hard and afterwards partly melted, much like paperchasing over thawing plough land, and we were glad to exchange it for a decent path down the left side of the icefall to the Mandrone Hütte, stopping to bathe in a lovely little tarn by the way.

The Hütte is two storeys high, and would have told us, if our maps had not, that we had once more crossed the frontier and again put ourselves under the paternal care of the "Deutsch-Oesterreich Alpen Verein." I hope I have got its august name correct. Douglas, who is a member, always spoke of it irreverently as the "Dutch Oyster Catcher." But its food and shelter from the hot sun were very welcome, and we might well have stayed the day out, for it was long past noon; but the 'sting of the gadfly' was still in our veins, and we set off at 3 p.m. for Pinzolo, after dismissing the guide we had brought with us from St. Apollonia—the smallest man for the job I ever saw, but quite competent.

The first hour took us down the precipitous hill side by a cleverly made path into the flat bottom of the valley—the Val di Genova, and we spent the rest of the day

walking down this valley. Competent critics declare it to be one of the most beautiful of all Italian valleys, and I agree. Not wide is it, but deep and bounded by steep cliffs over which thunder splendid cascades fed by the snows above; thick woods, crushed here and there out of shape by the winter avalanches, alternating with sunny glades full of wild strawberries and bilberries; a foaming torrent chafing against the dams, natural and artificial—for there is much timber cutting, and beyond all this, at the lower end, the rocks of the Cima di Brenta glowing red in the sunset like 'a throne set in heaven.'

This is how we think of it now; at the time, our thoughts were those of hungry and tired men, with heavy rucksacks, 'legging' it hard down the dusty paths and slippery pavements in the growing dusk—thoughts of bed and supper. In nothing is the alchemy of memory more potent or welcome than in this sublimation of past toil.

It was just 'on the edge of dark' as we came out of the narrows of the upper valley, and passing a little church—as old as Charlemagne—crossed the open water meadows, and reached the village of Pinzolo at 8 p.m.

We had seen but few peasants as we came down, nor were there any in the streets of the village, but when we came to the church we found the whole population filling the building and much of the space outside with a kneeling crowd praying for rain, for there was a great drought. Through the wide flung west door came a blaze of candles and a burst of harmony, overpowering in its contrast to the gloom and silence outside, and suggestive of much. Dr. Whitaker (the historian of Craven) imagines a like contrast in the services at Bolton Priory with the every-day work of the peasants outside.

It was a lovely morning, in spite of the overnight prayers, when we started next day for a long drive to Trent, a morning to make us glad that we were driving rather than riding in the train.

We left the villagers busy with the installation of some new marble statues in the church choir, and drove down the fertile 'Judicaria,' as that district is called, a broad and

fertile valley dotted with villages and big houses, the latter built with open garrets for storing fuel and provender—veritable fire traps—and stopped to bait at the Baths of Comano. Very pleasant it was to creep out of the hot sunshine into the cool rooms of the little bathing *stabilimento*, where Italian visitors were placidly finishing their *pranzo*, as if the world had stood still for awhile. Thence by a road cut in the side of a deep gorge ('the only one we had had this trip' said the hungry members of the party), down to the shores of a placid lake, where the poplars and olives, and the sleepy towers of an old *chateau* spoke of the not-far-distant Italian Lakes. And so by an upland road over that broken limestone ground that always appeals so strongly to men from 'Craven coasts,' and through another gateway in the hills, strongly fortified with drawbridge and rampart, into the broad valley of the Adige, where Trent—that historic city—sits enthroned.

Hot it was, 87° in the shade in the evening, with mosquitoes on the warpath—no place for climbing suits; but we saw as much of the city and its fine churches and buildings as time allowed, and leaving next morning by train, swept round by Botzen and the Brenner to Innsbruck, and so by the Arlberg to Zurich, where we slept and spent an idle day in the Lake and the fascinating National Museum—a combination of South Kensington and the British Museum, splendidly housed—and reached Yorkshire the following night.

I have spared my readers as much topography as possible, and have attempted only an 'impressionist' description of what was, after all, more of a ramble than a climbing holiday. '*Ars longa vita brevis*'—'the Alpine Chain is long and holidays are short,' and if one wants to know much of the Alps climbing must often give way to rambling. And though it is good perhaps to get to know one district thoroughly, if indeed anyone ever can, I prefer, for my part, to see an ever-changing horizon, and to be ever adding new pictures to memory's gallery for solace in the time coming when "they shall be afraid of that which is high."

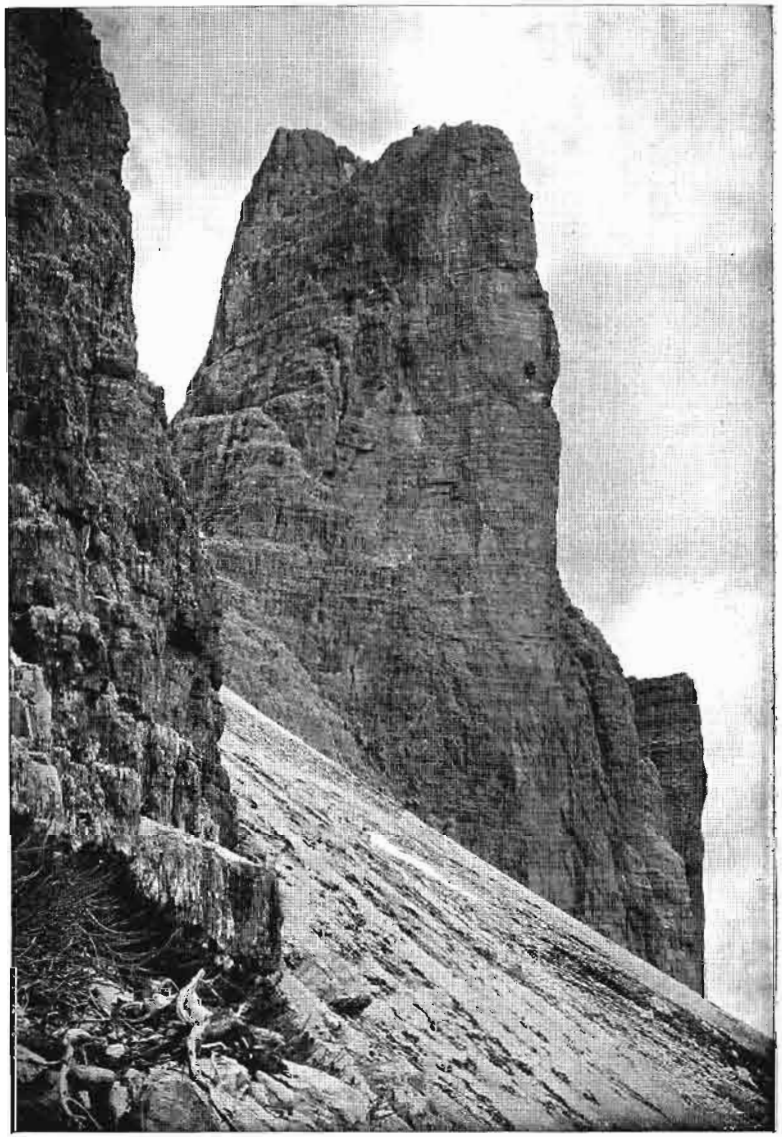


Photo. by A. Holmes.

THE KLEINE ZINNE.

THE KLEINE ZINNE FROM CORTINA.

By L. S. Calvert.

In July 1899, two of us, sitting on the steps of a jetty beside the Thames, discussed routes and plans for our summer holiday a fortnight hence. On either side rose blocks of dingy warehouses; the heat was stifling in the streets above; the perfume not of Araby the blest.

"Hic in reducta valle Caniculæ Vitabis aestus:"

Beyond these sombre walls and muddy waters arose a vision of sunny peaks and clear streams.

Changes are lightsome. This was to be new country—Cortina and the Dolomites, instead of Switzerland. In due course then my wife and myself on the front seat of the royal mail started for the eighteen mile drive from Toblach to Cortina—a drive since familiar, but of undiminished charm; past the little lake embedded in greenery, till Cristallo with the Durren See comes in sight; then on either hand a succession of Dolomite peaks. There is little if any snow on them in August; they have a wealth of colour all their own—jewels in an emerald setting. The road winds round, and below lies Cortina where our two friends await us.

A clear three weeks in hand relieves us from the necessity of an early start and permits of an "Übermorgens Arbeit." The Dolomite peaks too, appeal to another frailty. No midnight starts are involved. Dinner and breakfast with mutual advantage are less intimately acquainted. Our earliest start was for Popena, at 2 o'clock, the latest at 6.30 a.m. The luxurious huts of the Italian Alpine Club allow one to start even later.

After sixteen days of rock-climbing, beginning with Croda da Lago and relieved by a run down to Venice, our friends' visit came to an end, and we regretfully saw them off in the early morning.

Left alone with four days' unexpired leave, the demon of unrest turned my thoughts to the S. face of Col Rosà. Zachariah Pompanin was reported to be quite first rate on rocks and in chimneys; so securing his services, and

those of Guiseppe Menardi, we started next morning at 4.0, and had a very sporting time up long chimneys and on traverses. Zachariah maintained his reputation; his acrobatic feats were successful and picturesque. As an understudy I might have done better, but we reached the top at 9.30.

Whilst enjoying that rest which our labours merited, we cast about for the final climb of the season. Zachariah extolled the virtues of the Kleine Zinne. The three peaks were seen in the distance, as they had been from other summits in the past fortnight, and they had a kind of fascination for me. Is there a personality in peaks, that some attract more than others? Why do the Dom, the Weisshorn and other giants mesmerise and invite us more strongly to explore their fastnesses? It is not that they are more difficult or fashionable. Does the spirit of the mountains more especially reign there? I don't know; but the three spires of this particular set of peaks had for some days thrown their spell over me, and so before we had got back to Cortina at one o'clock it was settled that the last climb should be the Kleine Zinne.

For reasons, doubtless other than professional, Zachariah thought it wise to take his friend as second guide. The next afternoon, then, the two guides, my wife and I, with the instruments of torture, strolled up to Tre Croce, where she left us, and we pushed on to Misurina, through lovely glades and park-like scenery to the little inn at the end of the lake. After dinner, leaving the two guides, I took a boat, with sculls of a sort, and pulled down to the far end. What a weird scene! Overhead the stars; on the mountains the mysterious light; in the water their dark shadows. The Drei Zinnen look down on the lake, and as the boat turns the whole range of Marmolata, Antelao and Sorapis with gleaming patches of snow close in the scene. What a contrast to the gondolas of Venice a week before. But we must turn in—9 o'clock, lights out—and at 4.30 a.m. we are well on the way for the attack. A hard frost; the last climb of the season; and one's legs responding to the demands made on them. At a swinging pace

we go through woods, past two crosses, through level pasture; then up rather steep slopes, along a shale path, past the Club hut (a better sleeping place than Misurina) until we come under the peak—the Kleine Zinne. A relative term surely, for it is a huge, straight looking tower; to the casual observer impregnable. The day however is young; the inner man is urgent; the weather perfect; so breakfast and a pipe. Then in half-an-hour we reached the N. side. My impression of the ascent is that it is a zig-zag chimney from bottom to top. The first length is comparatively easy. The second takes off from a little ledge without much hand-hold. Zachariah says the next few yards are *schwere.* I agree with him; even with the help of the rope style is neglected, and for a few seconds I seem to be practising the breast stroke on a rounded face devoid of knobs; but once in the chimney there is excellent climbing, with firm holds. Then a pause, for a small stone with loud humming cuts through the crown of my hat, and I find it well to crawl into a recess, and examine the damage. There was considerable hemorrhage; but the rocks being good I soon reached the guides at the other end of the rope, when they began to rub the wound with Kümmel. It seemed a pity this should be used for outward application only. Another start was made. Sometimes we were on the face, sometimes in the cleft, then over a long smooth slab, and with an easy scramble in a few more seconds we were on the summit—a narrow ridge perched in mid-air.

The view is striking:—the Ortler group and the purple haze over Italy; the Dolomites with peaks close around. Ten minutes rest and a pipe; then down the other side. This is sheer enough, but easier than the ascent. Chimney after chimney. About two-thirds of the way down there is a rather long traverse on a ledge. However, finger hold can be found, and remembering the centre of gravity falls within the base, one inclines to the solid side. That past, we make pace to the shale and snow below, where kletter-shoes are exchanged for boots, the axes are picked up, and we run down to Misurina and pay the bill—more appalling than the climb. The guides made themselves

comfortable at Tre Croce, and I got down to Cortina at 6.30, in time for dinner.

A novel climb, well worth the effort. As a guide once said of the Matterhorn: "you can glissade *einmals*," but this is not essential.

Photo by Erik Ullén.

STORE SKAGASTÖLSTIND.

FROM THE SOUTHERN DYRHAUGSTIND.

A HOLIDAY AMONG THE HORUNGTINDER.

BY J. A. GREEN.

(Read before the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, December 13th, 1904.)

Few contrasts could be greater than that between the conditions of my first visit to this district of Norway with Dr. C. A. Hill, in 1900, and those of our second, in 1904.

On the former, ill-luck dogged our footsteps in the form of many delays in travel, while the weather was unsettled and very cold. The only thing at all like mountaineering that we succeeded in doing was the crossing of the Skagastölstindskar from Vetti to Turtegrö. The icy coldness of the north wind which met us at the top of the pass exceeded anything I have ever experienced. Fortunately, about twenty minutes' quick going took us out of the greatest force of the wind or I should speedily have succumbed to its icy buffeting; numbness not only of body, but of mental faculties, was felt in even that short time.

During the few days we spent at Turtegrö, the thermometer never registered higher than 34° F. even at mid-day; the nights were intensely cold, and the clouds hung low all the time.

A visit to the Styggedalsbræ in cold and clammy mist, through which came at intervals squalls of sleet and snow, failed to convince Hill of the pleasures of mountaineering, and on the following day he went down to Fortun in the hope of persuading some fish of weak intellect to foolishly put its nose out of the water into the colder air—of course without success.

