

THE YORKSHIRE RAMBLERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

EDITED BY WM. ANDERTON BRIGG.

CONTENTS.

	Page
In Praise of Three Good Things	CLAUD SCHUSTER 119
Gaping Ghyll	REGINALD FARRER 126
Concerning Guide Books	CLAUDE E. BENSON 141
Easter in the Black Forest	ERIC GREENWOOD 154
Flood Entrance: Gaping Ghyll	W. H. GREENWOOD 167
Car Pot	HAROLD BRODRICK 174
Sunset Hole	E. E. ROBERTS 177
i. Discovery and Exploration.	
ii. The Accident to Mr. Boyd.	
Gaping Ghyll	ALEXANDER RULE 186
Exploration and Survey.	
Spout Tunnel and Rat Hole.	
Chippings	193
Ourselves: A Song	197
Kindred Journals	198
Members' Holidays in 1910	204
Club Proceedings, 1909-10	212
Reviews	215

PHOTOGRAPHS.

The Horungtinder	To face page 119
Gaping Ghyll	132
do.	136
Feldberg, Black Forest	156
do.	162
Sunset Hole	178
Norway: Galdhöpiggen and Spiterstulen	204
do. Boeverdalen	206
Yosemite Valley: Mirror Lake	208
Otira Gorge, N.Z.	210
Ben Nevis	212

PLANS.

Flood Entrance	172
Car Pot	In text p. 175

ISSUED YEARLY.

Published by the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, 10, Park Street, Leeds.

JAMES S. CARTER,

The Alpine Bootmaker,

16, SOUTH MOLTON STREET,

(1st FLOOR),

LONDON, W.

Nailed in this
Style,



£2 5 0

Sleeping Tents,
Sleeping Bags,
Rucksacks,
Puttees.



J. S. CARTER'S CELEBRATED
CLIMBING BOOTS.



Nailed in this
Style,



£1 19 6

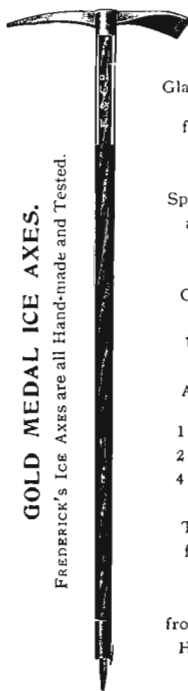
Woollen Gloves,
Woollen Anklets,
Tinted
Spectacles,
Knives, etc., etc.

TOBOGGANING, SKATING AND NORWEGIAN PATTERN
SKIING BOOTS A SPECIALITÉ.

Illustrated Catalogue on Application.

FREDERICK & Co., Complete Mountaineering Outfitters,
 County Arcade, LEEDS.

SHOW ROOM—FIRST FLOOR.



GOLD MEDAL ICE AXES.

FREDERICK'S ICE AXES are all Hand-made and Tested.

Glacier Lantern
 folding
 for Pocket.
7/9

Spiral Puttees,
 all shades,
6/-

Compasses
 from
1/- to 15/-

Aluminium
 Cookers

1 Pint **12/6**
 2 " **14/6**
 4 " **16/6**

Toboggans
 from **17/6**

SKIS
 from **30/-** pair.
 Huitfeldt or
 Ellefsen
 Bindings.

No. 1 Quality **18/-**
 " 2 " **21/-**
 " 3 " **25/-**
 Cheaper Ice Axes
 at **16/-** and **17/-**

The Only Perfect
 Climbing Glove,
3/9
 per pair,
 Maximum
 Strength,
 Minimum
 Weight.

Frederick's Special Green Strand Alpine Rope

" By a recent test F. & Co.'s Ropes were proved to be the strongest for Climbing purposes.

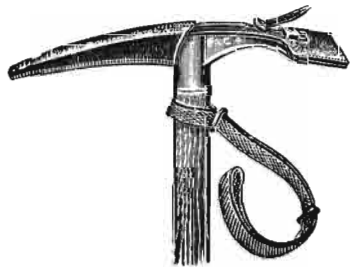
Hemp Ice Axe Sling, **9d.**
 Ice Axe Cases, Leather, **2/6**

Combination Knife,
 Tin Opener and Corkscrew, **2/-**

A large Variety of Swiss Nails
 and Studs always in stock.

Customers' Own Boots carefully
 nailed, **4/9** per pair.

Illustrated Catalogue free on
 application, containing list of
 everything the Mountaineer, Cave
 Explorer or Camper may require.



The "BERNESE" - **12/6**

Frederick's Rucksacks are Waterproof and of the
 most serviceable pattern.

Cheap Rucksacks ... **3/6, 4/6**; post. 3d.
 Tourist **7/6**; " 3d.
 Large Tourist **10/6**; " 3d.
 Bernese **12/6**; " 4d.
 Guide **16/-**; " 4d.

Frederick's PATENT BOOTS.



Special Nailing, **30/-** per pair guaranteed.
 Other Mountaineering Boots from **18/6**.

60ft.	80ft.	100ft.
10/6	13/6	16/6
8/9	10/9	12/6

Woolen
 Helmets
2/9

Light
 Slippers
 folding for
 Pocket **2/9**

Sandals
 for Wading,
3/9

Snow
 Spectacles
1/- and 1/6

Crampons
 4 spike **5/6**
 8 " **10/6**
 10 " **12/6**

Scarpetti,
6/9 pair.

TENTS.
 Mummy
 Type with
 Jointed Ash
 Poles,
 2 Persons,
50/-
 weight 8 lbs

Waterproof
 Ground
 Sheets
 from **15/-**

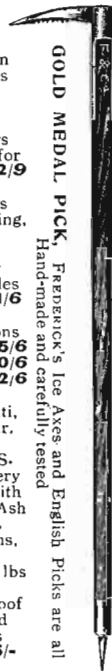
ENGLISH PICK
15/6

ALPENSTOCKS
2/6, 3/6 and 4/6

HAND STOCKS
 from
2/- to 4/6

Oak, Cherry or Hazel.

GOLD MEDAL PICK, Frederick's Ice Axes and English Picks are all Hand-made and carefully tested.



ARTHUR BEALE,

Late JOHN BUCKINGHAM,

194, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.,

Is the Only Maker of the Celebrated

ALPINE CLUB ROPE,

Which is almost exclusively employed.

By the **Leading Mountaineers** of the time. It is made of the Best Manila Hemp, and the new Rope now being made, which from tests taken (Admiralty proof) is one of a much greater breaking strain than formerly, is marked by 3 red worsted threads, one in the centre of each strand to distinguish it from others on the market, and not one thread only in the centre of the Rope as heretofore (see the Report of the Special Committee on Ropes, etc., in Vol. 1. No. 7, of the ALPINE JOURNAL). Each length is tied with Red Tape bearing my Name.

Beware of fraudulent Imitations.

ARTHUR BEALE (late John Buckingham),

194, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.

Ice-axes by English and Foreign Makers kept in Stock; Rucksacks, Belts, Slings, etc. Price List on Application.



MOTTO: Only the best is good enough for the Mountaineer.



Photo by Eric Greenwood.

THE HORUNGTINDER, FROM SUMMIT OF STORE SKAGASTÖLSTIND, NORWAY.

THE
Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal

VOL. III.

1910.

No. 10.

IN PRAISE OF THREE GOOD THINGS.

BY CLAUD SCHUSTER, A.C.

(As spoken by him in toasting the Club at its Annual Dinner, 12th February, 1910).

It is impossible to stand in the painful position which I occupy without remembering a story which is no doubt as familiar to you as it is to me. It is therefore well suited for repetition after dinner when chestnuts and wine go well together.

Some star performer had failed to keep his appointment at a provincial music hall, and the Manager endeavoured to still the ensuing hubbub by the statement that the band would play a selection. Amid the terrifying silence a shrill voice was heard to exclaim, "Oh, Sir, don't let the band play: we really will sit quite good and quiet!" I feel like the band intervening between you and this toast which you want to drink and the long feast of eloquence subsequently to be spread before you.

I have to ask indulgence also for another reason. In another club, at whose yearly gathering some, at any rate, of you and myself are in the habit of meeting, we have a custom which differs from yours. Conscious as we all are that our many and great merits are best known to all but ourselves, we entrust the toast of the Club to one of our own members, confident that in thus keeping our own tame Balaam on the premises we can, if he reverses the process of history and gives us cursing instead of blessing, abuse him suitably in the ensuing months. You, more greatly daring, give the task to the lips of the

stranger, and, if you rely rather upon the merits of the toast than upon the learning or eloquence of the advocate, you do well:

Beneath the Tropics is your language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath received your yoke.

Which being interpreted means that we have heard the kindly northern speech amid the babel of tongues in many a hut, and have met your members wherever the snow regeals beneath the sole of an English boot; while to whom, if not to your own Nestor, do the Norway peaks confess themselves subject?

Still, any stranger must be conscious that there may be many things in the life of the Club as a living and growing organism, to which he cannot do justice, and I must take refuge in those general observations which come to one naturally in meeting you and thinking of the foundation and objects of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club.

That then is my text, which falls naturally into three qualities, connoted by its title.

First there is Yorkshire—and that is a subject on which I feel a certain delicacy. I may as well admit at once that I was born in a neighbouring county in which we were in the habit of thinking a good deal of ourselves. I am not saying that that differentiates it from this county. You all know the story of how the Bury Volunteers went to the great Review before the late Queen and Prince Albert, and how the bugler, when he got home again, was pressed by his companions to tell them what Her Majesty's opinion had been of the appearance of the Lancashire battalion. After long pressing, what passed for modesty in a Lancashire man was prevailed upon, and he addressed himself thus:—"Well, I'll tell thee what she said—'Sitha Albert!' she said, 'Ark 'ow rarely yon young feller fra' Bury do blow t' bugle.'"

Well, on the eastern edge of that county there rises a thick pall of smoke, and peering dimly through it one was led to believe that one might have seen the County of York. You know the landscape of the border in winter:

A foreground, black with stones and slags,
Beyond, a line of heights; and higher,
All barr'd with long white cloud, the scornful crags;
And highest, snow and fire.

Beyond that range of heights we knew there lived a great people—great in girth and great in their appetites, great horsemen, great men at a bargain, and great mountain climbers. From my earliest childhood I can remember thinking of Yorkshire as a land of dales and pleasant upland places; and indeed the county has one of the finest rambles described in literature—that of Tom in the "Water Babies."

You will all remember how "he went on and on, he hardly knew why; but he liked the great wide strange place, and the cool fresh bracing air," and how, like many of us, "he went more and more slowly as he got higher up the hill," and how when he got to the top: "Behind him, far below, was Harthover, and the dark woods, and the shining salmon river; and on his left, far below, was the town, and the smoking chimneys of the collieries; and far, far away, the river widened to the shining sea; and little white specks, which were ships, lay on its bosom. Before him lay, spread out like a map, great plains, and farms and villages, amid dark knots of trees. And to his right rose moor after moor, hill after hill, till they faded away, blue into blue sky." And how he went down the other side and found "A quiet, silent, rich, happy place; a narrow crack cut deep into the earth; so deep, and so out of the way that the bad bogies can hardly find it out. The name of the place is Vendale; and if you want to see it for yourself, you must go up into the High Craven and search from Bolland Forest north by Ingleborough to the Nine Standards and Cross Fell; and if you have not found it, you must turn south and search the Lake Mountains down to Scawfell and the sea. And then, if you have not found it, you must go northward again by merry Carlisle, and search the Cheviots all across from Annan Water to Berwick Law; and then whether you have found Vendale or not, you will have found such a

“country, and such a people, as ought to make you proud
“of being a British boy.”

Tom's wanderings went beyond the ambit even of this great county, but not beyond the wanderings of this Club. And when we drink to this County of York with you, you will drink with us to all the other of the great northern counties, in some of which—as Westmorland or Cumberland—this Club has a pre-eminent interest, and in which, as we have all learnt to think from childhood, the heart of England beats steadiest and the life of England is most abundant.

Then the next heading is that to which your Club devotes itself—the art or science of the Rambler. My own rambling, and that of many members of your Club, whose feats I cannot hope to emulate, has been for the most part in the great central mountain range of Europe. I know that many of you mingle with your delight in heights delight also in depths, and I can well believe that in this latter pursuit the joys of the Rambler may find an equal satisfaction. All the charms of wonder and mystery which we find above ground are, no doubt, lurking in the depths of those great pot-holes which you love. Indeed, if we make our fairy tales for ourselves out of the dwellings of the wide spirit of the stream, I have no doubt that many dark *ghinns* and bogies lurk for you in mysterious caverns in this county. But it is out of the fulness of the heart that the mouth speaketh; and those of us who have not known your subterranean joys have also pleasures of our own. I know that there are ardent mountaineers who find no pleasure in Rambling for its own sake. My friend Mr. Geoffrey Young, for instance, well known to you all, has no pleasure except in the peril of a new route or the technical delight of overcoming some tough piece of perpendicular rock, while his enjoyment seems to be enhanced by the probability of some imminent crag or some unstable pinnacle discharging itself upon his head. It is not to be denied that if there were no necessity to brace yourself against the possibility of incurring danger a charm would be lost. But Rambling among the mountains has a charm of its own

quite apart from the conquest of difficulties, or the risk (which is to me abhorrent) of dangers beyond one's own control.

There are feelings impossible to analyse, and incommunicable by description, which grow up with us in our wanderings until they become a passion. You all know as well as I what we experience. The overcrowded and noisy hut, or the stuffy *chalet*, rich with aboriginal dirt; the enforced jocularly with which we contemplate our task in the morning; the painful efforts with our boots; the sallying out into the undefiled peace and serenity of the night; and then, as time goes on and the night grows into the morning and the freshness of the morning turns into the heat of the day, at some time when the town dwellers are still turning in their beds—our own high noon—reaching the ridge, we look out suddenly upon the Great Plain of Italy or the crumbled borderland of France, with a thousand peaks unnamed by us, a thousand unknown streams:

And fountain heads of all the watered world.

Then we go down to the valley, stumbling, sometimes tumbling and rolling, and quite uncertain as to what kind of dinner awaits us—into an unknown world. And coming into the main valley road we find—as I found last summer—your Editor and his brother, to remind us of the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, going home to tea at their inn and promising us the best of refreshments.

These are the great days of life. You have striven and attained and been tired:

You have spoken as brethren together,
The sun, and the mountains and
You.

So much—though very inadequately—for Rambling. And then of the Club. Athletic clubs for the most part exist that they may make up necessary sides together and bind themselves and other people with rules controlling their artificial games. Mountaineering clubs and their members differ in that they have in their essence no utilitarian purpose—they are merely persons knit together by a common enthusiasm. But of all the good that comes

from Rambling—whether among the mountains or in the depths—I am sure that this great good of comradeship is the greatest. If we were asked to surrender all the other memories which we have acquired among the hills—as some day we shall be forced by the inevitable march of time to surrender the practice of what we have learnt—we would still retain those friends whom we have made among them, as we can retain them even when our strength lessens. Nor is that all. It is quite impossible to have visited Central Europe for many years continuously without observing the great change which, almost under one's eyes, has taken place in the peoples whose lands abut upon the Alpine region. In the course of twenty years many of us have seen the middle classes of the Lombard Plain, and the middle classes of Switzerland and Germany, and, to a lesser extent, the middle classes of France, take on a different spirit as they have slowly realised the great training ground for soul and body which has been set in their midst. And in England, in the course of that time it has begun to be realised how great a national asset there resides in our own mountainous districts of Lakeland and Wales. Now, that to us, who have come to look upon the Alps as reserved specially for ourselves, has its disadvantages. The influx of much larger classes into the sport brings with it all kinds of oddities and dangers. Rules easy to be made and observed when a few climbers all knew one another and were easily amenable to ordinary discipline tend to be forgotten amid the mass who now pursue the sport. Disregard for the comfort and convenience of other climbing parties, emulation and record breaking and a delight in sensational exploits for sensation's sake, become more prominent. For all this, we would not if we could shut off the great urban populations from what, as I have already said, is working a change in the spirit of the Continental nations, and may prove for Englishmen one of the most health-giving and character-building of exercises. But it is just at such a moment as this that bodies like the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club and our own Alpine Club, considered in their corporate capacity, can

work their greatest good. By recognising the new spirit of adventure and daring, even when it pushes itself to the extreme to which young men are wont to push—and I hope always will be wont to push—that spirit; by sternly discouraging sensation for its own sake; above all by laying stress on the most permanent element in the love of mountaineering—the love of Nature as communicated to man under the stress of physical exertion, the love of the lover who must fight hard to win the beloved—this Club and that other club of which I have spoken will always find their truest justification and their supreme work.



GAPING GHYLL.

BY REGINALD FARRER.

(The subject of this article is of such special interest to Ramblers that we do not apologise for reprinting it, by kind permission, from Blackwood's Magazine, July, 1908. Ed. Y.R.C.J.).

Above the placid valley of Craven, in the uttermost corner of Yorkshire, stand the three mountain-masses of Ingleborough, Penyghent, and Whernside. Ingleborough holds the central position, and, thanks to his isolation, achieved long ago the reputation of being the highest point in England. From Whernside on the one hand, and from Penyghent on the other, Ingleborough is cut off by two deep valleys, which form his basis into a vast rough triangle, of which one line is made by the infant Ribble, flowing beneath Penyghent, and the other by the Greta, perpetually disappearing underground, like Arethusa, as it makes its way down towards Ingleton. The third side of the triangle, and the broadest, is the lowland of Craven itself, along which gently goes the Wenning in search of the Lune.

On this great triangle, as on a pedestal, stands the mass of Ingleborough, built, like his two neighbours, of shale and grit, with one narrow belt of mountain limestone appearing about a hundred feet from the summit in an abrupt cliff, on which grow the rare plants for which the hill is celebrated. But the statue, like Flaubert's Salammbô, is too small for its plinth: splendid as are the proportions of Ingleborough, the pavement of limestone spreads out far and wide beneath the last steep slopes of the gritstone giant himself, so that on surmounting the lower fells one finds oneself on a perfectly flat even floor of white boulders stretching away to the foot of the mountain. And it is in this white pavement that are found all the famous water-sinks that feed the streams far below, in the unknown caverns through which they run. For in his magnificent solitude Ingleborough gathers all the clouds of heaven, and their rains streaming down his slopes have so fretted away the limestone of the

levels that, here and there, the waters disappear into some secret chink or narrow terrible shaft between the rocks. It is practically certain that all these chasms ultimately have connection with the caves from which the rivers of Craven issue into the valleys far below at the cliff's foot; but there now seems little hope that any practicable passage will ever be effected, or that, as was once hoped, the pot-holes and the caves will all be found part of one enormous system of caverns ramifying throughout the heart of Ingleborough. So far as has been yet discovered, each water-sink conveys only its own stream, and never joins it with that from any other hole. Rift Pot alone has been connected with Long Kin East, a modest little winding crack in the white limestone, a yard across or less, that drops nearly four hundred feet to the abyss beneath. Round Long Kin East are gathered a little knot of immature pot-holes, twenty to thirty feet in depth or so, and filled with fern and lily-of-the-valley, where the silence of the hills is only broken by the sluggish drip of water, draining away to unsuspected depths. These open shafts, however, with their water-fluted walls of limestone, and their clear pools below, are mere *bruta fulmina*, beguiling obviousnesses in the labyrinth of death-traps. For it is the unsuspected, meek-looking cavities that hide real danger. A tiny opening, an apparent rabbit-hole, will drop a stone, echoing dimly, three hundred feet or more; and Rift Pot itself, obviously an hour's work for its explorers, and only four dozen yards or so in depth, gave full occupation for a day and a night, and carried the seekers four hundred feet down, in drop after drop.

With such deadly dimples the smiling face of the upper limestone is studded all over the base of Ingleborough, from the mild open holes above Weathercote, right round the western, southern, and eastern faces of the mountain, to the grim and aptly named Helln Pot, close above Selside. But the deepest and the most awful of the water-holes is Gaping Ghyll. The chasm comes upon one by surprise, and, unlike the others, does not disguise its horror. Following the stream from its source

high up on the eastern face of Ingleborough, its meanderings leads one at last to the lower sedge-clad levels of the moor, and there, after disappearing several times beneath its limestone bed, in the manner of the mountain streams, it ends abruptly in a deep, basin-shaped depression. On three sides falls a steep bank of heather and moss; on the fourth, far down under the converging slopes, the stream disappears over a smooth white lip of rock into an open rounded well of darkness, up which floats a faint wraith of spume. The shaft itself is dank and wet; a dull light shines from the rock, and strange livid lichens grow in lines and patches as far down as the last rays of daylight will permit. Above, on the upper ledges, delicate ferns and wood anemone balance in the ascending reek of the pot-hole; and higher still, where the smooth slope above breaks sheer off in the precipice, hang the last tufts of heather and sedge and hawkweed that offer so delusive a handhold to any unwary victim of the bank. And yet, horrible as the place is, deadly and evil beyond expression, it has absolutely no record of tragedy,—and, this too, though red-tape and manorial complications have always forbidden it to be railed in, and left it an open peril in the moor. Further, Gaping Ghyll, for all its terrors, has no legend, no ghost, no supernatural reputation in the country-side. About two miles away, in the narrow valley beneath the fells, the great Ingleborough Cave opens into the Ingleborough Woods, and from a subsidiary mouth flows that stream which, after feeding the lake above Ingleborough House, drops in a series of waterfalls towards the Craven lowlands, where it becomes the Wenning, and ultimately joins the Lune at Wennington on its way down to Lancaster and the sea. And this stream which emerges from the cave under the cliff is, beyond doubt, the same that plunges into Gaping Ghyll on the moor five hundred feet and more above, and about two miles away.

It was thus known, long since, that of all the pot-holes, Gaping Ghyll was the one that held out the finest prospects of a big cave-system, and even of some practic-

able passage out into the daylight once more. The first descent of the great Ghyll was made by M. Edmond Martel, the French spelæologist, who, with practised intrepidity, went down alone into the darkness, and after several hours returned with the news of an enormous hall beneath the main shaft. He, however, found no outlet from this hall, and it was left for the Yorkshire Ramblers in subsequent descents to discover passages leading from either end of it towards farther halls and corridors and abysses.

When I first gazed upon the frail-looking little rope-ladder that swayed and wobbled away out of sight beneath my feet, I was not disposed to flatter myself on prudence in having persuaded the Ramblers to let me accompany them on their latest exploration in the depths of Gaping Ghyll. And when, from that vacillating Brig o' Dread, a Rambler emerged once more into the upper air, wearied and wet, I found it necessary to take my determination into both hands and squeeze it vigorously back into firmness. In point of fact, one cannot possibly be afraid, for there is nothing on earth to be afraid of. For not only has one the rope-ladder to grip, but also a stalwart life-line, attached to one's middle, with half a dozen equally stalwart Ramblers holding it firm on the bank above, lowering it step by step as you descend, and hauling with a will as you come up. Thus it will be obvious that, even in the most timid, there is no room for any sort of fear. For, unless all your pullers were simultaneously stricken with apoplexy, nothing could conceivably go wrong with you as long as you keep your head and your hold. And yet, though one is in no sense afraid, there is an awe and a ghostly horror about that Avernus which sinks deep into one's bones, while one lingers shivering on the brink, not yet wishing to launch away and go down out of the blessed daylight. To save me fatigue the Ramblers started me from the lowest ledge of all; and thus, despite my protests, I was able—if I had chosen—to look down and see clearly to what I had committed myself. However, I tried to see and think as little as possible, and so stood with my feet on

the ladder, awaiting the signal. The stream, dried with spring droughts, had been dammed off above with a bank of grass and stones, and this added a whimsical touch to the situation. For my latest novel had concluded with the destruction of most of my characters in just such another pot-hole, by the rupture of just such another dam, while the heroine contemplated the situation with complacency. I could not but feel with what a poetic justice some similar fate might befall me in my turn, and, as I began the descent, almost expected to see the well-known phantom of Lady Gundred Darnley among the spectators on the bank above.

At last the signal came, and blindly I began to lower my feet from rung to rung of the ladder. Of course the process was easy and pleasant. Expected difficulties generally are. So down I went, and down, and the daylight began to glimmer ghostly overhead with wild pale reflections from the gleaming rocks of the chasm. Soon I had passed beneath the sphere of the last lichens, and only bare grey stone, glossy with cold moisture, shone around me while I descended as mechanically and rhythmically as possible. For, if you keep step with the lowering movements of the life-line, your descent is rapid and easy as the descent to Avernus has every traditional right to be. Unfortunately, however, the depth of the shaft is far too great to admit of a single rope-ladder serving the whole length. Therefore many have to be spliced together, and, where these splices occur, the thickened twisted ropes are hard to seize for the hands that are rapidly becoming numbed with the deadly cold. And so one gets out of step, and the earliest anguishes begin. At this point it is that I make my first discovery. I cannot blow the whistle. Nothing but a feeble splutter results, like the pipe of a bird with a quinsy. And on the whistle hangs all my happiness. For the holders of the rope have a code of signals by which to regulate their movements. One shrill with the whistle stands for "Stop"; two for "Haul up"; three for "Lower." Now, if you cannot whistle you have no way of communicating your wishes to them, and when you want them to lower

they cut your body piteously in two by hauling up, till your feet are pulled off the ladder and float wildly in the dark; and when you want them to haul up or let you rest, they lower, until the slack of the rope is bellying away below you, and you know that for a few minutes at least your only hope of safety is to hold fast to the ladder. And this becomes no easy task, for the cold soon becomes so agonising that from the elbow downwards neither of your arms has any feeling whatever, and though you clutch, it is only automatically, without conviction or any real sensation of holding.