On this day I went with Ole Berge to the Riingsbræ with a forlorn hope of snatching a climb, but the biting cold and shrewish wind which assailed us as we mounted quickly proved the folly of attempting any peak in such weather. And so ended our stay in the Horunger in 1900.

In 1904 everything turned in our favour. We got faster and better boats than we expected, perfect weather for the journey from Bergen up the beautiful Sognefjord

to Skjolden, and reached Turtegrö at noon on the 20th July.

Then, for nearly a fortnight, was one succession of glorious days, cloudless save for occasional superposed masses of cumuli right around the horizon vying with the mountains for beauty, and nights of a clear brilliance such as one rarely sees. From the summits, the views were in almost every case clear to the full extent of vision—peak and glacier and snowfield like the waves of the sea for multitude and extent. Day by day the sun beat down hotter and hotter, until even the most active ceased from climbing, or climbing, rapidly lost weight.

Our first ascent was of the Dyrhaugstind—a long grind up the butt-end and then an easy but exhilarating scramble along a narrow ridge, falling steeply on either hand, over two minor peaks to the highest cairn. As a view point nothing could be finer. On the one side is the ridge of the Skagastölstinder, and on the other is to be seen that wild array of the Western Horungtinder—splintered ridges and sharp peaks rising precipitously from their glacial setting. The fantastic Store Riingstind is seen shaped like a scoop full of flour, its N.W. face dropping in an absolutely vertical precipice. From any point of view this mountain is remarkable, but when it first comes in sight at a bend of the road from Fortun to Turtegrö, its soaring, overhanging sharpness catches one's breath.

Our next climb was Store Skagastölstind with Ole Berge as guide. To my disappointment he did not see fit to either ascend or descend by Slingsby's route,* nor even to vary the climb on the upper rocks by using Vigdal's gully in one direction, so that we perforce had to go up and down the same way—a thing I abominate.

We followed the well-known route discovered by Heftye, which has been too often described to be further enlarged upon here. Suffice it to say that its chief characteristic is its intricacy, the climbing itself not being difficult.

* *Vide* "Norway: The Northern Playground," page 150 *et seq*.

The day was blazing hot, with thin films of mist rising from time to time and aggravating the effect of the heat. The climbing is interesting, and improves the higher one gets. The top reached, thin mists still rose and fell, mocking Hill's efforts at photography, so down we lay on the warm rocks and revelled in the mountain glory. Oh! that glorious and all too short hour on the summit!

We were back at Turtegrö at 8.30, having been out just 12 hours. All day we had gone slowly because of the heat.

Learning that the traverse of the Soleitinder made 'an interesting walk with a little scrambling, but no difficulty anywhere,' Hill and I turned our steps in that direction, in order to get a new view point. The first peak is reached by an easy walk, but speedily developes into a sharp ridge, and for the scramble down to the col we used the rope. Three little pinnacles come next, all of which can be, and usually are, turned on the right, but we went over each in turn to get all the sport the mountain offered.

Now, in front of us was the second peak, separated from us by a short ridge. It looked repellingly smooth and steep, but since it had been said there was 'no difficulty,' we went to investigate it. Sixty feet of rope went out ere I found a decent halting place and Hill could join me. Then, after unavailingly trying several ways to the left, I traversed to the right.

Some distance above and running straight up, there was a crack about 9 or 10 inches wide, which looked possible although very steep. After a little trouble and some delicate balancing I succeeded in getting one handhold at its base and one foothold on the top of a splinter of rock. No other holds within reach were obvious; Hill was 30 feet below and almost vertically under me, and while resting I could not help wondering what would be considered 'hard climbing' by people who could call this 'interesting walking!' The removal of some moss from the crack revealed a good handhold which I could just grasp, and after a few more sharp tussles easier rocks were reached and the top of the second peak gained without further difficulty.

The descent to the col on the W., between the second and third peaks, is over one of the thinnest and most dilapidated ridges I was ever on. There is no difficulty anywhere, but daylight can be seen between many of the singly piled blocks of which the ridge is formed. It looks woefully unstable. A good shove seems to be all that is necessary to send much of it pell-mell down to the glacier.

A late start had left us with too little time to continue over the third peak; therefore, as we had seen from the ridge that the Soleibræ presented no difficulty we decided to descend by it. A big schrund was conveniently bridged at the exact spot where we wished to cross. We got home without further incident, to learn that the second peak had previously always been turned on the right and that our scramble up its face was therefore a new route!

Two days later we were led by Ole Berge over the 'V' gap to Mellemste Skagastölstind, starting at 7.30 a.m. At the same time another party, consisting of a Norwegian and a young Dane with three young Norwegian ladies, left for the Soleitinder.

In great heat we sweltered our way over Nordre and Næbbet, and came face to face with our climb. Never do I remember anything that looked so desperately steep and smooth as the south wall of the gap, up which we were to climb. Clambering quickly down into the gap the rocks began to look more amenable and we were soon at work on them. Steep they are, and in places even sensational, but without any phase of great difficulty.

The route zig-zagged about the face; but Ole led unerringly up the 250 feet which brought us to the Berge Stöl. Thence to the top of Mellemste was merely a jolly scramble. To our surprise we learnt that ours was only the fourth ascent by this interesting route. That such a capital climb should have been done only four times in four years seems incredible. It was first accomplished by Slingsby and Ole Berge, in 1900.*

* *Vide* "Norway: The Northern Playground," 215 *et seq.*

After an hour's rest on top—whence we got most of the view denied us on Store Skagastölstind—we descended by the ordinary way. Here, again, is one of those intricate routes characteristic of this region of precipices. For 1500 feet one turns and twists and doubles on the face of the mountain overlooking the Skagastölsbræ. Always steep enough to cut off sight of all rocks but those immediately near, the interest is kept up until the rope is discarded. At one awkward place, a narrow crack running down the centre of a steep slab about 18 feet high offered the only hold. A piton at the top served as a belaying pin for the last man, who came down on a doubled rope. Then came easy slabs and much exasperating scree before the path was reached.

On the rocks of these mountains a black lichen grows to the size and shape of a well opened Brussels sprout; it is sharp-edged and as tough as leather. Its wearing effect on finger tips is only exceeded by its tenacious grip on clothing, and an encounter with it on this day left me in a pitiful condition of tatters.

During the evening at the Hotel some anxiety began to be felt at the non-return of the party from the Soleitinder and it was eventually thought essential that if they were not back by dawn something should be done to know the reason why.

Accordingly, at 2 a.m., after an hour-and-a-half's rest, Hill and I arose and a party of six set out at 2.30. There being a possibility that fatigue or some unknown circumstance might have caused our friends to seek shelter at the Berdal Sæter, Fröken Bertheau (a lady whose name is as well-known to Norsk mountaineers as is that of Slingsby) who was staying at the Hotel and organised the search party, started at once for the Sæter, taking with her the sister of a young Dane who was one of the missing party; whilst Ole Berge, Herr Erik Ullén, Dr. Hill and I went upwards towards the Soleitinder. Soon we separated, Ole and Hill going towards the Soleibræ, while Ullén and I were deputed to get on the ridge, and, if necessary, follow it right round until we came upon some traces of the missing ones. By this arrangement

we should soon all have sight of the Berdal Sæter, where, if good news were gathered or the missing ones found a white sheet or tablecloth was to be looked for. If no tidings were obtained a fire lighted outside was to be the signal for a continuance of the search.

Ullén and I composed ourselves for what might happen to be an uncommonly long day's work, but we had only been going quietly for half-an-hour or so when four specks were seen on the ridge above us—it was some time ere we discerned the fifth—and soon we met them, very hungry, but otherwise cheery and bright as though the spending of the night on a mountain top was the pleasantest thing in the world. The reason for their being benighted was that when the final peak was reached they had doubts as to the safety of the condition of the snow, and so wisely returned. Night fell while they were retracing their steps over the long ridge, so the cheery souls simply sat down and told ghost stories until it was light enough to go on again!

Even at the early hour of 5 a.m. the sun was blazing fiercely down upon us and the return journey to Turtegrö was a slow but jovial procession. The hotel was reached at 8.30 and despite the fact that the benighted ones had been out 25 hours they looked none the worse for their adventure. Fortunately for them the night had been warm.

An expedition to Austabottind, which was suggested by Fröken Bertheau as likely to be of considerable interest and on which we had the pleasure of her company, was arranged; we were to attack the peak by a route which had only once been taken (by a Danish climber named Rostrup) and which was reputed difficult.

After more than the usual delay incidental to an early start we got away at 5.15 a.m. on the 30th July, with Ole Berge as guide. In due course the Berdalsbræ was reached; we ascended to its head and took to the rocks of the peak in a line almost directly under the summit. The troubles began at once; rotten rock, steep slabs, and ledges just affording lodgment for the loose stones which covered them. Such climbing has little attraction for

me. By the time we had ascended about 200 feet and were all uncomfortably placed (certainly at this point no one was sufficiently firm to stand much strain) it seemed that we could only advance further by incurring unwarrantable risk.

Our position was this:—Ole had with great difficulty traversed a steep slab by a small and slippery ledge which barely afforded foothold, and where no hold for the hands was available; he was then able to give neither assistance nor security to the next man, indeed, he expressed doubt whether, if need be, he himself could return safely. Finally, he unroped and went ahead to see what the prospect was beyond.

Photo. by Eric Ullén.

AUSTABOTTIND FROM THE SOLEI RIDGE.

His report was that it was all alike as far as he could see—steep slabs, rotten rocks, and every difficulty forcing us towards a shallow gully on the right, which, while we had been climbing, was swept by several falls of snow

and stones. We therefore decided to retreat, and were very glad when Ole had safely crossed the bad place and we were able to move again. The glacier below us was like a rubbish tip with the débris we had dislodged, and more was added on the descent.

The question was, what were we to do? Trial of a place to the right was suggested where a tongue of the glacier reached higher up the rocks, and where also the ridge was much lower, so that, at the worst, we should have had comparatively little (only about 250 feet) of the bad rock to contend with.* No one but the proposer however seemed to care about the idea, and we still less liked Ole's suggestion that we should descend the glacier, get on the ridge at its lowest point, and so gain the summit by the ordinary way. Among the disadvantages of this plan was the fact that we should not reach home before midnight. Eventually, and after much deliberation, it was reluctantly agreed to write the day off as one of failure and go leisurely home.

And a most delightful walk it was! Frequent rests, enlivened with multitudes of those small jokes which have such fine flavour on a mountain, brought us to Turtegrö in a condition of high spirits and hilarity, which to poor Ole, who persisted in being very depressed, seemed wholly sinful and shameless in defeated mountaineers. But we only laughed the more, to the bewilderment of those kind friends who while offering condolences only got chaffed for their pains!

A crumb of comfort came to those deeper and better feelings which existed beneath our levity (no one likes defeat, however much he may joke about it) when we were told that we had at all events not suffered defeat on a route which had been previously climbed, for it seemed that our troubles had arisen through ignorance of Rostrup's exact line of route, which we had departed from—though perhaps but slightly.

No matter! we had not only had a good day, but also the privilege of climbing with a lady whose skill was a

* This, I afterwards learnt, was Slingsby's line of descent in 1889.—*vide* "Norway: The Northern Playground," p. 222.

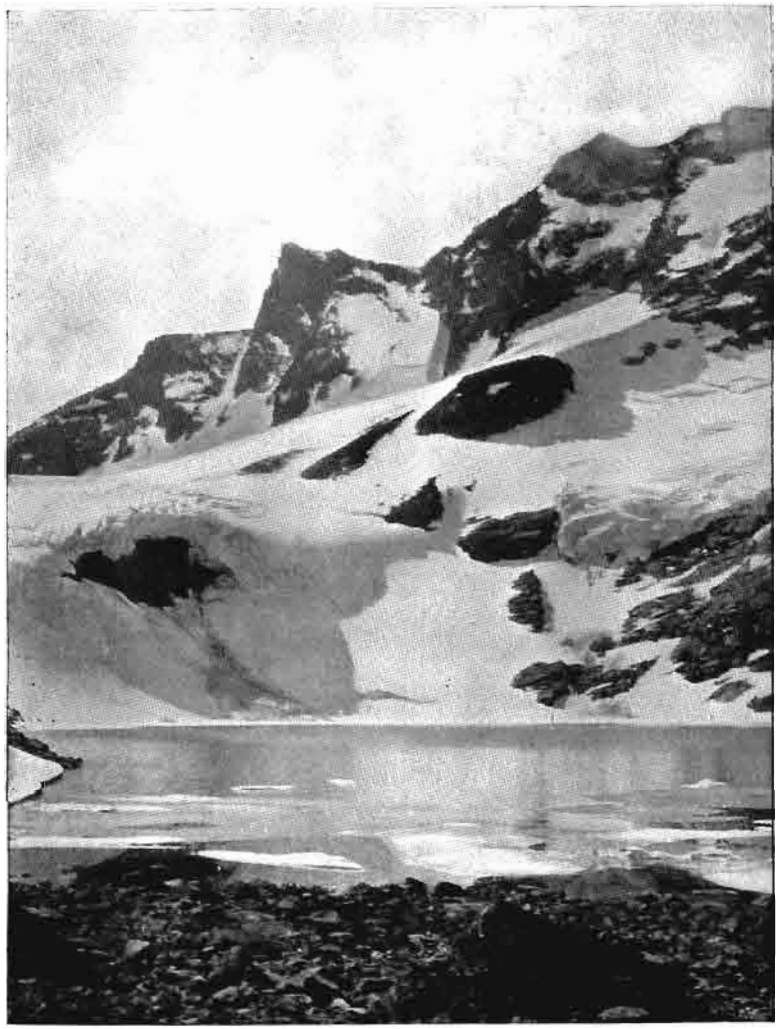


Photo. by C. A. Hill.

THE DYRHAUGSTINDER.

FROM THE SKAGASTOLS TARN.

pleasure to witness. Fröken Bertheau's manipulation of the rope on a glacier and, above all, on those viciously rotten rocks excited one's sincere admiration. Ability to climb over extremely loose ground without either dislodging stones or allowing the rope to do so is a virtue recognised by no one so fully as the man below!

The weather having maintained perfection for so long a time now broke for a day or two and enforced idleness on us; but one other first rate climb was yet in store.

The Southern Dyrhaugstind was first climbed from Bandet in 1895 by Messrs. Patchell and Simpson, led by Johannes Vigdal of Solvorn.* The second ascent lies to the credit of Messrs. Raeburn, Tandberg and Pauss in 1902. Both of these parties kept to the left (S.) of the ridge.

A few days before our ascent Herr Erik Ullén had climbed it with Fröken Bertheau and Herr Tönsberg, varying the route of their predecessors considerably, and when Ullén invited us to join him and Fröken Bertheau in another visit we were only too delighted. At the last moment the arrival of friends from England prevented Dr. Hill from joining the party.

At the gap in the ridge which comes down to the Skagastölstindskar is a broad ledge. Here we roped, and the sport began at once. Two succeeding gullies, steep and interesting but not difficult, brought us on to the ridge; thence traversing some 150 feet to the right (N) an almost vertical wall of about 100 feet was reached, and here the difficulty in places became great. The rock is not sound, the holds are very small, and the greatest care was necessary. Ullén led finely, but at one place had to come back puzzled by a difficulty which was not experienced on his previous ascent. Returning to the attack he surmounted the obstacle and took out 90 feet of rope before an anchorage was reached. Fröken Bertheau followed, and before tackling the pitch myself I was glad to send up the axe and sack which I was carrying. The crux of this part of the climb is a short

* "Things new and old on the Justedalsbræ and in the Horunger." *Den Norske Turistforenings Årbog*, 1896, p. 67.

traverse across a shallow gully. The rocks slightly overhang and disturb one's equilibrium, while the holds for the fingers are very minute, far apart, and barely of sufficient use for steadying purposes. From somewhere here an important hold had fallen since the previous visit, which added greatly to the difficulty.

Once across this gully the ascent continues straight up and over rocks so rotten that safe handholds are scarce and footholds have to be used circumspectly. The place of anchorage was simply a flat slab about 3 feet square. From it a traverse to the left involving two or three steps of delicate balancing on a narrow ledge, with a bulging rock above—which presses one out without affording the slightest hold for the hands, leads into a half-rotten chimney. Soon after passing this the other route was joined, the ridge merged into the face, and the remainder of the climb was over steep but delightfully sound rocks. The 800 feet or thereabouts from the gap took us two hours and a-half of fairly quick climbing.

Food and a short rest at the cairn, and then the rope was coiled and we scrambled over all the peaks of the Dyrhaugsridge and down to Turtegrö in the gayest of moods.

That evening Ullén and I decided that on the morrow —my last day—we two would climb Store Skagastölstind by a new route of his on the S. ridge and come back over all the peaks of the ridge, including the descent of the 'V' gap. This would have been the first traverse of the ridge in that direction and the whole would have made a fine expedition.

Alas! we rose at 4 a.m. to find the weather hopelessly bad. Greatly disappointed though we were it would have been folly to attempt the traverse of such an exposed ridge in such a storm—the climbing in places is sufficiently difficult in fine weather. All day the wind blew violently across the ridge, clouds were low, and snow and hail fell on the heights.

So much for the climbing part of an exceptionally good holiday, which it must be understood was enjoyed

under sybaritic conditions, the rocks everywhere being dry and warm.

Even for a moderate climber there is an infinite amount of interesting work in the climbs described, and they are a mere fraction of the possibilites that may be found amid their surroundings—surroundings too of a grandeur difficult to surpass, while there is climbing worthy of the mettle of the best of mountaineers, and—it is not yet either hackneyed or stale.

I retain other memories of 'off days' in Skagastölsbotn and to the Styggedalsbræ; on Oscarshoug and Klypenaase, with the whole glorious group of peaks bathed in sunlight across the Helgedal. Nor are likely to be forgotten the jovial parties which went a-bouldering, or the sewing parties on the verandah where the clever fingers of Norse ladies converted two of my apparently hopeless garments into one of real use.

Not that I was the solitary object of their charity, for Hill, who is a large man with a great affection for 'friction holds,' had to be mended almost daily. One of the commonest and yet most touching of sights was that of three ladies engaged at once on the salient points of one portion of his raiment.

Want of space prevents me from telling of the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the first lady's ascent of Store Skagastölstind. Fröken Bertheau was the recipient of quite an international celebration, there being Norse, Swedes, Germans and English present. Many were the songs and the speeches and the skaals!

One pleasant feature of our holiday which must be mentioned was that (thanks to the virtues of those Yorkshire Ramblers who had preceded us) the name of our Club was accepted as a sufficient introduction by charmingly kind people to whom we came to owe gratitude for much hospitality. May it ever be so!

SLOGEN.

A DAY ON THE SEAWARD FACE.

By Harold Raeburn.

Away up at the head of one of old Norway's grandest fjords lies the splendid mountain called Slogen. Beautiful it is; does not our English father of Norse mountaineering, Mr. W. C. Slingsby, call Slogen "the most beautiful peak in Norway," and who has a better authority to speak of its beauties than the man whose foot has first been planted on so many of the highest pinnacles of the "Northern Playground?"

Slingsby says of it,—"From the pass we saw the top 2,000 feet of Slogen, a pyramid so sharp that I have rarely, if ever, seen its equal, either amongst the Chamouni Aiguilles or in the Dolomites."

The sight of Slogen, from whatever point one gets his first view of its soaring horn, is an inspiring spectacle to the mountaineer's heart. As his eyes follow its noble concave curves, ever steepening as they sweep upwards, his spirits are lifted with those lines, and he resolves that before long his feet must tread the apex of that airy spire.

Slogen is situated at the very head of the Norangsfjord, a branch of the Hjörundfjord. It is one of the highest of the 'Söndmöre Alps,' a district of sharp peaks and jagged ridges, very different from the monotonous, huge humpy 'Fjelde' of the principal Fjords. Here is a district of 'Tinder' and 'Horner,' of saw-toothed ridges, whereon—as Herr Randers, the author of "Söndmöre" has it—"Selv en liniedanser kunde balancere"—only a tightrope walker could balance. Here is also a region of steep glaciers and deep snow-filled gullies, for though relatively low (few of the peaks rising much above 5,000 ft.), yet we are here at 62° N.

From a drawing by Miss Chester.

SLOGEN.

latitude and the snow line lies at a comparatively low level.

Priestman, Ling and the writer had wandered through the Western Peninsula of Söndmöre, and had been lucky enough to annex one or two of those scarce articles now-a-days, even in Norway,—virgin peaks. We had settled for a few days in the extremely comfortable Hotel Union, at Öie, and had done some good climbing, mostly novel, from there. It would never do to leave Öie without ascending Slogen. Unfortunately from our point of view, Slogen, though an impossible looking peak from all sides but one, was on that one side entirely devoid of difficulty. Indeed, as some people have even been known to speak disrespectfully of the equator—that "menagery lion running round the earth," as the school child said—so is it with Slogen. The ordinary ascent has been described in the classic phrase of Mr. Mantalini as "one demn'd horrid grind." We however, had come to Söndmöre in search of novel climbs, and therefore, as we certainly wished to get to the top of Slogen, it was necessary that an entirely new route be selected.

The climbing history of Slogen is not extensive. The first ascent was apparently made by a Norseman, Jon Klok, and his brother a few years previous to 1884. In that year Slingsby made the second ascent along with his brother-in-law and Jon Klok, and wrote of the peak,—"Slogen has one possible route and one only." No one appeared to care about disproving this till 1899. In August of that year Mr. Armstrong made with Vigdal, the famous Norse guide, a grand though futile eleven hours struggle in the great gully that sweeps up to Klokseggen below the S.W. face. A few weeks later Slingsby, with G. Hastings and A. and E. Todd, had the pleasure, as he says, of "eating his own words," and did a splendid climb up the grand N. arête.

This as far as I know has not been repeated, nor had any other attempts been made to get out of the rut of the ordinary way till our visit in July, 1903.

Some hours of idleness on Sunday had been spent by Ling and I in quietly floating on the calm waters of the Norangsfjord.

*" Saa Baaden syntes let ophaengt at svaeve
Mid i et Lufthav hvor der ej var bund
Men lige dybt foroven og forneden
Som Jordens Kugle mid i Evigheden."

We had studied from thence the tremendous wall of the south west face of the mountain. Given perfect conditions, as now, we came to the conclusion that it might be forced. If that were so it would be the biggest thing in the way of a rock-climb that either of us had set eyes on.

On Tuesday, July 28th, the conditions were A. P.—absolutely perfect. Eight days of blazing sun for almost twenty hours a day had removed all traces of ice from the rocks, and the face was for 4,000 feet far too steep to allow of any quantity of snow lodging. Both of us were in good condition after a weeks' splendid scrambling and climbing. We were prepared if necessary to pass a night upon the rocks, and last, but not least, we had with us a pair of *kletterschuhe*, such as are used on the magnesian limestone peaks of S. Tyrol. We resolved to make an attempt, at any rate, to traverse Slogen direct from the sea.

The morning was a lovely one, and already it was hot as Ling and I left the hotel at 7. We walked down the road to the steamer pier and from there turned straight up hill to the foot of the huge series of slabs that here girdle the base of Slogen. These slabs are here and there covered with earth and moss, and were brilliant with the tall, delicate pink flower spikes of saxifrage.

We put on the rope at 950 feet and started up the face. At 1,200 feet however it was considered inadvisable to persevere, as the earthy turf on these holdless slabs had thinned out to nothing. A descent was therefore made down to the screes again.

Our first objective was to gain the foot of the great buttress which walls in the Armstrong-Vigdal gully on the S. The drainage from this gully pours over these lower

* "It seemed to me as though that I did glide,
Not upon water, but in thinnest air
Boundless and measureless as is the ether rare,
Where, from Time's earliest to latest tide
Amidst Eternity our old Earth rolls."

slabs in a series of slides and falls about 1,000 feet high. We therefore traversed along below the falls to their west side and restarted the climb at 9.10 a.m.,—height by aneroid 900 feet.

We had a hot, stiff fight up here, by steep grassy ledges and through bushes and trees, having often to haul ourselves up overhanging places by the roots and stems of the latter. At 11 o'clock we crossed some slabs on our right and entered the bed of the gully, just above the waterfalls. Here we rested for half-an-hour and had lunch and admired the view, somewhat restricted by the narrowness of the Fjord and the steepness of its containing walls of Slogen and Staalberget; the aneroid gave here 1,900 feet.

At 11.30 we crossed the gully and got onto the ridge by a steep chimney. Here the wall is only about 40 feet in height. Higher up the height of this above the gully rapidly increases, by reason of the ridge's angle being much greater than that of the gully, till it is nearly 1,000 feet above the gully bed. This wall is nearly vertical on the gully side (indeed in many places it overhangs) all the way up.

The next 2,000 feet of climbing, though full of the most interesting and varied rock work, presented nothing of very special difficulty. We were twice forced off the ridge into a gully or chimney on our right (E.) and had a little step-cutting occasionally in the masses of hard snow in its pitches. *Kletterschuhe* were used on one rather awkward slabby traverse into the gully; they were of course useless in the chimney itself as there was water and slime from the melting snow on its chockstone pitches. Great care was necessary here on the part of the leader, as immense quantities of loose stones lay at the top of each pitch and emphasized very strongly the advantage of there being only two men on the rope. Somewhat before being driven off the ridge for the first time we made an interesting find. A mountain finch flew out of a crevice—height by aneroid 2,650 feet—from a nest containing five fresh eggs. We took one egg, which was carried safely to Öie but unfortunately went amissing

on our long tramp South over Horningdalsrokken and the Justedalsbræ. After four hours' work (at 3.10 p.m.) we halted a second time and had a second lunch, afternoon tea, or whatever it might be called. The aneroid now registered 3,550 feet.

At about 4,000 feet the great ridge began to merge in the almost vertical W. face of the steepest side of Slogen. The climbing became now so crowded with interest and incidents that it is impossible to recall them all. Several times were we almost 'pounded,' and without *kletterschuhe* I do not think we could have gone on. At only one place, however, Ling told me afterwards, did he think we must give up. My opinion, I may state, fully coincided with his, though neither of us hinted as much to each other at the time. Ling was at this time seated astride a spike of rock projecting from the vertical face, the snow of the gully being fully 1,200 feet below, while I vainly endeavoured to drag myself up an overhanging bulge above. No use! even *kletterschuhe* could find no hold here. The difficulty was finally overcome by a traverse round a crazy corner, where the mining out of half-a-ton of rock alone allowed of a passage being effected.

The rock at this part of the climb was decidedly rotten. On the face to our left a great yellow mark 80 feet high by 40 broad showed where a huge rock-fall had recently taken place. The great gully must always be, as Slingsby has rightly pointed out, exceedingly dangerous on account of falling stones. Those we sent down here went whizzing into its snows with the terrific velocity gained in a fall of 1,500 feet.

At length, towards 8 p.m., we reached a slanting ledge where a little snow was able to lodge, and victory appeared in sight. The final line of cliffs however appeared vertical, or overhanging, but we found a chimney, which, higher, thinned out into a deep crack splitting off a huge block from the face. This climbed, we gained a ledge from which another vertical crack sprang upwards, and at last, at 8.30 p.m., we reached the top of the cliffs 50 feet lower than and 100 yards to the E. of the

cairn, the aneroid making 5,200 feet. Binding up the rope, we hastened to the cairn. There we spent a glorious half-hour in admiring the magnificent panorama spread before us.

The black shadows were creeping up the narrow fjords and dales, filling them with dusky haze; but still a good height above the jagged spears of the N.W. mountain ridges the glorious sun shone in hardly diminished radiance, and even at this height and at this hour the air was warm. From our feet fell down, almost into the laving waters of the Norangsfjord, the vast wall up which we had toiled throughout this long summer day.