Suddenly, at this stage, the worst moment of all begins. Hitherto the ladder has been descending against the sheer rock, and thus has been firm and good for the feet to grip. But now the line of the shaft sags inwards, and the ladder hangs slack and independent for fifty feet or more, until the rock slopes outward again and supports it. And the instant that the rope-ladder is left free it develops vagaries. Before you know where you are, or have any idea beyond the passionate wish that you weren't there, the ladder begins to gyrate, and suddenly swings round altogether. In the paralysing unpleasantness of that moment one has to bend all one's will to remember that nothing can possibly go wrong so long as one clings to that delusive ladder,—which, as a matter of fact, has, of course, not swung completely round, being too securely fastened, though its manœuvres are quite as disconcerting as if it had. Now it flops and staggers as you go, and the going becomes an agony. To and fro it swings you, lurching this way and that, and at the same time falling sheer beneath you, except when your tread forces it outwards at some horrible angle. The secret of negotiating these bad passages is, I am told, to hold on with the right hand to the right rope of the ladder, and to pass the left arm completely round the ladder till you grasp the right-hand rope with both hands. For the closer you keep your body to the ladder the less it sways. These are wise counsels; but unfortunately the ladder is just too wide for the crook of my arm to slide over its rungs with any ease, and how can any one execute manual

manœuvres on a jumping rope with hands that have long lost any power of sensation? And yet, though my mind does not know it, my hands are gripping the rope with a mechanical frenzy that soon, combined with the cold, threatens to produce writer's cramp or some analogous complaint. And still I descend with a sort of automatic passion, the light waning as I go, and the grey, wet darkness gathering thicker every moment. A sound of many waters is in my ears. Luckily, in all stresses of effort, the mind seems to hypnotise the body, and then to go off on a holiday, while the body continues blindly doing what the mind commanded before it departed. So, as I go, dully clinging, dully descending, without stop or conscious action, my mind, confident in the body's ability to grip a rope and find a rung, is roaming strange fields, and accompanying old blind Ædipus down *καταρράκτης ὁδὸς* in Kolonos. Was it more *καταρράκτης* than this? Poor Ædipus! No wonder he lingered till that ghostly voice called him to hasten. Suddenly I awake to the knowledge of human propinquity. Voices strike through the roar of the water. I have arrived at the ledge.

For half-way, about a hundred and ninety feet down Gaping Ghyll, there exists the one amenity of the pot-hole, a broad triangular ledge of smooth water-worn limestone, on which, so broad it looks to my imagination, excited by the sight of level ground, one might almost give a dance. And here two Ramblers are waiting to help me from the ladder, for both my hands are absolutely paralysed by now, and incapable of force or feeling. How I held on for the last fifty feet will always be my wonder. It shows yet again what one can do when one must. So I crawl on to the ledge and lie down under the shelf on one side of it, to be safe from any stones that may fall. And now I know that my Ædipus-preoccupied mind has really been at home and noticing all the time. For that last fifty feet I have been descending the shaft with my back to the wall and my face turned outwards to the column of darkness down which I was going, and every detail is clear to me as I remember,—the rounded well, the grey



THE STREAM-CHAMBER, GAPING GHYLL.
Photos. by C. Hastings.



THE LEDGE, GAPING GHYLL.

glistening rocks, and the spume of water that fills all the air and rises for ever like a faint cloud. And above everything, across the fluctuating, steaming darkness down between my feet, the white whirling apparition of the waterfall. For out of an unsuspected opening in the wall comes roaring a great mass of water, the main body of the stream from up above, which, instead of descending as originally over the lip of the Ghyll itself, now has wormed its way among some big boulders at the pot's mouth, and rejoins the main shaft about half-way down by a side-passage.

The Ramblers, I find, seem to think I have done enough, and should now be content to go tamely up again. As if one had braved such toils in order to leave the job half done and the glory unattained! They represent to me the formidableness of the undertaking, and tell me that if I go down the whole way I shall probably be unable to come up again; to which I answer that when the only alternative is staying at the bottom of Gaping Ghyll for the rest of my natural life, they may rely on my getting up again somehow by hook or by crook. There are very few things one cannot do if necessity offers no other choice. And believing that one can always do what one has to do, I have a strong tendency to burn my boats and so make achievement certain. Accordingly, after ten minutes on the ledge, I creep back on to the ladder again and continue my descent through the cataclysmal noise of the waterfall.

But the last part of the descent is far better than the first. Though the cataract yells in your ear, and though the spray of it leaves you without a dry rag, yet the ladder is so hung that the volume of water does not harass you as you descend, and for about fifty feet of the hundred and fifty you have still to go the ropes hang firm and fixed on the face of the rock, so that one leaps down swiftly and surely, hand over hand. They gave me whisky, too, on the ledge, and sensation accordingly has flowed painfully back into my limbs. So I go cheerfully onwards, not heeding the difficulty which I have every moment in dragging my soaked sleeve over the projecting

left rung of the ladder. And then suddenly there is nothing in front of me but blind, black night, only made more dense by the pale light of the shaft above. The rock has ceased utterly, and now the rope is falling sheer through the roof of the Great Hall at the bottom of Gaping Ghyll. As one goes the sense of its awful vastness leans heavier and heavier on one's consciousness. Every step makes one more infinitesimal in the enormous primeval gloom of the cavern. The strands of the rope dwindle, it seems, to a frail thread, and one feels like a spider spinning dizzily down from the Dome of St. Paul's. And the descent is incredibly long. Very far away overhead now hangs the blackness of the roof, and very far away below one can dimly discern the gleaming rocks of the floor. Thus one goes, and the rope, contrary to my expectations, has so proper a sense of the scene's solemnity that it gyrates and jumps no longer, but continues soberly and straightly on its sheer way. Then at last it seems that the rocks made a sudden leap upwards, and you are standing on solid earth again, nearly four hundred feet beneath the moor.

The Great Hall at the foot of Gaping Ghyll must be the original dwelling of Aiolos. For all the winds are at home here, and a hundred conflicting eager draughts welcome one to the Underworld. And a dim, awful world it is. Feet and yards give no impression, even when numbered by hundreds. But this cave is terrifyingly vast,—so high and so broad and so long. The eye loses itself in the distance of darkness after darkness. Almost in the middle, pale and ghastly, falls the daylight, in one round blotch of greyness. And through the daylight, in an avalanche, falls the crashing whiteness of the waterfall, which, long before it touches earth, breaks like the Staubbach into a never-resting cloud of spume, drifting down in slow wraiths or breaking in little bombs of snowy smoke. Its end is in a small pool, into which you can scarcely see it merge; only across the brown surface of the water sweeps for ever a whipping, shifting sheet of spray, perpetually varying from shape to shape, lashing the tormented shallows with the semblance of a hundred

hurrying ghosts. And then, impregnable high against the white cataract and the grey sky above, looms, ominously hard and sharp and black, the broken line of the roof, from which the ladder hangs, a tiny reminder of one's own minuteness, leading up and up and up, unbelievably straight and far, towards the ledge. The cave itself is so vast that even across the pool one man looks to another like a pismire, and, as he wanders back towards the glooms, almost shrinks from sight altogether. Only under the shaft itself is there light. The rest is velvety blackness. The wall of the cave, though, as it skirts the waterfall, has small projecting buttresses that take the pale dusk, and by it are turned into phantoms. Of less than human height they are, but vaguely human in shape, those blurs of greyness. Sometimes they stand linked, as it were, arm in arm, and here and there alone—peering out suspiciously from the dark upon the invaders of their immemorial territory. Under the spray of the fall, too, gleam shining pebbles in the bed of the pool, and round it, where the spume washes them. The stream, however, is heard no more of, but sinks through the stone into unguessed profundities, so that the rest of the cave is dry and solid. As one roams round its enormous area one comes upon a great sand-bank, flat and hard and even; but for the main part the floor is of rounded shingle or broken rock.

At the northern end, or that which leads up towards Ingleborough, the cavern narrows, and then is suddenly closed by a steep, high bank of *débris*. Climbing this, one comes upon a needle's eye between two cliffs, and so, straddling perilously out, with either foot on a precipice and nothing below, sees, far beneath, and stretching out indefinitely beyond, another cavern, floored with broken boulders. Magnesium wire shows darkness beyond darkness, and possibility behind possibility. But this passage, they say, is sterile, so we return towards the southern extremity of the Great Hall, whence lead on the corridors by which the Ramblers still hope that they may establish a connection between Gaping Ghyll and the Ingleborough Cave below, of whose system Gaping Ghyll has

undoubtedly been a part at one time, and whose water, it is known, is still received from Gaping Ghyll.

Crossing the enormous length of the main chamber again, we come to the southern end. Here, too, a towering rampart of broken, unstable boulders leads us upwards towards the outlet. No wonder that Martel never suspected these exits, thus masked by hopeless-looking slopes of rubble. All here is dry and warm. It is many thousand years, in every probability, since water last flowed in these caverns. A couple of bleached planks half-way up the bank shows the high-water mark of the heaviest floods, but into the passages themselves there is no doubt that water never flows now. At last we delicately surmount the last toppling boulder and look back at the main chamber stretching far away below us, and away into the indefinite distance. I can only compare the sight to some midnight view of a vast cathedral wrecked and pillaged, with pale moonbeams falling through a great rent in the dome. And then we turn to the passage. For a few yards it is a case of wriggling, of playing sandwich between a million-ton slab of rock above and the floor of the world beneath. So, at last we writhe ourselves clear, and are standing in a long shallow corridor, triangular in shape, with the broadest side of the triangle sloping overhead in a slanting roof. Candles are fixed in our hats, and shoot vain, little reddish darts against the invulnerable darkness. And all around us, now that the sleety whistle of the waterfall is left behind, broods an infinite silence.

As we go, bending and doubling, suddenly the stalactites gleam into sight. They are almost startling in their abrupt, vivid beauty. For they are of the purest white, like molten wax, pouring down everywhere in sheets, in billows, in curtains, in tapestries, in countless thousands of inverted snowy spires and steeples. Along each wall they crowd in dense clusters, in stately velvet hangings, in grotesque bossy convolutions. Here and there from some rift in the roof falls a fold of drapery, pure and glistening, as it were the trailing robe of an angel let carelessly down through a crack in the floor of heaven



ANEMOLITES. GAPING GHYLL

Photo by C. Hastings



NEW STALACTITE CHAMBER, GAPING GHYLL

Photo by C. Hastings

just above. Here, again, a great mass forming from above has met a great mass rising from below, and an ivory column has resulted. Or down some slope of the rock a frozen cataract of white comes pouring in a race of arrested ripples and eddies. Everywhere whiteness undefiled, a ghostly, warm, transparent whiteness,—except, indeed, where one great mass of a hundred hanging pinnacles is banded and streaked and flushed with crimson, as if the sad heart of the world had broken, and the blood from its veins trickled down into the fabric of the stone. They range from every size, these growths, from huge buttresses and pillars to tiny thread-like pipes, frail and diaphanous, which sometimes reach four feet and more in length. And everywhere they are gathered, big and little, in every nook of the wall, and from every crack of the roof, along whose lines they make a delicate tracery, Gothic and elaborate and fanciful, like the diapered daintiness of some old forgotten chapel. They take strange shapes, too, these white children of the darkness—far different from the soiled regularity of their poor smoke-grimed cousins in the Ingleborough Cave. Here they are a-bristle with thorny excrescences, weirdly bowed and bent, mopping and mowing this way and that; or, as they hang in folds of drapery, perfectly transparent, their edges are elaborately scalloped, with a drop of clear water lodged in each rounded notch, held close by the furred edge of the forming stone,—until the whole effect is of some brodered trimming, toothed along its hem, and jewelled with diamond between the denticulations. As you touch them the hanging needles ring and sing; the old, great, ponderous pinnacles give a deep and bell-like note; the younger, daintier points have a light joyousness of tone, as their music breaks out across the black silence. And if you hold the light behind them you see all the lovely radiance of their flesh,—the warm flush, the veins, the suffusing rose of their translucent substance. It is hard to believe that they are not alive,—that they do not hold their Sabbaths down here at midnight in the everlasting dark.

And so past city after city, past hanging after hanging,

our corridor conveys us onward, now arched and lofty, now low and tortuous. Underneath our feet are stretches of damp cave-mud or pebbles, and then, at last, great broken boulders, so long fallen that, though now they are dry, their surfaces are marbled and warted with an aged growth of stalagmite. Then, between two mighty blocks, the way brings us out upon an embankment of earth, and beyond—nothing. Even in the impenetrable night we can hear mysteriously that we are in some enormous holy place. Very far away, from moment to moment, falls a drip of water, echoing and echoing along immeasurable depths. Then a flare of magnesium stabs the blind void, and for an instant we see, and, seeing, know how much more we have to guess. We are, as it were, in the gallery of a huge cathedral, the mud-rampart serving for our protecting ledge. Below that, in slope after slope of mud, the ground drops sheer away so deep that no light can pierce it. On either hand rise shadowy cliffs of darkness, frescoed here and there with white crusts of stalactite. And high above all, unseen but divined, the shadowy weight of the vault hangs over us. But this huge hall, with its shaft of unplumbed obscurity falling away beneath our feet, is but the chancel to more terrific transepts. For far beyond, where the titanic walls end abruptly in the blackness, our flashes of magnesium show us another and a vaster cavern still stretching out at right angles, on either hand, to distances unguessed. In the vacillating glow the remote vacancies waver and fade into night again. No one speaks; and we hear at last the Great Silence—that crushing, fulminating silence which has been since the beginning of time, that must last to the unimaginable end. For nothing has ever been here since the Waters died away. No living creature, man nor ancestor of man, nor even the wriggling things of the primal ooze, can ever have pierced this stronghold of quiet. Bedded in the walls lie the sea-shells that lived while the world was building, but since their day nothing alive has ever had any share in this temple of wonder and terror. In such a place one cannot speak. There is no room for the voice of man. And so, with the silence pressing heavily

on our heels, we turn and make our way back again towards the Hall.

It had been my ambition to achieve the whole exploration with the explorers. But they were evidently determined to have none of it, and represented to me that the passages would lead them on for two difficult hours to the subterranean pot-hole, which, so far, is the end of the Gaping Ghyll cave-system, and that once there it would be very many hours before they could hope to return, by which time they evidently concluded that I should be *hors de combat*. Therefore, having seen, like Balkis, such wondrous things that there was little more spirit in me, I yielded to their pleadings, and concluded that I would not make myself a nuisance by any insistence. As it was, when I arrived at the base of the ladder and looked up that awful sheer ascent, only a few feet less than that Roman Catholic Cathedral's tower by Ashley Gardens, I must admit I quailed before that rigid prospect. However, there was no use for quailing, and as I had no choice but to climb, I set to work. And the pullers above pulled with so excellent a will that I sailed up through that enormous dome again with unexpected ease, my only anguishes occurring when the thickening of the spliced ropes caused me to grope for hold, and thus lose step. When this happened the hearty pullers jerked my feet from the ladder, and I spun agonising in the inane until I could scramble up a rung or two with my hands, and so get straight with my helpers again. As before, though, it was the last slack bit of the ladder above the ledge that made my purgatory. By the time I reached it my hands and my feet were so tired that they could but plod mechanically upward with occasional halts, especially as I was carrying over my shoulder nearly four hundred feet of loose guide-line that had been left below by mistake, and now had to be taken up to the top. However, at last the blessed daylight began to grow clear, and, far sooner than I had ever dared to hope, I landed in the upper world once more, wet to the skin, as cold as a bone, bountifully scraped and bruised all over, weary in wrist and ankle, and with a large hole burned in

the top of my head by the premature and unexpected guttering of the candle in my hat. And yet, now that all was said and done, glorious with triumph, and prepared, if need be, to achieve it again; for had I not stood where few have stood, and where fewer still will ever stand again? As for the explorers below, they made their perilous way onwards, I heard later, through crevice and cranny, up cliff and down abyss, carrying more ropes and ladders, together with provisions, until at last they reached the anticipated beginning of their real work. And there, a mile or more from the base of Gaping Ghyll and about four hundred feet beneath the moor, they found that subterranean pot-hole, dropping another hundred and fifty feet towards the centre of the earth. And in its depths lay a gulf of quiet water that no plummet could sound, though a fifty-foot lead was used. Nor could any movement or outlet be anywhere discerned. So there, in that pit of dead black water, immovable for ever in the depths of the earth, ends, so far as we yet know, the great cavern under Gaping Ghyll.



CONCERNING GUIDE-BOOKS.

BY CLAUDE E. BENSON.

(Read before The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, March 1st, 1910, and reprinted, by kind permission, from The Cornhill Magazine.)

He that hath a thousand friends hath not a friend to spare;
And he that hath one enemy shall meet him everywhere.

It is a pleasant and not unwarrantable reflection that the writer of Guide-Books has at least a thousand friends, probably many thousand; it is certain that he has one enemy whose name is Legion. Hidden in dim cathedrals, in ruined abbeys, in picture-galleries, on mountains, in torrents, among time-tables, on golf-links, in trout-streams, at every turn in the path and corner of the road, and at the wayside inn, the Demon lurks. And the Demon of the wayside inn is more trouble than all the rest put together. For instance: Harrogate to Bolton Abbey . . . Inns at Catch'em Corner, $6\frac{3}{4}$ m., and Blubberhouses, 9 m. . . . whence the pretty village of Fewston, (Smith's Arms), is $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W..

These be innocent-looking words enough; yet they are, or rather were, pregnant with thunderbolts of wrath and abuse, all of which were discharged on my helpless and undeserving head.

The road from Harrogate to Bolton Abbey is fairly level for half the way, but between Catch'em Corner and Bolton Bridge there is a very stiff bit of collar-work, and, taking the route on the reverse way, the grind up from Wharfedale is a thing to shudder at. In the days of my friend the late Mr. Baddeley there were houses of call as stated, but of recent years they have been closed, one after another, and now on the whole route there is but one inn, at the corner of Hopper Lane, between Catch'em Corner and Blubberhouses.

The energetic and temperate pedestrian reaches Catch'em Corner to find no inn there. Had there been, he would possibly have passed it unheeding, but the mere fact of its not being available creates a sensation of

disappointment which generates thirst. By the time Hopper Lane is reached the desire for something wet has developed, and he hesitates on the threshold and, to his undoing, consults the guide-book. Behold, within two miles is Blubberhouses with its hostelry. By that time the thirst will have increased to a desire for something wet and long, the kind of thirst one would not sell for five pounds. So he turns his back on the bird in the hand and plunges downward after the elusive denizen of the bush, to find the bird flown.

Now thirst, when the means of quenching it are handy, is the greatest of all the gifts of the immortals to suffering humanity. When those means are absent—it is the very devil.

The condition of the enthusiastic and temperate pedestrian is now trying in the extreme. The pseudo-thirst, called into unreal being by the guide-book misinformation of the presence of a non-existent inn at Catch'em Corner, has become, by the rebellious perversity of responsive disappointment, a very real and overmastering craving. Two alternatives of satisfying this imperious demand present themselves—to climb the steep ascent back as far as Hopper Lane, which is unthinkable, even without the aid of a strongly expressed dissent, or to quench thirst from the brook by the wayside.

Now the wayside brook, in a moorland country, scarcely appeals. It is very generally flavoured with peat, and sometimes with sheep—not altogether new-laid sheep either. Wherefore the pedestrian stiffens his withers against the traces and pulls ahead.

By the time he is half-way down the long descent to Bolton Bridge he has determined—not without picturesque asseveration—that he will have something not only wet, not only long, but also alcoholic. The one or two little wayside cottages, offering tea, lemonade and mineral waters, do not throw him out of his stride for a second, and at length, at the Devonshire Arms, he gives the devil—or angel—of thirst his due.

After which he proceeds to unpack his heart with a letter to the Editor of the 'otherwise excellent guide-book'

—I know that phrase: it is ominous of trouble.

I trust it will not be imputed to me for facetiousness that I have introduced the well-worn question of thirst. I merely write that I have read—and the reading has not always been pleasant. I suppose that thirst is more provocative of evil temper—in its early stages at least—than hunger; nevertheless, a man, be he of the *most strictest* order of teetotalers, seldom complains of missing his meal. I admit the grievance; it is a very real one. If one takes a sixteen-mile tramp along a frequented tourist route, one has a right to expect to find a house of call on the way, and one has also a right to expect those who profess to provide such information to tell one where one will find the hostelry, and not to cheat one with information as to dead-and-gone inns.

Unfortunately it is impossible thoroughly to satisfy this perfectly reasonable demand. Every good and careful guide-book writer makes a conscientious study of the local papers so as to keep in touch as nearly as he can with all changes; nevertheless it is conceivable that such an event as the closing of "The Cat and Cow" and the opening of "The Green Lamb" may escape being reported; and the consequence is disappointment, thirst—and a letter to the Editor.

Similarly golf-links and salmon and trout-streams furnish pitfalls. A single committee meeting may make the prices prohibitive, or impose such restrictions on visitors that to the average tourist the links or streams are practically closed; or an association or riparian owner may buy up a stretch of water which for years has been the happy hunting-ground of the casual angler. The hard-worked individual who has selected his holiday resort chiefly on account of the golfing or fishing facilities it offers, misled thereto by the guide-book, when he finds his hopes disappointed, is moved to exceeding bitterness of spirit and is sometimes quite rude.

I got a serious wiggling, together with a lecture on my want of observation and taste, over a picture-gallery. The Corporation, in a moment of lunacy or artistic appreciation, had bought two famous works from a well-

known up-to-date impressionist artist. They are beautiful things, of a sort of *Calais-Douvres* complexion, and whether they are hung upside down or sideways does not make much difference to the uneducated eye. The defenders of this school are always aggressive, and the result was a letter expressing surprise that my 'otherwise excellent guide-book'—(dear old phrase), &c., &c. If this excellent and careful observer had looked at the date of the guide-book he would have seen that it had been published before the picture was painted.

Stables are a fruitful source of trouble, and sometimes, though seldom, it must be admitted, there is room for complaint, not against the Editor, but against the Stable Proprietor. I was once on the point of exploding at an apparently extortionate demand whilst bargaining for the hire of a trap, when I recollected that that day was a great business function. It was obviously unreasonable to expect the proprietor to let me have the use of a dog-cart for the day at the normal price, when he could make twice and more than twice as much by keeping it ready for local service.

Generally speaking I have found carriage-hire moderate. Occasionally I have met with attempts at extortion, and in them do I delight. Such an one do I remember. I shall not name the place: suffice it to say it was not between Jerusalem and Jericho. I approached my man *per* telephone. I named the drive desired; he named the price required. I then explained that I only wanted to hire the horse and trap, not to buy it; whereat he became wrathful. I paid him a personal visit later, but he was not accommodating; so I was driven to consult my own guide-book. My man informed me somewhat insolently that he paid no attention to such publications. I always carry a fountain-pen to make notes withal, and the note I made then and there was the erasure of my man's name and livery stable, which roused his curiosity. When he learned that, as Editor of the guide-book, I considered that my duty was to the public, and that therefore I could not conscientiously recommend an establishment where they would be plundered and insulted, he began to take in

the situation. I got my drive next day at a normal price. I think I might have had it for nothing, only under the circumstances that would not have been quite playing the game.

Architecture is a very epistolary Cadmus. One kind gentleman volunteered to send me an elementary hand-book on the subject, which was civil and considerate. He did not know that he was setting his opinion against that of a very high authority, whose name I forget for the moment; but when he passes from the elementary hand-book into studies more erudite he may abandon his somewhat primitive opinions.

For the most part, however, correspondents are exceedingly kind. Sometimes they are rather too kind. The other day I had a letter suggesting that the guide-book did not do sufficient justice to the beauty of a certain waterfall, and enclosing an appropriate description. I entirely agree. The guide-book does not do the scenery justice. Moreover, the description was very pretty reading, written by a man who knew the place well and loved Nature. Unfortunately it occupied about three closely typed sheets. Now, as a guide-book is intended to be carried in the pocket and not on a van, I had, very unwillingly, to reduce the three pages to double as many lines. I expect to hear of that before long, when the new edition comes out.

Most of the correspondence, however, arises from the mistakes of the tourists. They just finger-read a page, take their bearings by the light of nature, and go ahead. In a wild moorland country such negligence may bring about inconvenient, if not serious, results; in a mountainous country it may prove fatal.

I will give an example. Of a certain descent it is written: 'The route is unmistakeable. The tarn lies immediately below' and general instructions as to the line of descent follow. Here we have a landmark that can scarcely be missed—a considerable sheet of water—to guide one. I had a letter from a tourist a few months back expressing a hope that the instructions might be made clearer, as he had attempted the descent, got off the

track, and consequently had rather a bad—he called it ‘terrible’—time of it. And, indeed, he must have encountered abundant opportunities of breaking his neck. Inquiries elicited the important information that he had never seen the tarn—that he had disregarded the note that it lay immediately below. Now even a little piece of water like the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens can hardly be overlooked, given reasonably clear weather. It would seem, then, surely, to follow that if the tarn were not in sight, immediately below, the tourist *must* be on the wrong track, and that his proper course was to walk around, aided by the map, until he did see it. But a process so methodical as this seldom occurs to the average tourist.

I have no complaint to make of communications such as this last. In fact, all letters should be welcomed, and answered *at once* and courteously. If the tone of the communication is not always courteous itself, it must be remembered that the writer has had probably some incentive to irritability. Once I said in my haste that guide-books must be written for fools. I withdraw that stricture unreservedly. What may be very clear to a man who knows a place like the palm of his hand may be not so clear to a stranger. Very few visitors to the Lake District, for instance, have any conception of the bulk of the fells. It is all very well to sneer at dear old Skiddaw—the shapeliest mountain in England, by the way—as a climb for ‘auld wives and bairns.’ Drop Skiddaw down in London with its eastern extremity at the Bank of England: its western slopes would terminate somewhere in the neighbourhood of Kensington Gardens, whilst its northern spurs would obliterate Lord’s and encroach on Hampstead. This implies a considerable acreage, and plentiful opportunities of going astray, though, thanks to the shapeliness of Skiddaw, a serious divergence would be difficult.

On one point, however, *j'accuse*. Of tourists in mountainous districts the majority do take maps, a reasonable proportion have boots more or less efficiently nailed, a minority take a compass, and only a very small

minority have the most rudimentary idea of using that invaluable instrument. I wish people would pay attention to the preliminary words of caution advocating maps, nails and compasses. They are not written for nothing. I have seen a joyous picnic-party trotting about on steep grass slopes terminating in a sheer precipice, as if the place were as innocent of danger as Primrose Hill. I overtook them, and found that without exception they had no nails in their boots; one had a map; not one had a compass. Had bad or thick weather overtaken them their plight might have been really serious. I did venture to remonstrate; I hinted that grass, lying even at a moderate angle, was one of the most treacherous of enemies, and was laughed at for my pains. My own outrageous clinker-nailed boots were a source of undying amusement to sundry of the ladies and younger gentlemen—I hope I am not unduly sarcastic. However, I kept them in sight until they had reached the valley and undeserved safety.