The darkening chasm of the Hjörundfjord led the eye westward between range after range of jagged rock-peaks and dazzling snow-ridges to the islands round Aalesund and, further, to the dim blueness of the open Atlantic. Close at hand on the north appeared our peaks of yesterday, the Brekketin and Gjeithorn, with their connecting ridge of fantastic aiguilles soaring above the white folds of the glaciers. To the south west we looked across the fjord on the peaks of the western division of the Söndmöre Alps and could clearly distinguish our new mountains of last week.

But how impossible is it to convey an idea of all we saw and felt during the heavenly half-hour we spent that summer evening on the airy spire of Slogen. Suffice it to say we were happy, with the perfect and utter mountaineering happiness "born of the long struggle finally ending in victory, though swaying at times in the balance towards defeat." All things, both evil and good, must however come to an end, and at 9 p.m. we were struck by the thought that our friends below might be getting a little anxious, so it was time we were off. Getting on the glacier which lies on the north side of Slogen we had some fine standing glissades, which gave us so much assistance that the 5,000 feet it had taken over 11 hours to climb were disposed of in one-and-a-quarter. The road in Norangsdal was reached at 10.20, and the Hotel Union at 10.35 p.m., in spite of halts on the way

down to admire the magnificent sunset behind the mountain ridge called Saksa, or 'The Scissors.'

Our reception at Öie was so public and cordial that, as modest men, we were grateful for the gathering dusk, the more especially as certain essential garments had suffered considerably during our long wrestle with the rocks.

We sat down at 11 p.m. to the excellent dinner provided, even at this late hour, by Frau Stub. Our day on the seaward face of Slogen will ever remain the brightest memory of that gloriously fine fortnight we spent in the Söndmöre Alps of 'Gamle Norge.'

Photo. by Eric Ullén.

ON "MINDSTE SKAGASTOLSTIND," NEAR TURTEGRO.

MAN-HUNTING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

BY SIR JOHN N. BARRAN.

What is a man-hunt? The title has something vindictive, almost blood-thirsty, about it: it suggests times of political and social disorder, of lost causes, fanatic loyalty, and iron repression: it recalls the days of Covenanter and Jacobite: it conjures up visions of deep-baying bloodhounds and of stern officers of the law tracking famished and despairing refugees into their remotest hiding places.

All such heroic attributes must in candour be disclaimed—reluctantly perhaps, for is there not romance in them? Man-hunting, reduced to plain English, is in fact an unlimited paper-chase without the paper.

Whether any fancies, of the kind I have described and based on historical fact or tradition, floated across the minds of those who evolved man-hunting as a game, it is not now possible even for the inventors themselves to say. All that is certain is that some six or seven years ago a small band of Cambridge undergraduates conceived the the idea of making mountain, lake, and valley something more than the scene of staid exercise of limb and muscle. They had walked there—they had climbed there—why should they not *run* there? The charm of the hills attracts the walker, their difficulties tempt the climber, why should not their wildness, their broken ruggedness, test the endurance and draw out the scenting qualities of hare and hound?

The plan thus formed developed on lines of natural experiment. Youth is fervid, and the early bands turned themselves loose on vast tracts of the most rugged country in England, with few rules of the game and excellent but quite inadequate winds.

In 1899, for instance, the hunt ranged over the whole Scafell Range, Bowfell, the Langdale Pikes, Glaramara, Brandreth, and Great Gable. Even to name such an area takes the breath away. The results were twofold. In the first place, there was the risk of getting into trouble

as trespassers, lunatics, or both. This led to the restriction of the hunting-ground to the more solitary places. And in the second place, meetings of hunter and hunted were comparatively rare, and good runs were few. This led to a rigid definition of area and some formulation of rules.

These rules, although never set out in binding form, and being more in the nature of unwritten law, form a broad working basis, and may be summarised thus:—

(i). A district is chosen suitable for the purpose, from the varied features of hill, valley, contour lines, lake, stream, and woodland which it presents. It is most often found in Cumberland or Westmorland, but good country may be had in Scotland, N. Wales, and even Yorkshire.* But wherever it be, and of whatever extent, its boundaries are carefully laid down beforehand, and are 'taken as read' on the one-inch ordnance survey carried by all who take part.

(ii). Within these boundaries, for three consecutive days, and between the hours of 8.30 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. on each, the hunted men, three in number, are bound to be. And further, they must not only be there, but be on the move within reasonable intervals. For in theory—and in practice too—they have no store of either food or covering which would enable them to 'lie low.' They are, in fact, aiming at some imaginary distant point, but are hemmed in by pursuers to whom it is their constant effort to give a wide berth. Outside the hours named they may exist where and how they please, living in the open, lying-up in caves, or seeking inn or farmhouse. Each wears a broad red sash diagonally across the shoulders, and a touch disqualifies him for the rest of the day. Next day the places of the captured, if there are any, are filled up from the ranks of the capturers.

(iii). The pursuers are bound by even fewer restrictions than the men whom they pursue. They need not at all times be within the hunting area. There is no appointed leader, and therefore no centralised system of tactics or strategic discipline. Beyond the one simple duty of going forth and running their quarry to earth they have no

*The area of country chosen must depend largely on its nature, and on the numbers engaged. Twelve square miles in a mountainous region give as much scope as is needed for a band of 20 men.

positive command laid upon them, but as a matter of fact some concerted action is usually arranged by mutual agreement, at any rate for the beginning of each day. Two or more places on the extreme limits of the ground are hounds' quarters, and from these they emerge at 8.30 in packs of three or four, sweeping up ridge and valley towards the high central parts, on which the main work of the day is bound chiefly to lie. For the hare of spirit knows that the tops are his sanctuary and the bottoms a death-trap. Each man goes as lightly accoutred as may be, boots—nailed or rubber-soled, map, sandwiches, and compass in pocket, and—most important of all—field-glasses slung over the shoulder. Scouting, in fact, is half the battle, and Baden Powell's maxims must be ever before his eyes. While moving briskly he will from time to time sweep the horizon before and behind, to right and to left; noting his own tracks and picking out his future course; reckoning up every feature of rock, scree, grass-slope, bog, or the like which may serve or hamper his adversary or himself; maintaining a cautious connection by signal with his colleagues; keeping a hawk's eye for the least movement on the sky-line; never showing on the sky-line himself if he can help it; dropping dead behind boulder or bracken if any form shows, till he has raked it with his glass; clinging to cover; and making fast over the open. Truly there is a full day's task for the conscientious hound.

But, meanwhile, he is giving the hare an even severer time. For the hare, conspicuous already by his badge, is made more so by his motions, furtive, hurried and uneasy. He hardly dares to stop and use his glass. For his foot, except in inglorious lurking, there is no rest. And even if he should drop into some nook, he can never tell whether he has been seen from afar and is being surrounded during his spell of fatal ease. Then he may burst away and get clear of his pursuers only to run, breathless and harried, into the arms of an unconscious enemy hidden from view by col or headland.

Enough has been said to show that between gameness on the one side and *esprit de corps* on the other a

man-hunt affords the amplest material for the strenuous life. There is no room to tell of the many incidents which go to make it an instructive as well as an exhilarating game. There are many exciting moments and hair-breadth 'scapes. A hare will dash down an almost precipitous steep and save himself by a smart double back: or, headed from above, he will race down through an enveloping chain of hounds, scour along the open valley and make for the opposite hills: some have escaped, or attempted it, by boat: some have been taken *in puris naturalibus* in a lonely tarn on a hot day. But apart from the supreme moments of capture or escape, a man-hunt gives opportunity for qualities which are well worth exercising, and for knowledge of the fells which is well worth gaining. It brings about the association of hill-climbing with a particular purpose: it cultivates the habits of map-reading, compass-steering and keen observation: and rewards the toiler incidentally by glimpses of nature in some of her finest moods and her most sacred retreats.

The particular man-hunt of which I have written is of a purely private nature. There is at least one other: there might be still more. For those who are prepared

"To scorn delights and live laborious days"

it may be commended as a sport which carries its own reward. And is not that the best kind of sport after all?

JOCKEY HOLE AND RIFT POT.

By T. S. Booth.

The fascinations of pot-holing do not appeal to all. A considerable number of the members of the Club are not attracted by it; it can hardly therefore be wondered at that unfortunate outsiders listen to our pot-holing tales with mingled curiosity, wonder and—at times—contempt.

Rarely, however, does a man join an expedition for once only. Let him but listen to the voice of the charmer, get to the bottom of a pot of even small interest and he is an enthusiastic pot-holer forthwith. Seldom afterwards can he resist the temptation to look up his besmirched garments, and go forth, either to conquer new subterranean worlds or revisit the scenes of his former exploits.

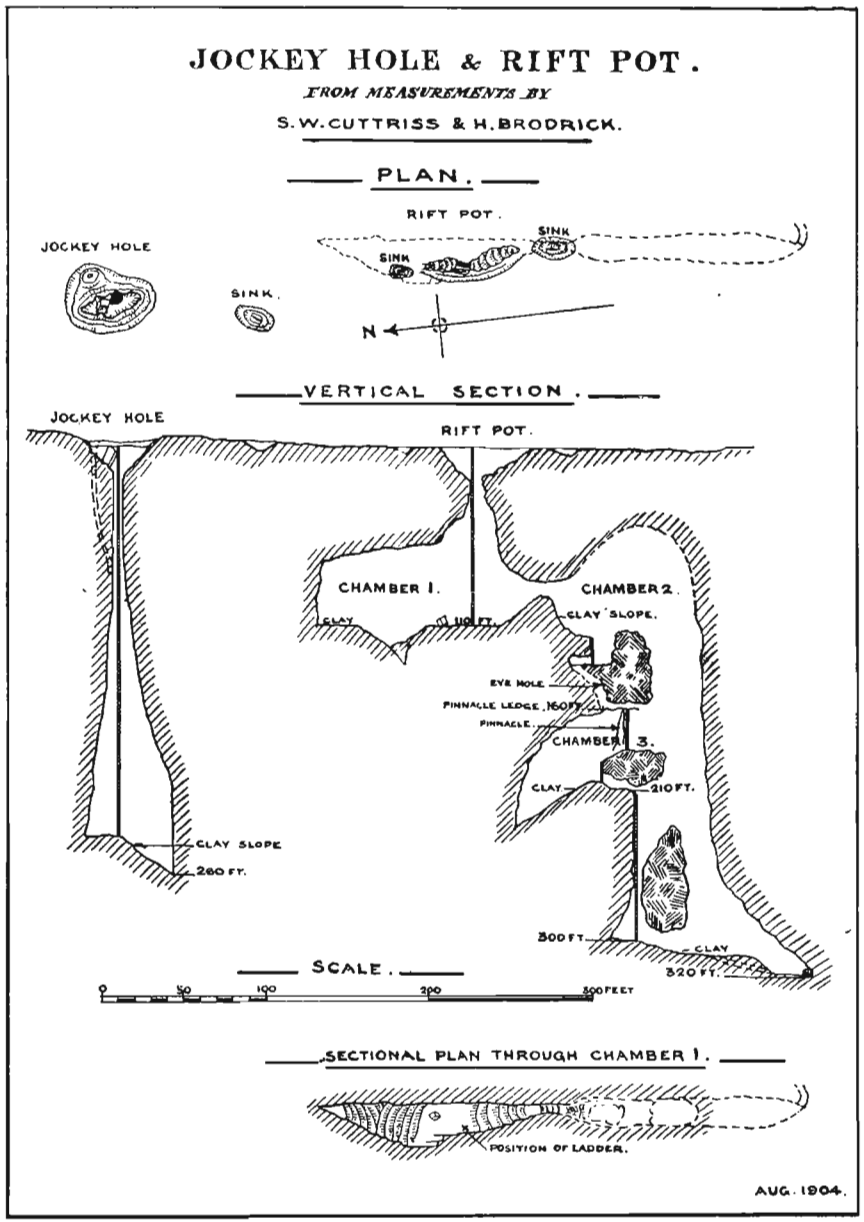
To one usually engrossed in business cares and worries pot-holing comes as a complete change and, almost incredible though it may seem to those who have not indulged in it, there is no greater relief from brain fag than to set out for a pot-holing week end with genial comrades.

On May 21st, 1904, a party consisting of Messrs. Blûm, Buckley, Brodrick, Constantine, Cuttriss, Green, Hastings, Hill, Moore, Parsons, Swithinbank and the writer arrived at the New Inn, Clapham, well provided with tackle, and with the exploration of Jockey Hole as their object.

The Hole is somewhat out of the ordinary pedestrian's track, being about a quarter-of-a-mile north-east from the top of the Scars at the head of Clapdale.

A slight depression surrounds it, and a steep slope leads down to the opening of its nearly circular vertical shaft. The northern part of the slope is blocked by a large rock which some years ago became detached from the western face and jammed itself across the hole.

Our tackle was carted from the Inn to a spot about a quarter-of-a-mile from the Pot; the party then carried it the remaining distance and began to make preparations for the morrow's work.



Early next morning a start was made from the hotel. Our walk was through the lovely and secluded village, and up through Mr. Farrer's well kept grounds.

Clapham is at all times, in my opinion, the prettiest village in Yorkshire, but on this occasion it seemed to surpass even itself. The banks, here golden with primroses, and there purple with wild hyacinths: the trees in early spring-tide beauty: the rippling stream, with the white limestone scars in the background: all combined to render the scene most charming. Indeed, such attractions made even the most ardent pot-holer pause and question his own taste in leaving so much beauty to seek the gloom of the underground.

Not without some regret our progress was continued, the Hole was reached, and work begun. Rope-ladders were tied together, one end fastened to a stake driven into the slope, and the other end lowered into the hole. A man climbed down the ladder to a ledge about 20 feet below the surface, where he remained to form a communicating link between each man who afterwards descended and the men at the surface who manipulated the safety-rope. Another man then followed, and on reaching the last rung some 200 feet down and finding that he was still some distance above the bottom of the chasm, which was now clearly discernible, rather than waste time and energy by returning, he asked to be lowered bodily on the safety line and so completed the descent. This rarely-used method proved by no means comfortable. Immediately on leaving the ladder the additional tension put on the already fairly taut life-line by the whole of his weight caused him to drop six or seven feet. This was succeeded by a rebound, the whole action strongly reminding him of childhood's days and a 'Father Christmas' on a piece of elastic. When, too, his estimated depth of 15 feet from the bottom end of the ladder to the floor of the pot-hole proved to be 40 feet instead the experience of this method of descent proved far from agreeable to him.

To misjudge depths, not to mention distances, is a common mistake to make below ground, it being difficult to

form even approximately correct estimates in the semi-darkness which prevails. Extra care ought therefore to be exercised when leaving a ladder in the manner related, and especially on a long rope.

In order to avoid a repetition of the unpleasant dangling process the ladder was then lowered until the bottom rung was within 8 feet of the floor of the hole, the top being some 50 feet from the surface. By this means the descent was safely continued and the leader was soon joined by his comrades.

We had descended a beautifully fluted perpendicular shaft about 210 feet in depth, the sides of the upper portion of which looked particularly weird when viewed from the dark depths below. Towards the bottom, where it contracted in width, a shower of water falling from the sides made the descent somewhat uncomfortable. We had landed on a clayey slope, down which we now proceeded cautiously and were soon confronted by a perpendicular wall of what appeared to be wet clay and rounded stones, which barred further progress. The depth from the surface was here found to be 260 feet.

We looked carefully for any outlets, but with no result. Somewhat disappointed the party prepared to return; but as the last rung of the ladder hung about 8 feet overhead the life-line had to be climbed that height before it could be reached. This did not end our difficulties, for after the 150 feet of ladder had been re-mounted the explorers were informed by a friend, comfortably ensconced on a ledge just above, that a further 10 feet would have to be climbed hand-over-hand on the rope with which the ladders had been lowered. One member of the party while ascending the ladder found that the end of the safety line which had been lowered for his use had got threaded between two rungs. He was therefore compelled to take the line off, disentangle it and tie himself on again—a no-very-comfortable or easy task in such a situation. He was rewarded for this feat by having to stay on the small ledge 50 feet from the top for five or six hours, directing the others and acting as a communicating link between the men above and those below.

While one man was still at the bottom an awful crash as of falling rocks was heard by the party at the top. Receiving no answer from the men on the ledge as to the cause or result of this it was feared for a few moments that someone might have fallen from it, and immense relief was felt when it was found that nothing dreadful had occurred. A stone of no great size had fallen from below the ledge, dislodged larger ones in its descent, and thus occasioned the alarm. Fortunately the man at the bottom, hearing the stones coming, had rushed to the southern extremity, and from that place of comparative safety observed the falling masses strike the very spot where he had been standing but a moment before. Notwithstanding the shock he experienced, he quickly regained the surface, where he was received with the cordial congratulations of his comrades.

Thus ended our exploration of Jockey Hole. Generally, we were disappointed with it. From its appearance above and during the progress of our descent we had had hopes that it would lead to passages of no mean importance and size; but, as is not unusual, these expectations were not realised. It was about noon when all the members of the party regained the surface, and having the greater part of the day still before them it was decided to explore an un-named pot about 20 yards south of Jockey Hole.

Its unpretentious surface appearance would have made it difficult to find, but its relative position to Jockey Hole had been carefully located previously.

It is a fissure in the Fells measuring about 10 feet by 60 feet at the surface. At each end there is an easy slope downwards for about 30 feet, where the top of a perpendicular shaft is reached. This shaft we had previously plumbed and found it to be 112 feet deep from the surface.

Our rope-ladders were soon lowered, and four men descended and found the shaft gradually opened into a chamber about 150 feet in length and lying practically north and south. At its southern end was a bank of fallen stones. Climbing this they came to a clay slope which led into another chamber. As further progress here

seemed to be difficult, and required more time than the men had at their disposal that day, it was decided to return.

Next morning an earlier start was made, every member of the party being full of expectation. Within half-an-hour of reaching the Hole six men were at the bottom of the first shaft. On arriving at the top of the clay slope, which had been the furthest point reached the previous day, one man took up his station there, while the others

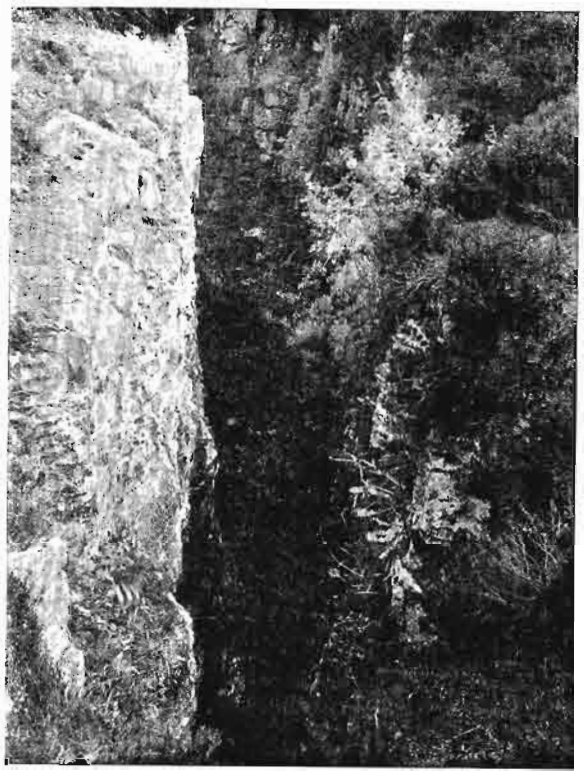


Photo by A. R. Dwerryhouse.

RIFT POT.

climbed down to find that they were now in a gradually descending passage, the floor of which was perforated with holes through which dislodged stones fell with a sound

indicating a great depth. A pitch of about 25 feet followed, which was descended by means of a ladder we had brought along.

It was now seen that the floor of the second chamber had been reached, and by throwing stones around we gathered that there were several outlets from it. One of these, over a wall about 20 feet high, was reached after a rather stiff climb by one of the more expert members, who then was stopped by a vertical shaft of perhaps 150 or 200 feet in depth. Having no ladders any attempt to descend this was out of the question, so it was abandoned and other openings were examined.

By traversing a ledge of rock directly underneath the clay slope a passage some 4 feet wide and 6 feet high, descending at an angle of about 45°, was discovered. In this there were several pitches of three or four feet each, and as the leader found it necessary for safety to shift the masses of loose stones which lay on the slopes here, volleys of them went crashing into the depths below. His efforts to remove all were in vain, for he could find no solid foundation. Nothing daunted, the party, keeping close together to avoid accident from the dislodged stones, descended the sloping passage slowly for a distance of 40 feet or so, when they were brought to a standstill by a vertical pitch of about 12 feet. This was avoided by wriggling through a small hole dubbed "the Eye," which opened into a little recess beneath where we stood, and which afforded barely sufficient room for three men. Pursuing the descent from here, and still over extremely loose stones, another large chamber was reached, high up on the east wall of which the party found themselves perched.

Since leaving the second chamber progress had been very slow. Every step had started a shower of stones; the leader, consequently, had been the greatest sufferer, having had a lively time fielding them. About 20 feet below 'the Eye,' a drop of 30 or 40 feet was reached, which again brought the party to a temporary standstill; but, by creeping round a very awkward corner on a narrow and outward sloping ledge, above which the rocks overhung and barely left room for a man to crawl, the top of a pinnacle

of rock was reached about five yards along the ledge. As this seemed a suitable place from which to continue the descent the expert climber's services were again called in request. Leaving one man on the ledge the others made the somewhat difficult descent in turn and examined their new surroundings.

They appeared to be on the floor of a third chamber, one side of which they had climbed down; but, on closer examination, the floor proved to be only another mass of jammed stones forming a broken platform about 40 feet long by 20 wide. A stone thrown from the southern end of this platform fell over 130 feet before striking the bottom. At the north end there was a much less fall and this was negotiated by a bit of difficult climbing. Still another floor was thus reached and, descending a short slope leading in a southerly direction, another drop—this time of about 120 feet—was encountered. Without ladders and more assistance no further exploration could now be made, so a return to the surface was begun, the man on the pinnacle-ledge was picked up on the way, the squeeze through 'the Eye' once more effected, and the passage with the loose stones ascended at the cost of a few additional bruises to each man. Climbing up the ladder above the floor of the second chamber we found that the man we had left at the top of the clay slope had been sadly troubled at the tremendous noise we had made while clearing the passages below. His shouts of enquiry had, however, been drowned by the crash of the falling stones. The long climb up the last ladder to the surface and the exertion of hauling up all the tackle thoroughly warmed each member of the party, and the consciousness of their disreputable appearance on their return to Clapham in no way interfered with the satisfaction they felt with the work done.

A second attack on the Pot was commenced by a fatigue party of four on August 20th, 1904. These men superintended the conveyance of two cart-loads of tackle (including a complete camp equipment and food for three days) from Clapham to the scene of operations.

Somewhat late in the day two tents were pitched in Clapdale, about a mile below the Pot. The men then endeavoured to sleep the "sleep of the just," but it must be confessed without much success, for the bracken with which the mattresses had been filled was provokingly uneven. The next morning was occupied in pitching two more tents and in putting the whole camp in order. The latter was no easy task, for the owner of the tents, who was expected to join the party, is a man of luxury and somewhat exacting in his demands for comfort even in camp life.

In the afternoon we walked over to the Pot, the ladders were let down, and the tackle which was to be taken forward was lowered. The party was by this time considerably augmented, and it was decided that the four men who had come up the previous day should continue the descent, taking with them the extra tackle required for the morrow. This consisted of four ladders, each about 35 feet in length, ropes, flare-lamps and sundry other necessaries, so that their progress was slow. After depositing the ladders, etc. at the spot reached on the previous expedition the return journey—rendered pleasurable by the absence of impedimenta—was made to the surface.

On reaching the camping ground a quick toilet was made at a water-trough a short distance away, and the party considerably refreshed sat down to a dinner of such excellence as is not usually associated with camp life. The repast was succeeded by a jovial evening.

Next morning all were astir by 4.30, and the descent was begun soon after.

Two of the men who had been down with us the previous day were left in the large chamber to take its measurements, and others descended the clay slope beyond in two separate parties to reduce as far as possible the risk of injury from falling stones. Progress was very slow. Owing to loose stones it took us an hour-and-a-half to descend 100 yards, during which time the men who had not been down before were duly impressed in more senses than one.

On reaching the place where the tackle had been left the previous day the extra ladders were quickly tied together and lowered down the unexplored shaft. A man then descended some 60 feet and endeavoured to reconnoitre by the aid of a flare-lamp which had been lowered. This lamp did not prove of great service however, as just at the moment when it was to have been lowered further the cord by which it hung was cut by a sharp rock and the lamp went crashing down into the abyss. Finding that the bottom of the shaft could not be seen from his ladder the explorer returned, and on a second attempt, after 20 feet more ladder had been lowered, the descent was completed.

Two more of the party then went down and found themselves in a lofty chamber about 100 feet long by 30 feet wide. At its southern extremity a steep clay slope led down into a passage some 4 feet in height, which led away eastward. This gradually became shallower until there was not more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in which to crawl along, and as it contained about 2 feet of water progress was a little difficult and none too comfortable. The roof of the passage was coated with scum, showing that at no distant time the exit had been insufficient to allow the water to run away and the passage had been full to its roof. Two members of the party crawled through the water for about a quarter-of-an-hour, and then, as the prospect of the passage opening out did not improve, they returned.

Water-logged passages are no uncommon feature at the bottom of a pot-hole. The cave explorer generally endeavours to keep his feet dry at first, but in his enthusiasm he advances into water perhaps ankle deep. As he goes on he may soon find his knees under water, and before very long be up to the neck in a deep channel, or bent double in a shallow one and almost immersed. So long as the water does not reach to his waist he may not feel much discomfort, but when it rises above that level he feels the effects of the cold more seriously, and vitality is lowered and ardour cooled.

We avoided the bottom clay slope on our way back by taking to a water-course which ran through a passage west

of it, and as the cold and damp were telling upon us we hastened up the lowest ladder and reached the floor of the third chamber.

On our arrival there we were somewhat concerned to find that one of the party, who, earlier in the day had had the misfortune to bump his knee against a rock, was now nearly incapacitated. Hoping to get to the bottom of the hole he had struggled down to the place where we now found him, but was compelled by increasing pain to rest there. Examination showed that the damaged knee was badly swollen, and fears were entertained as to his ability to get to the surface again unaided. However, after he had taken another rest two men were deputed to assist him. This was no easy task either for the sufferer or his assistants, but by dint of much pulling and pushing on the part of the latter and many contortions by the former the floor of the first chamber was at last reached.

As he insisted that he could climb the last ladder without help it was decided that only one man should accompany him, so he climbed the 110 feet of swaying ladder to the surface. Considering that he had only one useful leg to climb with this needed tremendous effort, and must have caused him very great pain.

It had been arranged to haul all the ladders up again in one length in order to reduce the risk of dislodgment of loose stones and to finish the work more quickly. However, generally owing to the rungs catching against the rocks and our consequent efforts to clear them little, if any, time was saved, whilst much breath and more temper were wasted in the effort. Eventually, after a great deal of hard work, all the tackle was got up and the party returned to camp weary and worn but well satisfied with the result of their expedition.

The weather on both occasions was exceptionally favourable; but the few who remained till the following day to strike camp and see the tackle away were awakened at 2 a.m. by a perfect deluge of rain, which continued without cessation for 10 hours and very much hampered them in their work.

The name 'Rift Pot' was given to the hole because of its characteristic form, it being literally a huge vertical rift in the limestone.

The party which took part in the second and successful attack on this Pot consisted of Messrs. Booth, Brodrick, Buckley, Constantine, Cuttriss, Green, Hastings, Hill, Horn, Parsons and Scriven. The three who reached the bottom were Hastings, Green, and the writer.

Note on the Geological Features of Rift Pot.

By Harold Brodrick.