Whilst on this subject, I should like to suggest that, in a sense, moors are perhaps more dangerous than mountains, in England, at any rate. The Lake District is so compact that a missing tourist is pretty sure to be missed, and forthwith search-parties of generous dalesmen will seek out the lost sheep; but I should be very sorry for the ill-equipped tourist who got caught by a thick mist on a waste howling wilderness like Crowden in Cheshire, or even on the Scout in Derbyshire.

‘Never, except in very exceptional cases, consult local talent; if local talent persists in offering its advice, disregard the advice absolutely. Local talent, as a rule, knows nothing of the mountain which rises from its back door, but will die rather than admit its ignorance.’

These be wise words, from the pen of one who has evidently suffered. One of the sorest trials of a guide-book writer on visiting a new district is the difficulty of getting accurate information. The gentle peasant, on being questioned, apparently thinks that his capacity would be impugned if he failed to answer, and answer he

does :

Recte si possit, si non, quocunque modo.

I have the greatest respect for the Ordnance Maps; they are admirable as regards topographical detail, but occasionally the thought will intrude that the ingenuous surveyor may have been misled into consulting *Rusticus*, and got loaded up with misinformation for his pains. Quite recently I had to shift a couple of mountains a mile or more to locate them in their proper places—on the map.

On the other hand, the local clergy, gentry and hotel proprietors are for the most part exceedingly kind and very willing to help. Moreover, if they do not know, they are honest enough to say so. More than that, they will more often than not put you in the way of getting the information you desire if they cannot give it themselves. On one or two occasions gentlemen have taken the trouble to collect the information for me from the local authorities and to send it on in very complete form. There is something very real about courtesy of this kind.

The ideal method of compiling a guide-book is to visit a new district with a perfectly open mind, make your inquiries and notes on the spot, then to return and ransack the British Museum Library and hunt up all the works on the district and monographs on particular churches, abbeys, battlefields, &c.; and then, thoroughly equipped with your own and other people's wisdom, to go over the ground again.

Such a process would have been excellent in the days of Chedorlaomer, when men had plenty of time to live and think. Unfortunately the total days of our years are only threescore and ten, of which the working years only total about forty. Moreover, guide-book research can only be effectively carried out in summer. Besides which, in the lives of most of my colleagues and myself, guide-book writing is a holiday task in an otherwise strenuous existence. And, to crown all, an unreasonable public seem to expect a new edition about once in five years at least, so that we have to adapt ourselves to circumstances. My own plan is to spend as many winter evenings as I

can in victualling my craft from other people's labours and to cruise as much as possible, and, as far as I can, in strange waters, during the summer.

À propos of new editions, I confess that one correspondent did try my usually equable temper. He suggested that in order to keep up to date and to avoid 'irritating mistakes' (*sic*), I should bring out my guide-books quarterly, if not half-yearly. I did not submit this silly suggestion to the publishers. I endeavoured to reply myself, and was told, not in quite so many words, but sufficiently explicitly, that I was lazy and shirked my work.

This was the communication of ignorance and thoughtlessness. Quite apart from the heavy cost of production, (which is not my concern), my correspondent evidently had no conception of the clerical labour necessary to the bringing out of a new edition. A new edition, to warrant its existence, should be an improvement on its predecessor, and improvement almost necessarily implies a variation in size, though not always an increase. For example, one edition I recently brought out was two pages shorter than the previous one. The difference may not appear formidable to the uninitiated. On almost every page there are from two to a dozen cross-references, and the slightest alteration in the pagination means that every one of these two or three thousand entries has to be checked. The index, too, is affected, though not to a considerable extent. Another guide-book I recently edited came out more than twenty pages longer than the previous edition. Even now the memory of those

Long days of labour

And nights devoid of ease

makes my eyes ache.

Printers, too, are particularly tried, and peculiarly trying. Place-names naturally abound, and place-names have no conscience as to their spelling. How a man ever manages to get those chaotic jumbles of consonants which characterise Wales into anything like order is beyond my comprehension. The "bonnie North

Countree" gives me all the employment I want in that way.

Consequently it is easy to understand that place-names appear in various guises in various places on the proofs; possibly one's own handwriting or the eccentricities of one's typewriter are to blame. If on the galley-proofs you find Rosthwaite masquerading as 'Rostwaite," (which, by the way, is closer to the local pronunciation than the orthodox spelling), 'Rosthaite,' &c., you are not surprised. The first page-proofs come in, and all is well. What is vexing is that such names have a habit on the second page-proofs of relapsing into original sin, or developing some new vagary, such as 'Roshwaite,' even though they have stood the test of two prior ordeals with unblemished orthodoxy.

Proofs are annoying, indexes are exasperating, cross-references are maddening, more especially as the figures have, even at the last moment, a tendency to stand on their heads *en échelon*, thus: ε9₁ which signifies: 163.

Medio de fonte leporum

Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.

Still from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom
flings.

The converse is happily true. In view of this elaborate grumble, this *jaune* recital of unmerited trials and vexation, why should I, or anyone else, take up guide-book writing?

Because it is a most healthy, enjoyable and instructive occupation—at any rate whilst one is on active service. One is always, or almost always, on one's feet; one is in constant touch with the beautiful or interesting; one ought to learn something, and something worth the learning, on every expedition.

My lines are fallen in pleasant places, amongst the fairest scenes in fair England. I conceive of all guide-book writers I am the most fortunate; though I confess to a desire to include Scotland, and possibly Wales, in spite of its fearsome spelling. Some of my colleagues may be more fortunately situated in respect of places of historic interest and beauty; nevertheless "fair is my lot;

yea, goodly is my heritage"; and in Fountains I possess the pride of English abbeys.

One is almost always on one's feet: guide-book work is a splendidly healthy occupation. In these days of mechanical aids to locomotion I have been asked often why I do not cycle, or use a motor, so as to get quickly from centre to centre. From centre to centre and quickly! What have I to do with centres? They have been written up again and again by men at least as capable and conscientious as myself. I reserve them for 'off' days, wherein I may gather pleasure and information. Other men have laboured, and I enter into their labours. As a rule, the only notes one has to make with regard to a centre are the addition of a picture to the gallery, an extension of the tram system, &c., &c.

On the open road you are bound to miss a great deal in a motor, and even on a cycle you risk overlooking many a point of interest. Moreover, and finally, you are confined to the open road; the attractive field or fell path is closed to you, unless you have a special predilection for carrying your machine.

I am quite certain, however that even on the high road the use of a machine is a mistake. A certain amount of attention has to be given to steering, and guide-book work gives your eyes all the employment they need without any distraction of that kind. Only the other day I was walking down a frequented thoroughfare, a popular tourist route, familiar to all the guide-books written of the district. I happened to look over a hedge, and caught sight of an interesting-looking old building. I at once gave tongue to my companion to the effect that I had found, but, in spite of many casts, I feared I had drawn a blank. The tenants of the house knew nothing about it, except that it was very old, which I could have told them; and no guide-book had any note of it. At length I bethought me of *the* authority on the district, and, sure enough, I found that I had lighted on all that was left of a twelfth-century nunnery, which was something of a find for an afternoon's stroll.

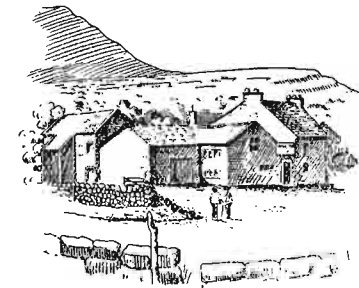
On another tramp I dropped into an inn, the first I had

seen for twelve miles, and the last I was likely to see for another eight. Again it seemed to me that I had hit off a scent, and inquiry disclosed that the inn was built on to the gateway of a royal forest. A little farther on, off the beaten track, I came across an old pack-road, which led in olden days from one noted religious house to another, and close by it traces of a flagged Roman road. Now, before the next edition of the guide-book to that locality appears, the history of that forest will have to be studied and its boundaries visited, and the whole length of those two tracks, so far as they lie within my province, will have to be tramped. I am reasonably sure the study will repay my labour, and I am quite, quite certain the grand moorland walk will.

These instances may serve to indicate some of the pleasure and interest one finds in guide-book writing. I do not claim any originality for any of my methods, except one. Many mountains lie within my districts, and where there is a mountain there is always an element of risk. Only a summer or two back two ladies were caught by bad weather on Skiddaw, and were out, storm-beaten and drenched, for thirty-six hours before one of the many relief-parties who had generously hastened to search for them came to their rescue. They were exhausted and thoroughly knocked up, as a matter of course; but, so far as I have been able to learn, no permanent harm was done—which is something for them to be thankful for.

Now, my plan is to pocket my guide-book, go up a mountain on a misty day, and make my guide-book take me off. It is quite a sporting way of criticising one's own work, and absolutely merciless. If I make a mistake, I abide rigidly by it, even though it send me an hour or so out of my way. I condemn myself on the ground that I had no business to make a mistake, and therefore I am bound to abide by the consequences of my own negligence. Sometimes one gets let in for quite an exciting bit of scrambling. This method is, as will be recognised, a really sporting one; but I cannot recommend it except to people who are accustomed to mountains and understand

the use of map and compass. The principle, however, I do commend. When going over old ground let your own book guide you unreservedly; and if you have made a mistake abide by it for a season. One may be inconvenienced oneself, but hundreds of the public will be benefited; and I regard the writer of guide-books as the servant of the public.



EASTER IN THE BLACK FOREST.

BY ERIC GREENWOOD.

(Read before The Yorkshire Ramblers' Club, Nov. 15th, 1910).

Easter of 1910 was getting near, and we, *i.e.* the Editor and myself, had made no plans. We spoke of "Lakeland as usual"—and thought of dripping slabs and icebound chimneys, of crowded inns and "cold storage" bedrooms! We spoke of Scotland—and thought of Skye in rain, Schiehallion in storm, Arran in mist, the Cairngorms in blizzard, Ben Nevis in fog, Glencoe in spate! We spoke of Wales—and thought of wet; of Dartmoor—and thought of damp; of the Roman Wall even—and thought of ruins and rheumatism! No! We wanted sunlight and snow, and some ski-ing if possible. At this "tweeny" season of the year, the snow is practically gone at the Swiss "Winter-Sport" places, but we were told there was still some left in Norway and the Black Forest. Norway pulled hard, but beds are as bad to come by at that time as at Wasdale itself; besides, those six hundred nautical miles lay—or more probably rolled—between; so we decided for the Feldberg in the Black Forest. It meant taking the whole of Easter week, and a two days' journey each way, but no matter: we would have a week's sunshine, and blow the expense! As it turned out, we need not have been so "flush with our brass," any more than the nervous passenger in the runaway gig, when he said he would give five pounds to be out of it, and was told by the driver, a Yorkshireman, that he would be out "for nowt" in two minutes. The stay-at-homes in fact had ten days of halcyon weather, whilst ours was only very piebald. But to get on!

The Schwarz-wald, or Black Forest, as everyone knows, lies in the south-west corner of Germany, where the Rhine after running west from the Lake of Constance turns north at Basle; and is not, as I used to picture it, a level tract of dense pine forests, with an occasional wolf or bear thrown in to keep things lively, and here and

there wreaths of blue smoke curling up from lonely charcoal burners' fires; but a jumble of rounded hills from 1,000 ft. to 5,000 ft. above sea level, with wide stretches of pine woods and pleasant green valleys: a peaceful land and a happy, with good roads, clear running trout streams, prosperous homesteads and tidy villages; charming in its way, but lacking the sombre solitude of Scotland or the finished perfection of Lakeland.

We arrived at Freiburg-im-Breisgau (so called to distinguish it from the Swiss city of Fribourg), the "jumping off" place for the Feldberg, at 7-30 p.m. on Good Friday, by way of the Hook of Holland, Rotterdam, Cologne, Mainz, Mannheim and Carlsruhe, an interesting and comfortable journey.

Freiburg lies just where the lowest foothills of the Black Forest merge in the broad level valley of the Rhine, and is a well built city of 76,000 inhabitants; a happy blending of old and new German life without the rush and commercialism of the larger industrial centres.

We spent an hour or two next morning on the sights—the glorious Minster with its lacework miracle of a spire; the new Theatre, a huge pile built of town funds at a cost of a quarter of a million pounds sterling; the pleasant streets and attractive shops—and at 11 a.m. set off for Titi-See by the mountain railway that runs up the Höllenthal (*anglicé* Hell Valley) and across the southern part of the Black Forest to Donaueschingen. The sun was just breaking through the mist as our little engine puffed its way across the flat meadows up into the narrow gorge; creeping alongside the road that was just built when Marie Antoinette traversed it on the way to her new home; and, where there was not room, diving into the hillside and coming up further on to breathe; past the pleasantly named Himmelreich (Heaven's Realm); past Hirschsprung, where a stag is said to have leapt across the valley—and it must be true, for the animal is there now, perched on a rock and made of wood, "as large as life and twice as natural"; past Hinterzarten and other little hamlets, to Titi-See, where the valley broadens out to hold a lake about the size of Derwentwater,

set in rounded pine-clad hills. We had arranged to spend the night here, as we could not get beds at the Feldberg until Monday, and made our way accordingly to a big hotel, opened we suspected for our coming, and as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances; which means it was about as cheerful as a similar place in Lakeland would be out of the season. Nor did the grey sky and the snow-patched hills lift things very much.

We spent the afternoon carrying our ski up the road to the top of the neighbouring hills for practice on what snow there was; but it was poorish fun straddling about the forest drives and young plantations, and the best part of it was the view to the east, of cosy hamlets and green valleys and swelling hills. We felt, and almost were, on the watershed of Europe, for the Danube rises not far away, whilst the waters of our valley find their way to the Rhine. Coming down through the woods, the Editor found what he said was a newly killed chamois, but as that animal is as rare in the Black Forest as snakes in Iceland, it must have been a roe-deer.

I ought to say here that the Editor's brother, an expert by comparison with us in the art of ski-ing, had come with us to put us in the way of it; for the Editor's experiences had been confined to a twisted ankle at St. Moritz, and mine to a strained arm in Norway and a few hours on frozen roads at home, the latter performance as painful as it was scratchy.

The Feldberg (4,900 ft.) is the highest point in the range of hills surrounding the head of the Bärenthal, a valley running westward from the Titi-See back in the direction of Freiburg and more or less parallel to the Höllenthal, and as we had already exhausted the attractions of Titi-See and thought there might be just a chance of getting beds at the Feldberg-hof, we set off at 8-30 next morning by the *post-wagen* or *diligence*, really a waggonette for six, at first along the lake side and then up the open valley past the Adler-hof to where the pine woods begin.

We had not got far into them before we came to snow, and changing into a sleigh, continued through avenues of



SUN AND FROST—FELDBERG.

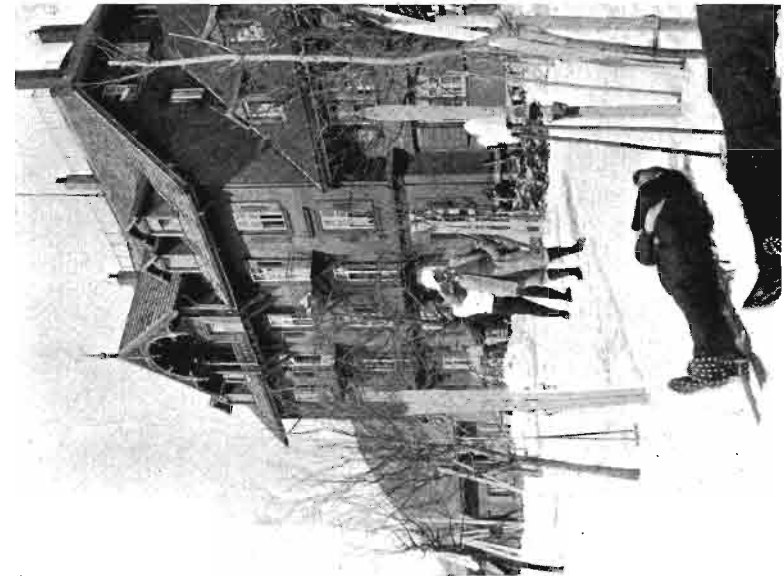


Photo. by Eric Greenwood.
HIGH NOON, — FELDBERG-HOF.

fine upstanding pines with spreading branches and tangled underwood, a wealth of green no doubt in summer, but now all piled up in billows of cushioned snow.

And so at noon we came to the Feldberg-hof on the outskirts of the forest and at the foot of rounded uplands, a yard deep in snow, just in fact :

Where the white van of snow
Bursts through the sentinel grey pines
To shatter on the serried lines
Of firwoods far below.

The hotel is a picturesque building in the Black Forest style of architecture, with high pitched roof and dormer windows, a vast improvement on the barrack-like Swiss *caravanserais* that spoil so many views, and worthy of mention in "Heimatschutz," the charming organ of the newly founded League for the Cultivation of Beauty in Alpine Countries. It has been twice enlarged and the new wing is the last word in hotel architecture: spacious dining room; wainscotted hall, with open inglenook and drinking fountain; *fin de siècle* drawing room in blue; "comfy" bedrooms; spacious cellaring with skittle alley, *biergarten* and ski-repairing room and, above all, "central heating," which means a hot water coil in your bedroom on which you can air your clothes, a boon that appeals to the first instincts of a Yorkshireman. I have often thought that every inn in Lakeland ought to have a drying room—but this by the way.

It did not take us long to find out that we had arrived at perhaps the busiest time of the whole year, and our modest request for beds was met by a polite "Absolutely impossible! Not even on the billiard table!" Indeed, we learnt later that a score guests had to sleep that night in the skittle alley.

The bell had just rung for *mittag-essen*, the principal meal of the day, and the guests came flocking in, each with a pair of ski, which they stuck upright in the snow around the stunted saplings in front of the Hotel, till you might have thought that 'Birnam wood had come to Dunsinane.' So many were they that they quite changed the scenery. You could hardly see the sky for the ski!

We joined the hungry throng, which filled both the new dining room and the old and the restaurant as well; and a jovial crew they were: all, or nearly all, German, and all full of the *joie de vivre* and freemasonry of a common sport; glad apparently to crawl for a time from under the "mailey-phist" and spread themselves in their own manner away from the reproving eye of the "correct" English. They had come not only singly, but in families and battalions, he's and she's, and all skiers. Our next neighbours were especially lively, drinking healths in a mixture of claret and champagne out of a decanter with a neck a yard long, which would have delighted Æsop's stork, and bursting out at times into cries of "Ski-heil!" the password of the craft, and weird imitations of American college cries, in which "Ninety nine!" and "Anna Maria!" played the chief part.

I may say here that the feeding throughout was on the German plan, simple and massive, and full of quaint surprises. But the mountain air was a sauce for every dish, and the trim waitresses saw to it that you did not lack a second help. In fact the Editor was heard to remark that he found stooping down after lunch to buckle on his ski the hardest part of the business.

Our German fellow guests were friendliness itself, and "Am Tag" and "Dreadnought" were words never heard; but it was pleasant all the same to find one English group, consisting of a lady and her daughter and a retired Indian colonel, whom the Expert had met at Montana a few weeks previously, and a retired Major, brother of a member of the Club. We owed much of the pleasure of our stay to their kind offices.

We went out after lunch on to the snow-covered hill which rises, above the Hotel, away and away in rolling slopes up to a rounded top, crowned with a stone obelisk or *denkmal* to the memory of Bismarck, and found the snow dotted all over with ski-runners in every stage of development, from the crawling caterpillars like ourselves, cautiously sliding into the gently sloping hollows, to the glorious butterflies swooping down, as it were from the very heavens, mostly alone, but sometimes in troops of

half-a-dozen, hand in hand—the very poetry of motion—and sometimes one on a single ski, carrying the other over his shoulder, like Thor with his hammer.

In dress, the men had broken away from the *loden* cloth suits of sub-fusc hue, so familiar in Tirol; and tweed suits of English cut, white sweaters and round woollen turbans were common; but the correct uniform was one copied from the Norsk—blue peaked cap and serge suit, coat buttoned up to the throat and trousers made full round the knees and tight below, with knitted worsted scarves of primitive colours round the ankles; the result being not unlike a glorified engine driver. But no lodgment has yet been allowed to the fast-spreading heresy of "evening dress," and the Major told us that once, when he had got his other coat wet and appeared in a dinner jacket, he was met with a universal groan of dismay, which only dissolved into cheers when he solemnly stood up and revealed a pair of unmistakable tweed "continuations."

The ladies, throwing convention aside, have imitated the men; and though it was a little startling at first to see a pretty girl in tweed coat and knickerbockers and white sweater, it soon became so much a matter of course that any addition would have seemed out of place.

But that day we could only take a wistful look into our Paradise, and then, leaving our heavy luggage, had, perforce, to go down again to the humble Adler-hof which we had passed on our way up. The Expert, guided by the Colonel, made his way through the woods; whilst the Editor and myself, not having yet got our ski legs, clattered painfully down the hard frozen road, catching many a fall by the way and learning something of the wayward habits of 'the fair, the chaste and unexpressive *she*'—unexpressive herself perhaps, but oftentimes causing her votaries to be anything but!

The Adler-hof we remember as one of the many pleasant wayside inns we have found in our mountain rambles, and we ate our *wiener-schnitzel*—the "ham and eggs" of Germany—and the saucerful of stewed fruits that accompanied it, in the common living room; and snoozled against the warm stove in the corner and read

Shakespeare in great content. A stove may not be so picturesque as our coal-eating open fireplaces, but its other advantages are manifold.

Our English friends at the Feldberg 'phoned us during the evening that there was going to be a jumping show next day, so at 8 a.m. we started back carrying our ski and *rucksacks* with us. It was a glorious morning with a keen frost and hot sun, and we were not sorry to put our loads on a sleigh which we overtook on the road.

The jumping stand, about ten minutes walk from the Hotel, was a steep, narrow clearing in the pinewoods leading down to the "take off" or a level platform, built up on its lower sides with an eight foot wall of timber, the edge indicated by upright poles, with the "run off" below, at first almost level, and then sloping down at an appalling angle—33° to be exact—easing off into a level amphitheatre, shut in with pinewoods; and, beyond, a far spread vista of valleys and hills. From above the "take-off" the eye travelled across the hidden slope to the pinewoods and the hills on the horizon.

We had not long to wait. A signal from the judge, and presently down the clearing comes a ski runner, steady and swift as a gliding hawk, body erect, outstretched arms moving gently up and down, till he reaches the take off, and then, with a heave of the body, he is off the ground and up in the air, body stiffened, arms outstretched, feet together, soaring forward to the horizon. For a moment you hold your breath and can almost hear the rush of his body against the air, then the momentum dies away, his ski smack down on to the slope and he is shooting away towards the woods, but, with a swift Telemark swing, turns sharp and stops; the distance he has cleared is measured and announced by the judge, the slope is trodden out by two men on ski stepping down it horizontally, and another competitor comes down. But the snow was not good, and they all fell, some on alighting, in a wild smother of snow and ski; the others when turning, so none of the jumps could be reckoned as a record. One of them, Herr Dorendahl of Norway, cleared 42 *mètres*, (45½ yards)—the record jump, I believe,

is one of 46 *mètres* by Harold Schmidt. Sometimes a ski came off,—they are fastened loosely on purpose—and one man had to chase his into the woods below.

From the Feldberg-hof, ski-runs can be made in every direction, some to the summits of the neighbouring hills, and others down through the steep woods into the valleys below. There are no glaciers or rock peaks, such as one gets in Switzerland, and no nights to spend in ice-filled huts, with the chance of frost-bite in the morning. Everything is laid out on the comfortable German plan, with lines of poles over the bare uplands and red flags hung from the tree branches to mark the way, and one can always reckon on getting home for supper.

Our first ski-run was taken that same afternoon, under the guidance of the Colonel and the Major, to the Herzog-horn, a hill two miles away. We found it fairly easy going, though the sun was hot, across the common in front of the hotel, up a steep hill-side and over rolling downs to the little watch-tower on the summit, where the caretaker dispenses tea and lemonade, with a fine view across the Rhine Valley, including, when clear, the Oberland peaks. On the way back we stopped for tea with the ladies at a small hotel and arrived home as the sun was setting in crimson glory and the snow hardening under a keen frost. Sunsets are a speciality of the Feldberg and we were asked to believe that the guests sometimes left their evening meal to go out and watch them!

The crowd had already thinned out a bit, but there were plenty left, and we had a Servants' Ball, at which the Editor worked hard for the honour of Yorkshire, though he did not venture on the "Burgschen" Dance—I think that is the name—in which you put your hands on your partner's waist and lift her as near the ceiling as the laws of gravity will allow.

We spent the next morning on the snow slopes, practising runs and stems and swings and falls, in which last we acquired some proficiency, and, as Mr. Assheton Smith remarked, "Any fool can fall, it takes a wise man to know how to fall!" The snow was furrowed in every

direction with frozen ski-tracks and not in the easiest condition for beginners.

But, inefficient as we were, the good Colonel, thinking I suppose that the best way of teaching a boy to swim is to throw him into deep water, insisted on our joining in at paper-chase in which he and the Expert were to be hares. They started at 3 p.m. with bags of *confetti* for scent—as if their ski-tracks would not have been sufficient—and at 3-5 p.m. we followed with the ladies, as the “slow pack,” and five minutes later came the “fast pack” of more expert runners. Of the next two hours I will try to write calmly. At first the track led over easy ground, but soon mounted a steep slope of frozen snow and turned down into a still steeper pinewood. The path, when there was one, was narrow and tortuous, the trees generally grew just where you wanted to go, and if there was a clear run in front, it was certain to be steep and hard frozen and have another runner in front, who was equally certain to want to sit down in it just as you had started. How I longed for my trusty ice-axe to cut a few steps! But when on ski you must do as ski do—or don't—and go as ski go—or gon't—“sometimes in the pretty and sometimes in the rough,” as the golfers say, but always downhill, which was lucky, as the hares had also gone that way. So I blundered on: sometimes I was on top, sometimes the ski; making heavy weather of it, but secretly comforted to find the “whipper-in,” a tall Frenchman and practised runner, in nearly as big trouble as myself. I might say in extenuation that my ski, bought years ago in Norway, were a foot longer than the present fashion and by so much the less adapted for such difficult country. To crown all, a strap broke, and I had to walk humbly down the last bit into the valley, where it was some consolation to hear the hares had been caught by an active young Englishman, one of a party of four or five who were cramming with a tutor at Freiburg and had come up for a short holiday. In winter, they said, it is possible to run from the Feldberg to your own doorstep in that city.