Rift Pot differs from the other pot-holes of the Craven district, so far as my observations there extend, in that its formation throughout its greater part is not the result of water action. It would be more accurately described as a fault-fissure than as a pot-hole. Its chief portions consist of a fissure ranging from five to fifteen feet wide, with platforms of jammed stones at intervals of its depth.

At the moor level the fissure is sixty feet long and seven feet six inches wide in the middle; at the northern end it thins to a crack a few inches wide; while towards the south it widens to about twenty feet. The slopes at each end of this fissure seem to be composed entirely of jammed stones and are considerably undercut, the south platform being so for a horizontal distance of at least fifteen feet, for all of which distance the lower edges of the jammed stones can be seen from below.

At twenty-five feet below the moor the fissure narrows to about three feet, and only widens to about twelve feet at a depth of sixty feet from the moor level, at which point the roof of the main chamber begins and runs more or less level to its east wall. With one slight exception, which will be referred to later, there are no signs of any water action in or above the main chamber; the walls are flat and contain none of the groovings (formed by running water) which are usually found in pot-holes. The floor of the main chamber is composed of loose rocks, through which in one place there is a hole at least twenty-five feet deep and possibly considerably deeper; the sides of this were, however, in too unstable a condition to permit of full examination with safety.

At the northern end of the main chamber the walls come gradually together and finally form a crack only a few inches wide. Towards this end, and partially filling the crack, is a bank of heavy grey clay twenty feet high which is formed of the insoluble portions of limestone, and which also contains a few quartz grains.

The only evidence of water action to be found in the main chamber is near the northern end. The deep hole previously referred to, in the floor, passes through large boulders thinly coated with stalagmite, and as these boulders

are directly beneath a small sink on the moor it is almost certain that the deposit on them has been formed by water filtering through from above, and in quantities too small to have had anything to do with the formation of the Pot.

Running water first makes its appearance at a fissure above the Pinnacle Ledge. The second shaft shews water-grooving of the usual kind, and is more or less circular in shape. It is not known how high the top of it reaches; but as from the rock slope near the south end of the main chamber it can be seen still reaching upwards it is probable that its upper end is not far from the surface. At some unknown level in this shaft considerable percolation of water occurs.

At the northern end, near the moor level, the east wall of the fissure is slickensided, though the slickensides do not cover much of the rock, the greater portion probably having been removed by atmospheric influences; in the first chamber, however, the east wall is slickensided over an area fifty feet in length and at least twenty feet in height. Near the surface the slickensides occur along successive master joints, while those in the chamber occur along another master joint horizontally distant about fifteen feet from those at the surface, thus proving that the faulting occurred along several parallel lines. These slickensides are horizontal, and as the beds of limestone on either side of the upper part of the Pot correspond in level it is probable that no vertical movement accompanied the faulting.

No slickensides could be found on any of the west walls of the Pot. Near the surface the slickensides are coated with clear crystals of calcite which can be pulled off in slabs several inches in area, exposing the slickensides, which here, not having been acted upon by the atmosphere, are very clearly marked. The crystals have obviously been formed by infiltration of water along the line of the open joint.

Where horizontal faulting is met with in such rocks as the Triassic sandstones small open joints or fissures are occasionally found between the two faulted sides, but I do not know of any fissure of the size of Rift Pot which so obviously owes its origin to a fault, although I think it is likely that the deeper pot-holes, such as Gaping Ghyll and Alum Pot, owe their origin to the presence of faults the existence of which has not, as yet, been proved.

The narrowest end of the fissure, down to a level of about twenty feet from the surface, is choked with angular fragments of limestone ranging up to a foot or more in diameter, and

these have been almost entirely coated with clear crystals of calcite which are now etched and polished as if water containing fine powder had run over them. In colour, they are a darker shade of grey than most of the limestone of the district, being probably formed from the so-called 'marble' of the district, several beds of which occur in various pot-holes near. On examining a thin section of one of these fragments under the microscope it is seen to be made up of smaller fragments of limestone cemented together by veins of calcite, the limestone itself being exceedingly fossiliferous and containing polyzoa, brachiopods, encrinital stems, corals, and foraminifera in abundance. In the limestone there also occur small pieces of quartz, angular and splintery, which have been formed as 'fault-stuff' between the walls of the fault, and have subsequently been cemented together and coated with calcite deposited by percolating water.

The deposit of clay in the first chamber, mentioned earlier, is of a very dark blue-grey when wet, but is much lighter in shade when dry; it consists almost entirely of an exceedingly fine powder, and is almost certainly the residue after the solution of the limestone. If this clay is washed for a long time a small residue is left of quartz grains similar to those found in the limestone and probably derived from it. It has been suggested that this clay is glacial clay washed in from the moor, but of this the evidence is doubtful.

The rocky slope to the south of the main chamber is composed of large boulders, which are quite free from incrustation or stalagmite. Below this point are a series of slopes and platforms entirely composed of jammed stones, the platforms in many places being quite thin, and containing holes, through which, if a stone drops, it eventually reaches the bottom of the pot. These slopes and platforms lie one below another, the vertical walls on either side varying from two to six feet apart, and following the form of the fissure at the surface in being wider towards the south. The walls, both above and below 'the Eye,' are in a very unstable condition, being composed of loose blocks of limestone which come away at the least touch and do not exhibit any evidences of having been acted upon by water.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Gowbarrow Fell and Aira Force.

To the Editor of the
Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal.

Sir,

The National Trust for places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty has undertaken to raise the sum of £12,000 for the purchase of Gowbarrow Park Estate, to be held in trust for the people of England as a place of recreation, and for the strengthening of the exhausted energies which are being used up in the strenuous life of our large towns.

A similar effort was made a few years ago when the Brandelhow Estate, by the side of Derwentwater, was purchased and devoted to the use of the Nation; and many proofs have been forthcoming since then of the boon which people have found this national possession to be.

The property now proposed to be acquired consists of Gowbarrow Fell and the lovely glen in which is situated Aira Force, one of the most beautiful waterfalls in the Lake District. The Fell rises to a height of 1,578 feet above sea level, and there is probably no single fell in the Lake District from which a finer grouping of mountain tops and a greater extent of diversified scenery can be seen. The Fell has not hitherto been accessible to the tourist, and has been from time immemorial a sanctuary for bird and beast. Red deer are to be met on it at the present day and have been there ever since the time of William Rufus, if not earlier; and very recently a specimen of that rare bird the golden eagle was seen.

It is intended, so far as possible, to maintain the property as a haven of rest for all animals that may take up their abode there, and also to carefully preserve all specimens of rare plant life which grow there in such great abundance and variety.

The extent of the estate is 740 acres, with a frontage of one mile to Ullswater, and this with "rights of fishing and boating, the deer forest, the woods, and the waterfall can be obtained as a national possession for the sum of £12,000"—a very moderate amount when the unique beauty of the property is considered.

A Local Committee has been formed in Leeds to aid in the collection of money for this object, and several members of our Club are on this Committee.

Remembering the valuable help given by members of the Club to the Brandelhow Scheme, when we were instrumental in raising something like £100, I appeal with confidence for their hearty support and assistance to this much larger and more important project. I would suggest that each member do what he can in the way of subscription, and also that he endeavours to collect amongst his friends. For this purpose collecting cards have been printed and may be obtained from either of our Secretaries. When filled up the cards may be forwarded along with the money collected to H. S. Chorley, Esq., 16, Park Place, Leeds, who will hand them to the local Treasurer and send a receipt to the collector.

The present opportunity of purchase if let slip may not occur again, as with improving means of access such a fine estate is soon likely to be snapped up by the speculative builder. As Ramblers, the preservation of any lovely bit of country should specially appeal to our sympathy and practical help, and therefore I most confidently call upon fellow Ramblers to assist in rescuing yet another of the fast disappearing beauty spots from danger of the spoiler, and from ultimate destruction.

Let me, in closing, quote the following eloquent words of appeal by Canon Rawnsley, which recently appeared in *The Yorkshire Post*:—

When in the black-robed city of the King,
  Who wore his iron-black armour with such pride,
  I heard a voice that like a trumpet cried,
"Give to the far-off people Earth's best thing—
A mountain height that knows the eagle's wing,
  Where the red deer stand proudly side by side
  Then vanish like a dream, and far and wide
Hill, lake, and moorland make the sad heart sing;"
I, turning, saw the weary merchants come
  And lay their gold at the beseecher's feet,
Saying, "Oh! give us sun, sweet air, and light;
We pine and dwindle in this sulphurous night:
  Keep us a land of rest, whose hope is sweet,
And let us dream, on earth, of Heaven our home."

Yours faithfully,

J. M. Nicol.

In Memoriam: James Main Nicol.

> "We are all travellers in what John Bunyan calls the wilderness of this world . . . . and the best that we find in our travels is an honest friend. He is a fortunate voyager who finds many. We travel indeed to find them. They are the end and the reward of life. They keep us worthy of ourselves; and when we are alone, we are only nearer to the absent."
>
> —*Robert Louis Stevenson*

It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we chronicle the death of James Main Nicol on April 10th, 1905. By his untimely decease the Club sustains an irreparable loss, as although not an original member he was closely identified with the aims of the Club, for which he ever worked with a rare and ungrudging enthusiasm.

To the members individually, his removal is a personal grief for the loss of a true friend and comrade of wide sympathies and generous nature.

Nicol was born of Scots parents at Chelsea, in December 1855. In 1863 they returned to Scotland and he was at school in Glasgow until 1869, when he became a pupil of William Alfred Roberts, M.D., L.D.S. of Edinburgh. On the completion of his pupilage he became principal assistant to his uncle William Henderson Nicol, Dental Surgeon of Leeds. In 1882 he passed the greater part of the year in Edinburgh attending medical classes at the Extra Mural School, Minto House, where he gained the silver medal for anatomy. At the conclusion of this course he took the L.D.S. degree of Edinburgh and returned to Leeds to his former appointment with his uncle, which he continued to hold until his death.

Ever an ardent lover of nature and sport, he joined our ranks in 1899 and brought to his membership that whole-heartedness so characteristic of the man, and none ever worked more strenuously and unselfishly for the well-being of the Club. Although not notable as a climber—for he only essayed this form of sport of recent years—he was yet keenly interested in all phases of the craft, and on many occasions was a participant in some of the better-known rock climbs of the Lake Country.

A true North man in his love of the hills, and a mountaineer in its truest sense, his keenest enjoyment came from his many

rambles in Lakeland, or "God's own Country" as he sometimes termed it, and all who at any time accompanied him will ever remember those excursions with feelings of the deepest gratitude.

An untiring walker, the cheeriest of companions, at such times who so ready with joke, song, story and dry—but always good natured—comments on men and things?

To him the Lake Country was a passion, and his untiring exertions on behalf of the Brandelhow and, more latterly, Gowbarrow Schemes will not soon be forgotten.*

Of the man himself there is no need for words to us who knew him. It is certain that the lives of some men are a constant privilege to all with whom they are associated, and such a life was that of James Nicol. Of high principle, to know him was to respect him, and his life was a record of acts of kindliness and cheerful unselfishness. A charm of manner, a perfect courtesy, and a wide outlook upon men and life, tempered by a quick but strong sense of humour, gained for him in no ordinary degree the love and affection of those privileged to intimacy. In a word—the keynote to his life and character was sympathy, and he gave of his gifts with both hands.

A brave spirit has passed from amongst us and we are infinitely poorer by the loss.

VALE, ATQUE VALE!

A.C.

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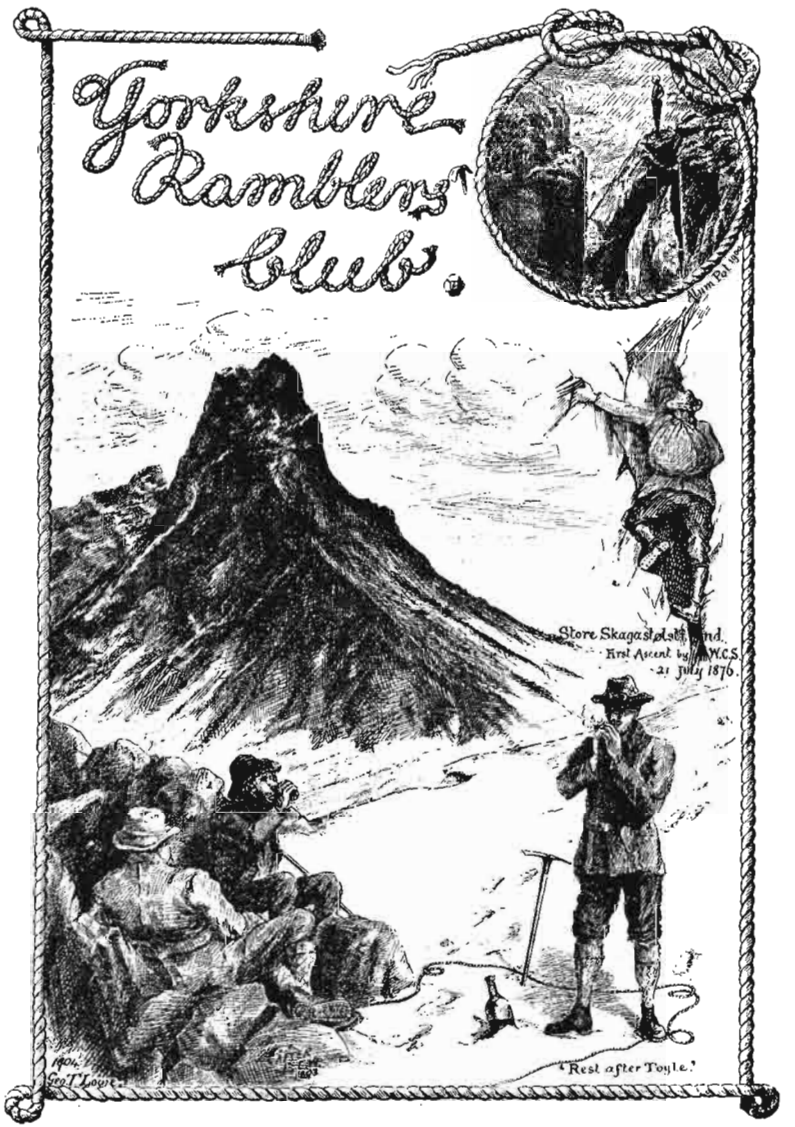
* It is peculiarly fitting that Nicol's last contribution to the *Journal* (which is included in this No.) should be an appeal on behalf of the Gowbarrow Park purchase scheme.— Ed.