The valley bottom was clear of snow and we had a short walk down to the little hotel at Pfahl, and



Photo by Eric Greenwood

THE HERZOG-HORN, BLACK FOREST.



SUNSET ON THE FELDBERG.

afternoon tea on a balcony overlooking a tiny trout stream, as the sun was setting behind the wooded hills. The return journey was one long grind up the valley, and once more we traversed the hard frozen snow under the crimson rays of sunset and the cold pallor of dusk.

The weather-wise had predicted snow for next day, and, sure enough, we woke to find a snow-storm in full blast. In the Alps we should never have dreamt of making an expedition in such weather, but that is where the Feldberg scores, as you can always have a run through the woods; and our English friends never thought for a moment of giving up their projected trip to a village in one of the adjoining valleys.

We went with them; crossing over the low hill at the back of the hotel and the high road, and along a track cut out of the side of the hill overhanging the woods, to a cross-road called the Zweisee-blick, where we ought to have seen two lakes, but didn't, as the storm was too thick. Then through a winding path in the woods and down the bare hill side beyond to Neu-glashütte, a miserable looking farmstead, where we tried to persuade the women to give us lunch, but they were evidently frightened by our numbers and hungry looks and pleaded poverty of anything but eggs and not many of them. So we went on down the valley road to Alt-glashütte and found a comfortable room with warm stove and good cooking—*wiener-schnitzel*, of course, and omelettes—at the Stag. We could not help making odious comparisons with the chilly "best parlour" and "cold beef and pickles" which would have been our probable fate in a similar inn at home, and we lingered long in that cosy spot, warming our backs and drying our sweaters against the stove, whilst the Expert taught a young Austrian officer, one of the party, the mysteries of the Sword Dance; and we only turned out into the storm outside when we were compelled. The new snow had made the running vastly easier, but at the same time it balled so much under the ski that we were forced to take them off and walk. But the pilgrim on ski, like that other pilgrim who boiled his peas, has a simple remedy—wax—which

works wonders; and perhaps our pleasantest memory is the velvety feel of the snow as we ran gently home through the woods. If a swoop down hill is the Beethoven and jumping the Wagner of the sport, this may well be called its Chopin.

But our short holiday was coming to its end and we had to be in Freiburg next evening to catch the train home on Friday. It was snowing harder than ever when we got up, the window sills were full of drifts, and it looked as if we should have to abandon our plan of sending the luggage off by post and running down to meet it at some station on the way to Freiburg. But, as I said before, weather does not count up there, and we only modified our plans so far as to go by the woods instead of over the Feldberg itself, where indeed a blizzard seemed to be raging. So after lunch we set off with our friends for Hinterzarten, the next station below Titi-See, giving ourselves a bare two and a half hours, too little the croakers said, and they were nearly correct, for this is what happened.

Turning over the hill behind the hotel and plunging into the steep woods below, we twisted and turned down its hollows, all choked with new snow, where steering was difficult and gave me at one place a bad twist, and at length struck a path where the going was easier—though with several deep cross-ditches, traps for the unwary, and at one place a fallen tree, under which we had to duck—and came out at length into open ground at the head of the Bärenthal, where we took a farewell snapshot of the party and set off down the valley.

But the wax had by this time ceased to do its office and the chariot wheels drave heavily. Shuffling along with the snow balling underfoot at every step is worse than having no ski at all and we had perforce to take them off, at least the Editor and I did. His were short and could be carried, bucketwise, by using the sticks for handles, one end through the straps and the ring at the other end over the point, but mine were too long and had to go on my shoulder. The Expert kept his on nearly all the way, on principle I suppose, or perhaps his wax was better.

We hurried on, sometimes walking, sometimes running, until we came to where the narrow track, which had led through fields and coppices, turned over a low depression into the next valley into a road and presently brought us in view of the straggling village of Hinterzarten. It looked a long way off through the storm and time was "of the essence of the contract," for the train was nearly due. Some peasants met our anxious enquiries with a genial "Still a good quarter of an hour—and not an easy road to find at that!" We hurried on and ten minutes later met a ski-runner carrying up his ski, and again got the same reply. "Thank goodness," we gasped, "We are keeping up with it," and staggered on.

We blundered on into the main street of the village, the blizzard worse than ever, the summer hotels all shut up, not a soul out of doors, the smoke curling from the train as it stood in the station and the few passengers who had come by it toddling homewards to supper and stopping to smile on our efforts. I had already resigned myself to a three hours wait for the next train, and a cold and hungry arrival at Freiburg, but the Editor vowed he had not run every morning at home to catch the 8-41 a.m. for nothing, and sprinted on, his nailless boots slipping and landing him now and then in the snow-filled ditch, faint but pursuing. We pushed up to the doorway, burst through the scandalized officials, and rushed on to the platform, only to see the train moving out. The guard's van stood invitingly open in continental fashion; the Editor tried to bundle his ski into it and the Expert to board the platform at the end of the carriage. "*Strengst verboten!*" shouted one guard; "Jump in quickly!" said another; "Hands off, at your peril!" roared the station master—and all of them in the resplendent uniform of State railway officials. We hesitated and drew back, and then a strange thing—for Germany—happened! The train slowed down and we were bundled in! As we threw ourselves on the hard seats of the steam-heated carriage, hot but happy, the Editor exclaimed "Saved by the skin of our ski, and the great German Empire held up for

three minutes! Now let us go home!" Which we did, next day, of course in perfect ski weather; the big towns, full of strong German life, reminding us of our own busy homes in the North, and, on the Dutch frontier, the assiduous guard who looked in and remarked "Gentlemen, I am sorry, I am desolate, but I leave you here!" completed the illusion.

In conclusion, and in reply to some who will say it is hardly worth while going so far for so little, I would plead that we cannot all take holiday in February, the best time for Swiss winter sports, and the chances of getting any ski-ing in England are so uncertain, and the sport so comparatively poor when got, that a place like the Feldberg, available at Easter, is very welcome, especially when the accommodation is good and cheap—you can stay *en pension* for 7s. 6d. a day—the opportunities of learning the art so great and the journey so easy. That the surroundings are German and not English is, perhaps an advantage, and may help a little—and every little helps—to foster a better acquaintance with the good points of our German cousin and with things "made in Germany."



FLOOD ENTRANCE: GAPING GHYLL.

BY W. H. GREENWOOD.

Given two hundred feet of ladder, a life line and a party of five, and Gaping Ghyll can now be descended in two or three hours—one man with no rope and no life line can do it in twice as many seconds, but that would be another story. It would seem therefore that Gaping Ghyll has now been brought within the reach of all, but, lest any sporting Rambler should fear that the passages will become congested with sight-seers, we hasten to explain that the descent by the Main Hole and the winch is a pleasant jaunt in comparison with that by the route now to be described. Most people, again, who have acquired a fondness for easy descents have been impelled thereto by an increase of weight which usually betrays itself in the medial cross-section of the body, and as to enter the new passage there is a testing-gauge of eight inches width, this will effectually bar all but the select few.

The credit of this discovery, one of the most important yet made in connection with Gaping Ghyll, is due to the members of the Yorkshire Speleological Association and is the result not of a lucky chance but of scientific observation and induction. During their exploration of the S.E. Passage of Gaping Ghyll* in August 1908, several observations were made, which may be summarised as follows:—

(1). The roof of the S.E. Passage rises to a great height over the S.E. Pot-hole, or the Two Hundred-foot Pot as it is usually called, (although, by the way, it has a depth of only 160 feet), and out of the darkness descends a cascade the height of which was found to be over 100 feet.

(2). At the bottom of the Two Hundred-foot Pot were found several flies and a red worm. This latter remarkable creature was still alive, after its descent of 500 feet, and apparently in good spirits.

* See *Y. R. C. Journal*, Vol. 2, pp. 208 *et seq.*

(3). In that part of the S.E. Passage between the Great Chamber and the Two Hundred-foot Pot a strong current of air was felt, but no trace of one beyond.

These observations pointed to the certainty of a communication between the roof and the upper surface, and to the possibility of a large and free communication by a passage. It was hoped that the upper end of this passage would be at a place vertically above the Two Hundred-foot Pot, and to find out the exact spot, very accurate measurements of the distance and direction of this pot from the Great Chamber were made with the help of the Y.S.A.'s plan of the S.E. Passage, and then, commencing from the Main Hole, these measurements were planned out on the moor above. In this way a spot was fixed upon which it was thought would be vertically above the Two Hundred-foot Pot, and, with this as a centre, search was made all around for a promising opening, which it was thought would most probably be found in a line of shake-holes situated to the N. of the marked spot, as these holes probably denoted the jointing line of the rock. After some disappointments, a small hole, blocked by glacial matter, was entered and appeared promising, as its sides were well fluted by water action, and, moreover, underground water could be heard splashing and falling with that musical chink which so frequently means a "way through." Several visits to this hole were made before it could be partially freed from the glacial *débris*, but at length it was entered, and the explorations were pushed further and further in successive visits until, in August 1909, three men succeeded in descending into the S.E. Passage, and two others, who had entered Gaping Ghyll by the Main Hole, made their exit in the opposite direction. The passage was thereupon named "Flood Entrance," as it seemed to offer the possibility of an entrance into Gaping Ghyll, even with Fell Beck in flood.

The descent by Flood Entrance is as exhilarating and varied a trip as the heart of any pot-holer could wish for. Indeed, to do the "Round Tour," i.e. down Flood

Entrance, along the S.E. Passage, and up the Main Hole by winch, makes probably the finest pot-holing excursion possible in this country.

The entrance to the passage lies 850 feet to the S. (by 10° W.) of Gaping Ghyll, and is the small black hole in the shallow depression immediately below the central figure in the photograph. This hole widens immediately into a small chamber which is apparently closed, but a search will reveal in one corner a small vertical crack, 8 or



Photo by G. H. Brayshay.

9 inches wide, called "The Bottle Neck," (Plan A, Section a). This is entered feet first, and if one of the chosen few, you drop by the action of gravity some six or eight feet. Those called but not chosen are with difficulty persuaded by their friends above to return. In the first days of the exploration this Bottle Neck gave great trouble, as it was only five inches wide, and had to be enlarged by chipping off the edges

with a hammer. The first man to go through was chosen on account of his extreme attenuation, and the next, whose figure was more mellowed, literally scraped through, and then only when one man stood on his shoulders above while another swung on his legs below. After the scraps of clothing and skin had been removed from the rock it was deemed advisable to make the opening a little wider. Now it is eight or nine inches wide and the more willowy refer to it scornfully as "an exposed face climb."

From the Bottle Neck the passage slopes downwards for a distance, until the floor, composed of fallen stones, gives out entirely, and nothing is left of the passage but the walls. These walls are only eight or nine inches apart and it is necessary to drop vertically down between them for a distance of over 40 feet. A ladder can be fixed, but after the first few feet it only gives hold to the left hand and left foot. The descent of this "Forty-Foot Squeeze," (Plan B, Section b), will not be very difficult to the average pot-holer, but the ascent, after some hours below, may prove extremely exhausting, as there are no holds whatever on the rock and no help can be given from either above or below. In pot-holing, an accident at any time is awkward, but one that happened below this pitch would be something worse. At the bottom of the Squeeze is a passage called "The S-shaped Tube," which gives useful practice in contortion.

From this point onwards for a long distance the passage is almost level and for the most part very low, requiring continuous crawling in mud and water. In this section the hope of keeping dry, which springs eternal in the pot-holer's breast, is finally extinguished, and in its stead comes that fine recklessness which makes the wading of the pools at the end a matter of indifference. Here too, have been found a large number of bones, and as the noses of successive parties have passed close over them many speculations as to their origin have been indulged in, the wildest of which is that they are the bones of exhausted prisoners lost in attempting to escape from Gaping Ghyll after being lowered into it by the

Romans, who are said to have used the Main Chamber as an *oubliette*! † This theory, however, does not explain the presence among the bones of a fine cloven hoof.

After passing the pools and an *aven* one enters a small chamber which affords a welcome opportunity for a rest and straightening of the back. This chamber from the day of its discovery has been called "The Cigarette Chamber," (Plan C, Section c), for reasons not to be publicly made known. Proceeding, it is necessary to lie full length and drag oneself along the bed of a trickle of water which flows away underneath the rock wall on the right, and, some distance further on, one reaches a drop of 13 feet, (Plan D, Section d). It is just possible to climb this, but a knotted rope is advisable, as there is a large pool at the bottom.

Next comes a wide and low bedding-plane along which one can crawl in every direction. Two large pot-holes and a fair sized chamber have been found to open from it, and it is quite possible that other features of interest yet remain to be discovered. The route lies by the pot-hole on the right—the other has not yet been descended—and this is quite a 'museum piece,' as collectors say, with its little waterfall, cylindrical shape and vertical walls. It is 42 feet deep and is usually referred to as the Forty-foot Pot (Plan E, Section e). To descend this a ladder is for the first time necessary, unless a man is left at the top, when a knotted rope can be used—the method adopted at the first descent. At the bottom are two passages and that along which the water flows away is followed. For a considerable distance the air-current is so strong that, as yet, it has been found impossible to keep a naked candle alight.

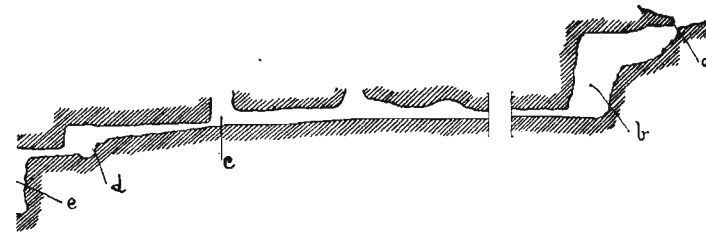
The passage now becomes larger, the descent steeper, and the re-echoing sound of falling water suggests an open chamber of some size. In two or three places, (Plan F, Section f), the slope is so steep that it is necessary to climb, and to climb too with great care, as the rocks are exceedingly brittle. On two occasions members of the first party found large handholds *snag* off, in one case

† See *Y. R. C. Journal*, Vol. 1, p. 65.

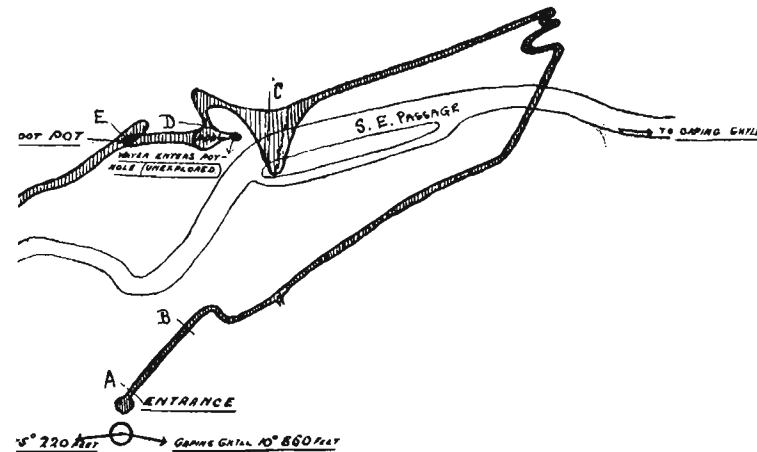
leaving a clean rock fracture nine inches long. At length the passage enters a chamber in the middle of which yawns a really imposing chasm, (Plan G, Section g). This is in fact the chamber over the Two hundred-foot Pot of the S.E. Passage, and a dropped stone falls 135 feet upon the edge of the pot below. A good belay offers anchorage for the line of ladders, which should be placed as far as possible to the right, because from this point they will hang quite freely. The descent is merely monotonous and is only enlivened about half way by a pleasing shower bath. The lower end of the ladder hangs near the edge of the pot but not too near for safety. Thus Gaping Ghyll is reached and if the winch is in operation the "Round Tour" can be completed. If the return journey has to be made by the Flood Entrance, it must not be forgotten that the conveyance of tackle proves more than a mere weariness, and that the most difficult part of the return is at the end.

To those who wish to explore the extreme end of the S.E. Passage it may be mentioned that the first section, (Plan H, Section h), is rather dangerous, as the floor on which one has to walk consists of an arch of fallen stones spanning the Two Hundred-foot Pot. These stones are continually giving way and as they have a sheer fall to the bottom of the first pitch, an exploring party should consist of not less than three, with a rope.

During the exploration of Flood Entrance, an innovation in lighting was introduced, in the shape of a miner's open lamp, burning acetylene, and it proved an unqualified success. Once filled with carbide it gave a most brilliant and steady light for over eight hours and this light remained steady in a strong draught when all candle-lights had been blown out. The flame is not easily extinguished by falling water, as was shown when the first Round Tour was made, the lamp used by the party remaining unquenched through the shower-baths of Flood Entrance and the heavier waterfall of the Main Shaft. That it is strong enough for the rough usage inseparable from pot-holing was proved during a recent visit, when a lamp was accidentally knocked down the



— SECTION OF —
 — FLOOD ENTRANCE —
 — GAPING GHYLL HOLE —
 — E. SIMPSON 1903 —
 — SCALE —
 A scale bar with markings at 0, 50, 100, 150, 200, 250, and 300 feet.



— PLAN OF —
 — FLOOD ENTRANCE —
 — GAPING GHYLL HOLE —
 — E. SIMPSON 1903 —
 — SCALE —
 A scale bar with markings at 50, 100, 150, 200, 250, and 300 feet.

Forty-Foot Squeeze and after reaching the bottom continued to burn quite steadily and showed no sign of damage.

“Would the Flood Entrance afford a means of escape to a party water-bound in Gaping Ghyll?” is a question which has been much discussed, and on which there is a wide divergence of opinion. This much is very probable: that a rescue-party could reach the head of the long pitch over the Two Hundred-foot Pot, for so much of the descent has twice been made when Fell Beck was in high flood. On those occasions shower-baths were frequently passed through but no heavy volume of water was encountered until the steep slope above the final 135 foot pitch, (Plan G, Section g), was reached, when the stream attained a fair size before taking its long leap. Whether a man could ascend through this waterfall is the question on which opinions differ and will continue to differ until some unlucky party provides the correct answer.



CAR POT.

BY HAROLD BRODRICK.

Beyond the swampy ground to the E. of Gaping Ghyll and on the other side of the wall which forms the sky-line in that direction is a pot-hole almost directly above the point at the extreme end of the East Passage of Gaping Ghyll where the water sinks* and this pot-hole Rule and I began to explore on the 26th June, 1909.

It consists of an opening in the moor, about 25 feet long and 20 feet wide, the greatest depth being at the N. end, where the rock wall is 27 feet high and divided in the middle by a fissure; while the S. side of the pot is a steep slope of rocks covered with earth and vegetation of all kinds. At the base of the fissure in the N. wall is a narrow opening which is still further narrowed by a rock bridge. There is no passage above this bridge, but after a few minutes' work at the floor we were able to crawl underneath it and found ourselves in a narrow fissure, with the roof some 20 feet above our heads, and the floor running down at a very steep angle in front and ending some 10 feet below in a hole about 6 inches in diameter. Stones dropped through the hole fell for a considerable distance, but owing to the narrowness of the fissure and the awkwardness of the position it was anything but an easy matter to enlarge the hole. Some of the larger stones we passed up the slope, and pushed the smaller, together with quantities of mud, through the steadily widening opening below. After about four hours' steady work we found that we could not enlarge the opening any more without dislodging a large boulder and, fearing this might cause a slip of the slope above, we gave up for the day.

On the following Saturday several members of the Club joined us and digging went on for about two hours, when the rain, which had been threatening all morning, came down in earnest, turning the whole slope quickly into a quagmire, and a hurried retreat was made to Clapham.

* See *Y. R. C. Journal*, Vol. 1, p. 130.

Other members and friends arrived during the evening, bringing up the number of the party next day to about a dozen.

The opening was now sufficiently large for a descent, but, as several boulders in the slope seemed anything but secure, we first got rid of them, by coaxing some into sacks and hauling out by ropes and rolling others down through the opening below.

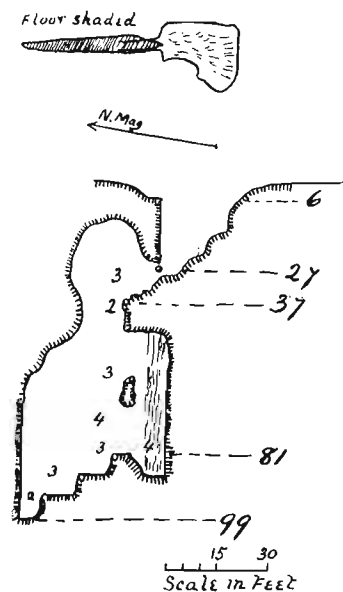
By mid-day everything was considered safe for a descent and the ladders were accordingly lowered and the floor reached at 44 feet below the lip of the opening and 81 feet below the moor.

The pot was found to consist of a long fissure, with a greatest width of 4 feet, extending 15 feet in a southerly direction from the foot of the ladder. At this end of the pot there was a small shower of water. In the opposite direction the fissure extended for a distance of 28 feet, the floor dropping in three steps to a depth of 18

feet. The bottom was entirely choked with a very thick deposit of mud, consisting almost entirely of peat washings. It is noteworthy that the roof near the end of the E. Passage of Gaping Ghyll rises out of sight, and this new pot-hole is almost directly above this point. It is thus possible that if and when the mud at the bottom of the pot is washed away by floods a new opening into Gaping Ghyll may be found.

Failing a better name we propose to call it 'Car Pot' from the dialect word 'car,' meaning a marshy place.

About 40 yards to the N. of this pot and nearer to the wall is another, consisting of an open fissure about 20 feet wide, 60 feet long and 35 feet deep, the line of which



is approximately N. and S., the S. end consisting of a grass and rock slope, and the N. end and sides of vertical rock faces. As the floor is composed of fragments of limestone, digging operations might shew good results here also.

The party consisted of Barran, Bassett, Booth, Brodrick, J. Buckley, J. H. Buckley, Corbett, Goodacre, C. Hastings, Hill, Horn and Rule.

[NOTE:—On June 12th, 1910, several members of the Club found another pot-hole about forty yards to the S.E. of Car Pot, consisting of an open pot, the N. side being a cliff some 25 feet high and the floor composed of large boulders. With a little trouble they were able to lower a ladder between two of these boulders and descend the fissure below, which was found to be about 30 feet long and 25 feet deep at the deepest point, its line being parallel to that of Car Pot. The moor about this place is dotted with numerous shake-holes and it is proposed to make a careful survey and exploration of them shortly.]



SUNSET HOLE.

BY E. E. ROBERTS.

I. DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION.

A small party remained in camp at Gaping Ghyll throughout Whit-week of 1909, and during that time Addyman and myself had the good fortune to discover some of the passages into which every pot-holer who has stood on the edge of Braithwaite Wife Sink Hole was sure that huge depression must drain.

The drainage area immediately E. of Mere Gill is neither large nor conspicuous, but what water there is gathers into a little stream and disappears in the limestone about 200 yards from Mere Gill Hole, close to the wall which runs past the Sink Hole and Hardraw Kin, and quite 300 yards from the Sink Hole. The existence of a practicable passage at this point had been noted by Addyman in 1908, and as it is unnamed we have christened it "Sunset Hole."

After a hard day's labour at Gaping Ghyll, dismantling tackle and wrapping up ropes and tents, we reached the hole at sunset and went in, but with very slight hope of making any discoveries. The two narrow entrances unite within a few yards from the start and the passage is comfortably high and wide for a considerable distance, but right angled corners are frequent, and when it begins to alternate between inconvenient lowness and painful constriction their frequency is bewildering. We found a number of small but interesting stalagmitic formations.

The surprising length of the passage—it has been ingloriously compared to a drain-pipe—soon suggested some connection with the Sink Hole, and we tramped steadily through the water for nearly 400 yards before we came to the first abrupt drop, one of 8 feet. There were two more in the next hundred yards or so, and in one of them the explorer may be quite certain of getting a partial soaking. The last is close to where the passage opens into a fine vertical shaft. The water, however, does not fall

directly down this shaft, but over another pitch into a narrow tunnel running close to the shaft, and flows as far as a horizontal slit in the partition wall, through which it falls to the bottom, a depth of 40 feet.

Owing to the singular structure of the place, we found it possible, next day, to fix a rope on a ledge gained from the shaft and lower a pulley to the level of the slit, and each of us went down in turn. A stream could be traced among the stones beneath a low arch, and under this we crawled, only to meet with a grievous disappointment. To the left was a very low passage down which the water ran, and little progress could be made along it, but excavation certainly promised good results. To the right the roof rose rapidly, but everything was choked by a slope of clay and stones. The presence of a horse's skull and bones and the appearance of the slope point to a former communication with the outer air, and aneroid readings at a later visit made the point reached a little lower than the bottom of the Sink Hole.

The general direction of the zig-zags and the estimated distance led us to conclude that where we found the bones had been an entrance, now choked up, from the bottom of the Sink Hole.

Our second return to the surface, like our first descent, coincided with sunset, and the hour's tramp over the pass to our camp inspired us with a profound respect for the icy breath of a June wind.

We were sufficiently interested to return in September following, and spent some time in removing the material at the bottom of the Sink Hole. We lowered the level of the *débris* at the rock face several feet, and heard the roar of the fall quite distinctly, but another expedition to the interior revealed no openings above the clay slope. Provided the excavation was not in the wrong place there seemed to be a good chance of re-opening the entrance from outside.