DESIGN ON MENU CARD.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CLUB.

The Committee in presenting their 11th ANNUAL REPORT (for the year 1902-3) announced that the Club consisted of 10 honorary and 71 ordinary members. During the year seven General and nine Committee meetings were held, and the Winter Session Lectures had been well attended. The Committee gratefully acknowledged gifts of books, club publications and photographs, and a new reading lamp given by Mr. J. M. Nicol.

Although no programme of out-door excursions had been formally arranged, a number were made both for climbing and pot-holing.

The 11th ANNUAL MEET, on September 26th and 27th, 1903, at Thornton-in-Lonsdale, was attended by 19 members and friends. High Douk Cave and Mere Gill were explored, and the party also made the descent of Rowten Pot, as far as the waterfall below the bridge. The usual social pleasures of our meets were fully sustained.

The second ANNUAL CLUB DINNER was held at the Hotel Metropole, Leeds, on 13th of February, 1904. The new President, Mr. Alfred Barran, was in the chair, and over sixty members and friends were present.

The event was a great success. We here reproduce the very appropriate and artistic design by Mr. G. T. Lowe, which appeared on the front page of the menu card.

The toast of "The King," which was proposed by the President, was followed by that of "The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club," by Dr. Inglis Clark of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, in an eloquent and charming oration. He specially complimented the club on the series of lectures which constitute so valuable a feature of each winter's session. He said lectures on mountaineering had been given by members of the Scottish Mountaineering Club with the object of popularising the sport— he himself had delivered some twenty-four, but up to the present these had been of an unofficial nature, the club not having yet identified itself with this admirable departure. He hoped that our example might be followed by other clubs.

He spoke in graceful terms of the enduring friendships formed and fostered on the mountains in fair weather and foul, and of the bonds which unite the members not only of a club but of kindred clubs, and expressed his high opinion of the value of such societies. He assured the Yorkshire Ramblers of the esteem and friendship which the Scottish Mountaineering Club accorded to them, and expressed his pleasure in being able to be present to act as their mouthpiece.

The Vice-President, Mr. W. Parsons, in responding to to the toast, said:— our club was in some ways unique in the scope of its objects and work—cave and pot-hole exploration, for instance, were a distinct feature. The name of the club somewhat implied—though erroneously—a limitation both in its sphere of operations and membership; but though it was the creation of Yorkshiremen, its field of work was the world, and while its home was in Yorkshire its membership was nowise limited to Yorkshiremen, but was open to mountain lovers of any county or country who could show the necessary qualifications. He thought that in no other club did the members know each other so intimately—he counted most of his fellow-members as personal friends, and this intimacy made for excellence in the ungrudging labours of all the officers of the club.

The new President then proposed the health of Mr. Wm. Cecil Slingsby, who was retiring from the Presidency of the club, an office which he had held for the past ten years, and asked his acceptance of three framed photo: enlargements of mountains with which his name will always be associated—Store Skagastölstind, Scafell, and the Aiguilles of Mont Blanc—the Blaitiere and Du Plan from the Grand Charmoz.

The gift was a small token of the esteem and affection which Mr. Slingsby had won from all the members of the Club, and particularly from those who in one capacity or another had worked with him for its advancement during his long but all too short (from his fellow members' point of view) period of office. These present and past office-bearers could not let his retirement from the Presidency pass without offering some slight acknowledgment of the

great debt the Club owes to his unselfish work, and of their appreciation of his invaluable counsel and the high example which he has always shown in the pursuit of his mountaineering pleasures.

Neither in Yorkshire nor in the whole of the North of England was there a man whose election as our president could have been so well justified as that of Mr. Slingsby. When he first came to us he was a young man, he is still a young man, and he always will be a young man. He had been to all of us an example not only in the skill with which he had climbed, but in the prudence which governed his climbing. His exploits had not been limited to the Alps and the British hills, for in Norway his name is a household word, and his recently published book on that country—"The Northern Playground"—shows how many and great have been his achievements there.

Great and lasting as are the friendships amongst mountaineers, none ranks higher in the minds of Yorkshire Ramblers than that of William Cecil Slingsby.

In response to the toast Mr. Slingsby said:—

"When I look around and see the kind faces of all the old friends—more than friends—I feel that the days of sentiment are not yet over.

The Yorkshire Ramblers are the best keepers of a secret I ever knew! I had not an inkling that it was in your minds to do this honour to me, but I do most cordially thank you for this and for every other kindness that you have shown to me.

When asked ten years ago to accept the Presidency of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, I did so with considerable diffidence, well feeling the responsibility, for I at that time gauged the leaning of the members, and foresaw that the Club would ultimately become, in the main, a mountaineering one, and though, when I first appeared among you as your president I came into the room with a halt and a limp, through having recently been knocked over by a piece of falling ice on an Italian mountain, this did not deter you from following in my steps.

So let me now, to my appreciative disciples, sing the praises of mountaineering! There is nothing so elevating to the mind—and body—or so good for one's physical development as this sport, and it would be well indeed if the thousands who go to football matches as spectators—I do not refer to the *players* of that fine game—were prompted by the healthier desire to ramble over our moors and fells, even if not to climb the crags. By fostering a growth of the love of the open country such clubs as ours are doing a good work.

It must not be thought that by accepting the Presidency of the Climbers' Club I am transferring my affections from the Ramblers. My deep interest in you will abide as long as I live. Still more, it is my desire that all climbing clubs should be united, as far as possible, and it will be a pleasure to me to feel that I am acting as a binding link between the two.

During my presidency the club has been most loyally supported by every member, and has been most fortunate in its choice of officers to manage its affairs.

Gentlemen, you have had ten years of me, during which I trust it will be remembered of me that I have always tried to instil prudence in all things appertaining to the sports we love, and my last word as retiring president shall be to urge the same upon you. On the mountains, or in the pot-holes and caves, let prudent thought and remembrance of those at home govern your daring. It is always hard to turn back, but if ever to go forward is to court an unjustifiable danger, show that moral courage which is greater than physical. The increase in the number of fatal accidents on the mountains, not only abroad but also at home, is a very serious matter, and it is to be feared that rashness is responsible for not a few of them.

Now, looking again at these beautiful photographs, let me say from the bottom of my heart I thank you, and I repeat that my long association with the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club will always be a memory very dear to me."

The next toast, that of "Kindred Clubs," was proposed by the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Lewis Moore, as follows:—

"Mr. President and Gentlemen, in the absence of the Rev. L. S. Calvert, who is unfortunately ill and unable to be present this evening, I have the honour to propose the next toast, "Kindred Clubs," whose representatives we Yorkshire Ramblers heartily welcome. It will be necessary for me to mention them in detail, and first must come the Alpine Club, that great institution of which all British Mountaineers and Ramblers are so justly proud. The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club has received at the hands of some of its most famous members many great kindnesses, and we all are, I am sure, anxious to recognise our deep indebtedness to them and the club they so worthily represent. If the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club has attained any reputation or any position it is largely due to the splendid example the Alpine Club has set before it, to the generous encouragement of its members and to the wholesome and kindly advice of those members whom it has been our privilege to welcome as visitors or to enrol as Yorkshire Ramblers.

The second club is The Scottish Mountaineering Club, whose president, Dr. Inglis Clark, has been good enough to come here to-night and say so many nice things about us. All Yorkshire Ramblers must feel great pride in the good fellowship which exists between these two North British Clubs, and they will, I am sure, feel the more pride when they reflect upon the Scottish Mountaineering Club's splendid record of work done. Its members have not only come here and lectured for us, but they have cordially invited us to visit them, to climb with them those beautiful mountains with romantic and unpronounceable Gaelic names. Some of us have been there and will go again, others will follow, and we hope in the future to induce them to return the compliment and give us an opportunity of showing them something of mountaineering reversed, in our Yorkshire Pot-holes.

The third club is the Climbers' Club. How can I better commend it to you than by reminding you that its first president was Mr. C. E. Mathews? His is a name to conjure with. We shall never forget the great occasions of his visits to us. He has been one of our great friends, and we know and feel that the Climbers' Club and the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club are, and will continue great friends. We have similar interests in a great sport, and we are this year giving them of our best, our President for the past ten years, Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby, to be their new President. Our hearts go with him. We feel that present sorrow will be future joy, and that goodwill and good

sportsmanship will bring the two clubs still more closely together in the bonds of mutual regard and respect.

The fourth club is the Kyndwr Club, a club which has devoted much time and energy to the exploration of Derbyshire Caves and Holes, and of whose work the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club have had an opportunity of hearing from Mr. E. A. Baker, who gave us a memorable lecture during the past session. The members of the Kyndwr Club have given ample proof of their pluck and endurance, and we are glad to welcome them and to most heartily wish them 'Good Luck.'

The fifth and last is the Rucksack Club—last by birth, but not least. Wisely started with a dinner, the Rucksack Club has prospered, and it will prosper. Lancashire and Yorkshire have ever been rivals; once opposing powers in a great war, now friendly rivals in the arts of peace and the field of sport. It was my privilege to represent the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club at their last annual dinner, and it was a great pleasure to find old friends of ours amongst its members and to realize that the two clubs would become good neighbours and good friends."

Mr. A. W. Bairstow proposed the health of The Visitors, to which Dr. Forsyth replied:—

"He grieved that now-a-days he had to be content with looking up at the mountains instead of climbing them, as he used to do; but it was to him a great pleasure to spend an evening in the society of those who shared with him in so fine a degree that deep love for the moors and fells which had been evinced in the speeches to which he had listened. He referred to the pleasures of memory, and how in the midst of one's work in town the mental picture of some wind-swept expanse would flash through one's mind, bringing with it a sweetness and freshness that put new life into one and strengthened one for the daily task."

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING was held at the Club Rooms on Tuesday, October 25th, 1904, when the Committee presented their 12th Annual Report.

The club now consists of 10 honorary and 77 ordinary members, being an increase of 6 ordinary members since the last Report.

During the year, seven general and ten committee meetings have been held. Six lectures have been given, as follows:—

1903—November 11th. "Winter Mountaineering in 1888," by Mrs. E. P. Jackson.

November 25th. "Cave-work in Derbyshire and Somersetshire," by Mr. E. A. Baker.

1904—January 19th, "The Engadine," by Mr. R. K. Parr.

January 26th. "Walks in the Bernese Oberland," by Mr. Gilbert Middleton.

February 9th. "The Underground Waters of Ingleborough," by Mr. A. R. Dwerryhouse.

March 8th. "Ascents of Rulten and other Peaks in Lofoten," by Mr. W. Cecil Slingsby.

The attendance at all the lectures was good. The Committee wish to acknowledge further gifts of books, also a name-plate generously provided by Mr. Chas. Scriven for the entrance door to the Club Rooms. At the invitations of the Climbers' Club and the Rucksack Club representatives of our Club attended their Annual Dinners and were cordially received. Two Meets were held during the year: one in the spring, on April 30th, at Horton-in-Ribblesdale; and one in the autumn, on September 24th and 25th, at Brough in Westmorland. Both meets were well attended.

During the year first descents of two new pot-holes have been accomplished, and various members have been further afield climbing in Norway and the Lofoten Islands, Switzerland, Wales, and the English Lake District.

Two of the Rules were amended as follows:—

Rule VI.

The election of Members shall be in the hands of the Committee. Every Candidate for admission shall be proposed and seconded by members of the Club, and his name shall be posted to every member of the Club at least seven days before his election. A nomination paper stating the name of the candidate for election, together with his qualifications, address, and occupation, and signed by his proposer and seconder, to be submitted to the Committee prior to his election. The election shall be by ballot, two black balls to exclude.

Rule VIII.

The Club year shall commence 1st November, the Annual General Meeting, of which not less than ten days notice in writing must be given to the members, being held upon the last Tuesday in October for the transaction of business and the election of officers for the ensuing year. The proposer and seconder of any gentleman (other than a retiring member) as a member of the Committee or for any office in the Club, shall give notice thereof in writing to the Honorary Secretary at least seven days previous to the Annual General Meeting. The election shall be by ballot.

The following NEW MEMBERS have been elected since the last issue :—

BENSON, CLAUDE E. 5, Elvaston Place, Queen's Gate, London, W.C.

HOOD, LESLIE, 30, Guildford Street, Russel Square, London, W.C.

HOOD, NOEL L., Castlegate House, York.

HOOD, W. WELLS, Castlegate House, York.

HORSELL, FRANK, Hazlehurst, Park Villas, Roundhay, Leeds.

HUDSON, G. LOUIS, 10, Blenheim Mount, Manningham, Bradford.

LAMB, PERCY H., The Vicarage, Clapham, near Lancaster.

PORTER, DR. A. E., 3, Hollin Lane, Headingley, Leeds.

TAYLOR, ROBERT, 27, Cumberland Road, Headingley, Leeds.

ULLÉN, ERIK, The University, Upsala, Sweden.

UNWIN, S. PHILIP, Hall Royd, Shipley.

WATSON, J. FALSHAW, 15, Shaw Lane, Headingley, Leeds.

WYNNE-EDWARDS, REV. J. R., The Grammar School, Leeds.

GAPING GHYLL HOLE.

At the time of going to press some particulars have come to hand of another descent of this pot-hole by some members of the Club.

The descent took place on July 9th, 1905, the object being two-fold : first, the descent of the main hole on rope-ladders,* and second, to explore a passage leading out of the main chamber near the S.E. end.

The party consisted of Messrs. Booth, Botterill, Buckley, Green, C. Hastings, Hudson, Horn, Kinnaird, Lewis Moore and W. Parsons, six of whom made the descent.

While Botterill, Buckley and Hastings re-examined the main S.E. passage, Booth, Parsons and Horn explored the passage afore-mentioned and opened out a great area of new ground. Two immense caverns were found, one rivalling in length the great cavern at the foot of the main hole and containing a wonderful collection of stalactites and stalagmites.