At the Club Meet at the Hill Inn in September 1910, a large party went in, and with two men working outside, and vigorous burrowing inside at the top of the boulder slope, a short tunnel was made, and four or five men



Photo by Cuthbert Hastings

ENTRANCE TO SUNSET HOLE.

with all the tackle, succeeded in forcing a passage through and emerged at the bottom of Braithwaite Wife Sink Hole.

Neither this stream nor that inside Mere Gill Hole are known to have been dosed with fluorescein.

II. THE ACCIDENT TO MR. BOYD.

At Whitsuntide, 1910, a camp was pitched for the third time at Mere Gill by a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Miss Payne, Miss Stevenson, W. F. Boyd, Erik Addyman, Stobart, Hazard, W. M. Roberts and myself. We intended to explore Mere Gill further, and failing that, Hardraw Kin (Far Douk), and Sunset Hole.

The furious storms of the preceding week-end had been succeeded by fine weather and strong drying winds, but not sufficiently so to lower the water in Mere Gill below the mouth of the cave, so we fell back on the alternative and easier programme. Quarrying was, however, first tried at the bottom of a small sink whence a crack certainly leads to the top of the upper passage of Mere Gill. The evening was very fine and the party lay round the sink till late, while enthusiasts laboured in turn but in vain. Several large blocks of weathered limestone were removed, and arms, and even heads, thrust into the passage, but the hard stuff defied all the attempts of the amateur miners and their tools.

As there was no need for haste it was not till 11-30 a.m. on May 15th that Miss Stevenson and the seven men entered Sunset Hole, leaving Mrs. and Miss Payne above ground. Four of the men had been through the Gaping Ghyll Flood, but for two of the others this was their first experience of serious pot-holing.

The lengthy journey of 500 yards or more was made without getting very wet, and a pulley fixed up at the top of the shaft in such a simple and convenient position that we unanimously decided to use only a single rope, contrary to our general practice of using a second or

hand line. All the party descended expeditiously to the bottom of the pot-hole, and the leading men entered the side passage, removed the stones blocking the very low bedding plane and endeavoured in vain to crawl under. A more favourable spot at the foot of the boulder slope was then attacked, and for two hours enthusiasts worked with a pick in turn, lying down and pushing back the stones and clay with their feet. In the end it became possible to wriggle a short distance under the bedding plane, but not, as we had hoped, into a clear passage containing the stream. The water appears, in fact, to make its way through the base of the slope and the entrance to its further course to be buried under the mass.

Soon after 3 p.m. seven out of the eight had been hauled up, and, damp and dirty, were looking forward to the delights of cleanliness and tea. We were using a very thick untarred rope of no great age, which had not undergone any severe wear and even now appears quite trustworthy. Boyd was the last to ascend, and had been hauled some 30 feet out of the 50 feet, when the rope suddenly came slack into our hands. So soon had we been expecting to see his face appear over the edge that our first thought was he had taken his weight off the rope by grasping some ledge; our next, even after the dull awful thud which followed, that the rope had not, could not have, broken! We shouted—a faint call responded—and the party at once set about lowering a man into the shaft whilst Miss Stevenson and I set off back for another rope. We reached the camp at 3-40 p.m., and a boy visitor there at once ran to the Hill Inn, about a mile away, with a message to Mr. Kilburn, the landlord, and the latter straightway bicycled to Ingleton, four miles away, and summoned Dr. Mackenzie, whilst I went back to the scene of the accident.

Meanwhile Addyman had been lowered on two climbing ropes, only to find Boyd lying in the water, seriously hurt in one side and leg, but conscious and marvellously collected. The loop of the rope breeches round the injured leg having been removed and the two ropes tied on, we were able to raise him to the level of the broad

ledge at the top of the pot-hole, Addyman keeping him clear of the wall by holding a tail line from the opposite side of the pot-hole. Boyd showed wonderful pluck, and under his directions we were able to haul him, lying on his sound side, up a groove we were fortunate enough to find in the edge, on to the ledge itself. Addyman, my brother and I then left for the surface, leaving the other three remaining to face the more trying period of inaction.

Addyman went to the nearest farm and commandeered a plank—a leaf, in fact, of a thick table. We others were well on our way back again down the passage, with blankets and food, when a prolonged shouting recalled me to the entrance where I found Dr. Mackenzie had just arrived. The state of affairs was explained to him and due stress laid on the difficulties of such a journey for the inexperienced. With great courage, for which we shall ever be in his debt, Dr. Mackenzie decided to go in, and at 6-30 p.m., provided with a mackintosh, he started. Addyman went in front dragging his plank behind him. Use has deprived caves and pot-holes of much of their terror and mystery and has disposed the pot-holer to regard a journey which offers no particular climbing difficulty as very much of a high road; but on that particular journey we looked rather at the surroundings with the eyes of the ordinary man, and could estimate the journey in terms of the difficulties which lay before us.

Dr. Mackenzie's pluck as he pushed steadily forward filled us with admiration. First came the steady tramp forward—the going fair but wet and seemingly endless—then the low stretch, the long narrow twisting bit, the two short pitches, some hundred yards of wide high passage, the Third Pitch—and, at length, the doctor was within a few feet of his patient.

Two acetylene lamps, turned full on, gave a brilliant light, and, with a rope round his waist, Dr. Mackenzie made what examination he could of the fractured thigh. After binding Boyd to the plank with bandages and putties the doctor was guided back to the surface, where, after getting dry clothes at the Hill Inn, he kept weary vigil through the night in a tent at the entrance. The

ladies also went through an experience to which the happenings at Gaping Ghyll the previous Whitsuntide were but a trifle. All night the fire was kept going, wood and other necessaries got up, and hot bottles held in readiness. The terrible uncertainty of the issue of the work inside prevented any sleep.

A long wait followed the doctor's departure to allow of blankets putting some warmth into Boyd, and it would be about 9 p.m. when we began to move. Getting the plank off the ledge into the passage was not so difficult as we anticipated, and, foot by foot, progress was made to the Third Pitch. A rope was tied round Boyd as he lay bound to the plank so that we were able to get above it and haul up the end. A good deal of strength was needed here but the rapid conquest of the difficulty cheered us remarkably.

From the Third Pitch to the Second Pitch was the easiest stretch of the journey. Carrying the plank on our heads we were able to cover it with only one rest. The Second Pitch was passed by sliding the plank over the back of a man as he knelt in the pools above the waterfall, but the First Pitch was desperately difficult; and, even when it was behind us, we had only come to the most serious difficulty of all: the narrow S bends which extend well over fifty yards. The first bend is so sharp that it could not possibly have been passed but for an "eyehole" of barely the right size. The height of the passage, however, was in our favour, and we found it easy to climb high up and travel along astride of the plank. A long rest was taken here, the surroundings explored, and a plan of working devised by Payne. Starting again, it became necessary, after a short distance, first to saw off part of the plank, and then to turn Boyd on to his sound side and raise the head of the plank. Jammed between the plank and the rock, Boyd was raised higher and higher and worked forward, inch by inch, some of us on the ledges above dragging at the rope, the others pushing from below, or working at the plank in awkward positions between.

Never for a moment did Boyd lose consciousness, and

to this is due the fact that none of the shifts to which we were driven caused further damage to his thigh. With complete coolness he controlled our operations, and, by grasping the ledges, forced himself onwards. For probably a full hour his position was almost vertical. At one time it seemed almost impossible to move him either forwards or backwards, but the edges of the plank ploughed so much stalagmite from off the walls that we finally got through and the plank was worked down again on to the floor of the passage. Several of the succeeding bends proved to be remarkably undercut on the outer side, and, though the plank was occasionally turned on its side, it was marvellous how we escaped having again to raise it on end. At length, after a struggle lasting some four hours, we emerged from the S bends into the wider part of the passage; Hazard went forward to the surface, and at 3-30 a.m. Mrs. Payne appeared with a canful of hot soup.

The serious difficulties now lay behind us, but the task of carrying Boyd the remaining 300 yards along a watercourse which did not allow of two walking abreast called for all our remaining strength. The jagged roof did not permit of us carrying him on our heads, so we got him forward by two men standing astride over him, whilst another walked backwards at the head and a fourth pulled on a rope. The plank was usually swung forward between our legs and then put down, but occasionally it was possible to stagger forward some distance. Every now and then a halt was made to cover Boyd with blankets and get some warmth into him. Inch by inch he was slipping down the plank, but though he must have suffered greatly from the contact of his feet with the rock and from increasing numbness, he rarely complained.

Hazard and Stobart worked tirelessly, but when daylight was sighted about 8 a.m. on Monday morning the ~~rest~~ of the party were nearly played out and Boyd was numb with cold. There had been rain during the night, and, indeed, pot-holes rarely come from below to find anything but weather of which the principal feature ~~is~~ a cold wind. Such conditions could only have had

serious consequences to the injured man, and it was with surprise and gratitude that, after a desperate struggle with the last low tunnel, we carried him out of the hole into a morning of calm and sunshine, the hottest of any I remember that year.

Dr. Mackenzie had gone back to Ingleton, but Mrs. Payne was soon on the spot, Boyd's soaked clothing was cut off, and his circulation restored with hot bottles and piles of blankets, and at 8-30 a.m. the doctor arrived to set the fracture. So delightful was the weather that Boyd remained on the moor till Mr. Kilburn and three volunteers from the neighbourhood arrived with the ambulance at 2 p.m., and by 4 p.m. he was in bed at the Hill Inn—none too soon, for very shortly afterwards a terrific thunderstorm broke over that side of Ingleborough.

The injuries proved to be a fractured thigh and bad bruises, and it was only after six weeks in bed that Boyd was able to get about, and he has not yet completely recovered from the effects of his seventeen hours exposure. Mrs. Payne spent a second sleepless night nursing Boyd, and yet a third on the railway journey returning home, through the Midland Railway ignoring its connections.

We desire finally to express our gratitude to Dr. Mackenzie for his plucky journey into the cave and prolonged wait on the moor, to thank Mr. and Mrs. Kilburn of the Hill Inn most heartily for their invaluable assistance, and to acknowledge gratefully the kindness of their visitors and the offer of help we received from the members of the Yorkshire Speleological Association who were in camp at Rowten Pot.

The accident, its cause and its lessons, have been discussed many times since. The cause is obvious—an untarred rope of great strength, suitable for use in Gaping Ghyll, had been attacked by rot at one point, and this can only be ascribed to imperfect drying. Considering the conditions of use underground, the usual state of English weather and the numerous occasions on which camp must be broken up in wet weather, it is clear that no untarred rope, once used, ought to be trusted again

without being first severely tested. Presumably tarred ropes are less liable to rot, and yet ropes similar to this, and of much greater age, have been, and are used, with safety. For the last seven or eight years, for example, a very long rope has hung on the Meije and is still so strong that it was seen, this summer, to take almost the full weight of a guide and his employer in succession. The lessons of the accident appear to be:—(1) The drying of ropes is of extreme importance; and (2) A second rope must be used wherever practicable. Many instances, however, have been quoted which disclose an ever present risk, on long descents, of ropes and ladders becoming entangled in the most singular manner, and prove that it is scarcely justifiable to accuse a party of recklessness if they decide to tackle a pitch by lowering men on a single line. Many indeed are convinced that this is the safest method for the long descent into Gaping Ghyll.



GAPING GHYLL:
EXPLORATION AND SURVEY:
SPOUT TUNNEL AND RAT HOLE.
BY ALEXANDER RULE.

Undeterred by our experiences at Whitsuntide of 1909, some of us who underwent enforced detention on that occasion, together with other pot-holing members of the Club, organised a rope-ladder expedition and met at Gaping Ghyll on Friday, the 16th July, 1909, intending to complete the survey of the Old S.E. Passage from the point at which we had found further work with the mining dial impossible owing to the nature of the ground. As we were particularly anxious to complete the work as soon as possible, we decided that the survey party only should make the descent.

The summer (!) of 1909 will be long remembered by pot-holers as probably the worst season on record for the exercise of their craft; and although on this occasion, we of the advance party got up to the Ghyll dry, a thick mountain mist, as wetting as a heavy downpour, enveloped us before we were safely under canvas. Next morning, whilst engaged on the usual dam-building operations, we made a most valuable discovery. During the previous Whitsuntide we had noticed an opening in the right hand bank of Fell Beck on a level with the stream bed and about half way between the Camp and the Main Shaft. This opening was blocked by a large stone but the boulder clay, which covers the rock at this place almost down to the stream bed, appeared to have been recently washed out of the crevices between the stone and the main rock. Further search showed that the opening was really the mouth of a low bedding-plane cave which narrowed at a short distance from the entrance and continued in the form of a low and narrow passage. As the stream-bed at this particular point is more level and free from stones than elsewhere, we decided to build our dam there and see if the new passage would take the water of which there

was a very considerable volume. We accordingly diverted the stream from the sinks higher up the stream-bed and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the waters of Fell Beck disappearing into the new passage, and by mid-day the Main Shaft afforded a dry course for the descent. The ladders were then fixed and all was ready when the rest of the party arrived in the evening.

We had meant to descend at once and work through the night, but the weather, which had remained good all day, now appeared so distinctly unpromising that, after a lengthy discussion and with the thoughts of our last encounter with the Ghyll still in our minds, we decided it would be inadvisable to venture below. Rain began to fall shortly afterwards and continued at intervals during the night, and when we rose next morning at an early hour we found the stream running high but securely held up by the dam. We began getting up the ladders at once, Horn and Parsons descending to the ledge for the purpose; rain was falling in torrents and the stream rose to flood height, but the ladders came up well; and when they were all out, we broke the dam and the stream rushed down with a roar and plunge into the Main Shaft. At mid-day the weather improved and the sun came out and dried the tackle, everything was packed up and all the party, except Wingfield, Addyman, and myself, left Clapham in the evening greatly pleased with the new way of dealing with the stream.

Next day the new passage was comparatively dry and Wingfield and Addyman crawled round the stone blocking the mouth and proceeded along the tunnel tied on to the end of a hundred-foot rope, whilst I remained on guard at the entrance armed with a revolver with which to signal if rain should come on. The slow disappearance of the rope shewed that the passage was not of the "tourist" variety, and when the whole length was nearly run out, or rather in, I attached a sixty-foot rope. This in turn had been drawn in to its full extent when rain came on, and as it threatened to continue I fired the revolver and very soon the sound of expressive language and much groaning announced the return of the explorers. They had

passed through a tunnel, resembling a drain pipe in diameter for about 80 feet, into a wider portion, where there was an 8 foot drop to negotiate, and had proceeded along the passage to where another passage entered on the left with a stream running along its floor. The main passage appeared to continue but there was no time to carry on the exploration.

No further work was done until Whitsuntide 1910, when a most successful Meet took place at Gaping Ghyll. The weather was in complete contrast to that of the previous year, and a large party were in camp, among whom we were especially pleased to welcome Mr. Geo. Seatree, President of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, and Mr. W. P. Haskett Smith. A small advance party went up on May 12th, and found Wingfield already encamped and busily engaged in the construction of a permanent timber dam across the stream-bed just below the mouth of the new passage. He had cemented up the fissures of the stream-bed with concrete and had brought with him all the materials necessary for drilling holes in the rock and "leading in" iron rods on which to fix the timbers with iron rings, and during the week-end the dam was completed. The rods have been left in position so that timbers can be attached to them whenever required and we hope that casual visitors will not interfere with them.

On Saturday the usual preliminary work was carried out, being rendered much easier by the small amount of water in Fell Beck, and in the evening Booth descended with the telephone wire and fixed the guy rope in position.

Next morning we rose at 4 a.m., Booth descended at 6-30, and others followed in rapid succession, the windlass working splendidly. Horn was unfortunately absent, so I had to take charge of the survey party consisting of Chappell, Barstow, Dr. H. Bassett, and myself, and we were soon at work. Wingfield took a small party on ahead to fix ladders in the Mud Chamber and the survey of the latter was then commenced. This work occupied several hours as the size of the place called for careful measurement and we were anxious to check our

results of the previous year, which had proved somewhat unsatisfactory. We then pushed on to the furthest point reached in 1909, and during the rest of the day carried out the survey as far as the Pool. At 7 p.m. we were back in the Great Chamber and met C. Hastings who had been busy photographing in the N.W. Passages.

On Monday the survey party—made up of Chappell, Dalton, W. Cecil Slingsby, Bassett and myself—completed the survey of the Main Passage from the Pool onwards, and then set to work on the Right-hand Branch Passage which had been left unsurveyed at the time of its discovery. Our progress during the day was comparatively slow as the nature of the passages made it quite impossible to take long bearings, and by the time we had reached the stream flowing into the Right-hand Branch Passage it was growing late, so we gave up the survey at this point, and, after a hurried visit to the end of the passage, returned to the Main Chamber. A thunderstorm afforded some little excitement and the distant rumble of thunder and occasional flashes of lightning were most impressive, but after a short delay, the chair appeared and by 8-30 p.m. we were all back at the surface.

Some useful survey work had meanwhile been carried out by Brodrick and L. Slingsby in the new passage or "The Rat Hole," as we called it—a most appropriate title. Brodrick had also treated the various sinks in the stream-bed with fluorescein and had obtained some valuable information about the different underground channels by which the water enters the Main Shaft and the Great Chamber.

Most of the party had left on Tuesday before what proved to be the most interesting event of the expedition took place. There have been many discussions as to the possibility of getting into the passage which opens into the Shaft about 30 feet below the lip of the Lateral Passage, and from which the water forming the Lateral Waterfall flows; but it remained for Booth to make the first attempt and this was completely successful. He was lowered on the chair until just opposite the mouth of the passage and then, by swinging towards the wall, he

managed to obtain a hold on the rock, gain a footing on the lip and scramble into the mouth of the passage. Wingfield then descended the short rope ladder hanging from the end of the jib and swung into the hole, Booth meanwhile securing the end of the ladder and drawing him in. The two explorers found themselves in a narrow passage with a stream running along its floor, leading to a small chamber into which a fine waterfall flowed over a vertical pitch, 25 feet high. Crossing the chamber they continued along the passage, which became very low and narrow and finally turned sharply at right angles so as to form a widened fissure communicating with a second fissure a few feet back by a short and high level passage into which it was possible to climb.

Booth and Wingfield discussed the possibility of climbing the waterfall pitch in the chamber but, owing to the amount of water, decided to wait a more favourable opportunity and returned to the surface. With this piece of exploration a most successful expedition was brought to a close.

On June 11th, 1910, a small party went up to Clapham and spent a delightful time in camp on the moor just above Clapdale Farm, in splendid weather. We started early next day and Booth and Wingfield got into the Spout Tunnel as before by means of the chair and ladder, Brodrick, Davidson and I following by the ladder which they had drawn in after them. The descent is short, but decidedly sensational, especially the latter part of it, as the lip of the opening is cut back several feet and at this point the ladder approaches the horizontal; but the presence of good handholds in the rock on either side, and, of course, the additional security of the life-line are both steadying factors to anyone whose equanimity is disturbed by a glance into the chasm below. I need not enter into details of the dimensions of these new passages as we hope to publish a plan of them in the next number of the *Journal*, but we were able to make a complete survey with highly interesting results. Brodrick and I surveyed the main passage while Booth, Wingfield and Davidson went on ahead as far as the waterfall pitch.

Our survey as far as the chamber was soon carried out and when we arrived at the waterfall we found the pitch had been successfully negotiated under Wingfield's leadership, and all three were already at the top. We continued our survey to the end of the passage where we found a good deal of standing water and a considerable trickle from the roof of the passage and on our return found the others descending the waterfall pitch. From a spectator's point of view their aquatic performances were very entertaining as most of the holds appeared to lie well in the path of the fall. They had climbed a second pitch beyond the fall, about 10 feet high, which landed them directly over the chamber, where a narrow passage ran E. for some distance and then turned sharply N., becoming narrow and difficult and ending in a low bedding-plane cave from which a stream of water emerged. At this point they had fired a revolver several times, thinking that as they had been ascending all the time the end of the passage must lie not many feet below the stream bed and the shots would be heard by those outside, but they were not. On the return journey the climbing party roughly surveyed the upper passage and soon after mid-day we were all back on the surface again.

In the afternoon we plotted out our measurements on the surface, and found that the Spout Tunnel passed directly under the stream-bed a few feet above the Main Shaft, the main passage ending below the boggy ground near the sign post on the moor due E. of the Main Shaft. The water found at the end of this passage is doubtless the result of percolation from the bog. The branch above the waterfall pitch runs E. for a short distance and then turns N.W., and the bedding-plane cave at the end lies directly under the stream-bed between the Rat Hole and the Camp and only a few feet from several of the "sinks." Before its position can be determined with accuracy a careful survey of the stream-bed itself will have to be made and this work is now in progress; but in any case it is satisfactory to know that the source of the Lateral Waterfall has at last been discovered.

The Rat Hole still called for further investigation, and Brodrick, Wingfield, L. Slingsby, Robinson and I devoted the next day to this work. The three first named went in, leaving Robinson and me outside to listen at the Main Shaft for their signals in case they reached a point from which communication was possible. After waiting about half-an-hour the sound of falling stones came up from below and was repeated at brief intervals. We returned the signals with interest, heaving all the loose rock we could find down the shaft. Some time afterwards the party emerged from the Rat Hole and reported that they had reached the end of the passage where it fell away into space. A partial survey was carried out and the relation of this passage to the rest of the system is now clear. It ends over the Great Chamber in a shaft which enters the roof to the W. of the Main Shaft, and it was down this secondary shaft that the huge waterfall poured during the flood of Whitsuntide 1909. A portion of the Rat Hole still requires surveying before a complete plan can be drawn, but we hope to accomplish this work at an early date.

During the year several minor pots have been discovered on the moor to the E. of Gaping Ghyll, one of which, Car Pot, is described at p. 174 of this issue. It seems probable that they bear some relation to the passages of Gaping Ghyll or, at any rate, to the fissures in which these passages lie. A systematic examination of the moor would no doubt lead to interesting results and it is hoped that before very long this work will be undertaken.

NOTE.—To avoid confusion the following new names are suggested:—

JIB TUNNEL: Previously known as "Side Passage" or "Lateral Passage."

SPOUT TUNNEL: The passage entering the shaft about 30 feet below the end of Jib Tunnel.

SPOUT WATERFALL: Previously known as "Lateral Waterfall."

RAT HOLE: The passage in the right bank of Fell Beck between Jib Tunnel and the Camp.

CHIPPINGS.

(The Editor invites contributions to this column on any matters of general interest to Members).

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

—o—

THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO MR. C. D. ROBERTSON on the Eastern gully of Glyder Fach at Easter-tide, 1910, is so fully described in the *Alpine Journal*, (Vol. XXV., p. 145), that it is only necessary to add our tribute of regret that a fall, due it would seem, to that temptation which appeals most strongly to the strongest climbers—the attempting of difficult rocks before there has been time to get into condition—should have cut short a life so full of promise. How great that promise was appears from the beautiful and touching memoir in the *Alpine Journal* by his friend Mr. G. Winthrop Young. "To be so mourned one would even dare to die."

—o—

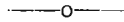
THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO MR. LEONARD SPENCER SALT when leading up the E. Buttress of Lliwedd by the Horned Crag route, also at Easter-tide, 1910, appears to have been due either to a slip or to a rock giving way. But for the rope breaking on a projecting rock, his fall might have dragged down the rest of the party.

—o—

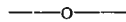
THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO MR. J. ANTON STOOP on the 16th October, 1910, when leading up the N. face of Y Garn, a mountain almost due W. of Snowdon and divided from it by the long valley running from Carnarvon to Ddoggellert, seems to have been due to a large rock falling on the climber from above, an accident to which climbs no little

explored rocks are of course peculiarly liable and against which the greatest care is of little avail.

Mr. Stoop was well known to many of our members and our sincerest sympathy is extended to the Rucksack Club in the death of one of its prominent members.

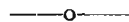


PEREGRINE FALCONS ON INGLEBOROUGH:—From the Transactions of the Yorkshire Naturalists' Union (Part 34, A. Brown & Sons, Ltd., 5, Farringdon Avenue, E.C.), a publication full of interest to all Ramblers who care for the natural history and physical features of our county—we learn that a pair of peregrines attempted to nest on the slopes of Ingleborough, but unsuccessfully, owing to some local individuals endeavouring to shoot them. We hope the prosecution which followed, though unsuccessful, will prevent the recurrence of such an outrage.



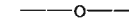
MARTINDALE DEER FOREST:—We learn, with regret, from the daily press, that the Earl of Lonsdale, who has taken a long lease of Canon Hasell's Martindale deer forest, which extends from the top of High Street to Askham, and from Ullswater to Haweswater, is making some important changes. In the secluded glen of Rampsgill, just beyond the point of junction with Bannerdale, his Lordship has erected a handsome bungalow, and, a short distance away, stabling for six horses, a coach-house and caretaker's cottage. A new road has been constructed across the valley, and two becks—which in storm time become rivers—are crossed by heavy iron bridges with thick concrete floors. Near the main road from Martindale to Bannerdale deer-dressing houses have been erected. Next season the sport obtained in the forest—which, with the exception of Exmoor, is the only one in England with 600 wild red deer—is expected to be on a scale not before known.

We hope that this does not point to the re-afforesting of what is now almost a national playground.



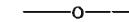
BORROWDALE:—We are glad to learn that the National Trust have been successful in raising the purchase money for the Bowder Stone estate in Borrowdale to which we drew attention in our last issue. Three hundred and twenty acres of the most picturesque part of that lovely valley are now

assured to the public for ever, and we ask Canon Rawnsley and his helpers for more.

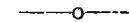


CRAG-FAST HOUNDS:—The Eskdale and Ennerdale Hounds had an extraordinary experience at Wasdale Head this winter. A fox was hunted to Scafell Crags, where hounds and fox got crag-fast. When the hunters got there they found two hounds lying at the crag bottom. Chарmer, the best hound in the pack, was killed, and Melody had to be carried to Wasdale Head in a badly mauled state. The hunters had to go to Wasdale Head for ropes and cragsmen, to get the other hounds out of their predicament.

H. Eilbeck and W. Geldart, with J. Gaspard, Mr. Whiting's French guide, roped themselves together and were let down the crag 180 feet. The hounds were then all roped together and brought safely to the top. The rain came down in torrents, and all the hunters were soaked to the skin and suffered from the severe cold. (*Yorkshire Post*).



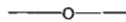
LA LIGUE POUR LA CONSERVATION DE LA SUISSE PITTORESQUE is doing a much needed work for the protection of Switzerland against the attacks on its mountain charm by those who, for financial profit, are continually projecting—and sometimes building—funicular railways up its grandest mountains, ugly hotels amid the fairest landscapes and power stations in its loveliest valleys. Some of these works may be useful and even necessary, but they need not be ugly, and the Society has been able, in some instances, to persuade the promoters of the truth of this. Their monthly periodical "Heimatschutz" is full of illustrations in which the architectural beauties of previous generations are contrasted with the modern eyesores so painfully in evidence in many Swiss centres. The English Branch of the Society, (the annual subscription of which is only 2s. 6d.), deserves the support of every mountain lover. And indeed, it might find scope for some of its energies nearer home.



GEOLOGY:—The Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society (November 1910) has a paper by Dr. Wilmore on the carboniferous limestone series in the Hellifield-Grassington district, S. of the Craven Fault, where the structural complications and overlying drift present many difficulties.

"Nothing is sacred to a sapper"—or a geologist, and surely only one of the latter would venture to approve of Swinden Hill near Cracoe being "dissected" by the new lime quarry which now mars the lovely view of Wharfedale from Thorpe Fell.

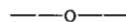
In the same issue is a paper by Mr. Bailey on the district between Loch Linnhe and the Moor of Rannoch (including Ben Nevis and Glencoe) and another by Dr. Tempest Anderson (with several photographs) on the volcano of Matavanu in Savaii, (Samoa).



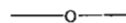
CLUB MEETS:—The following members camped out at Gaping Ghyll at Whitsuntide 1910:—Messrs. Albrecht, Barstow, Booth, W. A. Brigg, Brodrick, L. Chappell, Constantine, Dalton, C. Hastings, Hudson, Leach, Lewis Moore, Robinson, Rule, W. Cecil Slingsby, and Wingfield; together with Dr. Bassett and Messrs. Haskett-Smith, Seatree and Laurence Slingsby as visitors.

Miss Ingilby, of Austwick, Dr. Burnett, and some of Mr. Farrer's guests were taken down Gaping Ghyll.

At the Club Meet at the Hill Inn, Chapel-le-Dale, on the 17th and 18th September, 1910, the members present were Messrs. E. Addyman, Barstow, W. V. Brown, J. H. Buckley, Burnett, Davidson, C. Hastings, Horn, Horsell, Kentish, Leach, Kinnaird, Lewis Moore, Roberts, Robinson, Rule, R. F. Stobart, Waud, Williamson, and Wingfield; with Messrs. Stancliffe and J. G. Stobart as visitors.



BACK NUMBERS:—These, which are limited in number, can be obtained from the Hon. Librarian (Mr. J. H. Buckley, 168, Wellington Street, Leeds). Price: Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 5, 5/- each; No. 2, 10/-; Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9, 2/- each. Specially designed green buckram binding cases for the two volumes 2s. each. Postage extra.



SUBSCRIPTIONS:—Members may include the price of this issue of the Journal (2s. 0d.), when forwarding the annual subscription (10s. 6d.), and so get it post free.

OURSELVES: A SONG.

MUSIC BY F. BULLARD, WORDS BY "ALFRED CECIL CALVERT."

Sung by J. H. Buckley at the Club's Annual Dinner, 26th November, 1910.

Chorus. *f*

Music by F. F. Bullard. Words by Alfred Cecil Calvert.

1. The... York...shire Ramblers, pot-ho-lers, crags-men, scramblers, For we're
all the best of fellows in the Yorkshire Ramblers' Club!

1. There are clubs diverse and many in the Empire's mighty bounds,
But few—if there be any—where such harmony abounds
As in the Yorkshire Ramblers—pot-holders, cragsmen,
scramblers:
For we're all the best of fellows in the Yorkshire
Ramblers' Club.

Chorus—

The Yorkshire Ramblers: pot-holders, cragsmen, scramblers—
For we're all the best of fellows in the Yorkshire
Ramblers' Club.

2. To see the Ramblers climbing is really quite a treat,
For it sets beholders thinking they have suckers in
their feet;
But they haven't—it's their muscle and their thews that
win the tussle,
Making vertical progression like a walk along the street.

*Chorus—*The Yorkshire Ramblers, &c.

3. To speak in paradoxes (which is truth disguised a lot),
The Rambler's *in excelsis* when he's going all "to pot,"
But he isn't any pillar of *la mode*, or lady-killer,
In the costume that's *de rigueur* when he burrows under-
ground.

*Chorus—*The Yorkshire Ramblers, &c.

4. So here's a health most hearty to ourselves assembled here:
To our merry joyous party, warmed by sunlight of good
cheer!
And both feet on the table (presuming you are able)
To the "Moor(e)" renowned in fable—our noble
President!

*Chorus—*The Yorkshire Ramblers, &c.

KINDRED JOURNALS.

THE ALPINE JOURNAL.

Edited by George Yeld.

(Longmans, Green & Co., 39, Paternoster Row, E.C. 2s. od.)

Vol. 25. May 1910. No. 188.

- A Traverse of Monte Rosa and other Expeditions ... W. N. Ling.
 The Expedition of H.R.H. the Duke of the Abruzzi to the Karakoram Himalayas ... Dr. F. de Filippi.
 The Teufelsgrat ... H. Symons.
 A Variation on the Guglia di Brenta ... C. F. Meade.
 Alpine Humour ... The late C. D. Robertson.
 In Memoriam: C. D. Robertson ... G. Winthrop Young.
 The Accidents on Glyder Fach and Lliwedd.
 The Alpine Club Library: New Expeditions: Various Expeditions: Alpine Notes: Reviews and Notices: Proceedings.

Vol. 25. August 1910. No. 189.

- The Birds of the Alps ... F. W. Headley.
 Three New Ascents in the Selkirks ... Howard Palmer.
 The Disgrazia (with map) ... Claude Wilson.
 Mont Pourri. A Note (with map) ... Wm. Anderton Brigg.
 In Memoriam: Alois Pollinger
 Photographic Exhibition: Ladies' A.C. Equipment Exhibition:
 A.C. Library: Various Expeditions: Alpine Accidents in 1910:
 Alpine Notes: Reviews and Notices: The A.C. of Canada:
 Proceedings.

Vol. 25. November 1910. No. 190.

- An Attempt on Mount Robson ... L. S. Amery.
 An Ascent of Matavanu in Savaii (German Samoa) ... Tempest Anderson.
 On the Slopes and Crest of the Pir Punjal ... Dr. Ernest Neve.
 The Südlenzspitze from the Fée Glacier and other Climbs on Saasgrat ... O. K. Williamson.
 H.R.H. the Duke of the Abruzzi's Expedition to the Karakoram ... Dr. F. de Filippi.
 In Memoriam:—Sir Maurice Holzmann; C. A. O. Baumgartner; Percy Richard Parkinson.

The A.C. Library: New Expeditions in 1910: Various Expeditions: Alpine Notes: Reviews and Notices.

THE CLIMBERS' CLUB JOURNAL.

Edited by Arthur Westlake Andrews.

(George Philip & Son. 32, Fleet Street, E.C. 2s. od.)

No. 46. December 1909.

- Early Interest in Mountaineering
 Rock Climbing in the Tenth Century ... H. Candler.
 Lake Country Place Names: Sty ... W. P. Haskett-Smith.
 The Monolith Crack ... A. E. Riddett.
 Robin Hood's Stride and Cratcliff Tor... ... H. Bishop.
 Derbyshire Pennine Club Notes.

No. 47. March 1910.

- Annual Meeting and Dinner: Club Library: Club Library Catalogue.
 The Accidents on Glyder Fach and Lliwedd.
 In Memoriam:—C. D. Robertson and L. S. Salt.

No. 48. June 1910.

- Climbing in Austria ... R. S. Morrish.
 Climbs on Mountain Limestone in Derbyshire ... H. Bishop.
 Easter-tide on Craig-yr-ysfa ... F. W. Hubback.
 The Bergli Catastrophe ...
 Derbyshire Pennine Club Notes.

THE FELL AND ROCK CLIMBING CLUB JOURNAL.

(Edited by Wm. T. Palmer, Beechwood, Kendal. 3s.)

Vol. 2. No. 4.

George Seatree (President 1908-10).

Reminiscences of Early Lakeland

Mountaineering ... G. Seatree.

The Geology of the Lake District

Climbs ... Prof. J. E. Marr.

The Lone Soracte ... W. Cecil Slingsby.

The Climber's Foot... ... George D. Abraham.

Wastwater: A Sonnet ... Alfred Hayes.

Early Recollections of the Lake

District ... Colin B. Phillip, R.W.S.

A Storm on the Weisshorn ... A. E. Field.

- Excitement at Wasdale Head ... E. H. P. Scantlebury.
 The New Scrambles in Mosedale H. B. Lyon.
 A Climber's Reverie ... Mrs. Ashley P. Abraham.
 Long Days on the Fells ... G. Bennett Gibbs.
 Cross Purposes on Glyder Fawr H. B. Gibson.
 The Glaramara Caves ... Dr. T. R. Burnett.
 Climbs about Coniston ... T. C. Ormiston-Chant.
 The Climbers' Ditty ... Darwin Leighton.
 On Farm Kitchens ... T. W. Hanson.
 Guideless Climbing in the Valais H. Bishop.
 The Camera among the Rocks ... J. Bowen Burrell.
 Hints to Novices ... G. F. Woodhouse.
 C. A. O. Baumgartner: A Note and Portrait.
 The Third Annual Dinner: Climbs, New and Old: The
 Libraries: Reviews, &c.: List of Members: Rules, &c.

THE RUCKSACK CLUB JOURNAL.

Edited by Geo. T. Ewen.

(Chas. H. Barber, 24, St. Ann Street, Manchester. 1s. od.)

Vol. 1. 1910. No. 4.

- The Dolomites ... Herbert J. Mothersill.
 Notes on a Pyrenean Tour ... Herbert Baxter.
 The Maladetta ... John Wilding.
 In a Blizzard on Esk Hause ... Fred W. Jackson.
 Some Climbing Reflections ... An Original Member.
 Three Visits to Cheviot ... R. B. Brierley.
 How We climbed the Diphwys
 Crags ... J. H. Hobbins.
 A Walk in Skye ... A. E. Barker.
 A Holiday in Donegal ... Chas. H. Ashley.

THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB JOURNAL.

Edited by F. S. Goggs.

(Douglas & Foulis, Edinburgh. 1s. od.)

Vol. 2. June 1910. No. 62.

- A Roundabout Journey to the Fort
 William Meet, 1909 ... W. Inglis Clark.
 Half-hours in the Club Library: Stoddart's Remarks on
 Scenery &c., in Scotland, 1799-1800 Wm. C. Smith.
 A Three Day's Tramp from Loch
 Luichart Station to Kinlochewe H. M. D. Watson.

- Craig Rennet and Winter Corrie,
 Clova ... Jas. A. Parker.
 Beinn Airidh a'Charr revisited ... Geo. T. Glover.
 Forty-fifth Meet of the Club, Easter 1910. Kinlochewe,
 Dundonnell, Kingshouse (Glencoe), Inveroran.
 Library: New Club-Room: King Edward the Seventh: Odds
 and Ends.
 Excursions and Notes:—
 Mheal Garbh, Glen Lyon, (By Edred M. Corner):
 Carn Eige, Beinn Fhionnlaidh, &c.,
 Sgurr na Lapaich, Ross-shire,
 Tuill Creagach, Tom a Choinich, &c., (By Edred M. Corner):
 A Climb on Liathach, (By A. White):
 Craig Roy, Ben Mhuinidh, (By C. W. Walker):
 Ladies' Scottish Climbing Club.

Vol. 2. October 1910. No. 63.

- Notes on the Scenery of some
 Scottish Lochs ... Colin B. Phillip.
 The Glen Strathfarrar Hills ... Hy. Alexander, Junr.
 Half-hours in the Club Library:—
 Bristed's Tour, 1801 ... F. S. Goggs.
 A Climb on Sail Mor (Bein Eithe) Alex. White.
 An Teallach at Easter, 1910 ... George Sang.
 Corrie Nan Clach, Beinn Dearg
 Mhor ... W. A. Morrison.
 Library and Club-Room: Odds and Ends: The late Duncan
 Darroch of Torridon: Mountaineering Literature.

Vol. 2. February 1911. No. 64.

- Summer Days in Sutherlandshire W. N. Ling.
 Mam Sodhail (Soul) or Carn Eige:
 A Mountain Expedition ... C. E. W. Macpherson.
 Half-hours in the Club Library:—Gilpin's "Observations
 Relative Chiefly to Picturesque Beauty," 1776 Jas. S. Greig.
 Easter (1910) on Liathach ... H. C. Boyd.
 A Wintry Midsummer Day on
 Nevis ... J. H. Bell.
 Proceedings of the Club:—General Meeting: Twenty Second
 Annual Dinner: Reception: Forty Sixth Meet of the Club,
 New Year, 1911; Loch Awe.
 Library and Club Room: Mountaineering Literature: Odds
 and Ends.
 Excursions and Notes:—Three Days on the Cairngorms by
 Allan Arthur: Beinn Bharrain, Arran, North-West Ridge

by W. W. N.: Ben Nevis, South Castle Gully by H. MacRobert: S. M. C. Abroad in 1910.

THE CAIRNGORM CLUB JOURNAL.

Edited by Alex. Inkson M'Connochie.

(D. Wyllie & Son, Aberdeen. 1s. od.)

Vol. 6. July 1910. No. 35.

A-Wheel through the Hills in Winter	Rev. D. C. Mackay.
Ben Narnain and Beinn Doireann ...	James Stewart.
Easter on Ben Chonzie ...	William M. Deas.
The Club's Spring Meet ...	John Clarke.
Archæological Notes from Aviemore...	C. G. Cash.
A Tale of Post-Tertiary Times ...	J. Reid.
Snow Climbing on the Deeside Hills ...	John R. Levack.
Rock Climbing near Aberdeen ...	H. G. Drummond.
Lochnagar and Broad Cairn ...	W. M. McPherson.
From Strath Tummel to Glen Muick	James Gray Kyd.
Ben Alder ...	H. K.
The Club on Carmaferg ...	J. W. H. Trail.
A Week-end in Perthshire ...	J. B. M. & W. A. R.
Benalder Cottage: The Best-known Mountain Climber: A Night in Glen Affric: Lecture on the Highland Hills: Across the Cairngorms in March: Reviews.	

Vol. 6. January 1911. No. 36.

Hills and Dales of South China ...	Rev. Wm. Riddel.
Rambles amongst the Galloway Hills	James Stewart.
With the Fawns in June...	Alex. I. M'Connochie
My Balmoral Trip ...	James Mackintosh.
The Club on Sgoran Dubh ...	John Clarke.
Rights-of-way in Braemar and Glen Tilt in 1840-50.	
Index Stones on Hill Tops: On Camping Out: World's Record Climb: The late Rev. Wm. Riddel, M.A., M.D.: A "Line" to the Larig: Glen Clova and Glen Doll: Hill of Wirren: Our Twenty-second Annual Meeting: Reviews.	

THE ALPINE SKI CLUB ANNUAL. 1910. No. 3.

(Horace Marshall & Son, 125, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 2s. od.)

The Caucasus in Winter: Two Expeditions from the Georgian Road ...	F. A. M. Noelting.
A Short Ski Guide to the Austrian Alps ...	W. Rickmer Rickmers.

Two Defeats on the Bieshorn ...	W. A. M. Moore.
The Titlis ...	F. H. Dankes.
Four Nights in the Wildstrubel Hut	G. H. Todd.
Across the Bernese Oberland on Ski	Rudolph Schloss (Vienna)
A Ski-Binding for Alpine Work...	F. F. Roget.
Report on Outfit for Winter Mountaineering: Alpine Notes: The Mountaineering Literature of the Year: Officers, Committee and Rules of the Alpine Club.	

YEAR BOOK OF THE SKI CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Edited by E. C. Richardson.

(Printed & Published for the Club by W. J. Hutchings, Uxbridge, W.)

Vol. 1. 1910. No. 6.

Editorial Notes. The Scottish Ski Club in 1909-10. The North of England Ski Club. Ski-ing in Great Britain. The Utility of Ski in the Highlands. Ski-ing in New Zealand. Continental Reports. Elia Tau: A Ski Expedition in Caucasus. Ski-ing in America. A Ski-kjaelke and Sleeping Bag Tour. Ski-ing in April at Finse. Grindelwald as a Ski-ing centre. Up and Down the Wildhorn in a day. The New Montana Expedition. The Diablerets, Wildhorn and Wildstrubel Range. Are and Areskutan. Over a Few Passes and Glaciers in the Grisons. Ski-ing Resorts New or Little Known. Tips and Dodges. The Technique of Ski-ing on Alpine Ground. Improved Detachable Sealskin. A Rubaiyat of Snow. A Completed Couplet. Reviews. Accident Returns. Report of the International Ski Congress. Meetings and Dinners, Rules, etc.	
--	--

SCOTTISH SKI CLUB MAGAZINE. No. 1. 1909.

(Edited by T. S. Muir, 10, Glengyle Terrace, Edinburgh.)

Editorial. ...	
Some Jumping Notes ...	E. C. Richardson.
On Loch Avon on Ski ...	H. Alexander, Junr.
The Ochils as Ski-ing Ground ...	A Draysdale.
Badenoch in February 1908 ...	J. R. Sharman.
Ski-ing Resorts in Scotland: Ski Tours: Practical Notes: The Club Hut Scheme: Reviews: Official Notices: Rules: Office-bears and List of Members.	

(This, the latest addition to the rapidly increasing number of periodicals on Ski-ing, is the official journal of the Scottish Ski Club, which will, no doubt, do for that sport in Scotland what the S.M.C. and Cairngorm Club have done for mountaineering. With this and the Ski Club of Great Britain and the Alpine Ski Club, followers of the new Sport in this country are well furnished with literature, and advice—snow seems the one thing lacking. Ed. Y.R.C.J.)

MEMBERS' HOLIDAYS IN 1910.

G. WINTHROP YOUNG was in the Oberland and Zermatt districts from July 31 to Aug. 24 and traversed the Blümlisalphorn from Oeschinen to Gries Alp (12 hrs.) and the Gspaltenhorn from the Gamchilücke to Mutthorn Hut (10 hrs.); climbed the Lauterbrunner Breithorn, and by the Wetterlücke to Ried (stormy, 10½ hrs.); also the Bütsch-horn, from Randa, (guideless, snowstorm, 14 hrs.), Trift Glacier, direct ascent of ice-fall (guideless); Ober Gabelhorn (guideless, 13 hrs.); Matterhorn (16 hrs.); Dent d'Herens (variation route 10 hrs.); Dent Blanche (guideless, 8½ hrs.); Kienhorn, traverse and ascent of half of Teufelsgrat (dangerous thunderstorm, 12 hrs.); Trifflhorn and Rothhorn, traverse from and to Zermatt, first ascent of S. W. wall of Rothhorn and first traverse of Rothhorn-Gabel-Joch (13 hrs.).

F. BOTTERILL took a chalet at Arolla, where he spent the summer and did much climbing, being visited by Brodrick, Hazard, Rule, H. Williamson, and others.

A. RULE was climbing at Easter on Doe Crag and Pavey Ark; walked in one day from Coniston over Old Man, Wrynose, Crinkle Crag, Bow Fell and Eskhause to Wasdale Head and climbed the gullies on Great End.

At Whitsuntide he was at the Y.R.C. Camp at Gaping Ghyll in charge of survey party and surveyed Mud Chambers and old S.E. Passage; was at Gaping Ghyll on June 12 with Y.R.C. party and surveyed Spout Tunnel with Booth, Brodrick, Davidson, and Wingfield.

In the Alps from July 23 to August 24 walked with H. Brodrick from Frutigen to Lenk over Gemmi Pass and from Sion to Arolla; climbed La Roussette by N.E. Ridge with Brodrick and Hazard; traversed Petit Dent de Veisivi with Brodrick and Botterill (guideless); with Botterill and A. Bilby (guideless), traversed the summits of Pointe de Vouasson and Mt. de l'Etoile; traversed Pigne d'Arolla, with Hazard (guideless); with Hazard and Botterill walked from Arolla to Aosta over the Col Collon and down the Valpelline; from Aosta to Courmayeur and up to the Pavillon Mt. Fréty, thence in bad weather up to Rifugio Torino and with Hazard and Botterill (guideless), over Col du Géant and by Mer de Glace to Argentiére and Martigny.

September 24-25. At the Y.R.C. Meet at Chapel-le-Dale.



Photos by Eric Greenwood.
AT SPITERSTULEN, NORWAY.



GALDHØPIGGEN FROM THE MEMURBRAE, NORWAY.

G. W. LLOYD with the Rev. E. A. Aldridge was in the Tarentaise and Graians, and Zermatt District from July 27 to August 20:—Moutiers to Champagny-le-Haut; Champagny to Val d'Isère over the Col du Palet (8,721 ft.), Val d'Isère to Bonneval over the Col d'Iseran (9,085 ft.) to the Léchans Chalets; traverse of Eastern Levanna (11,693 ft.) to Ceresole (with Victor Mangard as guide), to Pont Canavese, (Val d'Orco); Ronco, (Val Soana); and Cogne over Colle del Rancio (9,174 ft.). Attempt on the Grivola, (13,022 ft.) (with guide Gérard Gaspard and E. Jeantet porter) to within 600 feet of the summit when they found the dead bodies of the brothers Segato and returned for assistance, (see A. J., Vol. 25, p. 278). The Cima Leviona (9,738 ft.) with Mr. G. Yeld and his guide. To Val Tournanche and Breuil. Breuil to the Riffelalp over the Théodule Pass (10,000 ft.). The Riffelhorn (9,615 ft.) by the Sky Line Route with four others. The Riffelalp to Breuil by Théodule, Théodulhorn (with A. Dobson) along the Furggenrat and Furggjoch and return to Riffelalp by Théodule Pass.

W. H. GREENWOOD was at Fort William at Easter and climbed the Castle Ridge, Carn Mor Dearg—Nevis Ridge, and attempted the Tower Ridge but was driven back by mist and snow.

At Saas Fée in August and September and did the following without guides:—Mittaghorn; Egginer (and ridge); Sonnihorn; Mittelrück; Hinter Allalin; Fletschhorn (snowstorm throughout); Weissmies and Portiengrat (traverse in one day); Stellihorn; Stecknadelhorn; Ulrichshorn and connecting ridge; attempted Rimpfischhorn for 17½ hours, but failed owing to soft snow and avalanches; and (alone) Monte Moro Pass and Val Anzasca to Italian Lakes; Bernina Pass to Pontresina: Piz Languard, Mortel-hütte, Tschierva-hütte, Fuorcla Surlej, etc., Milan and Venice.

E. E. ROBERTS:—At Easter (with Addyman and Stobart), climbed Sgorr a Mhaim, Stob Ban, Ben Nevis by Castle Ridge, the Tower Ridge to the Tower, (under alpine conditions), and Carn Mor Dearg. Was in Dauphiné, (July 11 to August 4), with Davidson and Lamb:—Pic du Combeynot; Pic d'Arsine; Col Emil Pic and Pic de Neige Cordier; Pelvoux; Col de Sélé; Rateau; Meije, (traverse, first ascent of season); South and North Aiguilles d'Arve, Brèche de la Meije, and N. Pic des Cavales.

At Saas Fée, (Aug. 6-18), with W. H. Greenwood and Bishop and climbed Sonnighorn, Mittelrück, Weissmies and Portiengrat (complete traverse), Fletschhorn, Nadelhorn and Stecknadelhorn.

JOHN J. BRIGG:—Was at Montana in February for Winter Sport, at Feldberg at Easter for ski-ing and the Italian Lakes in May. He also went on a camping trip in Syria in September and ascended the highest points on the Lebanon (Dahr-el-Kodib 10,500 ft.), Mt. Hermon (9,050ft.), and Mt. Tabor (2,018 ft.).

“These mountains, though not difficult of ascent—horses may be ridden to their summits—are of interest through their position and associations. From the Lebanon we look down on the great *cirque* that surrounds the tiny remains of the ancient Cedars of Lebanon, and away beyond, across the gorge of Wadi Kanôbîn are Tripoli and the Great Sea, whilst towards the sunrising beyond “the entering in of Hamath” lies the Euphrates valley, soon to become again one of the granaries of the world.

“So also Hermon looks westward and southward to “the coasts of Tyre and Sidon” and the hills of Galilee and Samaria, and eastward to the lava hills of the Hauran, where the Druses are to-day defying the Young Turk Army and the inevitable tax collector.

“Mount Tabor makes the most of its 2,000 ft. standing by itself, overlooking the plain of Esdraelon, the battle-field of ancient Palestine. On its summit, where once Barak gathered his ten thousand men, are monasteries, Greek and Latin, with a well-made path leading up to them. Away to the westward the eye wanders from Endor and Mt. Gilboá across the plain of Esdraelon to the ridge of Carmel and the Mediterranean.”

HAROLD BRODRICK was with A. RULE at Arolla and climbed Les Roussettes by N.E. arête and traversed the Petits Dents de Veisivi. Also at Michelstown Caves at Easter with Hill and Wingfield; and at Gaping Ghyll several times; and made a preliminary visit to the Matlock Caves.

W. A. BRIGG was at the Feldberg at Easter; at Gaping Ghyll Camp at Whitsuntide; and (with Messrs. Eric



BOEVERDALEN, NORWAY.

Photo by Eric Greenwood.

Greenwood and William Garden) in Norway, (August 7-27):—

“To Turtegrö by Bergen to Voss (rail), Stalheim and Gudvangen (road), Skjölden (steamer). Climbed Skagastölstind, (with Olë Berge as guide), from Turtegrö, under perfect conditions, by Vigdal's Chimney up and Heftye's Chimney down; and then made a tour through Jotunheim, by the Keiserin to Skogadalsboen; by the Melkedal to Eisbugaren; to Nyboden (by motor launch down Lake Bygdin); by the Langedal to Gjendeboden and by motor launch on Lake Gjendin to Memuruboden; by the Memuru-brae and Højstugu-brae to Spiterstulen and Røjsheim, by Baevvertunsaeter to Krosboden; and by the Sogne-fjeld or Dale-fjeld to Turtegrö.