Many new passages of considerable length, and leading in various directions, were discovered; but as these showed no signs of coming to an end the exploration had to be abandoned for the time.

The farthest point reached was, as near could be estimated, over 1,000 ft. from the Hole.

A descent at an early date is being arranged by a much larger party of members, when it is intended to continue the exploration.

* This was the method adopted by Mons. E. A. Martel in 1895.

REVIEWS.

Deer Forests.

"The Closing of the Highland Mountains."

(*E. A. BAKER:—The Independent Review:* Sept., 1904—T. Fisher Unwin.)

It may be stated with confidence that most mountaineers would welcome the opportunity of being allowed to roam and scramble on the incomparable mountains of Scotland, even "on sufferance," and would sympathise with any movement towards securing such a privilege. Still, why should legislation be called in? Cannot this vexed question be settled by an amicable compromise? Mr. Baker, however, will entertain no compromise, unless it be of the nature of Harry East's famous "Brown compromise," spoken of by Tom Hughes, as embodied in Mr. Bryce's Bill. The attack is skilfully made and vigorously urged; nevertheless, on the main issue it is difficult to agree with Mr. Baker.

It is notorious that the bearing of some of the proprietors has not been considerate, and that of their foresters has at times amounted to arrogance. At these Mr. Baker hits out with great force and precision. Still it is possible that the attitude of the owners is due to a misapprehension as to the class with whom they are dealing: they might, however, remember that discourtesy, exhibited by themselves or encouraged in their servants is neither politic nor gentlemanly. Civility costs nothing: incivility ought to cost a man his place. Trespassing is, of course, an indictable offence, but surely, as Mr. Baker assures the public frequently happens, the "holding up" of a man on the King's highway is a far more serious one.

Again he complains, that deer forests are extending, and the despotism of their occupiers, summer after summer, grows yet more intolerable. Certainly, to mountaineers, the closing of Buchaille Etive is outrageous. It is to be hoped the action was dictated by a not inexcusable misconception.

So far it has happily been possible to agree with Mr. Baker, but now the parting of ways is reached: it is perhaps safe to assume, however, that Mr. Baker alone is not responsible for the introduction of some of the arguments:—

"Is it a point of no importance that these millions are not spent on any productive object, or anything likely to be of

permanent benefit to the people?" is asked. Yet it is written in Handbooks on Political Economy that money once put into circulation will in all probability somehow, at some time, benefit the people. And, a few lines further back, a sarcastic reference is made to "red-herring dodges." But there is, apparently, a remedy:—"if a rational distribution of the land were given to the people for purposes of cultivation its value would be increased tenfold." Alas for the lost vineyards of An Teallach and eke the waving cornfields of Kinderscout! It is very certain, however, that, if the proposition were correct, the rational distribution would have taken place long ago. The highland proprietor who would content himself with two shillings where he could make a sovereign would be difficult to find. Where he is wealthy enough to indulge in the luxury, he prefers to shoot his own stags: where pride, position, and pence are not all on the same high level he puts the land to the only profitable use he can. As a matter of fact, it is common knowledge that the vast majority of the acres covered by deer forests and grouse moors are either not amenable to cultivation at all, or will not repay its cost. Deer forests have become a very valuable asset and a real commercial interest.

But, it is argued, "in the large majority of cases the deer forests will not be materially injured if the proposal of the hon. member for Aberdeen be carried out." This, even in respect of possible injury to the sport, is a hard saying. There is, however, another side to the question, the financial. The leading agents in London, men who of all others are experts on the £. s. d. interests involved, are of opinion that if Mr. Bryce's Bill were carried the market value of deer forests would sink to *nil*. This feature of the question would seem to have been largely ignored. Heedless of the fact that not only the proprietors, but the innocent agents, foresters, and hundreds of others would suffer (for a heavy financial loss is like a circle on the water), the promoter of the Bill has proclaimed:—"The landlord, who has received much more than his grandfather ever expected to receive, must not complain if that enormous unearned increment were, after all these years, somewhat reduced by the resumption of their rights by the people:" which, if it means anything, means this:—that if a man's grandfather had years ago bought some suburban property, say, at a few shillings an acre, which, owing to the extension of a neighbouring city, had increased in value to several pounds an acre, he must not complain if his present income is reduced by

the resumption by the people of their rights to trespass on or otherwise injure his property.

The habits of the red deer are revealed in a new light. It has been written by experts that he who observeth not the wind shall not get a shot. Apparently they are all wrong. All these long stalks, all the muzzling through peat bogs, all that lying, like Caliban upon Setebos, flat on one's belly in a chilly pool, not venturing to move: all these things are mistakes, quite unnecessary. All the sportsman has to do is to pose as a "mere passer by," and the red deer will only be a little disturbed. How many head he would secure in a life time, if he adopted the new method, is another question.

If it were certain that Mr. Baker were right and that the "people who will actually take advantage of the freedom .... will be an intelligent and reasonable class, who will not be likely to interfere with the rights of others," it would be possible to regard Mr. Bryce's Bill with more complacency. What some trippers are and what they can do, scores of polluted spots on the fair face of Britain declare. Worse still is the speculator who caters for their pleasure. Let him get his nose in and there is no saying what trouble will follow. The projected scheme of a coach road over the Stye is an eloquent warning. Mr. Baker's zeal has carried him too far. He knows the danger. In "Moors, Crags and Caves" he has warned us to avoid Black Rocks, Cromford, when trippers are about, and laments over the restrictions at Ludchurch owing to the action of Yahoos in firing the heath. Imagine his remorse if he found he had cut with his pen the first sod of a railway up the Cairngorms!

As a matter of fact there is no absolute need for an Act of Parliament at all. What is wanted is a reasonable concession. Mountaineers have not the slightest desire to spoil sport, but it may be taken for granted that they would wish to be allowed a chance of pursuing their favourite pastime on these forbidden peaks, provided they treat with respect the rights and wishes of owners. The simplest remedy would seem to be that the British climbing community should memorialise the large owners with a view to obtaining such concession. It need not be a general permit for all climbers at all seasons, but a general understanding. For instance, if a party of climbers wished to visit a certain mountain, they would write to the owner or his agent for permission. Then, if there were no intention of shooting over that part of the forest, within a reasonable interval, say, a week, of such visit, such permission might be given graciously. If not, it would be simple courtesy on the part of the agent to point out some part of the forest accessible at the time. Owners would probably find on inspection that climbers are very decent fellows after all. Any convicted black sheep could be dealt with summarily by his Club Committee, and an undertaking to this effect, could, if desirable, be given. Some such arrangement might be made in England also, where some of our finest gritstone climbing is barred during the grouse season. On the day after a shoot, the Downfall might be visited, yea, it might almost be said by a crowd of trippers, without prejudicing sport in any way. The lover of mountains certainly does not wish to go on the hills "in crowds." But he does think that he is entitled to reasonable freedom of access to them. Such a concession would secure in the climbers valuable allies, as anxious as the proprietors themselves to preserve the quiet spirit of the hills.

CLAUDE E. BENSON.

THE BERNESE OBERLAND.—FROM THE MÖNCHJOCH TO THE GRIMSEL. BY W. A. B. COOLIDGE, 1904.

THE CENTRAL ALPS OF THE DAUPHINY. BY W. A. B. COOLIDGE, H. DUHAMEL AND F. PERRIN. SECOND EDITION, REVISED. 1905.

(LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN.)

We regard with much interest the second of the Climbers' Guides to the Oberland.

It deals with the eastern half of the central mass, or that area roughly enclosed in a square the boundary lines of which are from the Mönchjoch to Meiringen, Meiringen to the Grimsel, the Grimsel to Fiesch in the Rhone Valley, and from there to the Mönchjoch again. The more important groups of peaks therein are the Fiescherhorn, Schreckhorn, Finsteraarhorn, the Oberaar Group, Wetterhörner, and the Dossen Group—including that striking and comparatively recently explored line of peaks the Engelhörner.

In addition to descriptions of the various routes this volume evidences much research in tracing the history of the names of the peaks and passes.

The whole of the Central Alps of the Oberland has now been dealt with in this and the volume previously published.

It is 13 years since the first edition of the Dauphiny Guide Book was issued, and as this has been out of print for several

years the authors have thoroughly revised the work and brought its contents up-to-date. Many new routes and variations are described, the book has been slightly enlarged in size and another departure from the now well-known pocket book form has been made in dispensing with the flap, thus making the book more convenient for the library.

Mr. Coolidge's unequalled knowledge of the history of the exploration of the Alps, and his personal acquaintance with these sections in particular, give them that character which is so important to the climber who uses them, viz.: trustworthiness.

The Voice of the Mountains.
Edited by Ernest A. Baker and Francis E. Ross.
(London: G. Routledge & Sons [1905].)

A charming, though all too short, anthology of prose and poetry descriptive of mountain scenery and the sentiments induced by association with it.

It is mostly formed of extracts from the works of writers of recent times.

Readers may miss many favourite passages by well-known authors—notably John Ruskin, but the editors are not always to blame for the omissions, and anyway, the excellent selection given shows much good taste on their part, not the least being the insertion of a beautiful sonnet by Mr. Baker.

The book is fittingly dedicated to Mr. C. E. Mathews, one of our Honorary Members—than whom it would be difficult to name one more likely to be appreciative of its contents, and also to the Members of the Climbers' Club.

It will be found a pretty little gift book to lovers of the Mountains who will find among its pages many exquisite chords to which their hearts will respond.

Murray's Handbook for Switzerland, Nineteenth Edition.
(London: Edward Stanford, 1904.)

This new edition more than sustains the high reputation which 'Murray' has held for so many years.

It is thoroughly up-to-date in every way, the maps are numerous and excellent, and it contains one of the best and most complete indexes we remember to have seen—a matter of no little importance to the traveller.

RECENT BOOKS.

Josias Simler et Les Origines de L'Alpinisime jusqu'en 1600 By W. A. B. Coolidge. With illustrations and a map. Size $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$, pp. cxcii. 327 and 99. (Grenoble: Allier Frères, 1904.)

The Alps. Described by Sir Martin Conway, painted by A. D. McCormick. With 62 coloured illustrations. Size $9 \times 6\frac{1}{2}$, pp. 304. (London: A. & C. Black, 1904. *Price 20s. net.*)

The English Lakes. Described by Wm. T. Palmer. With 75 coloured illustrations by A. Heaton Cooper. Size $8\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$, pp. ix. and 230. (London: A. & C. Black. 1905. *Price 20s. net.*)

The Bernese Oberland. *(Conway and Coolidge's Climbers' Guides.)* Vol. ii. From the Mönchjoch to the Grimsel. By W. A. B. Coolidge. Size $5\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{8}$, pp. xxviii. and 196. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1904. *Price 10s.*) *Reviewed on p. 177.*

The Central Alps of the Dauphiny. *(Conway and Coolidge's Climbers' Guides.)* By W. A. B. Coolidge, H. Duhamel and F. Perrin. Second Edition. Size $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$, pp. xv. and 220. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1905. *Price 7s. 6d. net.*) *Reviewed on p. 177.*

Murray's Handbook for Switzerland and the adjacent regions of the Alps. Nineteenth edition, completely remodelled and thoroughly revised. With 29 maps and 5 plans. Size $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$, pp. cvi. and 555. (London: Edward Stanford. 1904. *Price 10s.*) *Reviewed on p. 178.*

The Story of Alpine Climbing. By Francis Gribble. With 20 illustrations. Size $5\frac{7}{8} \times 3\frac{8}{8}$, pp. 180. (London: George Newnes, Ltd. 1904. *Price 1s.*)

Flower Time in the Oberland. By H. D. Rawnsley. Size $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5$, pp. 352. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons. 1904. (*Price 5s. net.*)

Adventures on the Roof of the World. By Mrs. Aubrey le Blond. With over 100 illustrations. Size $9 \times 5\frac{3}{4}$, pp. 350. (London: T Fisher Unwin. *Price 10s. 6d. net.*)

A Westmorland Village: Story of old Homesteads and "Statesman" Families of Troutbeck by Windermere. By S. H. Scott. Illustrated. Size $7\frac{7}{8} \times 5$, pp. 278. (London: Constable & Co. 1904. *Price 3s 6d. net.*)

In Lakeland Dells and Fells. By W. T Palmer. Size $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ pp. vi. and 351. (London: Chatto & Windus. 1903. *Price 6s.*)

Old-Time Travel: Personal reminiscences of the Continent forty years ago, compared with experiences of the present day. By Alexander Innes Shand. With 41 illustrations by A. H. Hallam Murray. Size $7\frac{7}{8} \times 5\frac{5}{8}$, pp. xii. and 426. (London: John Murray. 1903. *Price 12s. net.*)

The Misty Isle of Skye: Its scenery, its people, its story. By J. A. Macculloch. With 20 illustrations and a map. Size $7\frac{3}{8} \times 4\frac{7}{8}$, pp. 320. (Edinburgh: Oliphant Anderson & Ferrier. 1905. *Price 4s. net.*)

THROUGH TOWN AND JUNGLE: Fourteen Thousand Miles awheel among the Temples and People of the Indian Plains. By WILLIAM HUNTER WORKMAN and FANNY BULLOCK WORKMAN. With 200 illustrations and a map. Size 10¼ × 6½, pp. XXIV. and 380. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1904. *Price 21s. net.*)

PROCEEDINGS OF THE YORKSHIRE GEOLOGICAL AND POLYTECHNIC SOCIETY. Vol XV., Part II. The Underground Waters of Ingleborough. By W. LOWER CARTER and A. R. DWERRYHOUSE. With plans, maps and illustrations; also a Bibliography of the Yorkshire Caves by S. W. Cuttriss. (*Leeds 1904.*)

YORKSHIRE: THE NORTH RIDING. Painted and described by GORDON HOME. With 32 illustrations in colour. Sq. Demy 8vo. (London: A. & C. Black. 1904. *Price 7s. 6d. net.*)

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