“The weather for the first half at any rate was fine and hot, the tail end of the finest summer on the W. Coast for thirty years!

“There were no climbers, except half a dozen English and Norsk at Turtegrö, and very few mountaineers anywhere. Young Norway makes Jotunheim its playground much as we do Lakeland but in fewer numbers. The going is altogether over stones, scrub and reindeer moss, and the district is quite uninhabited and only made possible by mountain inns and *saeters* at convenient places in the valleys. The glacier passes are easy and the peaks not apparently difficult, the colouring rich, the daylight long, the way hard to miss, the living simple but good and remarkably cheap (3s. 4d. a day inclusive at some places) and the people charming. But for the sea-passage—and it is a big “but”—no better place could be found for guideless mountaineering.”

DR. TEMPEST ANDERSON was unable to get away further than the Geological Congress in August at Stockholm, going by Copenhagen and the Gotha Canal, returning by Gothenburg.

C. R. WINGFIELD had a few days skating and ski-ing in December 1909 and January and February 1910, and was at Almescliffe (Feb. 13), and Club Meet, Hill Inn, in September.

At Easter was at Mitchelstown surveying old Cave and part of new Cave with H. Brodrick and C. A. Hill.

At Whitsun was at Gaping Ghyll Camp and on 12 June was at Gaping Ghyll again, surveying Spout Tunnel.

June 25—July 5. Sailed in “Sorata” 10 ton yawl, (with crew of 3 hands), from Douglas (I. of M.) to Holyhead 51

knots, Aberdarron Bay 38 k., Fishguard 50 k., Milford Haven 37 k., and back to Dale Road 10 k., Falmouth 146 k., and Cowes 154 k.

August 7—September 9. Sailed from Lowestoft in "Gwynfa" 60 ton yawl, (amateur crew), visited Brunsbittel, Kiel Canal, Kiel, Great Belt, Copenhagen, up the Sound to Malmö, back through Kiel Canal to Hamburg calling at Cuxhaven, Terschelling, Texel, Alkmaar, Amsterdam, Ijmuiden to Brightlingsea (about 1,400 knots).

September 24-26. Club Meet at Hill Inn.

JAMES BUCKLEY made an extended tour with his family around the world from February 1909 to October 1910.

Summary:—Voyage to Australia, (S.S. "Asturias"), via Gibraltar, Suez Canal and Colombo to Brisbane. Darling Downs, Cairns, (North Queensland), Kuranda, Barron Gorge and Falls (highest in Australia, 700 ft.), Bellenden Ker Mountain Ranges to Atherton.

Cruise by S.S. "Tofua," 4,500 miles on Pacific Ocean, from Sydney to Auckland, N.Z., via the Fijis, Samoa (Apia) and Vavau, the Tongans (or Friendly Islands), Vavau, Neukalofa, &c., making many calls *en route* (22 days). Seven months in New Zealand, visiting the cities, farm stations (Napier District), New Plymouth, Mt. Egmont, Thermal Districts and Hot Lakes of Rotorua, Te Aroka, &c., in the North Island. Tour of the N. and S. Islands, visiting the Cold Lakes and Alpine districts in the South. Coaching through the Gorges of the Clutha, Otira and Buller to Nelson. Voyage across Pacific Ocean by the Fijis and Honolulu to Victoria, B.C.

To California, San Francisco, Yosemite Valley, Big Trees and Sierra Nevada. Three weeks in the Rocky Mountains, Glacier, Emerald Lake, Laggan, Banff, &c., and Great Lakes to Toronto. A summer in the Highlands of Ontario Lakes, &c.

ERIK T. W. ADDYMAN:—April 1909. Camp on Torver side of Walna Scar (with O. J. Addyman and Stobart), Great Gully on Doe Crags, Y.R.C. meet at Coniston, ascended Doe Crags by new route (since named the Giant's Crawl) and moved the camp to Duddon Valley and thence to Taw House, Eskdale. Climbed Cam Spout Crag and Eskdale Needle by various routes. Second ascent of Abbey Ridge by left hand route (with O. Addyman). Climbed Great Gully, Cam Spout Crag.



Photo lent by J. Buckley.
MIRROR LAKE & MOUNTAINS, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

April 24. Surveyed Hardraw Kin from pitch to entrance (with Payne and Roberts).

Whitsuntide. At Y.R.C. Camp at Gaping Ghyll. Exploration of Sunset Hole.

June 26-27. Climbing at Guy's Cliff with Williamson and Barstow. First ascent of Guy's Cliff Crack. Brimham Rocks.

July 1. With F. Botterill in the "Bertol" at Wasdale. Climbed Savage Gully, Jones's route from Deep Ghyll and Eagle's Nest Arête.

August 2. Camp near Buckden, Scoska Cave, &c.

December 26, 1909—January 1, 1910. Ski-ing at Stainforth and Harrogate. Ascent of Scawfell on ski, (see below) and the Screes.

At Easter. Camp in Glen Nevis. Ski-ing on Sgor a Mhaim, Stob Ban and Ben Nevis (with Hössli). Climbed the Castle Ridge (with Roberts and Stobart). Climbing on the Tower Ridge but turned back within 20 feet of the Tower Top by the melting of the snow.

Whitsuntide. Camp at Mere Gill and descent of Sunset Hole.

August 27—September 13. Camp near Taw House, Eskdale, Moss Ghyll (in rain), Pisgah Buttress (with Pope) by traverse and variation at top; Slingsby's Chimney (with Miss Payne and Pope); Long Slab and Chimney on Crow How End, Harterfell (1st ascent); up Keswick Brothers Climb; down Moss Ghyll Slabs; up Botterill's Exit; down Deep Ghyll and West Wall traverse; up Moss Ghyll and finish straight up on the outside edge, (Brocken Spectre), Short Slab Route on Crow How End (1st ascent); Abbey Ridge; Ling Chimney; Eagle's Nest Chimney; Ling Chimney Buttress (1st ascent), &c., (with Pope); Moss Ghyll (Botterill's Exit with Pope); and afterwards Woodhead's Climb.

September 24-26. Y.R.C. Meet at Hill Inn and continued explorations of Sunset Hole. Explored Weathercote Cave behind and above the fall.

"*Scafell by Ski* :—On January 28th, 1910, after a very heavy snowfall I left Ravenglass on ski, carrying a rucksack, and following the track of the Eskdale and Ravenglass Railway to Boot.

"Next morning was clear and frosty, the snow had ceased to fall, and the sun was shining brilliantly as I made my way up the lane at the back of Boot Station.

"The snow was in perfect condition and in most cases level with the wall tops. Behind the wood at Gillbank a flock of sheep was snowed up, and it took an hour's hard work to get them clear. Once out of the shelter of the valley, the full effect of the wind was felt, snow was whirling along in clouds and I was encased in a mass of ice, which kept out the cold wind, but at the same time made it rather warm.

"From the wood I followed the Wasdale track until near the Woolpack Bridge, crossed the stream and skirted the foot of Great How to Broad Tongue. Up this for about half a mile, then in two long zig-zags and one or two short ones, right to the cairn of Scafell.

"After depositing a flask containing a record of the ascent I sat down on the ski in a sheltered corner and ate my lunch. Everything as far as the eye could see was white and old Ingleborough stood out well in the distance.

"After lunch I went to the head of Deep Ghyll and looked down. The Pinnacle and West Wall were encased in a sheath of ice and snow with hardly a black speck to be seen, but Lord's Rake and Broad Stand were quite impassable without an ice axe or nailed boots, so I was compelled to give up the idea of ascending Scafell Pike and running home down Eskdale.

"Turning from the head of Lord's Rake I slid down hill for 150 yards, sitting on the ski and then put them on when the worst boulders had been passed and set off. The fun was fast and furious, several times I had to turn straight down-hill to avoid boulders, and when it became necessary to stop my method was that usually adopted by beginners, which ends in two or three revolutions in the vertical plane and a cloud of snow. On reaching Green How the slope eased off and the surface of the snow changed and became broken into little waves over which the ski glided with a pleasant clattering noise. Lower down the snow became smooth again and while passing along above Hardrigg Gill my stick dropped and slid down. Turning quickly, this time with more success than previously, I chased it but was so intent on the stick that I forgot the opposite bank and dived headlong into it. After recovering myself and the stick, I worked out on to Hardrigg and indulged in a splendid run straight down the end and was carried past the sheep fold and well out across the bog towards Burnmoor Tarn. From the Tarn the left bank of the Whillan was followed and the gale astern made it possible to run almost the whole way to Boot. and when the gates were

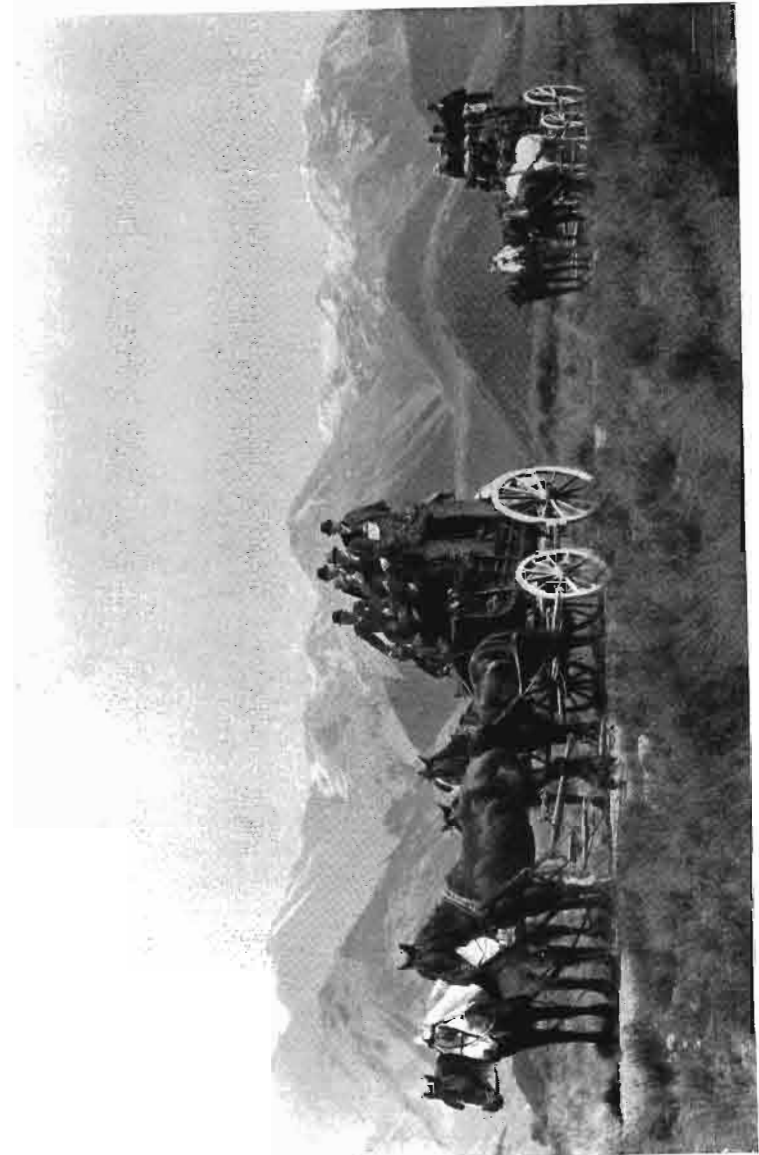


Photo lent by J. Buckley.

OTIRA GORGE, NEW ZEALAND ALPS.

reached it was only necessary to lift the front of the ski and slip gently over the top bar.

"From Gillbank to Boot is only a short run down the lane, but it was the most difficult part of the whole trip owing to the broken up snow and the dusk. As I arrived at Boot at 5-15 p.m. and the sun had set a few minutes after leaving Lord's Rake, it must have taken me about three quarters of an hour to come down.

"Next morning I went up the Burnmoor path again, across the Tarn on the ice and almost to the top of the Screes, and ran down Miterdale to Irton Road and thence along the railway to Ravenglass."

E.T.W.A.



CLUB PROCEEDINGS, 1909-10.

The Annual General Meeting was held at the Hôtel Métropole, Leeds, on 19th November, 1910, when the Committee presented their 18th Annual Report.

During the year six lectures have been given as follows :

1909—November 19th. "Climbing in the Canadian Rocky Mountains." Dr. J. Norman Collie, F.R.S.

December 14th. "Lakeland Mountaineering in Summer and Winter." Mr. George Seatree.

1910—January 11th. "Mexico." Dr. Tempest Anderson, B.A., F.G.S.

January 23rd. "Off the Beaten Track in Siberia." Mr. S. W. Cuttriss.

February 8th. "The Subterranean Wonders of Michelstow and Cong." Mr. Alex. Rule, M.Sc., Ph.D.

March 1st. Club Evening. Short Papers. Mr. H. E. J. Dalton. Mr. Claude E. Benson.

Dr. Norman Collie kindly accepted an invitation to give a lecture before the Club on "Climbing in the Canadian Rocky Mountains," on November 19th, 1909. The Philosophical Hall, Leeds, was filled with members and their friends who were keenly interested in Dr. Collie's account of the pioneer work accomplished by him and his friends, work which has resulted in the opening out of a new playground for mountaineers. The lecture was well illustrated by numerous lantern slides.

On December 14th, 1909, Mr. George Seatree, the President of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, read an excellent paper before the Club entitled "Lakeland Mountaineering in Summer and Winter." Mr. Seatree's knowledge of the Lake District is probably unique and the interest of his lecture was greatly enhanced by many tales and anecdotes of the Lake District and its people.

The Committee wish to acknowledge gifts of books, Journals, etc., to the Club Library, and again invite members to make additions to it.

Representatives of the Club were invited to attend the annual dinners of the Scottish Mountaineering Club,



Photo by E. T. W. Addyman.

BEN NEVIS. TOWER RIDGE AND N.E. BUTTRESS.

Climbers' Club, Rucksack Club, and the Fell and Rock Climbing Club.

The eighth annual Club dinner was held at the Hôtel Métropole, Leeds, on 12th February, 1910. The President, Mr. Lewis Moore, was in the chair, and sixty-eight members and friends were present. The Club was honoured amongst its guests by the presence of Mr. Claud Schuster of the Alpine Club, Mr. George Yeld, the editor of the *Alpine Journal*, Professor Farmer of the Climbers' Club, Mr. J. Corbett of the Rucksack Club, Mr. J. Thornton of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club, Professor Bragg of the Leeds University, and Mr. Howarth, President of the Yorkshire Speleological Association.

The usual toasts were proposed and replied to, and an excellent musical programme was provided. The dinner was one of the most successful and enjoyable the Club has yet held.

The Annual Club Meet at Chapel-le-Dale, on the 17th and 18th September, 1910, attracted a large number of members, who were extremely well provided for at the Hill Inn. The exploration of Sunset Hole engaged the energies of the party, and they were successful in making the passage from it to Braithwaite Wife Sink Hole.

The Club has acquired a considerable camp equipment which is at the disposal of members for a nominal charge. Application may be made to the Secretaries.

The ninth number of the *Club Journal* has been issued during the year and the Committee wish to congratulate the Editor, Mr. W. A. Brigg, upon the excellence of his first number. The *Journal* is the largest the Club has hitherto produced and the Committee believe it will be considered not less interesting than its predecessors. The *Journal* is still a source of considerable expense, and the Committee hope the members will, as far as possible, help them to increase its circulation, and also assist the Editor by providing him with interesting accounts of their work for its pages.

The Treasurer's report shows a balance to the Club's credit.

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

BROWN, JOSEPH ROGER, L.D.S., 40, Bridge Street, Uttoxeter, Staffs.

BURNETT, THEODORE RIDLEY, B.Sc., Ph.D., M.A., F.C.S., The Grammar School, Kirkby Lonsdale.

BROWN, WILLIAM VILLIERS, Newlay Lodge, Horsforth, Leeds.

DAVIDSON, JOSEPH MURISON, Manor House, Liscard, Cheshire.

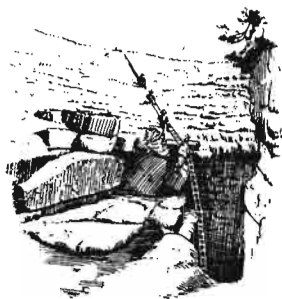
STOBART, RALPH FORESTER, Harperley Park, Harperley Station, Durham.

CHAPPELL, FRANK HELLIWELL, Grosvenor House, Pontefract.

KENTISH, LIEUT. HAROLD EDWARD, R.E., Longmoor Camp, East Liss, Hants.

POTTER-KIRBY, GEORGE ARTHUR, 29, St. Mary's, York.

HOLMES, SAMEUL HARTLEY, Lynwode, 6, North Park Road, Harrogate.



REVIEWS.

PLANT LIFE IN ALPINE SWITZERLAND.

By E. A. NEWELL ARBER.

(LONDON: JOHN MURRAY. 355 pp. 7s. 6d.)

Books dealing with the Flora of any range or country have three courses open to them. They may be strictly botanical, or strictly prattling, or largely horticultural. That this third course admits a certain amount of both the others I should be the last to deny. But the danger that lies before the writer will always be that of having too little of one element, without a counterbalancing sufficiency of the other. From this danger we do not think that this book entirely escapes. At first sight one has higher expectations than are ultimately realised. For the author sets out to give an honest and scientific account of the plants and their ways; unfortunately he does not go quite far enough for many people, and perhaps too far for the rest. His lucid explanations of plant-processes, marriages and generations, are too much up in the air to be of any very practical use or instruction to the absolute outsider, while they give no fresh information to the large number of people who know all this already. One wants either more scientific explanation, or less.

For the book is far from being (or pretending to be) exhaustive. Mr. Arber takes a very cursory glance at the plants of the various alpine regions—sub-alpine, alpine, high-alpine and paludose—and while he has nothing new for the gardener or scientist who knows these regions and their plants, his account is far too rapid and sketchy to be of any use to the amateur who either wants to know plants or to grow them. Mr. Arber scuttles perfunctorily through the great races, such as the Saxifrages for instance, making no attempt to deal with them in any detail, nor to give any full account of their characters and circumstances. Therefore, while one would not give the book as a present to any botanist, one would equally feel that it would be no use to anyone going abroad with a wish to study the alpine Flora on the spot. This is the more regrettable in that the work is, in itself, so interesting; a very little more and it might have been valuable. As it stands, it is a pleasant arm-chair volume for someone who has no knowledge of plants and wants to glean a little academic information. It was rather viciously described to me once as the sort of thing one would give to an old maid going to Switzerland for the first time; I so far dissent from the severity of this view that

I would only give this book to an intelligent old maid for whom I had an affection. Otherwise I am afraid that the justice of the criticism stands.

Not that, within its limits, the book does not contain much that one endorses. Mr. Arber deals very sternly with the Edelweiss legend, and his descriptions of the various plant-processes, of the regional developments, the accretion of soils and the methods of pollen-protection adopted by the plants are all both clear and sound. And, whatever its shortcomings, the book has the signal merit of really wishing to talk sense about the plants and find out what they are driving at. The author's limitation of his subject to Swiss territory only, is, of course, against him; the mountain Flora of the world is one gigantic whole, in which territorial distinctions do not exist; one cannot, from Mr. Arber's high and scientific standpoint—as distinguished from the merely distributive point of view—consider the Flora of one country apart from that of all the other mountain-countries. One might as well try to appreciate a word in a sentence apart from the sentence to which it belongs. However Mr. Arber transcends his limits very profitably, if briefly, when he points out, on Prof. Bonnier's authority, that differences of soil count really for a great deal less than is usually supposed; that is, that a species, such as Edelweiss or *Ranunculus glacialis*, can easily be a lime-hater in one district, and be found quite happy on limestone in another. With regard to the Professor's experiments in acclimatisation one would only add the obvious comment that while you can dwarf a plant's growth and enlarge its flower by transplanting it to the Alps, it will certainly revert again when you bring it back to the garden. But you might grow *Eritrichium* for five centuries in your garden,—if you had the luck and the vitality,—and never make it bush out into *Myosotis Rupicola*, or anything like it.

Mr. Arber's book appears inconveniently bulky, and therefore doubly unsuited to the traveller. The type is too large for the matter, and the margins needlessly lavish. But the illustrations are, in themselves, of quite sufficient value to justify the purchase of the volume. They are not only extremely good first-hand photographs, and extremely well-reproduced, but they also, being first-hand, shed light on the habits and situations of the plants. We could take Mr. Arber, by the way, to a marsh where *Trollius* grows in sheets among *Caltha palustris*. For the rest, the book makes no pretence at style; it is plain, direct and undistinguished in workmanship.

On p. 154 Mr. Arber says that "*Crocus vernus* . . . frequently does not wait for the snow to entirely disappear." This is to do *Crocus vernus* a grave injustice. Whatever else it may do, it does not split its infinitives!

R.F.

SUMMER FLOWERS OF THE HIGH ALPS.

By SOMERVILLE HASTINGS. Illustrated from coloured photographs by the Author.

(LONDON: J. M. DENT. pp. 79.)

This book ought really to be reviewed by a photographer. The gardener has nothing to say to it, as the plants figured are merely chosen as objects for coloured photography. Speaking, therefore, from a purely outside point of view, one may most warmly commend the interest of these reproductions from original colour photographs, and hope that the art may soon come within the reach of all enthusiasts. It has not, however, yet attained any high degree of perfection: by what defect I do not know, these plates have a disappointing mistiness, as if out of focus: and their colouring, perhaps through reproduction, is a trifle sad, and occasionally false, as when the remoter leaves of *Rhododendron hirsutum* are represented in a tone so violet that one thinks a purple flower is lurking among the stems of the Alpine Rose. At the same time taking into account the novelty of these processes, and the extreme difficulty of getting good ordinary photographs of the mountain plants *in situ*, any criticism one passes must be taken as the measure of the interest aroused, and of the hopes one entertains that this may be only the prelude to even more perfect work.

The flowers portrayed are chosen without regard to any order, simply as convenient objects for the camera. Despite the title of the book, only one of the thirty-nine subjects chosen can fairly be called a plant of the "High" Alps. This is *Gentiana brachyphylla* (pl. xxxi.) which also happens, I think, to make the best plate in the book, singularly characteristic and singularly beautiful. The letterpress is too much of a mere appendage to the plates: these are the *raison d'être* of the book: the written portion has the appearance of being a not very enthusiastic work of necessity. It tells one nothing new, nothing very interesting, nothing that is not quite sound as far as it goes. The would-be collector, though, must not be alarmed by Mr. Hastings's perpetuation of the myth that the export of plants is officially forbidden in Switzerland. Hotels

and local officials sometimes try to make unauthorised trouble: but there is no law or regulation of any kind to prevent the stubborn from sending home, by parcel post, as many boxes as he chooses. His directions for culture are very brief and shallow: tending towards the false idea that Mountain Plants as a whole are difficult to grow. Nor are they by any means averse from manure, judiciously applied. As a rule, the plants here figured are the least interesting and most ordinary of the Alps: it is hardly fair to accuse *Anemone narcissiflora* of a preference for limestone, and there could not be said to be any sort of resemblance between *Gentiana acaulis* and *G. Pneumonanthe*,—except in so far as they are both Gentians. The get up of book is excellent: and the nomenclature satisfactory and thorough.

R.F.

THE VALLEY OF AOSTA.

By FELICE FERRERO.

(LONDON & NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. pp. xv. & 336. 1910.)

Every climber who has crossed the Monte Moro and looked on the ice cliffs of Monte Rosa impending over Val Anzasca remains thereafter a faithful lover of the Italian valleys of the Alps—Val Tournanche, Val Pellina, Val Ferret, Val d'Eyvia and the rest—visions of flashing streams, dark chalets, frescoed churches, beetling crags and chestnut woods, "with the snow-fields shining through." These valleys are all tributaries of their over-lord, the subject of this volume, the great Val d'Aoste, the counterpart on the south side of the Pennine Chain of the Rhone Valley on the north, and of old, one of the great highways of the nations; compared with which, the side valleys, with all their beauty, are merely glens. All who have looked upon its cornfields and vineyards glimmering under an afternoon sun and shadowed here and there by a ruined castle, will be glad to know more of its history.

M. Ferrero's book has all the charm of intimacy and he writes of places as one who knows and loves them. With the aid of a well-designed diagram map, in which the ridges are shewn by black lines, he first deals with the side valleys, pointing out how the torrent in each has deposited a plateau or "river fan" which has been seized upon as the site of a village; and then with the people, from the Salassi or pre-Roman inhabitants, down to the peasants of to-day. The origin of the *Silvies* or German speaking inhabitants in the

upper parts of some of the side valleys he gives up as a hopeless puzzle, but speaks with familiarity and enthusiasm of the Valdostan priesthood, which he describes as entirely native in its origin and as almost a caste by itself, of the guides, including the great names of Carrel, Maquignaz and Rey, and last, of the poor *crétins*, those "horrible examples of the miseries that flourish by the side of the divine glory of the great mountains."

Of the "Four Great Peaks," he says quaintly:—"Mont Blanc poses, Monte Rosa is gentle and gracious, the Matterhorn seems to embody all the characteristics of a stormy daredevil, whilst the Grand Paradiso is solid and well balanced, quite the business man." After dealing with the glacier world and the two passes that bear the name of St. Bernard, with their long history of consecrated devotion and endurance, M. Ferrero turns to the history of Aosta and its valley. In a well known passage Ruskin has said "Those everspringing flowers and everflowing streams have been dyed by the deep colours of human endurance, valour and virtue," and one of the greatest charms of Val d'Aoste is, after descending through scenes of great natural beauty like the Val Pellina, to find, a Roman city like Aosta with its many remains of imperial greatness. Aosta "lieth four square," and, more than Rome or any other Roman city, preserves the remains of the sterner Republican architecture that preceded the extravagances of the Imperial age—witness the arch built to commemorate the triumph of Augustus over the Alpine tribes still standing just outside the city and the Pont d'El, that fairy structure well known to all who have walked up to Cogne, and declared on the evidence of the inscription on its face to have been a private bridge connecting the properties of two friendly land-owners.

The stout Roman buildings served in many instances as castles for the feudal lords who followed and we have the story of their occupation, including the unhappy life history of "The Leper of Aosta." "Stranger," said that unfortunate, "when grief and discouragement knock at your door, think of the solitary one of the City of Aosta, you will not have visited him in vain."

The book concludes with an account of the Saracenic and Hungarian invasions of the Ninth Century, the rule of the Counts of Savoy, now Kings of Italy, and the *Glorieuse Ré-entrée* of the Vaudois to their home valleys. The Valdostans, it would seem, have ever been an independent

set of people and to outweigh the power of the baronage they received from their Counts a constitution which only flickered out some twenty years before the French Revolution. Conservative in questions of State and Church, they paid no heed to the reforming zeal of their Waldensian neighbours, drove out Calvin and put up a cross in memory of the deed whilst, on the other hand, refusing to admit either the Jesuits or the Inquisition. As M. Ferrero puts it "They are members of the Church of Aosta which happens to be a part of the Church of Rome."

Once a military route—the "Story of the Forts" tells how Napoleon passed the Fort of Bard on his way to Italy—Val d'Aoste is not now a fortified highway and most of its castles and forts are in ruins, or, like Issogne, only preserved by the loving care of their owners.

It may be added that "*Aoste et sa Vallée*," (Turin 1904), in the "Guides Illustrées Reynaud" series, should also be read by anyone wishing to know something of the valley. It is well written and full of illustrations and maps.

J. J. B.

ROMANTIC CORSICA.

By GEORGE RENWICK.

(LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN. 1909. 333 pp. 10s. 6d.)

Judged by the rule that a good travel book ought to make the reader eager to pack up at once and visit the place described, this book is very good indeed.

"Corsica" we are told is "a land of green and gold, of far rolling forests of glistening pine and fir and larch, with clusters of oak and eucalyptus trees, olive, orange and lemon groves, with hill sides decked with the vine, dotted here and there with a gem like lake and streaked with silvery rivers."

"Far and wide the Mediterranean heath spreads itself like a gorgeous carpet; rich mosses weave their vari-coloured, eternal tapestries; while lovely ferns, an endless profusion of wild berries, a fairyland riot of violets, pinks and crocuses, yellow and purple *mesembryanthemum*, lavender, myrtle and rosemary, are woven by Nature's exquisite handiwork into scenes of inspiring beauty."

The Author is a cyclist rather than a walker, though he had often to leave or carry his machine, but a walking tour is quite possible, given time. The heat is in summer very great, and April, May and June are the best months. There are

three zones or climates: (1) up to 1,700 feet the climate of Italy and Spain; (2) 1,700 to 5,000 feet that of Provence; (3) above 5,000 feet that of Scandinavia, and all three can be met with in a day's walk. The wet days in the winter season range in number from ten to fourteen, and it is quite a common thing for eight months of the year to pass without a drop of rain falling.

And everywhere is the glorious charm of the *maquis*, with its hesitant elusive perfume, which makes the air of Corsica something unique in the world. "It is spread all over the island like a carpet, making the country another Green Isle, another Ireland. It is a mixture of eight plants—*cistus*, *lentiscus*, *arbutus*, myrtle, heath, rosemary, juniper and wild olive—combining to give Corsica an enchanted atmosphere, to make it the Scented Isle. 'With my eyes shut' said Napoleon at St. Helena 'I would know Corsica by the perfume.'" Without it the vegetable soil would soon be washed and burnt away.

Napoleon's name reminds us that Corsica was his birthplace, and we are told all about his life there; but the Corsican does not love Napoleon—"Did he not leave Corsica? No real Corsican does that—for ever." Their real heroes are Sampiero and Paoli, and the author weaves their life story and the history of the island generally into his descriptions of the scenery and the various "beauty spots" of the island, if its beauty can be limited to spots—Ajaccio, Sartène, Bonifacio, Corté, Morsiglia, Bastia, Cap Corse, St. Florent and Calvi, all beautiful and all full of historical interest.

Mr. Ouston contributes an interesting article on mountaineering, which, with his recent article in the *Alpine Journal*, (Vol. 24, p. 645), shews what splendid rock climbing and striking scenery can be found, at any rate in the Cinto group; and the camping out, which is necessary, adds greatly to the charms. The "Kessels" or gorges are of unrivalled wildness; and the view through the "hole" on Capo Tafonato is described as one of the sights of Europe. We have space only for one incident. In order to reach the summit ridge of Capo Tafonato it was necessary "to balance with the right foot only on a small projection of rock; when, by throwing the arms and body sideways to the left, and at the same time quitting the foothold, a good grip could be obtained for the hands, the body and legs swinging sideways without support below. There was no possibility of return when once the swing was taken nor was it evident that the following arm

"pull would land one in safety, but after looking at it for twenty minutes we demonstrated that it did and found ourselves in sensational safety on the narrow *arête* a few feet broad with appalling drops on either side." A worthy rival surely to the Hand Traverse on the Pillar Rock.

The book is illustrated with many photographs and a good map.

NOTES FROM A KNAPSACK.

By GEORGE WHERRY.

(CAMBRIDGE: BOWES & BOWES. 1909. pp. VIII. and 308.)

Like the Scotsman's haggis, this little work contains a lot of "miscellaneous feeding" and besides some chapters on mountaineering, deals with Stonehenge and other subjects of deeper moment, such as "Why are both legs of equal length?" "Which end of a cow gets up first?" and "Why do people touch wood?"

The author gives us a straightforward and well written account of several seasons spent in the Alps under conditions as familiar as they are delightful. He evidently has an eye for everything he meets, and spares no "corroborative detail which will give artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative." Descriptions of the bouquetins and chamois that lend such an added charm to the Graians, the comforts of the little inn at Dégioz, the vipers of the Arolla Valley, the desolation left by the Altels avalanche—to name only few—help to fill in the picture and shew how climbs even on well known tracks may acquire fresh interest.

Especially do we like his account of the Val Pellina, on whose beauties he lingers with a fondness easily understood by those who know that charming Italian valley. He spent several days with the *curé* at Bionaz, for there was not then, nor indeed is there now, any inn; and tells pleasant anecdotes of the struggles of that enterprising cleric with the apathy and ignorance of his flock, who believe neither in doctors nor priests, and, though idle all the winter months, decline even to take gratuitous lessons in carpentry. Each labourer, we are told, can support his life on the yield of one cow: some possess fifteen or twenty, and most are proprietors, so that there is little poverty to be found and no misery. They rarely leave the district and are very artful and clever at bargains, but no one has ever left the valley and gained distinction, they just "hoard and sleep and feed."

One story told by the *curé* deserves to become a classic. Wandering with his dog after chamois high up on the Za de Zan Glacier, among the highest *crevasses*, the dog fell into one of them, and its piteous cries were heard far below growing fainter and fainter until all was still. Sadly he returned home lamenting the loss of his companion. Some time afterwards, when passing down below the last extremity of the glacier, where the water comes out from under the ice, he saw the dog emerge and, vigorously shaking the snow and water from his coat, run to greet his master. The author's innocent query, which all who know that splendid glacier would re-echo, "Are you sure it was the same dog?" was greeted, he says, with shouts of laughter by the rest of the audience, and no wonder!

Graphic accounts of several nasty accidents in the Arolla district emphasize the dangers, often underestimated or forgotten, from falling stones and especially from rocks to which the climber has trusted giving way under him.

There are numerous well executed and illuminating wood cuts.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD MOUNTAINEER.

By WALTER LARDEN.

(LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD. pp. XIV. and 320. 14s. net.)

We remember our former Head Master, himself a confirmed "Engadiner," asking us many years ago—it was about the time that Mr. Larden commences his story—when we intended to begin going to Switzerland. The question conveyed nothing to us at the time, and it was not till some years later, and then more by accident than design, that we first made what has now become an annual pilgrimage to the mountains. So Mr. Larden, beginning in 1880 with a journey of health to Wäggis, a sufficiently unexciting place one would think, finds himself, thirty years later, able to bring out a stout volume crammed full of interesting experience among the Swiss Alps and to say of some parts of them that what he does not know is not worth knowing. Nor did he owe this to especially good luck in the companionship either of first rate guides or good amateurs. His climbs and tours differ in no way from those of the ordinary clubman, and anyone who keeps a diary could furnish a similar narrative. But not everyone could weave the scattered threads into such a pleasing whole or embroider the web with such an informing margin of *obiter dicta*; many of them perhaps commonplace or not new, but good advice

suffers nothing from repetition, and his hints on climbing *technique* and health and the morals he draws from such accidents as befell him are eminently practical.

Mr. Larden takes all Switzerland for his parish, though, like most climbers, he has his favourite centre, in his case, we need hardly say, Arolla; but of the Alps outside Switzerland and Tirol—to some of us the most attractive part—he says little or nothing.

His note on the old inscriptions on wooden chalets opens out a new and very interesting subject and the photographs, especially those by Mr. Alfred Holmes, are beyond praise.

MOUNTAIN ADVENTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM.

(LONDON: METHUEN & CO. 1910. pp. x. and 308.)

To many of its disciples Mountaineering is not merely a sport but a cult and its mysteries only to be disclosed to the anxious seeker after truth—to the common herd they would fain cry with the poet:—

Procul O procul este profani!

Others of the craft, however, would seem to look upon it rather as a gospel, to be proclaimed *urbi et orbi*; in cheerful confidence that those only of their hearers who are rightly qualified will be doers also. Whether, or how far, this missionary zeal must be held accountable for the recent increase in the numbers of those who climb upon—and sometimes fall from—our home mountains, we will not enquire. But that the author of this volume does not seek for his audience only in club-huts and mountain inns is admitted in the Preface; and his chapters on Swiss climbs, full of energy and descriptive power, will appeal to that large audience who, like a Scotsman we once heard of, would say: "I also have climbed with Whymper—that is to say, I have read his books!" His accounts of climbs on the Gabelhorn, Schreckhorn and Matterhorn and the Chamonix Aiguilles are all good; but the most interesting, to climbers, is that of the late O. G. Jones's two climbs on the Dent Blanche, the second of which ended so disastrously. Still more interesting are his recollections of that great climber, although these, and the chapters dealing with climbs in Lakeland and Wales, might perhaps have been more properly confined to the pages of some Club Journal whose readers could have formed a truer appreciation of the difficulties met with and the skill and daring shewn in overcoming them. The author's successful ascents of Slanting Gully on Lliwedd,

Walker's Gully, the Devil's Kitchen and the West Face of the Pillar Rock are described in detail; the last named being rendered remarkably lucid by two good photographs.

We doubt, however, whether any good purpose is served by the detailed and thrilling account of the narrow escapes of two parties, both on the Pillar Rock, at any rate in so public a manner. Full of warning to the climber, they can only cause the enemies of the craft—and he that is not with us is against us—to blaspheme. We can imagine no surer way of stopping recruiting to our ranks than a gift of the book to anyone *in loco parentis*. The sketch of the Savage Gully accident in particular is ludicrously wrong in detail and ought certainly to have been omitted.

There is an interesting chapter on the highest climbs in the world with a discussion of the possibility of effecting them, and some splendid photographs and sketches, but we have very good authority for taking exception to the accuracy of the sketch of Mummery's Crack on the Grépon.

SWISS MOUNTAIN CLIMBS.

By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM.

(LONDON: MILLS & BOON, LTD. 1910. pp. xv. and 423. 7s. 6d.)

It is natural that the majority of climbers making their first season in the Alps should find themselves at some well-known climbing centre like Grindelwald or Zermatt. The glamour of the great peaks and the certainty of obtaining guidance and companionship are quite sufficient to account for this. But unless the novice is lucky enough to find some experienced friend he may easily waste a good part of his time and perhaps incur unnecessary risk. It is for such as he that this little book is primarily intended and he could not have a better introduction. After some preliminary pages full of practical and up-to-date advice imbued with a whole hearted reverence for the beauties—and the dangers—of the mountains, it takes up the chief climbing centres in the Pennines, Oberland and Engadine in turn and gives a short but well-written description of the principal peaks and passes attainable from each. There are no maps, but with such perfect specimens of cartography as the Siegfried Government maps none are needed. There are photographs of some of the chief peaks; and the outline sketches, shewing the different routes, are a new and useful feature. The official tariffs for guides and porters are also given; and, indeed, the author

insists, very wisely we think, on the beginner taking guides; although we doubt if good ones are so easily come by as he seems to think. He also utters a needed word of warning against skill in rock climbing alone, even of the "new school," being regarded as sufficient to enable the novice to deal with the snow problems he will find in the Alps. We should like to know however what he means by the "scrabbling" methods of the "old school" of rock climbers.

THE ALPS OF THE BERNINA.

By E. L. STRUTT.

(LONDON: FISHER UNWIN & Co. 2 VOLS. 1910.)

These two volumes, the latest additions to the well-known series of Climbers' Guides, deal with that compact and well defined section of the Alps, roughly triangular in shape, which has its northern apex at the town of Samaden in the Upper Engadine; from which point the boundary lines diverge, one going S.W. by St. Moritz, the Maloja Pass and the Val Bregaglia to Chiavenna and Lake Como, and the other E. by Pontresina and the Bernina Pass, down the Val Poschiavino to Tirano in the fertile Valtellina, famous for its wine.

The district covered is divided by a line running from S.E. to N.W., from Sondrio, the capital of the Valtellina, up the Val Malenco to Chiesa, and thence by the old mule pass of the Muretto to Maloja, the watershed between the Val Bregaglia and the Valley of the Upper Inn.

Though Piz Bernina, (13,304 ft.), the culminating summit of the N.E. group, does not rise so high as the highest peaks of the Central Pennines and is about 700 feet lower than the Finsteraarhorn, the highest peak in the Bernese Oberland, many extensive glaciers flow from the peaks immediately surrounding it.

The region comprised in the S.W. Division is much less known to British climbers and the peaks are lower; but the rock scenery is of a high class, as the range is broken into steep ridges, with many sharp *aiguilles* and pinnacles, many of which have as yet been ascended once or twice and by one way only. As Dr. Claude Wilson says in a recent number of the *Alpine Journal*, (A. J. xxv., p. 232), "There is as much rock climbing within easy range of the Allievi Hut (Zocca) as in the Coolins, Lakeland and the Snowdon district put together."

The highest summit in this district is the heavily ice-clad and beautiful Disgrazia, (12,067 ft.), which rises wholly in

Italy at the very head of the Val Malenco. First climbed as far back as 1862 its ascent by a new route and without guides by Messrs. C. and L. Pilkington and E. Hulton in 1882, (A. J. VIII., p. 24), inaugurated the era of guideless climbing by members of the Alpine Club and proved that it could be done with safety and success by competent mountaineers who understood what they were about.

The author gives a full description of all the known and recorded routes up the various peaks in the district from his own extensive experience and the published accounts of ascents by others, and he has been fortunate in obtaining a great deal of recent information from the note books of various friends, especially those of the well-known guide Christian Klucker of Sils, the greatest authority on this district.

There is an excellent little map drawn by Dr. Claude Wilson, the best yet published, of which the portion dealing with the Disgrazia appears, redrawn and corrected up to date, in the *Alpine Journal* for August 1910. H. R.

NOTE BY EDITOR:—We may add, what the reviewer is too modest to mention, that he and his companion Mr. Ling, made a new way in 1910 up the N. face of the Disgrazia, of which the view from the Muretto Pass is said very truly by Dr. Wilson to equal that of the S. face of Monte Rosa as seen from Monte Moro.

We may also note, as of special interest to ourselves, the record of the first ascent of the N. face of the Crast' Agüzza by Herr von Leyden and two guides on the 25th July, 1904. The party found the *bergschrund* troublesome, and we, who were watching them from the glacier below, might easily have found it even more so, in another sense.*

* 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 towards 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 snapshot it—but if the snow had been hard it might have been otherwise. (*A Footnote in the Eastern Alps. Y.R.C.J. II., 107.*)

THE ALPS FROM END TO END.

By SIR W. M. CONWAY.

(LONDON, &c.: THOMAS NELSON & SONS. 1910. pp. 381. 1s. od.)

A cheap edition, with six photographs instead of the sketches by Mr. McCormick which adorned the original edition, of Sir Martin's practical counter-blast to the modern cult of "centrism," whether practised at Gaping Ghyll, Wasdale or Zermatt, and an encouragement to those, who like him, choose rather to "scorn delight and live laborious days" betwixt one hot Alpine centre and the next.

THE CLIMBS ON LLIWEDD.

By J. M. ARCHER THOMSON and A. W. ANDREWS.

CLIMBING IN THE OGWEN DISTRICT.

By J. M. ARCHER THOMSON.

(LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD. 1910.)

In Mountaineering, as in other forms of human knowledge, there comes a time when the exuberant raptures of the pioneers and the patient researches of their followers become crystallized in the cold *formulæ* of the scientist and the philosopher. In matters Alpine the joyous narratives of a Whymper or a Stephen and the prodigious labours of a Coolidge have been boiled down into the sententious brevity of the "Climbers' Guides"—we had nearly said "Potted Peaks"; and now, in these two volumes, brought out under the auspices of the Climbers' Club, we have, reduced to its simplest dimensions, the results of pioneer ramblings among the stormy hills of Wales during the last twenty years—the Golden Age of British Rock Climbing—of which Messrs. Andrews and Thomson may justly boast: *Quorum pars magna fui*. The difference between Rock Climbing in Britain and Mountaineering in the Alps, as Mr. Thomson points out, is "a difference "not only of magnitude but of essential quality and dissimilarity "of method, accentuated of late years by specialization." How far it has been specialized appears from the fact that the climbs on Lliwedd, or rather on the N. face of it, amount to thirty and those in the Ogwen district to more than seventy. These climbs are described in detail, and the novice or the stranger on these rocks can have no excuse for losing his way—or his hold—if only he makes sure he has started on the right climb—and with the proper foot. The introductory remarks and chapters on Botany and Bird Life and the excellent

photographs are not the least interesting parts of the volumes. Of the drawings in the Lliwedd volume however we will only say that they remind us of Mr. Espinasse, an old and somewhat careless law reporter, of whom it was said, that, being deaf, he heard one half of the case and reported the other.

The Lliwedd volume has a workmanlike binding, suitable for hard wear, which might very well have been retained in the other volume.

We await with interest the completion of the Welsh part of this work, and wonder which Club will be first to do the same for Lakeland.

THE ANDES AND THE AMAZON.

By C. REGINALD ENOCK, F.R.G.S.

(LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN. 1907. pp. xvi. and 370.)

With the help of excellent photographs, sketches and map, the author gives a graphic and comprehensive account of Peru as it is to-day, including the conditions of life and travel, climate, religion, politics, antiquities and all else that make up the life history of a state. His profession of a mining engineer took him all over the country, and especially into the mountains, and his descriptions of the mighty Andes shew him to be, if not a skilled mountaineer, at any rate a devout mountain lover. His experiences of mountain sickness, *soroche* the natives call it, on the high *plateaux*, (some of the mines are themselves 17,000 feet high), and the various remedies are interesting, and among them we note especially the use of cakes of *chancaca* or crude brown sugar. His attempt on Huascaran (22,180 ft.) in the Eastern Cordilleras, a worthy rival to Aconcagua, (23,080 ft.), in May 1904, was very plucky though we are bound to add somewhat ill-advised. With five *cholos* or natives, and a Peruvian friend he reached the snow-line, (14,500 ft.), at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and after breakfasting they set off up the snow, but the Peruvian and one native soon stopped, and with the other four the author continued upwards.

"We passed," he says, "various *grietas* or crevasses, and arrived at "a small saddle-back from which an outcrop of rocks protruded through "the ice-cap. At this place one of the *cholos* broke through the snow- "crust, and became buried to the arm-pits and, although there was "little danger, the occurrence inspired such fear in the timid souls of the "others that they declined to go on. The aspect of the glaciers beyond "was, it is true, awe inspiring. Frightful precipices opened to the "view, shewing where avalanches had fallen; and even as I watched "an avalanche fell—a wave of snow whose resounding roar wound

"grimly among those high terraces and far *façades*, and possibly caused the people in the valley towns below to look upward."

"My first intention had been only to pass the snow-line, but the desire to attempt the summit had been taking possession of me as I ascended. The tonic air invigorated the body, the glorious panorama inspired the mind, and I felt capable of reaching the crest of one of those beautiful twin peaks of Huascaran which towered above. The cowardice of the *cholos* inspired me with anger and disgust, and in vain I offered them reward; they would not leave the point of rocks where they had taken refuge. At length I left them, and went on alone."

"At 16,500 ft. I stopped. Before me was a deep and narrow *crevasse*, which it seemed imprudent to cross alone. I stood long on the verge, for the desire to go on was very strong. At the other side, still far away, the twin peaks gleamed like purest porcelain in the rays of the afternoon sun. Blue and pearly shadows shaded gently off upon their flanks, losing themselves in grim profundities, where, far below, the foaming blanket of the avalanche now lay; the mist of its pulverisation still hanging like a faint white curtain near the base. Nearly 6,000 ft. above me the northernmost peak stood out, piercing the blue heavens like the gnomon of a mighty dial, along whose sloping side I could ascend. I was alone in the midst of that awful yet beautiful solitude: alone with Nature upon the highest points of matter—the roof of the World! But an unstable matter, for at my right hand were millions of tons of ice and snow, so insecurely poised upon the abrupt steeps that a breath, it seemed, might hurl them down upon me, and which, even as I watched seemed almost to be in movement. Also the broad ice-field over which my gaze wandered, and which intervened between me and the base of the 'gnomon' was crossed by faint blue lines, the surface edges of innumerable chasms and *crevasses*. Should I go on alone?"

"Yes! I passed the *crevasse*, and continued onward over the ice-cap, slipping at times and stopping to recover breath from the thin air and to observe the panorama below. Again I was brought to a halt by an abyss wider and deeper than before, whilst near at hand and all around were others. The ice-cap was folded, rigid and cracked; a false step might send me down a thousand feet or more: was it wise to proceed alone?"

"The majesty of that vast solitude fascinated me; I was glad to be alone where no human foot had ever trod."

"Again I hesitated, still drawn onward, and again I examined the *crevasse*. Part of the tuft of snow whereon I stood upon the verge, crunched and gave way, falling down, down, down. Was it a warning? To continue onward might be death. Yet what a resting place and grave-stone for a wearied mortal! By day rearing its splendour on high, this gnomon peak; by night ever cutting its silent arc against the purple dome of the starry firmament—a launching point in space whence a last human thought might wing its way, leaving its material temple to eternal preservation in the matter it strove to overcome."

"I turned away regretfully, and followed my own foot-prints—the only ones which had ever been made there by man—downwards again, passed the *crevasse*, crossed the tableland, and shortly arrived at the place where the *cholos* anxiously awaited my return. There I

"made them build a cairn of loose granite blocks; it was with a species of satisfaction that I saw them groan and sweat—a punishment for having failed to accompany me, so preventing the probability of arriving at the summit."

"I consider that the ascent of Huascaran could be made without great difficulty, with proper companions and appliances. I felt a species of regret as I looked back at the virgin slopes above where I had ascended, that regret which he might feel who has loved, whose love has been reciprocated, but who had been separated by the iron hand of circumstance from the beloved object before the consummation of his affections!"

This is all mighty well, but we confess our sympathies are with the *cholos*, and we strongly advise the author before he again tackles 6,000 ft. of ice and snow work in the afternoon of a tropical summer's day,—and alone at that—to have a season or two behind a Swiss guide in the Alps, and even then we should advise him to make his will first.

WIND AND HILL: POEMS.

By GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG.

(LONDON: SMITH ELDER & CO. 1909. pp. VIII. and 106. 3s. 6d. net.)

That Mr. Young is in the first rank of present day climbers is admitted by all mountaineers: that he is a witty and unconventional narrator of climbing stories the pages of this *Journal* bear witness; and now this slim volume of verses comes to prove him a skilful weaver into song of those thoughts which lie deep in the heart of every true lover of the mountains. Many can describe a landscape in words or depict it in colour, to the few only is it given to bring out, either with pen or brush, the soul of things behind, and among these Mr. Young takes a high place.

As befits a good mountaineer he delights not only in the high places of earth, as when on Monte Silvio he sees:—

Peak beyond peak, range beyond arid range
Flecked with cold glacier, burning, desolate;
Uplifted on the ruin of slow change,
Defiant of the lightning and the hate:
Signs of those lives apart, divinely strange,
That soar to meet the fierce extremes of fate;
While from their strength the smooth green vales descending
Curve in soft sunlight to their summer ending.

And in the lesser heights:—

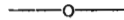
Only a hill: earth set a little higher
Above the face of earth: a larger view
Of little fields and roads: a little higher
To clouds and silence: what is that to you?
Only a hill; but all of life to me,
Up there, between the sunset and the sea.

But in Nature's every phase :—

Sun and rain and the smell of grass and trees,
Song of birds and the depth of the green cool stream
Rushing of wind and the slanting yellow gleam
Of sunset, these are pleasures, and only these.

Nor do his verses fail to move "in perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood"; and the lines, too long to quote here, beginning "He meets me on the mountain side" are a very pæan of mountain climbing, and these its morning hymn :—

We ask not aught that ordered life hath given,
That wisdom may ensue
Or vision bequeath :
For us the precious things of heaven,
And the dew,
And the deep that coucheth beneath.
We ask no blessing of wealth, nor any boon
Save one—and one—
The heart of the boy, and health,
With freedom to enjoy
The precious things brought forth by the sun,
And the precious things thrust forth by the moon ;
Earth's fullness, and the chill of snow-fed fountains,
The rustling of wings,
And our men's wills,
The chief things of the ancient mountains,
And the precious things of the lasting hills.



TAIL PIECES :—The tail pieces are by Mr. Percy Robinson and represent Clapham Church, (p. 125), Clapdale Farm, (p. 140), Hill Inn, (p. 153), Clapham Waterfall, (p. 166), Trow Gill, (p. 173), Hull Pot, (p. 176), Gaping Ghyll Camp, (p. 185), Clapham Lake, (p. 211), and Gaping Ghyll, (p. 214).

